

# HIGH SCHOOL EXPERIENCE



Tim was unable to take his mind off of the jock, his personal bully. He'd endured two visits of humiliation. Privileges had been wrenched from him; parental controls installed on his console to be earned back in servitude. Tim should have been irritated at the inconvenience, but instead he spent his waking moments fantasising about the grip on him tightening further. He'd agree to anything at all to get more attention from the diapered athlete.

When Brett messaged him for a third playdate, Tim couldn't answer faster. He was throbbing before the jock offered the slightest detail of what to do, and this time, Brett wasn't coming to visit.

Tim was to meet him in the early hours of the morning, in the city college's sports hall bathrooms. That was all he knew. Neither of them were students there; Tim had studied out of state, and Brett had already graduated, leaving him familiar with the grounds. It made him a little nervous and awkward to cross the campus and find the sports hall near the running track, but no one batted an eye-lid.

He was diapered of course, under instruction, and already filled up a little on the bus ride to get here. Just how Brett wanted to find him.


Tim found the bathroom, and lingered by the sinks, preparing to waste time and blend in by washing his hands or face in case a student turned up. But Brett had been right; the college was quiet at this hour of the morning, especially where the bathrooms and sports hall were considered.

The bathrooms themselves though... were unclean, like whoever was responsible did half of the work of which ever college sports star came in here to piss. The urinals were pungent. The tiled floor and walls grim. Each cubicle wall was it's own unique piece of "art", with just about anything scribbled over them through the years. Tim wondered if the location was just for his degradation, or if it carried a significance to the jock. It shocked him that any college would allow defacement on this kind of level, but the sports stars were always afforded a *freedom* that others weren't.

Despite his surroundings, Tim's heart fluttered when he saw the Labrador at last. His mischievous, dopey smile flashing as he entered the bathroom, while taking a moment to realise it was empty of anyone else. A backwards baseball cap and a hoody never fit a dog so well.

"See?" he said, proudly, extending his arms. "We've got the place to ourselves."

Tim wasn't convinced this was the best flex, considering it was a public place, but the risk only seemed to heighten the humiliation he could suffer. He wanted it to be



over and done with as quickly as possible should they be caught, and yet... he loved being stuck in this moment.

“And I presume you got the scent,” he said, avoiding a further sniff. “You know how it is with some dogs. More interested in marking the walls than using the bowls.”

Tim’s stomach twisted. He didn’t want to think about it. Too many sporty jocks with a lack of respect for anyone else. It was a gross thought.

“It’s perfect,” Brett smirked, before wrestling an arm around Tim affectionately, but aggressive enough to disturb his balance. “How’s my favourite dork today?”

Tim blushed, instantly. “G-good, and y-?”

“Good!” Brett bulldozed through. “Drop your pants, dork.” His arm released quickly, instantly turning from comforting welcome to studious interrogation.

Tim hesitated. There was that fear again; his fear of the public place. His paw fingered the button on his pants.

The Labrador leaned towards him until they were almost nose to nose. “I said...”

Tim pulled the button open hurriedly, and wriggled his pants down his thighs until his diaper was fully visible beneath his tee-shirt.

The jock laughed. “Wet again! You never fail to amuse, diaper boy!”

Tim cringed. He was worried Brett’s exuberance would attract someone from outside. He hoped the halls were as empty as the bathroom.

“Strip.”


“I,” Tim garbled, “What?”

“Lose the clothes,” Brett followed up. “*Loser.*”

Tim gulped. He wanted to cover his diaper up as soon as possible. He was right in the eye-line of anyone opening that door. Not even the close frame of Brett would protect him, not entirely.

“If you keep me waiting any longer, I’m going to tear those pants in half, dork.”

Tim almost yelped, realising how stalled he was. Awkwardly, he tried to untie his laces while his trousers were still around his thighs. Brett’s paws sat on his own waist, and he stood, impatient.



Tim kicked both shoes off, and quickly pushed his pants down, socks and all. He was bottomless in a public bathroom, apart from his diaper. He quickly made eye contact with the stern Labrador, and his shirt quickly followed.

He felt worse than naked, with his slightly swollen, tainted diaper in clear view. He held his clothes in a ball and tried to cover himself up, but it didn't matter to Brett. They weren't staying put.

"Hand me those," he issued confidently.

Tim almost choked, but obeyed and offered the ball of clothing to the Labrador, who quickly dumped them between two sinks. Tim eyed them nervously, as the jock turned and pointed towards an open stall.

"In," he barked. Separation anxiety gripped Tim, but he complied, relieved it would offer some protection from sight at least.

The Labrador followed. "On your knees, face the toilet."

