

# Back Alley Blackmail

Charlie couldn't believe his luck. The young labrador hadn't lived in the neighbourhood long, and already he'd managed to score himself a play date. He'd been chatting to a local snow leopard all day, and his alluring profile pictures of a creamy-white, fuzzy butt wrapped in diapers was driving Charlie wild. He'd barely kept his dick in his pants all through work.

They hit it off fairly well, messages flying back and forth all afternoon, their horniness growing less and less subtle with every exchange. The leopard invited Charlie over for the night, and he practically danced his way out of work. Signing up for the *Diapr* app was paying off like he never imagined.

Once home he showered, and diapered himself over his most aggressive boner. He gulped down a litre of water, making sure he was well hydrated before he even got there. He stuffed his bag with a few changes, some babyish supplies, and a few extra kinky toys, 'just in case.' After slipping on a pair of shorts and a tee, he was ready to go. The autumn evening was dark, but he didn't often feel the cold.

"I'm kinda new here," he sent through the app, "can you help me with directions?"

"It's off North Street, take the small road beside the corner store."

Charlie moved briskly. It was a ten minute walk at best. Any other night and he would have been paranoid and shy about crinkling under his shorts, carrying a bag full of embarrassing supplies, but his hard on was practically driving him. He came as far as the corner store, and felt a flutter of excitement at how close he was.

Two other dogs were loitering outside in the dim light, but Charlie barely noticed them; he was too preoccupied about where he was going, and why it wasn't making sense. The store was on a 'corner', but there was no road. Instead he found himself looking down a long, darkened alley, 'decorated' with dumpsters and a faint smell of stale piss. Nothing suggested there was an apartment complex down it's path.

He turned around and scanned up and down the roadside; there were no other stores, just a few take outs and closed buildings. He turned around again, whipping his phone out of his pocket, and realised he was face-to-chest with someone else.

"You lost, little pup?" it growled, and Charlie looked up to see a looming german shepherd with a purple mohawk. He was *huge*, a whole head taller and a chest wider than Charlie's shoulders. Charlie knew he was a small dog, but it usually took another species to dwarf him like this.

"I, umm, actually,' Charlie stammered in the face of the intimidating frame, lowering his phone behind his back carefully, "I'm looking for an apartment."

The shepherd was threateningly close, but standing still, gazing back with an eerie confidence. Charlie was so fixated that he didn't see someone else circle behind him.

"Oh, the apartments?" came the voice from behind him, with unsettling pleasantry. "They're just down here."

Charlie looked over his shoulder as a husky wrapped one arm around him, pivoting his body towards the alley. The husky wasn't as big, but he was still bigger. He didn't want to turn his back on the husky anymore than the shepherd, and he could feel his unease in the pit of his stomach. Before he knew it, his legs were moving as the dogs force-marched him into the darkness.

"We'll show you where," the husky smiled.

Charlie wanted to turn and run, but the husky's hands on approach held him tight. He squirmed to no avail, and it just made him misstep. He couldn't even fall over, the husky's arm had clutched him so tight.

All thoughts of meeting the snow leopard had left his mind; he was sure he was about to be mugged tonight. He quickly assessed his possessions; his phone could be replaced (painfully); cash and wallet likewise. They probably wouldn't take his keys, and there was nothing of real value or interest in his diaper bag. *The diaper bag*. Despite the trouble he feared, he still grimaced at them seeing everything in there. It still wasn't enough to resist and risk getting a punch from someone with bigger arms than his own thighs.

"This will do," the shepherd growled, and the husky grabbed the neckline of Charlie's shirt, holding him in place. They weren't close to the road anymore, barely illuminated by buzzing lights either side of the alley.

The husky pulled Charlie's bag from his shoulder and tossed it to his friend.

"Please, there's nothing in-" he tried to protest but the husky yanked his shirt tighter, and Charlie got the message to shut up quickly.

The shepherd ignored him, undoing the cover of the shoulder bag, before taking a good look inside. Charlie tried to prepare himself for the oncoming shame, and watched the dog's face intently. With a blank expression, he turned back to them and ordered Charlie's clothes off.

"What the fu- No way, what is this!?" Charlie panicked, and tried to break free of the husky's grasp. He retaliated by grabbing his shirt with both paws, and snarling into Charlie's ear. "Take them off, or I tear 'em off!"

"Okay, okay!" Charlie squealed, and the husky reluctantly let him go. Standing awkwardly still, he looked at both dogs, begging with his eyes for this to not happen.

