

Baby Blaine and Daddy Kurt

“How could you?” The teary-eyed boy asked as the water rolled down his face. His eyes grew glassy as they refilled with tears. He brushed his heavy bangs away from his face and over his brow, attempting to calm himself even though his world had just been shattered by his boyfriend Blaine.

“I’m so sorry. Please just forgive me.” Blaine said as he reached his hands over the table, weaving between the two cups of coffee as he attempted to grab his boyfriend, Kurt’s hands. Kurt withdrew his hands from the table and held them in his lap as he looked away from his boyfriend’s inquiring gaze. “Kurt, please, can you even look at me?” Blaine asked.

“Why? What’s the point?” Kurt asked, his voice barely above a whisper. Blaine looked to the downturned face of his boyfriend feeling his own heartbreak from what he had done. “If you unhappy you can just leave. I won’t stop you from going.” Kurt took his coffee in hand, sipped the smallest gulp of his now cold drink, and then placed it back on the table before he finally locked eyes with his boyfriend.

The two males sat in silence waiting for one or the other to say something. Kurt wanted an explanation from Blaine for his cheating, and Blaine wanted Kurt to accept his apology and move forward with him, together.

“Just tell me why Blaine. Why would you do this to me? To us!?” Kurt asked as he attempted to hold back waterworks that was hiding behind his blue eyes.

Blaine sat nervously as he squirmed in the chair opposite of his boyfriend. It had been a very hard decision for him to make, but Blaine knew his boyfriend had to be given a reason why he had cheated. With a very deep, and very regretful breath Blaine began his tale of sorted events.

It all started about six months ago when Blaine was studying for exams at the coffee where he and Kurt sat. Kurt was practicing late one night with Rachel which meant he was going to be alone for the rest of the evening. He had sat silently in the shop and exchanged glances with an older gentleman multiple times. One thing then led to another and Blaine and the stranger, Rick were sitting across the same table discussing theater. Rick didn’t seem as interested in the conversation as but continued to stay engaged and asked questions. The two chatted well until close and had even exchanged numbers. Weeks went by and the two messaged every morning and well into the evening, not truly hiding it from Kurt but not being entirely open as to who he was always messaging in the wings of the auditorium.

Their secret relationship only seemed to progress further when they decided to meet once again. Blaine told himself it wasn’t anything sexual, just a friendly relationship with an older man. Someone whom Blaine had connected in a way which was new to him; seeing Rick as more of a father figure.

Whenever they would go out Rick would pay, open doors for him, even insisting that he would drive everywhere. It was really nice to finally feel taken care of in a relationship; not that he isn't happy his relationship it was just different and very enjoyable.

It was at least two months before Rick and Blaine had their first kiss; the kiss led to groping and groping led to humping, and the humping led to many very erotic sexual escapades. Every night was a marvel of new experiences with Daddy Rick, as Blaine had come to call him. Daddy Rick would parade Blaine around in cute revealing clothes; short shorts, a crop top, and knee-high socks. They weren't really Blaine's taste, but he could see the glee in Daddy Rick's eyes whenever he would come out in a freshly purchased outfit. Sometimes it was something so gay he wouldn't have imagined wearing in a million years; jockstraps, thongs, booty shorts. Sometimes it was leather and other nights, when daddy Rick was feeling frisky, it would be rubber. Something that would cling to Blaine's muscled form and show off his every curve, especially the jumps that were growing from Daddy Rick's high calorie meals. And the outfits were only the beginning.

The sex began to transition to much kinkier exploits. Daddy Rick introduced him into toys, BDSM, and one fateful evening Daddy Rick showed him ABDL play. Blaine was uneasy at first when the diaper was brought out from underneath the bed. But after a little bit of coercing, it was all he could think about or die with Daddy Rick going forward. Blaine enjoyed being Baby Blaine, and not worrying about. Blaine kept some hard rules around the usage of the diaper, rules which Daddy Rick was happy to oblige. It got to the point where he would spend almost every night with Daddy Rick and the lies got too much for him. Daddy Rick would squeeze a diaper covered Blaine into some of his tight pants and parade him around town in some of the most humiliating positions. Always on the verge of revealing his diapered behind to the general public. Blaine had thought the idea would scare him, but it only seemed to thrill him. It got to the point where Blaine would immediately jump into a diaper upon entering Daddy Rick's house. He had gotten use to the idea of using the diaper in public, in front of people was always the most humiliating but most thrilling to him.

Daddy Rick would talk down to him, he wouldn't rely on Blaine to be the man of the relationship, and most of all it allowed Blaine to relax. It was perfect. His relationship with Daddy Rick was only growing, the one he had with Kurt was hitting repeated snags.

Blaine could tell that Kurt noticed something was off; their usual once/twice a week sex life had gone down to nothing. Giving a peck on the lips was the most action that was shared between the two in the span of a few months. The guilt had finally gotten too much for Blaine to handle, and he broke.

So here they were, sitting in the middle of a coffee shop; not making eye contact with one another as Blaine told all the sordid details. Kurt would interrupt every so often to ask a question but otherwise would listen in silence. When Blaine finished his story he placed his hands in his lap.

“Are you going to say something?” Blaine asked, his voice dotted with tones of sadness and tears. He didn’t want to hurt Kurt, it was the last thing he wanted to do. He wanted to marry Kurt one day, but after meeting Rick he felt like there was this undiscovered side of him. A side that he didn’t want to bury down again. A side he wanted to explore even further but from the look that covered Kurt’s eyes he was disgusted and disturbed by his newer interests.

Kurt opened his mouth to speak, but closed before any words came out. He didn’t know how to feel; betrayed, sadness, desperation? He stared at his handsome boyfriend feeling so much bubbling underneath his surface that he couldn’t register but what he did feel was rage. The tears on his face had long since become dry, and all he could feel now was a red hot rage. Kurt pulled himself from the table and slipped his thick wool coat over his small frame.

“I’m leaving,” Kurt said shortly between his clenched jaw.

“Kurt, please. Sit down. I want to -,” Blaine began to say as he too pulled himself from the table. Blaine extended his hand in an attempt to pull Kurt back to the table. Kurt slapped Blaine’s hand away from his jacket before he had his hold on him.

“Get your fucking hands off me you diapered Freak!” Kurt screamed at the top of his lungs. Every patron in the surrounding tables turned and stared, wide-eyed at the two gay men. Blaine immediately turned bright red in the cheeks at the reveal of his newfound identity. Kurt’s eyes narrowed at Blaine’s pants, was he wearing one right now? Or was the bulge he saw in Blaine’s pants from the embarrassment that Kurt was healing on him. Either option made him even more furious.

“Kurt..”

“I need to clear my head,” Kurt said as he stomped away from his boyfriend. He wove in between the chairs as the people watched his dramatic exit. He cursed himself as he slides into the front seat of his car. Damning himself over the fact that he actually fell in love, and allowed himself to let down his guard.

Kurt peeled out of the parking. He could see Blaine in the rearview mirror as he stood in the center of the parking lot. It was then that Kurt remembered that they had driven together.

“Fuck him,” Kurt shouted as he squeezed the steering wheel tighter. “FUCK HIM!” Kurt screamed a second time, his voice cracking at the height of the scream.

Kurt continued to drive for the rest of the evening, never touching his phone even though it continued to vibrate against his center console. Finn, Rachel, Blaine; all of his friends were attempted to contact him but he didn’t know if he had the strength to talk. To say what had happened to him. How his boyfriend, the guy who was supposed to love him and protect him had forsaken everything that had created together. Kurt knew he had two options; break up with Blaine or move on. Neither of them seemed appropriate.

“What to do. What to do,” Kurt asked himself. But as he pulled up to a stop light he saw the neon sign of a store blinking in the distance. Kurt’s smile turned at his corners and only grew. The humiliation he felt and the anger began to overtake his body. His mind burst with thoughts; had any of his friends seen Blaine out with this man, had others kept this secret from him too, was he not good enough to be loved? He floored it through the light and sped until he pulled into the first available parking space. Kurt had forgotten that there was a third option; revenge.

As Kurt stepped towards the PJ Shenanigans, the one and only sex store located in Kurt’s forgotten part of the world.

“If this bitch wants a daddy that he is going to have to act like he needs one.” And with that Kurt stepped inside the sex store as a man on a mission.

An hour later Kurt left the store with bags full of objects that would be essential to his revenge. Kurt told himself he would have to harden his heart if this was to work. It was expensive, but revenge was never cheap to those who wanted the last laugh.

He immediately drove to his house and brought his supplies into his bedroom. He locked the door and stared at himself. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair was a mess, the light foundation that he kept over his face was ruined. He took a makeup wipe from his desk and rubbed his face clean.

“Fucking idiot. YOU KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG!” He shouted at himself. His thick brown hair bounced with his every aggressive moment which only seemed to anger him further. His eyes saw the shears in the mirror and before he ever knew what was happening a large chunk of his hair was cut clean from his head. His bouncy bangs were no more. Snip after snip his hair fell onto the floor until only a lopsided mess of hair was left. He stared at himself still feeling the need for change. He ran to his bathroom and returned with clippers, plugged them in and went at the sides of his head. His hair was nearly shaved on either side and transitioned upward to the rest of hair giving him a rather manly faux hawk. With a wicked smirk, Kurt gave a nod of approval to his much manlier reflection. He grabbed his son and typed a quick text to Blaine.

Come over

Kurt scrolled through the long messages of Blaine begging for him to come back. Words which showed the sincerest of apologies. Long texts which professed his undying love and loyalty to Kurt. Promises of never cheating again were repeatedly written in almost every other message. Kurt scoffed at the messages and threw his phone to the other side of his bed. And pulled out two articles of clothing; a dark black leather jacket for him and a large inflatable diaper for Blaine. Kurt found it weird that he felt a jolt in his designer undies at the idea of knocking the perfect Blaine down a few pegs even if his heart still yearned for him.

“Come to daddy baby boy.”

It was less than an hour when Blaine arrived at Kurt's house. He ran into the basement of the house as if someone was chasing him with a knife. His heavy breathing was the first thing Kurt could hear before he began to scream apologies.

"Kurt thank you for texting me back! I was starting to get worried you might have done something rash," Blaine said as he descended the stairs. Blaine looked around for his boyfriend but found nobody in the room. Blaine hesitantly walked further into the well-furnished basement, seeing a pile of clothes on Kurt's bed. "Kurt?" Blaine walked to the pile of pink clothes that were laid out atop the comforter. Blaine could feel his dick harden inside his boxers as he stared at the large diaper that sat near the foot of the bed. God it's huge, Blaine thought as he felt his dick continue to rise. Much larger than anything he had ever worn before. His eyes glanced upward at a large pink bonnet and rubber mittens that sat on either side of the diaper. The outfit seemed to be completed with the large pair of rubber pants sat beside the rest of the articles of clothing. His cock throbbed aggressively, wanting nothing more than to be forced into this outfit and treated like the disgraceful diaper boy that he had become.

"Like what you see?" A voice asked from behind Blaine. A hand slithered around to the front of Blaine's body and grasped tightly onto his hard cock. "I thought you would enjoy seeing these laid out for you. Probably not as much as you would like having it on you though, am I right? Squeezing your muscled body into that humiliating outfit turns you on."

"Kurt..." Blaine began to say but Kurt's free hand silenced his words while his other massaged his cock gently.

"Damn, you do love this shit. Just the thought of being a giant baby gets you turned on doesn't it?" Kurt asked. Blaine stood silently but his cock answered for him. In response, Blaine's cock let out a large spurt of precum into his pants. A large enough glob that Kurt could already feel Blaine's sperm leaking through his pants and underwear. "I will take that as a yes," Kurt whispered into his boyfriend's ear before biting down aggressively. Blaine let out a high-pitched moan of pleasure as his boyfriend rubbed up and down his cock. The overtly aggressive side of Kurt turned Blaine on more than anything Kurt had ever done to him before. "You wanna just be a big humiliated baby?"

"Yes, Kurt." Kurt's grip tightened to a level of uncomfortableness that made him yelp in submission.

"That's Daddy. I don't want to hear my name from your lips again. Got it?" Kurt tightened his grasp even more.

"Yes, Kur – I mean Daddy," Blaine stammered. Kurt's hand loosened around his cock and returned to its stroking motion. Kurt rubbed the tip of Blaine's cock before he moved further onto his hefty balls. With every stroke of Blaine's cock, Kurt could feel the stain growing that much more. All the while, Blaine was moaning and groaning heavily in the arms of his boyfriend. "I bet you can't wait to get

into this giant diaper, can you? Just think of how embarrassing you are gonna look when you walk around school in this thing.”

“School?!” Blaine shrieked in fear. Even though the thought of him walking around school, in front of all his preppy rich friends, sank a deep stone of fear into his stomach; his cock did not waiver. In fact, as Kurt described what would unfold in the future Blaine’s cock only seemed to grow harder, eager for the various acts of submission and humiliation. Just the thought of him being forced into that giant diaper was enough to make him cum. “Oh, Daddy. Force me into your giant diaper. Burn all my underwear. Didn’t let me ever wear anything else besides your diapers. Oh god Daddy I’m gonna cum!” Blaine screamed as he began to buck his hips against his boyfriend’s hand. Kurt quickly removed his hand from his withering boyfriend’s body. “No please! I’m so close daddy!” Blaine pleaded.

“Lay down,” Kurt ordered, his voice dropped several levels deeper than his usual high-pitched tone. Blaine immediately fell onto the bed obeying his newly dubbed Daddy.

For the first time Blaine stared at the newly changed Kurt; his hair was cut and styled more masculine, his flamboyant clothes were replaced by a black leather jacket and dark clothes, his face even seemed different to Blaine. The look in his eyes was somehow changed, no longer was the jovial eyes full of wonder but somehow the color had darkened. Blaine could feel a wave of worry come over him, where what Kurt words only play or something far more serious?

Kurt stood wordlessly over his boyfriend’s sprawled out form. He looked between him and the outfit that he had set out earlier for him. Kurt was disgusted by his boyfriend, that such a thing would turn him on. Seeing the way Blaine’s dick bulged lewdly in his pants told Kurt that this was what he wanted, and Kurt was going to give it to him until his life was ruined.

Kurt undid the top button and zipper of Blaine’s pants and pulled until he was laying in his underwear. He then took the underwear and the remained of Blaine’s clothing. His hard cock pointed up towards Blaine’s face, begging for release. Kurt then grabbed the large diaper and stuffed both of Blaine’s feet into the leg holes and lifted it up until it sat on Blaine’s hips. Blaine’s thrust his cock into the air hoping that he would be able to cum from the friction of the diaper but Kurt was far too quick for him. He grabbed a pumped and inflated the diaper larger and larger until it was much bigger than any diaper should have been. Blaine groaned like a bitch in heat at the sight of his oversized diaper. Next came the rubber mittens. Both were tied tightly around his boyfriend’s hands. And finally, Kurt attached the large pink bonnet onto his boyfriends head before he stepped away to get his phone.

“Smile,” Kurt said wickedly as he snapped the first of many pictures of Blaine. Blaine’s eyes grew wide but he couldn’t stop himself from obeying his new Daddy’s command. Blaine gave a half-hearted smile as he saw the flash on Kurt’s phone fill the room repeatedly. “Go ahead and turn over Blaine,” Kurt ordered his diapered boyfriend. Blaine rolled over or attempted to roll over. Kurt stifled a

laugh as he watched his toned boyfriend struggle to move onto his stomach. After several minutes of watching he was finally able to achieve his order. “Now arch that back baby. Push out that huge diaper. Let everyone see what a diaper bitch you have become,” Kurt ordered once more.

“Fuck, I’m a little diaper boy,” Blaine groaned as he humped the bed. His giant diaper bounced with every thrust. Unbeknownst to Blaine Kurt switched from the camera and was shooting a full-fledged movie for him to post online.

“Keep going, Blaine.”

“I’m a pathetic little diaper bitch who can’t go a day without wanting no needing a diaper. I just want to be a permanent diaper boy for you daddy. Make me your diaper boy! Force to me to go out in this giant diaper. Show pictures of me to all the other Warblers. Tell Finn how much I love using diapers. Make him treat me like a dumb baby. Fuck I’m so hard Daddy. I wanna cum. Please! Fuck in just a nasty boy Daddy! Oh no! God, I’m gonna cum daddy!” Blaine’s thrusts turned wild as his orgasm closed in. Kurt stood back and got a full view of his once manly boyfriend moan and scream like a bitch until he came inside his massive diaper. “Oh fuck daddy! I’m cumming!” His entire body jolted back and forth as it unleashed the most massive of loads he had ever felt; the diaper, the picture, the dirty talk it all came together and gave him the most blissful of orgasms he had ever felt.

“Fuck that felt good,” Blaine said as he rolled onto his feet, with as much grace as could be certain. With uneven steps, he waddled towards Kurt as he stared at his phone, typing away at the screen. From the corner of his eye, Kurt could see the diaper jiggle and bounce with every step that Blaine made toward him. “God that role-playing was hot! I didn’t even think you had a dominant side to you, Kurt. You weren’t actually taking pictures were you?” Blaine asked. Kurt turned his phone around, revealing the video he had taken and how it was uploading online. Blaine’s face lost all color. “You didn’t..” Kurt gave a shrug of his shoulders.

“I did. Don’t worry, I changed the voice in the video so it doesn’t sound like you. But damn, I wonder what all of the Warblers are going to think when they see you in these pictures.” Kurt swiped his finger across the screen of his phone. “Super embarrassing. Humiliating some would even say,” Kurt said. “I wonder what everyone at school will say? They all probably had seen your diaper over the edge of your pants, but this is going to take it to a whole new level B.”

“Kurt you can’t seriously mean what you - we were saying during sex. It was all role play...” Blaine attempted to explain as he tried to de-diaper himself but the rubber mittens wouldn’t allow him to grab onto the edge of the diaper. All he was able to was bounce it up and down which further undulated his cock within.

“Don’t even think about trying to take that off,” Kurt warned as he stepped toward his boyfriend. “Not like you could without my help. So why don’t you sit down like the good diaper boy you are and let’s take some more pictures for your new Instagram.”

“New Instagram?” Blaine asked, confused. Kurt tossed his phone to his boyfriend and looked at the new profile name that sat at the top of the page. “DiaperBoyBlaine...” Blaine could feel his dick already begin to harden once more at the thought of his humiliating new profile. Blaine came to realize that what Kurt had been threatening wasn’t roleplaying, it was a list of what he was going to subject Blaine too; burning his boxers, forcing him out in large more revealing diapers, treating him like a diaper boy. Blaine felt his world shift on its axis, the way Kurt stared down at him was no longer a look of love but a menacing once. A look of revenge and determination. Blaine handed back the phone and obediently sat on the bed with his huge diaper pushed out towards Kurt. “Like this Daddy?”

