

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 had forgotten some things but just couldn't scratch that itch in my memory.

* * *

That night was potentially the worst night's rest I had ever attempted. My body felt hot to the touch, and I could not cool down no matter how high I turned my air conditioner. 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.

As I stared at the large yellow pool of piss that stained my sheets, a voice whispered in my brain.

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 . . . oOOooOOo.”

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 heavyset stranger and somehow knew him.

“How . . . why do you look familiar?” I stuttered. Still rubbing the front of my wet jeans, massaging the erection that grew from my humiliation and the wet underwear that clung to my cock.

“That’s a question for another time, baby boy, now let’s get up. We need to get you changed.” He reached out a hand, and I took it without question. “Now, show daddy where you live.”

“Yes”

“Yes, what?”

“Yes, Sir,” I said, somehow knowing the words he wanted me to say as I led the stranger back to my house. I waddled into it, feeling the wetness of my jeans hang awkwardly around my lower body, stiffening from the piss-soaked denim.

“Oh, very nice,” the stranger said. He tossed his duffle bag on my counter and continued to explore the open area of my apartment. “Very, very nice. You make a lot of money?”

“Yes,” I mumbled between my tight lips, trying to wrap my head around everything that was happening to me. The pissing, the erection, the constant voice in my head that begged for more humiliation and more release.

“What do you do?” He asked, wandering further into my apartment.

“I’m an influencer. I do videos on YouTube, social events, and brand deals. Why am I telling you this? What are you doing in my house?”

“Oh, you one of those Tik-Tok boys? You dance online and make millions?” The man asked, raising his thin eyebrows. The excitement in the stranger’s eyes forced a chill along my spine and another cup of piss to force its way out into my already soaked clothes.

“Oh, I’m peeing myself!” I cried, unable to stop myself from announcing my shameful act to him. He chuckled loudly, jiggling his heavy gut with his back and forth motion.

“I can see that baby boy.” He walked closer to me while I backed away. “Oh, is my baby boy scared?”

“Get-get out of my house.”

Instead of turning towards the door as instructed, the man turned his attention towards me and approached. He backed into a wall, pushing his firm gut into my torso, holding me firmly into the wall. His fat stomach was pinning me to the wall while his meaty arms stabbed into the open spaces on either side of me, cutting off any way of escape—not that I thought escape was an option.

“Why?” He asked, feigning shock at my request. His left hand flew to my crotch and rubbed the wet front, massaging my erection. I turned my head away, but he turned me back to face him. His eyes stared deep into mine. His deep gaze prickled something in the back of my mind—a memory that was buried and could not be unearthed. “I think we could have so much fun together. So much fun.” He said, rubbing the front of my crotch. “Here, let me show you.”

The stranger removed his hand. The sound of his zipper coming undid made my heart race as thoughts of what he would do entered my mind.

“Here, help daddy out.” His hand gripped like irons around my wrist. He brought me down to his cock as it hung soft underneath his stomach. His meaty cock filled my hand, growing harder by the second. “Make sure you aim well.”

“What?”

A second later, I felt his load travel along his shaft and force its way out onto my clothes.

“God!” Disgust filled my voice, but I could not pull my hand away. Instead, my hand moved, twisting his cock towards me and my clothes and allowing the acidic piss to cover my body and soak into my clothes. I felt my knees grow weak as my cock began to seize within my now drenched jeans. I fell to the ground as his cock continued to release, aiming now on my chest.

“Such a hungry boy just wants to smell like a real man, like his daddy,” The man chuckled. His hand wrapped around mine, eclipsing my own, before he aimed it higher. My mouth fell open, unable to do anything to stop it. “Good boy,” the stranger said as his piss collected in my mouth and drained down the sides of my face. “Drink it down. Drink down daddy’s golden juice.” My throat opened and accepted his gift, swallowing as much as my stomach could allow. My eyes narrowed on the stream as it splashed against the back of my mouth.

The stream slowed and turned into a drip that he allowed to fall onto my extended tongue as I reached out for more. He laughed at my deranged way of acting and lifted me from the ground. He dragged his sandpaper tongue against my cheek, licking away an excess that collected along my jawline before he returned to a bag that he brought in with him.

