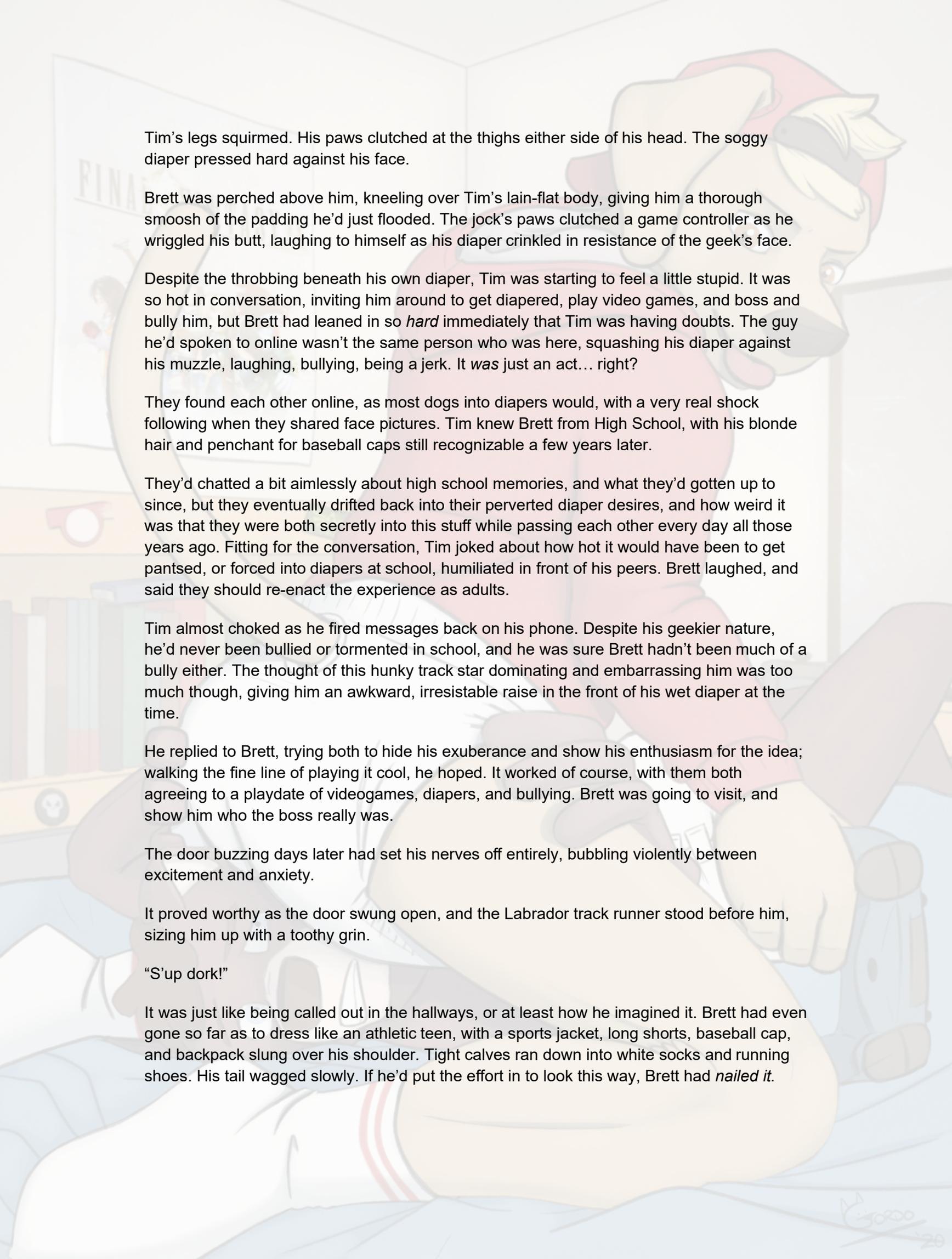


HIGH SCHOOL EXPERIENCE





Tim's legs squirmed. His paws clutched at the thighs either side of his head. The soggy diaper pressed hard against his face.

Brett was perched above him, kneeling over Tim's lain-flat body, giving him a thorough smooch of the padding he'd just flooded. The jock's paws clutched a game controller as he wriggled his butt, laughing to himself as his diaper crinkled in resistance of the geek's face.

Despite the throbbing beneath his own diaper, Tim was starting to feel a little stupid. It was so hot in conversation, inviting him around to get diapered, play video games, and boss and bully him, but Brett had leaned in so *hard* immediately that Tim was having doubts. The guy he'd spoken to online wasn't the same person who was here, squashing his diaper against his muzzle, laughing, bullying, being a jerk. It was just an act... right?

They found each other online, as most dogs into diapers would, with a very real shock following when they shared face pictures. Tim knew Brett from High School, with his blonde hair and penchant for baseball caps still recognizable a few years later.

They'd chatted a bit aimlessly about high school memories, and what they'd gotten up to since, but they eventually drifted back into their perverted diaper desires, and how weird it was that they were both secretly into this stuff while passing each other every day all those years ago. Fitting for the conversation, Tim joked about how hot it would have been to get pantsed, or forced into diapers at school, humiliated in front of his peers. Brett laughed, and said they should re-enact the experience as adults.

Tim almost choked as he fired messages back on his phone. Despite his geekier nature, he'd never been bullied or tormented in school, and he was sure Brett hadn't been much of a bully either. The thought of this hunky track star dominating and embarrassing him was too much though, giving him an awkward, irresistible raise in the front of his wet diaper at the time.