“Perfect baby boy.”

Part 2

Blaine pulled his pants over his pump diaper with a few grunts of frustration. He could feel the jeans already push against the diaper like toothpaste being squeezed forcibly from the tube. He looked to himself and saw more than half of the diaper was still exposed. He could see his recently transformed boyfriend sit in the corner of his bedroom, watching him get dressed for the day. His unblinking gaze ensured that Blaine would go in the pre-approved outfit, nothing more and nothing less. Blaine pleaded with wide eyes, hoping that Kurt would give in and allow him a longer shirt, or some sort of jacket that would allow his current predicament to stay hidden.

“Not my problem diaper boy,” he said to Blaine as he snapped a few pictures with his phone of his outfit. He always collected pictures at the most inopportune time, where Blaine was in his most humiliating or revealing position. Not that he didn’t enjoy the humiliation, but the initial fear that was always followed by a flush of excitement still worried him no matter how many times he had been

exposed. Blaine stared at his boyfriend in the reflection still surprised that the man he saw in his room was Kurt Hummel.

Kurt's recently deepened voice and more masculine appearance still took Blaine by surprise when he came to Blaine's doorway wearing his now signature worn leather jacket and large aviators. Every morning Kurt would appear to select Blaine's outfit for the day. And today Kurt had selected the largest, fluffiest diaper Blaine had in his collection. That alone would not have been a problem if Kurt had not also selected a freshly bleached pair of jeans that were already two sizes too small, and nearly see-through in some areas. Blaine could see the bright pattern of the diaper showing through his jeans whenever he bent or turned his torso. He pulled his shirt down and was able to hide most of the diaper, and hopefully, his backpack would keep the rest hidden; well his diaper bag. He had never missed his tailored Academy uniform more than he did now.

Blaine's once-trendy appearance had slowly transformed into a rather weird splattering of superhero's, animal prints, and soft colors. His Louis Vuitton bag, which had been purchased for him by Kurt for Christmas, had been replaced with the latest dad version of a diaper bag; wipe pouch on the side, extra compartments for those unexpected accidents, as well as room for his books. The Warblers at Dalton academy gave him a few long sideways glances the first day he brought the bag to school, but after two weeks most of his close acquaintances didn't give it a second look.

"Okay, times up!" Kurt's deep voice rumbled from the corner. He stood up from the chair, brushing the wrinkles from his pants. "We need to get going if you are going to make it to school on time."

"Yes daddy," Blaine said before he gave his exposed diaper one last glance and slung his diaper bag over his shoulder, feeling the heavy books slide against the soft padding of his extra diapers. Not that he tried to use his diaper at school, but the restrooms were strictly forbidden and disobedience would be followed by stricter punishments. It had happened a few times, and the punishments were excruciating.

The most memorable of the punishments that still sent a thrill A vibrator was pressed against Blaine's diapered crotch, and after three hours of constant agony and teasing Blaine promised he would never disobey Kurt again. Even though he had not let Blaine cum after his session, Blaine knew it could have been MUCH worse and MUCH longer if he wished.

The two boys walked up the stairs and into Kurt's car with only the sound of the crinkling of Blaine's diaper filling the silent void between them. Kurt had taken a more stoic approach to their relationship. Blaine could see that he had hurt Kurt and had attempted to bring up his past indiscretion but Kurt would either leave the room or turn bright red with anger before he would layer Blaine in multiple diapers and humiliate him with images and videos.

The car ride with the too was equally as silent, and when they pulled up in front of Dalton Academy Blaine gave Kurt a very familial kiss on the side of his stubbly face.

“Love you, daddy,” Blaine squeaked out before he stepped from the car. Before the door was shut he felt Kurt’s bony hand smack him on the backside of his diaper.

“Your diaper is showing,” Kurt said shortly before he threw the car into drive and drove into the parking lot, looking for a spot. Kurt’s first class was independent study, so he wasn’t as much under a time crunch as Blaine was every morning. Blaine had barely enough time for him to register what Kurt had just said before he heard the high-pitch ding of first period. Blaine hiked his pants up as high as he could and hustled into his first class.

Blaine’s first class was English. It was an easy enough time to hide his diaper when he was in the throngs of students as they rushed to their first class. He found a seat in the far back corner, not wanting anyone to see his diaper if it decided to peak through the spaces in his chair. It also gave him a perfect vantage point of the teacher, but also a perfect spot for him to use his phone.

As soon as the teacher turned his back to him and began to scrawl across the board he hid his phone within a pile of papers and books and opened up “his” new Instagram page.

“DiaperBoyBlaine,” He said to himself as he saw the newest picture of himself on the top of his timeline. His face was flushed with frustration and his diaper was CLEARLY visible. “When the diaper gets too big to hide.” Blaine couldn’t help but groan in satisfaction at the humiliated version of himself that was set free into the world wide web. “ Diaper boy. Diaper fag. Dirty diaper boy. Humiliate Me. Double Diaper Day,” Blaine read the tags in his head. He could already feel his dick begin to bulge within his diaper. The soft cushion of the inner padding was the perfect combination of tight and loose, where he was able to feel the restriction of the diaper but just enough give that he was able to mindlessly hump the underside of the desk.

“Fucking diaper boy,” Blaine groaned to himself as he scrolled through the pictures. The first was rather tame for what had been posted on his Instagram account as of late; pictures of him sprawled out in lewd outfits, giant rubber diapers on display, images of him in public places stripped down. If the captions and that hashtags weren’t enough, the comments from the strangers were enough for Blaine to pleasure himself too at nighttime.

“Looks like someone needs a change.”

“Fucking disgusting diaper fag. Needs a real daddy to show him how to be a good boy.”

“God he looks like a little fairy princess in that pink bonnet. You should get him pinker!”

Most of the active users knew that the profile was under the control of Blaine’s Daddy Kurt. But that didn’t stop them from trying to get into contact with Blaine. Kurt would often hand over the account, briefly, for him to chat with a daddy online. Kurt would make Blaine explain to the complete stranger

what a naughty diaper boy Blaine truly was, and how he needed to be taken in by more daddies. Kurt would massage the front side of his diaper the entire time, sometimes to completion. Kurt would then screenshot the conversation of Blaine spilling his figurative guts and post them to the profile. The thirsty older man than became to come in droves. Each of them wanting a piece of Baby Blaine's diapered ass.

Blaine continued to hump the underside of his desk. He could feel his rigid cock grow wet, from the extra absorbent padding. He had fallen deep into his lust. So far in fact that he did not notice the growing crinkling sound as his humping became even wilder. All he could do was scroll through the humiliating pictures and kinky comments. He was so close. He was so hard. He was so wet. It wasn't until he felt a tap on his desk did he come back to reality.

"Blaine do you have something you want to share with the classroom? Blaine came back to real life as he stared up at his teacher. His phone showcasing the humiliating photos from the last few weeks taken by Kurt. The teacher's eyes glanced downward at his phone far quicker than Blaine was able to move his hands. He raised an eyebrow in suspicion at the sight, obviously containing a chuckle of amusement.

"No Mr. Charles," Blaine said quietly as he slid his textbook over his phone. He hoped that his teacher had not seen what was on his phone, but he knew it was a pipe dream.

"Are you sure Blaine? Nothing you want to share with the class? I wouldn't want you to think I was...babying you by not giving you an opportunity to share."

He did see, Blaine thought to himself. A deep bit grew in his stomach as the embarrassment flooded his cheeks. But even though he wished it to stop, his cock only grew harder. Just the thought of his teacher making him show off his diapered pictures to the rest of the males in his class. The hot and stylish Blane Anderson was nothing but a diaper wearing freak.

"No Mr. Charles," Blaine said, his voice only a whisper but tinged with eroticism.

"Well then if it's nothing you wish to share with the class, then feel free to stay after class and you can share with me." Mr. Charles spun on his heel and returned to the front of the class. "But do pay attention, I won't be parenting any of you in this classroom. "Now Mr. Anderson if you would continue reading from page 46." Blaine stood and read the assigned passage in front of the class. A twinge of fear ran up and down his spine whenever a classmate turned around in their chair and looked at Blaine. Would they notice the large bulge in his pants? Would they see that it's a diaper? Or see the waist of the diaper peaking over his pants line.

The rest of the class was uneventful; Blaine sat in the back of the classroom with his phone in his pocket and attempted to listen to his classmates. Though his phone constant buzzed in his pocket which signaled comments and likes appearing on his pictures. And when the alarm sounded everyone in the classroom ushered out of their seats quickly, while Blaine sat stoically in his chair.

“Do you know why I kept you after class, Mr. Anderson?” Mr. Charles asked as he pushed the door shut and pulled the blinds over the windows.

“No sir,” Blaine said, swallowing down his fears.

“Are you sure Blaine?” Mr. Charles asked as he sat upon the edge of his desk. “Not a single guess why I would keep you after?”

“No.” He whispered once again. Play dumb, that was his only option and hope.

“Well, usually I don’t call out my students for the occasional cell phone use, but when you see something as interesting as I did today. I couldn’t help but want some alone time with you. Would you mind standing for me? Please.”

“Sir, I would really -.”

“Blaine. Let me try that again. Stand. Now.” Mr. Charles ordered of Blaine. Blaine pushed his chair back, and stood behind his desk; his bag sat on his desk, blocking his teacher’s view. “Blaine, now we shouldn’t play games. You have a long day of classes ahead of you, and I wouldn’t want you to stay behind for too long. What would I write on your tardy slip? Sorry, had to keep Blaine back due to him being a naughty little boy? Or maybe, needed to have his diaper checked? Oh, wait, what about needing a diaper change? That would probably be the most embarrassing to me. But it seems like you enjoy it don’t you?” Mr. Charles asked, with his eyebrow raised. He did know Blaine’s secret and even worse, he knew what he enjoyed about it.

“Yes sir,” Blaine croaked as he pushed the diaper bag off his desk, and revealed the large bulging front of his pants.

“Oh, and we should just go ahead and get rid of those big boy pants for you too. No point in wearing them. It’s quite obvious that you are a diaper obsessed faggot.” Blaine obediently began to unbutton his pants. The zipper unzipped quickly after the button came undone, and his crinkly white diaper burst through. Blaine’s slowly pulled down his pants, further revealing his entire diaper. “Now just kick them to the side.”

Blaine continued to follow his teacher’s orders until he stood solely in his large fluffy diaper and his clothes were sitting in a pile to the side.

“Well aren’t you one sexy little diaper boy. Go ahead, bend off that desk. Really show off that diaper for me Blaine.” Blaine leaned over his desk. The cool wood was pressed against his torso as he gripped the sides of the desk and pushed out his ass. His already fat bum filled out the space and only seemed to push the diaper further out, creating a rather bulky bottom.

“Fuck, you are as sexy as he said you were?” Mr. Charles groaned as he began to rub the front of his pants.

“Who said?” Blaine chirped up, as he looked over his shoulder. Not only did Blaine’s teach enjoy the view but his hand was now within his pants, jerking himself off while he watched.

“I’m the teacher here. I should be the one asking the questions,” Mr. Charles taunted as he pulled himself from the desk and walked over to Blaine’s slumped over body. He began to lift himself up but felt the strong hand of his teacher push his body back onto the desk. “No, you don’t need to move.” Blaine looked forward and could feel his teacher’s pants fall from his body and onto the floor.

Even through the extra thick diaper and the padding inside he could feel his teacher’s hard cock press against the backside of his diaper. Slowly he began to move his cock up and down the soft padding. Moans of enjoyment filled the room as he began to hump Blaine. Blaine gripped both sides of the desk as his body was rocked back and forth aggressively with every thrust. His own cock rubbed against the lining of his diaper as it had did earlier, but the added weight of his teacher made the pressure that much more enjoyable.

“You like that diaper boy?” Mr. Charles teased. Blaine nodded his head as he bit down on his lip in order to control his moans. Unsure if anything but cries of pleasure would explode from his mouth if he spoke. “Say it. Say you like me humping your big diapered butt Blaine!”

“I like it!” Blaine parroted his teacher’s words.

“Oh, you can do better than that Mr. Anderson. Say what is really ticking away in that head. You must be feeling some way with your teacher almost fucking you on top of your desk. What do you think the Warblers would say if they say you like this? I know they know your gay, but a diaper boy? That would be one hard pill for everyone to swallow.”

“God I would be so humiliated.” He moaned as the images flooded his mind. All his finely dressed friends pointing and laughed at his diaper as it swelled bigger and larger. So large until he could no longer hide the fact of what he had become. Each of his teammates would take turns humping his diaper until it was time for them to cum and they would shoot their loads inside, coating the inside of his diaper their seed. His own cock would be locked away, and strain in its cage as it begged for freedom. His face red with embarrassment but beg for more. More humiliation, more embarrassment, and even more diapers. They would film him and post him to the school’s website and on every profile he had with his real name on it. Every naughty thought that filled his head made him want to cum all the much more.

“God I want them all to know! I want them to photograph me in my diapers. I want them to make fun of me. I want them to use me. I want to be the diapered mascot of the team. God, I’m so fucking twisted! I’m such a naughty diaper boy! Hump my diaper teach! Hump my hulking diaper, sir! Please fill it with your cum! Mark me like the bitch that I am!” Mr. Charles humping increased in speed and veracity. His thrusts were wild and untamed as he too grew closer.

“Fuck! Getting close!” He shouted. He pulled back and pulled down the backside of Blaine’s diaper and shot his load directly onto his perky white ass cheeks. Blaine’s teacher’s seed covered both of his cheeks in his thick seed while Blaine gave a few final thrusts and unloaded his own seed into the inner linings of the diaper.

“Oooo.” Were Blaine’s only words as his dick shot a few pathetic squirts of cum. It wasn’t until he felt a soft tug from the backside of his diaper did he awaken from his post-orgasm stupor.

“Better get going diaper boy. You’re already...oh twenty minutes late for gym class. Here let me write you a quick note.” Blaine went to his clothes and slowly redressed, as he watched his teacher scribble a note on a tardy slip for him. “Here you go,” Mr. Charles said to Blaine as he hefted his diaper boy book bag over his shoulder. Blaine took the folder piece of paper in hand and walked out of the class, hiking his pants up further and placing his bag over his inflated frontside.

“Have a good day Mr. Anderson.” Mr. Charles then swiftly slammed the door shut behind Blaine, forcing him into the hallway. Blaine opened up the folded note and felt his dick throb at the sight of the written note.

“Sorry, Blaine was late. Needed to teach him what being a diaper boy really meant.” Blaine let out a deep groan as he shoved the note into one of the many pockets of his bag and ran to his next class. And this was just first bell, Blaine thought to himself.

* * *

Blaine stumbled to his next class; his mind aflutter with thoughts of what had happened with his teacher. Was it Kurt that told his teacher about his kinky secret? Or was there someone else out there that knew about his secret persona that enjoyed the thought of pulling the strings behind the curtain? Blaine knew he had to push those thoughts to the back of his consciousness. His bigger fear and worry quickly approached. Gym class.

He stared at the door to the locker room and weighed the options of skipping class. Nobody knew that he was here, he could leave midway through the day and just hide at home. He could call an Uber to come pick him up this very moment, and tell Daddy Kurt that he wasn’t feeling well. Would he believe him, or would he know something was off? Did Daddy Kurt know what happen in the classroom already? Or would it be a surprise to him at the end of the day? Blaine’s mind began to hurt the amount of questions that were piling up within his head and not a single answer was anywhere in sight.

“Blaine!” A deep voice bellowed from the opposite end of the long corridor of the academy. Before he even turned Blaine knew who had shouted; his least favorite teacher and the hall monitor for the second half of the day, Mr. Boggs.

As Blaine turned, he could already feel the deep heat of hatred as it radiated from his the teacher’s eyes as he marched towards him. The man towered over Blaine, reaching well over six feet tall

and outweighed him in every direction as well. The tight school uniform that was worn by the teachers as well looked ready to burst at the seams. His beefy, slightly overweight body, looked like encased sausage within the button-down shirt and trousers. His belly bounced aggressively as he power-walked towards Blaine, his hand already extended for either a tardy pass or a reason why Blaine was in the hallways in between class. Blaine wouldn't be able to give either.

"Hall pass," the bear-like man said as he clenched his pudgy hands together in a way saying, give me. Blaine felt the pass burn in the pocket of his diaper bag. The pass that would out him for being a diaper boy or worse make Mr. Boggs examine what he was hiding underneath his thin trousers.

"Uh," Blaine said, as he floated from foot to foot. What could he say? Dentist? Lost his phone? Couldn't find his gym clothes? All the lies seemed well enough but nothing that he could prove. "Uhhh."

"Uhhhh, what Mr. Anderson? Let me see your hall pass," Mr. Boggs barked a second time. The thought crossed Blaine's mind of sharing the hall pass with the teacher. Just the image of this big burly man finding out about Blaine's love of diapers and that he was in fact addicted to them, turned him on. A red flush rose on his cheeks, and his breathing deepened. The thought of this teacher stripping him in the middle of the hallway to prove Blaine's addiction. All the students seeing who Blaine Anderson caused a moan to fall from his full lips and his spent cock to flex against its metallic cage. A moan that made the teacher back slightly away in disgust. The look made Blaine's head spin. Just the look of disgust was all Blaine's cock needed to push out a tiny bit of pre into his already wet diaper.

"Mr. Anderson, either a hall pass will appear in my hand in the next ten seconds or I will see you in detention," Mr. Boggs threatened as he attempted to remain in control of the situation. Blaine's hand floated over the pocket with the pass, and he even pushed his hand into it; ready to produce the slip. He wanted this teacher to see the real him. Blaine wanted him to be disgusted by the diaper loving freak that stood before him. He wanted to be ridiculed, and even kicked out of school. But as he grasped the slip within his diaper bag, a more leveled mind prevailed in this instant and Blaine withdrew an empty hand. Mr. Boggs crossed his thick arms over his large belly, and with a gave a deep huff of annoyance.

"I will see you today at 5 pm Mr. Anderson. Be on time. We will be writing lines." Mr. Boggs turned around on the heel of his dress shoe and walked away. Blaine fell against the wall as he felt his core temperature rise due to the quick flash of lust and humiliation.

