

# Study Buddies

By Naptime

*Sandbar introduces Gallus to a more unconventional way of relieving stress. And while he claims it to be effective, Gallus is understandably hesitant. How could wearing diapers possibly be relaxing?*

*tags: My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic setting, MLP:FiM, APDL, wet diapers, ageplayer themes, Sandbar, Gallus*

“Oh come on, dude, diapers are suppose to be relaxing,” Sandbar said, pulling out a fresh diaper from the pack, “so relax, man.”

“I am relaxed,” Gallus answered, crossing his arms as his wings flapped and twitched.

“No you’re not,” Sandbar replied, “you’re stiff as a board.” He opened the diaper up and gently slipped it underneath Gallus’s rump. “Just lay down and take it easy, man.”

Gallus just nodded, staring up at the ceiling with his arms still crossed. Even now he couldn’t quite think of a reason why he agreed to this. Whatever Sandbar did after class wasn’t any of his business, but somehow he found himself in the thick of it, waiting to have a baby diaper taped around his waist. Sandbar claimed it was a relaxation method. He said it was intended to keep the body relaxed, comfortable, and gave a tired mind time to recover. Gallus just saw it as more crazy, lovey-dovey pony nonsense. Yet another silly pony tradition about friendship to add to the ever growing list of weird pony traditions.

And yet, despite his distaste for all that cushy affection and sharing each others feelings, the griffin now found himself subjecting himself to it. Maybe it was because it was Sandbar who asked him to try it. Maybe it was because in some strange, mysterious way, he was curious about the whole thing. Or maybe it was because deep down he actually enjoyed the stuff. Either way, his teacher Pinkie Pie would always tell him to try new things and this diaper thing, whether it crazy or not, seemed like a place to start.

By the time Gallus finished all this self-talk, trying to think of a reason why he was being put in a diaper in the first place, Sandbar had finished with the diaper change and was already taping a diaper on himself. The earth pony showed a surprising amount of skill with putting a diaper on. Even Gallus’s diaper didn’t feel too tight or too loose.

In fact, it was a marvel to watch Sandbar diaper himself up. Gallus couldn’t quite explain it, but he was strangely enthralled in the spectacle. Watching Sandbar weave that soft, cushy diaper between his legs, adjusting it in such a way that the front and back lined up just right. It reminded Gallus of his own diaper and the softness that came with it. Crinkling everywhere he

went, cushioning his rump from the cold ground, even nestling his sensitive member between inches of thick padding. It was all kind of...arousing.

Against his better judgment, Gallus found himself growing hard in his diaper. His cock wasn't to full mast at this point, but it was certainly visible enough to leave a distinct bulge in his diaper. And if a slight diaper bulge was hard to miss, the rigid kink in his wings was a dead give away something was up.

"Dude, these things turn you on?" Sandbar was standing in front of him, now freshly diapered with a lingering scent of baby powder trailing behind him everywhere he went.

"N-no!" Gallus quickly shouted, suddenly closing his legs, "diapers are for babies! Why would I find...d-diapers hot?"

"I guess I couldn't blame ya," Sandbar answered with a soft shrug, "I don't really find them hot, but I can only imagine how good they'd feel to someone who did. All warm and cushy. All those crinkles."

Gallus just scowled throughout the whole thing, he still tried to maintain the notion that diapers weren't interesting to him in the slightest. But his body began to betray him as Sandbar went further into detail about the softness of the diapers. The crisp plastic shell and comfortable padding contained in every one. All those thoughts materialized into a more sizable bulge in Gallus's diaper and Sandbar was quick to notice.

"Haha! I knew it! I knew it!" Sandbar exclaimed, pointing at the very obvious bulge, "diapers DO turn you on!"

"Sh-shut up! They do not!" Gallus snapped back, but felt a blush fill his cheeks.

"So what about diapers turns you on the most?" Sandbar continued, "The crinkles? The warmth? The embarrassment?"

"I-I just like them okay!" Gallus finally confessed in a loud squeaky voice. After a brief pause he immediately coiled back, crossing his arms with a pout.

"Alright," Sandbar shrugged, "whatever you say, man. You do look cute in those diapers though,"

"Yeah...well...so do you," Gallus found himself saying. Even if diapers were stupid and for babies...Sandbar did look cute in one. Just waddling around, being all cute like.

