

WET ELVES

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Wet Elves

Snowfall was wrestling in the woods with his best friend, Firemane.

The two elves were having their daily romp in the forest, which usually ended in a wrestling/tickling match between the two. This generally signaled the end of their afternoon, as the tickling matches usually finished with one of them in wet pants!

On this particular day, white-haired Snowfall had gotten the better of red-haired Firemane and was holding him pinned to the ground while tickling him mercilessly under the ribs. Firemane, stocky and broader in the shoulders than Snowfall, was laughing so hard tears were rolling down his cheeks.

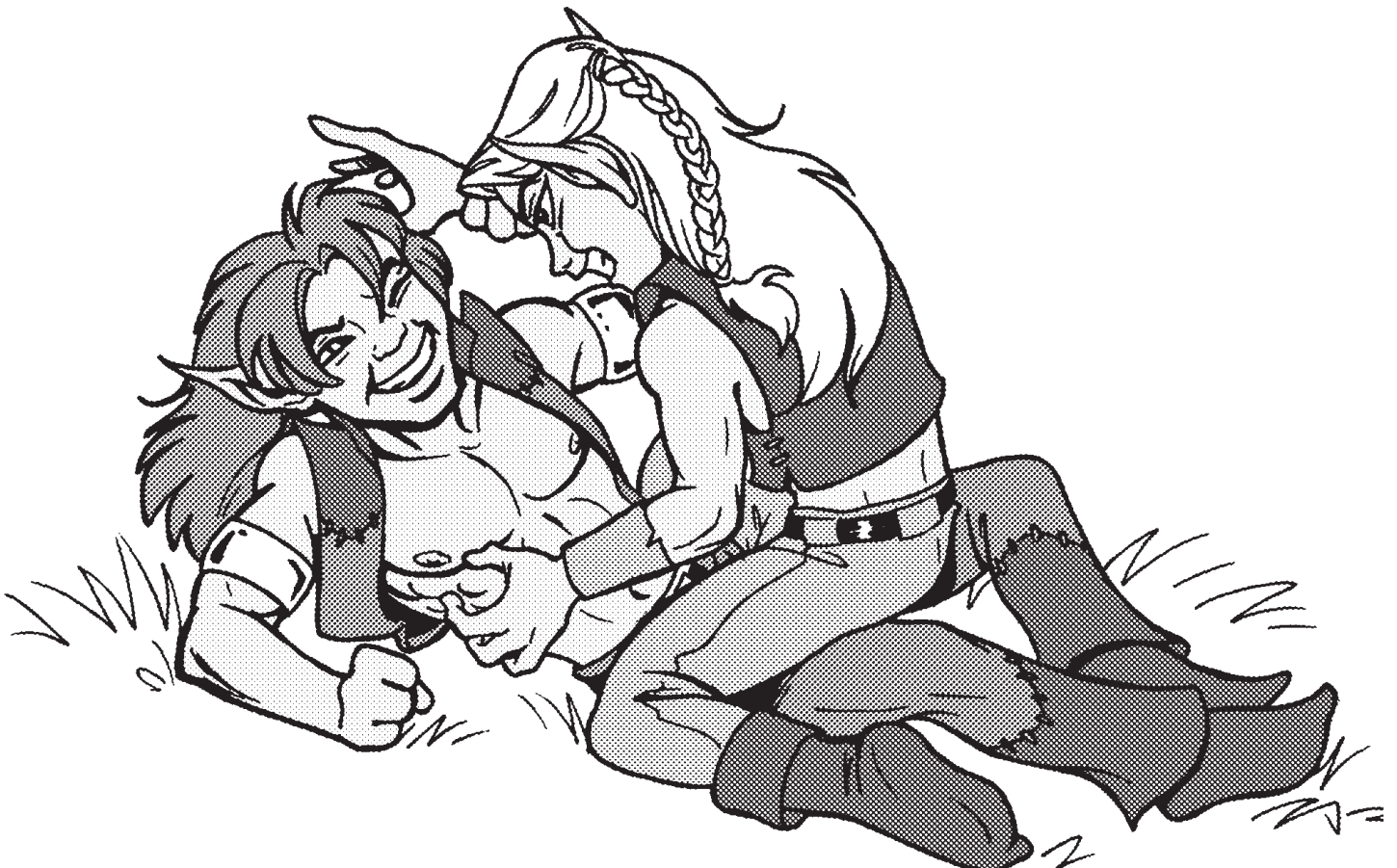
Snowfall, well-muscled but more slender than his friend, grinned maliciously. His sapphire blue eyes peered down into Firemane's reddening face. "Give up?" he asked.

Of course Firemane was laughing too hard to answer, or even get a proper breath. He was gasping for air, red as a beet, tears of laughter running down his face...and then it happened. His dusky red soft leather breeches suddenly darkened at the crotch, just above the smooth mound of his cock and balls. The stain spread rapidly, running all over the crotch and spilling down the left side.

Snowfall let up at this point, and Firemane lay there gasping, oblivious to the little river running over his lap as he slowly calmed down and returned to his normal color.

Finally he sat up, the last trickles of his accident darkening the lap of his soft red pants. He chuckled as he looked at his soaked crotch. "Okay, you win," he grinned. "But next time it'll be you sitting here looking at your wet pants!"

"Probably," Snowfall admitted. He helped Firemane to his feet and the two began wending their way back to the elfin village, and Snowfall's home on its outskirts. As they walked, Snowfall became aware of a little problem—he was sporting quite a hard-on that made walking a little difficult. His blue pants—the same soft leather as Firemane's—were rubbing against his hard cock and antagonizing him.



It was strange— he and Firemane had wrestled hundreds of times before and he'd never gotten hard. Why today? It wasn't as though he was complaining— after all, it felt very nice— he was just curious as to where it had come from.

He chuckled as he noticed that Firemane's bottom was completely soaked. Wetting himself while lying on the ground had caused all the wetness to collect under him, and made his pants soaked in the rear as well as the front. Snowfall found himself admiring how tightly the wet leather clung to Firemane's butt. It really was a nice butt, he thought.

Curiously, he snuck a peek at his companion's crotch as he drew slightly ahead of him— and found that Firemane was quite hard, as well. The wet, clinging pants made it very difficult to hide.

They finally reached Snowfall's home, and went inside. The house was a marvel of elfin magic— appearing quite normal on the outside, but once one walked through the door, one entered a large home the size of a two-story townhouse.

Snowfall and his wife Silverlight had been adventurers at one time, using their skills at sword and sorcery in the service of good or in simple exploration of uncharted or dangerous areas. They had since retired to this elfin village, living in a two-story house on the outskirts.

Silverlight generally spent her time at home, enjoying music and art while her more carefree husband Snowfall kept himself in shape by weapons practice, training and fooling around with Firemane.

As they entered the house, they walked into a large circular foyer, with a huge vaulted ceiling containing magical spherical light sources. There was a rounded staircase that went up one wall, leading to the second floor, as well as several doorways off the main floor.

Silverlight appeared from one of the doorways to greet them. "Wet AGAIN?" was all she said as she looked at Firemane.

Firemane only blushed. "I won today," Snowfall answered as he entered behind his redheaded companion.

"Doesn't it ever bother you two that you may be a LITTLE too old to be wetting your pants like children?" Silverlight admonished. "Oh, go get changed." And she went back into the kitchen from whence she'd come.

Snowfall and Firemane went up to Snowfall's room, and Firemane stripped out of his wet pants. Snowfall went out to rinse them in water-trough outside and then returned, hanging them on his bedroom windowsill to dry.

The two elves lay on Snowfall's big double bed, chatting, until Firemane's pants were dry. He then hugged Snowfall and went home, promising revenge. It was the same routine they had gone through for a decade now. So why did today feel so different?

Snowfall had found himself looking at Firemane's body as he lay naked on the bed. He'd seen his friend nude before— but this time his pants had become quite tight as he'd looked. The thought of Firemane in wet pants drove him crazy, where it never had before.

Snowfall was still puzzled at bedtime when he put on his fuzzy green sleepers—big one-piece pajamas with the feet still in them. Snowfall liked wearing sleepers to bed as they were very soft and warm, and the little feet in them kept his feet from freezing. He buttoned them up and crawled into bed. Silverlight had told him he looked like an overgrown child, but he didn't care— he was comfortable.

His dreams were all of Firemane, tickling, and watching him wet those soft red pants over and over again. When he awoke, he too was wet— and at first he thought he'd peed his bed! But further exploration confirmed that it had merely been a wet dream.

Merely?!? He was having wet dreams about Firemane. His friend. What was going on? He was STILL hard— and had to pee very badly. Still, he had never felt this way about the other elf before- the incredibly cute, firm buttocked, well-made other elf. His hard-on would not go away. Snowfall thought and thought—and began to make plans.

It was very hard to pretend that everything was the same that afternoon when he and Firemane went out for their 'walk.' All that morning Snowfall had come to the realization that these 'walks' took longer and longer, and for the past while had ALWAYS ended in a wet pants accident for both of them. And as he thought about it, he'd actually cum in his pants.

That settled it. Snowfall realized that he was ENJOYING the wet pants sessions...that they were turning him on. And so he hadn't gone to the bathroom yet today (even though his bladder had been quite full when he'd awoken) and had been drinking like a fish. He was afraid he'd wet his pants even before the tickling started!

Finally, he could bear it no longer and pulled Firemane to the ground, when they'd only gone half as far as they had yesterday. Firemane yelped and then grinned, doing his best to get Snowfall underneath him and helpless.

It wasn't hard. Snowfall was spending too much time trying to keep from wetting his pants prematurely to concentrate on the wrestling—and soon was being tickled, completely at Firemane's mercy.

Within seconds a warm spurt of pee wet the front of Snowfall's blue pants, followed by another, and then another as the tickling and his own laughter eroded his control. Finally, the dam broke and a warm river flooded his pants, immediately soaking his crotch and both sides of his pants as he wet himself.

Firemane grinned triumphantly, and let Snowfall sit up.

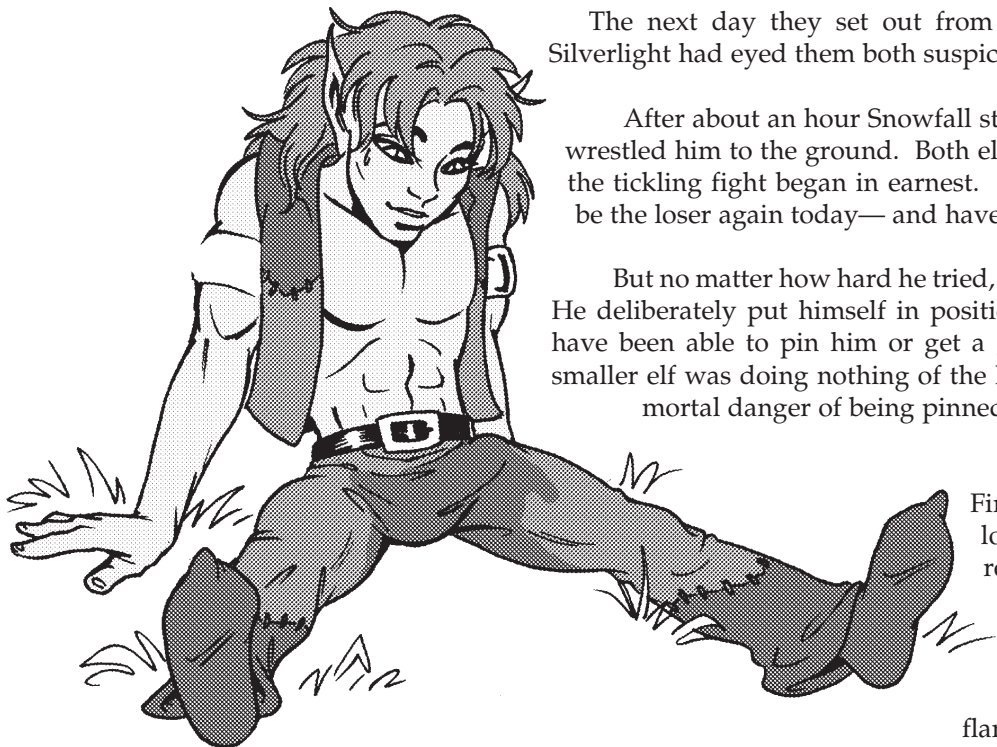
But Snowfall didn't stop. He merely sat there, gasping for breath, while his wetting continued. Even after he slowly got to his feet he was still peeing, soaking both legs of his pants and dribbling onto the forest floor.