"And get to class!" Mr. Boggs shouted before he turned the corner of the hallways, and vanished from Blaine's line of sight. The decision was made; Blaine would be going to gym class today whether he wanted too or not.

The locker room was empty, luckily for Blaine, and it was broken into many separate areas. He tucked himself into the furthest area of the locker room, which nobody was at during the day time and quickly stripped away his clothes. A wall of mirrors adorned the opposite wall from where Blaine

changed, and he couldn't help but stop and stare at himself as he stood naked in his diaper. Just the sight of himself in such a public setting was enough to put him into heat.

Blaine turned around and looked at how the large diaper extended from his body, and how puffy the diaper appeared. He bent over slightly and pushed out his diaper, enjoying the view of how much larger he could make it look. His hand rubbed the front of his diaper, massaging his locked cock. Even though he could barely feel the stimulation it was more than enough for him to enjoy.

"Fucking loser diaper boy," Blaine groaned. "God can't believe I'm into this!" He whines of pleasure echoed throughout the empty locker room, he rubbed and moaned without a care of who could walk into the room. In fact, the idea made him all the hornier. He felt braver than usual, and took his phone from his diaper bag and snapped several pictures of himself as he posed lewdly in his diaper. He stared at the pictures, specifically at his thick lower body and how it only further emphasized the diaper, and he couldn't believe how he was possibly able to hide it. He sent every picture to Kurt, knowing he would enjoy his photos and immediately saw several reactions to them.

"Hot. I bet your fans are going to love seeing the diaper boy in gym class today," Blaine read Kurt's response and looked at the clock on his phone. "Shit." He had lost track of time for the second time today and needed to get to class before it was noticed that he had missed more than half of the class. He could hear his classmates exercising on the other side of the wall, and could tell they were running laps. Hopefully, he could just merge into the line of students seamlessly without notice of the gym teacher.

Blaine dug within the bottom of his diaper bag and withdrew the gym clothes with a disdainful and humiliating moan. The shorts were short, and the short was too small. He had paraded around the house in these clothes specifically for Kurt on multiple occasions and even worn them to gym class a few times but never with a diaper of this magnitude. The shorts clung tightly to this diaper, and the waist showed slightly over his shorts while his shirt barely crested the top of the waistband. He tucked the top of the diaper within itself, hiding it from view and pulled down the shirt and it was hidden slightly. But he didn't know for how long would it stay put. He practiced jumping in position as well as jogged, and his efforts seemed to prevail over the bulky diaper.

"You can do this," Blaine told himself as he pushed his diaper bag into the locker and locked it. "You got this." Blaine gave himself one last view before he jogged out of the locker room and out into the mob of students as they ran.

"Perfect," Blaine said with a grin of success. Nobody seemed to notice that he had recently just arrived at gym class nor did they notice what was hidden beneath his clothes. Everything seemed to be going right for the first time today, and that was a relief. It wasn't until he heard the voice of Wes and Skylar, two of his Warbler brothers.

“Someone’s looking thick!” Wes shouted as his pace quickened until he was side by side with Blaine. Wes was one of, if not the, most muscular person in the Warblers. His slick back hair, his chiseled jaw, and his small almond shaped eyes just made him the poster child for Abercrombie and Fitch. His toned muscular chest bulged out through his sweat-soaked shirt, which only allowed an even better look at his chiseled body. Though Skylar was not as toned or as muscular as Wes, he was not unattractive by far. He had a cute boyish face, brown hair that swept across his forehead, and a pair of full pouty lips that constantly reminded Blaine of the Trouty Mouth over at McKinley High.

“Hey, guys!” Blaine said as he tried to run faster than either of his two friends. “Sorry, gotta keep running. No time to chat!”

“Yeah. Looks like you need the extra cardio,” Wes joked as he hand swept down towards Blaine’s ass, but he picked up his pace and the hand missed him. “Apparently I haven’t looked at you in a while but your ass has gotten huge!”

“A bunch of the guys back there said you looked like you got implants or something,” Skylar said as he turned his head and looked back at the jiggling mass that was Blaine’s buttocks. Blaine looked over his own shoulder and saw how his ass bounced out of time with the rest of his body, as if he, in fact, has padding within his shorts or some sort of implants within his actual cheeks.

“Bet Kurt is really loving this.” Wes’s took another chance at grabbing Blaine’s cheek and this time he was much faster than Blaine, and took a large chunk of the padded diaper in his hand and squeezed. Blaine felt his heart stop as a look of confusion crossed over Wes’s face as he kept his hand on Blaine’s padded behind. He had expected to feel a thick, dense, muscular ass cheek and not the soft almost squishy padding of whatever was hidden underneath the shorts. But before Wes was able to ask a question a loud whistle sounded through the gym.

“Okay, everyone! Enough running! Go ahead and pair up! We are going to be stretching now!” Coach Fletcher shouted from the sidelines of the gymnasium before he resumed his conversation with one of the only female teachers at the school.

“Did you want to pair -,” Skylar began to ask, but was quickly cut off by the excited tone in Wes’s voice.

“I need to pair up with Blaine. We need to talk about Warbler stuff,” Wes interrupted Skylar’s offer, released Blaine’s cheek, and pulled Blaine away by his arm.

“Oh, okay,” Skylar said with a shrug. “Jack! Partner up?” He shouted to a fellow student as he walked away. Wes gave Blaine a wink as they walked around from the large group of students towards the edge of the blue mats.

“Yes, we have loads to talk about. Starting off with, what are you wearing under those shorts? Its definitely not butt implants. And it doesn’t feel like padding. Well, the padding that I am familiar with, it

sort of feels like a stuffed animal.” Wes questioned as Blaine looked down towards his feet and the somewhat bulgy front of his shorts. He couldn’t lie, that would cause more of a scene than just telling the truth. Blaine looked up at his friend and whispered the truth.

“A diaper.”

“What?!” Wes hastily whispered as he peered around Blaine’s body and tried to wrap his mind around the fact that one of his closest friends was wearing a diaper. He raised an eyebrow in jest, obviously in disbelief that someone like THE Blaine Anderson would willingly walk around the campus in a diaper. “Prove it,” Wes countered still flabbergasted by the idea.

Blaine looked around and saw that all of his fellow classmates were busy as they talked and stretched amongst one another, and looked back to his friend. He took the waist of the shorts and lowered it just slightly so the plush white diaper would come into view, and the small almond shaped eyes’ of his friend widened in shock.

“Fuck! I can’t believe it. Do you, like, have to wear them because of like peeing yourself?” Wes asked, as Blaine replaced the shorts and covered the diaper once again. He hadn’t expected such probing questions from his friends, but he had to say something and he obviously couldn’t say the truth.

“No, I am... I mean, I like wearing them,” Blaine admitted. It was a partial truth, he did enjoy wearing the diapers, but the force behind wearing them to school or out in public excursions was not his own. Wes silently looked at his friend, as if he was weighing reality and the fantasy of the situation in his head. It wasn’t like he had expected to find Blaine in a diaper today, but now what was he going to do with the information.

“Hmmm.” Wes folded his muscular arms and placed all the weight on one of his hips. “Let’s get stretching,” Wes said, ordering Blaine into position. Blaine was unsure of why his friend was acting so cool, and so normal in such an obtuse situation. But he had learned to not look a gift horse in the mouth and he moved obediently towards the ground.

“No,” Wes shouted a little too excitedly and caused multiple of the other students to look towards them. “Sorry. No...um...just stand in front of me. I can crack your back.” Blaine stared at his friend as Wes nervously shifted from one foot to another.

“Uhhhh. I think I am -,” Blaine began to say but was interrupted by an overzealous Wes.

“Let me crack your back!” Wes shouted once again, and caused Blaine to jump in surprise at his insistence. Blaine moved towards his friend and turned around awkwardly as Wes wrapped his muscled arms around Blaine’s torso.

Even through the thickness of the diaper and the layers of clothing between the two of them, Blaine could feel something hard press against his ass. Blaine turned head to the side and saw Wes’s tan cheeks grow bright red as his groin was pressed towards Blaine’s buttocks. Now it was a weird surprise

for Wes to find Blaine in a diaper, but it was an even greater surprise to find that Wes was attracted to Blaine in his diapered state.

“You like diapers?” Blaine whispered to his show choir teammate. Wes gave a gentle nod and slowly rotated his hips, pushing his hardened cock against the soft plush diaper. A small groan of enjoyment as he continued to rub with abandonment.

“God, its so big,” Wes groaned. “I cant believe this is happening. I have seen guys in them online, but never in person before. And fuck, it’s hot as hell!” Blaine leaned further into his friend as his eyes darted around the room. Nobody noticed the sexual activities that was happening just feet away from the rest of the students. Blaine felt brave in this moment, finally feeling in control for the first time in quiet some time.

“Sit down. I have an idea,” Blaine said as he sat on the mat in front of Wes. The soft underside of the diaper was pressed firmly onto his lap. Wes’s body shivered in excitement as Blaine rubbed up and down against his hard cock, as he moved himself into the proper position. Low enough on Wes’s lap that people would not notice what was happening, but also high enough that he could still create some friction.

Wes placed his hands on Blaine’s hips as Blaine leaned forward in a “stretch” but was only using the motion to back his diaper up onto Wes’s cock and then pulled away when his back became erect. Wes wiggled himself against the Blaine’s butt every time he leaned away and pushed his ass onto his lap. The two continued to “stretch” on the mat in front of everyone. To the naked eye they were just two friends helping one another out with a stretch. It wasn’t until Wes’s hands flowed further down Blaine’s body and onto his hips did he notice that he was literally humping him. Short, heavy, aggressive grunts of enjoyment were whispered into Blaine’s ear whenever his head was next to Blaine’s.

“God it’s so big. Do you piss in it Blaine?”

“What?” Blaine asked, shocked by such a personal question.

“I bet you fill that diaper with pee all the time.” Wes pressed. Blaine realized it wasn’t just diapers that Wes was a fan of; but also what happen when Blaine was wearing them.

“All the time,” Blaine moaned, playing into Wes’s fantasy.

“In public?!”

“Especially in public. I haven’t used a toilet in weeks. Its even worse when the diaper gets so wet that it starts to smell. I cant tell you how many times people have smelt the air, smelled my wet diaper.” The story was partially true. Blaine had on occasion felt that people had noticed the smell, or given him a weird glance but nobody ever had the balls to really speak him.

“Fuck you probably loved that. Everyone knowing that you are nothing but a dirty diaper boy. God I wish that your diaper was grinding into my face right now. I want it soaked through and rubbing all over my body. Bouncing on my face, smothering me in the nasty smell of your used diaper. Ripping a

hole in the back and fucking you, while you continue to fill your diaper. Oh fuck!” He grunted softly, as Wes’s cock shot inside his my shorts. Blaine felt his legs jiggle and and shake as he gripped Blaine’s sides tightly. Blaine’s cock was hard within the cage once again but without any friction to bring him to orgasm, it only leaked into his already wet diaper. Wes opened his mouth to speak, but another loud whistle filled the gymnasium.

“Hit the showers ladies!” The coach shouted to the gymnasium full of students, and without any other words; Wes pulled away and ran to the locker room and left Blaine on the floor with a small wet stain on the backside of his ass. A stain, that for the first time, that was not from him.

Fun In The Locker Room

Blaine waddled into the locker room as casually as he was able, trying not to bring any attention to his oversized behind or the stain that now decorated his backside thanks to Wes. He hung back as his classmates ran into the locker room, ready for a shower and for the end of the school day. Blaine was lucky about getting to the gym class late, but he hadn’t even thought about taking a shower in his current state. He knew the rules at the academy were absolute. Showers after gym, no exceptions. Could he possibly slip in and out of the diaper unnoticed by his classmates? Was he even allowed to take the diaper off, was a better question? He hoped that he could wait for his fellow students to make their way through the showers and locker room at an advanced pace, but when he entered the large room. He found that he wasn’t the only one ambling.

“Welcome to the party!” Said one of Blaine’s classmates as he tossed his sweat-soaked clothes into his locker room. “We were just getting ready for a shower. Care to join us?” He said as he wiggled his eyes suggestively. Blaine brushed off his friend’s lame attempts at flirting at just a joke.

“Oh, you couldn’t handle all of this,” Blaine said as he skulked off towards his own locker. He opened the door, and he stared at the childish diaper bag. He wished he had his expensive Louis Vuitton bag and his form fitting, but appropriate, school uniform.

“Weird bag you got there Anderson,” a deep seductive voice spoke behind him. He felt the hands of the unknown person graze over his waist and he jumped at the thought of his secret being found out by another.

“Watch the hands, Sebastian!” Blaine shrieked as he pushed away from his fellow Warbler. “You know I’m taken,” Blaine said, a little more aggressively than he had originally planned. But Sebastian was one guy that was constantly barking up his tree, and one which Kurt would never forgive. Blaine spun around in felt Sebastian step towards him, pinning him against the cold door of a locker. The plush diaper crinkled against the metal facade and made a noise that Blaine begged that nobody heard.

“What none of these guys will say anything to your nerdy boyfriend,” Sebastian said as he leaned on a locker while his other hand was still outstretched, which kept Blaine held in one place. “Don’t tell me you don’t like me.” Sebastian pushed out his bottom lip, feigning hurt feelings at Blaine’s constant rejection. Blaine rolled his eyes in annoyance. This was the last thing he knew he could handle today and knew he needed to duck out of this conversation as quick as possible. Blaine’s eyes darted to his saving grace, the bathroom stalls.

“I need to use the restroom!” Blaine said as he pushed himself past Sebastian and towards the bathroom. His quick movements caused his thick diaper to wobble back and forth and crunch with every step.

“Looking thick!” Sebastian said as he scooped one of Blaine’s cheeks as he ran away from him and felt the backside give way to something other than the thick butt cheek he has thought he was grabbing. Blaine felt sweat and fear fall down his spine, but continued to move towards the offshoot of the locker room and towards the bathroom. He locked the door of the stall at the end of the small row and wished the bell for the end of class would ring.

“Not so quick, big boy!” Sebastian called after him as he followed him towards the bathroom. Blaine could hear the soft murmuring of whisperers between his classmates and then the sound of several feet coming towards his locked stall. Blaine picked his feet up from the ground and hid within his small three by five bathroom stall. He wished he could just disappear and not endure whatever was about to happen to him.

“Knock knock,” Sebastian said as he stood at the door to the stall. Blaine looked down and realized his fears and thoughts, it wasn’t just Sebastian at the door but several pairs of feet. Blaine counted, and it was four of his classmates standing on the other side of the door, waiting for his shame to be revealed. “I said, Knock knock baby,” Sebastian said with a hint of knowing in his voice. He knew what was under Blaine’s shorts. Or he at least had a very good idea from his rough squeeze.

Blaine dropped his feet to the floor with two soft taps and opened the stall door, while his head hung down in shame. He couldn’t look at his friends and he couldn’t help but notice the feeling of his cock growing hard again within the cottony confines of his diaper.

“Hey buddy, why don’t you come on out here. I wanna ask you something,” Sebastian said as he tilted Blaine’s head up towards him with a push of his finger. Blaine shuffled out of the bathroom stall, barely lifting his foot with each step. “All the guys don’t think you have gotten, well, a little big in the behind and I told that it was all muscle.”

“I don’t think so,” said Hank, one of the more muscular students in my class. He wasn’t a part of the Warblers or a part of the groups that Blaine associated himself with, but from the size of the guy’s biceps and quads; he was a weightlifter. “Doesn’t look gym-made to me,” he said with a shrug of his rounded shoulders.

“And I told him I have been seeing you working it in the gym after we practice. So I was telling them all that they should see you squat!” Sebastian said as he took a hold of Blaine’s hand and pulled him out into the center of the four guys standing outside the stall. “So go ahead and do it....baby.” The name sent another thrill towards his diaper. The sheer thought of the humiliation that he was about to endure was enough to make him want to cum. Blaine looked at Sebastian and saw his evil grin and the twinkle in his eye that let Blaine know, Sebastian’s assumption was much more realized.

“Do it,” Sebastian ordered a little louder, making Blaine jump in fear. He looked at the men surrounding him and he bent at the knees, slowly moving his ass closer to the ground. But before his knees got to a complete 90-degree angle, he pulled himself back up. “No, that’s definitely not a squat. Come on, show them what this ass is made of.” Sebastian gave both of Blaine’s padded cheeks and squeeze. Sebastian’s head began to spin with the possibilities of what could happen if his secret was found out.

Blaine, with every ounce of confidence and trust in Sebastian, he pushed out his ass and lowered his ass to the floor until he felt his shorts ride lower on his waist until he felt the shorts completely shift away. Blaine stood back up but before he could move back into position, Sebastian ordered another squat, which Blaine obeyed. The group of guys watched Blaine as he bounced up and down in the center of them, repeatedly squatting until his legs could no longer bend from exhaustion. The men all gasped in surprise at different times when they all realized what he hid.

“is that...” Hank began to ask, but before he could finish his question Sebastian took it into his own hands. Blaine felt Sebastian’s hands grab onto his shorts and pull them to the ground. “Holy fuck it is!” Hand shouted to Sebastian and then looked to Blaine. “What the fuck?!” Blaine’s cheeks burned red with embarrassment at his secret fetish and arousal being found out by not one but multiple people.

“Blaine, do you want to explain your... little secret?” Sebastian asked, acting like the devil on Blaine’s shoulder, pushing him to further expose himself.

“I’m a diaper boy,” Blaine whispered to his classmates, looking down at the plush white diaper as it stood out in the open. The men around Blaine all snickered with one another at Blaine, admitting his addition. “I love wearing diapers.”

“Just wearing them?” Sebastian asked as he wrapped his arms around Blaine and groped the front of his diaper. “Seems a little wet to me,” Sebastian joked to his friends.

“What?! No!” Blaine shouted. Denying Sebastian’s accusation. “It’s sweat!” He said, his heart pounded harder with sheer humiliation now. Finding out that he wore diapers was one thing, but them knowing that he used them was a completely different story.

“Sweat, huh?” Sebastian asked. “Well, maybe we should go ahead and fill him up? What do you think guys?” Blaine spun around once more at the sound of his classmates shorts falling to the floor. He was speechless. How was this happening? Were they actually going to piss on him, or better yet; Would they fill his diaper like Sebastian was threatening? “Go ahead and open it up,” Sebastian ordered, but Blaine stood unmoving at the order. “Well, I guess it is up to us then. Men pick a corner.” Blaine felt several hands take a hold of his diaper and the men’s thickening cocks as each were slipped into the rim of his diaper. Blaine opened his mouth to stop them, but for once he held his own words.