The husky grew impatient, and with one easy step forward yanked the front of Charlie's shirt, splitting it in two with both paws. Charlie yelped, stunned, and quicker than he knew possible, undid his belt and let his shorts fall to the ground. He was standing in nothing but his diaper, in public, between whoever these dogs were...

"He's... he's in a fucking *diaper*?" The husky said in disbelief, before cackling. Charlie's hands desperately tried to cover his crotch, hopelessly.

"Yup!" The shepherd suddenly laughed, flashing the inside of the diaper bag, Charlie's extra diapers and accessories blatantly on display. "And look what we've got here," he said, proudly pulling Charlie's bib out.

"Make him wear it, Dante!" the husky laughed, his bullying facade turning to immature, sadistic glee at the new possibilities. Dante, the shepherd, just grinned some more, tossing the bib to the husky before rummaging a paw inside the bag again.

"This is insane..." Charlie whined, humiliated and dumbfounded at the turn things had taken.

"Shut up and turn around," the husky barked happily, holding the ends of the bib's tie string in each hand, "be a good boy and this might not end so badly for you!"

Charlie would have admitted that he found the humiliation far preferable to the threat of violence and mugging, but his head was spinning. This was all too surreal for him to comprehend, the rush of blood affecting both his head and his cock without him even realising.

So Charlie obeyed, presenting his neck in a daze as the husky draped and tied the bib around his shoulders. He stared up at Dante, and realised he was holding out his pacifier on one finger.

Charlie reached a paw for it, but Dante shook his head and guided it straight towards the puppy's muzzle. He obediently opened and accepted the teat as Dante watched him, satisfied.

"Suck it for us!" the husky demanded, his jaw dropping in happiness as Charlie obeyed, the pacifier suckling in his maw as his cheeks flared red. The husky was delighted, in the sort of way where he just couldn't believe what was happening. "This is so weird. Who *owns* this stuff?"

"He's definitely a sub," the shepherd said, as if Charlie wasn't there.

"Axel sure knows how to find them."

The husky now had Charlie's shorts, and pulled his phone and wallet from the pockets.

"Keep hold of that, Riley" Dante ordered, and the husky slid the phone into his own jeans. Charlie didn't even react as Riley tossed Charlie's wallet to the shepherd.

"You make quite the baby you know," Dante addressed him, looking at his ridiculous state up and down. "It might be hard to tell, but we like you. So we're going to play a game. First, get on your knees, like a good puppy."

Charlie looked at his feet, daring not speak, and shuffled downwards. Once on his knees, Riley stepped close and planted both paws on his shoulders, holding him in place.

"Good boy!"

Charlie never felt so conflicted as the bassy voice of his captor praised him. It was only then that he noticed he was rock hard inside his diaper. The lump in his diaper probably hadn't gone unnoticed either.

Dante flipped open the wallet, casually ignoring the cash and studied his ID instead. "How old are you pup?"

Charlie whimpered, and didn't reply audibly.

"It says here you're 24, *Charlie*. What's a boy your age doing walking around in diapers, huh? You some kind of big baby?" Dante teased rhetorically. "Answer me, baby."

Charlie nodded, staring at the ground. His cheeks flushed. He could feel the cold ground on his knees. The daze was starting to lift; things were starting to feel real again, and paranoia was creeping in. He was dressed as a baby outdoors, and there wasn't a thing he could do about it.

"I'd wager you're a ways from home, right?" Dante said, rubbing a paw along side the puppy's cheek. Charlie nodded solemnly.

"Here's the deal. You be an obedient puppy, and you can have your shorts back before you go home."

Charlie whimpered at the thought of running home dressed as he was. Even if he had the cover of darkness outside, he still had to get through his lobby and corridors to get back into his apartment.

Dante stuck his paw back into the diaper bag, pulling out Charlie's baby bottle next. Dante seemed impressed that it was full, and held it forward for Charlie to take.

Riley's paws released their grip. "Sit your diapered butt down on the ground, like the baby you are, and drink up!"

Charlie obeyed the husky, semi-relieved to be off his knees. He took the pacifier out and gingerly started to suck on the teat.

"Use both hands," Dante commanded, as he pulled his own phone from his pocket, holding up in front of the sitting puppy. "The sooner you drink, the sooner I stop taking pictures."

Charlie felt his eyes water, and started to gulp the juice down as fast as he could. Pre-filling it had just bitten him in the ass. He heard Dante's phone click, over and over, but the slow release of the teat was making this an excruciatingly long experience.

Riley was loving it. Dante was nonchalantly taking photo after photo. Charlie felt the last drops on his tongue, and took the bottle from his mouth, replacing it with the pacifier without hesitation.

"Wow, he really drank it all down," Riley said, surprised, snatching the bottle, "you don't think he... you know, pisses 'em too do you?"

