

Hair Trigger Cream

By Champ (<https://champthehotter.com/>)

"Unh!!!" I groaned as my crotch bumped the kitchen counter. I felt a wet spot in the front of my underwear. "Damnit! Not again!"

I cursed as I pulled down my slacks to find a pair of boxer briefs with some very obvious cum stains in front of them.

"That's the fifth pair this week! ...And I'm out of clean underwear!"

I didn't want to freeball and risk staining my pants in public, so what was I going to do? My mind turned back to my dresser, where the unopened pack of diapers lay waiting for me...

"Oh no... Not that. Anything but those!"

Those silly oversized baby diapers were supposed to be a joke gift, or so I thought. There was no way I was going to actually *wear* the damned things. But a little voice in my head told me what I already knew. *You have no choice.*

I shuddered at the thought of wearing an honest to goodness diaper as another orgasm wracked my body, sending more milky white liquid splorching into the front of my already damp undies. Enough was enough. If I hesitated any longer I'd soil a perfectly good pair of pants and probably have a mess to clean up on the floor as well.

I ran to the bedroom, and pulled down my undies just in time to let another spurt of cum fly out and hit the dresser drawers.

"Damnit!" I yelled, as it dripped onto the carpet. I grabbed a diaper and held it between my legs as I scissor stepped to the bed. Finally, I lay down and pulled the diaper up to tape it around my waist, safely securing my spitting snake in its crinkly confines.

My clothes and furniture were safe now, but I thought it best not to move until my sensitivity died down again. I lay there, catching my breath and looking down at the thick bulge of dino-patterned plastic between my legs. I'd have to wear these until I figured out what was happening to me. No, I knew exactly what it was. It *had* to be. I called my friend Kyle who had given me the damned stuff in the first place.

"Dude, that clit sensitivity cream worked too well. I literally can't stop cumming. I ran out of underwear and now I've resorted to wearing the damned diapers!"

"Are you serious? You actually used it? What am I saying? Of course you did, or you wouldn't be calling. Well, how much did you use? You at least followed the directions on the tube, right?" I began to sweat. I was getting the distinct feeling I had seriously fucked up.

"C'mon, it was for a clit, man. It worked okay but my penis is way bigger than that, so I thought bigger dick bigger dose... right?"

"Oh my god man. You can't be serious..." His tone of voice was suddenly making me very nervous. I was beginning to panic.

"S-should I be worried? This stuff isn't poisonous is it? Should I be going to the hospital?"

"No, no doctor needed. Just wash it off as soon as possible. The effects should wear off in about three days."

"Three days?! I'm going to be creaming my pants for three days?!"

"Just be thankful I got you those diapers."

"Thanks. I'm going to be stuck in diapers for three days because of you." He began laughing. "H-hey! Do you think this is funny?"

"Dude! You're cum incontinent! Of *course* it's funny!"

"Shut up! It's not funny."

"It kinda is though. I'm gonna have to call you drippy Ricky from now on." I wanted to punch him in the face, but I couldn't so I did the next best thing. I hung up and threw down my phone onto the bed in frustration. I needed a shower as soon as possible, but this whole ordeal had left me exhausted. As soon as I got a breather, I'd do just that.

I woke up. By the slant of the light coming in through the window, I could tell it was late in the day. How much time had passed?

"Oh shit! I have to wash that stuff off!" I said, jumping to my feet.

I ran to the bathroom and winced as I could feel the material of the diaper rub against my penis with each bounding step. I was more sensitive down there than ever!

I turned on the shower and shucked off the diaper, which was already damp with cum. When I looked down, I was horrified. My penis was bright red, and it looked like it had shrunk even more than before. It was at about 50% of what it originally was before

he gave me that damn cream. Even my balls were red and pulled tight against my body.

"Oh god, oh god. What happened to my penis? Did I break it?"