Firemane looked on in amazement. Snowfall was grinning shyly, blushing, wondering what Firemane was thinking. Usually, an accident was over when the tickling was...but he was STILL soaking his pants! Finally, it stopped.

Snowfall got to his feet and quietly said, "Guess I'd better get on home."

"DEFINITELY," Firemane laughed. He slapped Snowfall's soaked bottom. "I can't believe you wet so much! Huh... probably would've done it even if I HADN'T been tickling you!"

Snowfall was hard again, his warm wet pants rubbing against him. He checked Firemane out... quite the bulge in HIS leathers, too. Snowfall smiled, happy. They had to stop one more time before they arrived back at his tree... as the walking made him stop short and cum in his pants! He doubled over and gasped, flushed; then stood up again without a word. Firemane only grinned.



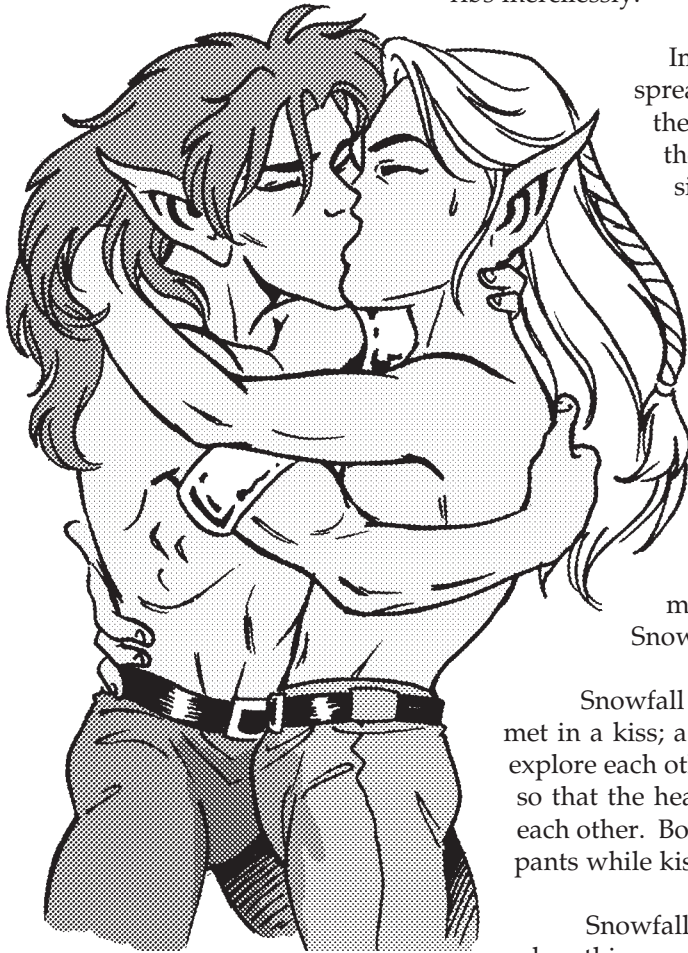
The next day they set out from Snowfall's again, although Silverlight had eyed them both suspiciously as they left the house.

After about an hour Snowfall started tickling Firemane, and wrestled him to the ground. Both elves laughed uproariously as the tickling fight began in earnest. Snowfall was determined to be the loser again today— and have to walk home in wet pants!

But no matter how hard he tried, he just couldn't seem to lose. He deliberately put himself in positions where Firemane should have been able to pin him or get a good hold on him—but the smaller elf was doing nothing of the kind. If anything, he was in mortal danger of being pinned, himself.

Snowfall realized that Firemane was TRYING to lose, just as he was! The realization stunned him for a moment- but only for a moment, as he decided to give Firemane what he wanted. He pinned the flame-haired elf and tickled his

ribs mercilessly.



Immediately wetness formed on Firemane's crotch and spread over his red pants to once again cling to his thighs, the wet pee stain humiliatingly evident. Firemane wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes and whispered a simple "oops."

Snowfall grinned down at Firemane as their eyes met. His victim was blushing, but silent, looking up at him. Snowfall was on his knees straddling him. His crotch was at Firemane's eye level when the warm, familiar drizzle of pee started flowing from him into his pants, soaking them and running down both legs.

Firemane gasped as Snowfall had his 'accident,' since Snowfall had never been pinned, or even tickled! The cat was out of the bag now— but still Firemane made no attempt to move as the excess wetness from Snowfall's wetting rained down on his own soaked crotch.

Snowfall leaned down and Firemane reached up- and the two met in a kiss; a hot, wet kiss that permitted their tongues to hungrily explore each other's mouths. Snowfall lowered himself onto Firemane so that the heat from their pissed pants touched and rubbed against each other. Both boys were hard as rocks as they wet-humped in their pants while kissing.

Snowfall was nearing orgasm when he noticed Firemane's breathing and how his hands gripped his shoulders. Suddenly, he came in his pants— the hot sticky cum re-wetting him and making his crotch slippery and slidey— and he realized that Firemane was doing it, too.

They collapsed in each other's arms and stared into one another's eyes for quite some time. They smiled in tandem and without a word rose to their feet and started back home.

Silverlight nearly exploded when she caught site of them returning home. "Don't you dare come in this house with those wet pants on! Honestly, the BOTH of you this time? You go wash those out right now— and then give them to me!"

Snowfall and Firemane blushed in embarrassment but did as they were told. Naked from the waist down, they carried their pants back to the house, and as soon as they were inside, Silverlight took them. "You boys can just go up and stay in the bedroom for now," she said firmly. "I'll be up in a bit to tell you what your punishment is."

Snowfall grinned. "I think we just got told to go to our room," he joked.

Silverlight slapped his naked bottom. "I meant NOW." she warned him.

The two impish elves scampered up to the room, just as they'd been told.

Silverlight soon entered, something behind her back. "You two look like you need a good long nap— so I brought you some pajamas, boys," she grinned.

Snowfall blushed a little as he saw Silverlight holding up his sleepers- a soft forest green- and glanced over at Firemane. It was embarrassing to have his childish sleepwear out in the open for his friend to see! But Firemane was still staring at Silverlight- because she had produced a second pair of sleepers, and these were sky-blue with little stars on them.

The boys glanced at each other. Hesitantly, they reached for the infantile, footed pajamas.

“Wait,” commanded Silverlight.

Both males looked up at her, as she revealed two thicknesses of folded white cloth in her hands. “Since you two seem to be having a harder and harder time with dryness, I think we’ll just be putting you both in THESE.”

Firemane gasped.

She started on Snowfall first. She made him lie down on the bed, then slid the cloth under his bottom, bade him ‘lift up,’ and then pulled the thick, bulky garment up through his legs over his waist.

“A DIAPER?” Snowfall exclaimed incredulously. “On ME?”

“Yes,” Silverlight replied with asperity. “Since you and Firemane can’t seem to control yourselves in your pants— I think you should at least wear these for your nap. Maybe it’ll teach you not to act so childish.”

Snowfall whimpered, but obeyed as Silverlight pushed him back down on the bed and pinned the diaper on, tightly. It was thick, bulky— but oddly comforting. She then drew on his sleepers, buttoning them up tight, and he lay there bulked out around his bottom just like a toddler.

Firemane was hard as a rock just watching. Snowfall looked like the biggest baby— as though he might wet himself from the sheer embarrassment any moment! But all too soon it was his turn, and within seconds he too was padded and bulky.

Silverlight tucked them both in. “Not a peep out of you two,” she admonished and left, closing the door behind her.

Snowfall and Firemane looked at one another sheepishly, and hugged. “It was worth it for a pair of wet pants,” Snowfall whispered, blushing. Firemane agreed.

—

Firemane awoke some time later, perhaps an hour or two. He wriggled around a bit experimentally. The diaper was thick between his legs, and soft. He bit his lip. It was very embarrassing to be caught and punished like this; not only had he and Snowfall wet themselves like a pair of babies but it had been quite obvious that they had liked it.

Silverlight must have planned this in advance. She must have—he and Snowfall had been wetting their pants constantly for weeks now! How could she not have known they liked it, and retaliated by humiliating them with this punishment?

His cheeks burned with shame. It seemed so embarrassing now, to have wet his pants so often—why had he done it? He felt a stirring between his legs, his maleness beginning to thicken in that soft, inviting prison he’d been pinned into. He remembered exactly why he’d done it: because it had felt good.

He looked over at his friend. The white hair lay streaming on the pillow, the outlines of his proud nose and smooth lips delicious in the muted sunlight that streamed gently through the gap in the curtained windows. Firemane was seized with the desire to kiss him— to kiss him and more, to make love to him then and there. They’d been friends for so long; spending day after day in each other’s company, when Firemane had slowly begun to realize that he’d fallen in love with Snowfall. It was he who had started the wrestling game; all so that he could feel Snowfall’s firm male body writhe underneath his hands.

It had also been he who (albeit accidentally) had been the first to wet his breeches. How Snowfall had laughed! In revenge, Firemane had tickled him relentlessly until that insufferably proud, beautiful man had pissed himself in turn. From then on, it had been a game of one-upmanship.

Only now it had become something more; today, Snowfall had wet himself on purpose and then... and then kissed him, pressed against him, loving him until they each had suffered the exquisite moment of release, collapsing against each other. It had been so blissful, so painfully wonderful...!

He leaned back. Although he was brawnier than his friend was, there was something so hot about being the submissive one. When he'd been pinned by Snowfall, it had aroused him—and when his captor had begun wetting his own pants, soaking Firemane as well as himself—gods, it had been more than he could stand.

He glanced over at the sleeping form beside him. And then they'd made love. Well, not strictly speaking, but their passion had led them and they had both followed it! He wondered... would Snowfall ever do it again? Or had it been a one-time thing, a chance moment of lust never to be repeated?

He bit his lip. There was perhaps one way to find out; it would be terribly humiliating if it failed, but the risk was worth it if it could only arouse Snowfall to mount him again, hold him down, kiss him... He exhaled slowly and closed his eyes. He did his best to relax, and think about things other than the throbbing between his legs.

Silently, softly, a tiny warmth began to whisper across his groin. He let himself sink deeper into his self-imposed trance, thinking only of relaxing, releasing and letting go. The tiny warmth grew, grew until it had spread all over his groin, tickling him wonderfully and spilling over his hips to collect at his backside; with the realization that he had been successful, he collapsed back into a half-doze, smiling slightly.

As he did so, his bladder totally relaxed and gushed its contents into his diaper as Firemane, now oblivious and unconscious, truly wet himself in his sleep for the first time since childhood.

Snowfall awoke only a short time later, yawning into the soft afternoon light that lay behind the curtains.

He checked on Firemane. The burly warrior was sleeping like a child, looking so innocent in his blue sleepers, even though his muscular chest was anything but childlike. Snowfall couldn't resist running a light hand over the mounds of muscle, down to his firm stomach, and continuing to the bulge of his...

