

Dream Voyeurism

By Naptime

At night Princess Luna patrols the dreamscape in search of bad dreams and nightmares. On slow nights, she deviates from these responsibilities in search of entertainment to alleviate her growing boredom. This entertainment usually comes in the form of sex dreams, which she eagerly enjoys watching from a distance. Tonight, she stumbles across such a dream conjured up by Big Macintosh.

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☀️☀️☀️ Chapter One ☀️☀️☀️

It was a place of nightmares and of terror. It was a twisted world like no other. Blood red grass covered the ground as a swirling sky of a million eyes loomed overhead. And in the center of it all, a young sandy brown filly cowered in fear.

The young pony could feel each and every eye burning their gaze into her head. She couldn't flee, too terrified of the very grass she attempted to walk on. She was paralyzed with fear, struggling to find solace in a world so scary.

"You can do it, young one. Just remember what I told you," a voice echoed in her ears, even as the whirling winds of a thousand laughs overpowered her senses and bore down on her. She desperately tried to steady her breaths and heed the voice's advice.

And finally, everything seemed to click.

In one gigantic wave the nightmarish environment reverted to normality. Eerie, gnarled trees transformed into happy trees covered in flowers. The red grass, with tips as sharp as knives morphed back into soft bluish-green fields that were just perfect for sleeping on. The sky, once a black and red swirl of a million eyes turned into a tranquil sky with little cheerful birds chirping away as they fluttered across its blue expanse.

Princess Luna smiled at the change as she stood atop a soft sloping hill that overlooked the lovely landscape. She proudly smiled down at the small, sandy brown earth filly who gazed upon the trees and fields with awe.

"You see? Our nightmares might seem scary, but they do not control us," Luna consoled the filly, "it is perfectly normal to be worried about performing in front of groups, but remember that our fears make things seem scarier than they actually are."

The young filly continued to stare across the horizon, listening to every helpful word her princess had to say. "You really think I can do it?" she asked with a quiet voice.

Luna smiled a comforting smile as she lowered her head to match the filly's eye level. "My child, you are still young and there is much to learn. You are capable of so many great things."

The young earth pony swooped in and gave Princess Luna a big hug, "thank you, princess. Thank you so much."

Luna hugged the other pony back. "Best of luck to you, young one," she said as she squeezed the filly tight before steadily standing back up. "Fare thee well," she said with dignified poise before stretching out her wings and flying up into the sky, eventually phasing through it like a blue curtain.

A deep blue and purple expanse stretched out before her as the bright vibrant colors of the filly's dream faded behind her. It was in this endless space that dreams were made and it was Princess Luna's responsibility to ensure each dream was a peaceful one. The dreams materialized themselves as shapeless bubbles, shimmering in the moonless light of the dreamworld's beautiful void.

On most nights, Princess Luna spent her time floating amongst the dreamspheres. Her time dreamwalking was usually pretty uneventful. Sure there was the rare nightmare to defend against, but those were incredibly uncommon and far inbetween. She had a lot of time to herself floating here, dwelling on wayward thoughts, fantasies, maybe even doing a math problem or two if she was incredibly bored.

Although on some rare nights, Luna engaged in a rather deviant hobby of hers. Luna would pass the time with finding ponies who were having sex dreams and giving them a little watch. It was not out of malice or ill will, but rather out of entertainment. To peer into ponies's more intimate dreams was a delightful affair of discovery and surprise.

She never interfere in these dreams of course. She was naturally invisible to the dreaming ponies and her presence was never made known unless she allowed it. She found it much more enjoyable to just watch the scenes play out rather than trying to persuade and alter the dreaming pony's scene to better fit her own desires.

Seeing how quiet tonight had been, it seemed like the perfect night for some dream voyeurism.

Sex dreams were easy to find for the experienced dreamwalker. All she had to do was feel around for them. All dreams of sexual tendencies or tabooish in nature gave off a very distinct sensation. Not a sensation of sight or sound, more of a mental sensation. It was an unmistakable aura she felt around dreamspheres, the energy given off by such lewdish thoughts as a sex dream.

She didn't have to travel far to find a dreamsphere that gave off that particular sexual aura. After floating through the dreamscape, Luna stumbled across just what she was looking for. A dream conjured up by Big Macintosh no less. Driven by excitement and enticed by what such a quiet stallion dreamed of, Luna dove right into the dreamsphere, entering the world that the slumbering Macintosh had dreamed up.

