

Blushes in the Bleachers

April 2022

"Don't be silly, Dave! I know you love seeing me all little and stuff. But come on – we're going to be in public, okay? I don't need to be showing off a big 'ol diaper butt for the entire stadium to see!"

God, Laura was so adorable when she was worked up! The best part was that even as she argued, convinced that she was being the rational, clear-minded adult woman of 27 years that she knew she was... well, even then I could hear the plaintive lilt of an irritated toddler in her voice.

"Okay, then," I soothed, slipping the folded pink rectangle back into the drawer with an apologetic shrug. "Okay, no Megamax! But you're still going to need to wear something, baby. Daddy doesn't need his little girl potty-trotting every half-hour during one of the biggest games of the season, okay?" And of course she harrumphed and scowled and muttered that she didn't really need it. She was a grown-ass woman. We both knew she didn't really need this...

And yet, in the end she stood there before me, a crinkly-fresh SDK diaper drawn snug and peeking out from the waist of her jean shorts, her expression that matchless swirl of shameful excitement and unrepentant aggravation that suited my wife so well. Well... wife most of the time, that is. But also baby girl.

"Okay, then! If you're sure that's all you need, baby..."

She said she was sure. And so I dropped it. No sense in aggravating her more, right? Though I can't deny that as we made our way toward the ballgame, in the back of my mind something was brewing that boded nothing good for that laughably thin SDK of hers.

Dave can be such a pain sometimes! I mean, really – look at all these people here today! Can you imagine being told that you have to wear a bulgy, nighttime Megamax under your shorts – not just in public, but in front of 30,000 other baseball fans?

I mean, I know he means well. And I do love it when he's all big and strong and Daddy-talking down to me, and I get to be a small and sweet and obedient little babydoll for him. But when he told me to wear that big diaper today... well, I mean... Ugh, it sounded so embarrassing! I mean, I

guess it wouldn't have killed me. Now that I'm here, I guess nobody's really paying attention to me or my butt. And it would have been *pretty* naughty to feel so silly and babyish for him: just a crinkly, bulky little baby girl, waddling through the stands for her-

Gaah – NO! Why the frick am I having such stupid thoughts? Focus on the game, Laura – on the scoreboard and the cheers of the fans and that tantalizing hope that our team'll make the playoffs this season...

"Hey, honey! Look, I got you your favorite Monster – Pipeline Punch!" And here he is, proffering a large can of my favorite beverage of all time. I'm reaching for it instinctively, thanking him, cracking it open and sipping it rapturously as the second inning begins. *Mmm, this is the life.* No more fretting about Dave and the embarrassing side of our fun little dynamic. Just leaning forward and watching the game unfold... feeling the crowd's energy ebb and flow... vibing to the pulse of the loudspeakers blaring out the upbeat music...

How is my drink empty already by the top of the third inning?

"I'm headed out for a snack," Dave tells me as he rises once more. Silly guy – says he loves baseball, but I swear he comes mainly for the obscenely overpriced snacks. "Want anything, baby?" Of course I'd love nothing more than ice cream and another sip of that glorious Monster, but I know far too well what too many liquids will do to my crinkly underwear. "Umm, maybe just an ice cream?" He grins that endearing grin of his, and nods, and disappears.

When he finally returns, he's genuinely apologetic. "Sorry, baby – the only ice cream they had left was banana," he explains – and as I wrinkle my nose in disgust, I see that in his hand is another of my favorite Monster drinks. "It didn't feel right getting me my nachos and nothing at all for you, so... I hope this is good?"

Well, yes. I can't deny that even despite my misgivings, my fingers are already cracking open that tab and I'm taking another refreshing sip. *Ehh, frick off, bladder. I'll be able to hold it. Yeah, no worries. Now hang on – why are they calling that a foul?*

"Want some flamin' hot nachos?" Of course I do – and holy crap, they're spicy! But so good, too... Down the hatch they go, bite after searing bite, and down goes more Monster to quell the rising fire within. And so it is that by the bottom of the fifth inning, there I am: suppressing a string of contented burps, only now beginning to realize the uncomfortable truth: I've just downed two entire 16-ounce cans of caffeinated liquid in a little over an hour.

