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President Martyn

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President Timothy Martyn was watching the television on the wall in his personal room next to the office. He was leaning against the arm of the couch, with his remote control in his hand and was pressing it into his forehead. He sighed as they returned from a commercial break.

“This programme is brought to you by “Think Little: Why be big when you can Think Little?”” The announcer said as a model swished her ass from side to side in just a diaper and a small shirt.

Timothy sighed as the show returned. There was applause from the studio audience as the camera moved over them and down to the presenter who was sitting behind an expensive wooden desk. Timothy remembered being on his show in the run up to the election. Justin Gosling, the host, kept the artificial smile on his face until the camera stopped moving at which point it disappeared until the cameras were back on.

“Think Little. The craze that has been sweeping the nation.” Justin Gosling said, “Hey, I wonder if they have any products that wrap around people’s faces? I’m sure we all know people who could use it.”

As the crowd laughed at the awful joke there was a ringing in his office. One of the phones was going off and after contemplating ignoring it Timothy stood up with a groan. He always felt so exhausted these days. His diaper crinkled as he started walking, his padding was damp but he had only recently changed.

“So here is model, influencer and all round beautiful person, Ashley Hurst, here to tell us more about the Stress Free cam-” Justin Gosling was cut off as Timothy muted the television and threw the remote on to a nearby chair.

The phone continued ringing as Timothy made his way behind his desk and sat down. He went to the lift the receiver but hesitated for a few seconds. There could be no good news coming from the other end of the line. When he had taken the job Timothy had promised to take these important and difficult calls, to make the decisions that would have an effect on the hundreds of millions of people in his country and beyond. After everything that had happened since he reached the office he felt his nerves were frazzled, he didn’t have the self-confidence he once had. He picked up the phone bitterly.

“Hello?” Timothy said. He hoped the annoyance in his tone was clear.

“Hello, Timmy.” The mysterious voice responded. The deep voice was clearly distorted beyond recognition, “I hope I’m not interrupting anything important.”

Timothy swallowed hard and the arm holding the phone to the side of his head shook. His lips suddenly felt very dry and he licked them as he turned to look out the window. For some reason he half-expected someone to be standing out on the lawn holding a phone. In truth this caller could be thousands of miles away for all he knew.

“What the hell do you want?” Timothy spat out. He hoped he was conveying just how angry he felt.

“Temper, temper.” The voice replied, “I’m sure you wouldn’t want Mistress Violet to hear your potty mouth.”

“How do you…” Timothy gasped.

“Did you enjoy your trip?” The voice asked.

Timothy went silent. He didn’t know how the mysterious man could possibly know about his trip. Was he being followed? Was it someone who had seen him sneaking out? Could it be the Mistress herself? Timothy didn’t think his Mistress would lie to him and she had said she wasn’t involved. He felt so confused.

“I’ll take your silence as a yes.” The voice chuckled grimly.

“You’ve got what you want.” Timothy growled angrily, “Can’t you leave me alone so I can actually try to make this country better?”

“Don’t give me that self-righteous bullshit, Mr. President.” The voice replied. Far from being cowed by the president’s anger the person on the other end of the line seemed emboldened by it.

“Why don’t I just stop doing what you say?” Timothy asked, “So what if you’ve got pictures of me at the nursery. It’s not like that has to be all that hidden with all the changes that have happened. Hell, it’s not a secret that me and my cabinet all wear to support the campaign.”

“Come on, Timmy…” The mysterious voice sounded exasperated, “The photos have timestamps. Do you really want the public to know you were doing all this before the campaign? Do you want them to think you are doing all of this so you can indulge in your fetish?”

Timothy clenched his teeth and his knuckles turned white from how hard he was balling them. As usual whoever was on the other end of this had all the answers. It was true, the President’s approval numbers had already plummeted below any of his recent predecessors. There were protests and even a motion to impeach him which was only narrowly defeated. If anyone found out he liked diapers and had done so from before his presidency he would be finished.

“Besides… It isn’t your entire cabinet wearing them.” The voice chuckled again. A grating sound that made Timothy wince, “I believe it’s a Miss. Janine Baker. She’s been very vocal in her opposition. Undermining you in the press, that can’t feel good.”

“Just tell me what you want.” Timothy spat out.