I ran my finger over the skin and I spasmed down there again. It was like that feeling of newly shaved skin where you don't normally shave, or the new skin under a bandage being uncovered for the first time. Add to that that feeling of sensitivity you get just after an orgasm where you're still spasming and don't want to be stimulated any more, and you'll get an idea of how it felt. When the water was finally warm, I couldn't get in fast enough, and I almost cried as the warm water tickled my penis and sent me to my knees. I watched my cum flow down into the drain as the water washed it away. Then I began the painful process of soaping off my very sensitive dick and balls, having to pause several times as my legs quivered and I shot more loads down the drain.

When I had finally managed to wash myself off to my satisfaction, I shut the water off and wrapped a towel around my waist. I carefully made my way back to the bedroom, pausing every so often to let out a moan as my body jerked from the unintentional stimulation of the towel on my bits. Back to the bed and another diaper waiting for me. When I took off my towel, I could already see a gooey damp spot where my penis had been. Maybe I'd stay home sick for the rest of the day and hope that I felt better in the morning.

Kyle texted. He said he was worried about me. I told him to let himself inside when he got there. When he came in, he surveyed the room - the dried cum on the dresser, the cum-stained underwear, the gooey towel.

"Dude, this place *reeks* of cum! You're really not kidding about that cream, are you?"

"No, dude, I'm not!" I said, distraught. I then told him exactly what had been happening, right down to the alarming state of my shrunken dick and balls in the shower after my impromptu nap.

"Good." he said, bringing his face close to mine and placing a hand on the front of my diaper. "I want you to keep using it."

My breath caught in my throat.

"You want me to what?!"

"You heard me. I want you to keep using the cream," Kyle said more forcefully as he grabbed the crotch of my diaper.

"No way, dude!" I replied, trying to push his hand away.. "That stuff made my dick and balls shrink! I'm halfway to having a clit already. Why would I want to shrink them any m- unhhhh..." I doubled over as he squeezed my diaperfront, going weak in the knees and leaning on Kyle for support.

"You're *going* to because you don't have a *choice*," he said, giving my diaper another light squeeze and milking another shot of cum straight from my tight shrunken balls. "Or should I take away all your diapers and underwear and leave you with a *real* problem when you have to go back to work?"

"W-why would you do that?" I whimpered between ragged breaths as the spasms died down.

"Because I think it's hot," he whispered into my ear. "The idea of my best friend... being cum incontinent... shrinking his dick down into a clitty... being stuck in diapers because he can't control his stickies..." Each phrase he uttered was accompanied by another squeeze as he slowly milked me into my diaper. I could feel the front growing slick with my semen already. "I want to see just what it looks like when you've used the whole tube..."

"S-stop... hnngh... Please! ...It's t-too much... stimulation... nnnnghhh..."

I was practically incoherent now from overstimulation, and my legs had completely given out from under me. Kyle laid me down gently on the bed, which had quite a few cumstains on the sheets already from my nocturnal emissions.

"Okay, buster. I'll tell you what. Open up your diaper, put on the clit cream, and *then* I'll let you rest." I tried to object but saw him reaching for my diaper again and held out my hand to stop him.

"Okay! Okay... I'll... I'll put on the cream..." I gasped. "Just... stop squeezing me down there..."

"Okay then. Go on, I'm waiting."

I blushed as red as my shrunken dick and balls as Kyle eagerly watched me hesitantly open up my diaper.

"Oh my god, dude! You're *tiny*!" He held up his phone. "It looks like you got a baby dick and ball transplant!"

"Shhhut *up*, dude," I said, pissed off that he had even given me the stupid clit sensitizing cream in the first place. *You'll be amazed*, he said. *You'll come buckets*, he said. Technically, he hadn't lied. "You better not be recording this!"

Kyle handed me the tube of cream, which showed a woman in the throes of ecstasy as she played with her clit. I squirted a bit onto my hand, then I looked up at him one more time hoping he'd show some sign of mercy. No dice. Reluctantly, I spread the cream all over my penis, shuddering and squirting another spurt of cream into my diaper in the process. He watched with what I considered a little *too* much interest.

"Make sure you get the head. Yeah, that's good. And the balls too. Perfect. Might as well go for your nips as well."

