**Truck Stop**

**By Elfy**

The truck rumbled down the highway on its slow but steady route from city to city. The heavy goods vehicle was unusually empty since the person driving it had just dropped off it’s load in the previous city and had nothing scheduled. The driver had a few days off and knew exactly what he was going to do.

Steve was in his late forties and had been trucking ever since he had left school. His truck’s cab was basically a second home for him and he spent more time driving than he did at home.

Steve kept himself in shape though. It wasn’t easy to do with so much of his time spent on the road but he made sure to go on short runs and, if he was able, to lift weights each evening. He clearly wasn’t a huge muscle-bound hulk but he was fit enough that people tended to notice. He got looks from the ladies which made him laugh because they were wasting their time. He had no interest in women and even less interest in what people would call a “regular” relationship.

For a long time Steve had been a loner as he drifted around the country and accepted the contracts that others would reject because it would take them away from his family for too long. He had been happy to live this life but even an isolated man such as Steve could get lonely sometimes.

One afternoon a few months before the night that changed Steve’s life, bored in his cab as he drove down a lonely street in the middle of nowhere Steve had decided to pick up a hitchhiker. He was well aware of the dangers of offering lifts to strangers but he had confidence in his physical size, Steve didn’t think he would be overpowered by one person and he was probably right.

“Where you headed?” Steve had asked the young man once he climbed into the truck.

“Just as far from here as possible, dude.” The man had replied, “I’m Matt by the way.”

“Steve. You running from the law or anything? I don’t care, but I do want to know if I have to avoid the cops.” Steve asked seriously. It was unusual for someone to be hitchhiking with no destination in mind.

“Nothing like that.” Matt replied as he stretched out in the passenger seat.

“Then what’s up?” Steve asked as the truck trundled down the deserted road.

“I don’t know man. I’m not sure I should say.” Matt answered uneasily.

“I’m open-minded. I bet whatever your problem is I’ve heard it before.” Steve chuckled, “I’ve been doing this more years than you’ve been on the Earth by the looks of you.”

“I… I came out to my family.” Matt said slowly. He kept his eyes on Steve to make sure that he wasn’t putting himself in danger.

“Didn’t go well, eh?” Steve replied.

“No.” Matt said simply, “They threw me out and basically told me not to come back till I’d accepted Jesus.”

“Real bible-bashers.” Steve muttered.

“Yeah. It’s OK though, I’m going to strike out on my own.” Matt said. He smiled but it was clearly a painful memory. The uncertain future did little to ease Matt’s nerves.

“Really?” Steve was sceptical that Matt was prepared for life at the deep end, “You’ve got no destination, right? Nowhere to stay?”

“I’ve got an app for that.” Matt said.

“An app?” Steve asked.

Matt pulled his phone out of his pocket and handed it to Steve. Steve kept one hand on the wheel as he glanced down at the small device.

“Friend Finder?” Steve said out loud as he read what was on the screen.

“Yeah.” Matt smiled as he took the phone back, “It has all sorts of categories including romantic ones. I’m going to just throw out messages when I get to wherever I’m going and look for a place to stay.”

“Interesting…” Steve muttered, “Would it work on my old phone?”

Steve pulled an ancient flip phone out of his pocket for Matt to look at. He smiled at Matt looked shocked.

“This thing is so old!” Matt giggled, “It still works?”

“It makes calls.” Steve shrugged.

“Look, when we get to the next town let me take you to the phone store and we can get you something newer. It doesn’t have to be expensive and then we can stay in contact.” Matt offered.

“We’ll see.” Steve replied without committing to anything.

Steve had eventually gone with Matt for a new phone and he had installed the app on it soon afterwards. It had taken Steve a while to work out how to use the app properly but once he had it down he found it to be pretty useful. He could arrange hook-ups in places he was staying overnight with no strings attached. It worked for him, to get sexual release without all the tedious relationship part was perfect for Steve.

There was one thing he wasn’t getting fulfilled though. He had an itch that he wanted to fill, something that he had been interested in for years but never had the chance to try.

To put it bluntly, Steve wanted a diaper slave. He had been interested in diapers ever since he was a teenager and now that he had this app he found out he wasn’t the only one. There were a few casual encounters that involved diapers and baby treatment which Steve found cool but none of it gave him the control and the permanence that he was desperate for.

Steve created a plan. He didn’t hesitate, he knew what he wanted and he was going to take it. There was an area in the elongated cab behind the driver’s seat that had room for a small amount of home comforts. A bed, a television, a small kitchen area and stuff like that. Enough room for a few luxuries in an otherwise cramped truck.

Steve started stripping everything out of the living area. He rarely used most of it anyway and he had no problem dumping most of it in the wilderness.

Over the next few months Steve used his downtime to slowly craft a nursery. In the limited space he had. He didn’t need much.

It’s surprising what you can find on deserted highways if you are looking for it. Steve found planks of wood and other types of boards that had slipped off other trucks. Steve would stop, gather it up and then go to work with his tool kit. Before long he had created a strong wooden crib, it was cramped but he wasn’t concerned about space as long as a human could fit inside it. It was more of a cage than a regular bed but Steve didn’t expect the person staying in it to want to be there.