The thought of another man filling his diaper with their piss was humiliating in such an erotic way he didn’t even know how to express himself. The feeling of their piss quickly followed the feeling of their cocks as it flooded Blaine’s diaper. Blaine groaned as he felt their fluids envelop his own cock as it became painfully hard. The warm liquids seeped into the diaper causing it to begin to sag from the weight of the three men’s heavy loads of piss. Blaine’s senses were overrun with the smell and feeling of their piss.

Blaine had filled his own diaper multiple times before in public and in private but he had never before been filled by another guy. Just the idea of another guy filling his diaper with one of their loads or their piss were fantasies that he hadn’t ever shared with Daddy Kurt or others in person. He had fantasized about being used as a urinal and being forced to walk around while another man’s piss squished around in his diaper.

“Fuck, I had to pee bad!” One of the more silent guys groaned as he shook off his cock, splattering piss on Blaine’s lower stomach. The other three guys followed with the same motion and each

redressed. Sebastian warped his arms back around Blaine and squeezed the diaper, wringing out some of the piss onto Blaine's cock.

"Wow we really filled you up baby. Such a wet diaper you have. Why don't you go get a fresh one of those out of your bag," Sebastian suggested nodding towards the lockers. Blaine, mindlessly waddled towards the lockers. He felt the diaper sag further than ever before because of the excessive loads of urine that was poured into its soggy recesses. The feeling was so erotic his cock spewed precum into the wet-cottony insides with every step. The diaper bounced back and forth as he waddled towards his locker, retrieved his diaper bag, and walked back to the men. Blaine looked at Sebastian in his underwear and saw that his chub had grown into a full-blown hard-on. Blaine wondered was Sebastian also hiding a secret kink?

The Worst Type of Workout

Blaine took one diaper from his "backpack" and heard a noise of dissatisfaction from Sebastian from behind him. Blaine looked over his shoulder with a fresh diaper in hand. Sebastian shook his head.

"I think we are going to need a few more than that. Seems like you really like to soak up those diapers. And I wouldn't want you to have to get another change before the end of the day." Sebastian added, smiling like he truly was the devil. Blaine shoved his hand back into his bag and took out another diaper and heard the sound once again, and pulled out an additional TWO diapers. "There we go. Now why don't you go ahead and lay down on one of the benches." Sebastian nodded towards a nearby bench and Blaine sat down with a loud *SQUISH*.

Sebastian and his goons crossed the locker room and pushed Blaine's back onto the bench. Sebastian pulled Blaine to the edge of the bench, and pulled at the straps that held the diaper around his waist. The flooded insides fell onto the bench and dripped onto the floor. One man on either side of Blaine's legs lifted them into the air as Sebastian ran his hand along Blaine's wet inner thighs. Blaine shivered as his fingers moved towards his cock and took a hold of it. Blaine looked away from Sebastian's glaring eyes as he stroked Blaine's caged cock, bringing it back to life until it pushed for freedom against the metallic cage. He slapped Blaine's hard cock against his lower abdomen several

times, pooling his precum into his belly button. He said nothing about the cage, but Blaine could tell from his eyes, that Sebastian was even more interested in him than just a few moments before.

“Please stop,” Blaine groaned, not wanting to get caught like this or for Daddy Kurt to hear about him playing with the ONE person on his do not touch list. Sebastian laughed a deep throated evil chuckle and dropped Blaine’s cock onto his stomach.

“Seems like someone’s enjoying it more than they are letting on though.” Sebastian walked his fingers along Blaine’s hard cock and towards his hole. Sebastian nodded to his friends and they spread Blaine’s large wider. His ample ass cheeks spread naturally and revealed his hairless pink hole. “So surprised that you have no hair down here. I would think from that mop of curly hair that you would be beastly.” Sebastian’s fingers rubbed around Blaine’s hole, using the sweat and the leftover piss as a lubricant for his finger.

“Please,” Blaine begged again as he attempted to squeeze his cheeks closed. But with the angle that they were spread, it was not very effective.

“Let’s play a game. You answer my questions and I let you go? Well, I behave myself. Deal?” What choice did Blaine have but to shake his head yes.

“So are you naturally this hairless?” Sebastian asked as he rubbed Blaine’s pink hole. It was so soft and smooth. His fingers were already sinking into his hole with little to no pressure from him.

“No!” Blaine yelled as he felt a surprise finger push into him. Sebastian pulled away, but took note of the growing pool of precum on Blaine’s stomach.

“Sorry. Got a little eager I guess,” he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

“So was this full body shave your idea or someone else’s?” Sebastian asked, jumping to the question that was burning in his mind. Why would someone subject themselves to this kind of humiliation? The only answer he could muster, would be that someone was pulling the strings but who? Sebastian circled his fingers around Blaine’s hole once more, and gave him several seconds to answer. But as the time slowly passed so did Sebastian’s patience. “Time’s up!” He announced before he pushed a few fingers into Blaine’s surprisingly loose hole. “Seems like I’m not the first thing that has been up here today.”

Blaine blushed as the memory of the night before came to life. Sitting on his favorite plug, his cage bouncing up and down as he fucked himself, Kurt watching on a camera while he lazily jerked his massive cock. Blaine bit down his lip as his cock lurched in excitement at the memory. A noticeable jump from it laying position, and Sebastian’s digging fingers did not help the situation.

“What do answer? Interesting. Next question, who has the key to this lock?” Blaine knew that he couldn’t answer that either, so he just laid silently on the bench while Sebastian’s fingers continued to explode his hole. “Not going to answer that one either? Very interesting.” Sebastian pushed an additional

two fingers into Blaine's hole, stretching it further. Blaine's toes curled as his hole was continuously assaulted by his classmate, but he knew that no matter what he had done to him he needed to keep some secrets from Sebastian. Or else Daddy Kurt would inflict a much worse punishment than anything that Sebastian could muster, he hoped.

"Well this isn't fun if you aren't answering. Lets try a different method." Sebastian withdrew his fingers with a soft *plop* from Blaine's hole and took the diapers and began to redress Blaine. Before Blaine had only been wearing one naturally thick diaper, but now with four diapers; he didn't even know if he could walk with such a mass of cotton wrapped around his waist. The diapers were built upon one another in some strange golem like fashion. The top was completely unusable but added an extra layer of bulk and humiliation to the scene. "Let his legs go. We are going to the weight room. Lead the way baby." Sebastian stepped to the side and motioned for Blaine to walk.

Blaine unceremoniously rolled over the bench like a turtle that was stuck on his back. He felt his feet hit the ground and lifted his body to a standing position. It was awkward, it was uncoordinated, it was humiliating the way he walked towards the weight room. One wide step after wide step, he waddled towards the room at the far end of the locker room. Sebastian and his goons snickered and laughed as they watched his movements. He tried to bring his legs closer together but the several layers of soft plush were adamant with keeping them apart. And upon entry into the weight room, Sebastian and his friends pushed Blaine in quickly and locked the door behind them.

It was an adequate enough weight room; bench presses and squat racks stood against the wall, free weights were lined behind those, and then machines that worked the rest of the body were on the opposing wall. The academy wasn't known for its intense weightlifting team, but there was enough to keep the men of Dalton fit and muscled.

"To the squat rack baby," Sebastian said as he walked towards a specific rack at the corner of the room. Blaine waddled behind him obediently as he watched Sebastian load up the rack with two 25 pound weights on either side and stood out the side. "Time to workout baby boy," Sebastian ordered. Blaine gave a huff of disagreement before he stood underneath the bar.

"How many?" Blaine asked, already sore from the squatting he just did for Sebastian in the bathroom.

"How about you, keep squatting until I say to stop. Or you let out the name of the person who is making you do all this?" Sebastian offered.

"What if I don't?" Blaine said, tightening his fist in his hand. Sebastian's already wicked grin grew wider, reminding Blaine more and more of some sort of Disney villain than the guy who was once his friend.

“Well, then we kick you out into the gymnasium in your full diaper regalia and post all the pictures of you in your diaper onto the Warbler homepage online so everyone can see that you are a diaper slut. But it’s completely up to you,” Sebastian said, shrugging his shoulders again. Blaine knew that Sebastian didn’t make hollow threats and he positioned himself properly, and lifted the bar from the rack and began his forced workout.

Blaine watched in the mirror as the goons snapped repeated pictures of him in several compromising position throughout the squatting. His ass was pushed out at certain points of the exercise which made the already over exaggerated diaper seem that much bigger! After his legs could no longer take it, Blaine was moved towards a free space and was ordered to do push-ups while Sebastian’s lackeys snapped more and more pictures of him and his diaper. Every picture Blaine could guarantee would feature the diaper and his sweat covered face. So that there was no denying who was actually in the photo. Then once he couldn’t take the push-ups he was moved to his favorite workout routine, boxing.

In Blaine’s head it was Sebastian that he was beating up. It was Sebastian that he was punching as hard as he could. If it weren’t for the gloves that were forced onto his hands, he would have for sure broken a finger if not his whole hand. Thought Blaine did notice the Sebastian had been typing away on his phone the entire time while Blaine boxed. Though he was lost in his boxing almost like a trance. It was a favorite way to loose himself, when he was being forced so the boxing seemed almost therapeutic after a very anxiety riddled day. It wasn’t until he heard a knock on the door did he come back to reality and realize that he was about to be caught in such a state.

“Oh don’t worry baby boy. Its for you.” Sebastian went to the door, cracked it, took a small brown paper bag, and slammed the door shut. “I thought I would give you a little parting gift, since we cant keep this up all day. I have class, and we have practice.” He tossed the bag to Blaine who immediately opened and saw a small of shiny pink plastic.

“What is this?” Blaine asked as he withdrew the mass, and it unfolded itself. They were tights. They were rubber tights.

“Well It thought if you are going to be walking about in those all day we may want to make sure that they stay covered. We couldn’t want anyone to figure out your – big secret. Try them on. I got the largest size they had to make sure that big caboose of yours would fit into them.”

One leg at a time Blaine stepped into the already skintight tights, pulling them over his thick calves and thighs and then struggled to get them over the diaper. The other men in the weight room laughed uncontrollably as Blaine pushed, and shoved the diaper into place as he tugged the rubber tights over his diaper until it completely covered his backside. He looked at himself in one of the mirrors that hung from the wall and groaned. He looked ridiculous, absolutely, horribly, obscenely ridicules. He looked like a someone that needed to go on botched for butt implants that were too big! Blaine though

about the rest of the day, waddling around the hallways. Everyone would know that something was wrong. Everyone would see that his pants were stuffed with something.

“Damn if that ass was real, I don’t think you would be able to deny guys from getting in between those cheeks,” Sebastian teased as he groped Blaine’s pink ass. “But that idea is for another day my friend. We need to get going. Gym class is well over due, and my study hall is almost finished.” Blaine looked at a nearby clock and realized, he had just skipped his entire last class.

“Well, fuck.”

Practice

Blaine watched as his tormentors ran from the locker room, quicker than he physically was able to move. Blaine waddled back to his locker and gathered his belongings. Sebastian left him with one final threat of not taking off any of the diapers until, “you know who,” says so. Blaine began to believe that Sebastian knew more about his secret than he was letting on. The way he talked to him. The comments that he made. The way he came so prepared. He had to know something, and there was only one person that would know his secret besides him. It had to be Daddy Kurt.

Blaine redressed himself in his jeans with great difficulty as he pushed his diaper deep into his denim jeans. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and saw that half of his diaper still hung free from its denim prison. He grew flushed. He didn’t have time to worry about hiding it, let alone the balls to remove it. He took his jacket from his diaper bag and tied it around his waist and gave a small smile to his reflection. It was hidden, not well, but it was hidden nonetheless. He finished collecting his belongings, and by the time he exited the locker room the bell for his next class rung.

“Ughh,” Blaine groaned as the halls flooded with students as they all moved to their last classes of the day. Blaine’s last class was luckily his history class, and the teacher usually just played movies. So he would have time to think about what to do about practice.

His last class went off without any incident, unlike every other part of the day. He sat on the literal edge of his seat, waiting for someone to say something about his rather enhanced backside or comment on the crinkling noise that seemed to come from him whenever he moved. Luckily the movie was loud and long. So the only potential listeners would have been the single person who sat in front of him, but they were too engrossed in their phone to notice their surroundings.

When it was only minutes from the final bell, Blaine thought he was going to make it without any further humiliation but he was wrong. With only three minutes to spare, he felt his phone vibrate within his pocket. His stomach fell when he saw who it was from.

Daddy Kurt: Meet me in the back auditorium bathroom after the final class. I have a new outfit for you for practice. Don't be late.

What could he possibly have for me, Blaine wondered. But without any other time to think the final bell rang and the day was over.

Blaine dragged his feet as he shuffled towards the auditorium. He saw his fellow glee members go towards the practice room while he moved in the opposite direction. Why would Daddy Kurt be punishing him? He obeyed his rules. He listened to every person who tortured him all day long. What could he possibly do to him that wasn't already done? Blaine ran through a multitude of pictures, and people that found out his kinky lifestyle.

"About time," Daddy Kurt grunted as he immediately threw a duffel bag at Blaine as he entered the bathroom.

"Oomph," Blaine grunted as the bag struck him in his torso. He dropped the bag to the floor and saw it fall open. Blaine knew the babe blue satin color that filled the bag. "No, you cant -." Blaine began to ask but was cut short by a harsh glare from Kurt.

"Can't wait? Cheat on you? Oh wait, that was you." Daddy Kurt's words were like venom. His fangs sunk into Blaine and pushed his icy, truthful words into him without a care for any recourse. It was true. This was Blaine's fault. "And what, you don't like being a stupid diaper boy anymore?" Daddy Kurt raised an eyebrow as if to challenge Blaine. Blaine bit his plump bottom lip as he looked between Kurt and the bag. Was his daddy giving him the opportunity to escape? To leave this life – this kink behind? He felt the tightness of the diaper around his wait and the thickness of fluff as it crushed his dick.

Did he want to be free? Or was he too addicted to the constant stream of the humiliation of being his true self?

Silently, Blaine took the bag and placed it on the counter, withdrawing the objects from within the bag. He didn't know how he was going to explain this to his fellow glee members but he had a feeling that Daddy Kurt had that all planned.

It wasn't the most embarrassing costume that Blaine owned, but it was was one of the top ones. It was a set; booties, bonnet, booties, and an oversized pacifier. But the reason why this one was worse than any other was the locks that kept everything looked in place. Blaine slipped the mittens on and the bonnet, which Daddy Kurt immediately locked into place. Blaine's hands were tightly bound within the mittens. He could barely stretch his fingers, let alone hold anything that required dexterity. Without another moment. Daddy Kurt took ahold of Blaine's pants and dropped them to the floor. Blaine fell to the ground from the aggressive movements which gave Daddy Kurt an easier time with the removal process.

"What are you doing?" Blaine shrieked as he watched his Daddy throw his pants into the nearest toilet.

“What you didn’t think you would be allowed to keep these on during practice?” Daddy Kurt asked. “We are going to show all of your friends your dark little secret today. And with those mittens in place. You won’t be able to stop it from happening.” Blaine opened his mouth to argue, but his mouth was quickly field with the comically large pacifier “There we go. Babies shouldn’t have so much back talk. Now let’s get going – oh wait. I almost forgot.” Daddy Kurt went into Blaine’s diaper bag and began to rustle through the dozen or so diapers left and pulled out one from the bottom. The rubber cover for his diapers. The inflatable rubber cover for his diaper. Blaine didn’t think his stomach could fall any lower than it had already fallen, but it did.

Like an obedient diaper boy; Blaine stepped one foot in at a time into the loose rubber diaper. Daddy Kurt tightened the center above my diapers and then began the inflation process. I felt the rubber diaper swell and swell. It pushed my legs apart and the pressure compressed my dick which only made it throb. He grew it until it looked like I had stepped into a beach ball. He plugged the hole and tossed the pump into the bag. Without asking, he lifted one of Blaine’s legs at a tied and placed a matching set of booties onto his feet and locked them around his ankles. His feet slid across the tiled surface of the floor as he attempted to gain some stability. He appeared as though he didn’t know how to walk from the uncoordinated motions.

“Perfect. No way to hide this massive diaper. Not that you would want too,” Daddy Kurt purred into his ear. Daddy Kurt straddled his sides and pressed his groin against the rubber and began to rub himself. Daddy Kurt let out a grunt as he began to grind and rub himself as he pinned Blaine against the nearest wall. “Fucking diaper freak. You just love it when daddy manhandles you don’t you?”

Blaine’s response was a heavy breath. Blaine went to grab onto his boyfriend but his wrist was pinned onto the wall. Blaine let out another groan of enjoyment as Daddy Kurt began to hump the front of his inflated diaper. A soft squeaking sound filed the small bathroom as he humped and thrust against Blaine’s diaper.

“I’m a worthless diaper boy.” Blaine groaned as his true fantasy of being touched and treated like this by Kurt became a reality.

“That’s right boy. Nothing but a diaper obsessed bitch. Daddy’s bitch.” Daddy Kurt pressed his lips to Blaine’s and moved towards his neck. He pulled away and looked deep into Blaine’s eyes and said, “And I’m ready to show everyone else who you truly are.”

Without another word, Daddy Kurt gripped Blaine’s hand and pulled him from the bathroom. The soft squeaking noise intensified as he was pulled towards the practice room.

“Kurt. Daddy Kurt, please stop. Please,” Blaine begged as he tried to pull away from his boyfriend’s weirdly strong grip. Kurt stayed silent as he pulled. His feet offered no resistance against he floor as they stayed stationary on the floor. Blaine’s eyes were wild as he looked around the hallways.

Where the students? Was one waiting around the next corner for him? Would he run into Sebastian? Would he run into the principal? His heart raced almost as fast as his brain could create one horrible possibility after another. But while his mind was filled with possibilities he forgot to worry about his current harsh reality. It wasn't until he was pushed first into a room full of all of the members of the glee club, did he realize his nightmare had become a reality.

"Mr. Anderson!" The Director shouted as all the other members of the glee club gasped in shock at the sight of their star singers, standing in a diaper in front of everyone.

"Hi-hi, guys," Blaine stuttered after he pushed out the large pacifier into his hand. He stared at the wide eyes of his fellow members as he tried to figure out how he would get out of this situation.

