

## The Draining Diaper

I pushed the voice away.

I pushed away from the desire and the urges that tapped at the back of my mind, begging to let them in.

“Focus, Rodger. Just focus. It isn’t real.” I returned to my work, though the tapping continued. I stared at the first sentence, rereading it for the fifth time. I tried to not fidget, or move too much at my desk, knowing if I moved too much the diaper would crinkle or the stench would blossom in the room. I adjusted myself slightly. The diaper, which seemingly was glued to my body, and the stench was wafted towards me.

I wrinkled my nose.

The harsh scent of cologne that covered my body helped hide the stench that filled my diaper. It was enough to keep the odor at bay, but I noticed that if anyone lingered for too long near me, they began to smell it, the three days’ worth of piss and shit collected in the diaper. It had been nearly three full days since I had been forced into this diaper. This fucking diaper that could not be removed no matter how much I tried. Knives, shears, even fire; nothing seemed to be able to break through it or to stop the foreign whisper in the back of my mind that said to continue to fill. And if the diaper wasn’t already confusing enough, every instance where I was forced to fill the diaper, a wave of pleasure would rush through me and milk the most intense orgasm from me. Every time I had to shit or piss, the diaper would warp itself around my cock and milk every droplet from me until I could barely walk. And it wasn’t just the loads that were milked from me.

Ever since the first orgasm was rushed from my body, my head felt . . . fuzzy . . . empty almost. I couldn’t explain it but thinking just seemed almost harder. I knew I couldn’t tell a soul. Nobody would believe me, not that I would share anything with them.

“Earth to Rodger!”

A hand tapped my shoulder, throwing me from my thoughts. The moment of surprise took a toll on my focus, and the voice broke through the wall. And for the first time the voice was not a soft buzz in the back of my head, but clear as if the voice came from the person beside me.

*Fill me.*

The words echoed along my bones. The words found invisible puppet strings, and my body relaxed. I sank into my chair, and the control on my bladder and my bowels lessened.

“Rodger?” My coworker’s voice seemed so distant. I could barely hear it over the voice that spoke in my mind. Demanding me to obey.

*Flood me with your essence. Overwhelm me with your loads. Pour yourself into me, and I will grant you pleasure.*

Smells mixed, pushing through the aroma of cologne. I sniffed. The smell of stale shit and piss tickled my insides, and my cock became erect. My aching balls tightened, ready to mix with the nastiness that already occupied my diaper. My hands grabbed the arms of my desk chair. My face pinched inward as I pushed.

“OOOooOOoOO FUCK! It’s happening!” I cried. I felt the shit push through my hole, piling into the seat of the diaper. The more I pushed, the more pleasure I felt. The diaper constricted around my cock, stroking it—milking it. “Oh god. Oh fuck. Feels so good!” I was fully relaxed, and heavy wet farts filled the air. The stench followed quickly.

“Dude! What the fuck, man! Are you shitting yourself?!” The disgust in my coworker’s voice was clear. I heard several grunts of contempt—the cut through my grunts and groans. Part of me wanted to stop, but the voice erased my doubts.

*Enjoy yourself. Let loose. Let your thoughts and your worries drain away. Let me give you pleasure. Let me take away your cares and your ideas. Just give in to me, and I will provide the satisfaction you desire.*

The more the voice spoke, the harder it was to control my body—to control myself. The front of the diaper was so wet. So soft. So dirty. My cock sank into the dirty plush insides as if the mouth that spoke in my mind opened up and sucked me off.

*Just give in.*

*Give up.*

*Give me what I need, and I will release you from your troubles.*

“Okay,” I gasped. The part of me that withheld from the voice’s commands finally gave up

***FFBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT***

The heavy blurts of shit launched into the back of my diaper were hard to ignore. The pleasure that tickled my cock went into overload. I threw my head back as my cock was worshipped and pleased in ways I had never felt before. My breathing turned audible and became broken as my orgasm swarmed through my body and my balls emptied into the diaper. The voice in my head rumbled its moan, enjoying the fresh load of cum as it mixed with the shit and piss.

“Fuckkkk.” I rolled my neck, popping it twice before I grabbed my mouse and woke my computer. I stared at the first line and couldn’t read it. I recognized the letters. I knew I had just read the first line just moments before. “What the—”

“Rodger, we need a word.”

I turned towards the voice, finding my boss standing behind me. His frowning face searched mine for an answer to my outcries. Judgmental eyes moved down my front and found a solution. I followed his eyes and looked down. The front of my dress pants had become soaked with piss, and shit leaked out from the back of my waistband, pooling onto either side of my body. I knew I should have been disgusted. I should have been humiliated.

What did I feel?

Pride? Enjoyment? Arousal?

“Explain yourself, Rodger!” My boss barked before he quickly covered his nose with his sleeve.

I couldn't stop myself from grinning at him before I said, “I pooped myself.” And broke into a fit of laughter.