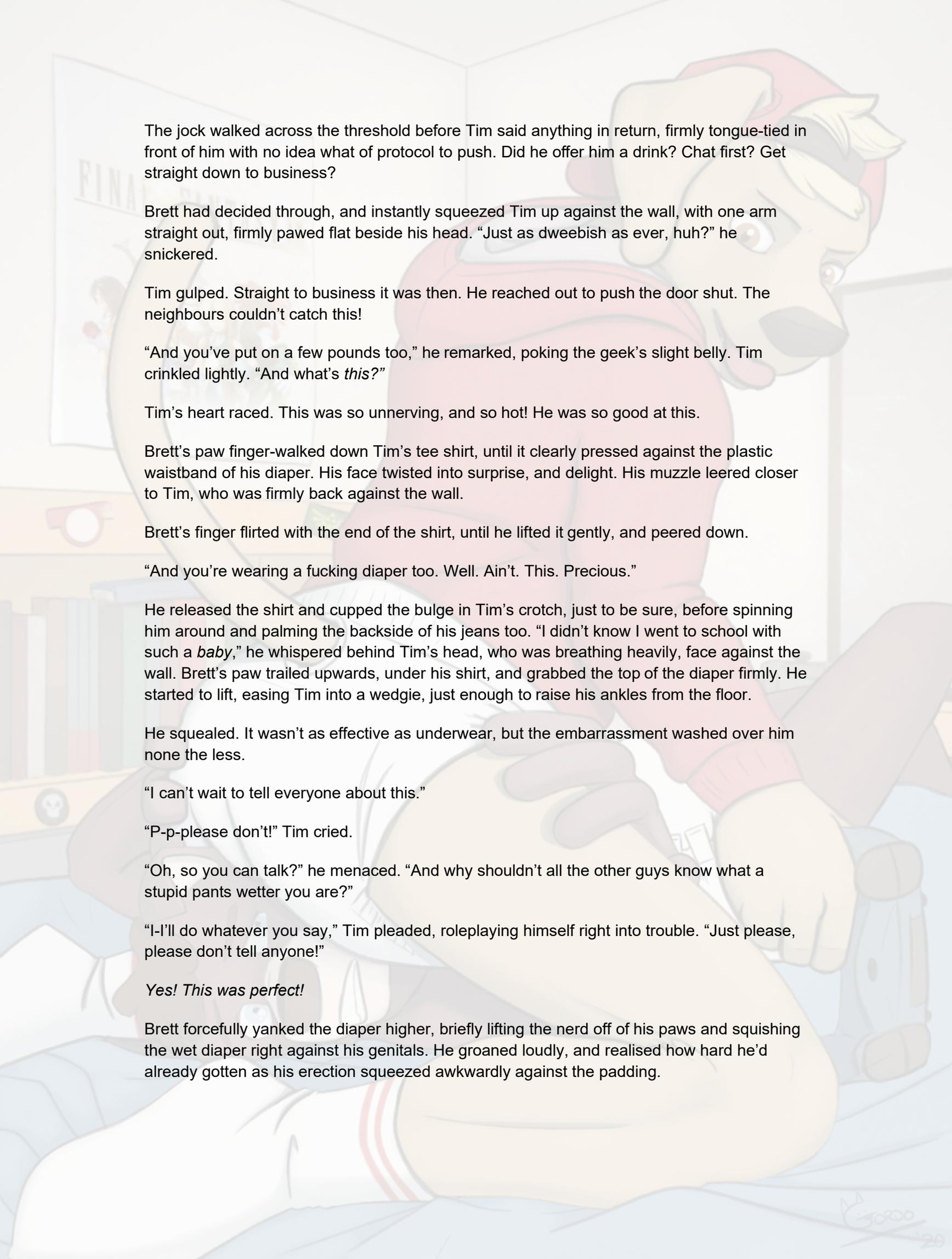
He replied to Brett, trying both to hide his exuberance and show his enthusiasm for the idea; walking the fine line of playing it cool, he hoped. It worked of course, with them both agreeing to a playdate of videogames, diapers, and bullying. Brett was going to visit, and show him who the boss really was.

The door buzzing days later had set his nerves off entirely, bubbling violently between excitement and anxiety.

It proved worthy as the door swung open, and the Labrador track runner stood before him, sizing him up with a toothy grin.

"S'up dork!"

It was just like being called out in the hallways, or at least how he imagined it. Brett had even gone so far as to dress like an athletic teen, with a sports jacket, long shorts, baseball cap, and backpack slung over his shoulder. Tight calves ran down into white socks and running shoes. His tail wagged slowly. If he'd put the effort in to look this way, Brett had *nailed it*.



The jock walked across the threshold before Tim said anything in return, firmly tongue-tied in front of him with no idea what of protocol to push. Did he offer him a drink? Chat first? Get straight down to business?

Brett had decided through, and instantly squeezed Tim up against the wall, with one arm straight out, firmly pawed flat beside his head. “Just as dweebish as ever, huh?” he snickered.

Tim gulped. Straight to business it was then. He reached out to push the door shut. The neighbours couldn’t catch this!

“And you’ve put on a few pounds too,” he remarked, poking the geek’s slight belly. Tim crinkled lightly. “And what’s *this*?”

Tim’s heart raced. This was so unnerving, and so hot! He was so good at this.

Brett’s paw finger-walked down Tim’s tee shirt, until it clearly pressed against the plastic waistband of his diaper. His face twisted into surprise, and delight. His muzzle leered closer to Tim, who was firmly back against the wall.

Brett’s finger flirted with the end of the shirt, until he lifted it gently, and peered down.

