

Diaper Pail Pig

“Just be casual, Kyle. Don’t make him think you are staring” My friend turned quickly, staring at the man over my shoulder. I let out a deep sigh. “Damn it! I said to be casual about it.”

“HOLY SHIT! You weren’t kidding.”

Just a few lockers down from them stood a man. His body was hard with muscles and covered in a forest of dark curly hair. Deep lines of hard training and dedication were carved into his torso, but it wasn’t his physique that caught my attention, but the large plush white diaper strapped around his waist. The stranger showed no care to hide his diaper as he strolled around the room, flexing in the mirrors, washing his hands, and weighing himself. He acted as if he was not humiliated or ashamed of the diaper.

“Do you think he’s . . . into them?” I asked.

“Fuck if I know. Why you wanna see if he needs a change?”

“Why you gotta be nasty like that! I wouldn’t be caught dead in a diaper!”

Heads turned towards me and then towards the man in the diaper. Several people had chosen to ignore the man who paraded around so confidently in the undergarment but, now as attention was forced towards him, the entire room erupted into laughter. The muscular man’s cheeks burnt a bashful pink as his eyes narrowed at me. I felt a deep shame for calling him out. I half expected the man to throw me into the nearest locker and use his hard-earned muscles. But as the room continued to laugh, his hate-filled eyes widened, and he began to cry. His white diaper’s front began to expand and transition in color as piss flooded the once clean insides. Heavy tears ran down his face as he unloaded his bladder into his diaper. Quickly, the diaper-wearing stranger gathered his belongings and ran from the locker room. His heavy diaper squished and sagged as he continued into the open gymnasium and out the front door.

“Well—um—that was weird,” My friend commented as the sound of the wailing man finally ceased.

“You can say that again,” I agreed. “ANYWAYS—do you want some pre-workout?”

I lifted the canister and shook it enticingly towards my friend.

Our workout continued without further weirdness or diaper intrusions and only ended when the front desk announced the gym was closing. Kyle peaced out while I hung back, showering and changing out of my workout clothes. I paraded around the locker room with just my towel around my waist, enjoying the freedom of showing off my body and posing in the large walls of mirrors.

“That’s him, daddy,” a voice squeaked behind me.

Jumping at the sound of a voice, I turned towards the locker room entrance and saw the diaper-wearing muscle man hidden by a chubby older gentleman. The muscular man still wore his cartoonish sized diaper and tanktop while the older man sported a stained wifebeater and blue jeans. Both stretched over his rotund gut and heavy frame. Large aviators obscured half of his face while a graying beard covered the remainder, hiding what I assumed was a double chin.

“You sure, baby?” The older man asked, rubbing the muscular man’s shoulder in a loving yet consoling manner. His voice was deep and raspy from years of smoking and drinking.

“Yes, sir!” The muscled stranger confirmed with a triumphant stomp. “He’s the one that made me cry and . . . and . . .” The diaper-wearing stranger’s eyes turned glossy, warning of more tears that come. The front of the diaper began to expand as the man lost control of his bladder for the second time.

“It’s okay, baby.” The older man consoled. “Why don’t you go play with some weights? You love your weights. Get big and strong for daddy?” The glossy film evaporated from his eyes, and he nodded.

“Yes, sir!”

The diaper-wearing stranger kicked the locker room door open and proudly marched out, leaving me with the fat stranger.

“Listen, dude, I don’t know what you guys are into, but I am not interested,” I said, raising my hands in submission. “It was just a misunderstanding. I didn’t know he would-”

“Cry? Yes, my baby is a little sensitive when people laugh at him in his diapers. I think he looks quite sexy in them—don’t you?” The fat man asked as he approached me. I clutched my towel tighter around my waist as the man closed the distance between us.

“Man, like I said, it’s not my thing. Y’all can go do whatever you want together.”

I backed myself towards my locker, never looking away from the man—unsure of what he would do. He didn’t look fit, but he was big.

The man lowered his sunglasses and revealed a pair of swirling back and white eyes.

“HOLY FUCK!” I screamed, throwing myself into the nearest wall. Desperate to get as far from the man as possible.

“But what if you did love it?” The man asked. His aged voice dropped lower into a soothing tone. I stared at the eyes, feeling myself falling deeper into them. “What if you did love diapers? Loved the way a heavy fresh diaper felt against your face? The feeling of a wet diaper around your cock? What if you could only cum with a shit-filled diaper pressed into your nose? What if the smell was the only thing that could get your cock hard? What if you worshipped diaper pails, full of the waste and piss?”

“No,” I breathed.

“But yes, you love them. So deeply. So fanatically. You lust for them. You can already feel yourself falling deeper in lust with a desperate need to find them. You want them. I will leave here, and you will forget ever meeting me, but you will find the lust for dirty diapers buried within you. You will beg for them. You will search for them. You will descend into the deepest bowels of the internet, becoming the dirtiest diaper pail pig imagined.”

His words wormed their way into my brain, spreading the infection of his commands. I closed my eyes, wishing it would be over, and when I reopened my eyes. I couldn’t remember what I was doing. I looked around the room and felt like I forgot somethings but just couldn’t scratch that itch in my memory.