The group of guys stared at Blaine as he stood in his ridiculous outfit. The diaper, the bonnet, the large booties, and matching mittens, he felt his cheeks begin to turn a bright red color. One that nearly matched the school's color. The group of twenty guys stared at him, shocked as none of them spoke. His eyes found Sebastian whose perfect place was covered in lust, and torment. His pursed lips told Blaine that he was holding in whatever horrible thoughts that currently invaded in his mind. Blaine began to move forward; his mind racing with possible lies but the floor was clean and the booties were silk. So instead of walking into the room with the suave strut of confidence that he was known for; he fell to the ground.

"Now that is what I am talking about!" James St. James, the newly appointed director of the Warblers shouted! Everyone's mouths dropped even further. What the hell could he be talking about? "Great job Blaine." He reached out a hand and helped him to his feet. Blaine placed a hand on his director's shoulder and braced himself as his feet continued to slip and falter even as he stood still. "This everyone," he said with motion around Blaine, "is what I mean when I say to think out of the box. If we want to beat the New Directions this year then we need to bring it to the next level. This is just inspirational – a baby-themed set."

"Hit me Baby one more time!"

"Baby by Justin Bieber."

"Come on Over Baby!"

"Baby shark?"

The long list of songs just continued to be shouted as each one of them was brought into the idea of the new theme for Regionals.

"Great job Blaine. I knew you had it in you. And thanks for volunteering to be the main attraction at the competition." The director said with a subtle squeeze of Blaine's shoulders. "Can you actually dance in those things?" He asked, nodding towards the diaper in the booties.

“Hold on, what? No, I can’t wear these are regionals. This was just a joke,” he began to say as he rattled off a long tale of losing a bet, and being forced into the attire. But before the long lie could be finished Kurt strolled into the classroom, and threw his whole story out the window.

“Blaine! You look great, did everyone love it like we thought they would?” Kurt asked, putting on his overly-gay persona that people still recognized.

“This was your idea Kurt?” James st. James asked. Kurt looped his fingers into Blaine’s and squeezed tighter than Blaine would have expected.

“Nope, this was all Blaine! He came up with the idea all himself. He said, that what the Warblers were missing was, in fact, a mascot. Not only one that would be the theme for the playlist but also dance and interact with us while we sang. That we weren’t going to just be singing any longer but also acting!” Kurt could feel that Blaine wanted to speak from the way his body twitched as Kurt talked but Kurt’s grip told him to remain silent. Their fellow Warblers’ looks of shock and disgust began to change one by one into looks of excitement and amazement.

“Well, Blaine if you are going to be the mascot then we will have to change some things around. Sebastian, you are the lead singer now. Got any favorites that we can practice?” Sebastian chewed on his question for a moment and then stood from his chair.

“Well, in honor of Blaine’s rather...LARGE backside I think there is only one song that could commiserate this moment.” Sebastian ran his fingers across the screen of his phone before he placed it into the speakers and clicked play. The song was immediately recognized by his fellow members, Baby Got Back. “Feel free to dance along baby Blaine,” Sebastian said as he began to sing the famous song.

Kurt leaned into Blaine’s ear and whispered yet another order for him.

“Dance for your friends or they are gonna find out that these diapers aren’t just for show.” Blaine swallowed a mouthful of air as he put on a smile for his friends.

It was just a show. It was just him dancing for his friends. He just happened to be in the worst costume in history. Before Blaine could have another thought, Kurt, with his anger enhanced strength he pushed him into the center of the group and he slipped and slides onto his hands and knees with his inflated diaper up in the air. He had two choices. Sit their on his hands and knees and be embarrassed and then get even more embarrassed with Kurt’s threat or he could go all out and embrace the look and the fantasy that was forced into reality. He chose the latter.

Spreading his legs wide Blaine began to twerk his diaper-clad bottom up and down onto the floor. He swayed his hips from side to side as he fell into the rhythm of the music and tried to enjoy himself. He always loved to dance, and he secret – well not so secretly now, loved diapers. So this should have been easy for him. It wasn’t the first time that he had danced in his diaper for Kurt. In fact Kurt loved humiliating Blaine by making him dance to over sexualized songs in his diapers.

On more than one occasion Blaine would dance to the most sensual of songs and rub and grind his diaper onto his boyfriend's/daddy's lap while he sat and watched him debase himself.

Blaine started off his dance with a few slow movements. He ground the front of his diaper into the hardwood floors of the chorus room while Sebastian sang his song. Several other members join in his song, singing backup while the others remained entranced by Blaine's movements. Blaine could see the male singers cross their legs or place their hands in front of their boners as they grew in their tight trousers. Blaine arched his back and pushed his diapered bottom into the air and rapidly twerked it, shaking both his ass and the diaper around it in quick succession. Some let out small moans of enjoyment while others stayed silent, memorizing every moment so when they were alone they could fully enjoy the show. Blaine's dance was a strange combination of stripper and brake dancer but his movements were even more sexual and enhanced by his diaper.

Just a subtle thrust or pop of his hip sent the diaper in all directions; jiggling and bouncing more than he could have expected. It was wrong for them to watch but the loud squeaks of the diaper were hard to ignore. The men of the Warblers could not understand why they could not look away. Why were they so interested in Blaine in his diapered state? Some of the guys joked with one another at the sight and laughed at their star singer in his ridiculous get up, while a large selection of them just stared. They watched as he rolled onto his inflated bottom and began to thrust towards the air, while the rubber diaper gave him the perfect bounce back. Kurt rolled his mittened hands up and down his chest and onto his diaper and held them there as if he were thrusting into another guy. He bit his lip as he tried to sell the fantasy. But what Kurt, Blaine, and the rest of the Warblers did not expect was Sebastian's interactions with Blaine.

Sebastian straddled Blaine with his legs stretched, placing one leg on either side of the student's diapered groin. Blaine's grabbed a hold of either of Sebastian's legs and rubbed his diapered crotch into his tight plump butt. The crowd hooted and hollered at the sight and was lucky not stopped by the director. Blaine for once was happy at the diaper which kept his growing erection from Kurt's sight. It had been some time since Blaine had been in such a position where he was able to penetrate another guy. He remembered a time when he was able to fuck Kurt as much as he wanted. When his cock was his alone to use as he wished. The hours he spent jerking off or even trusting away in a diaper for his online daddies. But with this cage clasped tightly around his cock, his pleasure was contained but his lust was freer than ever before as he rubbed against Sebastian. While Sebastian continued to sing Blaine rubbed his hands up and down his toned thighs, he rubbed his perfect bubble butt and squeezed his firm cheeks. They were so tight and strong. Blaine could only imagine what they must feel like to be deep in between. How tight Sebastian's hole would feel if Blaine would only be allowed a few moments alone with him and be allowed to fuck.

Sebastian stared at his diapered friend in the eyes, never missing a note or a beat of the song. He could see the sexual frustration that had built inside of Blaine from his dance and his imprisonment within the cage. Sebastian arched his back that much more pushed his ass, and flexed his cheeks within Blaine's hands. Each subtle change elicit a moan from Blaine and Sebastian knew that Blaine loved every little difference. Blaine's thrusts and Sebastian's movements grew to a crescendo as the song drew to its close. The song was ready to end but the sexual energy in the air palpated between them. Sebastian ran his hands along Blaine's tights and squeezed the diaper, and could just feel Blaine's locked dick hidden beauty the overly inflated sexual toy.

Blaine locked eyes with Sebastian and in that moment saw a different side of him as he sang and rubbed against Blaine. He wasn't this monster but sexually repressed. Blaine could tell by the way Sebastian arched his back and bounced on the diaper that he loved it nearly as much as Blaine enjoyed being one. The singing only grew louder as Blaine's thrusts grew harder. The squeaks and the slapping sound moved to the beat of the song and only finally ended when the music stopped, and when the song ended so did the enchanted on the group of Warblers. They all began to talk amongst themselves as if what had just occurred on the floor didn't really happen. Blaine could see the red cheeks, and the wet groins of his classmates as they stared at the two dancers – breathless, unsure of what was to unfold next.

“Phenomenal!” The Director cheered as he clapped his hands, breaking the long moments of silence as he too readjusted himself behind his podium. “Exceptional! This will be a great song to start the competition with, but what will be the big number. Not that there was anything wrong with this, we just need something that will tie you two together.” The director waved his hands towards Sebastian and Blaine. “Ideas gentleman!” He shouted to the room of silent men while Blaine and Sebastian pulled themselves off the floor.

Blaine followed Sebastian towards a seat in the front row while Kurt glowered over in the corner. His eyes were cut like diamonds and full of rage. If there was one person that Kurt could not stand it was Sebastian and what he had just done. It would not end well for Blaine, not that his life was on the upswing as it were.

“I have a thought,” Kurt said as he slipped back into his skittish persona. It looked weird on him. The way he dressed and carried himself in private was different in the way he portrayed himself in groups. He would wear his old stutter and high pitched voice as a distraction so others would not notice the layers of muscle that he had built or that he no longer smiled or sang much anymore.

“What do you have Kurt?” The director asked, hopeful that Kurt would have some treasure locked away within his creative mind.

“It involves Blaine again.” He walked towards the front of the class and dragged the piano's seat into the center. “Babe, can you come here?” Kurt asked kindly. The kind words in his voice made the seat

of Blaine's diaper slick with sweat. What else could Kurt be crafting? What could be worse than having Blaine dance in front of everyone in a diaper? Only time would tell; Blaine stood from his chair and walked towards Kurt. His diaper let out a squeak with every back and forth sway its mass. Kurt took note of which members watched mesmerized and which blushed in embarrassment for Blaine.

Blaine stood beside his boyfriend and was immediately pulled over his lap. He had no time to react as Kurt pulled his legs apart and placed one hand on the backside of Blaine's diaper.

"What do you do to bad boys?" Kurt asked the Warblers. They murmured amongst themselves, but nobody stood up to give an answer. Kurt rolled his eyes internally, remembering who he portrayed to the outside world. "Bad boys get spanked! It will be great! Smack That, it's iconic, immediately recognizable, and we can continue to feature our favorite bad baby boy Blaine." The guys nodded back and forth in the agreement of Kurt's idea.

"But that just means Blaine would be singing alone wouldn't it?" The director asked. "How are we supposed to get the rest of the guys -."

"Already thought about that. Each guy will come up and literally SMACK THAT right on Blaine's bottom as we sing." Kurt could feel as Blaine struggled against his lap as he wanted to say something, but Kurt secretly tightened the grip he had on Blaine's neck and he ended his struggles.

"I don't know if that would be allowed." The director said hesitantly, but when Kurt turned and stared at the director. He dropped his persona and stared at him with an intensity that made him step back. Then as quick as he left, he placed the mask of friendliness back on his face and turned back the singers. The director did not voice any more of his opinions on the matter.

"So everyone go ahead and line up. Sebastian why don't you just get the music ready. I'm sure you can fall in somewhere near the end of the line. It seems like your very comfortable in the rear." Sebastian cocked his head to the side and gave a half-smile before he returned to his phone to find the song. "So let's go ahead and get this thing off." Kurt found the air nozzle and pulled, letting out the air from the diaper which escaped with a long *hiss*. It took nearly three minutes for the entire diaper to deflate and when it was empty of air, Kurt took the rim of the diaper and pulled it under Blaine's plump cheeks. That was when every really began to move within the choir room. The line of twenty students was quickly made as they each tried to look around the student in front of them to get a view of Blaine's tan cheeks as they were propped up in the air. Kurt leaned towards Blaine's ear and nipped the lobe before he spoke.

"This is just the beginning of your punishment Blaine. Don't think you won't be in for worse when we get home later." Blaine's body went erect with fear. "Maybe Sebastian will want to see how much a pathetic baby boy you are with all those videos. It seems like he enjoyed yall's playtime. I wonder if he will like you as much if he sees how much you *truly* love diapers." Blaine laid silently on Kurt's lap

as he adjusted his legs and pushed out Blaine's ass that much higher for the members to see and ogle. The one sliver of privacy that Kurt did allow was that the front of the diaper still hid the shameful cage that kept his dick encased. But Blaine wouldn't put it past his daddy to make him show himself to everyone in the classroom.

"Ready?" Kurt asked Sebastian as he placed his phone into a docking station.

"Yup," Sebastian said with a bite, and he pressed play the erotic conga line of spanks began.

The song kept the moments quick as one student after another came up beside Blaine and smacked one of his cheeks. His rounded buttocks bounced and jiggled in response to each of the assaults. Kurt frowned at first when the first round of smacks was gentle and playful. Their smacks were barely hard enough to leave a red mark on Blaine's olive-toned butt cheeks. But when Sebastian landed his first slap with both hands Blaine lurched forward at the strength behind the spanking, and Kurt could even hear Blaine in pain. And the next one was just as hard and full of passion.

Dozens of handprints began to appear on Blaine's cheeks and Kurt finally began to smile. He could hear the wincing of pain from Blaine as the slaps seemed endless. Though the song had repeated itself twice now, none of the singers nor the director deemed to end the spanking session. And as the spanking continued the hands began to grab subtly to Blaine. They would slap his cheek and hold tightly, and squeeze them. Their heavy breathing was full of sexual tension. Kurt could tell how they lusted after Blaine's cheeks and wanted so much to do other things to his boy. The way they should not-so-secretly part his cheeks and see Blaine's hairless hole as it gapped back at them, practically begging for something to be pushed into him.

Kurt would peak down the line and could see the singers as they would massage themselves within their trousers or excuse themselves to the bathroom to clearly unleash the built-up frustration. Though the numbers dwindled, the handprints remained and grew darker with every round.

Blaine remained silent through his entire punishment. He would let out wincing of pain and yelps of surprise when a surpassingly hard slap would radiate through his whole body. Or when a rather frisky member of his show choir would let their fingers slip between his butt cheeks and graze his hole. Part of him wished they would push their fingers or their cocks into his hole to give him something else to focus on besides the constant pain that pushed from his cheeks. He could feel tears blot his eyes as the pain built upon each slap, trying to break him down. He knew he could holdout. That this was just another twisted version of fun from Kurt, but something in his head told him he deserved to be punished.

Bad boy. Bad diaper wearing faggot.

The inner voice said to him. The darker side of his personality, the part that loved this humiliation and this degradation told him he deserved to be treated this way. The part that told him to seek out other men, to seek out more ways to demean himself and ruin his life that much more.

It's your fault. Behave better next time and you wouldn't be punished.

The voice was a barrage of words, blaming everything on Blaine, and he began to agree with the voice. He began to listen to the voice as his butt radiated such pain. The voice he tried to quiet was right when it spoke to Blaine about how much he enjoyed his punishment, and wanted more, more humiliation, more embarrassment, more degradation. His cock strained within its cage from the pleasure he felt and the humiliation that burned within his body.

"I'm a bad boy," Blaine thought to himself. "I should be spanked. Bad boys get spanked by their daddies and their friends." Blaine felt his body relax and arch back towards the swipes his friends took at his backside. "Bad diaper boys get punished. Diaper boys should listen to their daddies." Blaine's mind was a battlefield of thought as that voice in his head grew louder and urged him to accept his place. Accept the punishment that he caused. This was his fault and Blaine knew it. His common sense was a wall built, keeping his kink at bay but he felt it overwhelm him like a tidal wave with emotions and feelings and all Blaine could do was to hold tightly onto Kurt's pants and take his punishment.

"I'm sorry daddy," Blaine whispered to himself, inaudible to any other, and waited for his daddy to end his punishment. He repeated it to himself like it was a mantra. With every word he could feel his kinkier self, build a wall around his former self, walling it inside a part of his mind that would no longer have a say in who he was or what he did. Daddy Kurt had finally broken Blaine and what to come was only going to make that wall even more impenetrable.

Play Time

“That’s it, guys! That’s what we need! Something different! Something unexpected!” The director said as he clapped along to the music while it ended. Though the music had ended, the line of punishment continued. Quicker without the piece's tempo, Blaine’s classmate’s hands slapped his red cheeks more brutal and more aggressive. The moment their hand would make contact, a grunt of enjoyment would come from his classmate, and a wince of pain would come from Blaine. The pain would quickly come with a sigh of pleasure as the pain transitioned, transforming into the energy that made his cock throb.

“Let’s give them some more real estate to play with, Blaine.” Kurt grabbed the diaper and quickly pulled it to the ground. His cage bounced free, and for a moment, it was there in the open for everyone to see. The hard plastic hung from his body, constricting his genitals.

Swiftly, Blaine pressed his thighs together, holding his caged erect cock between his heavy thighs. He hoped his secret was still that - a secret, but he had a feeling that his choirmates all saw his caged shame. And the idea made his cage ache.

What if everyone saw?

His thighs rubbed along his shaft, shifting ever so slightly along the open spaces of his cock. His adjustments moved along with the slapping motions of his teammates while his mind race with additional thoughts of humiliation and degradation. His cock leaked a stream of precum onto his pale skin. The thin lubricant allowed his cock to slide back and forth, edging him closer. Blaine kept his eyes closed as the other singer’s assaulted his bare ass. A hand gently traced the curvature of Blaine’s cheek. He recognized the sensation of Kurt’s hand on his ass. Another hand appeared next to Kurt’s, and Blaine opened his eyes. He turned his head and watched as Kurt and Sebastian’s hands moved across his cherry red ass.

The twisted smiles of Kurt and Sebastian caused Blaine to sink further into his submissive mindset. Thinking was already difficult for him with the mixture of humiliation and pain, but the added layer of lust and passion for the two men made it that more difficult to pull himself from his position. However, nothing held him in the place of submission besides his want for more.

“Okay, guys, that’s enough. I don’t think that Blaine could take anymore,” their director said as he patted Blaine on his shoulder. The other hand made him squirm. “Why don’t you go ahead and get dressed, Blaine.”

But this is what I deserve. Why would I ever want to be something else?

Blaine looked up at his choir director, and his bottom lip fell out. He couldn't believe it. He silently begged for his teacher to allow him to remain in his position of service. The director looked at Blaine's quivering bottom lip and his red-hot cheeks.

"Actually, let me put something on that juicy . . . I mean . . . buttocks of yours," the Jessie said with an adjustment of the bulge in the front of his khakis. "One minute," he said as he walked away from three of his students. "Sebastian, can you lead the rest of them in some more warm-up exercises while I get some aloe." Sebastian let out an annoyed huff and turned towards the line of students.

"Alright, Warblers, you heard the man! Surround the piano!" Sebastian announced to the singers. His finger's lingered briefly on Blaine's skin. They swirled briefly around the welts made by other's hands. Blaine could feel the want and desperation from Sebastian's touch and even missed it when it was pulled away. Blaine watched Sebastian as he watched away. The unformed wedged up between his tight cheeks and flared out around his muscular legs. Blaine's cock throbbed harder with the thought of fucking Kurt's enemy. The idea of pushed his cock harder into its cage and forced a heavy gush of pre between his thighs.

