

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.

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⚡⚡⚡ Chapter One ⚡⚡⚡

Pinkie Pie giggled quietly to herself as she balanced a stack of wooden blocks, her hooves moving with exaggerated precision as if the fate of the world rested on this wobbly tower. The nursery of Sugarcube Corner was small but cozy, filled with all the essentials for Pound Cake and Pumpkin Cake. A soft rug covered the floor, its bright colors depicting frolicking animals, and a row of simple wooden toys sat neatly on a low shelf. Toys were scattered about - plush animals, rattles, and stacking rings - each one brightly colored and inviting. A rocking chair sat by the window, sunlight filtering through lace curtains, casting a gentle glow over the room. It was a perfectly normal nursery for a pair of foals.

Except today, the foals weren't here.

The Cakes were out for the day, taking the twins to visit family, leaving the bakery to Pinkie's care. And that meant, at least for just a little while, the nursery was hers!

She glanced at the door for what felt like the hundredth time. The Cakes weren't due back for hours, but there was always a tiny voice in the back of her mind that worried they might return early. It was thrilling in a way. What if they opened the door right now and saw her? Pinkie, in the middle of the twins' nursery, diapered and surrounded by baby toys? She wasn't sure if she'd ever be able to explain that one.

With a sigh of relief, Pinkie turned her attention back to the tower of blocks. She added one more to the top, the whole thing wobbling precariously as it reached a new height. Her tongue poked out in concentration as she carefully balanced another block, holding her breath as she leaned back to admire her work.

"Ta-da!" she whispered triumphantly, a wide grin spreading across her face. She clapped her hooves together softly in celebration before carefully standing up, her diaper crinkling as she moved.

The sound made her giggle again, and she gave a little wiggle, enjoying the silly sense of freedom it brought. There was something liberating about indulging in these childlike impulses, a chance to be carefree and silly in a way she hadn't been able to for a long time. Being a party planner and responsible for so many smiles sometimes meant Pinkie didn't get to focus on her own.

Diapers just made her feel giggly. They were soft and crinkly and reminded her of a bygone time of her life where things were so much simpler. They were also incredibly soft and fun to wear! She never used them, of course, but she just liked the pillowy cushion hugging her butt as she waddled around, crinkling every step of the way.

With her grand block structure standing proudly, however shaky it might have been, Pinkie's eyes fell on a bright pink rattle that had been left next to the crib. With a gleeful hop, she darted over and snatched it up, giving it an experimental shake. The soft clatter of the beads inside made her giggle, and she shook it again, harder this time.

"Who's a good little foal?" she whispered to herself in a singsong voice, shaking the rattle in front of her wide eyed face like she was hypnotizing herself. "Yes you are, yes you are!"

She let out a little giggle-snort and collapsed onto her back, still holding the rattle above her head. She wiggled and squirmed on her back, emulating the fun carefree activity she'd see Pumpkin Cake do on a regular basis. And she could see why! It was fun to just wiggle and giggle, carefree in her little diapee. For a moment, she laid there, staring up at the ceiling while occasionally shaking the rattle and giggling at the noises the toy made. It all left her in a blissful daze as her body tingled with content freedom. Her hoof then plopped to the side, haphazardly dropping the rattle and letting the toy roll away.

Moving on, her eyes landed on the changing table in the corner, its shelves stacked with diapers and wipes. Next to it was a soft, plush bunny that looked well-loved, its ears floppy and one eye slightly askew. She toddled over and grabbed the stuffed toy off the shelf, cradling it in her hooves as she sat down on the plush rug. The soft padding of the diaper beneath her made her feel even more playful and she rocked the bunny back and forth, humming a sweet lullaby under her breath. It felt silly, exciting, fun, and comforting, all at once like she was slipping back into a simpler time, where the world was just full of fun and giggles and nothing else mattered.

"I love you, Bunbun!" she happily exclaimed, giving the bunny plush a big hug. She hugged it and squeezed it, giving it the best, biggest hug she possibly could, giggling and wiggling all the way.

"Alright, Pumpkin, settle down," Pinkie Pie's blissful moment of cradling Bunbun came to an abrupt halt as her ears twitched at the sound of a familiar voice heard down the hall. Her heart skipped a beat, and the giddy smile on her face faltered. "You'll spring a leak if you squirm any more." A cold chill shot down Pinkie's spine as the voice was getting closer. "One quick

diaper change and we'll get you back to your toys, promise!" Pinkie gasped as color drained from her face.

The Cakes were home.