Steve made a makeshift high chair against another wall. It was essentially just a raised seat fixed to the wall with a tray that could be raised and lowered. Steve had more trouble with getting the straps ready but with a bit of work he was certain he could restrain someone there.

When you move around a lot and spend so much time working it isn’t hard to save money, as a result Steve had quite a bit saved away. He was able to buy packages of adult diapers without much difficulty, toys and other baby paraphernalia soon followed. Steve had to be creative with space but he got it all back there one way or another.

After months of work and lots of checking and double checking, Steve was satisfied that he had created a space that would be inescapable and also wouldn’t raise suspicion. He built a false back to his cab which hid the whole rear area, he sound proofed the small space as much as possible. He tested it by putting a stereo in the room, turning it up as loud as possible and listening from outside. Very little noise escaped.

The only thing Steve had to do now was find a target. He had very specific tastes and he was happy to wait until he found what he considered to be the perfect person. He wanted them to be younger than he was, early twenties if possible, small in stature and shy.

Steve started studying the “Friend Finder” app for people he felt would be a good match. It was not without problems.

Firstly, because Steve moved around so much it wasn’t easy to arrange a hook up that would work for him. He would often only be in one town or another for a day or two and he would find others were busy. Trying to arrange dates when you are never really certain of when you will be in a certain place is far from easy.

Then there were all of the false starts. There were several meetings arranged where Steve was stood up for lack of a better term, the other person would get cold feet and just not show up or cancel at the last minute.

It was frustrating to Steve that he had gone through all of the trouble to build a nursery to not get a chance to use it.

Even the people that Steve did meet were wildly different from their pictures or just not suitable in other ways. Steve needed a young man that had few connections and wouldn’t be missed, he needed someone who would meet in a quiet and secluded location. Trying to convince people to meet a complete stranger in a truck wasn’t particularly easy. Most wanted to meet in public, a smart choice for them but one that did little to help Steve.

Steve’s luck changed one day that seemed no different than any other. He was pulled over and browsing “Friend Finder” when he found someone that ticked all of his boxes.

Anthony was short, thin and 22-years-old. He had brown hair and green eyes and in his profile picture looked to be a bit of a nerd. He wore glasses and was wearing a t-shirt that seemed to be based on a video game though Steve couldn’t be sure since he never played any.

Steve liked what he saw and shot and shot Anthony a message. He hadn’t expected much, he regularly sent ten or so messages each day to prospective people but he rarely got many responses. This was why Steve was surprised when his phone vibrated just a minute after he had sent the message. Steve had taken the cue from other people and used a fake photo on his profile to appear more attractive.

“Hey!” Anthony had responded straight away much to Steve’s surprise.

The two of them talked and Steve tried to keep things friendly and casual. He pretended to share interests in films and sports with the young man but it was all for show on his part. He had no interest in a deep connection with someone who he planned to imprison.

“I don’t have much in terms of friends or family.” Steve typed into his phone when the conversation started getting a little personal, “It’s difficult when you move around so much.”

“Me neither.” Anthony confided and he included an unhappy emoji, “Never been good at making friends and my step-dad kicked me out of the house when I turned eighteen. I’ve been staying in an at risk homeless shelter since then. I feel so alone.”

“You don’t have to be alone.” Steve said to the young man who he could see was desperate, “At least not tonight.”

“I barely know you.” Anthony replied after a short pause.

“Then get to know me.” Steve suggested, “I can pick you up in my truck, we could go for a meal and see what happens. I’m only in town for one day, not sure when I’ll be back.”

Steve pressed send on his last message and then waited. Minutes passed and there was no sign of a reply from Anthony. Steve hit his dashboard in frustration. He had come on too strong and scared the guy away. He had been so close with this one.

“Fuck it… Let’s do it.”

The message arrived nearly an hour later and Steve almost swerved his big rig off the road when he saw Anthony agreeing to a meet up.

This didn’t mean that it was a sure fire thing though. Steve had been stood up before and he knew Anthony could very easily get cold feet. At least he had a chance, he had a good feeling about this one.

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As the evening rolled around Steve started feeling anxious and excited. He kept checking his watch and counting down the time until the meeting, he was in such a rush that he almost drove away from his drop-off point before the warehouse workers had even finished unloading.

Once Steve was done with his shift he drove his truck carefully to the agreed meeting point. Steve was able to convince the naïve Anthony that he couldn’t manoeuvre his truck around the small town that Anthony lived in. Steve would be meeting the younger man at a truck stop just outside the city, it was almost too good to be true. Steve knew this truck stop was quiet and he was eager to get their early to start getting ready.

The truck stop was basically just one main shop area with a gas station outside. There was a parking lot to the side and the whole thing was deserted. The shop had closed long ago and the pumps no longer worked.

When Steve pulled up to the truck stop he was pleased to see that it was as quiet as expected. There was a much more popular stop not too far away and as a result, this place was very often almost completely empty.

