

Tag a Pledge

Lucky was a month into wearing diapers for his university's soccer team when it all went wrong.

He'd submitted himself to their rules, the unexpected weirdness of it all, because it carried such hope and purpose; he'd dreamed about playing for the team for as long as he'd wanted to attend the school. His chance had been crushed by a nasty foul by a fellow trialist, Billy, while competing for places. It was a foul that left him with wet shorts on the pitch, with Billy eventually stealing the final position that was up for grabs.

It seemed to have been thematically fateful; after trying to convince the team to give him another shot, they "offered" him the mascot position of team baby, having locked his cock in a chastity cage, and diapering the poor dog against his will.

Lucky had taken it in his stride. Nothing could crush that gusto of his, knowing that his dedication and close proximity might one day see him snatch a chance at kicking a ball amongst them.

He fell into a necessary routine easily enough. He attended practises with the other dogs, cleaned up when they were done, and eagerly assisted with some training when they needed an extra body or hand.

He'd seek them out when he had a wet diaper on, trying not to shirk in the face of humiliation. Some of the team were quite eager to help him along, taking a lot of pleasure in cleaning and padding his butt. It seemed to be a weird fixation with a subset of the players.

When he was fortunate, he might get unlocked and allowed to jerk off in between changes, but it was a rare opportunity that required the right team mate and timing. Some didn't mind seeing the Labrador squirt while sitting on a wet diaper if he offered them a helping hand in return, something the pent-up arousal pushed Lucky into doing obediently.

It was convenient, and mutual, and he never felt used by it. The team had their weird games, but Lucky was starting to feel more and more included, and hoped his days of becoming a full member of the team, and maybe even the fraternity most of the team belonged to, as well.

This all looked set to change when he was beckoned to the house to see Devon, the captain, where he also found Billy waiting. And the captain was not pleased.

Two days prior, Lucky had been struck with an uncomfortable stomach during a match. Standing on the sidelines, helping with water bottles, towels and anything else the team needed, Lucky's situation grew from bad to worse, and while neither wanting to interrupt or mention his gross stomach, he deteriorated rapidly and ended up having a bad accident in front of the team.

Feeling very degraded in front of the near few who noticed, the Labrador blamed something he ate and shuffled off to the locker rooms to clean up, and then mortifyingly diapered again when they were done playing. It wasn't until he was mysteriously summoned, that he learned Billy had slipped something into some food the dogs all shared the night before the

game; the terrier stupidly overheard gleefully gloating that night at how he'd humiliated the Labrador.

Standing in front of Devon, Lucky had never seen the smirk wiped off of Billy's face so fast. Bruiser and Tyler were in the room too, raising the tension. Two of the more eager champions for diapering Lucky.

"You have disobeyed the rules, disrespected a pledge under our protection, and you jeopardised the *entire team* with your stupid prank... But the good news is we haven't started proper hazing yet with Lucky, and we need a volunteer."

"The fuck?" the terrier spluttered.

"You heard him," Bruiser warned, and Billy wasn't stupid enough to pick a fight with the malamute.

"We need more diapers," Devon barked, displeased, as someone scurried away on command.

Billy looked like he wanted to bolt from any exit he could find, but he was going nowhere if he didn't want to burn all of his bridges.

Lucky was swelling with excitement; as scary as a "proper" hazing might be, this sounded like his opportunity to overtake Billy, get out of diapers and get into the team. His patience and embarrassment were going to pay off! It felt incredible to hear Devon speak protectively of him.

The other dog returned holding a large changing bag, setting it down on a sofa in the common area.

"Pledges," Devon commanded. "Lie down on the floor."

Lucky knew the drill, stripping down to his diaper and parking his soft butt downwards, before lying down entirely. Billy didn't budge.

"I'm not a pledge!" Billy yelled, frustrated and worried, and it didn't take long for Bruiser and Tyler to wrestle him backwards, toppling him over until he was pressed and held on the hard wooden floor. The terrier tried to wriggle and fight them off, but he was overpowered physically, before Devon disarmed him entirely.

"If you want to continue playing for us, if you even want to *dream* about joining this fraternity, then you will listen, you will obey. Is that understood, *pledge*?"

