

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, ageplayer themes, APDL, messy diapers, Pinkie Pie, Mrs. Cake, Mr. Cake, diaper changing, diaper usage

☀☀☀ Chapter Three ☀☀☀

Pinkie Pie stood in the center of the nursery, her heart still pounding from the thrill of what she'd just done. The messy diaper clung warmly to her, sagging heavily between her legs, and each tiny movement sent a soft squish through the padding. A strange mix of relief and excitement bubbled inside her as she wiggled her hips, enjoying the sensation.

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

"Pinkie?"

Mrs. Cake's voice cut through the air like a sharp knife, slicing through Pinkie's thoughts and sending a cold, icy chill racing down her spine. Pinkie's breath hitched in her throat, and her whole body froze. She slowly turned toward the nursery doorway, her eyes wide with panic. There, standing just inside the room, was Mrs. Cake. Her gentle, motherly eyes were locked onto Pinkie, filled with a soft puzzlement.

Pinkie's heart raced even faster. She stood there, completely paralyzed, her pink cheeks flushed with a deep red. Her diaper was swollen, bulging visibly between her legs, with the unmistakable weight of a full diaper. The strong odor of her accident clung to the air and loomed over her like a cloud of guilt.

"What are you...doing in here?" Mrs. Cake asked, her voice filled with genuine surprise, but not harshness. She tilted her head, clearly trying to process the sight before her.

Pinkie wanted to speak, to explain, to say something. But her mouth refused to work. Her hooves stayed rooted to the soft rug beneath her, her body locked in place. The warmth of her full diaper was now a constant reminder of her predicament, and the embarrassment that washed over her made her feel small, almost foal-like. What could she possibly say? How could she explain herself?

As Pinkie stood there, her mind spinning, Mrs. Cake turned her head slightly toward the hallway. "Carrot, could you be a dear and come up here for a second?"

Pinkie's stomach clenched. If it wasn't bad enough being caught by Mrs. Cake, now Mr. Cake was coming too. She could already hear his hoofsteps ascending the stairs, his cheery voice calling out as he approached.

"Is that the diaper pail stinking up the place?" Mr. Cake said with a lighthearted chuckle, his voice getting closer. "Don't worry, I can take care of it right now. It was getting pretty f-"

His words came to a sudden stop the moment he stepped into the nursery. His eyes went wide, and for a brief second, Pinkie thought his jaw might drop to the floor. He stared at her in disbelief, his gaze locked onto the swollen, messy diaper sagging between her legs.

"I just found her like this," Mrs. Cake said softly to her husband, her voice still calm, but carrying an air of bewilderment. Her eyes periodically flicked back to Pinkie.

Mr. Cake blinked, his surprise slowly fading into something softer, more understanding. "Is that so?" he said, scratching his chin thoughtfully. His tone wasn't accusatory - if anything, it was curious. Then, after a beat of silence, he sighed and gave a small, knowing nod. "Well, I guess we better get her changed out of that poopy diaper before the whole house starts to stink."

Pinkie felt her heart leap into her throat. Her face was burning, her mind racing. They were going to change her? Like one of the twins? She looked at Mr. Cake, then at Mrs. Cake, searching for any sign of teasing or judgment, but there was none. The Cakes simply looked at her with the same calm, caring expressions they always wore - like nothing was unusual at all.

Mrs. Cake stepped closer, her hooves soft and gentle on the floor. "Come on, honey," she said in that soothing, motherly tone of hers. "Let's get you all cleaned up, okay?"

Pinkie's legs wobbled, still stiff with shock, but she nodded, not trusting herself to speak. She allowed Mrs. Cake to guide her toward the changing table. With each step, her messy diaper squished noisily, the warm bulk pressing against her with every movement. She could feel the weight of it pulling at her waist, the thick padding swollen to its limit. The scent of her accident lingered in the air, mixing with the sweet baby powder and other familiar nursery scents.

Mrs. Cake patted a spot on the floor next to the changing table, indicating for Pinkie to lay down. With a shaky breath, Pinkie carefully lowered herself, laying back on the nursery floor. The familiar sound of the crinkling and squelching diaper beneath her filled her ears, and she closed her eyes, feeling utterly exposed and vulnerable. The mucky mess of her messy diaper pressed up against her as she settled in, making her cheeks flush even more.

