

## 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.

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That night was potentially the worst night's rest I had ever attempted. My body felt hot to the touch, and no matter how high I turned my air conditioner, I could not cool down. The blankets wrapped tightly around my body as I tossed and turned while my head was a swirl of colors and sound, and whenever I slipped into sleep, I only saw these swirling eyes glaring at me through the darkness. A voice spoke out to me, but I could comprehend anything that it said. Moments through the night, I couldn't seem to breathe. The air was just too thin and my lungs too weak.

Though when the next morning came, and the shine shined through my curtains. I had never felt better. I threw the blankets from my bed and grunted as an acidic smell slapped me in the face. I spread my legs and saw the once-white sheets had dyed yellow from piss.

“The fuck?!”

My underwear was soaked through, and my cock bulged aggressively through the damp fabric.

I covered my nose as the noxious smell continued to filter into my brain

*You like it.*

A voice whispered in my brain as I stared at the large yellow pool of piss that stained my sheets.

*You lust after it.*

My cock throbbed as if by command.

*You want it.*

Like a puppet moved by its master's command, my hand came from my nose and squeezed my wet underwear. Piss leaked into my hand,

and my cock ached for more.

“Fuck, why do I like this?” I moved further down on the bed and laid in the middle of the still wet puddle. My back squished along the wet bed as I leaned into the damp surface. I slid the underwear from my cock and stared at it as it glistened, covered in piss. “God, this is so nasty,” I grunted as I slid my hand up and down my wet shaft.

*But you love it. You want more of it.*

My cock lurched upward and launched a stream of piss into my face. Seconds seemed to stretch into hours as I twisted my head to the side to miss the stream but couldn't stop the want in me to let it douse me. I tilted my head to the side and felt my mouth open up. The stream filled my mouth and overflowed the sides. I swallowed what I could but enjoyed the sharp taste while my eyes stayed closed to avoid the reality.

I spat out the mouth of piss onto my chest and humped my cock into my closed fist. The piss seemed never to end, and from the harsh jabs of my cock the stream covered my entire body and body.

“God so disgustiiiiinnnggg!” I cried out as my stream of piss transitioned to cum. My load shot onto my chest. Several hot thick shots dribbled around my torso as I took deep huffs of the stench of piss in my room.

*Good boy.*

The moment the lust finally ebbed, and reality came back to me. I stared at my bed, my body, and retched in disgust. I ran to the bathroom and threw myself into the shower. I didn’t care about the cold water as it struck me or how hot the water became as it washed away the piss and cum from my body.

I leaned into the wall and tried to rectify what had happened.

Why did that happen?

I stood underneath the water for thirty minutes, hoping the scalding water would wash about the nauseous feeling in his stomach or that my cock started to grow hard every time I thought about what I did.

**BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP**

“God,” I groaned. I stepped out of the shower, dried, and continued to stare at my destroyed bed. “What the hell even was that?”

Pushing those thoughts aside, I dressed, grabbed my wallet, and headed out the door. I stood in front of the elevator, waiting and thinking.

“How did that . . . oOOooOOOo.”

My knees buckled together as I felt my bladder release into my jeans. I fell forward with arms outstretched, catching myself on either side of the elevator’s frame.

“Oooh fuck! No!” I cried out loudly as I felt a warmth flood into the front of my jeans. I looked down and saw the dark stain grow from the crotch down my leg.

*So sexy. So nasty. Pissing yourself in public like a good boy.*

My body shook as the humiliation washed over me like a tsunami. I could feel my balls tighten beneath my shaft as I flooded my underwear and drenched my pants in piss. The door opened, and I stared at the two women. Their eyes lowered to my piss-covered jeans, and the words came from my mouth before I could stop myself.

“I’m pissing myself like a good boy!”

Cum leaked from my cock as I fell forward. The women screamed and ran from me in disgust as I seized on the floor from pleasure. My cock rotated between urine and sperm until I felt the entire elevator had flooded with my fluids. I pulled myself up and watched as the door opened to a large man.

“Well, it looks like someone needs a change.” The man sniffed the air, grinning like a maniac.

I stared at the heavysset stranger and somehow knew him.