Steve surveyed the area. He was here an hour earlier than the agreed meet-up time and he was starting to formulate a plan. He took a swig of liquor as he looked out of his cab at the scene in front of him and tried to work out the best way to go about his business. He had to be quite quick and quiet because even a mostly empty place like this still held a lot of risk of being seen. He wanted to cage someone, he didn’t want to be the one in the cage.

It was starting to get dark and Steve was starting to feel the butterflies of nerves in the pit of his stomach. He checked his watch seemingly once a minute and he started wondering whether or not Anthony would show up at all.

The time agreed for the meeting came and passed with no sign of Anthony. Steve felt the familiar feeling of disappointment and anger at being stood up yet again. He was about to pull out of his parking spot in a rage when he heard his phone beeping suddenly.

“Sorry I’m late! Bus is slower than I thought, I’ll be there in five minutes.” Anthony had written.

Rather than calm Steve down this message amped him up even further. It was finally happening and now it was just about executing the plan he had been crafting for months. This was it.

Steve looked through the windscreen of his cab for Anthony. He had found the perfect parking spot in this quiet truck stop, it gave him a view of the road, the bathroom and most of the ground in between. From this vantage point it should be impossible to miss Anthony when he arrived. Steve studied every vehicle that went by and the few people he saw pull in to the truck stop and then leave.

Steve almost felt his heart stop when he saw a short and thin person walking towards the truck stop rather uneasily. He looked nervous even from the large distance. Steve quickly grabbed his binoculars and brought them up to his eyes. What Steve saw was unmistakeable, Anthony was walking into the truck stop car park.

Steve did his best to keep his nerves calm as he watched Anthony look around anxiously. Steve had to play this cool, just be smart and everything he wanted would soon be his. Steve saw Anthony pull out his cell phone as he leaned against the wall just twenty feet away.

“I’m here. Where are you?” Steve read when his phone vibrated a few seconds later.

“Wait for me in the bathroom. I’ll be there in a minute.” Steve texted back. His older hands weren’t as fast at typing as the young Anthony but he saw Anthony check his phone shortly after he had pressed send.

Steve watched as Anthony looked up at the sign above the door a little way down the building from him and then start walking towards it. He looked hesitant and Steve worried that he would turn and run away with every step.

Finally, after looking like he was about to change his mind, Steve watched Anthony step inside the public restroom. Steve couldn’t be sure but he believed the room was empty apart from Anthony since he had seen no one go in there.

Steve took a deep breath and picked up his bag from the passenger seat. This was the moment he had planned for since starting his small nursery area all those months ago. He took a swig of his beer and then opened the door.

It was already dark and the area was practically empty just like Steve had planned it. His heartbeat was quickening but he did everything he could to appear calm and collected. Anthony wouldn’t recognise him, he had been sending the younger man fake pictures of himself so that he would have the element of surprise. The walk across the open ground felt like it took forever and yet the closer he got to the bathroom door the more he thought about turning around. When Steve finally reached the door he pulled a notice out of his bag and taped it to the outside. The “Out of Order” sign should mean some privacy for him and Anthony.

The bathroom door swung open on creaky hinges. It was clear that this area didn’t get a lot of attention from anyone and it didn’t look like it had been cleaned for many weeks.

Steve walked around the cubicles and to the urinal area. With a sudden spike in his heart rate he saw Anthony standing at the back of the room looking at his phone nervously. Steve was pleased that the young man didn’t seem to know who he was. He was so close to his goal now.

“Alright?” Steve asked as he sidled up to one of the urinals.

“Just waiting for a friend.” Anthony replied. His voice trembled slightly and it was clear he felt a little uneasy.

“In a truck stop bathroom?” Steve asked as he urinated and looked up at the ceiling, “Funny place to meet someone.”

“Yeah, well… This is where he wanted to meet.” Anthony replied naively.

“Oh yeah?” Steve said, “One of those types of meetings is it? I’ve heard about what happens in these bathrooms.”

“It isn’t like that.” Anthony said quickly, “We are just going out for a meal or something.”

“In that case…” Steve muttered as he finished peeing and put himself away, “Maybe you can service me whilst you wait.”

“What!?” Anthony’s face turned to shock and then disgust, “No offence but you aren’t my type.”

Steve swaggered across the short space and leaned against the wall next to the Anthony. He leered down at the shorter man. He saw Anthony trying to back away and looking towards the door as if hoping for help.

“Seriously dude.” Anthony’s voice was weak and shaky, “Back off. I’m not interested.”

“That’s a shame.” Steve said with mock sadness, “I’m sure that mouth of yours can do some work.”

“Fuck off!” Anthony shouted, “Get away from me you freak.”

“Such language!” Steve said with fake shock, “You were much nicer on the Friend Finder app.”

“On the…” Anthony looked confused but then it seemed to suddenly click together, “You’re Steve?”

“In the flesh.” Steve replied.

Steve watched Anthony squirm uncomfortably and he looked towards the door again. Anthony turned towards the exit and took a couple of steps as if to leave before Steve’s arm shot out and grabbed his arm.

“We have a date.” Steve said as he pulled Anthony back next to him.

“You lied to me. Fuck off and let me go home.” Anthony replied. His voice betrayed the fear he was feeling and Steve felt surges of pleasure at his young victim’s fright.