"W-why," Tim asked, afraid that bending over in front of one meant little else.

"Do you want me to call backup, dweeb?"

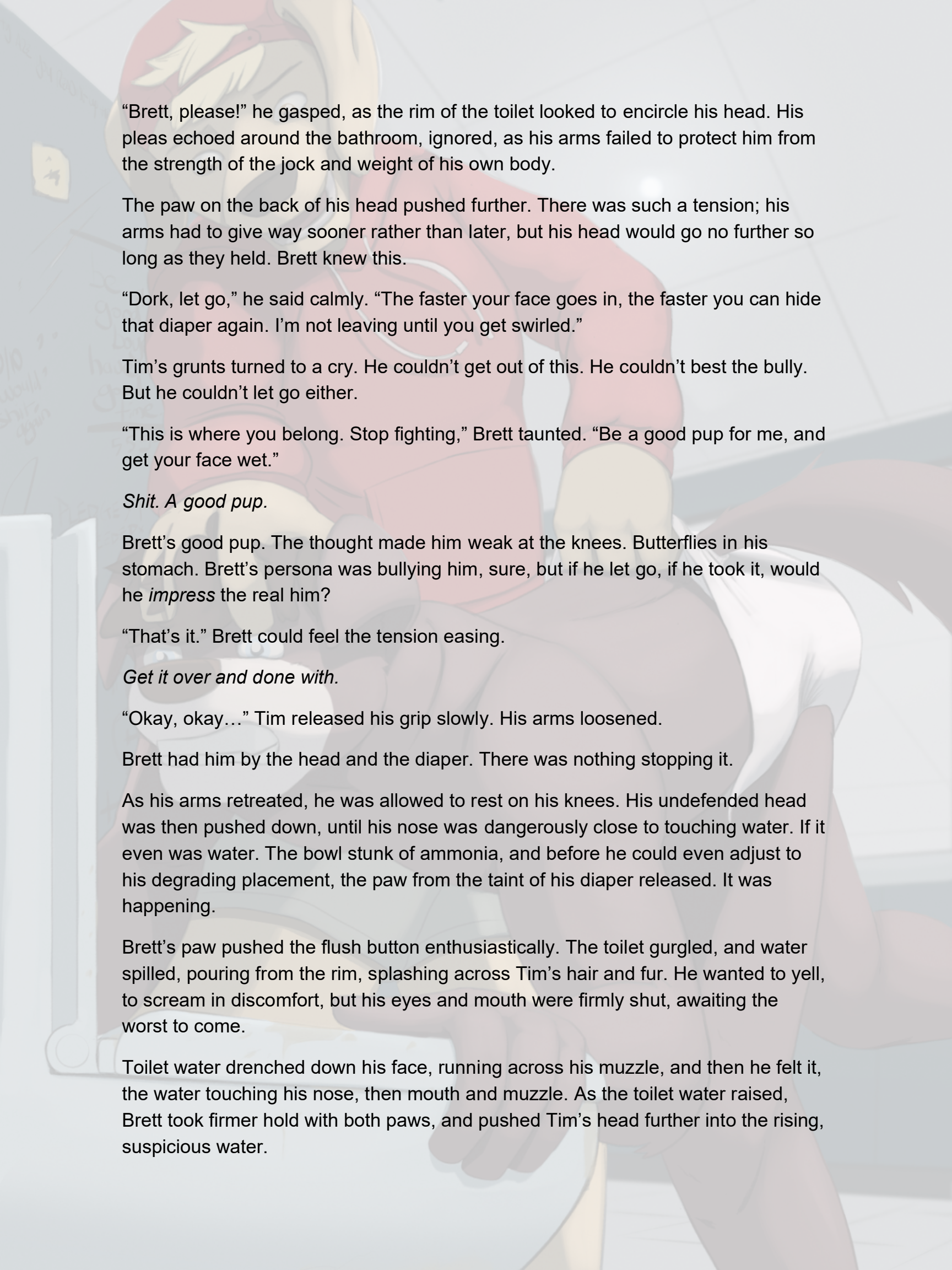
"No, NO! I..." Tim kneeled down on the cold floor. Brett hung behind him. The stench of the toilet wafted closer towards him. This was a terrible idea, and regretted ever getting a little throb from thinking about or discussing it in the past.

"Brett, I-" he whimpered before a thick paw clutched the back of his head. He found himself fighting it, desperate not to get his face pushed into the public toilet bowl; the piss stained hell hole in front of him.

His own paws hit the rim in defence, clutching hard without so much as a thought of how gross the ceramic was to touch. He resisted further.