Her mind raced as she assessed her options. There was no way to sneak past Mrs. Cake without being seen, and there was no way she could explain the fact that she was in the nursery, in a diaper, playing with the twins' toys. The clock was ticking. She needed to run! She needed to take the diaper off! She needed to peel! She needed to hide! She needed to hide! She needed to hide!

In one quick, pink flash, she made a split-second decision and, with all the stealth she could muster, dashed-waddled towards the closet. She scrambled inside, barely managing to squeeze herself in between boxes of baby clothes and extra toys. Her body pressed awkwardly against a stack of baby blankets, and the diaper she wore crinkled loudly as she settled into place, making her wince.

She grabbed the closet door and pulled it closed, leaving just a tiny crack to peek through. From her hiding spot, she could see the nursery door slowly swinging open. Mrs. Cake stepped inside, humming softly to herself as she set down a small bag of supplies. Pinkie's breath caught in her throat as she watched Mrs. Cake approach the changing table, blissfully unaware of the pink pony now crammed into the closet.

Holding her breath, Pinkie Pie watched as Mrs. Cake entered the nursery, carrying a diaper bag and a loving smile on her face. The twins gurgled happily as they wiggled in her hooves. Pinkie squeezed herself deeper into the corner of the closet, wincing as her diaper crinkled loudly in the confined space.

From her vantage point, she watched as Mrs. Cake placed Pumpkin Cake on the changing table first, "Oh just LOOK at that soggy thing!" Mrs. Cake cooed at the little filly, making her giggle and squirm. The cooing made Pinkie's knees weak. Oh how she wished Mrs. Cake would talk to her like that. How she wished she'd give her pats on the bottom and tease her.

Her eyes stayed fixed on the scene in front of her. As Mrs. Cake gently wiped Pumpkin clean, Pinkie felt a strange mix of emotions wash over her. There was an undeniable warmth to the way Mrs. Cake tended to her foals, each movement filled with love and patience. There was a softness in the way she handled the foals, a deep motherly affection that Pinkie couldn't help but feel a hint of envy toward.

She fidgeted in the closet, her bladder protesting more and more with each passing second. The pressure was getting worse, but she gritted her teeth, determined to hold it. *You can do this, Pinkie*, she told herself. *Just a little longer.*

"There we go. Fresh panties for the little sog monster," Cup Cake cooed at the giggling Pumpkin, rewarding the well behaved foal with some playful tummy raspberries. She then paused and tapped her chin in thought. "You know what? I better double you up, little lady," she then said, grabbing another diaper off the lower shelves.

Pinkie watched in disbelief as Mrs. Cake reached for another diaper, sliding it underneath the first one she had just put on. She carefully fastened it snugly around Pumpkin's waist, layering it neatly on top. Pumpkin Cake giggled and wiggled her hooves as Mrs. Cake double-checked the fit, adding a little extra powder for good measure.

The change was already taking longer than Pinkie had expected, but now with the double diaper, time seemed to crawl. Pinkie shifted uncomfortably, her legs cramping from the awkward position in the closet, and the fullness in her bladder became almost unbearable. She pressed her hooves together, trying to alleviate the pressure, but every little movement made the diaper she wore crinkle softly. The sound seemed deafening in the silence, and Pinkie froze, hoping Mrs. Cake didn't hear.

Once Pumpkin was finally double-diapered and snug, Mrs. Cake set her down on the rug. However, just as Pinkie Pie was about to let out a sigh of relief, Mrs. Cake started to sniff the air. She sniffed the air until her nose led her to her other child, Pound Cake, who was sitting on the floor, aimlessly staring off into space. She picked up the little colt and gave his diaper a tentative sniff.

"P'ew! Stinky pants!" she exclaimed, holding the foal at arms length. Pound Cake, forever the innocent faced one, looked at his mother's face with unfocused eyes, completely unaware of the stink that had formed around him. "Better change you while I have the chance!"

The foal was placed on the changing table and so began yet another diaper change. Mrs. Cake handled the mess with her usual gentle care, wiping him down and disposing of the dirty diaper with practiced efficiency. As she worked, Pinkie couldn't help but feel a twinge of that same envy return. Mrs. Cake was so tender, so attentive, so loving as she took care of the twins. It made Pinkie long for a little of that same care, even though she knew it was silly.

Pumpkin Cake and Pound Cake didn't have to worry about any of this. No rushing off to the bathroom, no trying to hold it in until they found a bathroom. They could just... let go whenever they wanted to. Whether they were playing, napping, or sitting in their high chairs, they could just fill their diapers without a second thought, and Mrs. Cake would always be there, ready with a fresh diaper and a warm smile. No embarrassment, no shame, just the simple, carefree life of being a foal.