“I’m afraid that isn’t an option.” Steve said as he held Anthony in place, “I can see that I’m going to have to teach you some manners.”

“Steve, come on man.” Anthony’s voice took on the tone of pleading, “Just let me walk out of here and we can forget about this.”

“Why would I want to forget about this?” Steve said menacingly, “And you should call me Daddy from now on.”

“To hell with this.” Anthony said and he tried to start running for the door.

Steve had anticipated this and he grabbed the younger man around the waist and tackled him into one of the cubicles walls. Anthony’s phone flew out of his hand and skidded across the grimy floor as the young man fell against the wall. He was so light and thin that Steve was able to push him around much easier than he had expected.

With Anthony inside one of the cubicles Steve quickly grabbed his bag which was near the urinal still. He pulled out a baby’s pacifier which he had fashioned into a gag with an old belt that he had modified.

Anthony was regaining his bearings when Steve turned to the cubicle again and he looked like a wild animal that was trapped into a corner. Anthony’s wide eyes looked at Steve as if the attacker was a bear.

Anthony opened his mouth and took in a deep breath to scream but Steve leapt forward and punched him solidly in the belly. Instead of screaming for help Anthony doubled over and gasped for air.

“You are making this much harder than it has to be.” Steve grunted. Despite his feelings of power he was starting to get worried that someone would come and investigate the commotion going on.

As Anthony continued to gasp for breath, Steve shoved the pacifier into Anthony’s mouth and clipped the belt together around the back of the young man’s head. Steve fastened it tightly so that the pacifier was squeezed tightly to Anthony’s head and wouldn’t move. Steve could immediately tell that his victim couldn’t make nearly as much sound.

Steve grabbed the still breathless Anthony and pulled him roughly to the floor. Steve could feel the young man squirming and he could see the tears in his terrified eyes. Steve was on top of him and holding the other man’s hands to the floor. Steve could feel the smaller man struggling but he couldn’t hope to overpower Steve who had no problem just sitting on Anthony’s chest and waiting for exhaustion to set in.

“You are my baby now and I can sit here until you wear yourself out or you can just submit right now.” Steve growled, “It’s over. I’ve already won.”

Anthony’s body shivered with sobs and slowly but surely the younger man’s resistance weakened until after a minute or so Steve felt comfortable in easing off the pressure. He started slowly lifting off Anthony but he kept his eyes on him.

“Don’t try to run or fight.” Steve said slowly and clearly, “I won’t hesitate to take you down again.”

Steve reached for his bag without taking his eyes off Anthony and pulled a large white rectangular object out of it. He watched Anthony’s eyes widen in shock as it dawned on the younger man that Steve was pulling out a diaper. Steve unfolded the diaper and laid it on the floor next to Anthony who was still motionless, Steve assumed Anthony must be in shock because he had expected a little more fight.

Steve started unbuckling Anthony’s pants and it was as he did this that Anthony started squirming again. Steve reached forward and punched Anthony in the stomach again causing a muted yelp of pain.

“I’ve warned you.” Steve growled, “Don’t make me hurt you.”

Steve was able to pull down the young adult’s pants and underwear without much difficulty after the punch. He could tell Anthony was blushing even under the pacifier gag, Steve wasn’t too impressed with what Anthony had between his legs but that didn’t matter, he wasn’t interested in sex. Steve had a much bigger plan at play.

Steve manoeuvred the diaper underneath Anthony’s butt and positioned it as best he could. He wanted to hurry up and get out of here because if anyone discovered what was going on it would be real bad news.

Steve’s victim was still struggling a little but the wind had been knocked out of him and, apart from some light sobbing and pleading with his hands, Anthony had been subdued.

Steve pulled the thick diaper up between Anthony’s legs to encase the man’s genitals. No time was wasted in taping the padding tightly closed. Steve hadn’t done a perfect job but in the circumstances he was very pleased with his diapering effort.

Anthony was still sobbing and trying to talk but the latex bulb that filled his mouth made it impossible to be understood. Steve was pleased with how well he had silenced the young man, the next step was to make sure that Anthony couldn’t free himself or resist in other ways.

“You’re being a good baby.” Steve growled as he reached for his bag again, “I’m going to need you to stay still for me. The easier you make this the easier it will be on you.”

Anthony’s muffled grunts didn’t make any sense to Steve’s ears so he just smiled and nodded. He was intoxicated by the feelings of power that were already surging through him. Anthony’s questioning and scared eyes just pushed Steve to go even further.

Most of the bag was taken up by one object and Steve now pulled it out. He could see Anthony trying to work out what it was but he seemed confused. The heavy white cloth had buckles and straps all over it and until Steve had sorted it out he knew Anthony couldn’t work out what he was looking at.

“This is just to protect both of us in case you get any funny ideas about escape.” Steve growled as he finally sorted the jacket out.

Anthony shook his head but didn’t dare move any more than that. He didn’t want to be hit again and even though he was extremely scared his self-preservation instincts told him that he wasn’t going to escape this bathroom.

“This is a “Safety Restraint Garment” but you probably know it by its more popular name.” Steve said, “The strait jacket.”

