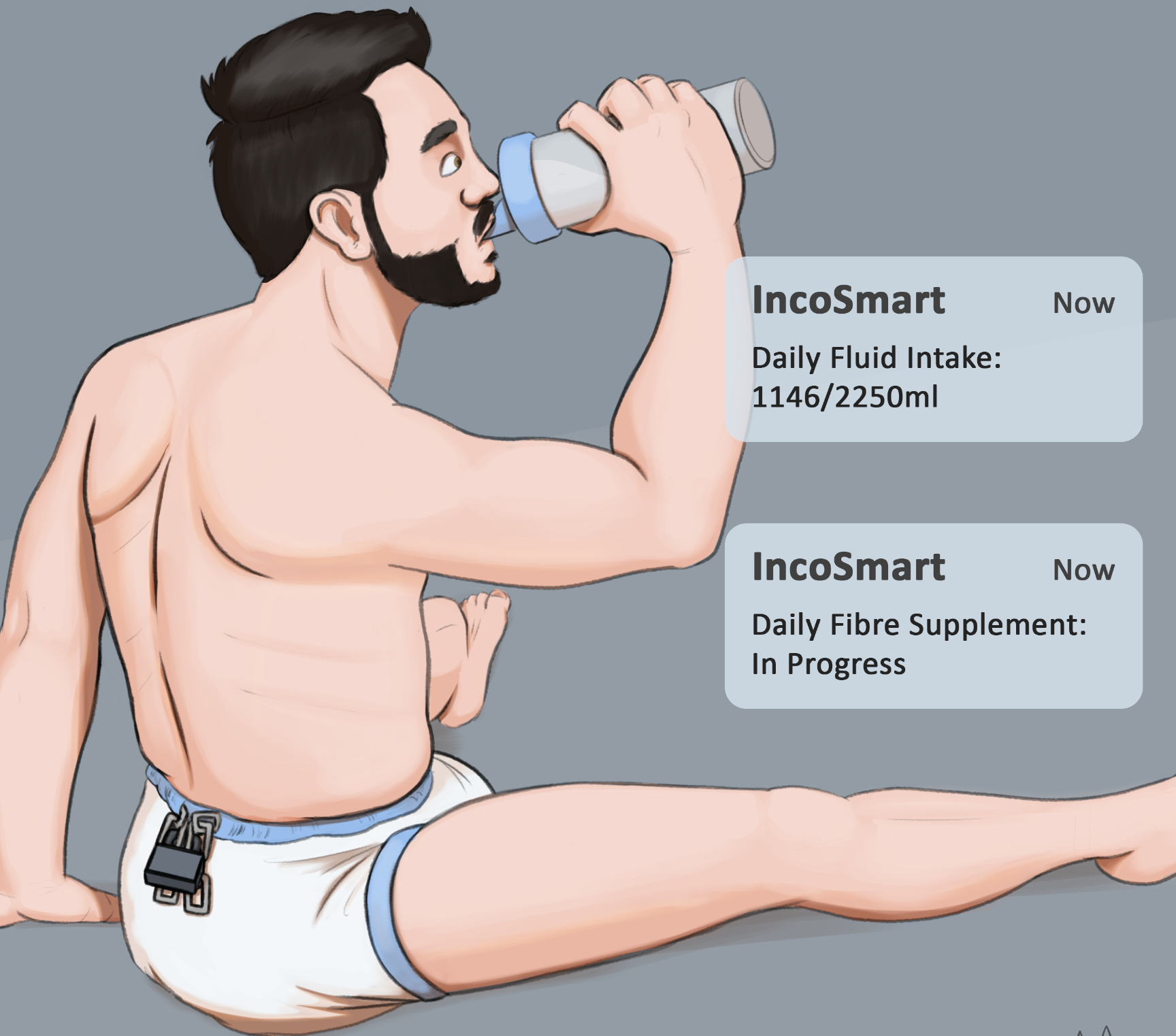


BETA TESTED 1.3



IncoSmart

Now

Daily Fluid Intake:
1146/2250ml

IncoSmart

Now

Daily Fibre Supplement:
In Progress

The thing about not being able to decide to change your own diapers is you get used to it.

The worst part about it is your body gets its own ideas.