He was ruining this for Brett. He felt guilty, but he didn't want his face, his *head* inside. It was disgusting! But Brett wasn't dissuaded. The Labrador just *cackled*, and pushed his other paw between Tim's legs. The smaller dog was so busy trying to keep his head clear that his butt was squeezed, and lifted by the padding strapped to his groin.

Tim's legs splayed outwards, trying to support and protect himself, but doing both was impossible. He was anchored by his grip on the toilet, and needed to fight with his upper body strength. But fight, he could not. The pressure coming from between his legs was too strong, and his body lurched forward.



“Brett, please!” he gasped, as the rim of the toilet looked to encircle his head. His pleas echoed around the bathroom, ignored, as his arms failed to protect him from the strength of the jock and weight of his own body.

The paw on the back of his head pushed further. There was such a tension; his arms had to give way sooner rather than later, but his head would go no further so long as they held. Brett knew this.

“Dork, let go,” he said calmly. “The faster your face goes in, the faster you can hide that diaper again. I’m not leaving until you get swirled.”

Tim’s grunts turned to a cry. He couldn’t get out of this. He couldn’t best the bully. But he couldn’t let go either.

“This is where you belong. Stop fighting,” Brett taunted. “Be a good pup for me, and get your face wet.”

*Shit. A good pup.*

Brett’s good pup. The thought made him weak at the knees. Butterflies in his stomach. Brett’s persona was bullying him, sure, but if he let go, if he took it, would he *impress* the real him?

“That’s it.” Brett could feel the tension easing.

*Get it over and done with.*


“Okay, okay...” Tim released his grip slowly. His arms loosened.

Brett had him by the head and the diaper. There was nothing stopping it.

As his arms retreated, he was allowed to rest on his knees. His undefended head was then pushed down, until his nose was dangerously close to touching water. If it even was water. The bowl stunk of ammonia, and before he could even adjust to his degrading placement, the paw from the taint of his diaper released. It was happening.

Brett’s paw pushed the flush button enthusiastically. The toilet gurgled, and water spilled, pouring from the rim, splashing across Tim’s hair and fur. He wanted to yell, to scream in discomfort, but his eyes and mouth were firmly shut, awaiting the worst to come.

Toilet water drenched down his face, running across his muzzle, and then he felt it, the water touching his nose, then mouth and muzzle. As the toilet water raised, Brett took firmer hold with both paws, and pushed Tim’s head further into the rising, suspicious water.



His face got wet, submerged, until he could feel it levelling at the base of his ears. His breath held deathly still, afraid to react in any way, desperate for the dunking to end.

His relief came as the water drained as fast as it had filled. He was left with the falling water from the rim trickling and splashing across his head, until it all finally, mercifully stopped.

Brett's fingers released, and Tim quickly removed his head from the bowl, only then exhaling deeply as he finally allowed himself to breathe, flicking and dripping water down his back, shoulders, and chest.

Tim sat on his hands and knees, recovering from his minutes long ordeal. When he finally turned to his bully, the Labrador was facing his phone, lifted in the air, while he snapped a selfie while flashing a "V". Tim slumped on the bathroom floor, drenched in toilet water in the background.

He was stunned, and struggled between demanding an explanation and complimenting the jock, but the dumb dog turned his head towards Tim, grinning, proud of himself, and the dork felt himself melt a little more.

"I'm gonna jerk to that," he said, eyes lowering to admire the selfie, "Like, a *lot*."

But Brett's grin turned wicked, quickly.

"Alright, diaper dork, I need a coffee or somethin'," he said, pocketing his phone and stretching his arms out. "Dunking pups is thirsty work!"

Tim was relieved, and climbed back onto his feet, wiping some of the excess toilet water from his hair. He'd be glad to get his clothes back on and escape the paranoia of the empty bathroom, and a drink sounded good right now. His tail wagged slightly, and hoped Brett would stick around to have the coffee together.

"Sounds good," he said, bashfully, before watching the jock's jaw lower slightly, and then bare his teeth awkwardly.

"Oh," he said, "No, no."

Brett walked backwards towards the sinks and grabbed the pile of Tim's clothes, pawing his way through the pockets until he found the dork's phone and wallet. He then quickly stuffed the clothes into his backpack.

Tim was frozen, inexplicably, willingly surrendered into this web of bullying. He felt his fur stand on end.

"I'm going for a coffee," he chuckled, pointing Tim's wallet outward. "And you're paying."

"And unless you want to walk the halls and cafeteria like *that*, I think you should step back into that cubicle and close the door."

Tim trembled. If he thought the separation anxiety for his clothes was bad before...