Steve reached forward to Anthony’s arms and pulled him into a sitting position. Anthony was crying and tear tracks were very visible on his otherwise handsome face.

Without mercy, Steve roughly pushed Anthony’s arms through the holes of the straight jacket. As the thick white cloth pressed against Anthony his arms were forced to wrap around himself. The sleeves of the straight jacket were sewed to the clothing themselves and Anthony’s attempts to pull his arms away were thwarted by the restrictive clothing.

Steve was able to belt the back of the jacket together with ease and when it was tightened he could see that Anthony had very little room to move the upper half of his body. He pulled at the arms and found them stuck fast. Steve smiled down at Anthony who was looking back up in fear with tears falling down his cheek.

Steve reached down between Anthony’s legs and after a quick squeeze of the thick padding he reached back and pulled the crotch strap between the splayed legs and buckled it to the front. Steve adjusted the straps and watched as the tightening restraint pushed the diaper up into Anthony’s body. Steve only stopped when he saw Anthony wincing painfully.

The ordeal wasn’t over though as Steve wanted to make sure that his captive had no chance for escape. He reached into his bag again and pulled out a roll of masking tape. Steve sat on Anthony’s chest causing him to make a pained whimper, he forced Anthony’s legs together and then started taping the younger man’s legs together. He must have used half of the roll before he was confident that escape had been rendered impossible.

Steve stood up and walked over to the door. He peered carefully outside to check if the coast was clear. He could see his truck not far away and couldn’t see any other trucks in the area, he smiled at the silent and empty night. Everything was going exactly as he had planned.

Turning back to the bathroom Steve saw his prey laying on his back still. He was wriggling around as if trying to loosen his restraints but everything was holding and all Anthony was doing was tiring himself out. Anthony’s face was red and his wide eyes stared at Steve in terror.

“Don’t waste your energy.” Steve grunted, “You’re my baby now.”

Anthony shook his head as quickly as he could. It was one of the few parts of his body that still had a range of movement but it did him little good when all of his limbs were tied up. Steve let out a bark of a laugh.

“Time to get you to your new home.” Steve continued as he walked into the centre of the room where Anthony was still lying.

Steve’s heart was pounding fast as he was so close to his final goal that he could taste it. All he had to do was get Anthony out of this bathroom and he would be done.

Steve zipped up his backpack and put it over his shoulders. Bending down to pick Anthony up Steve placed both of his hands underneath the younger man and lifted him from the ground. Steve knew that Anthony was light but he was still surprised that he could pick him up so easily. Steve could feel Anthony squirming in his hands but he was so tightly bound up that he couldn’t put up much of a fight. It was only now that Steve noticed something that he knew he would be seeing a lot of in the future.

“You’ve pissed yourself!” Steve exclaimed. He tried to keep his voice down but he was shocked that Anthony had already wet himself, “I’m not that scary, am I?”

Steve let out a bark of a laugh which caused the trembling Anthony to visibly wince. Steve could see his red cheeks around the gag.

“You’ll get used to it.” Steve continued, “You’ll be doing that a lot in the future.”

Steve could feel Anthony sobbing and he could see the tears but thanks to the gag he was virtually silent.

The pair of them went to the door and, yet again, Steve inched the door open and peered out to look for problems. It was still deathly silent and it had begun to lightly rain, Steve was happy about that since it meant people were less likely to be walking around.

“If you try anything stupid I promise you will regret it.” Steve whispered menacingly, “There is no one out there to help you but if you try to wriggle free or in any way hinder me then you will regret it. Understood?”

Anthony was visibly sobbing and trembling but he nodded his head. The look of fear in his eyes made Steve feel like the most powerful man in the world, it was this look that made Steve so determined to do this.

Steve took a deep breath and pushed the door open. He looked around once more and saw an utterly deserted parking lot. Without any more hesitation he charged out into the rain towards the massive truck that was his home.

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Anthony sat down on the bus and looked at his watch. He was going to be late, he had been at the bus stop at the right time but the public transport in this area wasn’t reliable in the least. Anthony pulled his phone out and opened Friend Finder he opened the message chain from Steve and started typing that he was going to be a little late.

This was the last thing Anthony wanted. He was extremely nervous already, he hadn’t been using the app for long and he hated being late for a date with a man who, although a little bit older, seemed really nice and cute. He just hoped that Steve would wait for him.

As the bus slowly trundled out of the city Anthony watched the buildings thin out and the people leave the bus until they were travelling along a long and quiet road. The darkened overcast sky seemed quite foreboding but at this time of year it was expected.

“Last stop.” The driver called out, “End of the line.”

Anthony stood up and walked down the bus to the doors. He was the only one left and as soon as he had stepped off he watched the bus make a turn in the large car park and drive off leaving him alone on the side of the road. The sudden silence was frightening but he had nowhere to go except forwards now, in the distance he could see some buildings which was the truck stop he was heading for.

Each step made Anthony want to turn on his heels and leave but he couldn’t stand Steve up no matter how nervous he was. Steve had been a nice guy and Anthony was very excited to meet him in person, maybe it would be the start of something beautiful.

