

## Veronica's Voyage of Self-Discovery

November 2023 – Chapter Four

"Wow, that was one hell of an epic day!"

"Agreed," David smiled, glancing wryly over – first at the costumed duo beside him, and then across to the frilled and ruffled figure of his wife. He gestured approvingly around the spacious set of rooms they had just entered. "So glad we've got this Airbnb together with you two, Corey. Hotels are nice, sure... but there's nothing like an actual suite to make you feel at home after a long day at a con."

"A good day," Savannah opined. "A fucking awesome day." She was dressed as a crime-fighting brunette, her cosplay all black leather and straps and cleavage, and her voice rang through the space. "I know you two are done for the day. But Corey... you're still up for the cosplay meetup at 9, right?"

"Sure am," he announced, and David smiled at the sight of Miles Morales's mask slipping off to reveal Corey's crazily-spiked hair. "All I need is a half-hour of sitting and some supper. Oh, and a bathroom break, of course."

"Speaking of..." David glanced now at Veronica, who until now had been quietly clinging to his arm. She glanced up, the sheepish little smile on her face dissolving into a naughty grin, then a blush and a quick duck of her head. Her dirty blonde hair was done up in pigtails that flopped saucily against the frills of her lavender lolita maid outfit. She shifted from foot to foot in her pink Mary Janes, her voluminous double petticoats swishing and bobbing as she moved. And even as she opened her mouth, her suit-wearing husband grinned... and slipped his thumb easily inside.

"Baby girl here certainly doesn't. Though she just might need a change?"

She emitted a lisp, an inarticulate response around his muffling digit, eliciting a burst of laughter from their friends. "Oh, come on, Dave – you *know* she must be soaked! How many bobas did she have today?" Savannah strode over on her towering heels, clucking in good-natured derision. "Look, I'm no expert on big babies, hon. But something tells me this little princess of yours is a hell of a lot wetter than when we left this morning!"

David chuckled and removed his thumb, resulting in a splutter of indignation from Veronica. "Hey, I- I- I'm not a baby-!" "Says the wittle baby maid in her big ol' *diaper*," returned Savannah, shaking

her head in amusement and sinking down onto the couch to begin removing her boots. "Anyway... Hey, Corey! Come be a dear and help me out of these for a bit, will you? My feet are killing me!"

As the duo busied themselves with the thigh-highs, David slid his phone from his elegant suit and consulted it. "Oh, perfect. Looks like the food just delivered! Here, I'll go get it..." And out he stepped, returning barely a minute later with three large brown bags loaded full of an array of boxes and styrofoam containers.

"Chicken... check. Fries... check. Napkins... wait, where the heck is the sauce?"

Five minutes later, the containers were all arranged on the little kitchen table, and Corey and Savannah were already taking their seats. "Fuck, this smells great," Corey offered, with a gesture at the open containers before them. "But hang on. Dave, why the hell did you get so many sides? We've got... what? Fries? Potatoes? Rice and beans, too? And... what even *is* that?"

"Mac 'n cheese," David offered casually, pulling Veronica close to stand in front of him and setting to work unbuttoning and unzipping the back of her costume. "Don't worry about it. It's exactly what we need." "I bet you what it's for," Savannah smirked, grinning around a mouth full of drumstick. "I bet they're all for wittle Vewonicka, isn't it? 'Cause she's jus' way too wittle fow chickin and biskits!"

"And there you'd be right," David agreed, above Veronica's splutters. He tugged downward, and lifted, and pulled... and now his wife was stepping free, clad now in nothing more than a blush, a sheepish grin, and the full, pendulous glory of a visibly soaked pink diaper.

"Am not," Veronica returned, even as David guided his half-naked wife to the chair beside Corey and pushed her diapered ass firmly down, with an audible squish, onto the hard wooden seat. "We'll be the judge of that, missy," David told her coolly, and with a quick jerk of his head, caught Savannah's attention. "Hey, you wouldn't happen to have those crime-fighting cuffs of yours handy, would you? My wife may not be a supervillain, but I swear she never knows how to keep her hands to herself when she's little like this..."

"No-o! No, please, I'll be good-" But *clink* went the cuffs, and *thunk* went metal against wood, and before she could do more than pout and squirm, her bare arms were tugged backward and fastened firmly behind her back. Leaving her husband free, of course, to bend down and fasten around her neck a lace-edged plastic bib – large enough to be humiliating, and small enough to keep her exposed breasts full on display.

"And now for supper."

Oh, the laughter that those two elicited from their friends! "You know, I knew you two were into messy stuff and ageplay and whatnot," Savannah chortled, watching in amusement as yet another giant spoonful of mashed potatoes thrust its oversized way between Veronica's messy lips. "But I never knew you made it look so fucking fun. So tell me: what happens if she's a little shit and decides not to open up?"