She entered a dimly lit room, lit up only by the closed window across the way. A calming blue sunlight of an early morning sun filtered through drawn curtains, hinting to the upcoming day. The room seemed, strangely enough, feminine in color scheme, utilizing brilliant shades of pinks and purples to decorate its furnishings. As Luna floated there, hovering above the scene to let her eyes adjust to the dim light, she realized it resembled some sort of foal nursery.

The nursery came well equipped with all the usual dressings, only they were made much larger to accommodate full grown ponies. The changing table alone made this more apparent with its wide padded top and extra large diapers. The toy chest and dresser across the way surely contained enlarged versions of their foalish counterparts. Even the crib, propped up against the far wall, dressed up in flowery printed bedsheets and crib bumpers resembled a full sized bed in its sheer size.

What struck Luna the most surprised was the amount of detail put into the very objects in the scene. Such structure and design was put into each furnishing she found in the room, a mark of a pony who had spent months, maybe even years obsessing over such a scene. This was no spur-of-the-moment, passing fantasy. That was made very apparent to the observant princess.

Macintosh was found lying in the large crib soundly asleep. His head rested upon a plush, bright pink pillow as his body laid cloaked in a wispy, nearly transparent, white blanket. A pink bow tied itself loosely around his neck while a pink pacifier bobbed idly in his mouth. A pair of pink striped stockings laced up his back hooves, adding to his girlish look. And as the piece of *résistance*, a green and white diaper with colorful apples printed across its surface was taped securely around his waist.

It was certainly a strange getup to see the burly stallion dressed up in. From the brief encounters Luna had with Big Macintosh in the waking world, she could at least draw that he was a hardworking and diligent pony. But perhaps he had some sort of repressed childhood or a

longing for a more innocent time. Certainly didn't explain why he was a full grown stallion in this dream, but it did explain the nursery setting.

"But I still don't understand," Luna muttered to herself, "the aura of the dream suggested it was..."

As if setting up a new scene, the drawn window curtains magically pulled themselves open, tying themselves off on either side of the window. A late morning light now shined through the window as a peaceful wooded forest could be seen stretching outside.

Macintosh now stirred from his slumber, lazily kicking the blanket off his body to expose his entire girlish outfit to the dawning sunlight. Instead of being surprised by the clothes, the stallion sleepily smiled and even gave his pink pacifier a couple happy suckles. His hoof dove downwards to investigate the thick diaper, giving it a few pats as if to mentally conclude that he was diapered.

Without getting up, and in full view of Princess Luna, Macintosh began soaking his diaper, filling it up with a powerful stream of urine. A deep yellow surged up the green and white diaper, swelling its absorbent insides in an instant. The diaper barely even flinched, and soaked up the urine without a single leaked drop. In one fell swoop, the diaper filled up full with urine and sagged heavily with its immense, wet weight.

Barely a sigh of satisfaction had time to leave Macintosh's muzzle before his penis became rock hard underneath the hefty weight of the urine soaked diaper. He shamelessly reached for the throbbing bulge in his diaper, and immediately gripped it hard between eager hooves.

He moaned loudly behind his pink pacifier as he groped and molded the warm, swollen bulk that his diaper had become. All the while he squirmed and wiggled in his crib, kicking aside any wayward blankets and pillows. He was positively ecstatic by the wonderful sensations of pleasure that coursed through his body.

Before he could get too far with his groping session, however, his sister Applejack entered the scene. Much like the stallion, she appeared completely unchanged from her waking world counterpart. Although she appeared to have a softer and caring expression on her face. One a caring mother would be expected to have. She didn't bat an eye at the groping stallion and just smiled at him like one would to a slumbering child.

"Well look who's up!" the dream Applejack cooed, "didja have a nice nap, lil' Mack?"

Macintosh nodded with a childish giggle, momentarily resembling a pony half his age. He continued to feel up his throbbing member through his wet diaper, even as Applejack lowered the crib's side gate.

"Well ah hope yer hungry," Applejack continued to coo, "it's time for breakfast!"

Effortlessly, Applejack lifted Big Macintosh out of the crib. The much larger stallion appeared weightless in her arms, hardly weighing more than an actual foal. He was carried over to the nearby changing table where Applejack wasted no time in changing his diaper. Once the diaper was opened up, Macintosh's throbbing hard-on shot up straight into the air, immediately drawing attention to it.

"Now ah know you want yer big sis to help ya with that," Applejack said, brushing Macintosh's throbbing member with a poke of her hoof, "but before we kin have our fun ah want you to get full use outta this diaper, alright? Fill it up good and big sis'll help ya out."