Billy was frozen. Lucky couldn't believe the turn of events. Lucky had welcomed Billy getting put in his place since he made him piss himself, but the revelation he made him forcefully crap his diaper was now filling him with a desire for vengeance.

"Boys," Devon said, looking at the terrier with disdain, "It's time Billy here earned his place. You know what to do."

The captain then turned his attention to Lucky, who was quiet on the floor, and knelt down, reaching for the Labrador's diaper tapes.

A rare change from the captain! Lucky gulped nervously, but he didn't blush too hard. It was hard to feel truly vulnerable and embarrassed as Billy was stripped naked beside him,

watching him fight back sobs as his underwear was taken away, and a diaper unfolded from the change bag.

Lucky's barely used diaper was removed, and he tried to relish the attention from Devon despite the more dramatic happenings to his right. He was cleaned and being tucked into a new diaper as Billy was still being mortifyingly powdered with a whimper he could no longer hold off.

Lucky was diapered first, unable to keep his eyes off the terrier being forced into padding; the same fate he had brought upon Lucky in the first place, now inflicted on him. It was perfect.

Both dogs were hoisted to their feet, Lucky adjusting the fit between his legs slightly, with experience, while Billy stood frozen, no doubt truly feeling the padding between his legs as his thighs closed. He had a look of powerless rage, like he'd rather burn the fraternity to the ground than join on these terms.

Tyler had disappeared and re-emerged with another bag, a duffel, much larger than the one full of diapers and changes. Its contents Lucky had no idea of, and apart from a glance between the team mates it wasn't mentioned either. Lucky had no idea what was in store for both of them, but his heart sank as Devon led the way to the front door, swinging it wide open and walking outside onto the campus.

He felt a nudge from behind, and started to walk, whatever slight superiority he felt minutes ago evaporating as his situation became considerably more exposed. He could hear Billy yell from behind him, afraid to look back while trying to keep his head down as he shuffled down the path in nothing but a diaper. The terrier appeared to value getting a position in the fraternity above his shame though, as he noisily complied, before shutting up when Bruiser warned that he'd just attract even more attention.

One by one they walked the path from frat house to quad, with more than a few students gawking, laughing, and whispering to each other as the pledges crinkled by. Devon, in stony, confident silence, then stopped at the ending T-section of the walkway, and turned to face both diaper dogs.

"Lucky," the captain addressed, "You've shown determination in the face of humiliation time and time again. Your gut, and desire to play for us has not gone unnoticed."

Lucky inhaled deeply. He should have been proud, but he didn't feel like he was finally being rewarded. Why did it have to be here and now he was being told these things...

A small number of students had stopped in their tracks to witness the sight. Lucky could feel their eyes, their murmurs. Their position, no doubt chosen wisely, was heavily surrounded and visible, with nothing more than a number of trees to block eyelines from across the campus. His paws fidgeted, but there was no covering the bulky diaper with those alone.

"Billy," Devon spoke with a firmer authority, "We welcomed you into our team, but you've squandered a great opportunity."

Lucky allowed himself a glance at Billy, who was a picture of dread.

"Today we have a challenge," Devon spoke to both, "One place in the team, yours to seize."

Billy cried out angrily; no doubt anguished by his spot being up for grabs, in a competition already so degrading. He was ignored by the captain, aside from the merest flicker of a look.

“Do you both accept?”

Lucky affirmed immediately, as did Billy, with a groan and no other option.

Lucky felt a paw clamp down on his shoulder, and guided him without much force beyond Devon’s right, towards a lamppost. At first confused, his anxiety grew as he was turned around, back to the post, and his arms pulled behind him. As he now expected, he was to be tied here as the new mysterious bag was opened, and rope tossed to the dog holding him back.

Billy was far more undignified as a challenger, looking like he was on the brink of a tantrum as he was pulled into position by Bruiser, the malamute more than capable of holding the thrashing terrier, before his wrists were cuffed around the post, lightly but effectively stuck where he was.

The terrier spewed angrily as Lucky was more deftly restrained; rope circling his torso and wrists multiple times before being knotted. He could barely budge when the job was done, wriggling with his exposed diaper for the campus to see, wondering what the challenge could be if he couldn’t move and Billy hadn’t been put on equal grounding.

The terrier was growling at the opposite side of the captain, but with enough movement that he’d probably tire himself out and become very uncomfortable.