"Thanks man," Sandbar answered, glancing back at the cloud printed diaper taped around his waist, "though I think the diaper helps a lot. Always try to grab the cute ones. Something thick and fluffy and absorbent."

"Absorbent?" Gallus interjected as he leaned forward, "y-you mean like..." His cheeks glowed with a soft pink as his words trailed off into silence.

"Diaper's meant to be used, man," Sandbar answered, only to then notice Gallus's sudden interest. A smirk grew on the pony's face, "so that's it? You like peeing yourself the most?"

"I-I uhm..."

"Like it when your diaper swells up and gets all full?" Sandbar chuckled with a teasing coo. Gallus's fidgeting and ridged wings was all the proof he needed. "D'aww, well there's no need to be shy. If you need to go, you just have to relax and go," the pony gave Gallus a couple pats on the head, "that's what diapers are for."

Gallus broke eye contact and stared at the ground before his blushing cheeks gave him away any further. A natural silence came between the two as they took pause. Occasionally Gallus would look up from his spot on the floor, only to catch sight of Sandbar's thick diaper or even a glance of his own. His mind teemed with thoughts and worries all centered around this strange diaper wearing exercise.

"So what if I even peed?" Gallus finally blurted out, mostly to himself, "I-I mean it's not like peeing into a diaper suddenly turns me into a baby, right?" He tried to organize his thoughts, thinking out loud seemed to help. "I-I m-mean I'm already in one. It'd be w-wasteful if I just took it off and w-went to the toilet in-instead."

Again the griffin fell silent. After a few moments of just sitting there, he began to fidget and move. If he was going to pee himself, the least he could do was find a more comfortable position. That proved to be challenging as willingly wetting a diaper was awkward to do even if he wasn't in a diaper. Eventually he opted to standing up, which only drew more attention to himself. But at this point, after trying to pee and fail so many times, he was desperate to just get it over with.

Eventually, he found himself making progress. After much fidgeting, readjusting, and steady breathing exercises, he found his bladder sort of obeying his commands, resulting in a spurt or two into the waiting diaper. Hardly satisfied with a tiny, barely visible wet spot on his diaper, Gallus tried harder. Soon, accompanied by a deep, steady sigh, a spray of urine began filling the absorbent insides of the griffin's diaper. Getting things started was the hard part and once he found himself peeing, he continued to do so until he was finished.

The diaper soaked up everything that the griffin could put into it. A full bladder's worth of urine seemed to be child's play to the thick diaper as it swelled and absorbed it all. Gallus could feel the garment warm and grow heavy around his waist. To an outside viewer, it was very obvious that he was wetting himself judging from the deep yellow coloration that started to fully encompass the diaper's outer cloud print.

After a few long minutes of just steady urination, Gallus found his bladder getting empty, marking the end of a rather long winded pee. He punctuated the end with a heavy huff as his wings drooped at his sides with relief.

To no one's surprise, Sandbar had watched the whole thing. By the time Gallus looked over his shoulder, the earth pony was already trotting over to his side. "Haha, well that didn't take long!" Sandbar chirped, prodding at the swollen diaper that now warmed Gallus's waist, "look at that soaked thing!"

"Sh-shut up!" Gallus bashfully exclaimed, "it's not that full!"

"Yeah, whatever you say, hatchy," Sandbar smirked, "fill it anymore and it'll explode!"

Gallus fidgeted for a bit, trying to find a comfortable position to sit in his swollen diaper. "Y-yeah well, using a diaper for its intended purpose doesn't suddenly make me a baby!" he answered back, still blushing deeply, "wetting myself doesn't automatically make me...a-a hatchling."

"But you like the idea, huh?"

"Wh-what?"

"Dude you did the cutest little squirm when I called you 'hatchy'. Did you not even notice?"

"N-no I didn't!" Gallus blushed, but even through all that embarrassment he could feel a small smile grow on his face.

Sandbar seemed to pick up on this growing excitement. "Little hatchling wet his pants!" he teased in an almost singy-songy voice, "little hatchling can't hold it in!"

Gallus didn't yell anything back this time. He found it difficult to say anything while his cheeks were so red. Words failed him as he felt the unmistakable sensation of his cock pressing into the swollen confines of his diaper.

"See?" Sandbar said so smugly.