Brett pocketed the dork's wallet and phone, before casually glancing at the time. "It won't be long before training starts, so I'd stop standing there like an idiot and go hide. Unless you *want* the track team to catch you in a diaper. Wouldn't surprise me though! Your business."

Brett slung the backpack of clothes over his shoulder, and walked, no, *swaggered*, his way out of the bathroom, tail swaying majestically.

Tim was still frozen. It wasn't until the door closed behind the Labrador, and the silence overwhelmed him, that Tim realised he needed to hide in a cubicle until further notice.

*Shit.*

He stepped back inside, towards the toilet that degraded him, and shut the door quickly. Was the track team really arriving soon!? This was such a stupid idea. He was so exposed like this. All it would take was for someone, anyone, to find it suspicious that a stall was quietly closed, or that bare feet were lingering. If they looked under the bottom, over the top...

Tim tried to rationalise. He was nervous, but he was safe, surely. He just had to wait.

He shook his head to rid himself of further water. It was uncivilised, but he had little else to make himself more comfortable, and these cubicle walls had probably seen worse.

Once the shock had worn off, he realised Brett was long gone with every possession bar the diaper he was wearing. He knew the jock would come back, but, what if he didn't? What if something happened? Would he even know? How long would it take before he was desperate to leave the bathroom?

He dreaded the thought of having to emerge from here, wet diaper on show, and *explain it*. He wasn't even a student at this college, yet he could be wandering the corridors in a diaper trying to get help.

Tim sat down on the toilet and rested his muzzle in his paws. His phone was gone, the only possible source of entertainment. He had no idea of how quickly time was

passing. It was just him, his thoughts, and the wafting stench of this room to deal with while he wet himself.

Eventually he could hear bustle building up. Doors squeaking and shutting, footsteps, and voices echoing in the long corridor. Brett was telling the truth, and something was going on this morning.

He was so stupid. Naive and stupid and horny to come to a campus like this.

The bathroom door crashed open. Tim froze. Any hopes of it being his bully were crushed when the footsteps marched into another stall, and after a shuffle, the sound of piss hitting ceramic filled the quiet room. This really was just a playground for them, unclean and defaced.

The door opened again, but it wasn't the pissing dog leaving. Voices from outside were getting louder. The track team were arriving for their morning's session.

Silently, slowly, Tim bent down on the floor, wincing as his open palms touched the tiles. He leaned his head under the stall's partition, checking out the shoes of the new person. Definitely not Brett. He withdrew back to his toilet slowly again.

The stall in use flushed, and the two runners greeted each other as running water splashed from the faucets. Then the door opened *again*, and surprised laughter erupted from one of them.

"Man, Brett!" the laughing dog yelled, happily, "The hell are you doing here?"

Tim's tail twitched. He was back... but now what? They needed everyone else to leave the bathroom before Brett could get his clothes to him.

"I fancied a walk down memory lane, thought I'd check out practise," he said casually. "See if you boys are as fast as me yet!"

Was this a cover? Or killing two birds with one stone?

"C'mon," Tim muttered to himself. "Get rid of them..."

The other two jeered, howling.

"The only thing you're runnin' for is a piss, old man!"

"*Old!?*" Brett jostled. "I graduated only last year and you still couldn't catch this *old dog*, dumbass."

The others brayed again.

"And speaking of piss," Brett followed up, "If you'll excuse me."



Tim perked up nervously. *Finally! Feign going to the toilet, and then wait for the other jocks to leave. Perfect.*

But Brett didn't push his way into another stall, or go towards a urinal.

Unexpectedly, his knuckles wrapped loudly against Tim's door, four times.

The dork bolted upright on the toilet, and stopped breathing for a second, almost sending himself into a coughing fit.

"Open up!" Brett's voiced called out.

"Brett, what are you..?" one of the other runners queried, clearly confused. "Who's in there?"

"You'll see." He knocked again. "Yo, you want your clothes back, like, *ever?*"

*What the hell was he doing!?*

Tim's paws shook as he walked to the door and pulled the latch aside. It clacked out of place deafeningly, before he anxiously opened it inward.

Brett was standing immediately outside, flanked by two dumbstruck college runners in tracksuits.

Tim clutched his crotch with both paws, praying the other two would think it was just white briefs, that Brett wouldn't draw attention to it.

"Yo, is that a *diaper?*"

"Who is this guy?"

"Brett why have you a guy in a diaper in our bathroom?"

Brett raised a paw to silence them. "What, you think you stop getting to play with dorks when you graduate? Nah, watch this."

