**May 15, 2021: Hair Trigger Cream Pt. 3**

*Continuation of May 13, 2021, "Hair Trigger Cream Pt. 2"*

By the time I finished getting dressed, Kyle was already out the door. My jeans barely fit over my cum-filled diaper and I ended up waddling out after him with the fly of my jeans unbuttoned, showing some serious peekage of my padding.

So there I sat with my mussed up hair in my best friend's car, trying as best I could not to move around too much or let the bumps and swerves of the road cause my diaper to rub over my shrunken and sensitive penis. I was barely able to contain myself as I felt the edge of another orgasm approaching and I hardly noticed where we were going.

Then Kyle reached over and started playing with my nipples.

"Ohhh," I moaned as they began to get more sensitive. The cream was kicking in and I even the slightest movement of the material over my nipples caused them to send a jolt straight down to my cock, which began dripping precum like there was no tomorrow. I tried to push his hand away but I was weak from pleasure. "Oh, that feels so good... why does that feel so good?" I asked Kyle.

"I told you that cream works," He said. "Just wait til the rest of it kicks in..."

"Rest of it?" I asked, half dazed and completely confused. 'Unh," I cried as he pinched my nipple causing my cock to jolt in its padded prison and shoot out a tiny spurt of semen.

"I mixed some in with your soap in the shower. Every time you took a shower, you were covering your entire body in the stuff. You probably didn't notice because it was diluted by the soap, but I can already see you have less body hair than you did yesterday. Once it's all gone it'll start turning red like your dick and balls and be just as sensitive.

"Is the rest of me gonna shrink too?" I asked, terrified.

"Maybe," he said, laughing."I don't know. It's an experiment."

I grimaced and tensed up, as he pinched my other nipple, causing me to spurt harder.

"You okay there, buddy boy?" he asked as I panted, trying to get my pleasure under control. Every movement I made was met with a jolt of pleasure and a loud crinkle.

"Fffuck, dude. This is really intense... Why are you such a kinky fuck, Kyle?"

"What can I say? Cute guys just make me want to do crazy things. Besides, this is fair revenge for the time you tricked me into getting in that inflatable bitch suit at that fraternity party. What was it you said? You wanted me to 'loosen up?"

I whined in frustration. "Come on, man, that was years ago! I've changed! Just... let me stop using this stupid cream already."

"Maybe I will, but I still think we can have a little fun. Your little dicklet seems go agree..."

He patted my diaper and I howled, doubling over as I was hit by another powerful orgasm.

Luckily for me he let me rest a bit as he concentrated on the road. I soon saw we were pulling into a nearly empty parking lot of a low cinderblock building. There wasn't a sign or anything, but as he led me out, I got the feeling that this place was not your average clothing store.

"Out of car, bud," he said.

I got out and looked down at my pants. They were puffing out all around my waist and crotch, and came up several inches above the waistband, not to mention my pants wouldn't button over such thick padding.

"I can't go out in public like this," I whined. "Everyone will *know*."

"Know that you're a whiny little diaper bitch? That's going to be obvious no matter what," he said, laughing. "I know that your pants don't fit, dude. That's why we're here. We'll get you something nice to wear."

"And just where are we?" I asked, warily. But he was already ignoring me and headed for the entrance. Then I heard the lock of the car click behind me. I was stuck. "Wait! Wait for me!"

The door was locked and Kyle had to push a button to be let inside. The interior was massive with black painted walls, rows and rows of leather gear. Harnesses, jock straps, kilts, you name it, they had it. And the next rack was rubber. And the next rack was lycra...

"I'm not seeing anything here that could help..." I said, looking around.

"What are you talking about? Look at this?" he said, pulling over to the ravewear section and holding up a mesh baby tee with cut out nipples.

"I am *not* wearing that," I said, crossing my arms.

"May I help you?" asked a tall figure crossing their arms and staring at us. They were were wearing a corset and had their gray hair up in a bun on their head.

"Yeah," said Kyle. "My friend can't stop cumming his pants."

"Shut up!" I said, shoving Kyle.

"Hey hey! No roughhousing in the racks. That's what the mats are for," they said, pointing over to an open area lined with mirrors on three sides.

"What we're really looking for is clothing that won't set him off. He's too sensitive... well... *everywhere*." He tweaked my nipple to demonstrate and they were both treated to me splorching the front of my cummy diaper with another gooey load of baby batter.

"Hmm, I see the problem," said the assistant, rubbing their chin. "Come with me."

They moved away from all of the hard materials to a much softer section of the store. Here, everything was fleece. A lot of it looked like sleepwear - cute colorful pajamas, some of which looked like popular cartoon characters. But looking around I could also see onesies, robes, straightjackets, and fleece-lined bondage gear.

"This looks great," said Kyle, holding up a pair of pink bear footie pajamas with a rainbow on the belly.

"No way," I said.

"Well, you'd better pick something better, then. You have five minutes so hurry up and pick a new wardrobe or I'll be picking for you," said Kyle.

I looked around and tried to find the least embarrassing clothes I could. I found a blue fleece nightie, a pair of locking pink fleece pajama pants, and a blue and yellow fleece onesie. I had a hard time because pretty much everything I saw had some drawback. Whether it was restraining, or locking, humiliating, or just too cutesy. When the time was up, I showed Kyle my choices, hoping they'd be enough.

"That's all you got?" scoffed Kyle.

"It's all I could find! I don't wanna wear any of this stuff. And it's only for three days, right? This stuff wears off after that, so it's not like I need that much clothing."

"Think again, buddy," said Kyle, taking my things and grabbing quite a few more of his own.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*