

Part 2: Living Arrangements

“Hey! Come on! Hurry up!”

The loud pounding on the wood door of his bathroom jostled Nathan out of his thoughts. “I... I need a minute!” He said, biting his lower lip. In actuality, he was already ready. At least physically. Mentally, he’d never be ready. He shifted his weight on the toilet seat, painfully aware of certain noises coming from underneath him.

The rough, growling voice of Marcus flooded his ears again. “Come on! All we told you to do was put on the diaper and the clothes I gave you. Why did you even insist on going to the restroom to do it, anyway?” Marcus’ voice was muffled through the door, but still audible. Nathan sighed, wishing he could ignore it.

“I just felt like it!” Nathan shouted back, looking down at his outfit. For a moment he earnestly wondered why he had agreed to the deal. The whole thing had been shady from the start. Not only had they proposed their alternate arrangement as if they’d been expecting it, but Horatio had even had a PDF of a contract waiting to be printed out. All they’d had to do was change a few numbers and a few lines of text, print it out, and sign it. They’d clearly been prepared for an opportunity like this. It had been a setup from the start. Which left him wondering why he had said yes.

From the other side of the oaken bathroom door the smoother, oily voice of Horatio slipped through. “Mr. Gurshwielz? We have both our deposits available whenever you’re ready. In cash, too. Just come on out and we’ll settle up with you, ok?”

With a heavy sigh, Nathan reminded himself of the reason. Money.

“F-fine.” Nathan said, standing up, a rustle and a crinkle trailing every moment of his legs as he walked away from the toilet and towards the bathroom door. “I’m coming out now, ok? Just... Just don’t say anything, ok?”

Nathan opened the door, after another moment’s hesitation. As he stepped out, Horatio’s jaw dropped, and Marcus pursed his lips and gave a wolf-whistle. What greeted the gay couple was nothing short of a transformation. Nathan’s long brown hair was pulled back into two pigtails, each fastened with a plastic clip in the shape of a smiling cartoon bunny. Underneath Nathan’s pale face was the shimmery, ruffled translucent pink fabric of a neck lining, growing down into a poofy, elaborate dress. Two metallic-pink balls puffed around Nathan’s shoulders, extending down into long pastel pink sleeves that ran up to his hands and up to the middle finger of each hand, fitting the finger through a small hole in the sleeve on either end. The chest of the dress had a white diamond of fabric sewn along it, with pink ruffles puffing out of each of the edges, and a deeper shade of pink fabric, soft as silk, wrapping around his body. Clipped to the neck of it was a rainbow butterfly-shaped pacifier on a ribbon of white fabric, hanging down along his front. Down below his stomach was a floofy skirt of several

layers of soft, airy pink and white fabric, bunching and curling, with silver glitter sprinkled and somehow attached to the fabric, so that it shimmered if it caught the light. Although the outfit was only slightly snug on Nathan's body, the skirt felt far too short for his tastes. Not that he really liked the outfit much in general. Completing the ensemble was a pair of white and pink striped long socks, stretching up to Nathan's knees, with little pink bunny clips along the tips of them.

Nathan felt his face getting hot as he closed the door of the bathroom behind him. He was so nervous he failed to notice the edge of his skirts get pinched between the door and its frame. "Here. I'm out."

Horatio began to squeal, his face a mask of astonished delight. Marcus' reaction was a more subdued chuckle, as he snapped his fingers. "Aww.. So adorable!" A smile grew along his milk chocolate-colored face. "Like such a proper little sissy. Although you know, we could have helped you get dressed up, Natie."

Horatio's impassioned squealing continued as Nathan folded his arms, still unable to look at the two other men. "It's 'Nathan', Marcus. Or Nate, if you really want to shorten it."

Marcus chuckled. "I *did* want to shorten it, princess."

Nathan tapped his foot against the floor. "Yeah, but you made it sound almost like 'Katie'. Like a little girl." He paused, feeling Marcus and Horatio stare at his outfit. "I'm not a little girl." He said, more feebly than his initial protest. "I'm only doing this for the money, and you know it."