“And you’re wearing a fucking diaper too. Well. Ain’t. This. Precious.”

He released the shirt and cupped the bulge in Tim’s crotch, just to be sure, before spinning him around and palming the backside of his jeans too. “I didn’t know I went to school with such a *baby*,” he whispered behind Tim’s head, who was breathing heavily, face against the wall. Brett’s paw trailed upwards, under his shirt, and grabbed the top of the diaper firmly. He started to lift, easing Tim into a wedgie, just enough to raise his ankles from the floor.

He squealed. It wasn’t as effective as underwear, but the embarrassment washed over him none the less.

“I can’t wait to tell everyone about this.”

“P-p-please don’t!” Tim cried.

“Oh, so you can talk?” he menaced. “And why shouldn’t all the other guys know what a stupid pants wetter you are?”

“I-I’ll do whatever you say,” Tim pleaded, roleplaying himself right into trouble. “Just please, please don’t tell anyone!”

Yes! This was perfect!

Brett forcefully yanked the diaper higher, briefly lifting the nerd off of his paws and squishing the wet diaper right against his genitals. He groaned loudly, and realised how hard he’d already gotten as his erection squeezed awkwardly against the padding.



Brett released the diaper before it ripped, and left him fall back to earth before nudging his geek further into the apartment. “Whatever I say, huh? You’re gonna do that anyway... Now drop your pants, dork!”

Tim’s shaking hands fumbled at his button while Brett rolled his eyes, but he got them open, sliding them down his thighs before watching the other guy burst out laughing as the diaper emerged into view.

“Wow,” he laughed, wiping away a tear in his eye, “It’s somehow funnier than I thought. Little Timmy-boy pissing his pants like a loser. And you need...” He stopped to laugh harder. “You need A DIAPER CHANGE!”

Brett’s arms fell and folded against his tummy as he hunched over laughing to himself.

His laugh was so genuine that a trickle of doubt seeped into Tim’s mind. He did really like diapers too... right? This wasn’t a horrible prank waged against him?

“I gotta call the guys...” he said, catching his breath. “They’re gonna lo-“

“Wait!!” Tim cried out. “You said you wouldn’t tell!”

Brett looked disappointed, like he was torn between what he wanted to do, and what he’d agreed to. A smirk broke out across his face, a lightbulb going off in his head, and he grabbed his backpack, unzipping it.

Tim’s fear grew. They hadn’t discussed Brett bringing anything over, and the jock fished out a long can of soda, but not any type or brand Tim recognised.

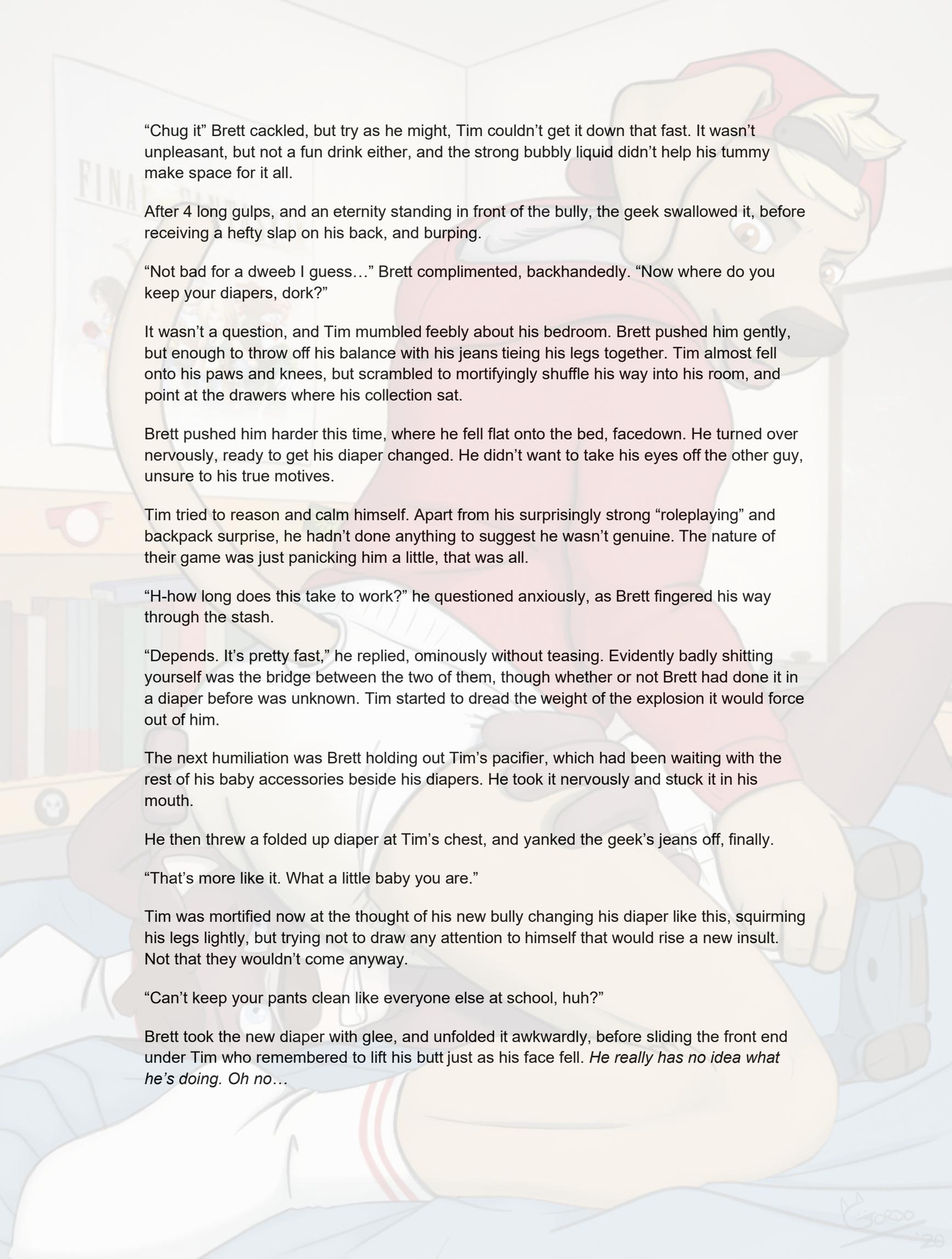
“I got *just* the thing for a diaper-dork!,” he rattled off, “a little track secret, but we use these drinks to, well, clean out the night before a big race. Makes us light on our feet. You get the idea... Now, these boys really do a number on you, so what do you think will happen when one of these magic drinks meets a big diaper baby like you?”