Anthony wasn’t impressed with the truck stop. The windows were boarded up and half the lights appeared to be broken, it looked deserted and almost post-apocalyptic. There were a couple of trucks in the parking area but no sign of Steve.

Pulling out his phone, Anthony sent a text to Steve to ask where he was. He leaned against the brick wall of the main building and looked around nervously. His phone vibrated a minute later and he saw that Steve was asking him to meet in the men’s bathroom.

Anthony thought it was a little odd but maybe Steve had a surprise for him or something. He saw the sign for the men’s room and slowly pushed open the creaking door. The room inside was dingy and looked very neglected, the floor was covered in old water and various stains that put Anthony off his dinner. The paint was peeling and the metal rusted away with no one to care for it. Anthony didn’t dare peek into one of the stalls, he assumed looking into one of the toilets would be akin to looking into a Lovecraftian horror.

The cleanest spot in the room, and that was a very low bar, seemed to be the back wall underneath a tall barred off window. Anthony leaned against it and pulled his phone out again, he certainly hoped Steve would arrive soon.

The bathroom was empty apart from Anthony and it was strangely silent except for the dripping of water from a number of different pipes.

“Fuck this…” Anthony muttered after thirty seconds in the room. He felt like he was getting diseased just from standing in there.

Just as Anthony was thinking about leaving the door’s hinges creaked open again. Anthony felt his heart beat faster as he looked over to see who it was, was he finally going to meet Steve?

Anthony sighed and looked back to his phone. The large man with the backpack didn’t look anything like the pictures Steve had sent him. This guy was just some random trucker.

“Alright?” The older man grunted as he nodded at Anthony. The man had yellow teeth and stubble that looked several days old.

“Just waiting for a friend.” Anthony replied. He wanted to sound tough to this intimidating trucker but he could hear his high-pitched voice wobble. He was starting to get a bad feeling about this.

“In a truck stop bathroom?” The man grunted as he peed into the urinal.

Tommy was barely listening and felt under threat. Something about this guy seemed off, Anthony didn’t like the way he spoke and he was starting to think this whole meet up was a bad idea.

Anthony replied that this is where the guy had told him to meet. He didn’t want to get friendly with this man, he wished Steve would arrive so they could leave and get on with their date. This was an inauspicious start.

“One of those types of meetings is it?” The man’s question stood out over everything else he said. His deep guttural voice only made Anthony shiver.

Anthony stuttered and stumbled as he tried to explain that this wasn’t some sordid meeting. He and Steve were going out on a date, nothing more than that. A nice meal and some good conversation.

The young man watched the trucker with fear. He wished that the large man would just finish up and leave, he didn’t like the idea of explaining his private life to this stranger. Anthony started wondering where Steve was, his date couldn’t arrive fast enough to pull him out of this situation.

“In that case maybe you could service me whilst you wait.” The trucker tucked himself away and turned towards Anthony with a cocky grin.

Anthony had been horrified at the suggestion of giving this random and rough looking person the experience he requested. He had to fight back a growing fear and politely decline the offer. Anthony was increasingly aware that this guy had placed himself between Anthony and the door.

When the trucker persisted with his requests for a good time Anthony lost his temper. His fear caused him to lash out a little.

“Fuck off!” Anthony shouted along with some other not nice things. He shouted mostly for the hope that someone outside the bathroom would hear the commotion and come in.

This was when Anthony was hit by a bombshell. This older man suddenly said to Anthony that he had been much friendlier on the Friend Finder app. Anthony blinked for a couple of seconds has he put two and two together. This wasn’t just some random trucker at all, this was Steve!

Anthony had been lied to and now he was angry. Steve had sent him pictures but they certainly weren’t of himself, Anthony had no idea whose pictures Steve had used but he had been lying and now Anthony wanted to just get away from this situation before it got worse. With a shake of his head, Anthony walked towards the door and pushed past Steve when he felt a hand grab his arm tightly.

Looking back on the scene in the bathroom Anthony couldn’t remember much of what was said from this point on but the events that happened next were burned into his mind.

Anthony had been bullish at first but quickly descended to pleading to be let go. He had immediately felt his knees start shaking and he wanted more than anything to be taken out of this position. When it was clear that the begging was doing nothing his fight or flight response kicked in and Anthony bolted for the door.

Anthony hadn’t even gone one full step when he felt a hard impact on the side. His smaller frame practically flew sideways as Steve tackled him into one of the cubicles. Anthony smashed into the wall hard and was quite surprised he didn’t go straight through it.

Slipping to the floor and breathless from pain Anthony opened his eyes to his grimy surroundings. Graffiti was scrawled all over the walls and the toilet looked like it hadn’t seen maintenance since it was installed. The whole thing was just a mess and if he could have done Anthony would’ve been up and out of there in seconds.

Before Anthony could recover he saw Steve advancing on him again. He opened his mouth to both suck in some air and to shout for help when he felt Steve’s fist slam into his stomach. He keeled over on to the floor gasping for breath.

As Anthony tried to recover he felt something plastic hit his lips and silence him. He bit down to feel a huge latex bulb in his mouth that muffled any sounds he tried to make. Anthony felt the plastic get pulled even closer to his face as something was tightened around his head. He reached up groggily to feel some kind of leather strap that tightly bound what he was quickly realising was a pacifier in place. He pulled on it but it wouldn’t budge a centimetre.