Marcus' smirk grew wider. "Uh huh. Maybe. But I think on some level you're enjoying it, even if you protest." He pulled Horatio close to him, wrapping an arm around the taller man's waist.

With a rustle and a crinkle, Nathan shifted his hips. He was going to have to get used to those sounds, wasn't he? The way Marcus had talked earlier, they had plenty more outfits they wanted him to try on. "Oh? How do you figure?"

The shorter, tanned man's response was to reach out and pick up the butterfly pacifier, lifting it up and tugging it slightly. "Because we told you to put on the diaper and the *clothes*. This little dandy right here?" He smiled, then let it drop against Nathan's dress, as he pointed upwards. "And those up there?" He pointed at the pigtails, which bounced as Nathan shifted his weight again. "Weren't part of the deal. A pacifier and hair clips aren't *clothes*. They're *accessories*. You didn't have to wear them at all."

Nathan's face fell. His blue eyes went wide. "But... They were in the bag with the rest of the stuff! I just assumed..." He stamped his left foot against the ground and scowled. "You tricked me!" As he glared at Marcus, his baby-blue eyes locking with the green of Marcus' own.

Marcus didn't look away. "You know what they say about assuming, princess." He stuck his tongue out.

Folding his arms, Nathan grit his teeth and turned away from them. "Ugh, fine, whatever. Ok, so where's the money for the deposit? We should settle that before we lose track of things."

Horatio nodded. At some point during the conversation between Marcus and Nathan he'd stopped squealing. "Oh, right. We put it out on the kitchen table, in two equal stacks, so you could keep our two payments separate if you wanted." He pointed down the hall, towards the kitchen.

"Right!" Nathan was eager to latch onto anything that let him stop thinking about how he looked. He turned towards the kitchen. For some reason, his skirt felt a bit tighter as he took a step away. "I'll just go get it and collect it, and-EEK!"

The snagged bit of fabric from Nathan's skirt didn't tear. Instead, it held fast in the frame of the door just long enough for Nathan to lose his balance, stumbling forward and falling face down on the floor, his knees and face planted firmly against the green carpet of the floor. His skirt pulled free of the door, the fabric bouncing as it resumed its bunched state. The fabric was, of course, far too short and bouncy to cover Nathan's bottom. From his position on the floor, Nathan's bottom was on full display, a bright white plastic diapered butt mooning Horatio and Marcus, the sides of the diaper covered in brown plastic teddy bear print.

"Mmm... Little sissy, we're going to have to see about shaving you in places." Marcus chuckled. "Proper little princesses don't have hair on their legs, for one." He chuckled as he watched Nathan pushing himself up to his feet.

"Eat a dick!" Nathan snarled, his face beet red as he scrambled down the hall, towards the kitchen. "Eat a whole platter of the dang things!"

As he walked into the kitchen to count the two deposits, he could still hear Horatio and Marcus from down the hall.

"Sweetheart, teasing him like that was a bit mean, wasn't it?" Horatio said, his tone a bit tender.

"Eh, he'll recover. This is the price of our Charity, remember, and he knows it." Nathan could hear Marcus reply back. "Besides, I tented my pants seeing him in that outfit. I was enjoying myself too dang much. This one's going to be a fun little project, Horatio. Besides, you can't tell me he wasn't enjoying it on some level too."

A chill went down his spine as Nathan listened. He froze as he kept listening.

“Oh? And why do you say that?” There was a faint hint at amusement in Horatio’s voice, before a moment of silence passed.

Marcus’ smug, rough voice pierced the stillness in the air. “Because, you’ll notice, he kept the hairclips and the pacifier on, even after I all but told him he could take them off.” Nathan whimpered, reaching down to pull up his skirts. He’d never admit it, of course, but Marcus had been exactly on the money. Of course he’d move out before he ever told his new roommates, but he’d had an odd little reaction when he put the outfit on. He still wasn’t sure how to feel about it, but... He reached down and groped at the front of the diaper around his waist. It was hard not to think of the crinkly plastic padding as his now.

Through the crinkling plastic fabric of his new prison, he felt the stiff bulge of a rock-hard cock.

Nathan had a boner, and he couldn’t seem to get it to go down. And it was scary and confusing to try and figure out what that meant.