Fuck. I'm never gonna get to fuck again. Never feel the tightness of a hole. Fuck. So hot. So desperate.

"Okay, this is going to be cold, Blaine," his teacher said as he crouched down next to him. "I'll be gentle, though."

What if I want you to be rough?

The dark thought invaded Blaine's mind, almost escaping from his plump lips before his teacher turned towards his reddened cheeks. Opening an unlabeled jar, the director dug his fingers into the green goo that filled the pot.

"I burn very easily, so need to make sure that I always have a jar of aloe," Blaine's teacher said with a grunt. "I see that you don't have that same issue. That olive complexion of yours probably tans so nicely," the director purred.

"Yes, it does," Blaine beamed slightly. Kurt's thighs underneath Blaine shifted as if to say that he was still a part of the conversation. "Oh . . . um, Kurt has the same issue with burning," Blaine stuttered, trying to involve Kurt within the exchange. Kurt shifted unhappily beneath him. That was not in the way he wanted.

"Kurt, if you don't mind. Could you push his legs apart for me? I need to make sure to see all the damage," the director requested.

"With pleasure, teach," Kurt said as he pushed his boot between Blaine's spread legs and kicked them apart. Blaine attempted to hold his thighs together to keep his cage hidden from his teacher, but Kurt's aggressive movements forced it into the open. Before Blaine could adjust or hide his cage again,

Kurt shoved his leg between Kurt's legs and held them open. The rigid plastic cage sat against Blaine's knee. Blaine buried his face into Kurt's body as his choir director walked around his body and let out an audible gasp at the sight. He coughed several times as if to right what he saw in his mind.

"Are you okay?" Kurt asked, feigning concern for the shocked teacher. "Anything wrong? See something . . . interesting?" Kurt said, selecting his final word very carefully.

"No. No. Nothing weird," the director mumbled out as he stared into Blaine's reddened cheeks and the cage that sat so poignantly.

"Then why don't you go ahead and give our baby boy here some relief," Kurt said as he slapped Blaine on the back. "His big cheeks definitely need some love after all that toughness." Blaine pulled his face away from Kurt's torso and peered over at his teacher. His teacher stared into Blaine's cheeks as if hypnotized. He raised an aloe-covered hand and placed it on Blaine's ass.

The cool gel washed over the welts and the handprints that decorated Blaine's once virgin ass. His teacher's hands moved slowly, rubbing the aloe across the pain. Blaine shivered under the smooth hands of his teacher. His fingers danced around the pain, laying a thin layer of the healing gel on his cheeks. Blaine felt his director's hands move closer and closer towards his crack. His movement was hesitant but hungry as it inched towards his hole.

"Ooo," Blaine groaned as he fell deeper into Kurt's lap.

"Feel good?" Kurt teased.

"Mmhmm," Blaine answered.

"Don't forget to get deep between those mounds, too teach. It seems like some people paid some special attention to that area," Kurt said before he threw a glance at the circle of singing students that surrounded the piano. Two or three had their eyes on the sheet music that occupied the top of the piano, while most had their eyes glued to the erotic scene that occurred between teacher and student.

"Fuck yeah," the teacher gasped. "I mean . . ." He coughed once more. "Of course. I want to make sure he is completely taken care of."

Blaine let out a high-pitched moan of delight as his teacher laid one aloe-covered finger at the top of his crack and pushed it between his cheeks. His finger sunk deep within his buttocks. They squirmed and worked their way along his crack. The closer he got to Blaine's hole, the more he restrained himself.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fuck," Blaine mentally cried as his body betrayed him.

Blaine adjusted himself slightly, and his cheeks parted even more, showing his teacher Blaine's true intentions. His teacher took the slight modification as the permission he needed to explore further or, better yet - deeper. Jessie pushed his finger at the entrance to Kurt's hole and felt it reach for him and open, and James' finger sank quickly inside of his hole.

“Ooo,” Blaine groaned as he pushed his face into Kurt’s side in an attempt to keep his grunts of enjoyment quiet. Kurt chuckled at Blaine’s submission and inability to control himself. Kurt watched as Blaine wiggled his ass back and forth slightly as their teacher invaded Blaine’s hole. While one hand worked within Blaine’s hole, the other one rubbed the excess aloe on his cheeks. Blaine felt a combination of relief and desire - with a heavy layer of humiliation.

Blaine rolled his head to the side and stared at Sebastian as he leered from across the room. The jealousy on his face was unmistakable. He wanted to be the one who explored Blaine’s hole and go even further.

A loud crash pulled Jessie’s attention from Blaine and towards the piano. Jessie quickly pulled his fingers free and looked towards the origin of the sound. Several of the other Warblers had been caught in the hypnotism of Blaine’s hole, and one, in particular, had leaned too far towards the erotic scene and fell into the piano.

“Christ! Ryan!” Jessie shouted as he ran towards the flailing student. “Come on now, everyone, stop gawking like a bunch of mother hens. Get him out before he ruins the blasted thing!” The students jumped to attention and worked to pull Ryan from the piano. The student shouted his thanks as he was unceremoniously placed back on his feet. Jessie looked back to Blaine as he was pulled back to his feet, and the large diaper was re-adjusted back around his hips. Blaine’s hands moved towards his crotch, hiding the wet spot that had formed on his diaper.

Jessie looked back at Blaine and Kurt as he stood beside his boyfriend. The flushed look on their director’s cheeks had dissipated as if he realized what he had indeed been doing.

“I think today is a great point to call it a day. Great work, everyone. We got a lot of work done today and got some very - um - exciting ideas. Why don’t we all get the lyrics done for Baby by Justin Bieber, Hit Me Baby One More Time by Britney Spears, and of course getting Smack That by Akon down pat by this Monday?” Jessie looked back at Blaine and his down-turned face, red with embarrassment. “Blaine, why don’t you go get some more of that -”

“Baby stuff?” Kurt asked, intercepting Jessie’s instructions. “Don’t worry. I have a great idea for some props that we could use.”

“What did you have in mind?” Jessie asked before he adjusted his hardened cock, clearly eager for the answer.

“An oversized crib, an oversized pacifier, and a large diaper that we could pump up to just the most obscene sizes.” Two of the warblers groaned at the thought as the image filled their minds while their director bit his lip to hold in his grunt of enjoyment. “Does that appropriate to you, Mr. St. James?” Dominance leaked from Kurt’s words. He was the puppet master, and everyone else just moved obediently to whims.

“Yes,” Jessie squeaked as the images flooded his mind - the overly erotic images. Jessie coughed thrice before he deepened his voice in an attempt to take control of the room. “Okay, guys. Time to head out. I’ll see you all -”

“Before you dismiss everyone, Mr. St. James, I had one last thing that I wanted to discuss with the guys.” Kurt’s voice was like liquid mercury, dripping in and wrapping around every person within the room.

“Yes?” Jessie said, sliding back into his squeak of a voice.

“In honor of the change in selections for the regionals. I wanted - we wanted - to invite everyone over to Blaine’s tonight. His parents will be out for the weekend and thought it would be a perfect time for a party. We can practice some, have a bite to eat, maybe even a drink or two.”

“But . . . but Kurt, everyone is underage,” Mr. St. James stammered, trying to get his words out though he did not want to speak them.

“But you’re a cool teacher. You wouldn’t say anything to anyone, right? Maybe we can even send Blaine over this weekend so you can preapprove the outsiders for him?” Blaine laid the offer at the choir director’s feet. It was an offer that Kurt knew Jessie St. James would not refuse.

“As a director, I would appreciate that,” Jessie said as he swallowed his words. Kurt grew a smile that made several of the Warbler’s knees quake.

“Fantastic,” Kurt smiled.

“Okay, guys, I hope you all have a great weekend. Blaine, I will see you on Saturday?” The hints of excitement were audible in Jessie’s question. Blaine stared at the floor or, more specifically, his diaper.

“Blaine. Mr. St. James is talking to you. You should respond to him. You don’t want to be rude to your teacher.” Blaine looked up, and his eyes had softened, changed, regressed somehow. Something inside of him seemed to have disappeared.

“Yes, Sir,” Blaine whispered weakly. “I will see you Saturday afternoon.” Kurt fished his hand around Blaine’s body and slapped him on the diaper.

“Speak from the diaphragm. Use those lungs, Baby,” Blaine said. His hand rubbed the back of the diaper and squeezed it repeatedly from one cheek to the other.

“I look forward to seeing you on Saturday, sir!” Blaine said in one breath. Kurt leaned into Blaine’s and whispered.

“Good boy.”

“I look forward to it,” Jessie said as he collected his belongings and left the classroom. “Have a great weekend, everyone!” Jessie said as he exited the choir room. After the door slammed shut, Kurt turned his attention back to the rest of the singers.

“Now that he’s gone, I wanted to mention that Blaine will have an extra special announcement at the party. So, each and every one of you should remember to make it tonight,” Kurt announced to everyone. The Warblers muttered among themselves as they began to exit the room. Blaine and Kurt hovered near the back of the room and talked. Kurt watched as Blaine struggled to bend over and pull the diaper bag from the floor. Blaine removed his mittens and bonnet while Kurt eyed Sebastian across the room. Kurt knocked his head to the side, and Sebastian raised an eyebrow. He motioned again to outside the classroom, and Sebastian obeyed, walking out of the classroom.

Blaine turned back to Kurt as he pulled on a pair of sweatpants. The thick cotton stretched across his diaper, and the back was heavy from his large diaper.

“Are you actually throwing a party this weekend?” Blaine asked as he slung his diaper bag/book bag on his shoulder.

“Tonight. So, you better not stay too late at detention with Mr. Boggs,” Kurt teased. “I’ll be over by 8. So don’t be late.” Kurt leaned forward and gave Blaine a peck on the cheek. “Good job today. You made daddy very proud, a little jealous, but very proud.” Kurt walked away from Blaine, leaving him alone in the choir room.

“Guess it’s time for detention,” Blaine said as he waddled out of the room. He exited the classroom and saw that Kurt and Sebastian had huddled together near the lockers around the corner. They both looked to Blaine and waved him on as they continued their hushed conversation. Blaine worried for a moment what the two were plotting, but Blaine knew he would find out when they wanted him to know and not a moment sooner.

* * *

“So, what did you want to talk about?” Sebastian asked as he leaned against the lockers. Kurt eyed his enemy; his handsome face, his trim body, his seductive persona, and the ample bulge that he paraded around the school didn’t help. Kurt hated how he was drawn to him once upon a time. But now, he wanted to play with him just as Sebastian had played with him back when Kurt was too afraid to embrace this side of himself. And the “cool guy” persona that Sebastian portrayed made Kurt want to break it down that much more.

“You wanna fuck Blaine?” Kurt asked flatly, and Sebastian’s calm exterior faltered so quickly it made Kurt chuckle.

“What? No!” Sebastian said as he denied the accusation so quickly that Kurt scoffed at his answer. Kurt’s eyes narrowed down at the wet spot that had formed from him watching Jessie finger Blaine. He knew that Sebastian still had the hots for him even after Blaine’s little show with the diaper.

“Let me ask you again. Do you want to fuck Blaine?” Sebastian opened his mouth and then closed it quickly. He pursed his large lips in thought. Kurt’s lips twitched to the side as he watched the

gears turn behind Sebastian's eyes. Sebastian's look of surprise slowly lessened and transitioned back to his confident facade.

“So, what if I do?” Sebastian asked, responding with a less than helpful answer. Kurt knew this game, and he was happy to play it.

“Yes or no, this is the last time I’ll. Do you want to screw my boyfriend?” Kurt said as he crossed his arms, reflecting Sebastian’s air of confidence at him.

“Yes,” Sebastian responded flatly. “But it's not like you would ever let that happen.”

“What if I would?” Kurt asked, and Sebastian’s face changed once more. It became almost - hopeful.

“What? You want to watch or something?” Sebastian asked as he tried to find out Kurt’s angel.

“God, no. You get to fuck him. You get him for the night, and you get to do whatever you want with him for one night.”

“And?” Sebastian asked, full of disbelief.

“And,” Kurt began, “I get one night alone with you.” Sebastian stared at Kurt. Confusion clouded his eyes at the suggestion. He stepped away from Kurt and eyed him.

“This is a trap or something. Isn't it? Your little Glee Club friends are going to pop out from around the corner with a camera and show everyone that Sebastian still hasn’t gotten over his crush on Blaine even though he is so weirdly hopelessly devoted to you.” Kurt raised his hands in a submission.

“No jokes. No evil plans. Just an offer. You get one night with Blaine. All of your dreams come true. You can fuck him as many times as you want. Or better yet, he can fuck you as many times as that little hole of yours desires.” Kurt watched as the cloudy confusion slid into one of lust.

Ideas and fantasies danced within Sebastian’s mind. Thoughts that he had pushed off to the side and banished them to remain a dream.

“Offer expires in three, two -”

“I’ll do it!” Sebastian blurted out. Kurt’s grin twisted at the corners in excitement.

“Fantastic!” Kurt said as he clapped his hands together. “Now, let me explain to you how everything is going to happen.

Detention

Blaine waddled through the empty hallways of his school, wishing that he did not have to spend the next two hours with Mr. Boggs. The teacher just didn't seem to like him for some reason. The inkling feeling that it was homophobia tickled the back of Blaine's mind whenever he thought about the teacher, but Blaine dashed away the thoughts.

At Dalton Academy, Blaine knew that each teacher went through a rigorous vetting process, and only the best of the best was ever hired.

"So why doesn't he like me?" Blaine asked himself as he stopped at the closed classroom door.

Something collided with a wall behind Blaine from around the corner, and he turned towards the origin of the sound.

"Hello?" Blaine called out to the person. "Is someone there?" Blaine called out again. He tugged his shirt down slightly, even though the petite shirt gave him little protection or coverage over the mound of diapers that protruded from his backside.

"Yes, I'm here. You may come inside, Mr. Anderson," a voice called from behind the door. "You do not need to wait outside. You are already ten minutes late."

Blaine pursed his lips. It did not sound like it was Mr. Boggs.

Hesitantly, he grasped the handle and opened the door.

"Glad that you finally decided to join me today, Mr. Anderson," Mr. Charles purred.

The humiliation of the morning time flooded Blaine's cheeks, turning them a dark crimson. The fresh memory of his teacher teasing him after class, rubbing his hard cock against the back of his diaper, and Blaine's wish that he would fuck him in front of his next class.

"Mr. Charles!" Blaine yipped. "What are you doing here?"

"If I forgot, I am the teacher here. The better question would be - where have you been?" Mr. Charles looked at his watch. "Seems that you are now eleven minutes late. Are we going to have to punish you for your lateness?" Mr. Charles's eyes danced with the thought as he lowered his gaze to the robust sides of Blaine's diaper. "I do believe we were interrupted earlier today by your next class."

Blaine's eyes widened, and the sores on his ass throbbed.

"No, Sir!" Blaine said as he stepped into the classroom.

"Well then, why don't you go take a seat." Mr. Charles nodded towards the closet seat towards his desk. The only one without a desk.

"Yes, Sir!" Blaine responded as he shuffled quickly into the room. The diaper loudly crinkled as he walked towards the desk, closing the door behind him.

A foot appeared within the doorway, blocking the door from closing.

“Don’t forget about me,” Kurt huffed as he pushed open the door and revealed both him and Sebastian in the doorway.

“Or me,” Sebastian said with his light, singsong voice. Blaine looked at both of them, moving his eyes from one to the other, more confused than ever before at their teamwork.

“Oh yes - why don’t you two come in as well. The more, the merrier. Always happy to see you, Mr. Hummel.” Kurt smiled at the teacher’s admission. “Please, I have two seats right up front for both of you.”

Sebastian and Kurt strolled into the classroom, brushing past Kurt as they sat next to the teacher.

“Uhh . . . but what . . . how are you two . . . why are you two still here?” Blaine stuttered as he tried to grasp why his sort-of boyfriend and his sort-of boyfriend’s enemy would partner.

“That is a story for another time, Blaine. Why don’t you take the seat as instructed so that we can begin detention? Unless you have something more important? Or would you have preferred that I invite Mr. Boggs here instead to monitor your detention?” Mr. Charles raised an eyebrow to challenge Blaine’s hesitation.

“No, Sir!” Blaine barked as he waddled towards his appointed chair. The diaper raised him as he positioned himself in his chair. He dropped his diaper book bag on the chair next to him. Blaine felt the heat of the three men’s gazes on him. He tilted his eyes down towards his lap and stared at the outline of his diaper. His fingers moved around the edge, fiddling with the plastic lining. His cock throbbed slightly as he pressed into the front, pushing down the fluffy cotton insides.

“Are we going to begin detention? Or are you planning on just sitting there?” Mr. Charles asked as he placed his chin onto his intertwined fingers.

“Oh,” Blaine spoke as he looked up at the three leering eyes. “Am I supposed to do homework or something? I’m confused,” Blaine said with knitted brows. Mr. Charles smiled brightly as he leaned back in his chair. He opened the desk drawer and withdrew a fresh piece of white chalk.

“I think writing lines would be a proper way to teach you to be - a good boy.” Mr. Charles’s voice practically vibrated as he spoke. “Wouldn’t you agree, gentlemen?” Mr. Charles asked the two students that sat beside him.

“I agree.”

“As do I.”

“Wonderful,” Mr. Charles held out the piece of chalk. “I think fifty lines would do you well.” Mr. Charles stretched his arm over his desk.

Blaine stood from his chair and walked across the room. He kept his steps soft and short, making sure not to move too quickly and cause his diaper to crinkle. Blaine reached out for the chalk, but Mr. Charles snapped his hand shut around the piece.

“Oh, I don’t think you are properly dressed for detention either, Mr. Anderson,” Mr. Charles said as he placed the piece of chalk on his desk. Blaine swallowed a mouth of fear.

“I’m not?” Blaine whispered. His teacher devilishly shook his head. Mr. Charles turned towards Kurt. “I found the duffle bag you left in my classroom to be quiet - erotic, Mr. Hummel. I didn’t know that my . . . interests were so evident.” Kurt shrugged his shoulders.

“Let’s just say that I have a way with seeing what people want to keep hidden.” Kurt threw a glance at Sebastian, who immediately looked away. “I know just what strings to strum to make people participate in my playtime.” Blaine’s jaw dropped open as his teacher chuckled.