"My *nipples*?" I asked, stunned. "Why..."

"Because I said so," he said with a grin.

"I don't think-"

"And just for that you're going to keep putting that cream on three times a day until that tube runs out. Congrats. You'd better learn to stop thinking fast."

I grumbled and rubbed the cream on my nipples. The cream felt warm, leaving a very light burning sensation on my nipples and my bits, not unpleasant but definitely there. I grimaced as I imagined how sensitive my chest was going to become. I wouldn't even be able to wear a normal shirt anymore, probably.

"Haha, this is priceless! Pretty soon, you're gonna be cumming your pants just from touching your nips. Now keep rubbing or I'm going to post all these pics I just took of you sitting on a diaper holding your baby dick. I think they'll be especially popular on all your dating profiles."

"Come on- unhhh... m-man. It's not funny," I whined, sitting there in my cum-covered padding, dripping pre like crazy as I rubbed my nipples. He raised his phone again to snap more humiliating photos. "I- hnnnghh I-let you have my p- ooh p-password in confidence."

"Hey, I'm just trying to help you out, bro. If you didn't want me to help, you shouldn't have given me your password, buddy," he said.

I whimpered as the burning turned to a stronger tingling, but kept rubbing. I did my best to stifle my moans and not get too excited down there. I didn't want him thinking I actually *liked* this. Eventually, he grew bored of watching me rub myself and slapped my hands away from my bits and nips.

"Okay, that's enough cream for now. Tape that diaper up, bud," he said. "We're going shopping." I groaned.

"Dude, why?! You've had your fun. I just want to lay here until this stupid shit goes away."

"Hey, man," he said. "I'm *trying* to help, so be more grateful. You're going to need to wear something that doesn't set you off every five seconds, not to mention you're going to need way more diapers."

"Sure, 'help,'" I said, making air quotes with my fingers. "There's no way I'm going to go out with you after this stunt you pulled. This is probably just another trick."

"Okay, suit yourself," he said, shrugging his shoulders and walking toward the door. "I was gonna let you pick what to wear, but I'm happy to make the choices myself. Just remember, I'm the one going out of my way to help *you*, so when I come back you're going to wear what I got you without complaint. I think pink is your color, if I'm being honest."

"N-no way dude!" I said, jumping off the bed. "I'm not letting *you* pick all the clothes. I'm coming with. You better be right about these clothes helping out, though. I swear to gosh if this is another trick, I'll beat your ass."

"Oh really?" he said, coming forward and grabbing my padded cummy crotch again.

All the strength sapped out of me as I held onto him for dear life, yelling and squeezing my butt cheeks tight enough to crack a walnut as I came hard.

"Look at you. You're as weak as a kitten!" he said, smiling down at me as he ruffled my hair. "No, don't fix it. I like it like that. Go get dressed and be quick about it. If you don't make it to the car by the time it's started, I'm leaving without you."

I rushed to get dressed as fast as my legs could carry me, enduring several spasms and spurts into my diaper as I did so. There was no time to be ginger in my movements if I was to catch that car, and my diaper was paying the price.

By the time I finished getting dressed, Kyle was already out the door. My jeans barely fit over my cum-filled diaper and I ended up waddling out after him holding them partway up, showing off some serious peekage of my padding.

So there I sat with my mussed up hair in my best friend's car, trying as best I could not to move around too much or let the bumps and swerves of the road cause my diaper to rub over my shrunken and sensitive penis. I hardly noticed where we were going because I was using all my focus and willpower to keep myself from going over the edge as I felt another orgasm approaching. Then, Kyle reached over and started playing with my nipples.

"Ohhh," I moaned as he toyed with my sensitive nips. The cream was kicking in and I even the slightest movement of my shirt material over my nipples caused them to send a jolt straight down to my cock. I must have been dripping precum like there was no tomorrow because I could feel myself getting damp in front. I tried to push his hand away but I was weak from pleasure.

"N- Oh, gods... it feels so good... why does that feel so good?" I asked Kyle.

"I told you that cream works," He said. "Just wait til the rest of it kicks in..."

