

The Selfie

Jack gulped hard as his phone vibrated. His already anxious stomach twisted into a knot. He had barely managed to get any work done today, anticipating a message at any moment.

He was wearing a diaper to work for the first time in his life; a babyishly decorated, crinkly nightmare under his trousers. It was a line he had never expected to cross. Work and play were always separated as best he could manage, but today that notion was obliterated, and he hadn't had much of a say in the matter. The orders were simple; wear a diaper, and carry a pacifier.

Jack's hands shook with nerves as his finger unlocked his phone, revealing the message from 'Stranger' within.

"Hey diaper bitch. Mirror selfie. 5 mins. Let's see how wet you are."

Changr. It was all that stupid app's fault. He wouldn't be in this mess if he had never downloaded it, and felt even worse, regret chewing him up from the inside, when recalling what happened that night. Jack was often a horny boy, but his questionable judgement hadn't brought him much trouble, until now.

A week ago, while browsing online in an overly-horny state, he came across a forum posting. Someone trying to spread the word of a new app for the kinky diaper community. Its premise was simple; you set up an account, let other users know when you were wearing a diaper, and could broadcast that you wanted a change (or more). The app used your phone's location to connect you to other users close by. It was a simple idea, but one that sounded so fun and exclusive for the padded butts in the world.

Jack, in his haste and horny daze, immediately checked it out. At first, it seemed like a buggy installation, causing his phone a little trouble with permissions, but he brushed it off as being an amateur effort from someone within the community. A reboot seemed to solve the problem, and he quickly found himself out of the house in a soggy diaper, on a rendezvous with a 'big brother'.

He couldn't believe his luck as they flirted back and forth through the app, as Jack rode two bus routes. The other guy was even offering one of his own fresh diapers for Jack, provided he was a 'good little bro' when he arrived. Butterflies dominated Jack's stomach, and his boner raged. His

hands clutched his phone and backpack (stuffed with his bear and pacifier). If only he'd stayed at home and jerked off instead.

The guy on the other end of the conversation, Darren, had pushed Jack's buttons with ease for the whole journey. His mind was buried deeply in a wide-eyed sub-space on arrival, which left him all too willing to follow Darren's lead.

It proceeded exactly as expected; minimal small talk before Jack was in nothing but a tee shirt and diaper, flat on his back. The two guys rubbed their wet diapers together, burying soggy crotch into soggy crotch, and Jack's desperation to get off dragged on and on. Darren delivered on his promise to change him, sensually wiping him down while Jack clutched his bear and sucked his pacifier, as ordered.

The ordeal had left Jack in a daze, exactly as planned, which would dump him in the mess he was in today. When Darren was done freshly diapering him, (in double layers, with a LOT of baby lotion, just to keep him squirming), the betrayal happened. Darren wanted a cute photo, a memento he kept of all the boys he'd played with.

It almost broke the mood. Jack *did* feel the guy was trust worthy. Also, he was hot, and Jack wanted to keep playing. His dick was firmly in control, not his logic. He obeyed Darren's wishes, though somewhat reluctantly, clutching his stuffed bear at his side, looking genuinely embarrassed and self-conscious as Darren raised the camera into position. He stared it down, cheeks flushing, waiting for the telltale shutter sound effect.

They got back to playing after that, Jack enjoying the rest of the night without so much as thinking anything was out of the ordinary. He never picked up on Darren's guilt or nervousness, as he was sent on his way home, with a damp, cum-filled diaper. Everything was normal for a few days, but now he was wearing a diaper to work for the first time ever. He feared things would only get worse from here.

Jack found himself nervously glancing around the office unnecessarily, before hastily replying to the mystery messenger on his phone. His workplace had nowhere where he could take a photo of a mirror privately. This wasn't what he expected, and despite his reply in semi-protest, he knew he couldn't disobey either.

"4 mins boy. Face & paci inc, or everyone sees the other pics."

Jack almost cursed out loud at his desk, catching himself from the attention calling act at the last minute. He didn't need eyes on him right now. He replied once more, submissively. Time was running out, and sitting around fretting wouldn't help. He needed to make a move towards the bathroom. He was carrying his pacifier in his pocket all day, also as ordered. He stood up from his desk, trying to be as innocuous as possible. Jack was wearing a onesie under his shirt to help hide, but was sure he could hear himself crinkle as he walked away.

These messages had started two nights ago.

