

Thank You, Daddy

November 2021

"You're sure you're ready for this?"

Daddy's eyes were alight with sympathetic interest as they glanced over into mine, then back to the road before us. "I know it's not like you've never seen them before. But any family gathering can be pretty... well, you know. Intense." He chuckled, and I couldn't help but nod. "It's okay, Daddy. Really, it is. I'll be fine!" I assured him... and myself. "It'll be just fine..."

"And you're still okay with me being in charge, right? The entire time?" There was a subtle smile in his voice, and an edge of arousal that to me spoke volumes. "Yes- yes, Daddy," I affirmed, a little quaver in my voice as I felt my heartbeat quicken. Of course he should be in charge. We were an undeniably kinky couple, after all, and there was nothing I loved more than feeling myself slipping submissively down into his dominant, fiercely loving protection. Why on earth put something that special on hold – least of all for the Thanksgiving holiday?

"Good girl," he commended with a sideways grin. "Now, listen. There's no way you're getting back into big girl panties this week, baby girl. I know you've been shy about letting other folks know your potty problems. But Daddy knows best, honey. We both know you need to stay in diapers pretty much all the time now, don't we?"

I shivered softly, but nodded in obedience. "Yes, Daddy..." "Besides," Daddy continued with an ever-so-slightly sadistic grin. "Surely a little girl can't complain about her nice, loving daddy keeping her padded up on a little family holiday – not when she keeps on begging him to lock her into diapers and throw away all her panties forever..."

God dammit, how did this beautiful man always manage to seize upon my most desperate, sordid fantasies and tease me with them so mercilessly? But I couldn't deny it. I *had* been fantasizing about being forced into diapers 24/7 for years – and not even the passing of time had dampened the heat that still rose to my cheeks and glowed between my legs at such a sordid thought...

"Of course, we'll be as discreet as possible, little bit. Nobody technically needs to know you're padded, let alone that you're actually *enjoying* your pretty little pampers..." He was clearly relishing the sight of my blushing cheeks. "But hey! If they do notice something, they notice. My folks are pretty open-minded, you know, and I'm sure they'd love you just the same even if you were waddling around in diapers night and day..."

Well, what could I do but blush, and nod, and gaze once more out the window at the colorful leaves flashing past? Oh, and of course bend my head obediently and take yet another sip of my juice?

Maybe this was all a horrible mistake. Maybe I'd bitten off way, *way* more than I could chew.

Here we were, seated around the big family dinner table for the proverbial Thanksgiving turkey. Plates were loaded, glasses clinking, voices chuckling warmly and drowning out the sound of the blustery weather outside. Seated to my left was my sister-in-law, Myra: a loud but affable woman dressed in vaguely goth-inspired garb that made me think that though it might be Thanksgiving here, in Myra's heart it was and would always be Halloween. And to my right, of course, was Daddy – Ted here – his hand warm and reassuring on my thigh.

Oh, how I was in need of reassurance. For underneath all the merriment and friendly banter, I could feel not only the blush-inducing, companionable bulk of my well-concealed diaper, but also my lower intestines, churning and gurgling in the most disquieting fashion.

Maybe it was just the water here... or the yogurt I'd had for breakfast... or even the anxiety of meeting so many people. Any or all of them could conceivably be to blame. But one glance at my Daddy's suspiciously innocent face made me suspect otherwise. Daddy was far too smart to get caught, I felt certain. But somehow – through spiked drinks, or some supplement I'd failed to notice – he must have set things in motion: things that now threatened to end very, very badly for me.

I can't- No, no he wouldn't. No, enough of that! Just focus on the food, and the other folks, and being nice and polite-

The trouble was, I wasn't the one deciding the portions, either. "Eat up, baby," Daddy ordered casually, secure in the knowledge that no one would think twice about such a salutation in this context. "Go on – it's Thanksgiving! Gobble 'til you waddle, you know..." "It's wobble, you doofus!" Myra called over my head, and I almost snorted a spoon of mashed potatoes out my nose. *God, she has no idea just how deliberate that word choice of Daddy's was. Little diaper girl, waddle waddle waddle...*

I bit back another groan as a fresh wave of cramps struck me, then gamely resumed eating. I had to

get through. I had to. Everyone was here, after all, and I didn't want to make a scene and disrupt everyone's fun. Besides – and unbeknownst to everyone else at the table – it wasn't like I could simply slip off to the bathroom and take care of matters. Oh, no. Daddy had made sure of that. I'd whined and pouted, of course, but in the end those inescapable wraps of plastic tape had circled my waist, sealing my diaper shut and ensuring that only he would be able to remove it...

"So, um, what is it that you teach again?" I had to make conversation, to distract myself from the storm brewing within. And so I tried to focus on Myra's words: how she had recently taken over someone else's position, and how there were budgeting issues, and an incompetent administration that was hopelessly outdated, and-

The next wave of cramps just about finished me. For one brief and terrifying moment I genuinely thought that I was beginning to mess myself – and then it passed, leaving me shaken and sweating. So close... and yet still safe, somehow. Maybe I still had a chance.