Snowfall stopped. Firemane was wet. Soaking wet. And still asleep! The tough, rugged manly elf had—! Like a child!

Snowfall found himself incredibly aroused at his friend's predicament. Should he awaken him and tease him, torture him a little with the knowledge that he had stayed dry while Firemane had behaved like a toddler? The prospect of having that to hold over his sleeping friend was tantalizing.

The choice was taken from him as Firemane stirred and yawned. Snowfall propped himself up on one elbow, laying as close to Firemane as possible, gazing hungrily into his face. Firemane peeped through one brown eye. "Hi," he said.

"Hello," Snowfall purred. "Sleep well?" Firemane smiled, as yet innocent of what had occurred. "Uh huh," he mumbled

Suddenly Snowfall's hand was cupping the very sodden lump between Firemane's legs. "You didn't tell me you were so practiced at wearing diapers," he teased. "So how often do you wet yourself at home?"

Firemane looked horrified as he realized he'd soaked through his diapers and sleepers, and had wet the bed! Snowfall looked positively wolfish. "I can't believe the big brawny warrior stud wets his bed," he growled, his face looking right into Firemane's.

Firemane thought of a thousand excuses. "I don't usually..." Ah, gods. Lame. Very lame.

"Shut up," said Snowfall, and pressed his lips to Firemane's. Liquid fire shot up the spine of the supine elf, and his arms closed around the white-haired demon who now mounted on top of him, pressing his whole body against Firemane, wet sleepers or not, and whose tongue was now locked in a fierce battle with his own.

They rolled, now on their sides, without breaking the seal of their lips, thirsting for each other. Snowfall gasped as Firemane's hands clenched solidly on his padded backside, and cupped him ferociously.

Snowfall broke away first, gasping for breath. "Wait, wait," he breathed. Firemane, whose whole face was flushed, could barely reign in his frustration. "What," he demanded. Snowfall was not going to get away from him this time!

Snowfall gazed lustfully at Firemane's utterly sodden groin. "You shouldn't have to endure this shame alone," he said. He caught Firemane's eye and grinned. The redheaded elf noticed the bulge of an erection tenting out Snowfall's sleepers and understood: Snowfall wanted to join him in shame, and couldn't due to his excitement—he needed a minute to 'regroup', as it were.

Firemane, pleased with the reception his (mostly unexpected!) wetness had got, decided to tease Snowfall a bit. He held up a hand. "Wait," he said. "There's something you should know."

"What?" demanded the white-haired beauty. Good, Firemane thought. Now it's his turn to be impatient.

"You should know I did this on purpose."

Snowfall's eyes lit up in a blaze of lust. "No. You're joking."

Firemane's whole face shone as he replied: "No, I'm not. I wanted to be wet, I wanted you to see me, and shame me. And so I deliberately wet myself like a baby," he hissed between clenched teeth. "But you should know something else." He looked down at the soaked, stained bed. "When I did it, it was only enough to dampen my front. The rest of this DID happen while I was sleeping. In other words, I really did lose control." He paused, seeing the effect his words had. They certainly were doing something to Snowfall—it looked like he was going to rip right out of his sleepers.

He let the words come out, slowly, surely, a bit at a time: "I wet the bed. In my sleep. With no more control than a weak, infantile little child."

To Firemane's shock and surprise, Snowfall grabbed his groin and managed to encircle his hard, throbbing cock through his wet diapers, and grasp it. "I want you. I want you NOW," he moaned.

Firemane couldn't believe his luck. "Take me," he said as he laid back, leaving himself perfectly vulnerable to whatever punishment his friend seemed about to bestow on him.

"Not yet," Snowfall demurred, raising himself on his knees. His eyes were clenched shut in concentration. There were a few moments of silence, where Firemane's eyes were glued to the bulging diaper in his friend's sleepers. And then, noisily, violently, the hissing sound of running water as Snowfall's diaper first sagged in his sleepers, and then the soft green fleece darkened, getting soaked.

Gingerly, Snowfall lay back down, still wetting, while Firemane watched. The white-haired elf closed his eyes, allowing his flood to continue uncontrolled, while his companion watched the stain of wetness spread further and further across the sheets under him, spreading out from his backside. In the end, Snowfall was as wet as he himself was.

Firemane thought he'd cum all over himself right then and there. Even as Snowfall grabbed him and—oh, gods! Turned him over, driving his soaking wet groin against his backside, he knew he couldn't hold out. And Snowfall was even mounting him from behind, making him feel so submissive and helpless-

He cried out. He couldn't stop himself, as his orgasm welled up inside him and blew like a volcano, cruelly soaking him again as his friend—no, his lover, his love—thrust against him like a man would, even though they'd both been so shameful, not worth the consideration of adulthood—oh! But now Snowfall was moaning like a wounded animal, and Firemane knew that he too had lost, and was now victim of his own lust as he slickly spent himself in his already-wet diapers.

They collapsed together on the bed, panting, and then kissing hungrily again. "I loved that. The being wet, the shame-" began Snowfall.

"I love you," Firemane said, gazing into his lover's eyes. There was a moment of fear when Snowfall hesitated.

But then: "And I love you, even though you're so bad, so naughty, and I want more," he confessed. "You shameful boy, doing that on purpose and then losing control..."

“And what about you? Forcing it to happen even through your massive hard-on, you lustful thing,” Firemane grasped at Snowfall’s wet backside, pressing him into his own groin with a firm hand.

“Loved it,” was all Snowfall could say, and then they were kissing again.

They were dozing again when Silverlight came to waken them. One look at the soaked bed and equally soaked man-boys sleeping there and she knew what had gone on. She smiled. Perhaps if she played this right...? Well, she’d just have to see. She spoke up:

“Well, I guess I should have expected this.” She had to stop from laughing as the two male elves sat bolt upright, guilty looks on their faces—they really did look like children! She continued:

“Soaked. I knew there was more to these wet-pants afternoons than you were telling me,” she said, her gaze going from one to the other and back again. “Just look at this bed. If I didn’t know better I’d say you did it on purpose.”

Guilty looks flashed again. She bit her lip to keep from chuckling.

For their part, Snowfall and Firemane felt like two bugs trapped by a very bright light. They looked at each other: Which was a better answer, that they had wet on purpose or that it had been an accident? Was there any good answer? They were caught, no mistake, and now had to face the consequences.

“It was an accident,” whimpered Firemane. This nearly set Snowfall’s heart to racing again—how could such a big, muscular man appear so...docile?

Silverlight lifted an eyebrow. “So you admit you wet the bed like children after only a short nap?”

Both of the soggy elves groaned.

“Fine. Obviously there’s only one thing to be done with you. Come stand at the foot of the bed.” Cautiously, they obeyed. “Strip,” she commanded, tossing her white-blonde hair imperiously.

They both peeled off their wet, clingy sleepers. Snowfall winced as his diapers, barely held on by the pins at his hips, sagged—heavily yellowed by their ordeal. Firemane was in the same predicament, undeniably wet and blushing even redder than his hair as Silverlight took a good look at his sopping state. For his part, Snowfall couldn’t help but be riveted to the massive bulge evidenced by how Firemane’s wet diapers clung to him. The burly warrior was especially manly between the legs—but it scarcely could compensate for the fact that here they were both caught, humiliated!

“Snowfall,” Silverlight snapped. He started—he realized he’d been staring straight at Firemane’s groin. Had she seen? Was this the final straw? But no, she merely pointed at his wet diapers and said “You too.”

Relieved but blushing, he unpinning the thick baby-pants and let them slide to the floor. The cool air hit his bare skin and he was hard again. A quick glance to the side and he saw that Firemane was, too.

Silverlight bade Snowfall to bend over until his hands touched the bed: when he had obeyed, she commanded:

“Now spread your legs until they’re at least shoulder-width apart. Good,” she said as he complied.

Firemane gaped. It looked as though Silverlight meant to actually spank her husband Snowfall, punish him right in front of him! His cock stood at attention. He no longer cared; the scene before him was incredibly enticing.

Silverlight walked first around one side of her prostrate husband, inspecting him, then the other side. The smooth, soft grey breeches she wore, petal-soft leathers like both Snowball and Firemane’s, hugged her curvaceous backside as she swayed gently past Firemane, who was still staring.

Suddenly the able-bodied Firemane looked down—a wonderful, sensuous brushing sensation caressed his erection and he realized Silverlight had walked close enough to brush her leather-clad hips against his naked

member. He gasped and looked at her, but she was already walking back around Snowfall, her shoulders and her bodice and blouse shirt swaying carefully as she progressed.

Did she do that on purpose? He wondered.

And then there was a SMACK! And a yelp from Snowfall: The first blow of Silverlight's bare hand had landed on his naked backside—and by the sound of it, she hadn't pulled her blow one bit.

"This should teach you a lesson," she said. "I'm going to spank your naughty little backside raw." Firemane saw Snowfall's eyes widen, and his taut body began to tremble. Judging by the look on his face, if he were ever to have a real pants-wetting accident, it would have been now.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! Silverlight hauled back and punished her husband, the evidence of his bedwetting shame both in front of him and on the floor between his feet; and his backside beginning to turn red with as his spanking progressed.

Snowfall gasped, a kind of choked hiccup followed, and Firemane saw to his surprise that his proud, beautiful friend had begun to weep. Tears of shame and humiliation were running down his face as he broke down and cried like a baby.

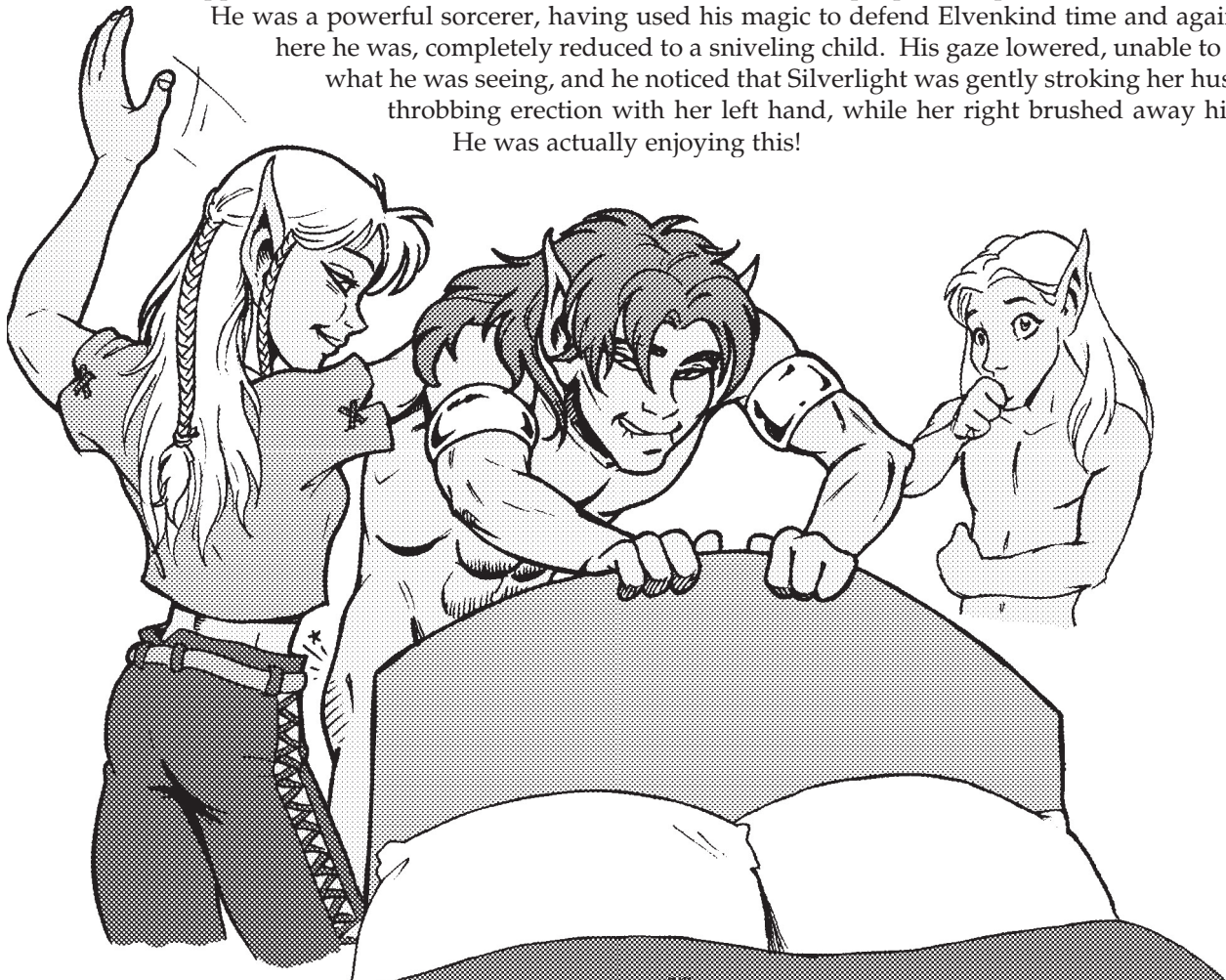
This seemed to satisfy Silverlight. She withdrew, and told Snowfall to stand. Firemane saw that the fair-skinned elf's backside was now as red as roses; he'd been punished, but good!

