




**BETA
TESTED 1.4**



I couldn't shake the thought of this online mystery man; I *needed* to speak to him, but he refused to do so online. If he knew anything about the beta program, then I had to see if he could help me. The problem was, if he didn't want to speak online, then how in the hell could we speak in person? I considered everything, suggested what I could; a regular phone call, using public access internet, but he shot me down repeatedly.

He claimed to travel for work, and if I was patient, he could get close to me. That was his promise. It was over the top, and it felt *stupid*, but when the time came, I did it none the less, and paid a visit to his hotel room.

If I'd worried just what this guy knew, well, I was shocked to find out the answer; he was another compliance coordinator for Bright and Shine. Another Toby.

I felt nervous as he delivered the news, but he was overly clear to point out that we were not booked into a session together, that I hadn't walked into a trap.

My mystery man, "Will", was slightly younger than Toby. Early thirties, I suspected. He lacked the severity of the other guy, but still had a sense of precision about him. From speaking to him, there was definitely a reluctance, a sense of discomfort with what was going on.

"Let me guess," he said, placing a terrible hotel room coffee on a small table in front of me. "You thought it would be good fun to get state of the art diapers, *for free*, and now you're in way over your head?"

I felt bashful, but I needed to speak openly with this guy, and to trust that I could trust him. He sat down on the bed.

"Hole in one," I said sheepishly. "I never would have if I thought it would end up here..."

Will smirked and shook his head slightly.

"How many other people are stuck like this?" I pressed. I had a million questions, but, I didn't want to ruin this encounter.

"Not many like you," he said, "Most people in the program are genuine, as far as I know. They've weeded out a few who get off on it, and they end up serving another purpose." Will shifted awkwardly in his seat.

"You've met them?"

"You're the fourth I've met, but," he lingered, sitting on the importance of his words, "We haven't met, alright?"

There was that sense of paranoia again.

"And why you wouldn't talk online..."

"I can't take any chances," he said suddenly fidgeting with his own cup. "I have no idea how much of *you* they're monitoring. Hell, you might not even know for sure."

I felt a chill. "Just my phone, I think."

"For now."

"For now?" I asked, with a lump in my throat.

"You should consider that everything on your phone is seen by them. The tech is invasive. Everything is funnelled through a VPN that you agreed to use when you installed it, and you can't get rid of-"

"I know," I interrupted. "I tried."

“Now imagine that level of surveillance, but on everything else you use,” he warned. “Algorithm absorbing everything, using it to decide, to control.”

I didn't know what to say. It always felt like Bright and Shine could, and would, continue to innovate and twist further. Now it sounded like there was at least someone worse off than me.

Will let the silence linger, but not for too long. “What have they taken from you so far?”

I didn't like the implication “so far” suggested. I didn't want to hear the uncomfortable truth.

“Most recently? They're sending me fibre supplements, setting water intake,” I replied. “And uh, well I'm stuck in locking plastic pants too.”

The mystery man didn't seem surprised, more curious about my predicaments.

“So you're on the messing program too,” he chuckled darkly, “That's rough.”

I felt myself blush. Using my diapers so *exclusively* hit harder when compared to the normality of other people's toilet habits.

“There's one other thing, but I don't know what it means,” I said, blushing further. I didn't want to mention it, but I needed to power through and get some answers. “They've started notifying me about recording content, after I uh, well you know.”

Will twisted his head slightly, looking for clarification.

I grimaced. “When I get off. It's... recording something after I'm done.”

“I can't say for sure, but it's probably whatever content you were using before, you know,” he replied, hand waving. “That's a new one...”

I sank a little in my chair.

“But it's weird they're pointing it out,” he mused, “They're recording and analysing everything as it is. They want you to know about this one.”

An awkward silence fell. Was the app taunting me for jerking off?

“Have you ever gotten someone out of this?” I asked, hopeful but afraid. What if he had no answers? “What can you do to help me?”

Will laughed, in disbelief. “No one like you has gotten out yet. But this is all still *new*, in a sense.”