Jack had been browsing Changr on and off since his fun encounter at Darren's, but not with the same luck. Darren himself had been annoyingly quiet and not responded to any message since. Jack had written it off as typical behaviour, but hoped he would surface again the next time he was horny.

Sitting in his bedroom, Jack discarded his phone to one side after another fruitless look through the same profiles. He was bored and horny (no real surprise), though after a day at work he was too tired to go to the effort to do anything by himself. He needed a second party. Someone to watch, someone to dictate. He wanted to play, and he didn't want to *just* sit around jerking off either.

While stuck in the limbo of indecision, his phone beeped. It was a Changr message, to which he viewed eagerly. He thought it could be just what his night needed to spice things up.

"Hey boy, want a daddy to make you the slave you are?"

Jack scoffed, but checked out the guy's profile regardless... to find it was blank, located 50 miles away. *Great*, he thought, *some waste of time perv jacking off on the other end*. Jack knew better than to encourage it, but he was feeling dumb and horny, and getting a nice jerk out of a dirty chat wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

"Who says I'm a slave? ;)" he replied.

"I know you're obedient. Are you wearing a diaper?"

He contemplated lying to sound more exciting, but opted for the truth. "Not right now."

"Good. Got any toys?"

Jack was getting harder. He liked being told what to do, and sometimes the thrill of it being a stranger made it a little more fun for him. That was how he ended up naked on his bed, slowly thrusting a dildo in and out of his ass, with his laptop perched at his loins, the unknown messenger watching over webcam. The guy was still a blank profile, but Jack didn't mind too much, and kept his own face out of frame.

"Good boy, really hot," the messages came through, *"Get the dildo all the way in, then leave it there."*

Jack obeyed for him, slowly, until the fake silicone balls sat between his legs. His cock was leaking precum onto his tummy as he grunted quietly, enjoying where his night had ended up.

"Now get a diaper."

Jack obeyed, walking to his closet as best he could, trying to prevent the toy popping out of his butt. He retrieved one, and showed the folded padding to the camera, where orders to put it on followed. He lay flat on his back once more, this time pulling the diaper up snugly, trapping the dildo balls deep inside him. He fastened the tapes hastily, trying to keep everything as snug as possible. The toy wasn't uncomfortable, but being stuck fully in place was making him wince a little. His arousal was making it manageable for now.

"That's good. Now drink up."

Jack had prefilled a baby bottle with water, which he proceeded to suck down quickly.

"You are not to cum until you've pissed yourself, understand?"

Jack finished his water obediently. His orders were to grind his pillow, and as he rubbed the diaper, the diaper in turn moved against the dildo, driving him wild. It was slipping out slightly as the diaper shifted, teasing his hole as it moved in and out slightly, over and over. He wanted to cum so badly now, but at the same time he was loving the zone the mysterious stranger had put him in.

"Look at me, baby."

Jack had lost track of the time. He'd been grinding his cock for close to half an hour, and his balls and ass ached. He ceased his humping, flopping over his pillow entirely.

"I don't do face," he replied through the app, "sorry."

"It's okay. I've already seen you."

Jack was sure that wasn't the case, and defended his position. He was willing to do a lot for the stranger right now, but he tried to make it a hard rule about his face. He could never know what was happening on the other side of the camera.

"Listen to me carefully, baby. Or is it 'slave' now? I know who you are and what you look like, so get your face on the webcam." With that, a picture message appeared; the same babyish picture Darren had taken of Jack on their playdate.

"What the fuck, Darren?" Jack nervously typed, "You could have just said it was you."

"This isn't Darren."

Jack sat up and closed the lid on his laptop.

"Get back on camera now, slave."

A second picture message appeared; a screenshot of Jack's phone gallery, everything from nonsense photos, terrible selfies that weren't yet deleted, and pictures of himself diapered that he had taken.

Jack's heart raced faster. How on earth did this guy have a screenshot of his phone!? He wanted to reply, but couldn't think of a single thing to say.

A third screenshot appeared, this time showing a selection of his contacts. Then a fourth, with the contact info of his mother open. Phone number, email, everything.

"Get back on camera, unless you want Mommy to know you shit your diapers."

Jack was sitting firmly on his dildo, but his boner had rapidly disappeared. He lifted the lid of the laptop, scared, until he could see his own face on the screen. The very sound of messages arriving was instilling a new level of fear into him.

"You finally listened. If you can learn to listen, then we won't have a problem. Your phone has been hacked. Any attempt to fix this, and everything gets dumped. Your photos, your videos. your history, everything. Just so you know how serious this is, please check your Facebook."