“A-alright fine! Yes! I do find diapers hot!” Gallus exclaimed, compelled by the stiff bulge that now throbbed in between his legs, “I-I find wearing them and w-wetting them h-hot! They’re hot, alright?!”

“See man, don’t you feel more at ease with that off your chest?”

Gallus took a mental step back and let out a big sigh. His shoulders slumped as he suddenly began to notice the amount of tension he was carrying in them. “Yeah okay...you’re right...” he answered, sighing again, “I feel better...”

Again, the two went silent. Only this felt like a natural beat in conversation. A momentary calm before the storm.

“So when are ya gonna be a big boy and take care of that bulge?” Sandbar came out and said.

Gallus practically jumped in his seat, “I-I...”

“You said so yourself that diapers shouldn’t be wasted,” Sandbar added, “how can you possibly relax if your junk’s all bunched up in your diapers?”

Gallus hesitated. Despite desperately wanting to tend to his body’s lust filled urges, doing it in front of his best friend was hardly something he planned on doing. And yet, here he was, wearing a wet diaper and getting aroused because of it. And now Sandbar was expecting him to do something about it. It felt like he had very little choice.

It started as a simple prod with a clawed finger. If he wimped out now he could just say he was checking to see how full the diaper was. After a few seconds of pause, he dared another prod, this one digging deeper into the diaper’s swollen front. He could just barely feel his hard-on through the thick padding. A third prod brought him closer to touching the bulge, close enough to feel it throb against his touch.

Feeling braver, he explored the warm, swollen mass with a full hand this time. He shivered as the warm diaper squished underneath his open palm, shifting its weight around his crotch as he did so. The press turned into a series of rubs. Up and down the length of his diaper, Gallus could feel the warmth of his urine through the plastic, crinkly shell of the diaper. He could feel his cock throbbing behind it all, begging for more attention. He needed more.

Finally he leaned back and submitted to his primal urges. His hand planted itself firmly on top of the bulging diaper, rubbing furiously into the urine soaked mass. A chorus of crinkles echoed through the room as he began to rub deeper into the diaper, desperate to tend to the throbbing member that had taunted him this whole time.

"Little hatchling likes to rub his didees!" Sandbar could be heard among the loud crinkling. Gallus was too vulnerable to fight the teasings now. "Daww, look at him go! Such an eager little hatchling!" the earth pony continued to coo at the griffin as he squirmed on the ground, hand buried deep between his thighs. "Little hatchling LOVES his diapers, huh?"

"I-I love..." Gallus started with a mumble, but with each heavy breath his arousal grew significantly, until he was compelled to shout out his words, "I love my diapers!"

His legs shot up into the air, momentarily flashing his yellow hued behind as a pleasurable burst of energy surged through his body. Simultaneously his hands gripped a large hunk of his swollen diaper, squeezing his throbbing member inside. Finally his cock began to spurt thick strands of cum into the diaper, quickly coating a large section of the urine soaked padding with the slick, sticky ooze.

Sandbar smiled at the sight of Gallus building himself up to climax and then finishing into his diaper. He was happy because his friend was happy and to see Gallus in such a exhausted state almost made the crude griffin look cute. Twitching and squirming in his wet diapers, yeah, he looked pretty cute. The diapered hatchling looked like he was ready for a nap though.

Still floating on cloud nine, Gallus laid there motionless as the final moments of the afterglow buzzed inside his body. His breath was shaky as his entire system laid there in standby as he recovered. He barely even noticed when his body was pulled up into Sandbar's arms nor could really do much to react.

Sandbar hugged Gallus tight, using a hooked hoof to keep the griffin close. Body to body, diaper to diaper, the two cuddled in close as their conjoined heartbeats softened the mood and lulled both of them into a dazed and content state.

Gallus probably needed to change soon. That was a lingering thought in the back of his mind even as he cuddled in closer to Sandbar's warmth. He really should get up and change before the diaper got cold and clammy or worse yet, someone actually caught them.

But the feel of Sandbar's hoof around him easily swayed the griffin's decision. Sure he needed to change. Eventually. And someone might stumble across the two wearing diapers. Eventually. But right now that didn't really matter. He was too relaxed to care. He was too dazed and floaty to worry.

Instead he grabbed hold of Sandbar's hoof and hugged it close as he curled into the pony's cuddle. He let out a steady sigh, closing his eyes with a content and happy smile.

Maybe this pony lovey-dovey diaper thing wasn't all that bad.