“Their system finds a way to get their fingers everywhere,” he said, his eye-line dropping to my obscured chained waistband. “You can't fight it, but you can find loopholes.”

“What loopholes?” I said, allowing myself to get excited. I'd tried one already with the lock, and failed.

“How wet are you?” he said suddenly, but it didn't feel like he was changing the subject. “Right now, what percentage?”

I opened my phone nervously. I felt like I was in the sixties, and sure enough, once the app loaded it read 68% for my current diaper. I wasn't sure if I was proud or not that I had a feeling for the ranges of my wetness now.

“Good,” he smiled. “Do you want to run an experiment with me?”

I'd come all this way; I wasn't saying no. Anything to try to poke a hole in the watertight system I'd been in the centre of.

But I didn't come all this way expecting a playdate.

Will asked me to strip down as far as I could, and I awkwardly but enthusiastically complied, until I was standing in front of him in my locking pants and heavy diaper.

He had a bag with him in the room, identical to the one Toby had carried with him, and his also seemed to be carrying a similar assortment of punishment equipment.

“Is that your job?” I asked carefully as he bent over the opened back. “Travelling around, punishing people in the program?”

He laughed.

“Most of the time I travel, I visit the genuine people,” he explained. “It’s just an in-person check up, catch up, medical inspection. The bag is for special occasions, for people like you.”

He stood up and ushered me into the bathroom, asking me to sit down on the floor with my back to a large, cold towel radiator. He was carrying some bondage gear, which unsettled me a little, though my dick was suddenly having its own fun at the thought of how this would apply to a loophole.

“And you’re happy with that? Punishing people who can’t disobey the system?”

Will exhaled sharply from his nose. “I wouldn’t be helping you if I was a complete sadist, would I?”

He signalled for me to raise a wrist into an awaiting leather cuff.

I apologised, and allowed him to buckle the cuff closed.

“B and S does know how to pick us though...” he admitted, as he restrained my leather cuff to the one of the radiator pipes near the floor.

Will left enough unsaid. I gathered being kinky was just as much as a job requirement as much as his medical knowledge.

“As you know, you can’t change your diapers until the app allows it, and defying that got you in those pants,” he said while repeating the process with my left hand. “I’ve been wondering what would happen if you just refused to change.”

“Wait, no!” I said, “Not changing is what got me a high percentage target!” I tried to raise both hands, but I was cuffed, inescapably to the radiator now.

“They won’t push it higher based on *one* incident,” he replied, dismissing me.

“How can you know that for sure? This thing reacts to me.”

“That’s what it’s supposed to do, but it reacts to habits, not actions. I just need you to *not* change your diaper for a while.”

I was going nowhere, destined to fill and leak. My dick started to throb a little more as I realised I couldn’t move. I was tied up in the bathroom of a stranger with minimal thought or discussion. So *stupid*... I shouldn’t be allowed to make these choices.

“What’s the gag for?” I asked anxiously. Two wrist cuffs and I felt so powerless already.


“To help you drink.”

“But why? I don’t need help-“

“Open wide,” he said, ignoring me.

I refused. He remained calm.

“Do you want to find loopholes or not? It’ll be fun this way, and you won’t get in my way of the experiment.”



I squirmed. I felt safe, weirdly, but I couldn't shake how unquestionably obedient I was being. I opened reluctantly, and he fitted the gag in place. A long, thick, silicone cylinder pointed into my mouth. It wasn't uncomfortable by itself, but it was forcing my mouth open just enough.

He fitted the straps around the back of my head, and just like with the cuffs, I realised I was now stuck in this too, at this stranger's mercy.

I watched him fit a hose to the gag, and hook a funnel in place against the radiator near my head. It looked like he'd set this up many times before, probably to piss in judging by the height of the funnel. I didn't know if this was work-issued or personal collection...

"This is very simple," he said, unscrewing the cap of a bottle of water. "I just need you to drink and wet yourself."

