

Closeted Diaper Wearer

By Naptime

While the Cake family is away, Pinkie Pie sneaks into the twins' nursery to indulge in some playful fun, wearing a diaper and playing with the twins' toys. However, her carefree adventure takes a sudden turn when Mrs. Cake returns home unexpectedly to change the twins' diapers. Forced to hide in the closet, Pinkie struggles to contain both her nerves and her full bladder.

tags: My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic, Pinkie Pie, Mrs. Cake, Mr. Cake, The Cake Twins, ageplayer themes, APDL, messy diapers

☀️☀️☀️ Chapter Two ☀️☀️☀️

Pinkie Pie's mind raced. *I should change.* The thought floated to the front of her mind, but she didn't move.

She stood there in the middle of the nursery, her legs slightly apart, feeling the weight of the bulky diaper pulling gently at her waist. The warmth that still lingered inside it sent a comforting buzz through her, and she couldn't help but smile, her cheeks flushed with a mix of relief and something else she couldn't quite place. Despite having worn a diaper a dozen times in the past, this was the first time she had ever used it. And it was...magical. There was something so freeing about it. The ability to just let go. The warmth, the squishiness, the subtle weight tugging down at her waist.

The room was quiet, save for the faint crinkle of her diaper whenever she shifted her hooves on the soft rug. For a moment, she just stood there, savoring the feeling.

The initial embarrassment and panic had faded, replaced with a sense of peace and relief. The warmth around her waist was oddly soothing, like being wrapped in a cozy blanket. Her body felt lighter now, free of the tension and stress that had been building all day. She sighed softly, closing her eyes again, savoring the moment of stillness.

But as the seconds ticked by, a small voice in the back of her mind whispered urgently: *I need to change before Mrs. Cake comes back!*

Pinkie bit her lip, her eyes fluttering open. She glanced toward the cracked open door of the nursery, half-expecting to hear Mrs. Cake's hoofsteps coming back up the stairs at any moment. Her heart gave a little jolt, and she shifted uncomfortably, feeling the wet padding squish against her thighs. The rational part of her knew that she should get out of the diaper as soon as possible. If anyone found her like this, she didn't even want to *imagine* the awkward conversation that would follow.

And yet...

She wiggled her hips a little, feeling the squish once more, and a soft giggle escaped her lips. It was kind of...fun. In a weird, silly way. And the panic of getting caught turned into a thrill. After all, wasn't it exciting to be so close to being seen? Didn't it make her feel all giddy and wiggly when she so desperately held onto her bladder only to have to stifle her breaths as she wet herself? Another part of her, the dreamer part, was now starting to make more sense.

Surrounded by the colorful world of the Cake twin's room, it was tough for her to change out of the diaper now. She closed her eyes and noted the subtle scents of the nursery. Freshly washed bed sheets, baby powder and scented baby wipes lingering over the changing table, even the ever fainter scent of stale urine wafting from the quarter full diaper pail.

Suddenly Pinkie heard approaching hoofsteps as voices slowly came into focus. Her heart skipped a beat as her ears perked up, straining to catch the conversation.

I need to hide! Her brain screamed, but still she hesitated. Every instinct told her to make a move, to rip off the diaper and toss it aside before the Cakes returned, but her hooves stayed still.

Like a daredevil on a high wire she reveled in the thrill of how close they were getting. She pushed herself by standing there as long as she could, testing herself to see just how long she would wait. How close she'd let them get. They were almost at the door now. She couldn't help but bounce on her hooves ever so slightly, feeling the padding squish with each movement. It was scary, exciting, and oh-so-naughty.

"Easy there, Pumpkin, we'll get you changed soon," Mr. Cake's voice could be heard.

"I can't believe how full that diaper is," Mrs. Cake said with a weary chuckle, "and I just changed her too."

In a flash, Pinkie scrambled back toward the closet once more, her diaper squishing noisily as she moved. She ducked inside, pulling it shut just enough to leave a tiny crack. Her breath came fast and shallow as she pressed her eye against the narrow opening. Moments later the nursery door swung open and in walked Mr. and Mrs. Cake, gingerly carrying Pumpkin in their hooves.

Pumpkin had a towel loosely wrapped around her waist, a kitchen towel by the looks of things, hastily grabbed from downstairs. The poor filly looked terribly uncomfortable. She squirmed and fussed, her cheeks flush and eyes watering as she teetered on the brink of crying. The unmistakable sour, musky stench of a leaking messy diaper heavily loomed over her.

Placing the squirming foal on the changing table, Mrs. Cake carefully unwrapped the towel and Pinkie caught a glimpse of the overstuffed, sagging diaper underneath. At a glance,

there was hardly an inch of the diaper that wasn't stained a deep brown. The mucky mess inside came dangerously close to leaking out the back and the towel did its best to catch any leaks that might have oozed out the leg gatherers.