"Depends on how we're feeling," David shrugged, and Veronica nodded and mumbled out an agreement through her full and sticky mouth. "I can pinch her nose and force it down. Sometimes I tell her I'll just make her wear it instead – but honestly, as much as she loves being absolutely filthy, that's not very effective." He chuckled and raised a spoonful of the beans, then brought it to Veronica's still-working lips. "I've even suggested that anything she doesn't eat should get dumped right into her diaper. Though it's kinda a waste of good food..."

"Oh, god, really?!" Savannah went off in a gale of laughter, shaking her head as she watched the beans forced deep into Veronica's mouth. "Corey, babe. How do you like that, hmm? You're already my needy little boy, what with no-nut November and all. How about in addition to that cage of yours, we have David here show me a thing or two about discipline?"

Corey's eyes filled with self-conscious apprehension, dropping from Veronica's messy face to his lap and the well-concealed cage, within which he could already feel his stupid prick swelling. "No, no, that's fine," he muttered, but Savannah just laughed. "Oh, like you'd have a choice anyway," she giggled, patting his shoulder and reaching for another biscuit. "I know you too well. You'd fucking love it, and you know it!"

"That's how she is too, you know," David offered, bringing yet another massive spoonful of beans up to Veronica's mouth and deliberately smearing them over her cheeks and nose. "She's a sucker for being humiliated – has been ever since I met her. It was one of the many things that made me fall in love with her..."

He planted a kiss on the tip of his wife's messy nose, and she emitted a gurgly giggle through her loaded mouth. "I wuv oo too," she managed, wriggling hard enough to make her cuffs clink and her breasts judder in sympathy. "Oo da bes' hubbie evah!"

"Oh, am I?" David was smirking now, and he eyed first the half-empty containers of food, and then

his messy-faced, still swallowing captive. "You know, baby, it's been a long day. I know we're still finishing up, but before Corey and Savannah head out... why don't we let them see what a good girl you are when it comes to dessert?"

"Duh-irt? Wih- wih 'em 'ere?!"

But the cuffs were already coming off, her incoherent splutters notwithstanding. "You know what to do, hon," David commanded, tugging off first his suit jacket and then his belt. "You know exactly what to do. Go on. On your knees."

Onto her knees she slowly sank: tits bouncing and diaper crinkling. Behind the food still smeared across her face, the half-startled and mirthful Corey and Savannah could see neither shame nor disgust, but rather the shy, lustful grin of a giddy and increasingly horny young woman.

"Over to me." David was on the last chair now, well away from the table, and out from the fly of his knit trousers sprang the formidable length of his erect cock... a single drop of precum already glistening on its tip. "Come on. Open up for dessert, you messy little baby-slut."

Oh, she did, amid the astonished laughter and exclamations of their two friends. Her eyes sank closed as her still-sticky lips slid easily over the head, and she let out a grunting little sigh of gratification as her own head lowered and the familiar shaft slid deep, deep into her open throat. Up she rose, lips taut and suckling at her man's obscene length... and she glanced up for just a moment, eyes bright with delight. *I love you*, she seemed to say, though her mouth was far too full for words. And then...

Back down. Knees splaying outward. Soiled, diapered rear settling down to the floor with a squelch. And up again. And down. And up. And down. Head bobbing. Lips smacking. Saliva dribbling. Baby girl suckling, kneeling, worshipping ardently between the knees of her husband and lover and master.

And all the while their friends were watching. Prompting Savannah to slide closer... and run her hand suggestively down toward Corey's aching crotch... her whispering voice nuzzling close in his ear, breathing out sweetly sadistic nothings. Oh, how he must be loving this. That could be him. And when they got home he'd have to show her how badly he wanted release. How humiliatingly hard he'd have to please her, too...

"Uuhhh- Oh, fuck- Yes, yes, go on, diaper slut! Go on, you filthy- messy- pathetic little-"

When David's grunts and fierce growls of pleasure had finally stuttered off into orgasmic bliss... when the kneeling Veronica finally withdrew, sinking down with a final squish into her well-saturated diaper... she glanced brightly around. Grinned. And, with the salty cream of her husband's load still warm on her lips, let out a gurgling little cry of delight.

"See? See?! I was a good girl! I ate up *all* my duzzert!"

She definitely *was* a fucking masochist, she mused in a brief stab of mature self-reflection, feeling the cool swell of her own stale urine seeping up around her aching horny pussy. Sure. But dammit if it wasn't everything she had ever wanted.

*The End*