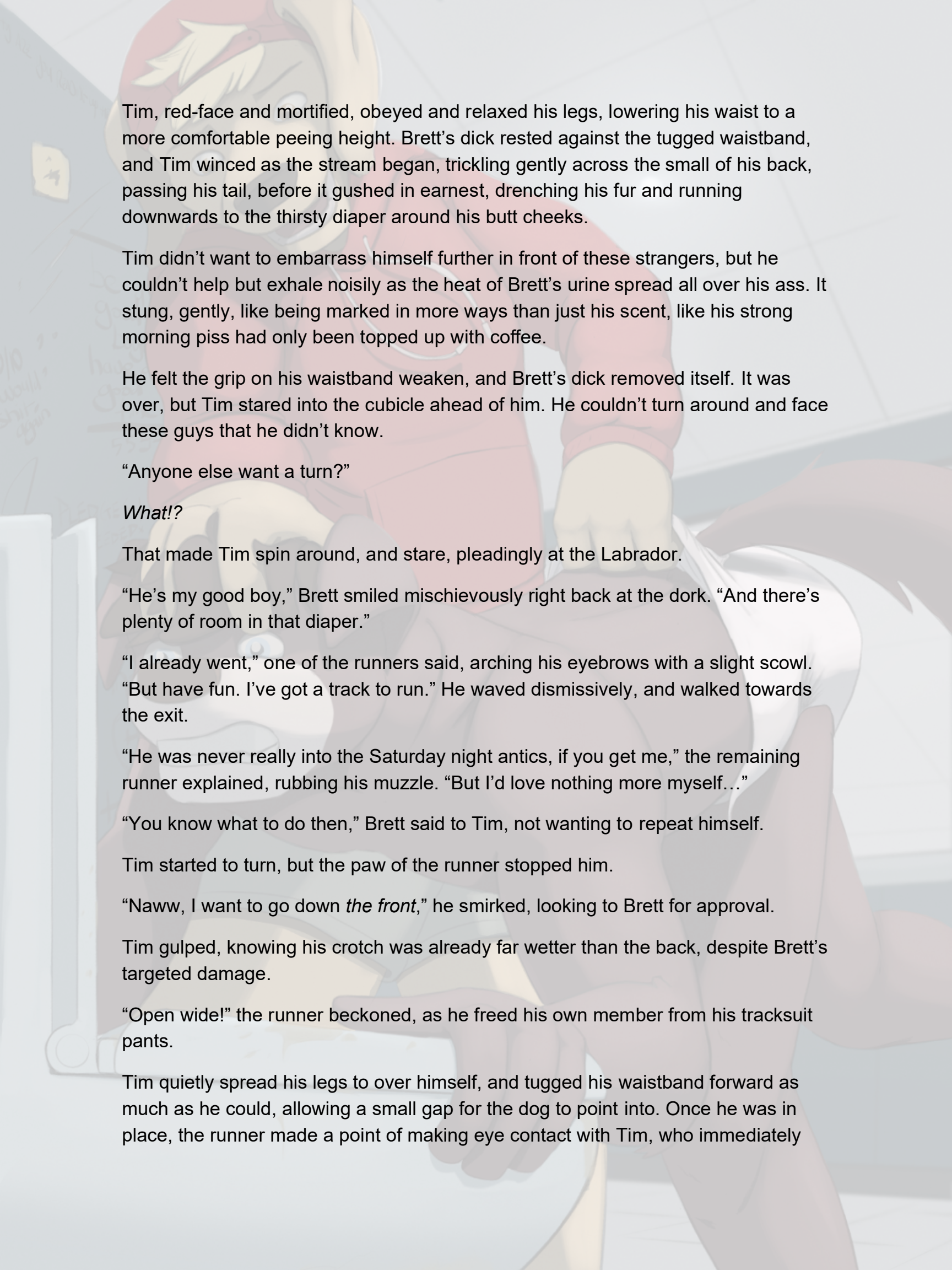
Brett looked directly into Tim's terrified, blushing face, and twirled his finger around.

The dork understood and obeyed, turning his back to the group. *Somehow*, obedience felt more sensible than speaking, or resisting. He felt Brett move his tail aside, and pull his waistband back.

"What the fuck-"

"I'm kinda into this, actually."

"These walls have seen weirder shit," Brett laughed. "Shuffle down a bit for me, dork."



Tim, red-face and mortified, obeyed and relaxed his legs, lowering his waist to a more comfortable peeing height. Brett's dick rested against the tugged waistband, and Tim winced as the stream began, trickling gently across the small of his back, passing his tail, before it gushed in earnest, drenching his fur and running downwards to the thirsty diaper around his butt cheeks.