"Look at you," Silverlight said with her hands on her hips. "Standing there crying. First you wet your pants in front of your friend and then you wet the bed, and now you're sniffling like a little boy just because you got a spanking—which you deserved! I guess you're nothing but a big crybaby. Why don't you just put your thumb in your mouth? I suppose it's the only thing that will quiet you down."

Firemane's jaw dropped as Snowfall obeyed. Snowfall had been his friend for decades; and always he had been proud of his appearance, ever conscious of the effect he had on other people, and possessed of a healthy ego.

He was a powerful sorcerer, having used his magic to defend Elvenkind time and again—yet here he was, completely reduced to a sniveling child. His gaze lowered, unable to believe what he was seeing, and he noticed that Silverlight was gently stroking her husband's throbbing erection with her left hand, while her right brushed away his tears.

He was actually enjoying this!



He was reminded that his own manhood had hardened to iron sometime during this whole escapade; a fact he was hoping to hide when Silverlight turned her attention to him. Her eyes, sparkling blue, were predatory. "What do you think you're looking at?" She purred.

She gently released her lover's stiff member—which elicited a moan of bereavement from him—and approached the burly warrior. "You're next. I think you know the position."

Immediately he bent over, touched the bed, and spread his legs. He was aware that Snowfall was watching, and sucking his gods-blessed thumb as he did. Firemane trembled in fear that he might have an orgasm, splashing his own feet if this went too much further.

SMACK! His backside rippled with the stinging, painful slap of Silverlight's bare hand: just as he had surmised, she wasn't holding back. This was a spanking, a punishment, and it was supposed to hurt.

Now Firemane had fought in many campaigns, was proficient with sword and bow, and was respected on the battlefield by his peers. He'd been a warrior all his life and never had he shown the slightest trace of fear.

But now as his backside was tanned redder than his mane (and it certainly now felt like it was on fire) he felt a dawning realization, and it abashed him. He had peed his pants, and then been shamed for it by being put in baby pants, and had wet those as well—and to be honest had even wet them more than he had meant to—by losing control of his bladder. He was ashamed to have done so, ashamed at being caught, and worst of all, ashamed to have liked it so much.

Something inside him broke; unlike Snowfall, who had snuffled and had tears running down his face, Firemane began to bawl like a baby, loud and lusty, and cried hot tears that streamed down his face and dripped on the floor. His nose was running like the proverbial snot-nosed kid and worst of all: he thought he might cum on the spot. He was a wet-pants baby, and was getting what he deserved.

Finally Silverlight relented. His rump felt like it was on fire. She stood him up, and took a handkerchief and wiped his nose for him. "That's what boys who wet their pants get," she said, "when they're old enough to know better. Maybe you want to suck your thumb too?"

Firemane did. Anything to control his shaking and pathetic sniveling.

Silverlight nodded her approval. "There. Now you two stand there and think about what you've done. I'm going to change the bedding." She went to fetch a wicker laundry basket, bundled up the wet sheets and put them in it. She pointed at the bed and intoned an eldritch incantation. The wet stain on the bed's mattress evaporated and vanished.

She glared at the two of them. "Imagine how angry I'd have been if you'd permanently stained that mattress."

The duo whimpered. She pointed at them. "You stand RIGHT THERE until I get back." She gathered up the basket and left the room.

Left alone for a moment, Snowfall met Firemane's eyes. His backside stung, painfully. He reached his free hand around to touch Firemane's; the heat coming from it and the gasp of pain Firemane let out confirmed that he was in the same dire straits that Snowfall was. Yet somehow their erections were still in evidence, and Snowfall couldn't help but shyly press his naked cock against his fellow's.

Firemane closed his eyes and sighed. His face told Snowfall everything he needed to know: they both thought that it had been worth it, even now. And somehow—somehow being completely humiliated by Silverlight had made it that much more intense.

Each with their own thoughts, they waited for Silverlight to return. Neither of them stopped sucking their thumbs for a moment.

Finally she returned with clean, fresh sheets, which she placed on the bed and directed them to make it up; only then did they pop their thumbs from their mouths. Silverlight purred, "You two look very natural sucking your thumbs like that."

Reddening, they made up the bed and turned to see her standing there holding out two fluffy white diapers. As their eyes widened in fear, she said: "What, you didn't think I was going to let you just go back to being naughty boys, was I? You'll wear these until you prove to me that you can behave as adults. Lie down."

Together they lay beside each other on the bed. Firemane watched as Snowfall got diapered first; Silverlight sprinkled his groin with talcum powder and began to rub it in. As Snowfall's erection grew, Firemane wished it were he doing the rubbing. Then the diaper—no, TWO diapers, thickly layered together—were pinned on, the pins locking with a click at each hip. "That's so you don't remove them without my permission. And if you try to use your magic, my little-boy husband, your Mommy is going to find out, and be very angry with you."

Snowfall gulped. He knew she wasn't joking. Then she stood: "All right, you can go stand over there and wait for me to finish with widdle Firemane." He blushed and got to his feet, dismayed to realize the diaper was so thick he couldn't close his legs and instead had to waddle.

He watched as "widdle Firemane" got the same treatment. If anything, the brawny elf's diapers were even thicker than Snowfall's. And, like Snowfall, he had the outline of a full erection as he stood.

Silverlight produced their leather breeches, now clean and dry. "We'll just put these on," she said. She held them for each boy as he stepped into them, suffering the further shame of being dressed as though by a doting mother.

The leathers were pulled over the huge diapers and looked, in a word, utterly ridiculous. Both men were keenly aware of the gigantic bulge their humiliating underwear caused in their breeches; and as Silverlight fastened their belts they saw that folds of thick, fluffy white cloth were billowing above the waistline of their pants, too.

Firemane had only a short vest covering his torso; what had before been very manly now only served to highlight his waist area, drawing more attention to his diapers. Likewise, Snowfall wore a half-tunic that did the same.

"Here's the final part of your punishment," said Silverlight.

Snowfall's jaw dropped. "It's not OVER?" he whined.

"Aw, c'mon," fretted Firemane. He cursed himself for sounding like a spoiled child.

Silverlight pretended they hadn't spoken. "I'm going to prepare supper. I need you to go to the market and get me the things on this list." She produced a small square of paper. "Be back in three hours."

She smiled as she saw Firemane's knees tremble. "Y-you want us to walk to the market in the center of the village—" he gestured to his ridiculously puffed groin—"like THIS?"

"That's exactly what I want you to do. Now go, and be back in three hours." And with that she left.

As she descended the stairs, she felt a certain kind of dampness between her own legs; having power over two men was a very thrilling feeling and it suited her very well indeed. She hoped her plan bore fruit; if it did, then she was going to be very happy indeed.

Side by side the two bedwetters walked through the village to the market, glancing left and right nervously as they were forced to toddle by the restrictive bulk between their legs. There were some snickers and giggles when they passed a particularly crowded section of town, and although they both blushed furiously they just kept walking—or waddling, in this case.

Snowfall tried to busy himself with the shopping list. "These are fairly simple things that we can just buy and leave quickly with," he said, hoping it might cheer Firemane up a little. "It should only take five minutes."

"Gods, then why did she give us three hours?" Firemane moaned. A young boy walking by caught sight of him and shrieked with laughter, then scampered away. Firemane tried to ignore him, and just walked on.

Within minutes they had reached the market and bought the items they needed. At least the market stalls were about waist-high; the vendors on the other side of the stall couldn't see that their customers were diapered.

Snowfall was perplexed. "Well, I guess we're done," he said as he and Firemane paused behind a rain barrel, which handily shielded their bulging backsides from casual onlookers. "Should we head back?"

Firemane was as fretful as a schoolgirl. "I don't know, she said three hours. What if we come back early and she decides to punish us some more?"

Although he was just as nervous as his companion was, Snowfall couldn't resist a dig: "Well, why don't you just cry and wet your pants about it?"

Firemane glared at him. But now that they'd got what they came for, he felt a little braver—and was Snowfall teasing him? Well, he'd see about that.

"I would, if I hadn't dried myself out wetting your bed," he joked. And he deliberately, slowly enough for Snowfall to watch, put his hand to his thickly padded crotch and squeezed the outline of his bulge.

Snowfall rewarded him by getting an instant erection. He leaned forward until their massive groins were touching. "I want to put this"—and he bumped his groin forcefully into Firemane's—"inside you. I want to make you cry for joy the way you cried like a sissy during your spanking."

Firemane gasped. "Take me right here," he said, his brown eyes wide and entreating. "I beg you, don't make me wait any more. Bend me right over this rain barrel." He was breathless. He'd spoken his desire out loud to his friend. "Love me," he said, and it felt like a confession.

Snowfall lost no time; he set down the sack of goods he'd bought and unbuckled his belt, pulling his pants down past his diapers. He reached for his diaper pins, but just as his fingers touched them little sparks of electricity leapt from them and shocked him.

"Ow!" he yelped.

"What is it?" panted Firemane. The waiting was agony.

"The pins. She's enchanted them. I can't get them off, and the diaper's too tight to pull down."

Firemane, bent over the barrel with his legs spread, moaned and thumped his head on its wooden surface.

