

You can't deny how strange it feels like the goodra sitting next to you has been acting recently... the two of you had been friends for some time, and he was certainly always a doting personality. After all, that's where the crush that kept bringing a blush to your cheeks any time you looked at him stemmed from in the first place. But it almost felt like he'd noticed with how far the dial had been turned up today. You were just going to watch a movie together, but he'd brought over juice boxes in your favorite flavor, kept checking in to see if you needed any snacks, and even, embarrassingly, asked you if you needed to "go potty" before the movie started.

And *of course* you didn't! You could tell when you needed to go, it's not like you were in pull-ups. Even if all of those juice boxes left a bit of pressure on your bladder and you hadn't gone yet... but the indignation filling your body at the treatment made you confidently tell him that you didn't. And the blush returning to your cheeks afterwards definitely sold that you weren't at all embarrassed at the treatment... or especially that you were enjoying how far he'd pushed it already.

And so you sat next to him on the couch to watch the movie together, determined to make it through the whole thing without needing a potty break. Even if he'd made sure to put some protectors down beneath you, "just in case". It only made you more insistent on proving that you could definitely hold it the whole way without getting up. Plus, he kept offering to get you more snacks and drinks when you ran out, so you didn't need to get up for anything, really.

The movie wasn't even really your main focus. Sitting with the big goodra right next to you, his thighs just up against yours, you were more excited by the close proximity with him. Slowly reaching the point where you felt like you could reach over and rest an arm on his thigh, and feeling his own arm reach down around you and pull you in close made your heart flutter a bit. It was hard to even try to focus on the movie when your attention got pulled back to it, most of your focus was always on the feeling of contact and proximity with your crush.

That... and the growing ache in your bladder. Your fidgeting grew as time went on, threatening to ruin the moment you were having with the goodra next to you if you didn't do something about it. But if you left to go potty... to go to the bathroom, it would definitely ruin the moment, and who knows if you could even get back to this...? So you just squirmed and fidgeted in your seat, feeling his arm around you pull you in even closer and tighter, knowing there was no way you were pulling yourself out of this when you were already in so deep.

Of course, there was one way to both stay here with him *and* deal with the intense and constantly climbing pressure in your bladder. And with your clouded judgement and more than a bit of horny longing for this exact situation on your mind, it sounded... very appealing.

So by the time you knew you couldn't hold it anymore, and you **had** to get to the potty right now or there would be an accident... you just... didn't. The pressure grew to be too much, and you couldn't help but let out a whimper as you resigned yourself to... just a little trickle. A wet spot in your pants wouldn't be too bad, and maybe he wouldn't notice. But as your bladder started to relax and the euphoria from finally letting go flooded your brain, there was no chance you were stopping yourself from flooding your pants in the process.

Holding your crotch desperately, you felt the tiny wet spot grow and grow, trickling down your legs and thighs, sighing as you released all of that built-up pressure that you so desperately needed to relieve. It felt so wonderful, letting go right there in his arms, that you only thought about how he'd react once you were already opening your eyes to look up at him. He let out his own sigh as he looked back down at you, and then at the puddle you'd gotten all over your pants, the protective layers over the couch, and trickling down onto the floor.

"I thought you didn't need to go potty?" he asked with a modicum of disappointment, but a hint of mischievousness in his voice. You weren't sure exactly how to respond, but he seemed to have something in mind already. "Well, I suppose it's a good thing I came prepared..." The goodra stood up, leaving you in the puddle as he walked over to the door where he'd left his bag hung up, opening it up and pulling out some supplies to bring back to you. Effortlessly, he lifted you up and used some paper towels to dry off the couch and floor where you'd leaked, and before you could say anything, he was already taking your pants off for you, the soaked fabric of your underwear easily pulled off.

"Let's get you into something more appropriate, hm?" Laying you back down on the couch, he unfolded the diaper he'd taken from his bag, and you widened your eyes and blushed even more as he slid it under you, pulling up your legs with one paw. Wipes were taken out and used to clean up both you and the area that your accident had spread, before baby powder was sprinkled all over your crotch, the diaper pulled up and taped onto your waist.

"There, much better. Now we don't have to worry about any leaking while you're snuggling with me, huh?" That part probably made you the most embarrassed... that he knew the reason it had happened was because you wanted to keep snuggling there with him. But he picked you right back up as he sat down, this time placing your padded rump onto his lap and wrapping his arms around you for you to watch the movie together like this.

You nestled comfortably onto his lap and leaned back against the dragon's big belly, heart pounding at both the closeness with your crush... and the predicament you now found yourself in. "We can work on making sure you get to the potty another time. After all, I think once the movie's over, it's your nap time, isn't it?"