Macintosh just nodded, grinning goofily at his sister. He grew excited at the lewdish promise. All he had to do was fill his diapers and Applejack would help him. He didn't have to worry himself with alternatives. That promise was all he focused on.

The new diaper was effortlessly taped on tight and secure around the stallion's waist, undeterred by the large throbbing cock that would otherwise interfere with a snug fit. His penis still begged for attention underneath all that padding, but his gullible, dreaming mind told it to wait. All he had to do was fill his diaper up and Applejack would help him.

"Let's go git some num nums," the dream Applejack cooed as she once again picked up the stallion into her arms. Idly patting her 'little brother' on the back, the mare carried Macintosh out of the room, leaving a rather puzzled Princess Luna behind.

Luna continued to float over the scene, wearing a confused look on her face. It was tough to make sense of such a strange dream. It was clear that Big Macintosh found the whole diaper thing sexually arousing, but it was certainly nothing that Luna could get behind as far as entertainment was concerned. Still her curiosity was peaked.

She knew she should have just left at that point, but her curiosity got the best of her and she stayed longer inside the dream. She was put off by such an unorthodox dream, but wanted to see how far it went. She wanted to see just how much Macintosh had planned out. And so, against logical reasoning and common decency, Luna floated along and followed the two earth ponies downstairs into the kitchen.

☀️☀️☀️ Chapter Two ☀️☀️☀️

The kitchen was not as detailed or fleshed out as the nursery and, besides a few key features, the scene was left rather blurry and unfocused. The cozy wooden countertops, the clean metal sink, the round kitchen table in the center of the room, all these were left in a

perpetual state of foggy haze like an out of focus photograph. What was developed and built up on, however, was the large, yellow high chair sitting by the kitchen table.

This high chair was clearly a detail Macintosh's subconscious didn't want to miss. It was a sturdy looking thing made out of a heavy painted wood with red apples carved into its back and legs. It was well cared for and polished to a lovely shine with no scratches or scrapes along its surface. With such a pristine condition, it almost looked brand new despite its old world charm and traditional motif.

Big Macintosh was effortlessly deposited into the highchair's wooden seat. The wooden tray that sat in front of him somehow managed to pinned his hooves to his sides, preventing any mealtime diaper rubs. But judging by the stallion's happy giggles and squirms, this was all by design.

With speed only seen in dreams, Applejack gathered a number of jars of baby food and a spoon to serve it to Macintosh. The flavors didn't matter, as made apparent by the fogginess of the labels and ever changing color of the food inside. The stallion wiggled in his seat with excitement as one by one the jars of brightly colored mush were fed to him.

It appeared that the finer details of being fed baby food was not something obsessed as much by the imaginative stallion. From Luna's perspective, the action of Applejack opening the jars of food, scooping out the food out, and feeding it to Macintosh was more or less sped right through.

However Big Macintosh did make it a habit of drooping globs of food down his bib, practically turning it into a game of seeing how messy he could make himself. If it wasn't for his size, he almost resembled a real foal with the amount of drool and food that dribbled out of his mouth. Underneath the food covered tray his cock continued to throb inside his diaper, but no matter how hard he tried, his pinned hooves couldn't touch it. Again, however, as evident of the long, drawn out feeding session, this was all according to his dreamed up plan.

Once he was fed his fill, Applejack untied Macintosh's messy bib and cleaned his face up. With but a single wipe, Applejack managed to clean his face of brightly colored splotches of food, leaving behind an otherworldly clean face.

With breakfast over, Macintosh was carried off into the next room which appeared to be the living room. But whether or not it was a faithful reconstruction of their living room back in the waking world was open for debate.

The living room, much like the kitchen, was mostly left unfocused and under detailed. Its long, six pony couch was left unrefined and blurry. The shelves of, what could only be assumed were, family photos were difficult to see and the picture frames were left mostly blank because

of it. The single object in the room that was to be focused on was a large, square shaped playpen that sat in the middle of the room.

The playpen had just enough care and attention put into it as the nursery upstairs. A white mesh wall lined its perimeter. A foam pad lined its floor as discarded toys and stuffed animals littered the area from previous playtimes. It was a safe place for foals, big and small, to play in without fear of wandering off or hurting themselves.

“Ah’ll leave ya here for a lil’ bit,” Applejack said, depositing Big Macintosh into the playpen, “but remember, git those diapers nice n’ full and we’ll play, alright?”