It was Kurt. Kurt was the one who pulled strings behind his day. Every humiliating experience that Blaine endured was from Kurt. It all made sense now and made Blaine feel even smaller. If this was what Blaine would attempt to do at school - what twisted things could he cultivate in Blaine’s own home this impromptu party?

“I guess I do stare a little too intently,” Mr. Charles chuckled before he pushed his chair from the desk and lifted a pink duffle bag from the floor. He pushed it towards Blaine.

Fearfully, Blaine unzipped the bag and peered inside.

Pink. The insides were filled with pink clothes. Blaine took the topmost article out of the duffle bag held it up. The three men snickered as Blaine realized what he was expected to wear.

“You want me to wear a skirt?” Blaine said, baffled at the idea. The thought of wearing women’s clothing had never crossed his mind, but as he stared into the lustful eyes of his teacher, his boyfriend, and his enemy - the fantasy seemed to be one share between the three of them.

“There’s a crop top for you to wear too,” Mr. Charles said. Blaine placed the skirt onto the desk and lifted the second article out. It was indeed a crop top.

The fabric was bright and metallic-looking, practically glowing under the light of the room. The front was bedazzled in silver rhinestones and spelled out “Daddy’s Girl”. Just looking at the mini skirt and the crop top, Blaine knew that the clothes were not meant for coverage - just embarrassment.

“Time doesn’t start until you put on the outfit. Tick tock. Tick Tock.” Mr. Charles wagged his finger and tapped the watch on his wrist. Blaine took a deep breath.

Two hours, he thought as he pulled his shirt over his head. The three men whistled in appreciation. Blaine blushed again. He hooked his thumbs into his sweatpants and pushed them to the floor. They whistled again. Blaine blushed deeper.

“Does he always wear diapers that big?” Mr. Charles asked Kurt.

“Sometimes bigger,” Kurt teased. “Some big enough that he can barely walk.”

Sebastian and Mr. Charles moaned in tandem.

“Though, he is going to look even better in that skirt,” Kurt said as he stretched back in the chair and pushed his hands into the front of his pants. “Bet he’s going to look so fucking humiliating,” Kurt growled.

Blaine widened the skirt and stepped into the article of clothing. He lifted the skirt from the ground, feeling the fabric tighten around his knee. He tugged and pulled, squeezing his bulky thighs into the tiny skirt. The waistband caught on the back of the diaper, and Blaine let out a grunt.

“It’s a . . . a little tight,” Blaine said as he grabbed onto the diaper and pushed it through the waistband, moving one section at a time. The fluffy diaper and his beefy cheeks were proven even more difficult when the skirt stretched to his maximum width when it met the thickest part of his ass. “Just . . . more . . . tug,” Blaine grunted, pinching his face in discomfort until he felt the release of the waistband as it slid around the diaper and his ass and settled around his waist. “Jesus,” Blaine signed.

He peered down at his waist and saw that the skirt covered just as much as he assumed. The four inches of length barely went onto the topmost part of the diaper, not even meeting the thickest part of his hips.

“Damn, don’t you just look so fucking humiliating,” Kurt growled. “What do you think, Mr. Charles?” Mr. Charles bit his lower lip and moaned deeply in the back of his throat as he unblinkingly stared at Blaine.

“That’s one word for it. Now don’t forget the shirt. We don’t want anyone walking in and seeing a shirtless student who’s supposed to be in detention.”

Yeah, cause everything else wouldn’t freak out, Blaine thought as he lifted the crop top over his head. He squeezed one arm into a sleeve, feeling the tightness of the crop top dig into his armpit. He pushed in the second arm and moved it over his head. The shirt hugged to his upper body. The hem ended right beneath his pectorals, acting more like a bra than an actual shirt. Daddy’s Girl elongated across his chest.

“I think it is the perfect size for a little diaper sissy like you. Why would you want to hide any of that sexy body of yours? Or that diaper, for that matter.” Mr. Charles looked at his watch. “Seems like you have already wasted thirty minutes, though. Just remember, time doesn’t start until you start writing,” Mr. Charles taunted. He lifted the piece of chalk and wiggled it for Blaine to take, and this time - Blaine was able to accept the piece of chalk. Blaine plucked the chalk from his teacher’s hand and waddled towards the board.

“What did you want me to write?” Blaine asked sheepishly, unsure of what kinky thoughts filled his teacher’s mind.

“I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy. I want you to write it fifty times.” Blaine’s cock throbbed within his cage at the direct order. He held his mouth closed, holding in the moan. The sound would have been a mixture of pleasure, humiliation, and most surprising of all - enjoyment. Blaine lifted the chalk to the board, and he began to write.

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

By the end of the first five, he heard a cluck of disapproval from his teacher. Blaine looked back to the group of men. Sebastian sat silently on one side of Mr. Charles while the other two whispered to one another. Blaine turned back to the blackboard and read the first five lines. His cock throbbed more aggressively as he read each line. Knowing that it was Blaine’s own handwriting that made that admittance made his head swim with even worse

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I’m a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

Blaine wrote two more lines before he heard another tsk of disapproval from his teacher. Blaine turned around at the sound of a chair sliding across the floor.

“Eyes front, Mr. Anderson.” The force behind his teacher’s voice made Blaine’s neck snap forward, daring not to disobey his teacher.

“That’s a good diaper, boy,” Kurt cooed from the desks. “Make sure you listen to teacher, and detention will just fly by.” Blaine knew that obeying was his only option. If this was what the three men did when Blaine was obedient and submissive, he could only imagine how they would punish him.

Blaine, his teacher’s body, appeared behind him, wrapping one arm around Blaine’s midsection while the other grasped onto Blaine’s hand.

“Here, let me help you. We must work on that shaky hand of yours. If you are going to be a proper Dalton graduate, you must have the artful handwriting that we pride ourselves on having,” Mr. Charles instructed. He held Blaine’s body tightly into his own. His hard cock pushed into the cushioned backside of Blaine’s diaper. Blaine gasped at its thickness. The diaper, the skirt, and his teacher’s pants did little to hide his

I’m a stupid,

Blaine’s hand shook even more as he tried to concentrate on his letters. His hand moved even less smoothly with his teacher’s hand wrapped around his palm, and his teacher’s cock pressed into his buttocks.

bad,

His mind reeled with possibilities as Mr. Charles's hand moved around his exposed midsection. His teacher's fingers moved across the soft section of his stomach and gripped his side. Blaine giggled slightly when his teacher's fingers dug into his soft skin. Luckily, the chalk was pulled from the board and did not mess up the rest of the line.

sissy diaper boy

"That's right. That's exactly what you are, a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy. Isn't that, right?" Mr. Charles teased into Blaine's ear.

"Yes," Blaine moaned as he pushed the back of his diaper into his teacher's groin. Blaine closed his eyes and imagined Mr. Charles's massive cock as it hardened within his pants. He knew his teacher did not wear any underwear from the way he grew along his thigh. "Oooo." Blaine released a high-pitched moan as his teacher's hand fished into the front of his diaper. His meaty hands moved deep into the front of his diaper, squeezing his hand beneath the waistband of the skirt and the tight sides of the diaper.

"Don't forget to keep writing. You still have another 42 to go. Don't forget about the time constraints?" Mr. Charles joked as he bit Blaine's earlobe.

"What?" Blaine asked as he melted into his teacher's arms.

"Did I forget to mention that you only have ten minutes to write everything out? Or did I forget to mention that?" Mr. Charles purred as he pushed his tongue into Blaine's ear, and Blaine's knees quivered against his teacher's body.

"Tick-tock," Kurt laughed from his chair as he massaged his heavy, leaking lump.

Blaine lifted himself and placed the chalk against the board. His body shook as he attempted to write the letter *I* on the board.

"Careful, don't want to have to start from the beginning? I won't accept anything except 50 perfect lines written in succession," Mr. Charles ordered. His fingers lightly stroked the cage that surrounded Blaine's cock, sending more shivers up along his spine. A bead of cum formed at the tip of his cock. Blaine's teacher pressed his finger into the tip and smeared the clear goo around the front of the cage. His soft touch caused more to leak onto his finger's finger.

"Please . . . I cant . . ." Blaine cried as his forehead fell into the chalkboard. ". . . I can't focus on writing."

"Too bad," Kurt called out. "Want a tease of what happens if you aren't *perrrrfect*?" Blaine took a breath of confidence and nodded his head.

How much worse could they make it, Blaine thought? Blaine was already in a diaper, a skirt, a humiliating crop top, and his cock was locked within a pink cage. How much worse could his life

possibly get? Kurt could see the workings of Blaine's mind as he stared at him. Blaine smirked and opened the drawer that sat beside Sebastian.

"I would hate to say this - but this wasn't actually my idea. I took that idea from a trick that Sebastian played on one of your classmates." Sebastian turned to Kurt, clearly confused by his statement, and gawked as Kurt pulled out a plastic bag. "Itch It: Deluxe itching Powder," Kurt read from the front of the red plastic bag before he turned it around for Blaine to read.

"Right into the diaper. For the remainder of the detention." Blaine's mouth held open wide at the thought of the punishment, and he returned to the chalkboard with a renewed energy. His teacher's fingers danced around Blaine's cock as he started to write the next line.

I'm a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I'm a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

I'm a stupid, bad, sissy diaper boy

By the end of the third line, Mr. Charles removed his finger from Blaine's diaper and pressed his cum covered finger into Blaine's mouth. The finger was a surprise, and the taste even more so. The abrupt groan of enjoyment caused his finger to sputter and mess up the first letter of the following line.

"Ooops," Mr. Charles laughed. "Looks like you have to start from the beginning. "Better hurry, times ticking. I think you only have eight minutes left. By my calculations, you don't have time to do it. But I have been wrong before, right men?" Sebastian and Kurt grunted in as Blaine started over.

Blaine moved swiftly across the board, fearful of what they would do with the powder if Blaine did not finish in time. Mr. Charles's hand was practically glued to Blaine's cage, stroking, milking, and teasing Blaine with every letter. Blaine remained steady as he moved his hand across the board, writing out his reality for all to see. His heavy diaper swayed from left to right, rubbing against his teacher's bulging cock. Blaine had trouble keeping his eyes forward as his teacher constantly rubbed against the overstuffed stuffed backside of his diaper.

"Such a big diaper for such a big boy. What do you think all your friends would think if they knew their idol loved being treated like a pathetic diaper boy?" Mr. Charles taunted. "I bet they have all seen those images online. I bet they all know what the tough guy attitude is just a façade to hide your true self. Just look at what you are writing. You're admitting it to yourself."

Just a few more lines, Blaine thought as he scribbled as fast and as neatly as his hand could move. He looked at the full blackboard of penance and felt his cock throb within his teacher's hands.

Blaine counted quickly.

Only five left, he thought as he began his last line.

"Oh, only 60 seconds left," Kurt teased as he lifted his watch to emphasize the literal ticking clock.

“Be careful. I wouldn’t want you to mess up my sissy diaper boy,” Mr. Charles teased as he nipped Blaine’s earlobe. The motion was swift and sensual. Goose pimples erupted over Blaine’s body. A moan fell from his lips, and he leaned into the fragile piece of chalk. Blaine’s hand tensed.

SNAP

The subtle crack of the chack filled the quiet room. Life slowed around Blaine as he watched the broken bits of chalk fall from his hand and land onto the floor and the surrounding area.

“Do you have -”

“Times up!” Sebastian shrieked. His eagerness for the subsequent punishment flooded the room.

“No! That’s not fair. I could have finished. I almost did finish,” Blaine babbled as he looked at the board. He was on the final line. Just seconds away from finishing on time.

“Sorry baby, a deals a deal,” Kurt said as he shrugged his muscled shoulders. “Now the question is who -”

“Me!” Sebastian shouted. Anger laced his voice. Kurt smirked at Sebastions desperation.

“Sure. Have at it.”

“Fuck yeah!” Sebastian shouted. Mr. Charles and Blaine untangled before the teacher dragged the student towards the desk for his next punishment.

Sebastian snatched the bag of itching powder from the desk and pushed Blaine over. Sebastian’s hands moved over the diaper, squeezing and grabbing at every plush inch before he lifted the back from Blaine’s body.

“Please! Don’t do this!” Blaine begged. Mr. Charles took his seat next to Kurt and laughed as Blaine wiggled and begged for clemency.

“Nah!” Sebastian grinned as he dumped the entire bag into Blaine’s diaper. Blaine wiggled, shifting the powder within the diaper. The itching sensation already assaulted his ass cheeks as the powder took effect. “Fuck, that shit is potent!” Sebastian laughed as Baline danced in front of the three men. His hands went for the back of his diaper, but Blaine quickly clicked his tongue to stop him.

Kurt stared Blaine down as he lifted his mittens from the bag.

“It wouldn’t be a real punishment if you could just easily scratch the itch, now would it?”

“Oh god no, please! Please, it's already so bad,” Blaine begged. Kurt tossed the mittens to Sebastian. He snatched them mid-throw and wrapped both of them around Blaine’s hands as he attempted to continue scratching. He tightened them both around his hands and laughed as Blaine began to twerk.

“Much better,” Sebastian laughed, returning to his seat.

“God, so itchy!” Blaine cried as he fell to the floor and rubbed his diaper against the floor, like an animal who couldn’t scratch its bottom. He dragged himself across the floor, finding little relief in his attempts. He flipped himself over onto his knees and threw his ass back and forth. The twerking motion of the diaper helped slightly, but with the amount of itching powder that filled his diaper - Blaine had to thrust his hips so quickly even to feel a slight scratch.

“How's it feeling?” Sebastian moaned as he pulled his cock from his uniform. His uncut cock spewed precum along its side. Though he wouldn’t ever admit it to anyone, bullying and humiliation were his favorite kinks.

“Fuck! It's so - GOD - why didn’t you need to put so much in there!” Blaine cried out as he placed his mittened hands on his backside and patted his cheeks. The muffled slaps fell into a repeated slap. Blaine’s face pressed into the ground while his ass was presented up towards the three men. They gawked and pointed as Blaine repeatedly tried several different methods to ease the itch, but none seemed to satiate the itch that assaulted his body. Blaine rolled around the classroom floor, hoping to find a different solution; he rubbed, he humped, he grinded. Blaine ended on the side of his teacher’s desk with his ass presented against the sharp corner. He dug the wooden edge into the center of his diaper, forcing the point right into his asshole—the itchiest part of his ass.

“Fuck, just push that diaper right at us,” Sebastian grunted as he fell into his lust. He leaned back in his chair while Kurt and Mr. Charles greedily watched Blaine’s humiliation. They would readjust themselves, but overall, they should little enjoyment of Blaine’s punishment besides the occasional grunt or groan.

“I'm dying here!”

“Well, I got something hard for you to rub against,” Sebastian teased. Blaine looked at Sebastian's erect cock and knew it would be the perfect fit to give him some relief.

Party Time

The detention seemed to stretch on for days, but it was less than two hours in reality. Sebastian and Mr. Charles teased Blaine incessantly. Dumping more and more itching powder into his diaper, while Blaine did everything within his power to scratch the unbearable tingling that wrapped itself around his privates and dug deep into his butt crack. The extra plush diaper sat tight around his quads and his waist, locking the itching powder, his erect cock, and his humiliation tightly confined.

When the clock struck 6:00 PM, Mr. Charles, begrudgingly, called the detention to an end, sending his three students away with their fully erect cocks, and Blaine in an extra plump diaper.

“But . . . But . . . my clothes,” Blaine stuttered. He pointed to the diaper bag that sat next to the teacher’s desk. Mr. Charles looked over his shoulder, shrugged, and then slammed the door in Blaine’s face.

Kurt and Sebastian laughed several feet away before they returned to talking between themselves. Keeping their conversation low—too low for Blaine to hear, but it didn’t stop him from worrying.

“What are you two talking about?”

“Nothing that concerns you,” Kurt said. His voice dropped into a subtle growl, which told Blaine not to press the issue further. “We will be seeing you tonight?” Kurt asked, directing his question towards Sebastian. He nodded. “Good. It wouldn’t be a party without you.”

“Well, that’s an obvious statement. I’ll be arriving fashionably late with all the goods.” Blaine detected an apparent mischievousness in his voice. The way that Sebastian’s voice piqued at the word *goods* and made Blaine even more concerned with what deeds the two enemies, now turned allies, had concocted. Thought, Currently Blaine was too busy, rubbing his diapered bottom against a nearby table to ease the itch within his cheeks than to worry about future, unknown problems. “See ya later, gentlemen. I mean, gentleman and baby boy.” Sebastian winked at Blaine before turning down the hall and walking towards the field where his vehicle was typically kept.

Blaine turned to Kurt; his typical scowl held a slight twitch in the corner, almost smiling. The twinkle that Blaine remembered seeing in his boyfriend’s eyes when he was truly happy was there. It was dim, but it was there, and it made Blaine’s heart pitter-patter just a little faster.

“You did well today.” Kurt patted Blaine’s head in a reassuring yet demeaning manner.

“Really?” Blaine smiled, radiating sunshine from his eyes.

Maybe this moment could be a turning point for them? Maybe they could actually start to go back to the old, happy couple: a couple that didn't need all these toys, humiliation, and constant tasks. Kurt must have seen the gears behind Blaine's eyes turning, thinking of a future that would not happen. The mild twinkle in Kurt's eyes quickly extinguished as his soft hand on Blaine's hand curled into a fist, grabbing ahold of Blaine's curly hair and twisting it.

Blaine yelped in surprise.

"Let me make myself perfectly clear. This does not make up for what you did. You broke me. And I will break you in every possible way that I can. Do. You. Understand me."

"Yes!" Blaine cried out.

"Yes, what?!"

"Yes, daddy!" Blaine's hand went to Kurt's wrist and grabbed tightly. "OW! You're hurting me!" Blaine cried out. His eyes darted towards the classroom door, seeing Mr. Charles's shadow move on the opposing side, drawn to the sounds of his whimpering student.

"Good boy." Kurt released Blaine's hair, and he fell onto the floor. "Now, let's get going. We need to make sure the host is there for the party! Wouldn't want you to miss a single moment of your humiliation. I have an extra special outfit for you tonight." Blaine looked up at Kurt, feeling himself shrink internally. Blaine felt small as he stared up at his boyfr—at Kurt. "Come along." He turned on his heel and walked in the opposite direction of Sebastian. He didn't wait for Blaine to get up from the floor.

Kurt knew he would follow. He even smirked at the sound of Blaine's quick feet as he rushed across the floors of Dalton academy to stand just behind Kurt and followed behind him as he always has been instructed to do.