“Guess it’s time to change out my little sog monster before all that piss comes back out. We can’t have you pissing your pants all day long, can we?” He asked the open air.

“What do you mean?” I asked though I felt the answer hid beneath the rock that obscured my memory. The stranger dug within his bag and turned back to him.

“I hope you don’t mind. It’s an extra thick one.” He squeezed the overly plush diaper, showing off the nearly cartoonish size of the diaper. Slowly he undid the diaper, forcing it to inflate further before he laid it on the counter.

“I’m not gonna . . .” I swallowed the remainder of the sentence as the man hovered over me, seeming taller and larger than before.

“Fight me? Yeah, that’s a good boy.” His meaty hand quickly undid my jeans. They fell to the ground with a heavy *SPLAT*. “And you aren’t going to be needing these big boy undies anymore, are you?” His fingers hooked into the waistband, and they fell heavily onto my soiled jeans. He stroked my piss-covered cock, sliding his hand thrice along the shaft. Forcing me to fall into my broad torso from pleasure. “Much too big for my little boy. But we will fix that in the future. But now let’s go ahead and get you changed into something more appropriate for my little sog monster!”

His grin sent a jolt through my cock, and much to my surprise, he lifted me as if I weighed nothing, laying atop the counter and the diaper. He lifted my legs and wrapped the diaper around my thighs, and then latched them together. The man groped the front, feeling the erection beneath the thick plush of the diaper, and what scared me most—I liked it.

* * *

6 Months Later

“Kyle? Is that you?” A voice called out to me. A voice I recognized.

I turned from my locker and saw my friend staring at me from the locker room entry—well, not me—but at my diaper. I felt my cheeks grow pink with embarrassment, but I did not try to hide it from my friend. In fact, I loved how I felt being humiliated by my diaper. How it made my blood boil just enough to flush my skin and make my palms grow sweaty.

“Hi, jack,” I whispered.

“What . . . what the fuck are you wearing?”

Don’t do it. Don’t do it. Don’t do it.

I tightened my internal muscles, trying to stay in control. But my daddy’s voice whispered his commands in my mind. Obey. Listen. Enjoy. He urged me to be a good boy, and I was helpless to stop myself from releasing.

“Yes, Daddy,” I said to the voice inside my head. I let out an audible sigh, relaxed, and allowed the warmth to spread throughout my diaper, soaking into the already sopping wet insides.

Jack’s eyebrows grew closer together as he watched the front of my diaper turn yellow, erasing the cartoon dinosaurs from the front. My lips curled into a goofy look.

“Dude! Are you just peeing yourself?!”

“Yes,” I squeaked, enjoying the admission as it crossed through my lips. My hands went to the front of my diaper and gripped the front. It squished loudly and hung heavily between my muscled thighs. The wet sensation sent rivets of pleasure through me, darkening my commonsense in a blanket of fog where only daddy’s voice could be heard. My cock thickened within its wet home, eager for playtime.

I gripped around my cock and thrust it into the wet cushions of the diaper, forcing piss to ooze out into my cock. A maddening grin came over my face as I humped my hands, not wanting to stop.

“Fucking freak. What happened to you?!”

“What, you don’t like my boy?”

I moaned at the sight of him as he entered behind Jack.

“Daddy!”

“Who?” Jack asked, turning into the oversized man behind him. Jack stepped away, acknowledging the size difference between the two of them while I waddled closer. I sniffed the air, enjoying the sweaty aroma that cradled him. The old wifebeater stretched across his beefy upper body didn’t hide his hairy torso or contain his sweaty pits. His knee-length basketball shorts did little to conceal his lemon-sized balls or his 8-inch soft cock.

“You did this?” Jack’s confusion was clear in his tone, and his unease was apparent on his face.

“Yes, Daddy made me a proper peeing baby boy.”

“But. . . but how?” Jack stuttered. His eyes danced between daddy and me, unable to focus on one for more than a few seconds before he went back to the other, looking for some answer.

“The same way I am going to turn you into a proper baby boy.” Daddy grabbed Jack’s face, turning it back to meet his eyes. Jack struggled against daddy’s firm grasp, but daddy’s eyes took on that strange look that I knew so well. That hypnotic gaze that forced me to become this incontinent faggot. Though the intensity was different from how he looked at me, it was less caring and more—aggressive.