"Rest of it?" I asked, half dazed and completely confused. "Unh," I cried as he pinched my nipple causing my cock to jolt in its padded prison and shoot out a tiny spurt of semen.

"Well, I didn't tell you this, but that wasn't the only tube I got you. I mixed some in with your soap in the shower as part of the prank. Every time you took a shower, you were covering your entire body in the stuff. You probably didn't notice because it was diluted by the soap, but I can already see you have less body hair than you did yesterday. Once it's all gone it'll start turning pink like your dick and balls and be just as sensitive.

"Is the rest of me gonna shrink too?" I asked, terrified.

"Maybe," he said, laughing. "I don't know. It's an experiment."

I grimaced and tensed up, as he pinched my other nipple, causing me to spurt harder.

"You okay there, buddy boy?" he asked as I panted, finding it harder than ever to get my pleasure under control. Every movement I made was met with a jolt of pleasure and a loud crinkle.

"Ffuck, dude! This is really intense! Why are you such a kinky fuck, Kyle?"

"What can I say? Cute guys just make me want to do crazy things. Besides, this is fair revenge for the time you tricked me into getting in that inflatable bitch suit at that fraternity party. What was it you said? You wanted me to 'loosen up'?" I whined in frustration. It was true. This moment was a culmination of the escalating prank wars Kyle and I had been at since we met.

"It was just a prank, bro! C'mon! Just... let me stop using this stupid cream already."

"Maybe I will, but I still think we can have a little more fun first. Your little dicklet seems to agree..." He patted my diaper and that sent me over the edge. I howled,

doubling over as I was hit by another powerful orgasm. Mercifully, he let me rest after that as he concentrated on the road. I soon saw we were pulling into a nearly empty parking lot of a low cinderblock building. There wasn't a sign or anything, but as he led me out, I got the feeling that this place was not your average clothing store.

"Out of the car, bud," he said.

I got out and looked down at my pants, which I had to hold up to keep from falling off. Inches of diaper were showing above the waistband all around and the little that was covered puffed out around my butt and crotch giving me an obvious diaper bulge.

"I can't go out in public like this," I whined. "Everyone will *know*."

"Know what? That you're a whiny little diaper bitch? That's going to be obvious no matter what," he said, laughing. "I know that your pants don't fit anymore, dude. You need some proper clothes for your new lifestyle. That's why we're here."

"And just where are we?" I asked, warily. I didn't get a response, though, because Kyle was already headed for the entrance. Then I heard the lock of the car click behind me and I knew waiting in the car was not an option. "Wait! Wait for me!"

The door of this mysterious building was locked and Kyle had to push a button to be let inside. The interior was massive with black painted walls and rows and rows of very specialized clothing. I gaped. The far wall held leather gear. Harnesses, jock straps, kilts, you name it, they had it. The row of racks next to that held rubber. And the next row was Neoprene. Then Nylon webbing, spandex, And so on.

"Where did you find this place?" I asked, stunned.

"I did a little research online. You're welcome," he said even though I hadn't thanked him.

"I'm not seeing anything here that could help me with my problem..." I said, looking around.

"What are you talking about? Look at this," he said, pulling over to the rave wear section and holding up a mesh baby tee with cut out nipples. "This won't bother your nipples."

"I am *not* wearing that," I said, crossing my arms.

"May I help you?" asked a tall figure who had appeared seemingly out of nowhere. They were wearing a corset and had their gray hair up in a bun on their head.

"Yeah," said Kyle. "My friend's clitty is too sensitive and he can't stop cumming his pants."

"Shut up!" I said, shoving Kyle.

"Hey hey! No roughhousing in the racks. That's what the mats are for," they said, pointing over to an open padded area lined with mirrors on three sides.

"What we're really looking for is clothing that won't set him off," said Kyle. "He used some of that clit sensitivity cream *inappropriately* and now he's too sensitive... well... *everywhere*."

I tried to protest that *Kyle* was the one who was responsible but he tweaked my nipple and instead I let out a loud moan and splorched the front of my cummy diaper with another gooey load of baby batter.