Mr. Cake stood nearby, offering a kind smile as he passed Mrs. Cake the supplies she needed. "Don't worry, muffin," he said with a soft chuckle. "We'll have you fresh and clean in no time."

Mrs. Cake knelt down beside the diapered pony, her gentle hooves moving with practiced ease as she undid the tapes of the stinky diaper. Pinkie winced at the soft rip of each tape being pulled away. Her heart raced at the cool air that rushed in once the diaper was opened up, revealing the sticky feeling of the used diaper that she so eagerly filled not minutes before. It felt so different now, all that thrill and intensity of almost getting caught melted into a tension of humiliation. Pooping herself like some kind of foal...She felt so ridiculous now.

Mrs. Cake, ever the professional mother, went to work. A foul stink filled the air once the diaper was opened, but the motherly mare didn't hesitate. She simply smiled and grabbed a wipe, working with the same tenderness she used on her own foals.

Pinkie could hear everything. The squish of the soiled padding, the soft cluck of Mrs. Cake's tongue as she inspected the mess, the container of wipes being popped open. It was the same song that played when the Cakes were changing the twins.

She bit her lip as her body tensed when the first cool wipe touched her. She felt like she should be embarrassed - no, she *was* embarrassed - but a strange sense of bliss crept in at the same time. The act of being cleaned, cared for, even after making the immature decision to poop herself was oddly comforting. Every wipe was slow and thorough, Mrs. Cake never rushing or showing a hint of judgment. In fact, she hummed softly under her breath as though this was the most normal thing in the world. Like Pinkie was just another of the Cake twins in need of a little extra help.

Mr. Cake meanwhile opened up the diaper pail and pulled out the bundle filled bag from inside. A dozen or so baby diapers could be seen through its clear plastic, all in various states of use.

"Alright, sweetroll, all clean!" Mrs. Cake finally chirped as she rolled up Pinkie's full diaper into a tight ball, wrapped up the pile of used wipes inside. She then handed the old diaper off to Mr. Cake.

"Whuff! That's a hefty diaper!" Mr. Cake couldn't help but chuckle as he took hold of the weighty bundle and tossed it into the pail bag.

"Big ponies need big diapers, I suppose," Mrs. Cake smiled as she shook her head, putting away the changing supplies.

"You...two aren't upset?" Pinkie asked with a small voice.

"A little surprised to find you in such a state, but not really upset," Mr. Cake said.

"But I guess it's a little upsetting that you kept this secret from us," Mrs. Cake added.

Pinkie's ears drooped, her pink cheeks flushing again. "I... I was embarrassed," she murmured, her voice barely above a whisper.

"We understand why, Pinkie," Mrs. Cake consoled the pink pony, "But you know, you can always come to us if something's on your mind. We care about you, sweet roll."

Mr. Cake stepped closer, offering a kind smile. "That's right, muffin. You've been part of our family for so long, there's no need to hide things from us. We'd rather know than have you feel like you need to sneak around."

"Y-you'd be okay if I wore diapers?" Pinkie asked, her voice small, almost afraid of the answer. Her heart raced, unsure of what their reaction would be. Would they say no? Would they think less of her?

He gave her a thoughtful look, then a small, understanding smile. "Well, not all the time," he conceded, scratching his chin. "I think it'd be best if we keep this as an occasional thing. When we're not so busy."

Mrs. Cake nodded in agreement, her eyes kind but firm. "Plus, we'll want the twins out of diapers eventually. Can't potty train them if their favorite babysitter is still in diapers, right?"

"Haha, yeah..." Pinkie replied, momentarily entertaining the idea. The twins graduating diapers and potty trained while she was being put back in diapers. There was that silly, tingly feeling again...

"Oh we'd never hear the end of it." Mr. Cake chuckled, "those two would NEVER want to potty train if they saw Pinkie in diapers."

"I know, I get it," Pinkie nodded as she rose to her feet, "I promise not to do it around them."

Mrs. Cake smiled warmly. "Good girl. Now, how about we get something warm to drink, hmm? Maybe some of your favorite cocoa?"

Pinkie felt her heart swell at their kindness. Even after everything, they were still treating her like the Pinkie they knew and loved. It was more than she could have hoped for. She nodded gratefully. "That sounds super duper yummy."

As the Cakes began to head out of the room, Pinkie stayed behind for just a moment longer, glancing up at the ceiling. She smiled softly to herself.

With a light bounce in her step, Pinkie trotted after them, feeling lighter and happier than she had in a long time.