The few team members present ignored the plight of the two exposed pledges, and continued to work from the large duffel bag. They drew and unfolded a small picnic table, erecting it between both dogs, followed by a small, extendable placard stand behind it.

Tyler stocked the table with baby bottles, all filled to the brim, and some more of the babyish accessories Lucky had already briefly encountered, like pacifiers and bibs.

Devon was busy writing on a sheet of paper, revealing a hand-written sign to “Tag a Pledge!”, followed by what looked like hashtags with their names. The paper was then stuck to the placard board behind the table between them both, where everyone else walking the path could read it.

“This is real simple, pledges,” Devon instructed, “The winner is the one who gets tagged online the most. Cry for attention. Beg for your photo to be taken. Do whatever it takes. Best of luck. I can’t wait to check my feed.”

The captain smiled for the first time since Billy’s transgression was brought up, and without a single look back, strolled away from the site, the rest of the team following with him.

“Fuck!” Billy yelled, antsy but with nowhere to go. “This is all your fault!”

“My fault!?” Lucky laughed. “You were the one supposed to be hazed. I gave you a break, you blew it, and I’ll probably steal your place because of it. Idiot.”

“My father is going to make sure you’re kicked so goddamn far from the frat, I swear it,” Billy growled. Lucky doubted he could back that up in any way, otherwise he wouldn’t have been stuck here like this.

Their brief spat distracted them for only a moment, as the small crowd who had hung around to see what was happening were now admiring and plotting what they could do to “help”.

“Oh my god, that bib is SO precious!”

Two girls had started poking around the accessory table. Lucky swallowed his pride, and seized his chance immediately.

“H-hey! You’re right. Wanna see me wearing it?”

The two girls laughed, eyeing each other as if to decide whether or not to participate in the weirdness. “Sure,” one finally replied, picking a bib up and draping it around Lucky’s neck. “They really get you pledges over a barrel, huh?”

Lucky blushed, fully aware of how stupid he must look, chasing acceptance.

“We’ll, you’re cute, so, smile baby boy!”

Lucky did his best to smile but he was sure he just looked like a dumb, blushing mess as the girl snapped a selfie with him, before giggling and waving good-bye.

Lucky whimpered to himself as he realised this could not only become his whole day, but that his embarrassed, exposed state of dress was going to be plastered all over the university’s social networks, if not breaching any further. “D-Don’t forget the hashtag! Please!”

“You’re a freak,” Billy snapped, “I bet you’re enjoying this.”

Lucky smiled to himself. While he sure didn’t enjoy his previous month in diapers, he also knew he had a clear advantage. He was also winning now, he hoped, and the longer Billy wasn’t encouraging the game, the better.

“Even if I was, do you think you’re better off right now?” Lucky berated back to him, smugly. “Wait until you need to piss! At least I’m used to it...”

“I’m not fuckin’ pissing any diaper,” Billy insisted, more to himself than anyone else.

“Best of luck with that,” Lucky said dryly.

More and more students became aware of the spectacle, some rolling their eyes and continuing to walk. Billy had not yet become close to asking anyone to engage, which was a relief to Lucky as he gingerly let people pass-by.

Some others did take photos, to which Lucky tried to retain his pep and encourage his hashtag as people laughed and moved on. He had no idea if he was successful or not.

Billy started to rage as more and more clicks were made in front of him, clearly humiliated by the diaper he could not hide. This worried Lucky as he now couldn’t keep track of how many of the students had gotten involved.

Lucky soon saw the familiar red and gold of the soccer tracksuit in the distance, with a body and fur colour that could only be Bruiser. He doubted their time was up already, but one could hope...

“How’re you boys doing?” Bruiser smirked, eyeballing the baby bottles on the table. “I see no one has made you drink yet.”

“Bruiser, come on, man!” Billy fussed, “We’re done here, yeah?”

The malamute bristled, eyeing him none of the respect a former team mate might be afforded. Instead, he bellowed to the passers-by. “I need a volunteer!”

There was a wave of muttering from people, some stopping to see what was happening.

“Nothing to be afraid of,” he followed up, lifting two baby bottles. “I just can’t feed them both.”

“If you THINK yo-!” Billy yelled incredulously, but Bruiser shut him down with a growl.