The stallion eagerly nodded. He felt a little groggy from the big meal, but he was certainly excited for their playtime. All he had to do was fill his diapers and they’d play. It was this simple thought that kept the sexually charged stallion thoroughly interested in this dreamtime storyline. And now that he was well fed, that goal was even more obtainable.

This was around the time Luna decided to call it quits. Whether the dream got more exciting or more entertaining after this point, the princess decided to cut her losses and move on.

Only before she could say her farewells, Luna’s attempt at leaving the dream was met with some resistance. The outer edges of the dreamscape would not surrender to Luna’s advances and only shimmered and bounced against her touch. For reasons she could not explain, she was trapped.

“The dreamscape has taken a liking to me it seems,” Luna muttered to herself, frustrated with this revelation.

Even after countless decades of dreamwalking, Princess Luna had much to learn about the dreamworld. Typically she was able to float through the barriers between dreams without issue, but every now and then something anomalous would happen. Sometimes a dream’s outer barriers would solidify, making escape for intruding dreamwalkers much more difficult. Usually that meant the host had to wake up before she could leave.

A fool’s plan would be to just cut a hole through the dreamscape with a magical swipe of her horn and escape that way. But such dream altering magics were dangerous, even for an experienced dreamwalker such as Luna. At best the dream would collapse on itself and Macintosh would suddenly wake up feeling exhausted. At worst Luna could find herself trapped in the dreamworld, forever entangled in the world between dreams, never to return to the waking world. Dream manipulation was a powerful display of magical energy and so much could go ar-y in an instant.

Stories of unicorn mages trying to control their dreams through unnatural means served as a grim reminder of the dangers of dream manipulation. They were stories that led to ponies being driven to madness or trapped forever in the dreamworld. Even with her countless years of dream walking experience, the dangers of altering dreams was still a very real thing for Luna. She had to be careful.

She instead focused on alternatives. Perhaps if she worked the dream from the inside, she'd be able to manipulate it enough to let her free. Perhaps if she just coaxed Macintosh to wake up, she'd be free of this strange dream.

But she'd have to blend in.

With a wave of her horn, Luna transformed herself into a plush toy version of herself. Her body was shrunk down and her fur coat was turned into a soft plush fabric. Such a form would allow her to blend into the childish themes of the dream so that she would not appear too shocking to the stallion. When the quick transformation was complete, she floated down into the scene and deposited herself among the piles of plushies that dotted the playpen.

"Macintosh, can you hear me?" Luna spoke up. Big Macintosh immediately raised his head at the voice, curiously looking around the room for the source. "Here!" Luna called out as she hopped out of the pile of toys, stumbling a bit as her plush feet took some getting use to.

"Woonna!" Macintosh exclaimed with a happy clap, his voice muffled a bit by his pacifier.

"So you still recognize me. This is good," Luna answered with a nod, "there's no easy way to say this, but I appear to be trapped inside your dream. The easiest way to fix this is for you to wake up."

"Wake up?" the stallion parroted with a confused tone. Had he been dreaming this whole time?

"Yes, this is all a dream," the Luna plush answered back, "come now, you can't really believe that your sister willingly diapers you and treats you like..." Her words began to trailed off when she realized her logic was falling on deaf ears. About midway through her explanation, the stallion started to space out and stare elsewhere. She decided to alter her approach, "look, you need to understand that I can't leave until you wake up! Do you understand that?"

Only her words didn't seem to have an effect on the stallion. Despite anything she said, Big Macintosh would just blankly into space, unfocused and with a haze in his eyes. In reality the stallion had long since tuned the toy alicorn out. He instead focused on a growing pressure deep in his belly. It was a pressure that he didn't like one bit and wanted to get rid of it as soon as possible.

Acquiring a dopey and distant look in his eyes and with no regard of Princess Luna standing not two feet away from him, Big Macintosh began to squat. He hunched over the pony toy and bore down on his aching bowels. Luna watched in horror as a Macintosh's diaper drooped heavily in the back, weighing down the garment not five inches away from her plushie face. The stallion grunted, more than willing to fill the diaper. The diaper crinkled and moved to accommodate a rather hefty load that was easily emptied into it.

Luna knew it was all a dream, but the magic of the dreamscape allowed the stench to manifest itself into an awful smell that hung over the room like a dense invisible haze. Whether it was real or not, the odor of Macintosh's messy diaper could be smelt. She could feel her plushie nose stinging at the foul stink.

Once he was finished, Macintosh plopped to the ground. A very audible squish could be heard from his diaper as he so shamelessly squished it against the floor. "Woona!" He once again exclaimed, this time reaching over and grabbing the Luna plushie into a big, burly hug.