Tim didn’t have to answer, but the horror sat in his stomach. He was going to have to drink the laxative, or whatever it was, and with the growing doubt that this guy wasn’t a genuine diaper wearer, that thought of him messing himself in front of him unsettled Tim. There was no guarantee he wouldn’t tell anyone anyway. Why had he invited him over for this without meeting first?

“I d-don’t think I-“ Tim backtracked. He rarely messed his diapers. It was fun at first, but it was so gross to clean up, and usually not worth the effort.

“You’re not here to think, or wimp out,” Brett warned, dropping his bag and popping the can of fizzy drink open. “Drink it. Or I call my buddies.”

Was this guy for real? *Fuck!* Tim couldn’t tell, but he was still turned on. With nervous paws, and his pants around his knees, he took the can and started to drink.



“Chug it” Brett cackled, but try as he might, Tim couldn’t get it down that fast. It wasn’t unpleasant, but not a fun drink either, and the strong bubbly liquid didn’t help his tummy make space for it all.

After 4 long gulps, and an eternity standing in front of the bully, the geek swallowed it, before receiving a hefty slap on his back, and burping.

“Not bad for a dweeb I guess...” Brett complimented, backhandedly. “Now where do you keep your diapers, dork?”

It wasn’t a question, and Tim mumbled feebly about his bedroom. Brett pushed him gently, but enough to throw off his balance with his jeans tying his legs together. Tim almost fell onto his paws and knees, but scrambled to mortifyingly shuffle his way into his room, and point at the drawers where his collection sat.

Brett pushed him harder this time, where he fell flat onto the bed, facedown. He turned over nervously, ready to get his diaper changed. He didn’t want to take his eyes off the other guy, unsure to his true motives.

Tim tried to reason and calm himself. Apart from his surprisingly strong “roleplaying” and backpack surprise, he hadn’t done anything to suggest he wasn’t genuine. The nature of their game was just panicking him a little, that was all.

“H-how long does this take to work?” he questioned anxiously, as Brett fingered his way through the stash.

“Depends. It’s pretty fast,” he replied, ominously without teasing. Evidently badly shitting yourself was the bridge between the two of them, though whether or not Brett had done it in a diaper before was unknown. Tim started to dread the weight of the explosion it would force out of him.

The next humiliation was Brett holding out Tim’s pacifier, which had been waiting with the rest of his baby accessories beside his diapers. He took it nervously and stuck it in his mouth.

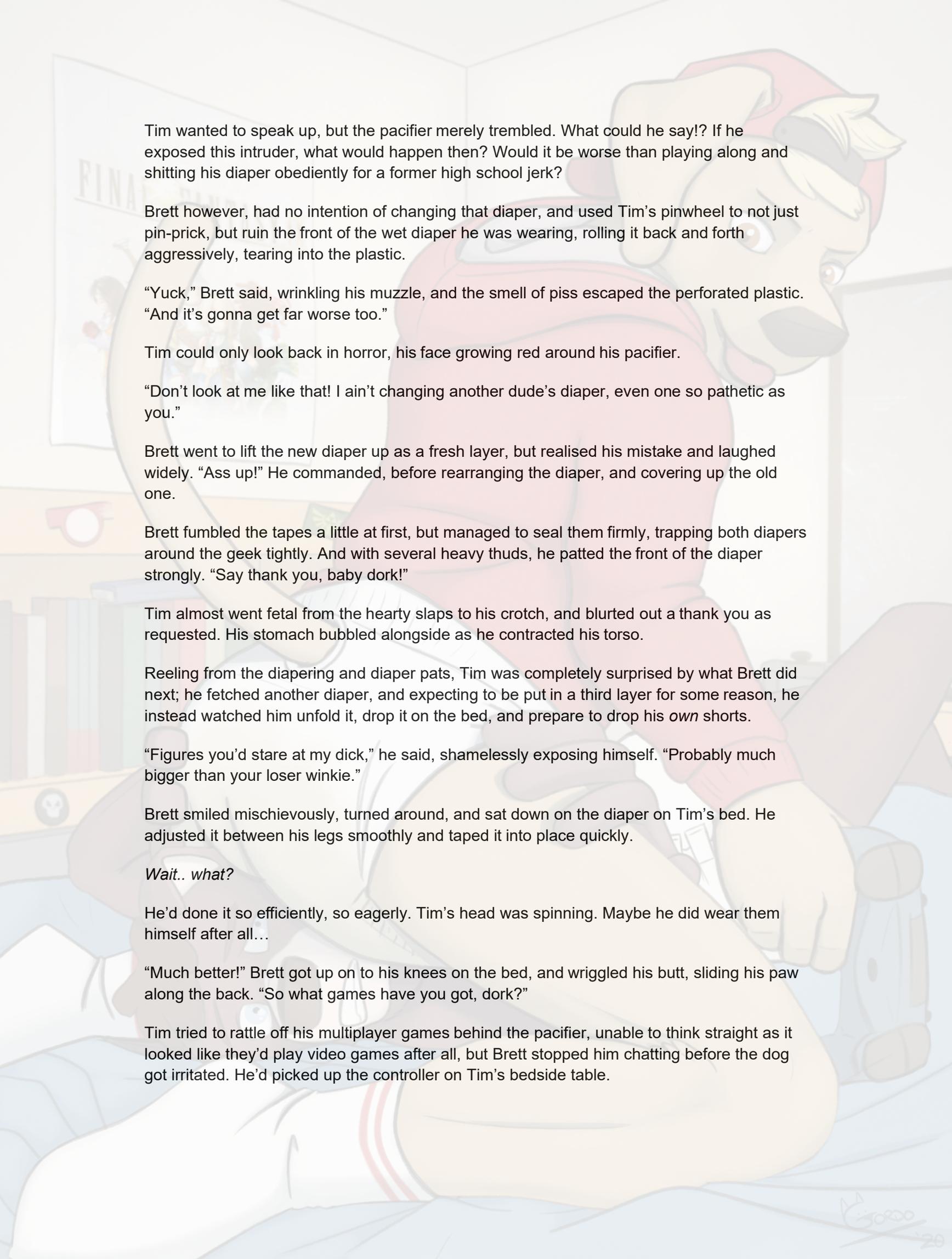
He then threw a folded up diaper at Tim’s chest, and yanked the geek’s jeans off, finally.