Sure, I could live with waddling around work a little bit, hoping my plastic pants weren't crinkling *too* obviously. I was oddly fine with going home close to soaked and eating dinner before I could finally change. Maybe messing myself before the lock released, that evening or the next morning before I went back to the office. I was able to wrestle some control despite the locking pants I was forced to wear.

That routine became all the more difficult when I had an evening *and* a morning where that expected mess didn't come, and I was forced to lock those plastic pants back on before leaving for work, knowing it would be 8-10 hours before I was wet enough that the IncoSmart app would allow them to release again. All it took was a late morning coffee before my body decided *that* was a good time to get my bowels moving, and I spent an agonising afternoon battling my own urges not to shit my pants at work.

Those plastic pants couldn't be tugged down beyond my diaper, and believe me I tried! The shortness of the waistband chain saw to that, almost as if they were bespoke trimmed to fit me tightly (and let's be honest, knowing Bright and Shine, they probably were). I would have given anything to just drop them and use the work toilets, and in that moment of desperation I knew I was truly stuck.

The cramps got so bad that I made an excuse about needing to leave early, and almost ran out of the door forty-five minutes before I was due to finish. I messed myself heavily not far around the corner, and suffered a mortifying journey home (while the app had the temerity to point out that I'd had an accident in my pants too).

Although I'd managed to successfully worm my way out of things, and my manager was reasonably flexible, that was twice in almost two weeks that the app's control over me had affected my job. It was a worrying precedent.

The first incident was obviously the day I was put in these pants. I'd lost the visiting compliance coordinator's cruel punishment, and faced hours and hours trapped in a stinky diaper *after* I had already slept in it. Needing an "emergency plumber" that day allowed me to shamefully work from home in my filth, and pushed me into such a corner of fear that I tried to find any loophole I could to avoid myself getting stuck in those plastic pants for the near future.

Once I'd finally cleaned up and the app pushed me into wearing a fresh diaper far too quickly (seriously, I needed a break after seventeen hours wearing my mess!), I tried to simply close the padlock and leave it on my desk. Sure, I couldn't cheat by taking diapers off unless the lock had released, but I refused to be stuck in a permanent punishment state.

Irritatingly, the app did not register the lock as shut, no matter what I tried, and it warned me severely that the lock still needed to be applied.

I didn't panic, but if the app was warning me then there must be a time limit, and I *really* didn't want a second visit from Toby already. I tried shutting it in the chain of the plastic pants, wondering if maybe this "smart" electronic lock had some kind of contactless chip to register with.

That also failed, and my phone buzzed another strict warning.

I was at a loss, and stepped into the plastic pants, before pulling them in place. I brought the chain together, slipped the lock through, and my phone confirmed it was sealed. My stomach sank. If there was a contactless element to the lock, it wasn't the plastic pants, but the diapers instead. I couldn't make sense of it, but the app was happy, and I was spared an infraction.

I tried for days to outsmart it, but not even keeping the lock in my pocket would help. I was forced to accept they had this power over me too, and I was living in locking pants until it was decided otherwise.

The urge to tear through them with a scissors or a bolt cutters didn't pass me by. It felt like wearing the lock and chain like a belt would still function as the app desired and save me crapping my pants, but, all I could think about was the further actions they'd take when I was caught. I was scared of their tenacity, so they had my compliance.

I struggled for another two weeks after I messed my diaper outside of work, living nervously and trying to ensure I messed while at home if I could manage it. On the days I was "lucky" enough to get to change at the office, I sat on the toilet for five minutes to try to pass something. Some days I was successful.

The plastic pants felt like they were designed to prevent that kind of toilet usage on top of restricting my changes, but I couldn't take the chance that I'd badly need to poop at the office again. If the worst did happen, I couldn't guarantee the lock would even release... and that was a horrifying thought.

With my bowel habits turning erratic, I guess my diet or my water intake must have taken a hit, subconsciously at least. Maybe the reality of my situation had hit harder than I realised. I didn't feel like the horny fool who was in over his head anymore, but more like I was trapped in this inescapable system.

I received my first summary from the app, where it had scored me against various metrics and delightful charts. This was the kind of data nonsense I'd signed up for; how many diapers I'd gone through, how often I'd wet, messed, and when it was most likely to happen.