Although she had no lungs to be squeezed in such a tight vice of a hug, Luna could still somehow smell the terrible stench of Macintosh's diaper. She felt herself turning green at the intoxicating and overpowering smell. The stallion's grip was so tight and so strong she worried that the hug would last forever.

Thankfully the hug did not last forever and Macintosh eventually set her down before turning his attention to some fun looking toys nearby. Luna let out a sigh of relief as she watched him, and the lingering stench of his diaper, crawl away.

It was strange to see Macintosh from this perspective. Luna's shrunk down size made the already husky stallion appear even bigger with an equally large diaper sagging between his legs. He seemed so comfortable to make a baby of himself, crawling from toy to toy and playing around with it to his heart's content. He babbled idly as he played, letting out random sounds that his happy body just felt like making. Clearly he was enjoying himself immensely.

Macintosh suddenly stopped among his playtime and turned his attention to his throbbing member which he remembered existed. Toys were tossed aside as he now focused on his penis that bulged out his rather used diaper. He prodded at the tenting bulge and then gave it a few rubs for good measure. The rubs and prods felt good, but he needed more.

With new found desire, Macintosh scanned the room for something to rub against. The Luna plush, thankfully, was too small for Macintosh's needs and was easily looked over as he scoured the playpen for a suitable target. His eyes eventually landed on a pink pillow propped up against one of the playpen's walls. Eyes locked onto the plush looking thing, he waddled straight for it and took hold of his prize.

He wedged the pillow between his legs and began grinding against it. His diaper squelched under his weight, shifting and crinkling between humps. The heavy filth that covered his backside squished around inside the diaper as he played, thoroughly making a mess of things.

"Macintosh!" Applejack's voice rang over the naughty stallion, causing him to immediately freeze in his compromising position, "what did ah tell you!?" The mare stomped over to a wall of the playpen, scowling down at the diapered stallion as if he was a child cheating on his dinner.

Big Macintosh lowered his ears as he shamefully pulled away from the pillow he so feverishly rubbed against. With his diaper covered cock still aching, he guiltily waddled over to the mare, immediately ashamed of his inability to wait.

After a few minutes of just glaring at the stallion, Applejack's angry expression softened as she sighed. "Oh well, ah guess it was mean of me ta keep you so pent up fer so long," she ended up saying, "why don't we play down here instead. It'll be fun ta not have ta hide away in that stuffy nursery all day." Macintosh nodded wildly, bouncing in his seat with excitement. He was certainly all for this idea and grew even more eager with each happy bounce. Applejack smiled at this willingness and smiled, "then ah'll be right back."

Applejack trotted upstairs, leaving Macintosh alone once more. In the meantime Macintosh behaved himself and waited for her to return. One scolding was enough to keep the stallion from touching his hard-on again. At least for a little while. He would have likely gone right back to the pillow if he had to wait too long.

Thankfully though he didn't have to wait long thanks for the time skipping powers of dreams. In a matter of seconds, Applejack returned, slinking into the room wearing nothing but a purple strapon secured around her waist.

"Now who's ready for some fun!" Applejack exclaimed, soliciting a series of happily bounces from the diapered stallion. Further enticed by the stallion's eagerness, Applejack climbed into the playpen walls, her strap-on dangling off her body.

☀☀☀ Chapter Three ☀☀☀

Now panic started to set in for the dream walking princess. Things were starting to get too intense for her and she felt it was better for everyone if she left as soon as possible.

"Macintosh, listen to me. You can't honestly believe all this is real!" Luna plead even as the stallion rolled onto his belly and raised his diapered butt. "Macintosh, come on. You need to wake up!"

Only Big Macintosh was hearing none of it. As his sister stepped closer to him, the stallion grew harder in his diaper and wiggled his diapered rump in the air. Applejack meanwhile looked over the stallion with a newfound lust, a powerful emotion that was unheard of to the dream pony until now. Her purple strap-on throbbed at the sight of Macintosh's inviting behind.

Macintosh's diaper was carefully pulled to the side, revealing his warm tailhole among the smeared mess inside the crinkling garment. Applejack licked her lips as she gave her stiff strap-on a couple long rubs down its artificial length. Luna watched in terror as Applejack crept in closer to her brother, her strap-on just inches away from inserting itself into the stallion's backside.

Luna conjured up one final spell in her desperation. A mixture of panic and second hand embarrassment swirled together into one last spark of a spell that was thrown straight at the dream version of Applejack herself. Although she knew dream manipulation was dangerous, she could think nothing more but to rid herself of the overly perverted image.