"See what I'm talking about?" he said, holding up a palm.

"Hmm, I see the problem," said the attendant, rubbing their chin. "Come with me."

We moved away from all of the hard materials to a much softer section of the store. Here, everything was fleece, silk, satin, and so on. A lot of it looked like sleepwear - cute colorful pajamas, sleepers, and Kigurumis, some of which were patterned after popular cartoon characters. I could also see more kinky wear such as straightjackets, and fleece-lined bondage gear.

"This looks great," said Kyle, holding up a pair of pink bear footie pajamas with a rainbow on the belly.

"No way," I said.

"Well, you'd better pick something better, then. You have five minutes so hurry up and pick a new wardrobe or I'll be picking for you," said Kyle.

I looked around and tried to find the least embarrassing clothes I could. I found a blue fleece nightie, a pair of locking pink fleece pajama pants, and a blue and yellow fleece onesie. I had a hard time because pretty much everything I saw had some drawback, whether it be too confining with restraints and locks, too humiliating in appearance and function, or just plain too cutesy. When the time was up, I showed Kyle my choices, hoping they'd be enough.

"That's all you got?" scoffed Kyle.

"It's all I could find! I don't wanna wear *any* of this stuff. And it's only for three days, right? This stuff wears off after that, so it's not like I need that much clothing."

"Think again, buddy," said Kyle, taking my things and grabbing quite a few more of his own. I did not like what I saw.

"Delightful!" said the assistant as they watched the merchandise pile up. I was far from delighted. "Ooh, looks like your boy could use a change."

I looked down and sure enough my pants were sagging to my knees. Kyle pulled me over to the 'rough housing' area the assistant had pointed out before and laid me down. That's when I noticed there were changing supplies tucked off to the side.

"It doesn't look like you brought any spare diapers, but luckily we sell plenty of thick absorbent diapers here. Do you want to pick some up while you're at it?"

"I guess the padded mats are as good as any place to change him, huh?"

"Definitely! What kind of diapers would you like?"

"Anything thick and soft," he said.

"Well, you can't go softer than cloth!"

I got to watch myself from three angles as Kyle untaped my soggy cum-filled diaper to reveal that my penis had shrunk even more than before. It was now just a tiny little nub, and it looked as if my testicles had literally retreated into my body. The smell that hit me was intense, since I had literally been wearing a bucket of cum around my waist all day.

"Oh, it's so cute and little," cooed the helpful assistant. "It's perfect for diapers."

"Looks like you're gonna have to change your name from Ricky to Rita," said Kyle, laughing. "That cream did a number on your little willy!"

"Oh, is that from the sensitivity cream you're using on them?" asked the assistant. "You know, we have some much *stronger* stuff behind the counter. It's not technically legal, but..."

"We'll take it!" said Kyle with an evil grin. "Enough to cover Rita's entire body."

"Right away!" said the assistant, clearly seeing dollar signs in their eyes.

"Now, hold on!" I said, but nobody seemed to hear me. The assistant soon came back with a pink tub and several pairs of thick gloves, two of which they put on immediately before opening it. When they opened the tub, I could see it was full of some

kind of pink cream. The smell of baby powder that came from the tub was so strong it nearly singed off my eyebrows.

"No, guys! Come on! Unhhhhh..." I whined. I spasmed again, dumping more cum into my diapers as Kyle and the assistant began rubbing every inch of my body down with the sweet-smelling cream. I watched in horror as all my body hair came off and my skin turned pink like a freshly healed scrape. Every pore on my body was now extremely sensitive to the point where the air in the room felt like it could set off my hair trigger as it caressed my naked body, and in fact it did. It was like when you have a tickle in your nose that makes you keep sneezing and can't stop, only the tickle was coming from my entire body and the sneeze was coming out of my nub of a dicklet. All it took was a small breeze to give me a sudden and uncontrollable mind-breaking orgasm. Kyle was fascinated.

"Wow, it's super effective! What is this stuff anyway?"