In two hours, the house was prepped, the drinks were made, and Blaine was dressed in potentially the most humiliating outfit he had ever seen.

His hair was slicked back and styled to the side. An oversized back bowtie was tied around his neck. Pink gemstones of differing sizes were embedded into the fabric. His torso was bare, recently waxed and shaved by Kurt. A large pink diaper sat on his hips, stretching to an obnoxious size of 65 inches. Little black bows decorated the top layer. Bows that matched the one around his neck, each with a large pink gemstone in the middle of the bow. His hands and his feet were covered in booties, restricting his hands. Kurt hovered behind him, watching the reflection as Blaine struggled to make the diaper more comfortable, but without the help of fingers—or opposable thumbs—there wasn't any adjusting himself.

"Do you think—"

“No.”

“What about—”

“No.”

“Could you just let me—”

“No.”

Blaine let out a huff of desperation. Something about tonight just made Blaine worry.

Did Kurt have something planned? Kurt noted the worried look on Blaine’s face and walked from the bedroom. He returned moments later with a glass overflowing with amber liquid.

“Drink,” Kurt ordered, pushing the glass towards Blaine’s lips. Blaine opened his mouth to argue, but Kurt instead poured the alcohol into his mouth. Blaine coughed as the liquid burned his taste buds and flowed down his throat. Kurt walked away as Blaine tried to catch his breath and came back with another full glass. “Again.” Blaine’s mind whirled from the first drink but did not have the energy to fight off Kurt’s advances as he poured the second one into his mouth. Blaine still coughed, but he mostly kept control of his body. “That’s a good boy,” Kurt said, rubbing Blaine’s flat stomach. “Just thought we should loosen you up a bit before the real fun begins tonight.”

“What is going to happen?”

Ding Dong. Ding Dong. Ding Dong.

“Saved by the bell.” Kurt laughed. “Follow me. We want to make sure that you greet your guests.” Kurt grabbed hold of Blaine’s wrist and led him down the stairs and towards the front door. A tray of shots and Jell-o shooters sat arranged on the large silver tray. “And remember to smile.” Kurt gave Blaine a forceful push towards the tray.

Ding Dong. Ding Dong.

“Better hurry; we don’t want to keep your guests waiting.” The men on the doorstep heard Kurt’s comment and cheered.

“Let us in!”

“It’s fucking cold out here!”

Blaine lifted the tray. The drinks and shooters slid around the slippery surface, threatening to spill as Blaine attempted to get a grasp on the tray. Kurt stepped forward, blocking Blaine from the group as he opened the door and welcomed the Warblers into Blaine’s home.

“Brooooooo!” The first man shouted.

“Brooooo!” Kurt and the Warbler high-fived then hugged. Two more men followed in quickly behind the first Warbler, repeating the process of hugging, high-fiving, and fist-bumping.

“Blaine?” One asked, seeing Blaine standing quietly behind Kurt with his tray of treats. His eyes swooped over Blaine’s partially naked body and stopped at his diaper. He grabbed his dick, adjusting the bulge that grew almost instantaneously.

“His Austin.” Blaine blushed as the singer looked him up and down. “Would you like a beverage?” Blaine lifted the drinks, offering them to his teammate.

“Duh!” Austin shouted, grabbing two strawberry Jell-o shots. He swallowed both without batting an eye and reached for two more. “What’s with the get-up?”

“Oh, um . . .”

“Blaine loved wearing everything so much earlier; he thought it would be fun to switch it up tonight. Since he is the host and all.” Kurt explained, readying his cell phone. “Get in together; I want to take a picture as everyone arrives before we all get too shit-faced to take an appropriate photo.” The three Warblers laughed. The show choir did like to party and party hard. Two men moved to the left of Blaine while Austin stood solely to his right. Austin’s hand remained low on Blaine’s hips, hovering around his diaper-covered bottom. “Say cheese!”

“Cheese!” The group shouted. Three smiled, and Blaine grimaced. Austin noticed his lack of enthusiasm and decided to change it.

“Come on, Anderson, smile!” He said as his fingers dug through the diaper and gripped his cheek firmly.

“Ooh!”

“There’s a smile!” Kurt laughed as he snapped several pictures in quick succession, getting the moment of realization and embarrassment as it rushed over Blaine’s cheeks and to the point where his cheeks ran red.

“Don’t worry, Anderson; I’m gentle. But if you loosen up some, I may have to get a little rough,” Austin whispered into Blaine’s ear—somewhat louder than necessary. The rest of the group gave their silent agreement.

“YOOOOO!” A voice shouted from outside the house, signaling the arrival of more Warblers.

“We’ll let you guys play host. Come on, guys. I smell pizza.” Austin singled for the other two guys, each slapped Blaine’s diapered behind, making him yelp every time.

“Oh, this just keeps getting better and better. . .” Kurt walked closer to Blaine, “. . .and I can guarantee to you that all if it will be worse than you can ever imagine. Why not have another shot? You will need it.” Kurt forced another drink-through Blaine’s gaping lips. He fought less than before, hoping

the alcohol would give him the liquid courage he required to get through the evening. The glass barely left his lips before the next group of Warblers.

Each group reacted the same as the one previous. Excited about the drinks, shocked by Blaine's appearance, and aroused by the bulbous, humiliating diaper he wore. Kurt forced each group of guys to circle around Blaine and take a picture. Some would tweak Blaine's exposed nipples, grind on his diaper, grab at the front, searching for Blaine's cock buried within the plush confines. A few guys demanded a Tik Tok video of them grinding and humping Blaine until they got him to twerk. Blaine's movements were sluggish and erratic, as he already felt the effects of the alcohol.

"Is that . . . *buuuuuuuurb* . . . everyone?" Blaine asked.

"What you forgot about me already, Anderson?" Sebastian said as he floated into the house, almost summoned the thought of being excluded.

Blaine felt his already aching cock throb at the sight of Sebastian. He wore a meshed tank top that shifted across his hard upper body while his nipples poked through the small holes. Blaine's hands tingled with the need to pinch his pert nipples or massage his pectorals as they bounced. A fitted pair of leather pants covered his lower body and exposed everything. The front pouch seemed to be crafted, so his bulge protruded from his lap, and when he turned around, Blaine nearly collapsed—and not from the alcohol.

Two fat, tan melons, intersected by a strip of leather, stood before Blaine if Blaine's fingers tingled before they burned now! He flexed both hands as he looked at Sebastian's gorgeous cheeks. Kurt pulled Sebastian into a quick hug. He followed Blaine's eye line and saw Sebastian's exposed buttocks. Kurt's hand flowed down his back. His hands found the underside of Sebastian's ass and lifted them both. Sebastian leaned into Kurt's chest and groaned, subconsciously pushing his ass back to meet Kurt's hands.

"Good to see you too, Hummel!" Sebastian said. He ground his front into Kurt's torso while his hands continued to manipulate his plump cheeks. Kurt's deft fingers dug into the supple flesh of each cheek, squeezing and pinching on every sensitive area he could find. Blaine tights pushed together, squeezing the plush diaper together, crinkling loudly with every motion. The hidden cage within his diaper squeezed his cock in a vice grip, forcing it to remain small while it struggled to grow erect.

"Ooo," Blaine grunted. His hands fell to his front, and he humped his mittens, grinding his front into them, wishing he could touch himself. He could just imagine how firm Sebastian's ass could be or how it would feel to be able to fuck his tight hole. Images of Sebastian bent over the piano in the choir

room. Pants around his ankles. Ass cheeks spread. Hole lubed and gaping for Blaine's cock. "Please," Blaine grunted at the imagery in his mind's eye. "I need it."

His cries of desperation finally forced Kurt and Sebastian to take notice of him. They both laughed as they watched Blaine mindless hump his mittened hands, grinding through his impossibly thick diaper.

"Seems like someone is ready for tonight," Sebastian commented as he untangled himself from Kurt's arms. He sauntered towards Blaine and pushed away his hands. He placed his hands on the inflated front and pushed down. "Can't even feel it can you?" He teased.

"No," Blaine whined.

"Perfect." Sebastian smiled like the devil as he turned away from him and walked further into the house. "Hey, guys! The party has arrived!" Both Kurt and Blaine watched as Sebastian's buttocks bounced further into the house. Kurt grunted. Blaine sighed.

"Come on, baby Blaine." Kurt took Blaine's wrist and dragged him into the house, moving towards the rowdy sounds of their fellow Warblers.

Music blasted from the main room of the house. Kurt and Blaine moved the furniture to the sides of the room, and the men took that as permission to start the dance party. Several men danced wildly in the center of the room. Drinks spilled from their raised, sloshing onto their bare chests and into their hair. Though the party had already begun thirty minutes prior, several singers were already too drunk to stand to be themselves—Blaine following closely behind them.

"Come on, Blaine!"

"Bring that big caboose over here!"

"Yeah! Show us them skills, baby!"

Kurt laughed at the name. He released Blaine's forearm and pushed him into the dancing crowds. Blaine quickly was pulled into the center. Kurt found a beer and plopped down on a nearby couch, enjoying the show as Blaine was forced to dance by someone other than Kurt.

Blaine took little coercion to start twerking his massive diaper for his friend's enjoyment with his lowered inhibitions. His face was flushed with embarrassment and alcohol. Kurt watched Blaine's eyes knit together with concern as he obeyed the simplest of instructions.

"Twerk harder, Blaine!"

"Grind on me!"

"Come on, Baby, let me get a taste of that big diaper!"

Hands from unknown origin fondled and grabbed Blaine, groping his diaper and tweaking his pert nipples. He danced within the crowd of skin, feeling everyone as one overly handsy octopus. His eyes returned to Kurt several times. As Kurt's smirk grew wider and more eager as the evening progressed, Blaine grew uneasy. He broke eye contact briefly, looking towards his phone, and the music changed.

Smack that all on the floor

Smack that give me some more

Smack that 'till you get sore

"Sounds like an idea!" Kurt shouted over the music. The group parted, leaving Blaine alone in the circle, twerking like a mad man to the music. Blaine's feet moved slowly in a circle, whipping himself around in a circle. Each person that he passed a hand came flying towards his diaper. Some missed. Some hit home. Blaine yelped at the aggressive ones and moaned softly at the softer, more enjoyable ones. He made several rounds with the group before one of them was brave enough to pull down the back of the diaper and begin to slap his ass cheeks like a pair of bongos. Blaine's night progressed and worsened as the other men became even drunker.

Men pawed at him. They grabbed at his hefty diaper. They tweaked his exposed nipples. They stoked his flat stomach. When one brave hand went to the front of his diaper and squeezed, Blaine knew his other secret was revealed. The small cage was difficult to hide within the soft diaper. Just a singular caress and Blaine's secret was out, and a brand-new game was created.

"Who can make Blaine's cock strain the hardest within his cage."

It was torture—for Blaine—everyone else had a lovely time. On the other hand, Kurt had a grimace on his face the entire time but did crack a smile when they teased Blaine, treating him more like a toy than an actual man. One male was particularly aggressive and threw him onto the ground and quickly straddled him. He ground his plump cheeks into his heavy diaper, groaning as if Blaine's cock had pierced his hole. The riding continued with several other students. They bounced wildly, each giving the same act, pretending that Blaine's cock filled their virgin holes and fucked them silly.

At first, Blaine attempted to fight his teammates, but the more they fondled and pretended, the more real it became for Blaine. He lost himself in the distant memories of sex. The feelings of himself inside another man. The tight warm holes. The intense feeling of having his balls drained. He grabbed onto their hips with his mittened hands and thrust back to meet their cheeks but found no release or warm embrace, only the heavy crinkle of his diaper and a painful throbbing from his cage. He whined desperately, wanting to feel their tight, warm insides as they wrapped around his cock. The front of his

diaper grew wet with sweat and precum. When the bottoms had their fill of teasing Blaine, the tops took over. They forced Blaine onto his front and humped him like a sex doll. They ground their privates into his overly inflated backside. Blaine stared at Kurt with lust-filled eyes, watching his daddy grin at the torture. The tops humped him without caring for the viewers or the men that surrounded them. Several of them found themselves orgasming into their trousers as they used his soft, plush diaper to cum.

Blaine whimpered louder and louder as the men came. He wanted it. He desperately wanted it. He needed it. He looked to Kurt, hoping he would be allowed to cum with his teammates, but the scowl on Kurt's face told him that it would never happen. So, Blaine lost himself in need. He flung himself into the men, enjoying the way they passed him around. It was practically an orgy, as they used him, each finding pleasure and release.

Sebastian and Kurt watched from the couch, whispering to one another. Both men showed a heavy bulge, but neither acted on their desire.

After three rounds of men, Blaine laid on the ground flushed and bothered. His diaper's front and back were stained, as were his mittens.

"Shots?!" A student shouted, and the group responded with a loud cheer of agreement. They moved a mob, rushing towards the kitchen and the bottles of alcohol.

Kurt hovered over Blaine's exhausted body.

"Horny?"

"Yes," Blaine whined. His mittened hands went to the front of his diaper, grinding into them. His balls boiled and ached. He needed to cum. He had to cum. He would do anything to be allowed.

"Please."

"Please, what?" Kurt pulled out the key to his chastity cage and hung it over Blaine's head.

"Please, daddy. Can you let me cum. Please." Blaine groaned loudly, drawing the eyes of all his teammates. "Please let your little diaper boy cum. Please!"

"Is my little diaper boy all horny?"

"Uhuh!"

"Is it cause of your diapers?" Kurt asked, luring Blaine into his trap. "Do they turn you on? Do you love being trapped inside them?"

"Yes!" Blaine shouted, not noticing that his teammates had stopped talking and several of them had started recording him.

Kurt lowered the key towards Blaine.

"What about them? What about your supersized diapers turns you on?"

“Their plush insides. How they cradle my cock. How big and fluffy they are. How they make me feel inferior. How humiliated I feel inside them.” Blaine humped his mittens harder and faster as he continued to speak. His useless hands wrapped around either side of the cage, feeling them grab at just the right position. The sensation of touching himself was mind-altering. He was so close. “How they make me feel when people see me in them. How they look on me. How big they can get. How they smell. I love everything about them!” The crinkle grew loudly, matching the strength of his moans.

“Would you say they’re better than sex?”

“Yes!”

“Would you rather be diapered than have sex with any of these men?”

Blaine tilted his head, seeing the looks of shock, disgust, and shame shared across all his friends.

“Is this for real?”

“Bro, what the heck?”

“Are you really a diaper fag?”

The answer bubbled inside of Blaine. He felt the damn inside of his brain break, releasing more than just the answer.

“Fuck! Yes! I love themmm . . . oOOooOooOOOOO!” Blaine’s body thrashed on the floor, jolting and bouncing with orgasmic strength. He shook violently as his teammates continued to film and watch. Kurt’s twisted grin grew even more wicked, knowing that Blaine had announced to the world. He squeezed his diaper tightly between his two legs, feeling as his cage was covered in his load.

Kurt turned to the group. “Parties over! Get out!”

“What?”

“We just got here?”

“Come on, bro we—”

“OUT!” Kurt roared. His voice radiated dominance, and everyone obeyed.

The group jumped into action, rushing to the front door. Several fell, even more, tripped.

Blaine, Kurt, and Sebastian were all that remained. The weight of reality fell on Blaine as he stood up and looked at Kurt and Sebastian. The two men leaned into one another. Sebastian’s arm was laid over Kurt’s shoulders while Kurt’s hand rested on Sebastian’s thigh.

“WE have been thinking,” Kurt began, “why should you ever be let out of that cage?” Kurt dangled the key between himself and Sebastian. “Since you love being a little diaper cuck. We decided that we would make it permanent. That we would take the step forward and break the key.”

“What?” Blaine asked, finding his voice. “No. No. I don’t want that. We don’t need to do that. Don’t you want to go back to how things were? I’m sorry! Haven’t I paid enough?” Blaine stammered, lifting himself from the ground.

“Eh.” Sebastian shrugged.

“Don’t you care about me?” Blaine’s lip quivered, threatening to burst into tears.

“I don’t,” Kurt said, tossing the key to Sebastian. “You get the honor.” Sebastian’s smile matched Kurt’s as he withdrew a small blow torch from behind himself. A tool meant to be used for baking or flambéing. Sebastian placed the key onto the stone table beside the touch. Bright blue flames shot from the torch. Blaine whimpered as he hovered over the metal. The cheap brass key began to grow hot immediately.

“Please.” A tear streamed down Blaine’s face. “Please, Kurt. I love you. I know you love me too. Please stop this!” He looked at the key, watching the grooves disappear and turn into a blob of metal. “Kurt.”

“Let me tell you something, Blaine.” Kurt slid from the couch and crouched down beside Blaine. “I will never love you. You took my heart and turned it black. You ruined me. And now I have ruined you. Now, all you are is a pathetic pretty boy with a locked dick and an obsession with diapers. I will never be yours, but you—you will be my toy. My broken little man who will hang on my every word. Who will beg for more humiliation? More diapers. More of a life that you will hate every single second.”

“No,” Blaine said, trying to deny his future.

“Oh? You think someone else will want you? Think they will look at that pretty face and not see who you really are? Well, give it another hour, and all your teammates will circulate that little lust-filled admission earlier. I bet your face will be plastered all over Twitter before the nights are over. So, humiliating if you ask me.”

“Soooo humiliating. Probably a life-ruining amount of humiliation if you ask me.” Sebastian agreed as he turned off the blow torch. The key was now worthless, nothing but a bead of metal.

“So, humiliating,” Blaine mimicked, thinking of the images and the videos that would appear online. How devastating it would be for everyone to know his secret. His little . . . kink.

Blaine’s hips moved. His mittened hands returned to his front. He began to hump again.

“Fuck, he can’t help himself.” Kurt laughed at his fallen boyfriend. “Star of Dalton, my ass.” He laid back on the couch, intertwining with Sebastian. His hand looped around Sebastian’s back, grabbing a handful of Sebastian’s perky cheek. “Why don’t we watch those security cameras.” Kurt grabbed the remote, turned the tv to the inside security cameras, and replayed the fun that occurred earlier in the

night. Kurt and Sebastian began kissing and touching each other on the couch, watching the tv from the corner of their eyes while Blaine furiously humped his mittens.

Forever stuck as a locked diaper fag, and he couldn't stop himself from loving and hating every moment, knowing that this was his future. The idea scared Blaine, but it wouldn't stop him from humping his massive diaper well into the evening, hoping for another orgasm to happen.