Pinkie wrinkled her nose at first, but then a strange thought crept into her mind. The sight and smell of the full diaper, the way Pumpkin squirmed, helpless and huffy. It was triggering in a way as Pinkie's gut churned with sympathetic pressure. Her own soggy diaper pressed snugly against her waist. The thought of using it again, following Pumpkin's lead, had sent a little tingle of excitement up her spine.

What if I...?

"Whoa, what a messy little lady!" Mr. Cake exclaimed, blinking in surprise as he helped guide Pumpkin's hooves out of the way. He was starting to look a little green around the gills already.

"Might need a bath after this," Mrs. Cake added, doing her best not to breathe too much as she grabbed an extra tub of wipes just in case.

"We'll tag team this," Mr. Cake grabbed the first of many wipes, "just...one wipe at a time."

Pinkie's heart raced as the idea of pooping her diaper intensified in her mind, teasing her with its thrilling, embarrassing, risky potential. The Cakes were right there, only a few feet away, but a secret thrill bubbled inside her as she watched. The contrast between Pumpkin's innocent diaper change and the idea forming in Pinkie's head made her cheeks flush.

She wiggled slightly, feeling the wet diaper squish against her, and a shiver of anticipation washed over her. It would be so easy. She could just...let go.

Mrs. Cake sighed, grabbing another wipe as Mr. Cake readied a fresh diaper. "This little one sure knows how to make a mess."

Pinkie's breath hitched. A mischievous smile tugged at the corner of her lips. She closed her eyes and relaxed, letting the thought fully take root. Slowly, tentatively, she gave in to the urge and squatted.

It started slow with just a slight push. A warm squishy weight soon grew and pulled her diaper down oh so subtly as her body bore down and the pressure melted away. The sensation was strange, thrilling, and so very different from anything she'd ever felt before. She chewed on a hoof as muffled moans were silenced into stifled huffs. The warmth spread beneath her, and she let out a quiet, barely-audible sigh of relief.

Meanwhile the diaper change outside the closet continued as usual, unimpeded by the stinky pony that hid inside. Wipe after wipe, the pair slowly chipped away at the task. Hidden away, Pinkie could only imagine the full extent of the mess the Cakes were dealing with. And somehow, the thought of it made her feel even more like a child herself.

She shifted her weight slightly, feeling the muck of her own diaper against her, the soft, squishy warmth pressing back at her in response. A tiny shiver of excitement ran up her spine. There she was, just a few feet away from the Cakes, hiding in the closet with a very wet and now very messy diaper, and they had no idea.

“There, all better!” Mr. Cake chuckled as he fastened the fresh diaper around Pumpkin’s waist.

A squealing giggle pulled Pinkie’s attention back to the scene outside as she watched Pumpkin wiggle her limbs up in the air. The overly full diaper was gingerly wrapped up and tossed into the pail.

“Phew! Still stinks in here. Let’s open the window and try to air this room out,” Mrs. Cake said.

Pinkie Pie stood in the closet, her heart still racing, listening intently as Mrs. Cake moved toward the window. The sound of the latch clicking open and a soft breeze drifting into the room gave Pinkie a small sense of relief. She could smell the faint scent of fresh air mixing with the heavy stench of her messy diapee.

“There, that should help a bit,” Mrs. Cake said with a satisfied sigh.

“All right, sweetie. Let’s get you downstairs and into your playpen,” Mr. Cake cooed as he carried Pumpkin out of the nursery. The little foal giggled and squirmed in his hold as Mrs. Cake trailed behind after cleaning up.

The nursery was quiet once more, save for the faint fluttering of the curtains by the open window. Slowly, Pinkie Pie let out a breath she didn’t realize she’d been holding. Her body relaxed, and she stood there for a moment, still hidden in the closet, feeling the warmth in her diaper hugging her tightly. She wiggled her hips experimentally, the mess inside squishing further, and she couldn’t help but let out a quiet giggle.

The Cakes hadn’t caught her. She was in the clear.

Pinkie stepped out of the closet, the soft squelching of her diaper accompanying every movement. The feeling of freedom and of complete, utter relief washed over her as she made her way into the center of the nursery once more.

For a moment, she simply stood there, legs spread apart to accommodate the bulk, and basked in the feeling. The warmth, the squish, the comfort. It was a strange mix of sensations, both naughty and oddly satisfying. She wiggled her hips, and the diaper pressed back, the mess shifting with her. A little thrill ran up her spine, and she couldn't help but smile.

But then, out of nowhere, a voice shattered the moment like glass.

“Pinkie?”