The spell struck Applejack like a bolt of lightning causing her to immediately stop her advances. The dream Applejack quivered, snapping between a number of poses before freezing in place. A shimmer of blue light pulsed up her body as the effects of Luna's magic began to take shape. For a few long minutes she just stood there, her emotion unchanging and her body unmoving. And then, after a few seconds, the pony disappeared completely, strap on and all.

There was hardly enough time to take a breath of relief before the aftershocks of such an altering spell was felt. There was a number of creaks heard overhead as if the scene itself was warping in on itself. With Applejack gone the dreamscape was left in a moment of turmoil and unrest. It was as if the walls of the living room itself had turned into swirling storm clouds as unstable dream magics dance around, desperately trying to find peace. Blurry images around the room shimmered in and out of existence as Macintosh's dreaming subconscious attempted to make sense of the changed dreamworld.

Luna felt her own magic fading and pulsing as waves of unstable dream magic coursed through her plush toy body. She felt starved and stuffed with magic all at the same time. It was enough to make her head spin and her vision to grow dark. In the chaos of the dream, she lost control of her stuffed animal disguise and was forced back into her normal pony form.

The storm of energy swirled around the two ponies before Macintosh's adaptive subconscious finally settled on something stable. The foggy clouds began to fade as a new dreamscape took form.

The living room that surrounded the playpen now resembled a room in Canterlot Castle. Or at least a room in Canterlot Castle according to a pony who didn't live there. In the blurry

space outside the area around the playpen white plaster walls and tall marble columns could be seen with a healthy amount of red carpets and purple tapestries strung about. The couch from before was now a series of floor cushions strung about. It was a clashing mixture of hometown coziness and stuffy regal luxury.

Finally the rumbling stopped and Luna's pulsing headache began to fade. Silence fell back onto the scene once more as peace seemed to return.

Luna found herself embracing Macintosh tightly in one big fearful hug. An unfortunate side effect of worrying that her life was going to end. The stallion seemed unchanged by the whole thing and in fact happily welcomed the hug with open arms. And despite the horrid stench emanating from Macintosh's diaper, Luna just let out a sigh of relief. They were safe.

"Oh dearie me! Smells like someone made a smelly!" a dreadfully familiar voice was suddenly heard, snapping Luna out of her state of relief and right back into a state of panic.

Into the room entered Princess Celestia, Luna's older sister. Only Luna could tell right away that this wasn't her sister. Any experienced dreamwalker could see the distinct differences between reality and a conjured up dream copy. And this Celestia was plagued in inconsistencies. The most jarring discrepancy from reality was her fur coat that was tinted a soft shade of pink.

Luna could only conclude that Celestia's appearance was merely Big Macintosh's subconscious mind's attempt at stabilizing the dream. It was logical to assume that if he was currently hugging Princess Luna, than Princess Celestia wouldn't be too far away. Celestia's presence here, although jarring to Luna, was actually saving her from a life of madness.

Despite being thrust into the role, Celestia took on the responsibility as caretaker rather well. She peered into the playpen like any experienced mother would, all the while wearing a warm and caring smile. "Let's get you two changed," she finally cooed as she climbed into the playpen.

"Two?" Luna repeated, only she didn't have much time to dwell on things.

Macintosh and Luna were both lifted into the air and deposited onto the ground before Celestia. A pair of thick diapers were produced and effortlessly slipped under the two ponies' bottoms.

Luna was given the full treatment. Her legs were hiked up, her bottom powdered, and the diaper was pulled up between her legs without so much as a pause. Macintosh received a diaper change as well, however the diaper remained just as used as the last. Almost as if he didn't get changed at all.

With the diaper change over and done with, Big Macintosh proceeded to sit back up and give his messy diaper a firm squish against the ground in full view of Luna who felt her face scrunch up in disgust as that only seemed to intensify the stench coming from the diaper. The more he pressed his messy diaper against the padded floor, the more his cock hardened and throbbed. And because of that feedback loop, he made sure to squish around his messy diaper a lot.

"Come on, Lulu," Celestia cooed, "don't you wanna play with your little brother?"

Luna looked toward the stallion. Bows in his mane, pink pacifier in his mouth, and a bulbous used diaper sagging at his waist. It seemed that he was now trying to find the best way to squish his diaper while also stimulating his erection. He was certainly a far cry from the husky stallion she knew in the waking world.

She shook her head no.

"Aww, I bet you're just jealous," the dream Celestia said looming over the other pony. "Don't worry, you get to play too!" She chirped with such happy and cheerful words, even as a purple strap on shimmered into existence around her waist.