Pinkie bit her lip, her cheeks flushing as her thoughts wandered. *They don't have to hold it like I am*, she thought, shifting again to relieve the pressure. *They can just let it happen, and Mrs. Cake will take care of everything. No big deal, no stress. Just a quick diaper change and*

then back to playtime. It seemed so simple, so easy. And watching the tender way Mrs. Cake handled her babies made it seem...comforting, in a way.

The thought sent another ripple of tingly feelings through Pinkie, though this time, it was mixed with a deeper sense of yearning. For just a moment, she wished she could feel that same freedom, to let go of all the worries and responsibilities, to just be cared for like the foals were. To not have to hold everything in, both physically and emotionally, but to simply let go and know that someone would be there to take care of her.

A sudden, sharp pang from her bladder jolted her out of her thoughts, and Pinkie squeezed her legs together even tighter, fighting to keep control. She bit her lip hard, her heart racing as she clung to the last bit of willpower she had. But the pressure was unbearable now, and the sound of Mrs. Cake gently cooing to Pound Cake, along with the soft rustling of fresh diapers being applied, only made things worse.

Pinkie could barely focus. Her entire body was tense, trembling as she fought desperately to hold on. The urge to release was overwhelming, and with each passing second, she felt herself slipping. *No, no, no*, she pleaded silently, eyes squeezed shut as her muscles burned with the effort of keeping everything in.

"Almost done, Poundy," Mrs. Cake said sweetly as she finished securing the tabs on Pound Cake's new diaper, giving him a little tickle on his tummy.

Pinkie's hooves dug into the soft baby blankets that cushioned the closet floor, her whole body on edge. She couldn't afford to make any noise now, couldn't risk being caught like this. But despite her best efforts, despite everything, she felt the faintest, tiniest trickle slip through her defenses.

Her breath hitched. *No!* She clenched as tightly as she could, but it was no use. Another trickle followed, then another, and before she could stop it, her body gave in completely. A warm rush flooded into the diaper around her waist, soaking into the soft padding with a quiet hiss.

Pinkie's face burned with embarrassment, her eyes wide as she held herself still, watching Mrs. Cake finish up with Pound Cake. Her bladder, finally relieved, left her feeling a mixture of shame and strange relief. She dared not move, though the squishy warmth of the wet diaper now pressed against her made her more aware of her predicament than ever.

Mrs. Cake finished wiping Pound Cake's face, then finally scooped up both foals. "Alright, let's go have some lunch," she said, her voice filled with warmth and satisfaction as she headed out the door.

Pinkie watched, barely breathing as Mrs. Cake left the nursery, closing the door behind her. Only when she was sure she was alone did Pinkie let out a shaky breath, her body trembling with a mix of relief and embarrassment.

For a few long moments, Pinkie stayed frozen in the closet, listening for any sign that Mrs. Cake might come back. The room was quiet. Finally, she let out a shaky breath, her body sagging with relief. Slowly, she pushed the closet door open and crawled out, stretching her stiff legs. The wet diaper clung awkwardly to her, and she winced as it squished between her thighs.

She stood in the middle of the nursery, her limbs tingling as she stretched out, letting the tension ease from her muscles. The soft crinkle of the diaper was more noticeable now, reminding her of the half-wet state she was in. She bit her lip, glancing around the empty room, her heart still racing from the close call.

Pinkie sighed, her bladder still protesting. There was no point holding it any longer, not when the diaper was already wet. Besides, she was alone now, and she wasn't going to have another chance to finish. She shifted her hooves on the soft nursery rug, feeling the dampness of the diaper pressing against her.

"Well... might as well finish the job," Pinkie muttered to herself, glancing down at her waist. She gave a little wiggle, positioning herself in the middle of the nursery, fully exposed now. She was standing right in front of the open closet, her pink mane slightly frazzled from the stress of hiding.

Taking a deep breath, Pinkie relaxed. The release was almost immediate. The warmth spread slowly through the padding as she let go, wetting her diaper fully now. She placed a hoof atop her increasingly swollen diaper, feeling its padded surface vibrate under the force of her stream. The absorbent fabric eagerly absorbed every drop of warm urine, causing the pale pink diaper to expand and grow heavy with its newfound contents. She sighed, feeling the tension in her body melt away as her bladder finally emptied. The diaper swelled greatly beneath her, warm and squishy, but comforting in a strange way.

For a moment, Pinkie stood there, her eyes closed, letting the relief wash over her. The wet diaper was heavy now, but it felt oddly satisfying, like a weight lifted off her. She opened her eyes and looked around the nursery, the familiar toys and bright colors making her smile softly.

"At least I made the most of it," she whispered to herself.