“Shut it, pledge, I’m feeding you *myself*.”

Even Billy quivered. The malamute had earned his nickname from being an unstoppable brick wall of a defender on the pitch, a reputation that carried far beyond the sport.

“He’ll do it!” a student chirped from the crowd, laughing, and pushing a fox forward, who threw a glare backwards, and then grinned awkwardly at Bruiser. The intimidating dog nodded happily though, and passed one of the bottles along.

“Oh, balls...” Lucky muttered as the fox examined the bottle, before looking the Labrador up and down, bib to diaper, up close and personal. He could accept doing this with the team, having a brotherhood, a shared experience that wouldn’t leave the group, but now he was about to be bottle fed by a student he might never be able to look in the eye again.

Lucky wriggled futilely before giving in. Bruiser was holding a paw up to stall the fox.

“Whoever can finish their bottle first gets a tag from me,” Bruiser announced.

Lucky sighed to himself as he realised reposts from someone like Bruiser’s account could be invaluable. He took a deep breath.

“Get ready,” he stated, as both boys had bottles dangled just in front of their muzzles. Lucky was focusing on himself, but he was sure Billy’s face would have been a sight to behold. A single drop of milk leaked from the teat.

“And go.”

The fox tilted and pushed the bottle forward as Lucky opened immediately and started to suck, but as the drops hit his tongue, a tangy, unpleasant taste hit him. It wasn’t going to be this easy- they’d mixed something else with the milk to make it harder to drink he thought, as his stomach twisted.

Nonetheless he sucked as hard as he could, but it was hard to swallow and be rid of the foul taste quickly as it squirted on his tongue. It was deeply unpleasant, and he tried to focus on his career as a college soccer player instead. He could do this. It was just a drink.

Lucky drank and drank, until he was forced to take a break, almost gagging, before beckoning the fox to keep going. Milk dribbled down his jaw. It was so degrading, but he persevered. He could do this, until-

“Wow!” he heard Bruiser gush, “Billy wins.”

Lucky almost spit the milk out of his mouth. No!

“What!?” he coughed, turning to the side, but the empty baby bottle being placed on the table confirmed it. “Fuck!”

He started to whine. All of that for nothing, with that taste now stuck in the back of his throat.

Bruiser snapped a picture of the glaring diapered terrier, before turning a disappointed look towards the Labrador.

“No bad language, diaper boy,” the fox cackled before stuffing one of the pacifiers in Lucky’s mouth. “Keep that in there and I might at least take your picture.” He rolled back to his friend who was weak at the knees laughing.

Lucky wanted to scream now, and pulled against the ropes, clenching his teeth on the pacifier. He wasn’t going to lose this, not at this cost.

Bruiser left the scene with both dogs dejected. Billy seemed completely oblivious or uncaring to his victory in the bottle contest, looking miserable, slumped against his post.

Lucky tried to keep his enthusiasm up, chatting to anyone close enough to walk by, taking more selfies, and “posing” for pictures while immobile, but the tight bondage was wearing him down. His stomach also felt uncomfortably full from the bottle, walking the edge of queasiness due to the taste and his physical discomfort. He longed to stretch out a little.

Billy wasn’t fairing much better, alternating between leaning on the post, and crouching down. He hadn’t sunken to the level of getting on his knees yet, but he looked just as physically fed up. He had not warmed to the experience at all either, but more concerningly, his fury and grumpiness was making for attractive photo opportunities. He didn’t even have to ask to be plastered online.

It wasn’t until Billy started to whine, that Lucky knew things were about to get even worse for him. Lucky had been feeling a growing need to urinate, but was trying to ignore it for as long as he could to reduce it being front and centre of everyone’s view. Billy’s frantic tapping of his paws suggested he was far more urgent. The baby bottles had passed through them both eerily fast.

Billy’s verbal lashings had ceased for a while now, and he started muttering to himself as he stood restlessly around the lamppost. There was nowhere he could go, no way he could stand to relieve himself of his aching bladder. A couple of students in the area were now looking at him with concern, until he realised he was doing a very unhelpful dance with a strained face, then rocked his torso back and forth, starting to look like was in agony.

Lucky couldn’t help but laugh to himself, goading the terrier into letting go. If it risked him garnering more attention, Lucky was taking enough solace in his previous tormentor desperately trying not to piss the diaper forced around his waist.