“That’s more like it. What a little baby you are.”

Tim was mortified now at the thought of his new bully changing his diaper like this, squirming his legs lightly, but trying not to draw any attention to himself that would rise a new insult. Not that they wouldn’t come anyway.

“Can’t keep your pants clean like everyone else at school, huh?”

Brett took the new diaper with glee, and unfolded it awkwardly, before sliding the front end under Tim who remembered to lift his butt just as his face fell. *He really has no idea what he’s doing. Oh no...*



Tim wanted to speak up, but the pacifier merely trembled. What could he say!? If he exposed this intruder, what would happen then? Would it be worse than playing along and shitting his diaper obediently for a former high school jerk?

Brett however, had no intention of changing that diaper, and used Tim's pinwheel to not just pin-prick, but ruin the front of the wet diaper he was wearing, rolling it back and forth aggressively, tearing into the plastic.

"Yuck," Brett said, wrinkling his muzzle, and the smell of piss escaped the perforated plastic. "And it's gonna get far worse too."

Tim could only look back in horror, his face growing red around his pacifier.

"Don't look at me like that! I ain't changing another dude's diaper, even one so pathetic as you."

Brett went to lift the new diaper up as a fresh layer, but realised his mistake and laughed widely. "Ass up!" He commanded, before rearranging the diaper, and covering up the old one.

Brett fumbled the tapes a little at first, but managed to seal them firmly, trapping both diapers around the geek tightly. And with several heavy thuds, he patted the front of the diaper strongly. "Say thank you, baby dork!"

Tim almost went fetal from the hearty slaps to his crotch, and blurted out a thank you as requested. His stomach bubbled alongside as he contracted his torso.

Reeling from the diapering and diaper pats, Tim was completely surprised by what Brett did next; he fetched another diaper, and expecting to be put in a third layer for some reason, he instead watched him unfold it, drop it on the bed, and prepare to drop his *own* shorts.

"Figures you'd stare at my dick," he said, shamelessly exposing himself. "Probably much bigger than your loser winkie."

Brett smiled mischievously, turned around, and sat down on the diaper on Tim's bed. He adjusted it between his legs smoothly and taped it into place quickly.

Wait.. what?

He'd done it so efficiently, so eagerly. Tim's head was spinning. Maybe he did wear them himself after all...

"Much better!" Brett got up on to his knees on the bed, and wriggled his butt, sliding his paw along the back. "So what games have you got, dork?"

Tim tried to rattle off his multiplayer games behind the pacifier, unable to think straight as it looked like they'd play video games after all, but Brett stopped him chatting before the dog got irritated. He'd picked up the controller on Tim's bedside table.



“No, dumbass,” he said, pressing the power button on the controller. “I’m not playing games with a baby like you. Lie down, like this, now.”

Brett ordered Tim to lie flat down the centre of his bed, with his head just lower than the pillows and his feet pointing towards the TV on the wall. The pacifier was removed. He couldn’t tell why, until Brett lumbered his thick, diapered ass over his chest, and rested a knee and socked-paw either side of the geek. He was just about to protest as the padding lowered hurriedly, and pressed right against his face.

He was trapped, and as the jock made himself comfortable, Brett exhaled deeply, and the geek felt the diaper start to grow warm against his face.

“Oh yeah... been holding that in a while!” he said with relief. “But you don’t know what ‘holding’ is, do you?”

Tim grunted and turned his nose and muzzle away from the diaper as best he could, but there was little movement to be gained.

“Comfy back there, dork?” He called out, laughing, with a firm press down of his buttocks.

Tim tried to push back, but found no leverage against the guy’s lower body. There was no shifting him, and he was powerless to lie here beneath his wet diaper for as long as he wanted it.