"Oh, it has some very long chemical name I can't pronounce. We just like to call it 'Hair Trigger Cream'. I've never seen this much used at once, though, so I'm not sure what the effects will be. I think you'd better diaper the squirter up before we end up with a puddle of cum in the middle of the floor."

"Time for your diaper, squirt," said Kyle with a laugh and I was too weak and stimulated to resist. I was cumming nonstop, and making a hell of a mess, so to be honest, I was grateful to be put in a diaper. The fleece diaper cover and fleece rainbow Love-a-Bunch Bear pajamas, however, sickeningly cute they were, at least protected my skin from any more overstimulation.

"One more thing," said the assistant, seeming to enjoy this transformation as much as Kyle was. They produced a pair of fleece booties that went over my feet. "You'll need these. Socks and shoes will definitely set your friend off now."

I was left there and told to stay while Kyle purchased these items for me.

"It's the least I could do," he said, as if he were doing me a favor. As soon as he got past the nearest racks of clothes he disappeared from my view, so I had to just lay there and wait as he went and purchased whatever he needed to. When he came back for me, his hands were empty.

"It's all in the car," he said, cryptically, and I wondered what else he could have bought for me. Then again, maybe I didn't want to know.

The smell of baby powder clung to me as I was helped back to the car by my best friend and strapped into the seat.

"That cream should speed things along," said Kyle, chuckling. I whimpered as I lay back exhausted in the seat. They were right about the fleece, at least. It seemed to insulate me from sensations enough that I was finally able to rest a bit. I guess I dozed off because before I knew it, we were pulling up to Kyle's house and he was carrying me inside to deposit me firmly on his bed. He unzipped the pink Love-a-Bunch Bear sleeper to check my diaper and I gasped at the sensation of the air hitting my skin, feeling precum start to pool in the front of my diaper again..

"Hmm, looks pretty dry. Guess that fleece did the trick, huh, buddy?"

"Y-yeah," I said, squirming a bit both from the embarrassment of being in a cute sleeper with a diaper showing and the exciting sensations that seemed to flow right down to between my legs.

"Oh, look at you. You're horny already aren't you?" he asked. Since my skin was already bright pink, he couldn't have seen my blush, but I certainly felt it. "Well, I think for tonight I'll just let you rest up. You've had a rough day."

He patted the top of my head, which was the one area the cream *didn't* touch and left me to fall into a fitful slumber once more.

Later that evening, Kyle woke me up and helped me out of bed to have dinner. He said we were now even and that he wouldn't make me put on any more cream, which made me happy. I did wonder how I was going to use the restroom and things like that, but he assured me the diaper would take care of everything. I didn't like that news and fought him on it, but all he had to do was unzip my sleeper and play with my nipples to get me to obey.

"Please Dude! I'll do anything! Just stop- Unhhgghghhhhh" I said, as I came for the fourth time in a row.

"Then agree to wear diapers full time until the cream wears off."

"Okay, okay, whatever you say, Kyle."

"Good girl, Rita."

I tried to protest that I wasn't a girl, but he just ignored that. The fact that being called that gave me funny horny feelings in my stomach didn't make me feel better. Was there something about myself that I didn't know?

Knowing there was no hope of me getting back to work in the next three days, I called out sick. Work was very understanding and gave me leave. I was relieved I didn't have to get carried to work in some ridiculous fleece outfit. Kyle also took the time off to care for me and I felt grateful, though the diaper changes were extremely embarrassing,

and I would insist during every one of them that I could do it myself. Kyle wouldn't hear of it though and insisted not only on changing me, but blindfolding me when he did so so I couldn't see my little bitty clitty, as he called it.

On Day three, Kyle took me out of my fleece locking pajama pants and top. He had even set up a wide and tall full length mirror for the big reveal.

"Ready, dude?"

I was. As he peeled away the fleece, I was excited to see that my skin had returned to normal color - though the hair was still gone.

"I hope it grows back soon, Dude," I said. "I don't want people seeing this and making fun of me."

"Oh, they won't," he said with a grin. "Trust me."