This was supposed to be the incontinence guideline in its glory; when I'd need thicker diapers versus thinner, when I should change and when I could last. But now it was a degrading dashboard of when I was mostly likely to shit my pants.

My "output" had declined, which I'd noticed myself already from my broken routine of change times. It had also detected the gaps in bowel movements where I'd used the work bathroom. I didn't think they'd care, but I wasn't surprised to see my output overall graded as a negative.

Of course, they decided to take measures against this, and ensure my submission was at least kept varied and interesting.

That same day I received tracking information for a package on its way to me, and when I returned from work, a concerningly inconspicuous cardboard box was waiting.

I opened it with dread, never sure what weird measure this company would send me next. Inside were drinking bottles and some glossy packages, with a printed note.

"Dear Josh, please find enclosed a set of Bright and Shine SmartFlasks! Due to recent metrics not being met, a daily fluid intake of 2250ml has been set. You should find this easy to achieve with our specially designed SmartFlasks. Each SmartFlask has capacity markers that max at 750ml. Please ensure all of your water intake is from these bottles on a daily basis, as fluid from other cups, glasses or bottles will not be monitored by IncoSmart.

"Due to recent metrics not being met, we have also enclosed some fibre pouches. Please ensure one dosage is taken from the SmartFlask on a daily basis.

“Please note that output metrics are important to the development of the IncoSmart Beta program. You have failed to meet the required outputs recently for:

- *Urine*
- *Feces*

“Failure to comply with these new conditions and to improve metrics may result in further adjustments being made to your program, or another infraction occurring.

“Thank you for being a part of the IncoSmart Beta program. Your contributions are an important part to further improvements across our entire range.”

“You’ve gotta be shitting me...”

I almost tore up the printed letter, but I stopped myself knowing there could be something I’d missed or will forget and land myself in further trouble. I tossed it to one side in frustration, and took a look at one of the bottles. In typical fashion, they’d sent three, leaving me with little excuse other than to have one clean and available at all times.

It was just like a protein shake bottle, but with a nicer aesthetic. I couldn’t see anything “smart” about it, but I had to believe they knew what they were doing here. The lid looked far more comfortable than any sports bottle, with a gently curved spout at one edge that almost resembled a toddler’s sippy cup, but that was just me over thinking things surely...

Over two litres was more water than I was drinking today, and now it was mandated. My stomach turned at the thought of how much wetting I’d do, but if I could find a way to minimise how much of that was at the office, then hopefully I could save some blushes.

The fibre supplement scared me more. I’d never taken something like it before. Would things become even more unpredictable? I felt dizzy as I unpacked them, and realised they’d given me enough sachets for at least a month.

Dread grabbed me as I realised I probably needed to start immediately. I needed my “metrics” to improve, which meant more messy diapers, and no more using the toilet at work. I’d already done it for the last time.

I had to open one of these and drink it down. I’d never managed to cheat their demands so far, so I knew I had no choice here. I tore one of the sachets open and poured it into the bottle, before topping it up with water.

I tried to think about how much I’d drank today already, and one of these bottles before dinner should put me in a good position to start hitting my goals and... soaking my diapers.

I grimaced, but wetter diapers surely meant faster changes, and that would actually be a good thing for when the inevitable bowel movement struck...

I started to suck on the bottle, and despite its weirdly babyish spout it had a fast flow, making it very easy to get the liquids down. The fibre supplement was barely noticeable, giving the water a slight vanilla flavouring. All in all, the bottle wasn’t terrible to deal with, though I needed to remember it would cause me bigger messes down the line.

It made the diaper around my waist feel far more pronounced, now that I was dwelling on how much I *had* to use them. Piece by piece, my autonomy over the diapers was being stripped away. I was just here to fill them and change them as dictated. And that thought started to get me *hard* as I drank the last of the water.

My phone distracted me though, as just after the last of the water passed through the spout, it notified me that 750ml had been successfully ingested. I put the bottle down, a little sheepish for following the orders so blindly.

It was a weird feeling. Completing the instruction came with no satisfaction, no instant gratification but I suddenly craved it now that I was turned on. It had been a tense two weeks, and arousal seemed to be barreling back into control. It was refreshing to feel lust so strongly again, and I wanted to go take care of business, but the slick plastic pants and thick chain around my waist didn't exactly make it easy. For the few times I'd routinely fired one out, it had been easier to wait until the lock had released, but it always came with a countdown before a new diaper and lock had to go back on.