Luna's eyes grew wide as a cold panic set in. She took what little of an opportunity she had to flip around and attempt to crawl away from the lustful alicorn. But before she could make too much progress, she tripped over her own feet during the getaway and ended up plopping down to the padded ground, lying flat and splayed out on the playpen's floor.

In this same instance, Luna also felt her diaper grow warm and swell up with urine. This came to her as odd because she wasn't the one wetting it. Instead the diaper warmed around her as if completely on its own. It was logical to assume that since the diaper was a projection made by Macintosh's subconscious, his dream had as much control over it as it did over Celestia and the living room around them.

"Aww, little Lulu had an accident," she could hear her sister coo. By the sound of things, this only enticed her sister's advances.

Celestia loomed over Luna, her horn lighting up with a white light. Luna could feel her diapered rump rising into the air with a glow of her sister's light, propping her up at just the right height for Celestia's throbbing strap on. She then felt her warm diaper being pulled off to one side, chilling her revealed pussy once it was exposed to open air.

Luna braced herself as the approaching shape of Celestia's cock slithered closer and closer to her pussy. She could feel a warmth emanating from the strap on as if it was Celestia's real appendage. It felt all too real when the pseudo-penis entered Luna's warmth, stretching her out with its thick girth. Inch by inch she could feel the warm member slip into her effortlessly.

She knew everything happening to her could disappear if she just blocked it out of her mind. She knew it was all made up and was actually not happening. But the warmth of the diaper, the pain of the strap on subtly stretching her vaginal lips, even the subtle breaths from Celestia being felt on her neck made the whole situation feel so real.

And there was a part of her that wanted it real.

As much as she would have wanted to deny it, there were more than a few instances where she had to hold back a pleasure filled moan from slipping out of her mouth. It was silly to think about covering up such a thing when in reality the only real pony here was Big Macintosh and there was a high chance he would even forget the dream entirely. But she was certainly caught up in a position she had never found herself in before.

Diapered in the middle of a giant playpen, having her sister's pseudo-penis pumping in and out of her. It was a situation she never even dreamed up in her most perverted and bored moments. But above all she had never thought she'd enjoy so much.

Macintosh simply sat there and stared idly by, nursing an aching erection that throbbed painfully against his diapered crotch. It appeared that he enjoyed watching more than he did participating. His eyes locked onto the alluring scene unfolding before him. He subtly bit his lower lips, panting quietly as to not disturb Celestia's advances. He certainly seemed much more concerned with masturbating than he was with Princess Luna who was going through a sexual revelation during it all.

So why did it matter, Luna was quick to conclude. If she was enjoying herself, why did it matter if Macintosh saw her. In the heat of the moment, she didn't even care if he remembered her. Lust clouded her judgment as she came to the revelation that she *wanted* him to remember her. She wanted him to remember every little detail of this dream down to the messy diaper that squished between his legs. She wanted all of this to be remembered!

"Y-yes, sister! Harder!" Luna found herself screaming in an eruption of pent up emotions that was building up the moment Celestia's strap-on had entered her. It was a phrase that seemed to unlock all that tension and resistance her body had against it all. Immediately after calling it out she could feel her shoulders become lax, her aching back releasing, and suddenly the feeling of the penis slipping in and out of her no long felt painful. With that single phrase, followed by a couple of moans, she turned the perverted scene into an enjoyable, almost orgasmic experience.

Suddenly the sound of ringing was heard overhead. A ringing that made Macintosh suddenly stop his furious diaper rubbing. The ringing was mechanical and oddly familiar. It started as a distant echo, but very quickly grew louder and louder. It was a sound that he was all

too familiar with and it was a sound he heard every morning before waking up. It was the sound of his alarm clock.

The reality of the alarm clock shook the dreamscape around them as it felt like the world itself was collapsing. Luna immediately felt Celestia's penis disappear from inside her, robbing her of the wonderful pleasure she was growing to love. Color faded from the scene as colorful foal toys became grayscale and lifeless. The entire scene began to darken as if overhead lights were being turned off bit by bit.

The range of the scene shrunk smaller and smaller as objects disappeared into the black filled void. Before long only Luna and Macintosh were left, but soon after, everything disappeared.

☀-☀-☀ Chapter Four ☀-☀-☀

Moments later in the waking world Macintosh woke up from his dream, groggily turning off the nearby alarm clock that rang loudly in his ear. The stressful ringing was immediately replaced by sweet silence, allowing the woken stallion to droop back into his bed with a sigh.