I wanted to ask how much, what was expected, but I could only mumble behind the gag and watch as he tipped the bottle of water into the funnel. It ran down the pipe, and I took a deep breath through my nose as fast as I could before the water splashed into my mouth. I shouldn't have panicked though, as both the funnel and the gag seemed to control the flow steadily, and I was able to drink comfortably as long as I didn't stop.

My endurance wasn't as good as I thought it might be, and by the time he'd lifted the bottle away after half of its contents, I was begging for a break. I swallowed what followed, and tried to catch my breath.

"You're not incontinent right?" he quizzed.

I shook my head.

"Just let it out. Don't hesitate."

He said that as if I could just force what I'd drank straight into the diaper.

And then it hit me; water. Could the "smart" diapers tell what was water and what was urine? Was that a loophole I could use to force a change? Why hadn't I tried-

I grunted as he poured the remainder of the bottle into the funnel, faster this time, as if he was bored and impatient himself. I wanted to protest, or groan, but there was little I could do beyond kick my legs or shake my secured wrists while I drank.

I sat on the floor, unable to do anything but drink, and he left the room. It made me squirm, and pull on the restraints again, which was a pointless gesture. The bottle flowed, I swallowed. There wasn't much more that could happen. I was a machine, a device to sit and wet this diaper as much as he wanted me to.

My stomach was full after the whole bottle in such a short amount of time, and I wished I needed to pee right there just to move things along. Instead I just had to wait, bored, and my jaw tiring.

He returned sometime later, with the bottle filled once more. I wasn't ready, but we were doing this regardless, and the bottle unloaded.

Whether it was the sound of the water gushing out of the bottle, or the fact I was drinking yet again, my body finally decided to play, and I felt the first warning signs from my bladder. I immediately let go and pissed my diaper as I drank the water. Easy in, easy out. It wasn't the biggest piss in the world, but the floodgates had been opened now.

The second bottle was harder to get down, but he was merciful and didn't pour such large quantities this time. I worked through it slowly, and once he was done, I knew I had over a litre of water working its way through my system.

All of this water, and we weren't using the approved smart bottle. This wetting would could for nothing as far as my quotas were concerned...

I was alone when my bladder needed releasing once again. This time, it was bigger, and I wondered if I could even reach the back of my diaper properly while stuck sat on the floor. I lifted my butt, and tilted as best I could to let it flow to the back, and sat down again in what felt like a saturated diaper. It squished uncomfortably, and I could feel my piss linger around my butt cheeks while the overworked diaper tried to take it all in. I grimaced.

What percentage was I at now? For all my instinctive guessing earlier, it now felt impossible to know. I just knew that I *wanted* a change, so it had to be high. Without my phone pinging nearby, I wouldn't know.

I wanted to call out, to ask, but with the gag firmly in place I could do nothing. I was powerless to sit here, drink, and get wetter still.

Will finally appeared again, holding my phone in front of him. "Eighty-seven percent!" He exclaimed excitedly. "It's allowing you to change now."

There was no spare diaper in sight.

I groaned, and tried to move, just to show a response. Any response.

"One more drink, I think," he said, as the third bottle filled me with dread. It was pouring and I was drinking before I could think about it. The dampness around my legs felt more prominent.

I pissed more. A flood.

I finished the bottle.

I groaned, and pissed again.

It wasn't until I shuffled a little to stay comfortable, that I realised the tiles were cold and damp, and looking down, my plastic pants had been breached.

This felt no less cruel than the previous visit from Toby. Maybe this was all these guys knew what to do with someone.

He released the gag, to much relief, before undoing the cuffs too. I stood up carefully, leaving a small lake behind on the cold floor. Piss trickled down my legs.

"The app isn't saying anything; it doesn't know what to do," he smiled, tasting success. "It escalated the percentages three times, telling you to change, but that's it."

I rubbed my jaw. "I still feel like I'm going to get in trouble."

He tutted. "You're already whipped by this thing, yeah? You'll never get out if you don't fight."

Will was moving onto teasing me, like the persona of his dominant side had forgotten the seriousness of his company.