Nonetheless, I stripped from my work clothes right down to the diaper and plastic pants, and sank into the sofa with my phone. The plastic felt more sensual now, like I was feeling it properly for the first time. The bulk of the diaper I'd sat in for all of work was still warm and squishy between my legs, as my hardening dick tried to find space to grow. I adjusted my groin as best I could, and unlocked my phone. I didn't need to get off right away; I could find something fun to watch or to read, something to really get the juices going.

I had the kinky world at my fingertips! Photos. Videos. Stories of "men" being forced into diapers. Submitting to stronger men. Forcefully babied. Manipulated. Coerced. It was a little close to home still, but my dick wanted what it wanted.

I wanted to savour it and save it until I changed, but the urge was all too much. It was a little awkward trying to rub beneath both slippery plastic pants and a wet diaper, but I found a method and it didn't take too much of my time.

My phone vibrated, but I'd long dropped it to one side. I didn't need to be informed that I'd just squirted in my diaper. I was pretty well aware as I regained my breath.

Moments after I'd orgasmed, I regretted indulging so quickly. I had another wetting or two to make before the lock would release, which just left me feeling sweaty and gross in these unremovable pants. I'd have to live with it.

I made some dinner and carried on with my night, trying to forget about the "pressure" to wet and finally clean up. As my food was prepared and on the stove, I returned to killing time on my phone, lingering as naked as I was allowed to be.

Then I saw the IncoSmart notification. The *new* notification.

"Semen detected. Content recorded."

I felt my blood run cold. What content?? My phone hadn't been recording; I would have noticed. Or so I hoped. What content did it mean, the porn? My browsing history?

My food was starting to burn. I snapped out of it.

I tried to eat dinner, but I couldn't shake the knot in the back of my mind. What had that recorded? And what was it for? They knew I liked diapers already, this shouldn't be a shock to them.

The lock thankfully released not long after I ate and wet myself some more. I showered anxiously, relieved of my sticky diaper, before grabbing a fresh diaper and pair of plastic pants and locking my special circumstances back on.

I can't be the only one.

I had just dumped the previous soaked diaper into my pail when the revelation hit me, harder than I expected.

There had to be others in the program, more specifically, others who were like *me*. I refused to believe they made locking pants on a whim because I kept changing my diaper. That the coordinator knew exactly how to handle and punish me for it. That this app was able to react and monitor my masturbation habits.

With a nervous energy, I turned on my laptop. It never booted quickly enough when I wanted it to. *"IncoSmart beta members."* The breadth of the internet's search engines couldn't fail me now. Why had I never considered this before!?

But searching for answers granted disappointingly few results. Every answer was just information on the program, or mild discussion forums of seemingly genuine people with incontinence. What I needed was someone, anyone, to mention the same scenario I was stuck in. I found nothing about anyone trapped in plastic pants, meeting fluid goals, or anything else I hadn't suffered yet.

It was pristine. You search for IncoSmart or Bright and Shine's incontinence program, and you get squeaky clean positivity. Nothing on diaper or kink websites. Almost like any dissenting views had been scrubbed...

My fingers froze gently. That was it.

I searched for beta incontinence programs, smart diaper programs, anything I could think of without referencing the app or the company... and there it was, a discussion nestled in a corner of the internet: *"Is anyone else stuck in this weird diaper program?"*

I trembled, and grew tense with anxious excitement immediately. I didn't want to get my hopes up, but this could mean getting to talk to someone else in my position.

After the page opened I drank in every comment I could. It was sparse, and a few months old, but they *had* to be talking about the same program. It was a lot to take in, but it was exhilarating. References to the program turning on them, growing stricter, and someone being paid a visit...

I could feel goosebumps immediately on my arms. I needed to post something, and rushed through the sign up process as fast as I could.

"I think we're in the same program. I'm stuck in plastic pants tied to the app. Anyone else??"