That sounded odd, but I shrugged it off. "Whatever, man. Does this mean I don't have to wear diapers anymore?" I asked, reaching for the tapes.

He nodded, "Sure, you only had to wear them as long as the effects of the cream lasted, and I'm a man of my word."

"Sweet," I said, unpinning my yellowed diaper and quickly removing the soggy padding. When I did so, however, I was horrified to see that my downstairs had *not* returned to normal. Rather, my boy bits had disappeared altogether to be replaced by a mound with a slit in the middle, and a little pinky sized nub of flesh at the top.

"Uh oh, guess I spoke too soon," said Kyle, laughing.

"What did you do, Kyle?" I yelled angrily. "What did you do?!" I could smell my arousal even stronger than I did before and it dazed me slightly. This was very bad.

"Calm down there, princess," he said, tweaking my nipple. I immediately came, squirting pee into the open padding of my diaper. He laughed. "Uh oh, guess she's a squirter!"

I was too busy shaking and moaning to respond. The orgasm was more powerful and much longer lasting than I was used to, and it went through my whole body leaving me a horny moaning mess. The most amazing thing about it, though, was it didn't leave me sore down there. I was just as horny and excited as before the orgasm if not moreso.

"Oh, does the little princess like that?" he asked. I bit my lip. I didn't want to admit that it actually felt good.

Kyle reached lower with his hands and said, "How about this?" as he brushed my ass lips with his finger. I gasped as he produced a small jar of the cream from the shop and began to finger my two holes, first the back hole, and then the front, paying special attention to my puffy anal lips and the area around the slit. I felt entirely new sensations as he fingered my holes and thumbed my clit, and everything down there heated up and swelled. I could feel all the blood going down there, but there was no erection like I was used to. He could feel it too because he remarked at how hot and tight I was getting. I could see him practically salivating as he tented in his pants.

The truth was I'd had a crush on Kyle for quite some time and we'd been playing these escalating sexual games for almost as long, a connection that could not be ignored. This was just the latest round of japes, and from what I could tell he was winning. Or maybe we both were. And then, I finally said it.

"Oh, just fuck me already, Kyle!"

He just chuckled and shook his head. "Not yet, princess. I want to take this slow and easy. It's nice to hear you beg, though."

I was completely embarrassed that I ever opened my mouth about it. I had lost the game of seduction and he knew it. All I could do was lie back as he continued to massage me and all my noises merged into one low rolling moan as I came again.

Then, he brought out a big purple vibrating wand with a big mushroom head and shoved right up my pussy. I moaned and shuddered around the buzzing behemoth. I cried out that it was too much as I felt my bladder wall begin to contract and force more piss out of me. He just laughed and pinned my diaper back up, then flipped me on my stomach and pulled down the back of my diaper to finger me from behind and tease me with his tongue.

"Ahhh, *fuck*, K-K-K-Kyle!" was all I could say as I was driven up the wall by all the stimulation. "How long is this shit going to last?"

"Long enough for what I have planned," he said, laughing.

I covered my face in humiliation as I felt more warmth squirt into the front of my diaper. My eyes flew wide open when I felt something pressing into the back of my hole and he was pushing a fat vibrating rubber dildo into that as well. There was some resistance at first, but the cream seemed to make things go easier and before I knew it, he had lodged it inside me up to the hilt.

"You just relax sweetie. Trust me, I'm doing you a favor. You'll want to be nice and loose for the next Frat party. Now you'll know what it felt like to be the frat house

hole. I even got you a new inflatable rubber bitch suit with open nipples for the occasion."

I whined. So this was his end game. The ol' frat house bitch suit trap. If only I hadn't tricked my best friend into the same situation, I might not be in this whole mess. As it was, I was stuck, and I couldn't tell how much of those horny feelings were coming from the vibrators stuck inside me, and how much were coming from the idea of being a fuck toy for an entire house of hot guys. This was only going to be temporary right? ...Right?

At that point I was so lost in the sensations of cumming and filling my diaper that I didn't even care.