"I don't see how leaking down my legs is fighting the system."

"It's not, but it might give you something to argue with," Will said, a little condescendingly. "Let's say you couldn't change when you had the opportunity, and you ended up leaking down your legs because of it. Do that a few more times and you might be in a realistic position to bargain for reasonable change percentages."

He was right. The callous system of permitted changes had come too close to backfiring on me so far. It was time to *let it*. But the algorithm wasn't empathetic. I didn't know who to argue *with*.

I clicked the lock at the small of my back and allowed the chain to relax on the plastic pants, before stripping them down. The diaper hung heavily, overused, straining clearly on the tapes. I didn't see the point in being made to suffer like this for a hypothesis. Maybe this guy just got off on it... I could hardly complain, as it was right up my alley too.

"What about *this*?" I said, holding up the padlock. "In an emergency, could you open it for me?"

"I can open that whenever I want," he said carefully, though immediately shutting down the hope in my eyes. "*But*, I have to connect to your account to do that. If I do that outside of a scheduled appointment, then I'm screwed."

I set it aside, where it would go back onto a fresh pair of plastic pants imminently.

"Let me give you a tip," he then said reluctantly, sensing my disappointment. "These measures are just to keep you performing; what they really care about is the data. If you contact them asking to get out of the pants, they might offer you something else in exchange. Just... think very hard before you agree to anything they suggest. You might end up wishing you were still living with a padlock."

It was hard to imagine a fate worse than being a prisoner in a pair of plastic pants, but they'd surprised me at every turn so far. The lengths this company might go to wasn't to be underestimated.

I changed diapers and left Will's hotel room almost dizzy. As soon as I sat down on a bus, I contacted Dale. I didn't know what to say, but, I wanted to at least touch in and let him know I hadn't been murdered during my clandestine meeting.

Travelling home gave me too much time to think. My mind was fixated on how much control they had over me... and the possibility of trading the padlock for a tighter grip. I felt my dick twitch again. The issues with the *content recorded* messages had put a damper on getting off for the last week, but my afternoon of being forced to drink and wet, plus snapping that padlock shut over a fresh diaper in front of someone else, was kickstarting things again.

I tried to ignore it, and planned to jerk off later, once I needed a change and I was away from my phone. I needed it, and they wouldn't be able to track it that way.

"*I'm sorry it was a bust,*" Dale replied to me, "*But it does sound like he's working on something. You should keep helping him.*"

I hoped Dale was right. Maybe it was worth letting this guy mess around some more to find a solution.

But honestly? I wish I'd seen you tied up and leaking because that sounds HOT."

