Sleepover

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Chapter 1

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“Wait, so explain it again why this is happening?” Josh asked. His sister looked back at him from the front seat and smirked.

“Cuz you can’t be left home alone.” She teased.

“Shuddup, Kimmy.” He said, glaring at her. How could an eight year old girl be so freaking annoying?

“Enough, both of you.” Their mom said. “Mrs. Benson’s the only one who could watch you on such short notice. No one expected the championship dance team to have to cancel, so Kimmy’s team qualifies for regionals now and we need to go tonight.”

“But Neil isn’t even there! He’s at his dad’s this weekend.”

“Yeah, it’ll just be you and his mom, but you’ve been best friends with Neil for nearly ten years, so it’s not like you’re being left with a stranger.”

“I guess.” His mom blew a kiss to him, as if to emphasize his remote position in the back seat.

“We’ve got to hurry and pick your dad up if we’re going to make it to the competition by seven. Behave.”

“Yes, mom.” He said dutifully before getting out of the car and slinging his backpack over his shoulder.

“I know this is a little weird” was the first thing Mrs. Benson said to him. “But you’ve had sleepovers here before. You’ll just sleep in Neil’s room, so it should feel like home.” Josh nodded.

“That’s true.” He said.
“Have you eaten?”
“Nope.”
“Alright. We’ll order pizza first, hmm? You still like pepperoni and green peppers?” Dinner passed without incident and Josh even went the extra mile by bringing the plates into the kitchen, something he would never even dream of doing at home. “Normally, Neil takes a shower right after dinner. Have you showered today?” Josh was fairly certain he had showered yesterday or the day before, so he shrugged.
“Can’t hurt, right?” Mrs. Benson smiled and nodded.
“Neil mentioned your, um, bedtime ritual was a lot like his, so meet me in his room afterward, okay?” Josh was a bit confused, but nodded.
He showered quickly, more of a rinse than anything else, and then took his time drying off. As always, he checked his reflection for any sign of pubic hair, but there was still none. When would it come? Pushing it aside, he focused on the other big question weighing on his mind. What had Mrs. Benson meant about bedtime ritual? It was not even seven o’clock yet. Kimmy and his parents had probably not even arrived at the convention center where the dance competition was taking place yet. He racked his brain, searching for any hints that Neil could have given him, but nothing came to him.
“Guess I’ll just go find out.” He said to his reflection.
As he walked down the hall toward Neil’s room, he saw Mrs. Benson already in there with something in her hand. She turned as he came in and he saw what she had. No way.

“Uh, Mrs. Benson, what are you doing?” He stared at the

white rectangle in her hand, cutesy animals cavorting on it. His stomach felt like it was full of lead.

“It’s okay, Josh. Neil told me you’re a lot like him, remember?”

“What does that mean?” She smiled kindly.

“I don’t know what term you use. Neil usually says his bedtime pants.” Josh stared at her in confusion.

“You mean, like a… a diaper?” She seemed relieved.

“Oh, good. You just say diaper.”

“No that’s not what I”

“Honestly,” She continued as if he had not tried to interject. “I don’t understand why Neil tiptoes around it as if I’ll make fun of him for calling his diaper a diaper.”

“I don’t”

“Now, Josh. Both Neil and your mother told me that you wear diapers to bed. I’m sure Neil would not appreciate you wetting his bed.”

“Did you ask my mom if I wore diapers?”

“Well, I beat around the bush, but lots of little boys have the same problem. I’m not going to tease or laugh at you.”

“Can’t I just put it on myself or something?”

“Absolutely not. I am a nurse, Josh. I’m more than qualified.” She grabbed his towel and pulled. He was not ready for such a direct action and it came off. “Lie down please.”

“Isn’t a little early to be getting ready for bed?”

“Neil’s bedtime is 7 PM and, being the same age, why should you be any different?”

“Neil really goes to bed at 7?” Josh asked in disbelief.