Anthony took big lungful’s of air in through his nose and tried to wipe the tears out of his eyes as Steve grunted something at him. Anthony couldn’t hear what Steve was saying as he was still reeling from such a rough tackle and the shock was flooding his system with adrenaline.

Anthony felt himself getting picked up and thrown back into the main bathroom. He felt Steve climb on top of him and sit heavily on his stomach, Anthony was already desperate for air and now it was getting harder. He tried to scream but he could barely make the slightest sound around his pacifier.

The larger man told Anthony that resistance was futile and that the battle was already over but Anthony kept struggling with what little energy he still had in his body before he finally felt himself falling limp. His limbs were in agony and he couldn’t get Steve to move even a little bit. He was sobbing now, great big sobs that shook his whole body. Anthony had never been so scared in his life and he started to wonder what this crazy man had in store.

When Anthony’s resistance had crumbled completely he saw Steve lean over to his bag. He couldn’t see what the larger man was pulling out until it was held out above Anthony’s prostrate body, even then it took a few seconds for Anthony’s mind to process what was happening.

“A diaper!?” Anthony tried to shout. An indistinct mumble was the only thing that came out as Anthony’s eyes grew wide open.

Anthony watched Steve slowly back off of him and was glad that it became easier to breath. Anthony watched as Steve’s hands went to the fly of his pants and unbuckled them. Anthony shook his head but it was useless, he was scared to move but at the same time his entire mind and body was desperate to get up and run.

As Anthony’s pants and underwear were lowered he wriggled a little bit as he fought to regain his composure to resist this insane trucker. Anthony was still thinking of a plan when he suddenly saw Steve rear back and punch him yet again in the stomach.

Anthony gasped around the pacifier as his battered body attempted to regain it’s breath again. Anthony was embarrassed but unable to put up any resistance as the diaper was unfolded and slipped underneath his rear end.

Anthony was still breathing heavily as the diaper was pulled up and taped tightly closed. He was blushing and humiliated but still unable to resist the much stronger man, he looked to the door desperately but it remained resolutely closed.

The diaper did nothing to hold Anthony in place physically but mentally it was hard to pick himself back up after this. He moved the tiniest amount that he felt comfortable with and heard the diaper underneath him crinkle loudly in the echoing bathroom.

Anthony heard Steve talking to him and, more specifically, he heard Steve calling him a “baby” more and more frequently. It was starting to dawn on Anthony that this crazy man wanted to treat him like a baby. He still couldn’t move a muscle but he tried to use his eyes to beg for help that was not forthcoming.

Anthony saw Steve reach over and grab something else out of his bag. He saw a large piece of white clothing but it was hard to work out what it was exactly. It was only as Steve wrapped it around Anthony’s upper body that he realised it was a straitjacket. Anthony’s tired limbs were unable to resist the heavy material that was quickly wrapped around him. Just like the pacifier gag, the jacket was pulled tight as it was done up around him. When Steve finally stepped away Anthony could no longer move his arms. He was becoming increasingly immobile in the presence of the trucker.

It was as Anthony was sat up by Steve to be put into his straitjacket that he did something that he had never done before. His fear had caused him to lose all control and now his diaper suddenly warmed around him. His blushing embarrassment only grew worse as his bladder released itself and saturated the front of the padding. In any other situation this would be the worst thing that happened to Anthony in a day but that day was not like any other.

Anthony was a defeated man when Steve pulled out the masking tape and taped Anthony’s legs together. Anthony was making a pitiful whining sound but it was inaudible to anyone else. He was emotionally and mentally battered, there was nothing left in him to resist.

When Steve hurried over towards the door to the bathroom Anthony tried to loosen his bonds. He pulled and twisted to try and free himself but it was no use. From the tape to the jacket to the pacifier gag, Anthony was completely trapped and he had no more ability to move that a worm would. He was completely at the mercy of the trucker who seemed to be hell bent on taking Anthony has a prisoner.

Steve walked back to Anthony with a short and sharp laugh that caused Anthony to shudder. As Steve got closer Anthony winced and cringed in fear, he felt like the man was about to just beat him up. He couldn’t control his shakes.

Anthony watched the large trucker crouch down to scoop Anthony up in his arms. It was as Steve’s arm brushed the diaper that he clearly realised it was wet. Anthony looked down at the ground and sniffed back the tears. His red face was now like a tomato, he was horrified.

Anthony could do nothing to resist Steve. He was scooped off the dirty floor and into the arms of the trucker who could seemingly carry him with the ease he would have with a plank of wood. Anthony was being manipulated however Steve wanted, He could move only a tiny bit but was almost completely under the control of the trucker.

After a brief pause Steve pushed the door to the outside world open. Anthony could see very little in the darkness but he could feel a light rain hitting the exposed parts of his face and legs.

“Mmmm! Mmm!” Anthony tried desperately to shout as he was carried hurriedly towards the dark parking lot.