From his perspective, the dream was mostly a blur, a half remembered thought. He could vaguely remember a few things: the diapers, the sensation of wetting them, running his hoof across their crinkling texture. But the details faded almost immediately after waking up. The moment his conscious mind took over again, his deviant thoughts of his sister and his sexual encounters with Luna were quickly forgotten.

One thing that did linger, however, was the throbbing girth between his legs. His member was painfully stiff, like he had spent the entire night teasing and edging himself. Before he could do anything, or even get up from bed to start the day, he had to take care of that.

Pulling his warm blankets aside, his rock hard penis sprang high into the air, begging for attention. Morning wood coupled with a night's worth of sex dreaming had taken its toll.

He rubbed furiously at the fragments of the dream he could remember. He masturbated to the feel of the diapers and how good they felt when they were used. He obsessed over that feeling. There was nothing quite like it. One of these days he'd have to actually.

Now actually wearing diapers in real life, now that was a thought that got his juices pumping. Dreaming about it was one thing, but what if he actually wore diapers? His rubbing intensified at the thought. What if he actually wore one? He could feel the tipping point of his orgasm already start to build.

He nursed the erection further by running his mind through its stash of sexy mares. Hot and attractive mares in compromising positions flashed through his mind as he rubbed faster and with more vigor. He added onto the sexiness by imagining them wearing diapers as well, and that made his masturbating even more rabid. In a brief blink before wonderful climax he could have sworn he even fantasized about Princess Luna wearing a diaper with him as well. And it was that thought alone that sent him over the edge.

Once he hit that glorious moment, his body became tense and his cock throbbed painfully for one last time before strings of white goo sprayed out of his throbbing cock. The sticky load shot into the air before splattering messily on his chest, thankfully sparing his bedsheets from any unfortunate spills. He groaned loudly as his head shot backwards into his pillow and his body twitched in climactic convulsion. His cock twitched in the air long after its load was expelled and its powerful orgasm was spent.

The stallion let out a hearty huff, splaying his limbs out amongst his bedsheets. He stared up at the ceiling of his bedroom and dwelled on what faint details he could remember about the dream. He relished in whatever he could recall and even explored fringe details in hopes he could come up with something new to fantasize about.

Princess Luna was a lingering thought in his mind. Even after his pleasurable masturbation session, the thought of seeing the princess in a diaper was surprisingly alluring. He didn't know much about the alicorn in real life, but he fantasized about seeing her in his dreams. Oh the fun games they could play.

Meanwhile, Luna woke up shortly after she broke free of the stallion's dreamscape. She shot up in bed with a jolt, momentarily forgetting where she was. Confusion filled her mind for the momentary seconds that it took her conscious mind to fully become aware of the world around her. She was still in her royal bed in Canterlot, that was quickly established by a brief glance at her bedroom around her. The familiar setting set her at ease.

She let out a sigh as her racing mind finally began to settle. Images of Macintosh's sex dream still burned in the back of her mind. Unlike the stallion's fading subconscious, years of dreamwalking had granted Luna with the impeccable memory of a lucid dreamer. Macintosh's dream was just as faint as it was to him, but she remembered much more about it. And in vivid detail whether she wanted to or not.

She could recall the sight of the stallion in diapers and his sister blind to it all. She could recall the diaper grinding and the shameless diaper filling. She could even recall the creeping warmth of a freshly used diaper.

That remembered warmth was certainly a stark contrast between how her bed felt now. And it took her waking mind a minute or two to finally realize that shouldn't have been the case.

Quickly she whipped her bedsheets away, revealing a large puddle of urine soaked into her mattress. She had wet the bed and quite a bit it seemed as well! In the dim morning light she could see a large dark patch centered around her waist as the stink of urine stung her nostrils.

Her face flared up with a bright, burning blush as she lept out of bed. She didn't want to waste another second sitting in a wet bed like some kind of child. Immediately she felt waves of embarrassment, of shame, rush over her as she mentally kicked herself for taking things too far.

She could have escaped. Why didn't she do that sooner? She could have just left well enough alone and left the stallion's dream before things got too bad. She let the curiosity run free and look what it got her. A wet bed and the shameful burn in her cheeks.

Although as the shame and self hatred subsided from her initial reaction, other thoughts and feelings had room to grow.

"Heh, wouldn't have a wet bed if you...just wore a diaper, Luna," the princess muttered to herself, now looking at the dark spot on her bed under a new light.

It wouldn't have happened if she was wearing a diaper.