“Ah, straight to the point, eh?” The voice said, “That’s why I voted for you. What I need is…”

As the mysterious voice outlined what he needed Timothy’s head dropped and he closed his eyes. He shook his head as if the man on the other end would be able to see him. He couldn’t believe what he was hearing, after all the fighting and political capital he had spent getting the current arrangements he felt like it would be impossible to do as he was told.

“You can’t be se-” Timothy stopped when he realised the person on the other end had already hung up.

The President put the phone down and rubbed his temples. With his stress and frustration rising to levels he couldn’t handle Timothy grabbed the little sign on the front of his desk that had his name engraved on it. He looked at it and then threw it across the room. The brass plaque soared through the air and hit the wall with a thump. It left a dent in the wall before clattering to the floor.

Timothy sunk back into his seat and felt it creak slightly as he leaned backwards. There was a knock on the door to the rest of the building and it opened a second later. Timothy looked up to see his Vice-President, John, walking in. He paused, looked at the nameplate on the floor and then over to Timothy.

“Everything OK, Sir?” John asked as he walked into the room.

Timothy waved the Vice-President over. As Timothy waited he wondered whether he should tell him the truth. Maybe it was time to come clean about everything he had done, to tell him the scheme was never his idea, that it was all the result of some awful blackmailing.

“I’m starting to think I made a terrible mistake.” Timothy said as he rubbed his temples.

“What do you mean, Sir?” John asked as he sat down.

This was it. Was Timothy going to reveal everything that had been happening? Was he about to tell the second most important man in the country that he had been blackmailed from the time he took office?

“Sir?” John asked with furrowed brows.

“It’s nothing.” Timothy finally said with a sigh, “I’m just tired, John.”

“Would you like me to arrange a getaway?” John suggested, “A weekend away from the White House. A golf trip, perhaps?”

“That might be a good idea.” Timothy said, “But in the meantime I need you to call a cabinet meeting. I’m… doubling funding for the Stress Free Campaign.”

Timothy watched for the Vice-President’s reaction. John paused for a second but didn’t say anything, his face was unreadable. Timothy knew what he was saying was unprecedented. In doubling the funding he was making this campaign by far the most funded vanity product any President had authorised. He also knew that in doing this he was almost guaranteeing further problems with the rest of his government.

“Sir, I appreciate this is something you care a lot about…” John was choosing his words very carefully, “But a lot of people are… questioning the choices of funding. If we double it we are going to annoy a lot of people.”

Timothy was a defeated man. He didn’t reply but instead just stared back at John.

“Very good, Sir.” John nodded his head, “I’ll start writing up the paperwork. Might I ask a favour?”

“Sure.” Timothy replied with a sigh.

“May I use your bathroom? I require a change.” John’s face was as stoic as if he had only asked for Timothy to give him a lift somewhere. He had always been good at hiding what he was thinking, Timothy didn’t know how he did it, if the shoe was on the other foot he wasn’t sure he could be as supportive.

“Of course.” Timothy said.

John bowed slightly and then left the room to the side door where the bathroom was. Timothy started typing up some orders on his computer as he wondered if there was any way to possibly go about this without destroying his reputation any further. After a couple of seconds he felt a fullness in his bowels and reacted almost automatically.

Timothy leaned to the side lifting his butt off the seat. He didn’t even hesitate before pushing down, almost immediately he felt the bottom of his diaper push out as he filled it. The squelching stickiness spreading out between his legs and against his skin. He continued typing as he slowly lowered himself back into his seat. He winced as he felt the waste filling his padding getting compressed and spread further around the disposable.

It was only when Timothy had finished that he realised what he was doing. He felt a shudder going down his spine as he considered how easily he had been able to fill his pants. It wasn’t the physical ease that concerned him as much as the mental ease. He hadn’t thought about holding it or anything, he had just pushed as soon as he felt the need. He was supposed to be the leader of the free world and yet he was doing this!

Timothy couldn’t go straight for a change either. He had literally just sent his Vice-President into the bathroom for his own change. It was almost ridiculous, the most important members of government now queuing to get diaper changes.

It was a long ten minutes before John emerged back into the office. His suit was still immaculate and not a hair was out of place, it was a miracle, he had changed his diaper and yet no one would ever be able to tell. John walked halfway across the room and then paused. He sniffed the air and then looked over to the President behind his desk.

Timothy blushed and studiously looked away to his computer screen. It was obvious what had happened but he didn’t want it brought up. After a couple of seconds the Vice-President left the room allowing the commander-in-chief to finally get up and change his diaper.