Tim wriggled and tried to speak against the puffy plastic pressed against his face. What could he say to that anyway? This guy’s diaper rubbing against his nose and mouth wasn’t comfortable at all, and it was *really* degrading!

“I can’t hear you!” he said, warningly.

“N-Not really..!” Tim replied wearily.

“Too bad!” He sneered, “because *I am*, and that’s what matters ‘round here. Got it?”

Tim whined. He could feel the soda working its magic through his gut. Fast. Was he really going to crap his own diaper while under this guy’s ass?

Brett no doubt felt the contractions of Tim’s stomach, and with a howling laugh, patted the boy’s stomach several times. Tim’s thighs lifted back to his tummy instinctively.

Brett started to navigate on Tim’s console, completely out of sight. All he could hear were the noises of *his* console, with suspiciously long trips through menus. He tried to query what it was the guy was doing, but Brett shut him up quickly, and he finally heard a game start.

Brett wasn’t playing for long though, before suddenly grunting noisily. “You know, it’s always worse than I remember.”

“What is?” Tim tried to reply, muffled.

“Oh. Whoops. I shoulda said something,” Brett chuckled. “I bought two of those cans. I drank mine before I got here.”

Oh god no...

Tim yelled into the diaper and tried to push the guy away, but he was stuck. He kicked his legs, not that they could reach anyway. Brett paused the game and picked up his phone. He tried to settle the trapped geek.

“Whoa! Settle!” He clamped his free paw on one of Tim’s thighs. “You had two choices. We do what I want, or I tell my boys about what a big fucking baby you actually are.”

Tim ceased his kicking, terrified that the diaper was going to expand full of mess at any moment.

“My phone is unlocked. You remember Shaun, right? Played football, dumb as a brick? I can him dial at any second. What do you think a guy like him would do with information like this?”

This was too much. Tim cried out in protest, and Brett actually lifted his butt off of his face. He inhaled deeply in relief, but Brett did not look happy.

“‘I want you to come over here and ruin me,’ you texted me,” Brett lectured, “‘I want to be bossed around in my own home, treated like a baby, and bullied, just like a high school dweeb.’”

Tim covered his face, degraded.

“You texted me that, dork, so this is what’s happening,” Brett said firmly, “And I’m guessing I’m not calling Shaun, so you better get your face back where it belongs.”

Tim was blushing painfully and trying to get hard in his diaper. It had just been horny talk, but he couldn’t be shocked to see it was finally happening. He lay back down silently and rested his arms at his side. His face was without defence, and he whimpered as Brett held his tummy, sat back over him, and pressed the diaper against him.

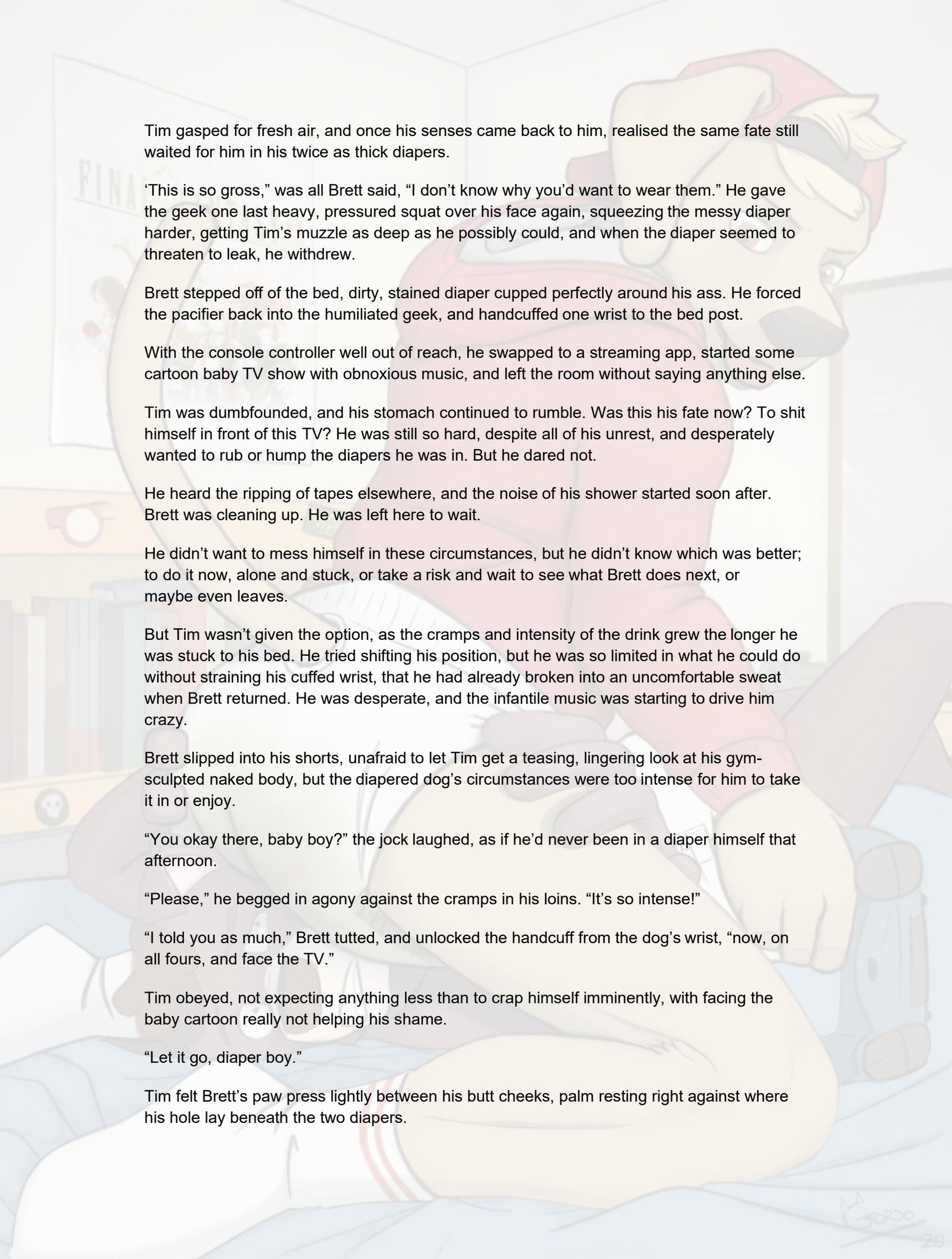
‘It’s for your own good, nerd,’ he said, in anguish, before grunting and releasing the first wave of his laxative driven mess into the diaper. He’d been barely holding on it seemed.