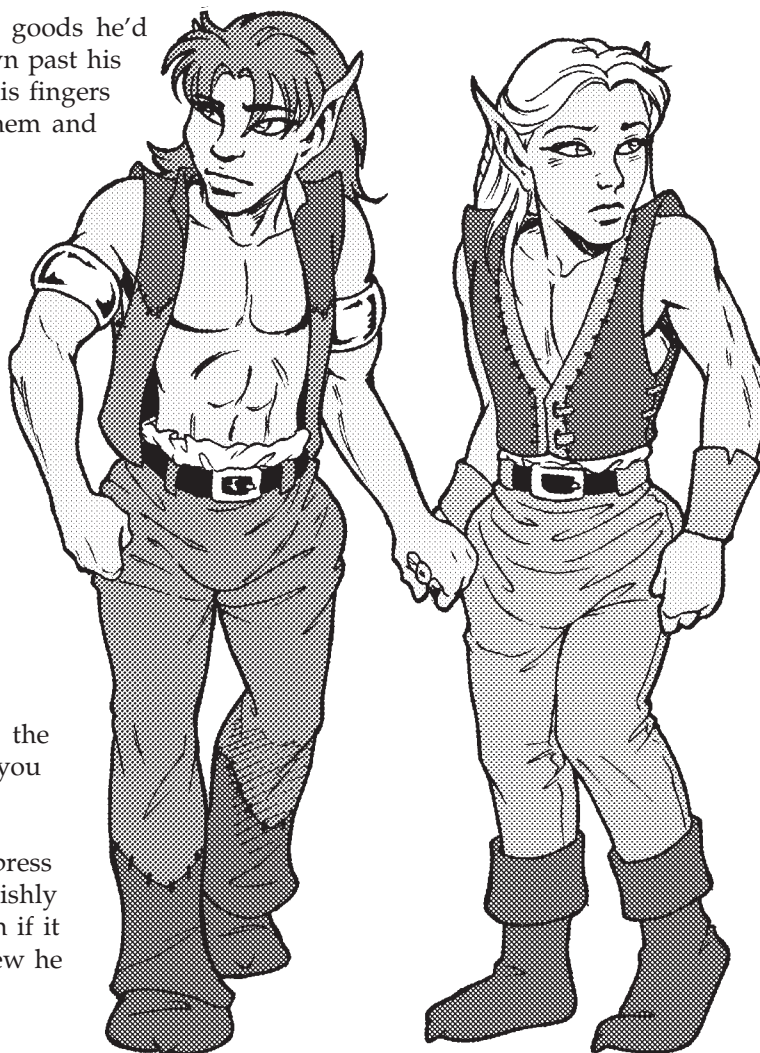
"Unless..."

Firemane looked up. "Unless what?"

Snowfall looked slyly at him. Firemane noted the bulge of his erection in his thick diapers. "Were you serious about wetting your pants?"

Now it was the redheaded warrior's turn to press himself into his companion's bulging crotch. Feverishly he said, "I'll soak myself in front of everyone in town if it means I can have you to myself." And they both knew he meant it.

Snowfall smiled. "You may have to."



Firemane thrust his chin up defiantly. "I would do it, you know."

Snowfall's eyes burned with lust. "I know you would. And I want to do it, too. I think we've both shown how much we like it."

Firemane sighed, a wide grin spreading on his face. "Yes."

Snowfall smiled back, a shy grin as his cheeks turned pinkish. "Well, if you remember, when we, um... when we wet the bed—" (Firemane saw Snowfall's erection jump) "—our diapers were just sagging on our hips, ready to fall off. So if we were to wet the ones we've got on..."

Firemane nodded. "Then the pins wouldn't matter. But I'm too dry to wet myself."

Snowfall grinned. "Well, we do have two and a half more hours." And he pointed over Firemane's shoulder to a hanging sign labeled TAVERN.

Firemane knelt and pulled Snowfall's pants back up, and buckled his belt for him. Then on impulse he pressed his face into the padded groin before him, eliciting a gasp from Snowfall. Then he stood:

"First round's on me."

It was an odd sight: Two grown elves sitting across a small table from each other, sack of goods on the floor beside them, staring at each other as though holding some sort of contest. And from the looks of things, a drinking contest: There were three empty beer mugs beside each elf, as they grinned at each other. There had been several snide comments about serving beer to minors as some of the bar patrons snickered about their diapered state, but mostly they were able to ignore these.

After a young warrior quipped "Shouldn't you change your name to RAINfall?" Snowfall chuckled ruefully across the table to Firemane. "I think we were fooling ourselves to assume no one noticed our daily wet pants escapades," he grinned.

Firemane chuckled. "It does seem like we have a reputation." His cheeks flushed. "Gods, what were we thinking?" He laughed, embarrassed. "I bet by the end of the day they'll all hear how we wet the bed, too."

"Scared?" Snowfall asked.

"Very." Was the response.

"Still want to?" he questioned, the toe of his boot lightly stroking up Firemane's leg to his thigh under the table.

Firemane gulped back a hefty swallow of beer. "More than anything." He signaled for more beer.

As they continued to drink, Snowfall's stomach began to hurt from all the beer bloating it; he knew it wouldn't be long before that pain would be transferred to his bladder, where it could no longer be ignored. But until then, he would keep drinking; he wanted to see if he, like Firemane, could lose control under the right circumstances.

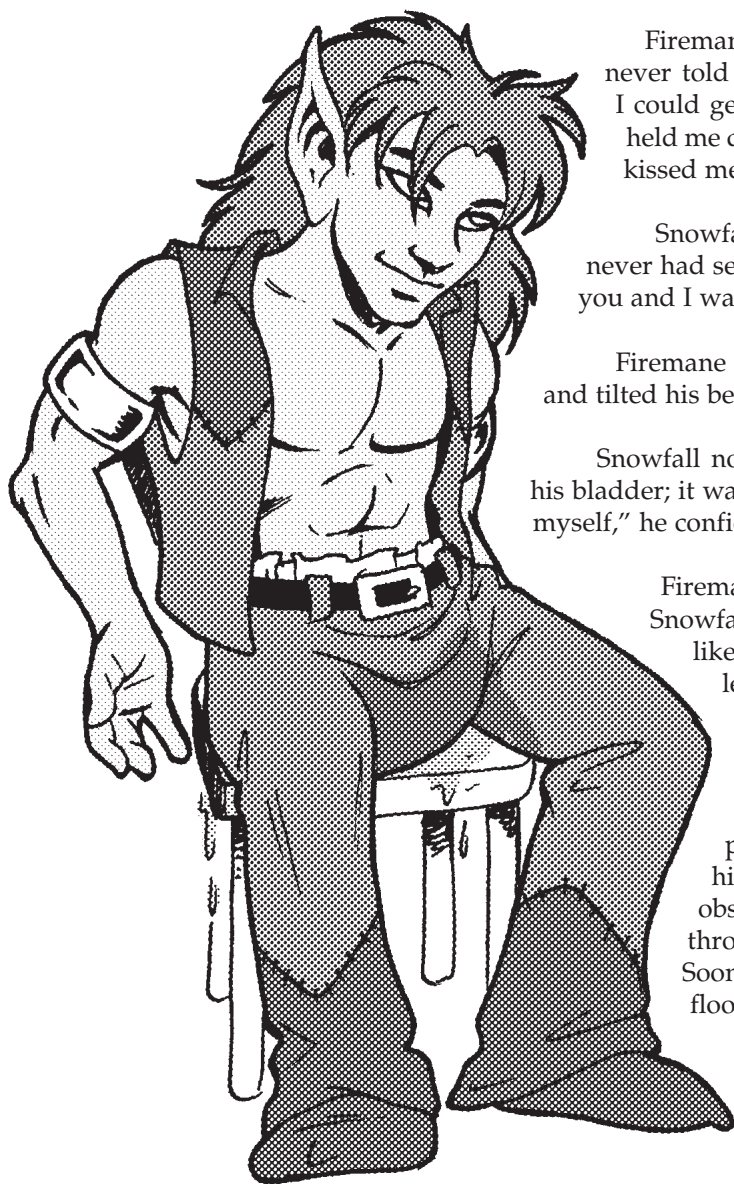
"So... how long have you been in love with me?" he queried.

Firemane set his beer down, blushing again. Snowfall noticed he did that a lot lately. "For a very long time now," the flame-haired man answered, eyes steadily gazing into Snowfall's. "When we wrestle, I long for you to take my clothes off and have me. And when you make me wet my pants, I feel a total surrender to you and I want you to ravish me."

Snowfall had to adjust himself under the table. Quietly, he answered, "And when you make me wet my pants?"

Firemane's voice had dropped to a whisper: "I want to pull your wet breeches down and plunge myself deep into your backside and ride you until you beg me to take you home, where I do it all over again."

Snowfall's eyes closed. "You know I'm married." 14



Firemane hissed: "Of course I know! Why do you think I've never told you? Wrestling and tickling you was all I thought I could get, and I was happy with that. But today, when you held me down and wet your pants on your own—and then you kissed me... I just wanted you more."

Snowfall gazed catlike at Firemane, eyes half-closed. "I've never had sex with another man before. But now... now I look at you and I want in your pants so bad it hurts."

Firemane moaned. "I want you in them too," he whimpered and tilted his beer back, finishing it.

Snowfall noticed that the pain in his gut had indeed moved to his bladder; it was now screaming for relief. "I think I'm going to wet myself," he confided.

Firemane leaned back in his chair and spread his legs, so Snowfall could see his groin from where he sat. "You mean like this?" And, with a saucy, half-drunken grin, he leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

Snowfall could barely hear the noisy whizzing sound over the murmurs from the bar and through the thickness of Firemane's diapers and leather pants, but he had no doubt the warrior was relieving himself deliberately right there. Within moments, his observations were borne out as Firemane finally soaked through his thick diapers and his red pants darkened. Soon a puddle formed in his chair, dripping onto the floor.

Firemane tilted his chair back to its upright position and leaned forward. "Now you," he breathed.

Snowfall was in agony—he had to piss like a horse, but after watching Firemane deliberately wet himself at the bar, he had an erection so strong it wouldn't come. "I can't," he lamented. "I'm too damn hard."

Fireman closed a hand over his. "Then let's get up and go somewhere more private," he said. "I'm sure the walking might help you."

They took their groceries and left naught but empty mugs and a wet chair behind.

They found a copse of trees just outside the village, on the way back to Snowfall's house. Firemane all but dragged Snowfall into it. "This private enough for you?" He growled.

Snowfall looked him up and down: he was a sight. His friend's diapers had become so saturated that he may as well not have been wearing them; his pants were soaked right down to his boots. The slender snow-haired elf sank to his knees, and put his face to the wet leather, inhaling the sharp scent: his tongue flicked out and licked the smooth thigh, tasting the salty taste of the bigger elf's piss, enjoying the simple act of just looking at his best friend in tight, wet leathers.

Firemane's diapers were so heavy and sagged so low it looked as though they'd drag his breeches down with them if he unbuckled his belt. His stiff cock stood out a mile.

"If only you weren't so sexy it would be easier for me to just soak my pants, right now," Snowfall said

drunkenly. He shakily got to his feet. "I wish I could just..." his words were cut off by the noise of running water. He heard Firemane exclaim "Ah!" and saw his eyes light up as he gazed at Snowfall's crotch.

Confused at first, Snowfall looked down to see what the noise was. Then his blue breeches darkened as hot urine soaked through his double-thick diapers and began to run like a river down his legs.

He grinned madly at Firemane. "I did it," he said. "I lost control. I'm not doing this on purpose, it's happening without my consent! I'm wetting in my pants... helplessly!"

Suddenly Firemane's arms were around him and they kissed deeply, tongues exploring while Snowfall's bladder continued to rush its contents into his pants, though Snowfall himself was oblivious.

Firemane grasped Snowfall's backside so hard he lifted him off the ground. Snowfall continued to wet helplessly, lost in a world of sensation, drunk on passion as well as elvish beer.

Snowfall noticed the sagging in Firemane's red breeches. "Those are gonna fall right off you," he slurred. Firemane's only response was to bend his knees, arch his back, and wriggle slightly—at which point, with a heavy plop, his pants slid down off his hips, borne by the weight of his wet diaper, to land in a wet bundle around his ankles.

Snowfall was aware of a quick yanking motion and then the cool breeze was caressing his naked bottom and tickling his cock, which was stirringly erect again. Firemane's eyes burned before him. "I want you so badly," he breathed.

Snowfall leaned up against a log. He motioned to his crotch. "Then take me," he dared.

Immediately Firemane was on his knees and his hot, wet mouth closed over Snowfall's hard-on with a vengeance. Snowfall almost screamed, the pleasure was so intense, as his best friend worked his hot wet tongue over his manhood, drowning it in slick, moist passion that made the white-haired elf's knees buckle.