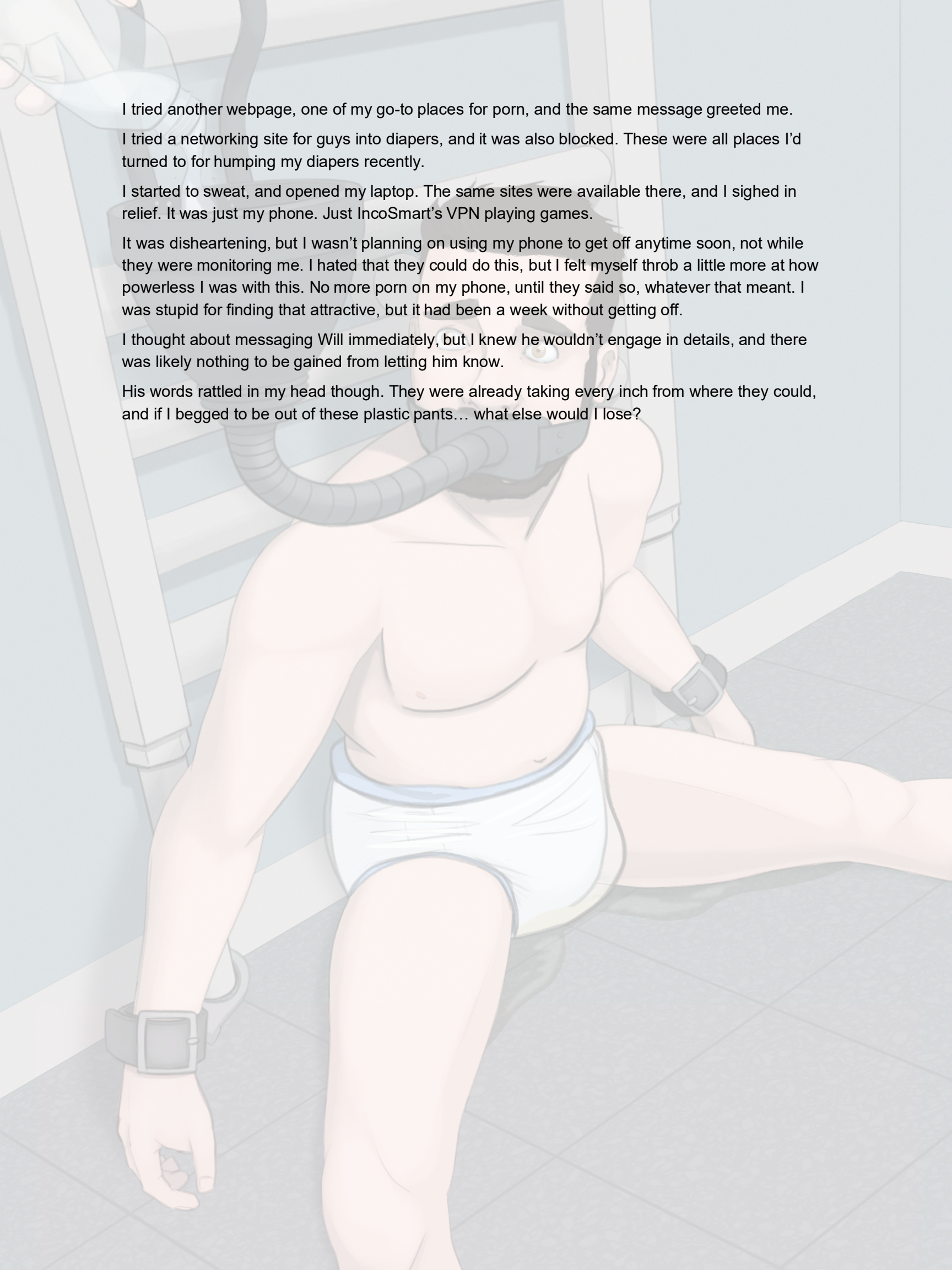
I couldn't help but smirk, so I dropped my trousers as soon as I was home and sent Dale a picture of my locked and growing-wet diaper to make up for it. The water was still working its way through me.

"*Did you look like this?*" Dale sent me a link, which I clicked more than eagerly. *Of course* the image of a funnel gag would be hot.

The webpage didn't open however, and instead I was met with a plain page, and a warning message.

Inappropriate content. This content is currently blocked, and will be available when permission occurs. Please await notification."

I wanted to laugh. I wanted it to be a funny prank played by Dale, but my instincts knew the truth.



I tried another webpage, one of my go-to places for porn, and the same message greeted me.

I tried a networking site for guys into diapers, and it was also blocked. These were all places I'd turned to for humping my diapers recently.

I started to sweat, and opened my laptop. The same sites were available there, and I sighed in relief. It was just my phone. Just IncoSmart's VPN playing games.

It was disheartening, but I wasn't planning on using my phone to get off anytime soon, not while they were monitoring me. I hated that they could do this, but I felt myself throb a little more at how powerless I was with this. No more porn on my phone, until they said so, whatever that meant. I was stupid for finding that attractive, but it had been a week without getting off.

I thought about messaging Will immediately, but I knew he wouldn't engage in details, and there was likely nothing to be gained from letting him know.

His words rattled in my head though. They were already taking every inch from where they could, and if I begged to be out of these plastic pants... what else would I lose?