Tim didn't want to embarrass himself further in front of these strangers, but he couldn't help but exhale noisily as the heat of Brett's urine spread all over his ass. It stung, gently, like being marked in more ways than just his scent, like his strong morning piss had only been topped up with coffee.

He felt the grip on his waistband weaken, and Brett's dick removed itself. It was over, but Tim stared into the cubicle ahead of him. He couldn't turn around and face these guys that he didn't know.

"Anyone else want a turn?"

*What!?*

That made Tim spin around, and stare, pleadingly at the Labrador.

"He's my good boy," Brett smiled mischievously right back at the dork. "And there's plenty of room in that diaper."

"I already went," one of the runners said, arching his eyebrows with a slight scowl. "But have fun. I've got a track to run." He waved dismissively, and walked towards the exit.

"He was never really into the Saturday night antics, if you get me," the remaining runner explained, rubbing his muzzle. "But I'd love nothing more myself..."

"You know what to do then," Brett said to Tim, not wanting to repeat himself.

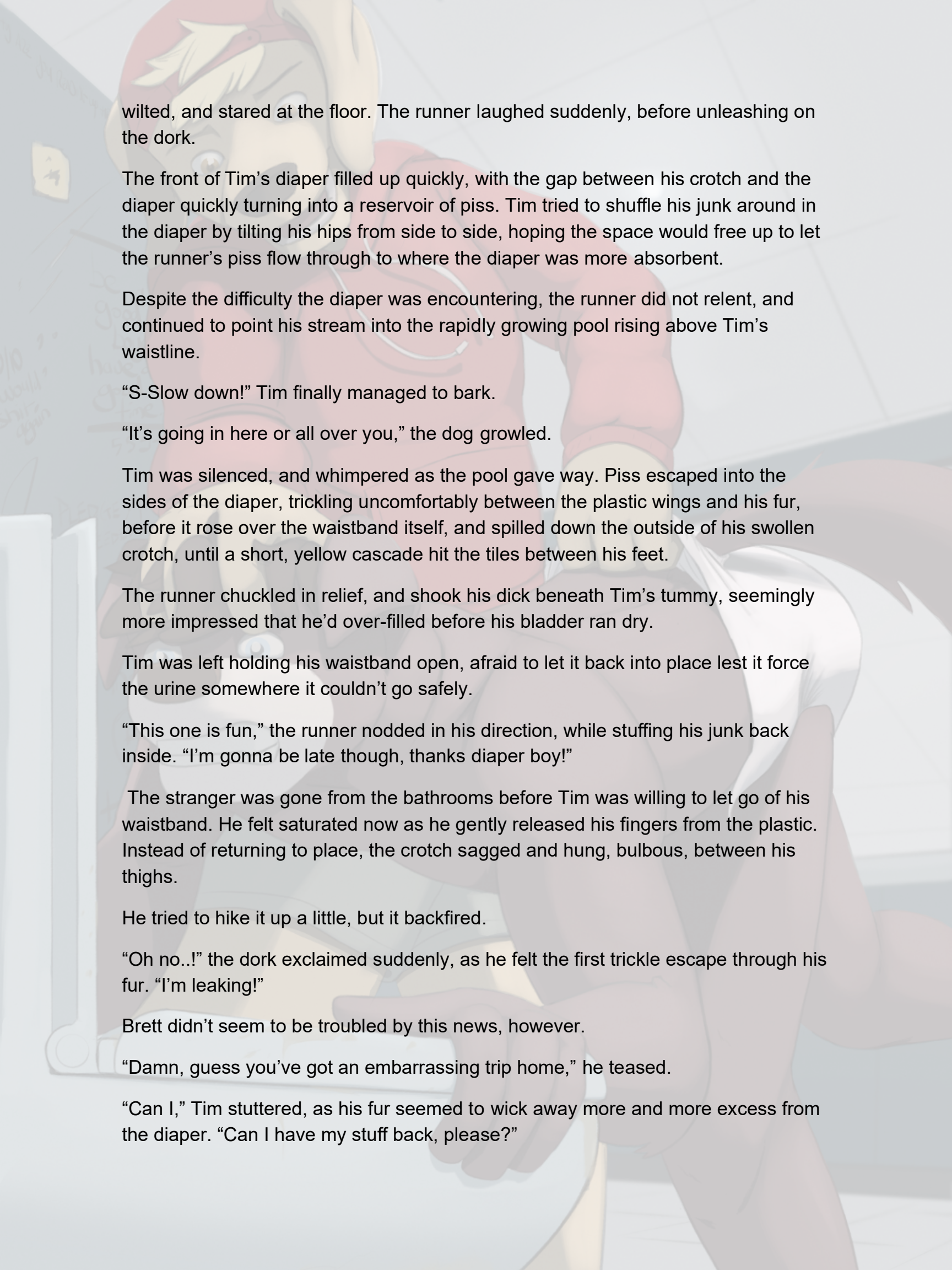
Tim started to turn, but the paw of the runner stopped him.