He gripped Firemane's head and pushed him away, though it took all his strength to do so. "Wait, wait," he moaned. "If you want it so bad then you should be giving it to me...all the way."

Firemane rose to his feet, a little dazed. He looked down at his hard, throbbing cock. "You mean you want me to -?" Snowfall hissed in his ear, "Bend me over, big boy." Firemane delivered a stinging slap on his bottom. "As you command, little boy."

Firemane couldn't believe his luck and eagerly did as he was bid. Snowfall's smooth bare backside, at once chill from the cool evening breeze and burning from his lover's slap, felt the stabbing warmth of the slick, slippery head of his throbbing hard cock.

Snowfall gasped in pleasure and braced himself against the fallen log; he tried to spread his legs but they were still confined by his wet pants, gathered around his ankles.

Then suddenly Firemane PLUNGED into him, and he sucked in a shocked gasp of the night air. It seemed his normally gentle friend's passion had been aroused, and it wanted to devour the frost-haired Snowfall entirely.

The hot, meaty shaft of Firemane's turgid cock stretched Snowfall in a painfully pleasing way, expanding him and invading him, the hot rubbing feel of man-meat pulsing slowly and rhythmically into his ass. Gods, he was being fucked by his best friend! He bent over even further, wishing he could spread his legs as wide as they could go.

Back, forth, moaning and groaning, the two elves discovered the pleasure of the first time—Firemane, that he had after so many years achieved his greatest desire; and Snowfall, that for the first time he was truly loving, and being made love to by, another man.

When Firemane came, both he and Snowfall let out a simultaneous cry—of release, of passion, and on Firemane's part, of grief that it was over. Jet after jet of hot sticky cum erupted into Snowfall's ass, and the redheaded warrior cried with pleasure.

But the scene was not yet over! Firemane spun 16 Snowfall around to face him, and in turn dropped

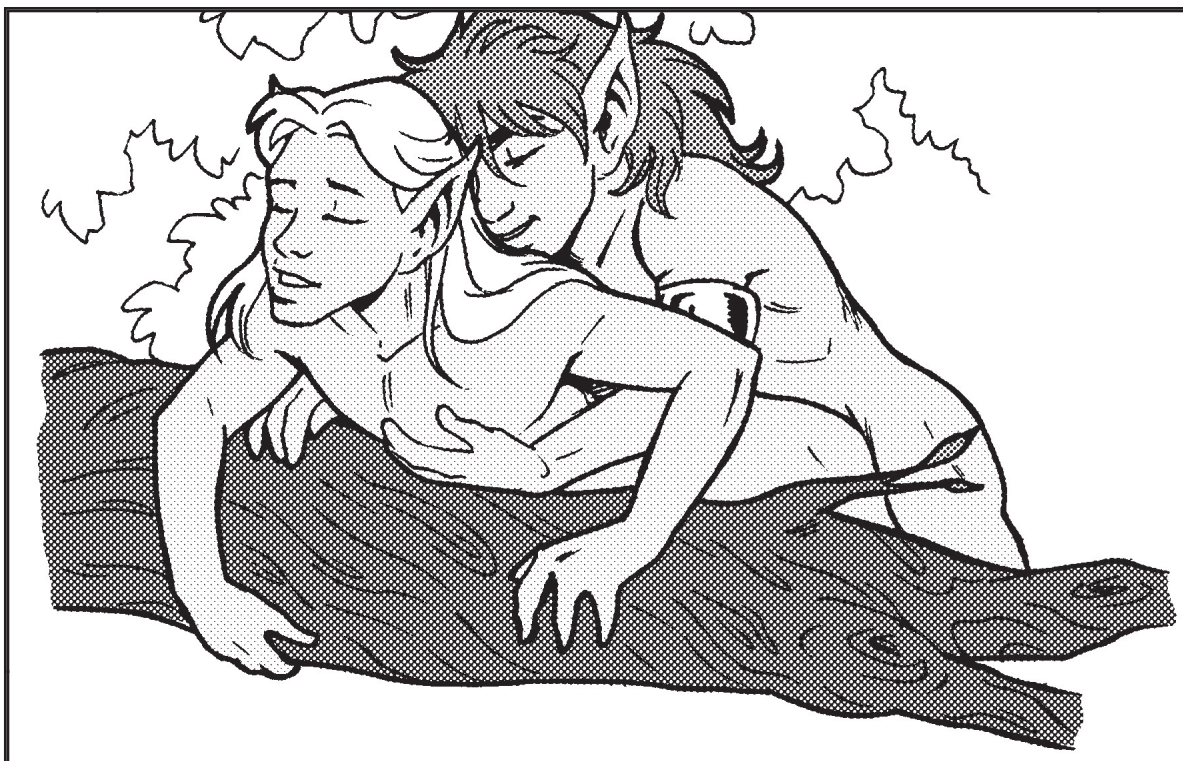
to his knees. "I want to know you, I want to go all the way, I want to suck on you and love you with my mouth the way a man loves another man," he panted.

Snowfall began to sob openly as Firemane's mouth closed on his screaming hard-on and his hunger moved his tongue swirling around Snowfall's shaft, tickling and teasing his cocktip, and the flame-haired beauty's throat opened to allow the meaty elf's cock to plunge down deep, as deep as it could go.

There were delicate moments where Firemane's inexperience made it rough going, but this only served to excite Snowfall more. As he approached his climax he got braver with his directions, first mildly correcting his virgin lover and then finally commanding him in no uncertain terms:

"Suck it, you little pisspants, come on, you big baby, suck it! Suck your Daddy!"

He came cruelly into Firemane's mouth, with no warning, wanting to force his lover to take his seed, although some part of his mind was still preaching caution out of love for Firemane; but it needn't have bothered. Firemane sucked and swallowed, hungrily devouring every last drop until Snowfall sank weakly to his knees, spent.



They lay in each other's arms for a few moments, then sadly, Snowfall looked deep into Firemane's brown eyes and said: "We've got to get back."

Firemane knew that it was true; although part of him wanted to throw Snowfall over his shoulder and steal him away forever, he couldn't do it. Such things were the stuff of fantasy, and he would never want to hurt Snowfall or his beautiful mate, Silverlight.

He sighed and pulled up his cold, wet pants. Out of spite for his circumstances he wet them again; at least now they were warm. He tightened his belt so they'd stay up, and turned to head back to his own house.

Snowfall put a hand on his shoulder. "Come home with me," he said.

Firemane shrugged it off. "I shouldn't. Not after—I just wanted this one time, I don't want to make trouble..."

Snowfall leaned against him, more like a lover than a brother this time. "Please. At least until we can wash your pants—just for a little while. Please?"

Firemane nodded, miserable.

Snowfall looked sad, too. "Hey, lie down for a minute."

Firemane did, not asking why.

Snowfall straddled him, the huge bulk of his diaper perched on Firemane's, and he closed his eyes. Once more, Snowfall's pants darkened as he wet through the already-saturated baby pants he wore; and as he soaked through them, they in turn wet Firemane's breeches and soaked through his diapers.

"Can you feel that?" Snowfall whispered.

Firemane allowed himself a small grin. "Just like old times," he said quietly.

"Always," Snowfall said, and leaned down to kiss him softly on the lips.

They quietly got up, gathered up the sack of provisions and headed for Snowfall's house, holding hands, hearts heavy.

—

Silverlight was waiting for them when they got back. She had to suppress a grin as she saw the state of their pants; wet leather dragged down by even wetter diapers. She could also see that they had finally—finally, after gods knew how long—physically expressed their (to her) obvious love for each other.

This, of course, was why she had made sure they stayed gone for three hours. She thought they were so close to their moment, especially after today's repeated wettings and the spanking, that if she pushed them enough they just might come to it on their own—and they had.

This suited her just fine. If her plan were to work, it would involve a certain amount of guilt on their part—enough to push them into doing just about anything for her forgiveness. She bit her lip to hide her smile as they approached.

"I knew it," she said as she took the sack of market goods from Snowfall. "I knew you wouldn't even be able to make it to the market and back and stay dry. Either of you," she added, looking at Firemane, who dropped his gaze immediately.

Silverlight noticed that they had been holding hands until just now, when they furtively let go of each other as though they had never touched. Oh, they'd certainly been naughty, all right.

She glared at them. "Strip," she commanded.

Meekly they obeyed, not questioning her for even a second. When they came to their sagging diapers, she waved her hand and with a CLICK the pins unlocked. She did note that both pairs of diapers were wet enough to have slipped off on their own anyway, but she pretended to ignore that possibility.

They unpinned themselves and let the heavy, wet cotton fall to the ground—whereupon she pointed to the bathroom. "Go and clean up, and leave your clothes in the laundry basket. Consider yourselves very lucky if I ever decide to let you wear pants again. Now go!" And she slapped their naked backsides with her hand, making Firemane yelp like a puppy.

Heads bowed, the two male elves went to the bathroom together to wash up. Snowfall opened the valve that let the natural hot-spring water into the tub, and without a word they got their naked behinds into the soothing bath.

Quietly they soaped each other with the soft, powdered soap that Silverlight had made, working it into stiff muscles and tender, sensitive skin. Firemane's strong hands massaged Snowfall's shoulders and rubbed his back.

Snowfall felt Firemane's cock grow hard and press into his back, but he didn't dare acknowledge it. He merely pressed back against his friend, his lover—but lover no more.

Firemane understood, and took the physical closeness as a comfortable substitute to what he had gained, and now could never have again. He gently poured herbal shampoo into his hand and rubbed it into the beautiful white hair before him, soaping and lathering the scalp with sure, steady fingers. A small sigh escaped Snowfall. This kind

of pleasure, at least, he could give him. After all, friends were still friends—and as far as elves knew, friends who were as close as he and Snowfall were could get away with pretty much anything.

Except, of course, the deep kind of love he truly wanted. Dammit.

They reversed positions and now it was Snowfall who was bathing him—Snowfall's hands that explored the mounds of muscle on shoulders and arms, caressing biceps and smoothing down his back. He was gratified to feel the pressing of a cock against his backside as equally hard as the one he'd given to Snowfall.

The red hair was washed in the same manner as his friend's, and with Snowfall's gentle kiss on his neck they exited the tub, drained the water, and oh-so-gently dried each other off.

Finally Snowfall straightened, brushing his hair. "Better face the music."

Firemane's brow beetled in thought. "Are you just going to tell her straight out?"

Snowfall bit his lip. "Well, no, but she's bound to notice something."

Miserably, Firemane blurted: "I don't want things to change."

Snowfall came close and hugged him. Firemane breathed in the sweet, clean scent of his lover's skin. Snowfall said: "Things have already changed. But whatever happens, nothing can change the fact that we shared each other. And I will never forget it."

"Nor I," nodded Firemane, his throat tight.

"So come on." Snowfall led them out of the bathroom and into the main foyer of the house.

Their clothes were nowhere in sight. In fact, the house was dark—except for the soft yellow glow of votive candles, each one in little glass cubes that formed a trail from the bathroom door up the stairs.

"What's this?" Firemane asked, puzzled.

Snowfall's eyes narrowed. "I'm not sure, but obviously the answer lies that way," he said, pointing upstairs. "Come on."

Together they climbed the stairs, following the warm, pleasant lights to the open door of Snowfall and Silverlight's bedroom.

Snowfall was surprised to feel his burly friend tremble beside him.

"Are... are we going to get another spanking?" He tremulously asked.

Snowfall had to admit he was a little intimidated too, like a child who knew he had been bad but wasn't yet sure how much his mother knew about it. Cautiously, he entered the room, his naked friend behind him.