"Eat up, little bit! Think of those starving people in Africa, right?" Daddy was taunting me discreetly, even as his command made me blush and obediently dip my spoon once more into my gravy-covered peas. *Yes, Daddy. I- I gotta eat up-* Maybe I was an idiot. Maybe I should have safe-worded. But I loved Daddy, and I craved obedience. I needed to please him more than anything in the world... and so I ate. Just as he had commanded.

The consequences weren't long in coming.

I still don't fully remember how or when I decided to get to my feet. I simply knew in that agonizing moment that I had to run, to find the bathroom, or- Even if I had to do the unthinkable in my diaper, at least I could run away, do it in the privacy of the guest bedroom-

The clink and clatter of my silverware tumbling to the carpet startled me, and I jerked instinctively downward. *Gotta fix- Sorry, so sorry! Must've knocked it-* But even as I squatted down in search of the errant utensils, I realized that I'd just made a terrible, horrific mistake.

I guess there's a reason toddlers like to squat when they're filling their diapers.

The burst of hot poo that escaped first into my pants was surprisingly firm: the cork for the churning contents within. But within a matter of seconds, I was wincing, eyes wide as saucers and frozen in place, as a veritable chorus of gurgles, splatters, and muffled explosions resonated through my padded rear and out into the suddenly quiet dining room. The rush of warm, liquid mass out

into my seat was appalling in its sheer volume, and even as I knelt there I could feel my excrement compressing and squeezing and filling every corner it could find: first spreading toward the front and my shrinking lady bits, and then back and upward between my quivering ass-cheeks. And still it continued, coursing out of me, more and more like diarrhea as it continued, until it felt as though a slurry of the most disgusting soup had been poured willy-nilly into my poor diaper...

And then the smell hit me... right as my bladder let loose.

"OH-" "Oh, dear me-!" "Meg, are you okay?" "Oh, honey-" "Ted, why don't you-" "That's right-" The words were swirling around me, but all I felt was the strong grip of Daddy's hand pulling me up, his arm slipping firmly around and tugging me and my filthy diaper close. "Don't worry, folks! I've got this. Here, babe, let's go get you cleaned up. Don't worry, it's okay..."

Was it okay? I wasn't sure as I blinked back the tears and stared up at the popcorn-textured ceiling of the guest bathroom, lying in mute humiliation as Daddy gamely wiped my smelly ass and restored me to some semblance of cleanliness. "Honey, it's fine, it's okay," he repeated, as my freshly wiped bottom descended once more onto the crinkling, mercifully clean and soft surface of a fresh diaper. "Believe me, just trust Daddy, okay? Remember, Daddy's in charge. You don't need to do anything, honey. Just let Daddy take care of you..."

Walking back into that dining room I'd so recently waddled out of was perhaps the hardest thing I've ever done. But all around me I saw nothing but sympathetic faces as I settled, with an audible crinkle, into my seat and blushing picked up my fork once more. "Sorry," I mumbled, cheeks aflame – and Daddy's hand squeezed my thigh in warm consolation. "Yeah, sorry about that," he apologized to the others with that winsome smile of his. "I guess I should have explained. She's been having some potty problems lately..."

And so it went down. I blushed and squirmed through the rest of that dinner, hearing all kinds of sympathetic expressions and comments about how it was nothing to be ashamed of, how it could happen to anyone, how even little Ted had messed his pants in Sunday School once and cried the entire rest of the service from embarrassment...

But the real consequences came later that night, as I was stepping out of the shower and heard the murmur of voices at the door. "Yeah, okay, sure," Daddy was saying to the invisible figure. "We'll make sure of it, promise. Yep, no worries..."

When I emerged, clutching my lavender pajama pants and Frozen T-shirt, he was already at work stripping off the sheets. "Mom just stopped by – wanted us to put on this mattress protector," he smiled, as the plastic rustled and crinkled noisily beneath his fingers. "Hang on – just give me a moment to put it on..."

"She wants to make sure you keep me in diapers," I commented softly. "Doesn't she?" It was more of a statement than a question, and Daddy's apologetic smile confirmed it. "Yeah. Yeah, she does – the entire time you're here. And I don't suppose we can blame her, really..."

And so, even as I blushed and watched Daddy smooth out the plastic that proclaimed to the world that a leaky, diaper-wearing little girl slept there, I had to admit it: deep down, in the core of my sordid, subby little heart, I was suddenly, tremendously grateful. Thanks to Daddy, I no longer needed to pretend, or worry, or feel guilty. From now on, as far as these folks were concerned I was and would always be Ted's sweet, diapered wife: padded of necessity 24/7, wherever I went and whatever I did. A true, honest-to-goodness diaper girl. Just like I'd always fantasized.

Now that was something to be thankful for.