"Naww, I want to go down *the front*," he smirked, looking to Brett for approval.

Tim gulped, knowing his crotch was already far wetter than the back, despite Brett's targeted damage.

"Open wide!" the runner beckoned, as he freed his own member from his tracksuit pants.

Tim quietly spread his legs to over himself, and tugged his waistband forward as much as he could, allowing a small gap for the dog to point into. Once he was in place, the runner made a point of making eye contact with Tim, who immediately



wilted, and stared at the floor. The runner laughed suddenly, before unleashing on the dork.

The front of Tim's diaper filled up quickly, with the gap between his crotch and the diaper quickly turning into a reservoir of piss. Tim tried to shuffle his junk around in the diaper by tilting his hips from side to side, hoping the space would free up to let the runner's piss flow through to where the diaper was more absorbent.

Despite the difficulty the diaper was encountering, the runner did not relent, and continued to point his stream into the rapidly growing pool rising above Tim's waistline.

"S-Slow down!" Tim finally managed to bark.

"It's going in here or all over you," the dog growled.

Tim was silenced, and whimpered as the pool gave way. Piss escaped into the sides of the diaper, trickling uncomfortably between the plastic wings and his fur, before it rose over the waistband itself, and spilled down the outside of his swollen crotch, until a short, yellow cascade hit the tiles between his feet.

The runner chuckled in relief, and shook his dick beneath Tim's tummy, seemingly more impressed that he'd over-filled before his bladder ran dry.

Tim was left holding his waistband open, afraid to let it back into place lest it force the urine somewhere it couldn't go safely.

"This one is fun," the runner nodded in his direction, while stuffing his junk back inside. "I'm gonna be late though, thanks diaper boy!"

The stranger was gone from the bathrooms before Tim was willing to let go of his waistband. He felt saturated now as he gently released his fingers from the plastic. Instead of returning to place, the crotch sagged and hung, bulbous, between his thighs.

He tried to hike it up a little, but it backfired.

"Oh no..!" the dork exclaimed suddenly, as he felt the first trickle escape through his fur. "I'm leaking!"

Brett didn't seem to be troubled by this news, however.

"Damn, guess you've got an embarrassing trip home," he teased.

"Can I," Tim stuttered, as his fur seemed to wick away more and more excess from the diaper. "Can I have my stuff back, please?"

He was reluctant to mention his true fear, of “before someone else walks in”. He didn’t want to offer Brett any more ideas, but as it turned out, he didn’t need to.

Brett took a moment to contemplate the request, but it looked like he was doing nothing more than toying with him. With a diaper this full, they seemed to be done playing.

“Fine,” he said, reluctantly. “But your diaper stays on.”

He unzipped his backpack and lifted the ball of clothes out, handing them back to the desperate dork.

Tim quickly threw his shirt back on, before carefully donning his socks and pulling his pants back up, squeezing his gurgling diaper in and buttoning his pants shut without upsetting the diaper. His shoes followed, and he was done.

He wished he’d brought a change with him, but never expected his diaper would end up unwearable by the end of the morning. It scuppered any chance he had of trying to get one more coffee with the Labrador. He turned bashfully, ready to leave, but sorry to say goodbye already. The dumb jock adjusted his cap, and smiled back.

*He s so damn hot... and he s into me, in his own way.*

Tim found himself lost in the jock’s eyes while the other dog’s paw swept towards his backside, slamming into the swollen diaper and holding tight. Tim’s eyes bulged. Brett squeezed tight, gripping the saturated bulk, squeezing it, before letting go, and swatting back at it as hard as he could.