Tim whined and closed his eyes as the diaper expanded against him noisily, feeling it grow warmer, followed by the awful stench of the guy’s evacuations.

Brett couldn’t help but lean forward as his body pushed it out, releasing some of the tension between his diaper and the geek, but it just made for a disgusting squish as he pressed it back down.

The Labrador was loving it, once the exhaustion of messing like that faded, pressing and rubbing it against the dog, and shifting to one side to give his nose a far-too-close inspection of his leg-guards.

Brett then leaned forward on all fours, spent, with his dirty diaper in the air.



Tim gasped for fresh air, and once his senses came back to him, realised the same fate still waited for him in his twice as thick diapers.

‘This is so gross,’ was all Brett said, ‘I don’t know why you’d want to wear them.’ He gave the geek one last heavy, pressured squat over his face again, squeezing the messy diaper harder, getting Tim’s muzzle as deep as he possibly could, and when the diaper seemed to threaten to leak, he withdrew.

Brett stepped off of the bed, dirty, stained diaper cupped perfectly around his ass. He forced the pacifier back into the humiliated geek, and handcuffed one wrist to the bed post.

With the console controller well out of reach, he swapped to a streaming app, started some cartoon baby TV show with obnoxious music, and left the room without saying anything else.

Tim was dumbfounded, and his stomach continued to rumble. Was this his fate now? To shit himself in front of this TV? He was still so hard, despite all of his unrest, and desperately wanted to rub or hump the diapers he was in. But he dared not.

He heard the ripping of tapes elsewhere, and the noise of his shower started soon after. Brett was cleaning up. He was left here to wait.

He didn’t want to mess himself in these circumstances, but he didn’t know which was better; to do it now, alone and stuck, or take a risk and wait to see what Brett does next, or maybe even leaves.

But Tim wasn’t given the option, as the cramps and intensity of the drink grew the longer he was stuck to his bed. He tried shifting his position, but he was so limited in what he could do without straining his cuffed wrist, that he had already broken into an uncomfortable sweat when Brett returned. He was desperate, and the infantile music was starting to drive him crazy.

Brett slipped into his shorts, unafraid to let Tim get a teasing, lingering look at his gym-sculpted naked body, but the diapered dog’s circumstances were too intense for him to take it in or enjoy.

‘You okay there, baby boy?’ the jock laughed, as if he’d never been in a diaper himself that afternoon.

‘Please,’ he begged in agony against the cramps in his loins. ‘It’s so intense!’

‘I told you as much,’ Brett tutted, and unlocked the handcuff from the dog’s wrist, ‘now, on all fours, and face the TV.’

Tim obeyed, not expecting anything less than to crap himself imminently, with facing the baby cartoon really not helping his shame.

‘Let it go, diaper boy.’

Tim felt Brett’s paw press lightly between his butt cheeks, palm resting right against where his hole lay beneath the two diapers.

"You don't have a choice here."

Tim winced and gave in, to enormous relief, and filled the back of his diaper violently. Brett's paw sat unmoved by the expulsion, and pressed back firmer, squishing and pressing the messy diaper right against the geek. He whined, and sank down to his tummy on the bed as the exhaustion of his relief took hold. The mess gathered unpleasantly around his balls and clung to his cheeks.

"Wow! What the *fuck..!*" Brett exclaimed, stifling a laugh as if never into or encouraging what had just happened. "No wonder your daddy sends you to school in *diapers*." He got off the bed, and left the diaper boy to himself.

Tim lay silent, mortified. He had a feeling he'd be pretty satisfied with how the roleplay had gone, once he had cleaned up and returned to normal.

Brett dressed himself in the rest of his clothing, and left the apartment. "As much as I wanna tell everyone how dumb you are, I really don't want to *think* about you in a shitty diaper ever again."

Tim gathered his breath, and got up gingerly. Brett was gone mere minutes and his phone alerted him to new messages.

"Don't dare change that diaper until I say so, dork."

"I'll expect pictures."

"You take it, off, I tell Shaun. :)"

Tim groaned and rolled onto his back, squishing the mess. He wanted to jerk off so much, and also clean up. But he dared not do the former before he could do the latter as well. His stomach was still gurgling too, as if the laxative soda's work wasn't yet done. Brett was good at this.