“Just wet yourself, you’ll feel better!” Lucky teased knowing full well he’d have to let go at some point too, but knowing he at least wouldn’t make such an event out of it.

“It’s- It’s not-” Billy squealed.

“Just do it, you *big baby*,” Lucky smirked, as a semicircle of students watched the fruitless battle between dog and bladder.

“S’not piss!” Billy yelled with an incredible groan. Lucky’s ears tucked back in fear, for in that exact moment, his full stomach gave a nasty gurgle, bubbling within, and an urge to poop hit him like a truck. The bottles were spiked with laxatives.

There was no time to dwell on it as the terrier farted in pain, grunting into a howl and sliding downwards on the pole towards his knees. His diaper-seat expanded, unable to hold back the force of such incredible noise.

Near foetal positioned, Billy hugged the post, humiliated, broken, and hiding his face. It did nothing to conceal his diaper, which Lucky spied was now also wet between the legs.

The crowd was in stunned silence. It would have been beautiful poetic justice, but Lucky was facing his second dirty diaper in just a week. He stood with his mouth agape as his own pressure grew. Billy’s experience had been so explosive, so uncomfortable looking, and here he was, unable to *move*. Lucky grunted quietly to himself as some trapped wind rose up, causing him to squirm in the face an inescapable fate.

“It’s happening to him too!” Lucky heard from the crowd, as their eyes moved from the hobbled terrier to the trapped Labrador. Lucky saw phones raise to meet him. He blushed, in his ever-growing agony. Some took pictures, a few were recording it. Staring down the lense of the camera, he knew what he had to do.

With the potential of the whole world watching, Lucky let go, and filled the back of his diaper.

Just as noisy as Billy’s experience, Lucky was forced to push in strained discomfort, visibly pissing his diaper front, and awkward filling the back. Unlike Billy, he couldn’t move, but his legs started to grow weak from each wave of the evacuation, and he realised he could slide downwards slowly, to ease his aching muscles. Lucky eventually hit the ground, squelching the mess in every direction, grimacing wildly for the camera, and pushing the stink into the air.

The crowd recoiled, disgusted. Some left. Some took more pictures. The recording kept going.

Lucky hung his head in shame. It was probably the most impact-worthy thing he could do in his situation, and it might send him down in history on campus. He just had to sit and hope it would be enough to win the hashtag war.

The crowd eventually grew uncomfortable themselves. The two dogs no longer weird-but-amusing display pieces, but now broken, embarrassed shells of their former selves. The students dispersed, unsure of what to think of the ordeal, having just witnessed two soccer boys shit their diapers in the quad.

The dogs didn’t have to wait long for Devon to return, a sure sign that the twisted experience was over. Lucky was released, to his enormous relief, while Billy pushed aside a helping hand once his handcuffs were unlocked. He cried as he got to his feet, waddling with the weight of his excrement sitting between his legs.

Devon wrapped an arm around Lucky's shoulders. "My dude," he chuckled, "you've set the place alight. *'College boy poops his pants!'*"

Lucky thought he might faint. If he'd still lost after all that...

"Welcome to the team," the captain smiled. "I knew you had promise, putting up with our crap. Now don't let us down!" He let go of the Labrador, but swatted his dirty butt as he left.

Lucky thought he'd faint. He slouched down, hands on his knees, and let an elongated breath out as his tummy rumbled again. He needed to get out of this diaper quickly! But he'd won!

"Are you *fucking* serious!?" Billy screamed towards an unimpressed captain. "I need to be in that fraternity!"

"Applications are still open," Devon warned, "But you'd better get used to those diapers, and *really* convince us you're worth a second shot."

Billy stormed away with as much dignity as a hysterical, dirty-diapered dog could hold.

Lucky stood in disbelief, as the pats on the back and congratulations of his new team mates faded his exposure into the background.

They started to walk him towards getting cleaned up, where Lucky only realised now from their relief, that they thought Billy had had it coming to him too.

He started to fantasise about underwear again, about getting his cock back, getting back to normal. It was a wonderful thought, and he couldn't keep it to himself.

Sadly for Lucky, the turns of head from the team, and looks in unison he received, suggested his days in diapers were far from over.