It was useless and the whole area was completely deserted. Anthony was alone with Steve and he was being manhandled roughly into the darkness at some pace. He was facing back the way they had come from and so he couldn’t see where Steve was taking him. Anthony saw an “Out of Order” sign on the outside of the door as the one light that lit the area faded into the distance.

“Oof!” Anthony let out a pained exclamation as he was suddenly dropped next to a huge truck.

“Quiet.” Steve commanded. Anthony thought he sounded agitated, despite how deserted it was here it was clear that Steve was paranoid about being caught.

The door to the cab swung open and Steve disappeared inside for a second. Anthony wondered if he was going to be left out in the rain but Steve quickly came back outside and scooped him up again. Anthony was still incapable of resistance as he was lifted up and into the cab of the truck.

Anthony was wide-eyed and terrified of everything he was seeing. He couldn’t believe that in just a few minutes he had gone from walking into the bathroom as a free person to being completely tied up in a truck. In his worst nightmare Anthony wouldn’t have imagined this happening.

It was a tight fit in the front of the cab and Anthony was hit by various things as Steve pushed him further into the cab. Steve opened a section of the wall at the back of the cab that Anthony hadn’t even seen, a hidden door that melded perfectly with a fake wall.

Anthony was roughly shoved through this door and into a hidden section of the truck right behind the driver’s seat.

“Home sweet home.” Steve growled as he closed the hidden door behind him, “You can scream all you want now. This room is completely sound proof.”

Anthony was terrified at what was coming next but it was with a little relief that he had his gag removed. Anthony’s jaw ached slightly and he felt drool dripping down his cheeks as he stretched his mouth a little.

“Please…” Anthony gasped, “I’ll do anything. Just let me go.”

“I’m afraid we’re just getting started.” Steve replied simply.

Anthony’s arms and legs were moth freed next. The strait jacket and tape were taken away and the smaller man had full access to his limbs again. They still felt weak after the small beating he had taken in the bathroom.

“Get in the crib.” Steve grunted.

Anthony looked at the tiny bed next to him. To call it a bed was a vast overstatement, the supposed bed was just a wooden cage with some bedding and teddy bears thrown in.

“Sir, you don’t have to do this! You can let me go and I promise I won’t tell anyone.” Anthony was begging even as the tears continued to fall.

“Get. In. The. Crib.” Steve repeated. He sounded impatient and he scratched at his arm in a rather jittery way.

“But-” Anthony went to stand up and try to reason with Steve but didn’t get past the first word.

Steve firmly punched Anthony in the stomach again. Anthony dropped straight down to his hands and knees and he was left gasping for breath again.

A soft kick, but still enough to cause a yelp of pain, guided Anthony towards the cage. Anthony was loudly crying in between gasps for air as he was pushed into the makeshift crib. As soon as the man was in the cramped space he heard the side get slammed shut and locked.

Anthony could see everything else from his cramped space. He saw a changing table filled with diaper, toys, and a high chair. This was like a regular nursery all inside a space smaller than a prison cell. There wasn’t even a window, just a solitary light in the ceiling.

“I’ll come in to see you at our next stop.” Steve said with a sniff as he walked towards the door back to the driver’s seat, “It’ll be four hours or so.”

“WAIT!” Anthony was screaming now. He tried to bang on the bars but with such little room he couldn’t get much force behind his strikes.

“This will be a lot easier when you accept it.” Steve crouched down in front of the bars, “You’re my baby now. There’s no discussion about it and the moment you accept your new life the easier it will be for both of us. Sweet dreams.”

Steve stood up and opened the door to the cab. He had a dark smile on his face, a smile that didn’t reach his evil eyes.

“HELP ME!” Anthony yelled to no one in particular, “HELP!”

Steve shook his head and left the hidden nursery. He closed the door behind him leaving Anthony alone in the back of the cab.

Anthony was crying loudly and trying to bang on anything he could reach but had no success. He felt hopeless and helpless and he was certain he was trapped.

A few seconds later the engine roared to life and then the truck begun moving. The noise and vibrations made it impossible to relax and mixed with Anthony’s despair to cause him to scream himself hoarse. It was a waste of breath but Anthony was trapped and he was desperate.

Maybe it was the combination of fear and panic that caused Anthony to do what he did next, maybe it was his utter desperation and despair or just maybe it was the repeated punches to the digestive system, either way Anthony felt a sudden surge in his bowels.

Anthony felt a sharp pain in his tummy and then he a spreading warmth in the seat of his diaper. With little control, a stream of runny poop almost poured out of Anthony without his pushing. He could do little to stop the uncontrollable soiling until his body decided it was enough. The mushy poop spread throughout the diaper and felt even more disgusting than when he wet himself.

The smell quickly became unbearable but Anthony was trapped with his own messy diaper. He cried and sobbed but when he saw the diapers on the shelves under the change table he realised this was not going to be a one-off.

As the truck sped off down the dark highway Anthony sobbed and sobbed as he waited for Steve to make his next move. Anthony didn’t know if he would get a chance to escape but he had to be ready in case the chance came. It was hard to ignore the hopeless pit of despair in his stomach but Anthony closed his eyes and did his best to rest in the cramped, stinky and disgusting conditions.