“Go ahead, baby. Release. Let go. Push out all those nasty adult thoughts. Fill your last pair of big boy undies with all those ridiculous worries and thoughts. Push. Push for daddy. Push out everything that haunts your mind and leave yourself with a clear empty brain. Now push for daddy.”

“But . . .” Jack said, his voice barely above a whisper.

“No backtalk. Push baby. PUSH!”

“Ughh,” Jack groaned loudly as his face pinched together. He let out several deep grunts and barks of air, but the back of his gym shorts swelled quickly with his worries, his aspirations, and all the shit that he held within his body—a mound formed as he squirmed in my daddy’s hold.

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FFFFFFBBBBBBRRRTT

FBBBBBBBBRTT

“UGH!” Jack cried, pushing out several more loud, wet farts. The back of his gym shorts swelled so large that he could not hide what he had done, and I giggled at the sight.

“Daddy, he pooped.” I pointed at him and continued to laugh. Daddy released one of his hands and grabbed the back of Jack’s gym shorts, squeezing the shit around into his crack.

“Damn, there was a lot in there too!” He released a deep barrel laugh from his gut as he let go of my friend. “That’s right, baby. I already have a pissy baby, so why not have a shitty one.” Jack turned to me, and his eyes were cloudy and stared into the far unknown. His mouth hung open, and drool dripped from his large lips, adding to the idiotic way he stared.

“So what are you, boy?” Daddy asked Jack, tilting his face up towards him. My once overly cocky friend shrank away from daddy, transforming into another submissive underneath daddy’s control.

“A shitty baby.” Jack cried. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he freed another loud wet fart, and more shit piled into the back of his shorts.

“That’s right. But don’t worry. Daddy will take care of you. Daddy loves his boys as long as they listen and do exactly as he says. Right, baby?”

“Right, daddy!” I chirped.

Daddy smiled. “That’s why you’re my favorite boy.”

Daddy left Jack standing in the locker room’s threshold—a husk of his former person—while he came and kissed me. His hairy face scratched against my recently lasered face—one of the many recent changes he had instilled in the last few months. His rough hand went to the front of my diaper and squeezed it, wringing out the piss onto my cock and lap. “Someone was really thirsty this morning. I was hoping you would wet yourself at the gym.” His eyes danced with mischievous intent while he continued to massage my cock through the wet diaper. I melted into his large arms, turning into the submissive boy he made me. “Maybe we will even get you to start filling your pampers just like your friend over there.”

As if by the recognition alone, Jack let out another heavy fart into the back of his gym shorts. Daddy sniffed the air and groaned.

“Fuck, it’s been a while since I had one so easy to break. Let alone one who would shit himself with such little pushing.”

“Will I get to play with him too?” I asked. Over the last few months, daddy had set up several different play dates with his other boys. Some still were kept in his care, while others were given to men around the city—those with the most peculiar of tastes that couldn’t be satisfied by the average dating app.

“Of course, sunshine!” Daddy said, messing my hair with his oversized hand. “But first, let’s go workout. Don’t want to let those muscles waste away, do we?”

I pulled away and struck a pose. Without a thought, I thrust my diapered bottom out proudly. I tensed my biceps and flexed my pectorals. Both actions received a growl of appreciation from daddy.

“Damn! How did I get so lucky!”

I gave an overly toothy grin before I shrugged my muscular shoulders. “Beats me!”

“Ohhhkay!” He reached out and slapped my bottom. “For that, you got another twenty minutes on the treadmill. Now get those shorts on! You two got me all riled up and ready to go home and have some fun!”

I snatched my short shorts from the locker and pulled them over my wet diaper. I could feel the front of the cotton shorts already grow wet from my recently flooded diaper.

“What about him, daddy?” I pointed towards Jack, who had not moved an inch since he filled his underwear.

“Bring him with you. I may have made him push too much, so he may be a little too dumb to work out by himself. But fuck . . . that smell is worth it!” He sniffed the air, sucking in the horrible stench of piss and stench. “But I think an adorable diaper boy like you needs a stinky older brother.”

“Agreed!” I reached out for Jack’s hand and pulled. He moved easily, stumbling towards the gym floor. The massive load in the back of his pants jiggled as he moved.

“Come on, big brother! Let’s go workout!”