Silverlight lay on the bed, quite naked, and surrounded on all sides by candles. Each candle was in a different colored candleholder, producing the effect of a rainbow of color throughout the room. "That was a long bath," she purred. "I hope you're both nice and relaxed now."

Snowfall blushed to the roots of his hair, as did Firemane. "B-both...?" Snowfall stammered. "Beloved, you're... ah..."

"Naked, and ready to sample a little of that which you've so freely given to your friend today." Her eyes were like molten steel.

The color drained out of Snowfall's face. "I have been unfaithful," he moaned. "And I'm sorry. Please don't be angry, Firemane is my dearest friend and I only—"

Silverlight sat up, eyes flashing. Firemane whimpered out loud and Snowfall feared he might wet himself.

"NO excuses," she thundered. "Both of you. Come here. On the bed. NOW."

They approached her and at her direction lay down to one side of her, Snowfall in the middle, Firemane on the outside.

She leaned down and they saw her face had gone tender, motherly.

"Did you think I didn't know? That I didn't see the unspoken love shining between you? Firemane looks at you as if you were a great treasure and you, Snowfall, make every possible excuse to touch him or hug him.

"At first I laughed at what foolish children you were, wrestling in the woods and playing as boys do—you were so innocent of each other! But then, you began to wet your pants..."

Firemane blushed. He had been the first one to lose the wrestling matches in that way, after all.

"And somehow, it seemed to trigger something in both of you. It went on and on—every day, one of you was coming home wet, Firemane began to spend more time here and with you, husband, everywhere you went—in truth, I began to feel a little neglected."

Snowfall's cheeks burned with guilt.

"But I saw the truth behind the games: that you were in love with each other. And then I myself began to feel guilty—it was such an innocent love, the kind boys who grow up together have for each other. And I knew that it would cause misery and heartache between us if I stood in the way of it.

"So now I ask you this: having loved each other, are you satisfied?" She looked at them with wide, earnest eyes.

Snowfall and Firemane glanced at each other. "W-we..." Snowfall began, then fell silent.

"I love him," Firemane said into the momentary silence that followed. "I'm sorry. I can't help it. I love my friend and I will love him always, and I'm sorry that I interfered in any way with the love you have for each other; but he is my best friend, and I love him."

To the boys' surprise, Silverlight seemed happy with this. "Beautiful, beautiful man," she said, reaching across Snowfall to stroke Firemane's cheek, "Your heart is so big, and your passion so pure. I know you love my husband. But I wonder... do you think you could love me, as well?"

Firemane stared, as did Snowfall. "Wh-what... how do you mean," began Firemane.

Silverlight lay back, her arms spread above her head exposing her smooth, round breasts, shadowy in the flickering candlelight. Her gaze now encompassed both males: husband and husband's lover.

"I mean, would you consider joining us, Snowfall and I? Would you consent to extending your love for him to include me, as well?"

Snowfall gaped. "You mean...?"

She stroked his bare chest. "I mean I can think of no other I could accept into my bed, my house, and my marriage than one who loves my Snowfall as much as I do."

Snowfall's eyes filled with tears. "Then... then..."

Silverlight smiled, gazing at the beautiful, naked men before her. "I would like to expand our marriage to include a third, and have beautiful Firemane be mine as much as yours. I would like him to live with us, love us, and share his life with us. What I'm asking, Firemane, is will you consent to marry us?"

Firemane's hand trembled as he reached across Snowfall to take Silverlight's hand in his. "Lady— gracious, beautiful lady— I accept. I will marry you. Both of you," he added, a little sheepishly.

Tears were running down Snowfall's face. "This can't be real. It's a dream, a dream I could never have wished could happen—"

He was silenced by Silverlight's kiss on his lips. "Don't talk, husband. Make love to me. Love me while our new husband loves you. Love him as you would me."

Slowly, silently, they moved together—Snowfall's erection firm and aching with love for his wife, even as he felt the heat of Firemane's (his HUSBAND's) cock pressing between the cheeks of his backside.

Moaning, he entered his wife as for the second time in his life he too was entered. Firemane impaled him on his thick, meaty shaft and Silverlight took him into her tight moist warmth and for a pleasurable time he was embraced lovingly front and back.

This time, the orgasm was less of an explosion than it was a release, a groaning surge of love that flowed into him from Firemane, out of him into Silverlight.

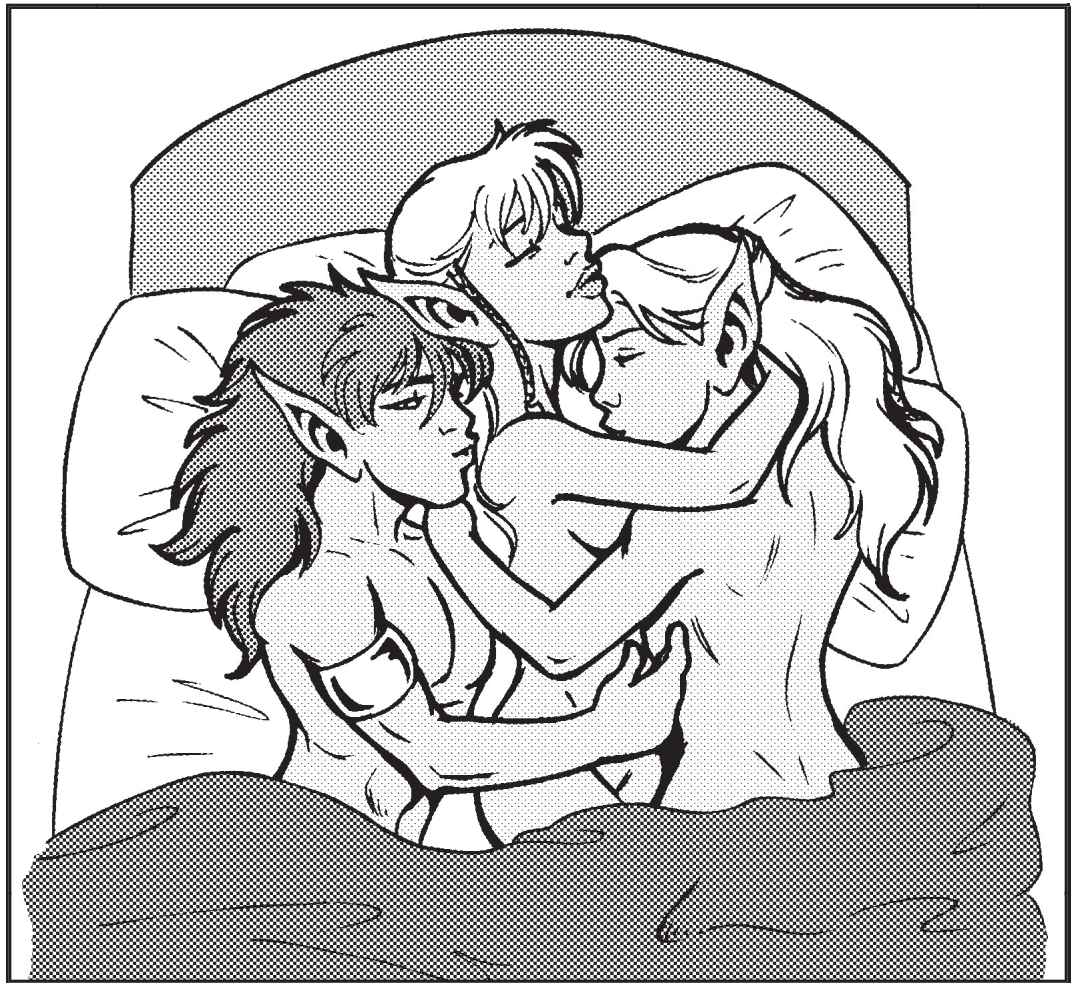
They lay there, sweat cooling. Silverlight smiled at them both. "Now, boys," she said reprovingly as her finger lightly flicked Snowfall's nipple, "What do we know about sharing? Take turns," she purred.

Happily, the two males changed places, slender Snowfall facing Silverlight while beefy Firemane brought up the rear, as it were.

The "practice session" being over, they began again in earnest. This time, Silverlight was the first to throw back her head and gasp with the thunder of her climax, as the white-haired warrior astride her thrust powerfully into her, causing her to clench around his throbbing member and spasm with pleasure.

The wetness, so familiar to Snowfall's latest escapades, caused him to orgasm as well, knowing he had been judged and accepted. Firemane took a more dominant tactic, ensuring that he took a long, slow time possessing the trembling elf's backside before he came, gripping Silverlight's hips and holding her in place long after he was done.

Again they collapsed, panting. "Enough, enough," begged Silverlight. "I think we have plenty of time to explore all the options," she said. "But for now, I'd really just like to...ohhh... sleep," she said, getting up.



Snowfall watched her rise. "Where are you going?"

She shot him a gleeful look as she opened the trunk at the foot of the bed. "Given your reputations, and the example of the last few days, you don't think I'm going to sleep with you two without protection, do you?"

They saw what she meant as the candlelight revealed two thick diapers, which she held up to them, one in each

hand. "I don't trust you babies to stay dry at night," she giggled.

The males blushed. "Well, you can't say we don't deserve it," Firemane admitted, and lay back. Snowfall was amazed—the burly boy was hard again!

"I think you like diapers a lot more than you let on," he grinned.

Firemane hid his face under a pillow. "Grrrrr, shut up," he growled, but did nothing to hinder Silverlight as she slid a diaper under him (which he willingly raised his hips to receive) and pinned it solidly around his waist.

Snowfall laughed and, to please his wife, sucked his thumb while she diapered him. He was rewarded with a kiss and a gently tummy-tickle.

She slid back into bed, putting their new husband in the middle, and the three of them embraced as they gave in to sleep.

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Snowfall was awoken by a gentle shaking of his shoulder. He opened his blue eyes to see the smiling face of Silverlight.

"Good morning, pretty boy. Did you enjoy last night?"

Snowfall remembered, and his heart filled all over again with love for her. "Of course. You are a goddess," he smiled.

"I'm glad you think so. I've decided to allow you to deal with this morning's little problem."

Snowfall's brow wrinkled. What had gone wrong? "Problem?" He asked.

"Roll over and see." Silverlight pointed.

Snowfall obeyed. Beside him, lying on his back, Firemane slept peacefully: one arm on his chest, the other curled behind his head.

"He's so beautiful when he's asleep," Snowfall murmured.

"He is that. But the problem seems to be because he's asleep," Silverlight grinned. "Look at this." She drew back the covers and Snowfall saw Firemane's muscular chest, rising and falling with the rhythm of his breathing... his impressive washboard stomach... and...

"Gods," he hissed, and bit his lip.

Firemane had an impressive morning erection, but this was not what caused the surprise in Snowfall's whispered epithet. No, the erection, though impressive, was nothing compared to the state of the diaper that clung to its outline:

Firemane was wet. And not merely damp, but soaking wet. In fact, the bed underneath him was stained in a rough circle from his chest to his knees—clearly, his single diaper had not been enough to contain his nighttime accident.

Snowfall couldn't believe it. "Did he really... in his sleep?" He asked Silverlight.

She nodded. "I rolled over to kiss him good morning and felt how wet the bed was. Poor boy, I think the excitement was too much for him. You'll break the news to him, won't you?"

Snowfall grinned impishly. "What, don't you think he deserves a spanking?"

She ruffled his hair. "What a mean boy you are. I would never punish someone for something they can't help," she said pointedly, "as opposed to certain naughty rascals who do it on purpose."

Snowfall blushed. Silverlight smiled and left the room.

He reached over and gently shook Firemane. "Hey, Sleepyhead," he whispered into the finely pointed ear, "Wake up. It's morning."

Firemane's eyes fluttered open. "Mmm..." he murmured. "I had the greatest dream."