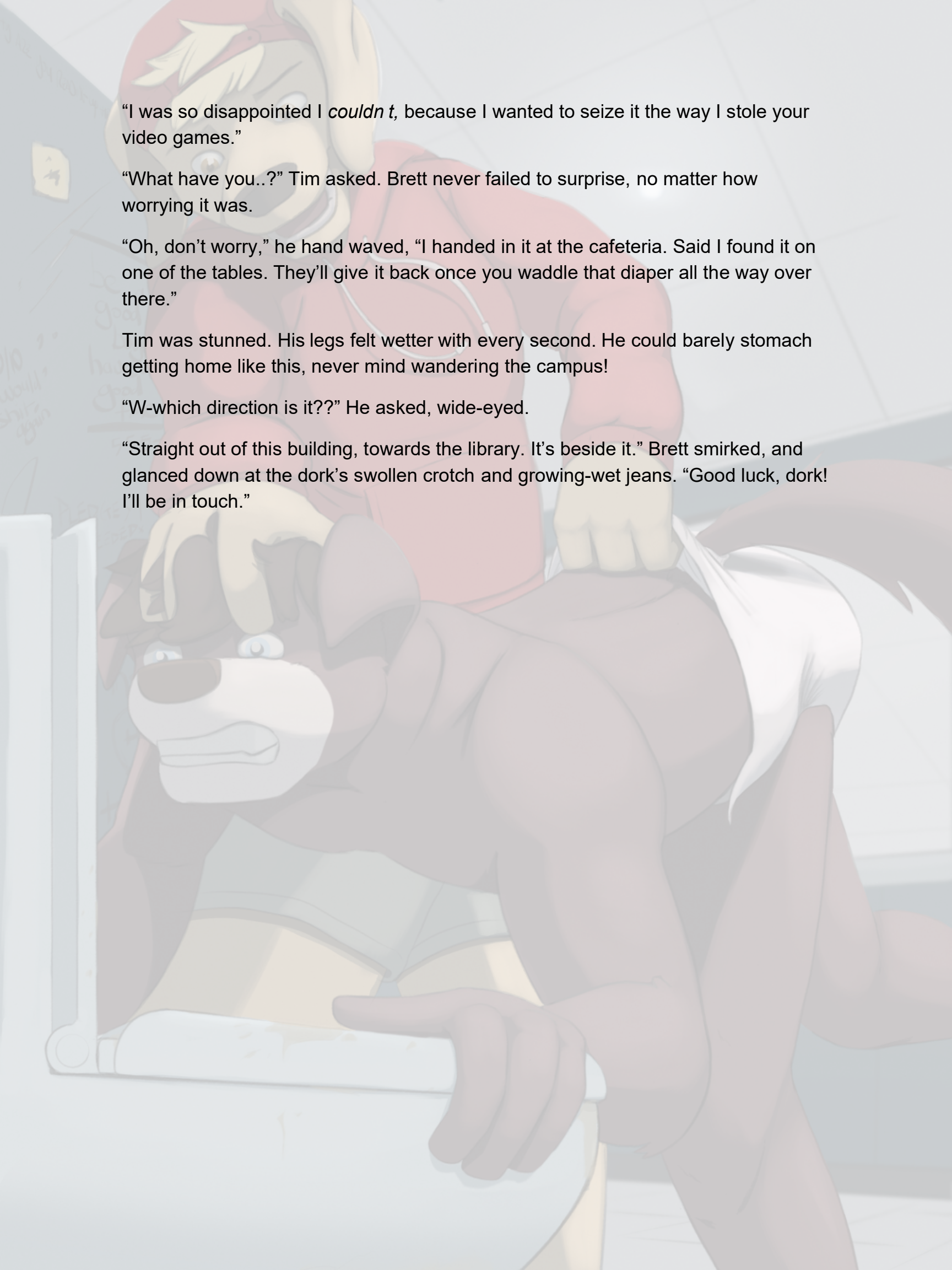
Tim yelped and jumped clear of any follow ups, quickly twisting and turning to check himself. He was sure his jeans were wet now too, with more of the piss the diaper was unable to hold spilling outwards from the lightest pressure... and there it was, two damp patches escaping either side of his butt.

Brett bowled over laughing as he saw the damage he’d caused.

Tim knew he wanted to curse him out, but his mind was still spinning, still obedient and fawning. All he could think of was how to conceal himself now on the bus home.

“Oh, before you waddle off,” Brett said, trying to regain his composure. “I tried to get into your phone when I was at the cafeteria.”

Tim felt the blood drain from his face. The dork quickly checked both pockets. He had his wallet, but his phone was missing. He turned back to Brett, weakly.



“I was so disappointed I *couldn't*, because I wanted to seize it the way I stole your video games.”

“What have you..?” Tim asked. Brett never failed to surprise, no matter how worrying it was.

“Oh, don't worry,” he hand waved, “I handed in it at the cafeteria. Said I found it on one of the tables. They'll give it back once you waddle that diaper all the way over there.”

Tim was stunned. His legs felt wetter with every second. He could barely stomach getting home like this, never mind wandering the campus!

“W-which direction is it??” He asked, wide-eyed.

“Straight out of this building, towards the library. It's beside it.” Brett smirked, and glanced down at the dork's swollen crotch and growing-wet jeans. “Good luck, dork! I'll be in touch.”



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PLEETES  
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