"Oh, I'm sure he does, right, pup?"

Charlie blushed again.

"I think that's a yes," Riley smirked, "he really is a big fuckin' baby."

"Doesn't matter anyway, cause baby pup here is going to piss himself for us."

Charlie could barely look at the dogs. Sitting on his butt, these two were now towering over him, and expecting the humiliation to continue.

"Stand up, boy," Dante growled, watching him comply, "and keep those hands out of the way."

Charlie didn't know where to put what limb, and fidgeted awkwardly with his diaper on display.

"Are you going to be a good boy and piss yourself for us?"

Riley sniggered, barely believing how dominant his friend was being to the puppy. He wasn't used to this amount of toying with a victim.

Dante's phone was out again, holding it steady as Charlie's face wrenched in concentration. He knew the faster he pissed himself, the quicker he'd get out of here.

"Oh, man, we can put this on Youtube," Riley laughed, and Charlie assumed he was being recorded.

"Please, don't..." he managed to croak out.

"Only if we need to," Dante grinned, zooming the camera in enough to watch Charlie's white, padded crotch. Charlie knew there was little he could do to stop the invasive evidence being recorded, and antagonising them felt like a terrible idea. He'd never manage to manhandle a phone from a dog twice his size, never mind one with an accomplice.

He sighed deeply and fought his bladder, which was exceedingly shy in his predicament, despite the litre of water he drunk before leaving. That innocent drink felt like a lifetime ago at this point. His eyes were screwed in concentration, trying to ignore Riley's giggling. Time dragged on even longer than it took to drink his bottle. The tension and anticipation of the dogs was palpable. Eventually he felt the stream start; the expanding warmth filling the front of his diaper against the cool night air. He moaned as his bladder released a flood.

Riley watched, mouth agape in delight.

Dante had the whole thing on film, including the cute moans of relief. He admired the stained yellow diaper. "What's your name, puppy? How old are you?"

Charlie could barely look at the recording phone, not that it mattered. He knew that wasn't a suggestion, and struggled to mumble the words around his pacifier in embarrassment. "C-Charlie. I'm twenty four."

"Now why don't you tell everyone what a big pants-pissing diaper boy you are, Charlie?"

Charlie whined.

"Say it!," the shepherd demanded.

"I-I'm... a pants pissing... d-diaper boy," he groaned, wishing the ground would swallow him up.

"Again!"

"I-I'm a pants pissing diaper boy!"

"LOUDER!"

"I'm a pants pissing diaper boy!"

"Come on, this is for your shorts, baby!" Riley mocked.

"I'm a pants pissing DIAPER BOY!" Charlie yelled, frustrated and far louder than he himself expected.

Riley laughed. Dante put the phone away.

"Good boy," Dante nodded slightly in appreciation. "Riley, give the baby back his shorts."

"Really? Come on, man... it'll be so funny..."

Charlie watched the interaction in a mix of horror and relief. He was done?

"He did everything we said," Dante said sternly, "Our word is our word."

"Lame..." Riley picked up the shorts from the ground and handed them to the blushing boy.

"We're done here," Dante affirmed, "get dressed and go home."

Charlie started to step into his shorts, gulped, and spoke up, "guys... what about my stuff? My phone, please..."

Dante was the one to laugh now. "You'll get your stuff back," he said striding towards the pup, emphasising his frame as he stood inches from him, looking down as Charlie pulled up his shorts.

"Meet us here, tomorrow night, 8pm. Wait by the dumpster in nothing- and I mean *nothing*, but your diaper and pacifier."

Charlie's knees almost buckled beneath him. He was speechless now.

"You've got more baby stuff in this bag I want to use, and you know what we'll put on Youtube if you don't show up."

Charlie needed to get away from these guys now, possessions or not. He felt like he was going to throw up. His hands fumbled to close his button and draw his belt, but Dante's paw grabbed his wrist.

"And for that little bit of insolence, no shorts. Drop them. *Now.*"

Riley howled with laughter.

"You can't be serious... I did everyth-" Charlie pleaded.

"You're ours now, got it?" Dante held his wrist tightly, and gripped his other paw against his swollen, warm crotch. "*Got it?*"

Their eyes locked, Charlie could see a ferocity he didn't dare disobey, and nodded in understanding. This was bad, apocalyptically bad.

He undid the button on his shorts with his free paw, and let them fall to the ground. He stood in his diaper, scared stiff of the german shepherd above him. Dante released the pup's wrist, and scooped the shorts off of the ground.

"There's a good boy," he growled playfully. "See you tomorrow night."