“Every night.” She smiled. “Though, I suspect since he’s out

with his dad, they might stay up a bit later."
"Great, I'm going to bed earlier than my friend with the ridiculously early bedtime."
"Enough questions until I get your diaper on you."
"I swear, Mrs. Benson, I don't need"
"How about we call your mother and ask?"
"Yes! Definitely!" Josh tried to grab the towel back, but Mrs. Benson instead took his hand and led him out of Neil's bedroom and down the hall to the phone. It was oddly humiliating being led naked through his best friend's house.
"Hello, Mrs. James. Josh seems to be a bit unhappy with my house rules."
"Tell her you're trying to make me wear a diaper." Josh hissed.
"Yes, here he is." Josh eagerly took the phone. Time to put things back to normal!
"Mom, listen"
"No, you listen, mister. Mrs. Benson is very kind to offer to watch you and you need to do as she says."
"But"
"No buts. If I hear one word out of you other than 'yes, mom', I'm taking away your video games for two weeks, understand?"
"Yes, mom." Josh gulped, his fate felt sealed.
"Now, tell Mrs. Benson that you're sorry and you'll do whatever the rules are. Understand?"
"Yes, mom." He glumly replied.
"Go on. While I'm on the phone." He looked up at Mrs. Benson, who, to her credit, did not look victorious. If

anything, she looked a bit annoyed that they were going through all this.

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Benson. I promise to obey your house rules.” He said with the air of someone about to be executed.

“Thank you.” She took the phone back, said her goodbyes, and then nodded. “Back to Neil’s room so that we can get you into bed. You’re acting just like Neil does when he’s sleepy.”

Back in Neil’s room, Josh laid down on the bed and stared up at the ceiling as she subjected him to an efficient diapering. She clearly had done this every night.

“Bottom up, please.” She said and he complied. “Might have gone a bit overboard on the lotion.” She said. “You’ll smell baby fresh all night long.”

“Great.” He mumbled, yelping as she rubbed the powder into every nook and cranny of his most private areas.

“Sorry, should’ve warned you.” She chuckled. “So your mom doesn’t diaper you? You do it yourself?”

“Sure.” Josh mumbled.

“Almost done.” She shrugged off his sullen attitude and taped the diaper snugly around his legs. “Now hold tight while I grab you some jammies.”

“Pajamas too?”

“Yep. You won’t be sleeping in just your diaper in this house.”

“I normally sleep in just my underwear.” He muttered, but he knew that it was no use. If he wanted to keep his video game privileges, this was the price he had to pay. He just hoped Kimmy never heard a word about this.

He sighed as Mrs. Benson came over with a pair of forest

green footies. He had to expect that, but at least they were a kind of masculine color, right? He suddenly realized he was rationalizing it and resolved to not fall into that trap again?

“Doesn’t Neil have any other pajamas?”

“You don’t like this color?”

“No, it’s the style. They’re kinda”

“Perfect for a boy in his overnight diaper.” Josh fell silent, knowing that he could not argue. In no time at all, he found himself stepping into them before Mrs. Benson zipped them up his back, wrapping him in polar fleece and making his reflection look like an oversized toddler with an obvious diaper bulge. “Alright, kiddo. Once you get into bed, there is no getting out, understand?”

“Do I really have to go to bed right now?” A childish whine slipped into his voice, although he could not say if that was because of his attire or something else.

“Do you want a glass of water first?” Mrs. Benson asked. Eager to delay his inevitable bedtime however possible, Josh nodded. She led him down the hall toward the bathroom.

Josh had thought walking naked through the Bensons’ house had been bad, but this was far worse. The thick diaper forced him into a waddle, audibly crinkling every step of the way. Thankfully, it was a short walk to and from the bathroom. He was less thankful when he realized he had no more chances to delay the inevitable as Mrs. Benson pulled back the blankets and patted the sheets. With a soft sigh, Josh climbed in.