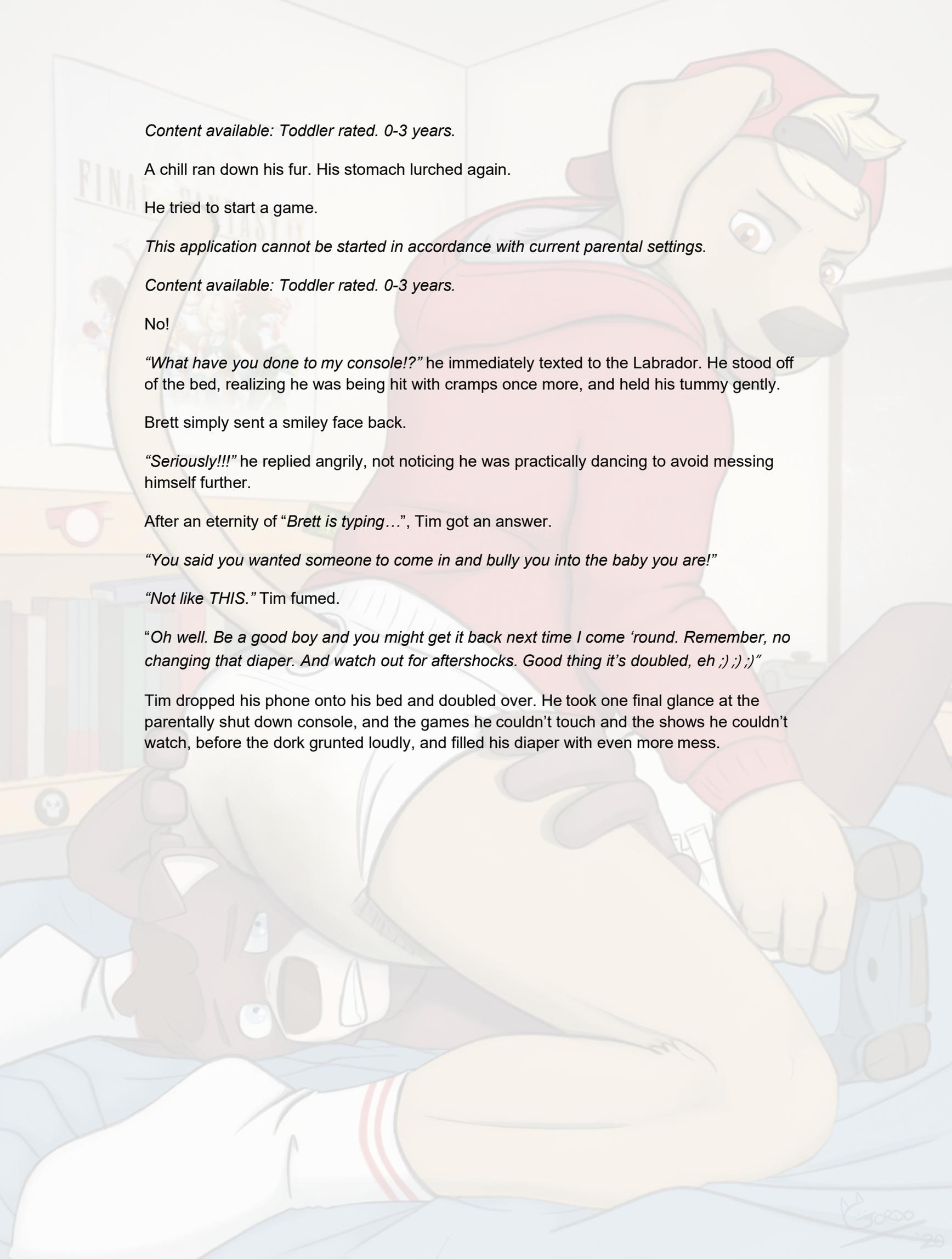
Instead, he chose to relieve himself of the babyish noise coming from the TV. Grossed out and embarrassed, he wanted to watch something on TV to take his mind off of the discomfort, and arousal. He reawakened the controller, and saw he was signed in as someone else. A user called 'baby dork'. He would have rolled his eyes, but at least Brett hadn't used his real profile for this shit. It explained all the mysterious menu-hopping.

He navigated to switch user back to his own profile, but it asked for a code. "What..?" he said to himself. Despite knowing he had never set a code up, he tried two of his usual codes. They were rejected, with a warning of account lockdown if he persisted.

Fuck, he thought, Brett had done this. One final taunt.

He returned back to the 'dork' profile. He'd get the code later. He tried to open a streaming app.

This application can only be used in accordance with current parental settings.



Content available: Toddler rated. 0-3 years.

A chill ran down his fur. His stomach lurched again.

He tried to start a game.

This application cannot be started in accordance with current parental settings.

Content available: Toddler rated. 0-3 years.

No!

"What have you done to my console!?" he immediately texted to the Labrador. He stood off of the bed, realizing he was being hit with cramps once more, and held his tummy gently.

Brett simply sent a smiley face back.

"Seriously!!!" he replied angrily, not noticing he was practically dancing to avoid messing himself further.

After an eternity of *"Brett is typing..."*, Tim got an answer.

"You said you wanted someone to come in and bully you into the baby you are!"

"Not like THIS." Tim fumed.

"Oh well. Be a good boy and you might get it back next time I come 'round. Remember, no changing that diaper. And watch out for aftershocks. Good thing it's doubled, eh ;) ;)"

Tim dropped his phone onto his bed and doubled over. He took one final glance at the parentally shut down console, and the games he couldn't touch and the shows he couldn't watch, before the dork grunted loudly, and filled his diaper with even more mess.



FINAL FANTASY IX

Gjoro '20



FINAL FANTASY IX

Gjoro '20



FINAL FANTASY IX

Giorno '20