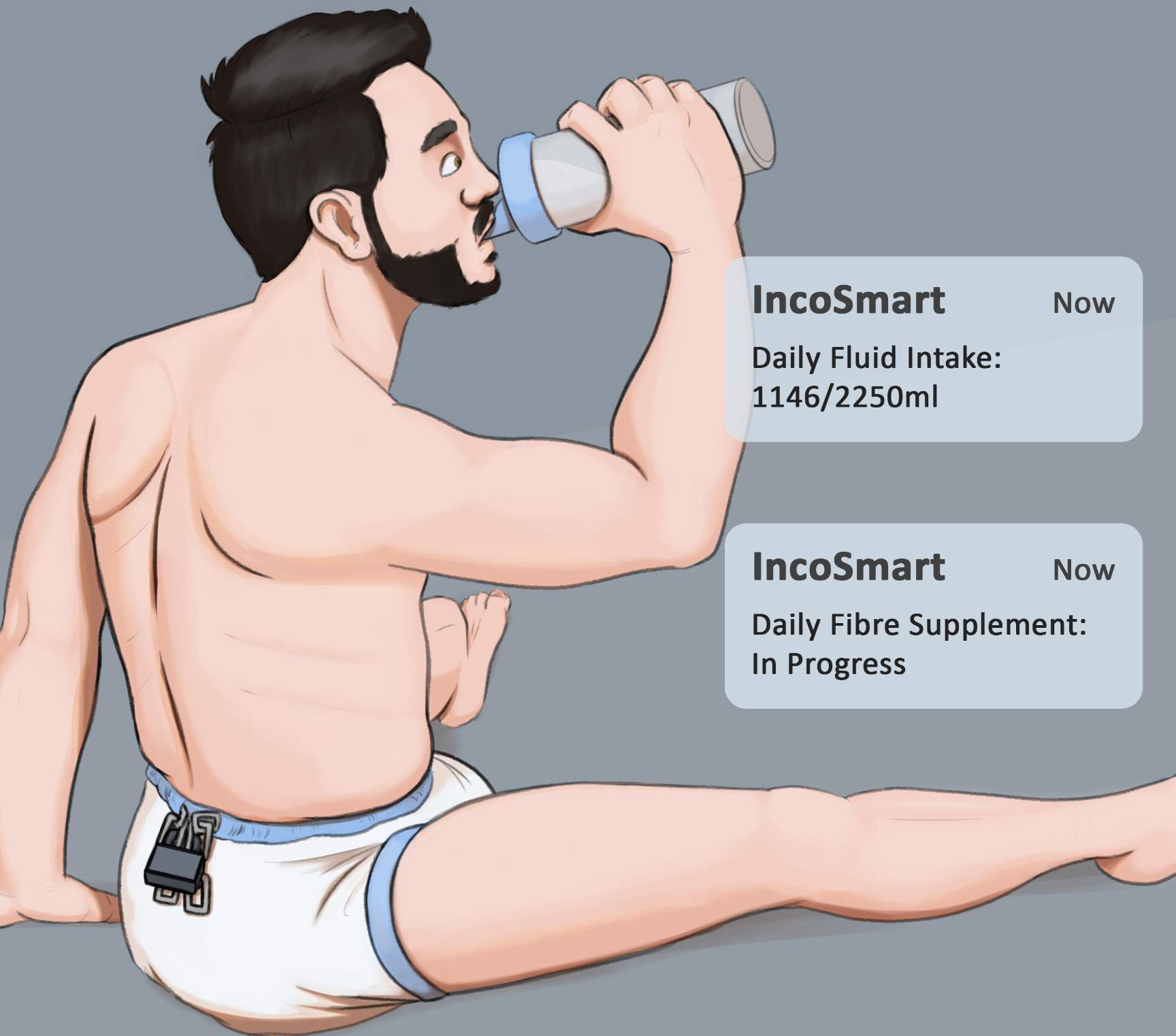
I didn't expect a response immediately, but it was hard not to refresh the page several times in the first half an hour.

Nothing happened for hours. I feared I'd never sleep until I got some kind of reply. I just needed something... and shortly before midnight, before I *knew* I should be in bed, I checked the laptop one final time before trying to sleep. The page was unchanged, and I was still the final comment.

But a notification icon had illuminated with a "1". I clicked it faster than I could think about it. I had a private message; short, anonymous and to the point.

"I'm not in the program but I know all about it. We should talk."

I definitely wasn't going to be able to sleep.



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