“Is that so bad?” Mrs. Benson asked with a kind smile. “As snug as a bug in a rug.” She tucked him in so tightly that Josh doubted he could get out of bed without help. “Good night,

Josh.” She turned and left the room, the sunset still visible on the wall across from the window.
Josh stared up at the ceiling, the smell of baby powder heavy in the air. His head reeled as he thought about how in the span of what? Half an hour, forty-five minutes? He had gone from a normal guy in normal guy clothes to an oversized toddler, tucked into bed in a diaper and babyish jammies at what? Seven-thirty at the latest?

Josh must have fallen asleep at some point, because the next thing he remembered was the sun coming in gently through the window. He sat up, yawning, and groaned as he felt his bladder twinge. How was he supposed to go to the bathroom like this? He reached behind him, but the best he could do was brush the zipper with the very tips of his fingers.
“C’mon.” He muttered, trying to stretch. He only succeeded in making his bladder ache more. He needed to pee, and soon. Reaching down, he pressed against the diaper and gasped as he felt it squelch. It was wet! He must have just sweat, right? "How the hell?" It must have been because he had been in bed since seven-thirty the night before, right? "I need to piss!" He moaned, squirming and not even caring about how juvenile he looked in the mirror. He began to pant, crossing his legs and whimpering.
"Good morning!" Mrs. Benson said, bursting into the room. Taken by surprise, Josh felt himself lose control, flooding the diaper. "Oh, did I surprise you?" Josh felt tears well up in his eyes and he could not bring himself to answer, his red face and shining eyes saying it all. "Oh! Oh, my. Well, we'll get you cleaned up after breakfast, okay? Your family should be

here soon to pick you up." She smiled at him. "See? You survived the sleepover, no worse for the wear." Josh, stuck there in footies and a very soggy diaper, could not help but disagree, but he held his tongue.

"Can't we, I change before?"

"Oh, nonsense. Neil never changes until after breakfast."

"I'm not Neil." His comment fell on deaf ears. He could not get out of the footies without assistance and she was not offering it.

A short while later, Josh sat at the dining room table, eating cereal. At least after this, he would insist on putting his normal clothes on, maybe after taking a quick shower. He still could not believe he had actually wet the bed, but it was probably because he'd spent like twelve hours in that bed. Was this some practical joke Neil had played on him? Well, it was not funny! If the roles had been reversed, yeah, that would have been funny, but not like this!

His peaceful thoughts were shattered by the sound of the doorbell. His heart raced. Who was that? Could they see him at the table from the front door? Probably not, right?

"He's right in here." He heard Mrs. Benson's voice just before the worst thing he could ever hear suddenly hit his ears

"Oh, my god!" Kimmy stared at him in shock.

"Sorry, he's still in his jammies. How about we go get you ready to go home, Josh?" Mrs. Benson said. "Did you do well at regionals?"

"We got first place!" Kimmy exclaimed happily. "Looks like you two had an eventful evening as well, hmm?" Josh remained paralyzed, his entire life flashing before his eyes.

Nothing could be worse than his little sister discovering him like this.

"We'll get Josh all ready to go. Just give us five minutes, okay?" As Josh stood, Kimmy's eyes looked down to his midsection and widened. She mouthed 'oh my god' as he waddled past her, his eyes shooting daggers at her.

"Can I come help?" Mrs. Benson turned and looked from Josh to Kimmy as if considering it.

"Not this time." She finally said. "I'm sure you change him quite often at home."

"I will now." Kim mumbled, snapping a few photos of her brother's puffy diaper bum before he disappeared upstairs.

"God, it feels good to be back in underwear." Josh mumbled to himself as he pulled his pants back on. He could not believe that Neil actually wore such thick diapers every night.

"Should I send some of these diapers home with you?"

"No! Uh, no, I mean, I wear different ones at home." Mrs. Benson smiled and nodded.

"Alright. You'll have to bring them next time you sleep over. I'm sure Neil will be inviting you over soon, now that you know his secret." She smiled and tousled his hair. "He's so shy about it, but now he's got a friend who's in the same boat." She snapped her fingers. "How about we do it every Friday night? We'll alternate between your house and his. Doesn't that sound perfect?" Josh did not know how to respond, so he just smiled sheepishly and nodded. He would just have to figure out how to get out of it later.