I'm screwed. Am I screwed? No, of course I'm not screwed. Even if I do have to go really badly, I'll just get up, find the bathroom, duck into a stall and take off my padding and let it go...

Dave is grinning softly as the seventh-inning stretch commences and I rise at last to my feet, my now-swollen bladder practically screaming for release. "Aww, need something, baby?" he murmurs, and I scowl as I sidle past him toward the aisle. "Last time I was up, it looked like the line for the bathroom was a mile long..." The sound of his smart little pat to my butt thunders in my ears, and the blush on my cheeks seems to momentarily rob me of a biting retort. "I- uh, I'll just... go and check..." I stammer, leaving my still-grinning husband lounging back in his seat.

Holy crap, that line is at least a half-hour wait! No- no way in hell I'm going to stand there that long. I'm just going to- well, what am I going to do?

You're wearing a literal diaper, my brain is reminding me – and somehow, it seems to be speaking in Dave's rumbly tone. Just let it out, baby. Let it go – just like Elsa says... Oh, frick. But surely a little dribble won't hurt, right? Just to relieve the worst of the pressure?

Some say playing around with wearing diapers can really hurt your bladder control. But to hell with that! As I stand there stiffly in the shade of a column, easing open my sphincter and feeling the familiar warmth trickle and blossom between my legs, I find myself thinking about just how strong my muscles are actually getting. Look – I can dribble just a bit! And then stop. And then ease open a bit more...

So it is that when I return to my seat, I'm decidedly wet. Not that anyone but I know... and maybe Dave. Surely that little squish I feel as I settle into my seat isn't remotely audible over the thumping music and the raucous crowd. And yet... that shit-eating grin on Dave's face tells me he knows exactly what's up.

Oh, never mind! Only two more innings to go. Surely I'll be able to wait that long. And even if not, surely this thing will hold heck of a lot more...

"Oh, honey! Baby, what's going on?"

I don't think I'm a complete sadist. But damn! That wondering glance that turns downward and

backward to her rear – that frightened little squeak of dismay – those reddening cheeks – that pleading, horrified glance of rising shame... well, damn me if they don't send me rocketing into the effortless confidence of top space.

"Aww, baby, what happened? Did my little girl have a leak? A wittle assident in her panties?" I'm murmuring it into her ear as she sinks back down onto her visibly saturated jean shorts, and I grin wider as she splutters in incoherent mortification under the din of the emptying stadium. Her Little brain is short-circuiting, I just know it. She's feeling the siren call of her Little space, the tremble and thrill of her Daddy husband condescendingly teasing and ridiculing her for her inevitable diaper leak. Within her she's awash in that wordless swell of groveling acquiescence – the submissive urge that fills her entire brain with sweet, pathetic little pleas. "Yes, Daddy. Yes, me all wet. Me need changies..."

But we're in public. She's still the twenty-seven-year-old love of my life, and she's staring at me with flaming cheeks, pleading me wordlessly to help, to tell her what to do, to fix everything and make her shame disappear. She's counting on me. She needs me. And so...

As much as my devilish inner sadist would like to, I relent. "Hey, baby," I console, leaning back and tugging my sweater over my head. "Here, just tie this around your waist. Don't worry – no one will see..." Her fingers are trembling so badly that I end up doing it for her, and as I tug it tight around her waist I know that with that simple act I've just sent her tumbling even deeper into Little space.

Not that I don't want to send her deeper still.

"Now then," I murmur into her ear as we finally break through the crowd and make our way toward our car in the distance – her shuffling uncomfortably beside me. "Baby, you and Daddy are going to talk when we get home. You're going to tell Daddy why you had such a big accident... with that soggy bum over Daddy's knee." She draws a shuddery little breath, and I smile behind my stern demeanor. "After all, baby. Daddy *did* tell you to wear something far better suited for a leaky little baby girl like you. I really think bratty little babies who think they know better than their Daddy need to be punished..."

The look she gives me – well, it's indescribable. For how can shame, gratitude, submission, longing, and sexual arousal all fit into one little glance? I'm not quite sure – but I don't really need to know.

All I know is that even though our home team didn't win today, she and I are going to be celebrating with one *hell* of an evening.