Snowfall smiled. "It wasn't a dream. It was all real."

Puppylike, Firemane gazed up at Snowfall, who had propped himself up on one elbow to look down at him. "Silverlight?"

"Loves us both terribly."

The redheaded warrior sighed in contentment. "Thank the gods."

"Notice anything different this morning?" Snowfall inquired.

"A general happiness suffuses my entire being," Firemane chuckled.

"Kind of a nice, warm feeling?" Snowfall arched an eyebrow.

"Yup," said Firemane contentedly.

With his other hand, Snowfall reached down to cup the sodden diapers between his lover's legs. "Sort of centered around here?"

Firemane looked down in horror as Snowfall's touch brought home to him that some of those pleasant feelings he was having were from being most shamefully wet.

"Oh...oh gods..." was all he could manage. "I... I did this?" He stared at his wet diapers as though not quite understanding how they got there. "I...?"

"Looks like you wet the bed. For real, this time, in your sleep."

Firemane moaned and closed his eyes. "Like a child."

Snowfall evinced surprise. "You mean you REALLY didn't do it on purpose?"

Firemane's eyes opened in anguish. "Of COURSE I didn't! Do you think I'd wet the bed with Silverlight right NEXT to me? Gods, how can I face her again? She'll never look at me the same way."

Snowfall had to adjust himself in his diaper; the very thought of his big, burly man having an 'accident' like a baby was just too much to think about, and it made him very hard in his own diaper.

"She's fine with it," he ventured. "She thought you looked cute. And remember, she diapered BOTH of us for just this reason."

"Yes, but I'm sure she never thought it would REALLY happen. It was just a joke. And here I've gone and shamed myself!" Firemane lamented.

Snowfall leaned over and kissed him. "It's fine, baby boy. Besides, you've wet your pants in public how many times, and she's seen you in those."

Even as Snowfall helped him get out of bed, Firemane was complaining: "Yes, but those times I had an excuse. You tickled me into wetting myself. This time, I was dead asleep. No excuse there."

Snowfall squeezed his wet backside as they entered the bathroom together. "Well, I happen to think you turning into a bedwetter is just fine with me." And he pressed his diaper-clad erection into Firemane's wet bottom.

Firemane blushed and grinned. "Well, I guess it isn't all bad."

Silverlight had made breakfast and had it waiting in the kitchen when her two men arrived, dressed in their clean leathers, which she had laid out for them.

"Good morning, darling husbands," she smiled. Firemane blushed. She ran a hand down his back and stroked his firm buttocks through the soft, smooth leather of his pants. "Someone had a wet diaper this morning."

Firemane looked as though he wished the sky would fall on his head.

Silverlight squeezed his backside and nuzzled his neck. "It's all right, honey," she said. "That's what diapers are for. And you looked so cute, little wet boy in his baby diapers—I'm not mad. It's okay."

Firemane nuzzled back, kissing her gently. He whimpered as her hand slid around from his backside to cup his groin. "Going to be able to keep these dry today, do you think?"

"Yes Mommy," the brawny elf said.

All three of them chuckled at that, and the mood was settled: they were going to be very happy together. And Snowfall pointed out that even embarrassment didn't stop their new boy from getting a very impressive hard-on in his leathers, which Firemane proudly showed off, letting them both stroke him in his pants before they all sat down, smiling, to their first breakfast together.

This might have been the end of it except for one more happening: that day, they spent their time going to Firemane's house and moving his things into Snowfall's. Fortunately, as a confirmed bachelor, the redhead didn't have much in the way of belongings and was only too happy to move in with the couple—although they were now a trio.

Snowfall had paused to stretch, his back muscles a little cramped from all the lifting and toting; like a cat, he held his arms above his head and arched his back, stretching, stretching... Firemane paused in his work, just to admire his lover's body, and to sneak a look at how wonderfully Snowfall's blue leather pants cupped him and molded to his curves when he was stretching.

But as he looked, he saw a small spot appear on Snowfall's crotch! And to his surprise, it grew—not just a little, but in fact proceeded to expand to cover the white-haired elf's groin. His gaze flicked up to Snowfall's face. The other elf had his eyes closed, and seemed to be enjoying his stretch.

Still the dark stain spread, down one leg to the knee, where it soaked through the soft blue leather and began to drip on the floor. Firemane gaped.

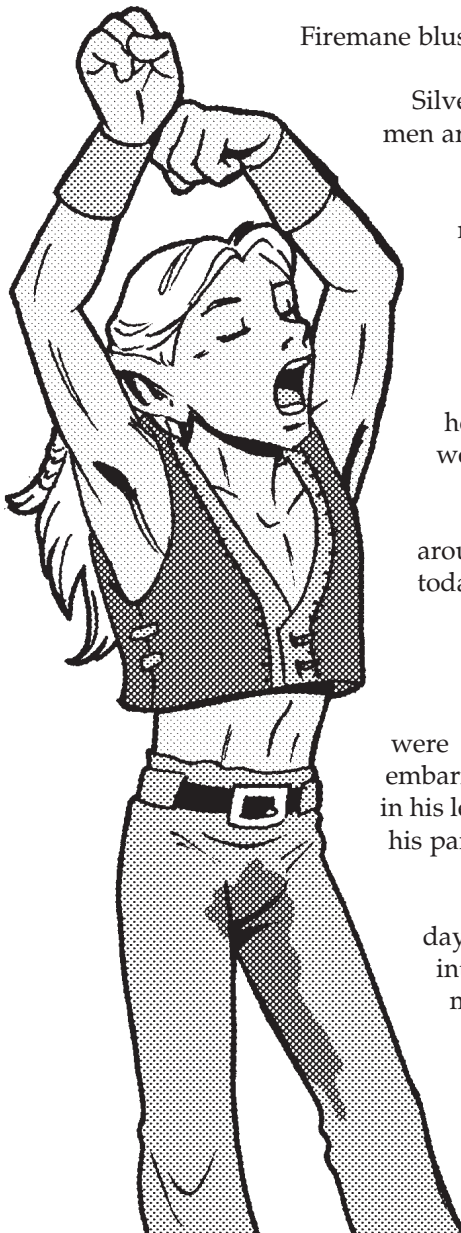
Snowfall yawned and shook himself. He smiled over at Firemane—then stopped. "Whoa, you look like someone dropped a bag of hammers on your head," he remarked. "What's the matter?"

Firemane was incredulous. Was Snowfall having him on? "Can't you tell?" he asked.

"Tell what?" Snowfall certainly didn't LOOK like he was joking.

Firemane merely pointed to Snowfall's pants.

Snowfall's brow creased and he looked down. "What are you talking ab—oh! Oh GODS. What in hell!?" He stared at his wet pants. "How could I have... I didn't! I didn't do this, I mean, I didn't mean to—!"



Firemane had to suppress a snicker; Snowfall was plucking at his wet pants the way a toddler would if he had just peed himself and was uncomfortable. "This isn't possible..." he lamented.

Firemane put his arms around Snowfall's waist, and now it was his turn to press his hard-on against the other's warm backside. "So you peed your pants. Wet them like a baby," he purred. The sight of Snowfall, helpless, made him very aroused indeed.

Snowfall still couldn't believe it. "I was just stretching, I didn't feel a thing... How could I have done it? I'm over a hundred years old; I don't just lose control and pee my pants! Not unless I've had too much to drink or you're tickling me or..."

Firemane spun him around and kissed him. "Looks like you're really upset. Maybe you need a pacifier," he said, staring into Snowfall's eyes.

Snowfall became aware of just how much brawnier his friend was than he, and felt the warrior's greater strength force him down on his knees, where he had a very good view of the thick hard-on stirring in the red leather breeches.

Strong hands clasped the back of his head and pressed his face into the huge groin, and he kissed the bulging mound with his lips. The belt was unbuckled and the pants pulled down for him, and then the hands were back round his head again.

Not that he needed encouragement to take the thick, meaty shaft into his mouth; far from it. In fact, he sucked and nursed more out of a need for comfort than any goading or direction from Firemane. He was lost, lost in a world of happiness; infantile sucking that was also somehow very sexual, very passionate. He completely forgot himself.

Firemane had his eyes closed, enjoying the submissive sucking at his cock, knowing that he had the strength to force Snowfall to please him but did not have to resort to it; words were enough between them and that in itself was so exciting...!

He heard the noise first. Where was it coming from? He opened his eyes and looked around, being careful not to interrupt what Snowfall was doing. It was sort of a hissing sound. A pattering sound, like fabric being ripped...no, not ripped, like... more like...

More like running water!

He looked down at Snowfall and there, where Snowfall knelt sucking him off, was a small puddle. Snowfall's eyes were closed and he once again seemed not to notice that he was, in fact, pissing helplessly into his pants. Firemane understood at once: Snowfall was so caught up in being ashamed and submissive, that he had lost control of his bladder again—all the way this time, not a simple dribble down one leg—and had well and truly pissed himself.

It was too much for Firemane, to see the utter lack of control his friend had—and he too began "wetting" helplessly—cumming hard into Snowfall's mouth, imagining that he himself had lost control just as his submissive boy had.

Snowfall sucked and swallowed every drop, nursing the "milk" from Firemane as though he were a very small boy nursing from his mother. He even made little moaning noises as it happened.

Then finally, Firemane withdrew, Snowfall's eyes opened, and he gazed up at his lover. "Thank you, that did make me feel better," he blushed.

"So did you know you were doing it that time?" Firemane asked gently.

Snowfall looked down at his soaked pants. "I did it again? But I didn't feel a thing—!"

Firemane stroked his hair. "I think you were a little preoccupied. Come on, we'll get you dry."

They bundled up Firemane's belongings and trudged home to Snowfall's—now "home" for Firemane as well—and Silverlight was waiting for them.

"Had time for a tickling match, did you? I see Snowfall lost." She grinned.

"Not this time," Firemane responded. "This time he had himself a little accident."

"You peed your pants? For real?" Silverlight wondered.

Snowfall was beet red. "I don't know how. It just kind of happened," he said lamely.

Silverlight shook her head. "Well, aren't you two a pair. Night and Day, you are. The one wets the bed at night—" Firemane ducked his head in shame—"and the other wets his pants during the day, fully awake." Snowfall winced as if in pain.

"Well, I can see I'll have a job taking care of you... but that means I get to be the Mommy, doesn't it?" She said impishly, holding out a hand to the sopping Snowfall. "I think I'm going to like this new arrangement very well indeed."

She led him away to the bathroom. Then she turned and beckoned to Firemane. "You, too," she said.

And that afternoon, two fully-grown elves in nothing but diapers helped their "Mommy" unpack. There were giggles, shouts, the occasional wallop to someone's backside, but all in all there was happiness.

—

Firemane continued to wet the bed, despite his best efforts not to; he was diapered every night (as was Snowfall, just in case) whereas Snowfall tended to wet his pants during the day if he got distracted or waited too long to relieve himself.

The tickling matches continued, although Snowfall would lose within seconds; for some reason he never did regain his control. But he wouldn't give up until he'd gotten Firemane back, forcing him to piss all over himself while laughing helplessly.

Sometimes Silverlight forced Snowfall to wear diapers during the day, making Firemane his "Daddy," which embarrassed Snowfall terribly. But sometimes she allowed him to go out in what she termed his "big-boy pants," where he generally came home wet, for she too enjoyed seeing the outline of his hard cock in wet pants, knowing that the shame of having an accident had turned him on.

And still other times she made Firemane drink excessively before bed, knowing that he could not control himself, for his morning erection and embarrassment was a tantalizing reward for both she and Snowfall.

The game was fun and exciting, and now encompassed the three of them instead of merely two. And, being elves, they knew it would last for a long, long time. And as the elves say, that isn't an end—but merely a beginning.

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