Jack whimpered as he desperately swapped apps. Terrified, he saw his own status had been updated, but it was just a generic message, but the act itself was a chilling threat.

"I have your Twitter, your Instagram, your emails. Any attempt to change these passwords, I dump everything online. I have the contact details of everyone you know. Do you understand? Speak."

Jack, however, was devoid of words. He simply nodded to the camera as tears formed in his eyes.

"Do not turn off your phone, ever. Do not lose it. Do not break it. We lose contact, then you lose everything."

Jack stared at his phone, completely unable to absorb what he was reading.

"Congratulations. You're now my slave."

What felt like an eternity passed. Jack tried to compose himself. He checked the guy's profile again. He didn't know how he could fight this, but his brain pressed him to find *any* evidence as to who was doing it.

The stranger's location had changed. It now said '0 feet away'. Jack started to panic further. Was he outside? Was he going to be kidnapped? Worse?

"Relax. I can see everything you're doing from here. I'm not there, but you can't track me this way."

Relief wasn't exactly something Jack was feeling, but there was a comfort in that at least.

"W... What do you want?" he managed to croak, looking at the web cam.

"What we came here for. I want you to piss your diaper. No rush."

Jack couldn't begin to imagine carrying on where they left off. He wanted to shut the laptop once more and hide away from this guy.

"All of this to get a guy to piss himself?" he practically laughed in disbelief, while also trying to show a measure of strength.

"Take your time. Try to relax."

Telling Jack to relax was absurd. Hoping to get things over with, he sat up on his knees, trying to relax his muscles enough to wet himself. The dildo wasn't helping in any way, but he managed to distract himself after enough time with his eyes closed.

The wetness spread slowly, as he forced his body to work. It was a steady flooding, and he could feel the hot wetness drift right down to his sensitive hole. His cock shifted from the pleasant sensation, even though he was sure he didn't want it to.

The stranger was pleased with the wet patch. He ordered Jack back on to his pillow, to grind again. Jack was complying, and he was soon hard again... but his mind wasn't in it. It was weird for him, going through the motions of getting off, without an interest anymore.

That didn't last long though, as messages started to appear, encouraging him.

"Gonna squirt in your diaper, baby slave?"

Jack tried to ignore it, but they were having the desired effect on him. His cock thrust faster against the wet diaper, with the dildo mercilessly pounding against his hole. He was close before this all turned on its head, and it hadn't taken him long to get back there. He moaned, slightly pathetically, knowing humping would take a lot more effort than running his hand over a desperate penis.

"Tell me what you are. I want to hear it."

Jack didn't want to. His moans were becoming desperate and loathing.

"Say it or stop, boy. I know you want to admit it."

Jack cried out, defeated by his own lust, "I'm a baby slave!" The words barely escaped his mouth as his cock twitched, spraying the inside of his diaper helplessly as his arms gave out and his body dropped over the pillow. He continued to twitch, unloading his balls as his ass clenched and tried to push away the dildo. He was exhausted, and there was little satisfaction gained from it, from how easily he'd given in to his tormentor.

"Good boy. You've done well, but we're just getting started. I'll be in touch."

With that, the webcam session ended. Jack lay still, mostly unable to move after his ordeal.

Jack spent the next day riddled with anxiety, trying to contact Darren just to try and bring some sense to what was happening. Darren was uncommunicative, save for a message warning Jack to "just do he says, and it'll be okay. He'll let you go."

The stranger was true to his word, and Jack also received a message he really didn't want.

"Tomorrow you're wearing a diaper to work for me."

That was how he ended up scouting his work bathroom for a photo opportunity. He had four minutes, surely enough time to do what was needed. He opened the door, praying for it to be empty, and found a colleague washing their hands.

Jack slipped into one of the cubicles, and started to undo his trousers, then unsnapped his onesie. He grabbed the pacifier from his pocket, waiting for his moment. His colleague dried his hands and left. The bathroom door shut. It was now or never.

With his heart thumping in his chest, Jack hustled out of the cubicle, trouser waist around his thighs, turning to face the large mirrors above the sinks. He was terrified someone would walk in, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. He practically threw the pacifier into his mouth, and cursed himself for not prepping the camera sooner. He lifted the phone up, trying to hold his hand steady, and flashed his diaper for the camera. He took the photo, and with great relief, leapt back into the cubicle without so much as changing his appearance.

Jack locked the stall door behind him, and without even addressing his appearance, swiped straight back to *Changr* and selected the photo for sending. His finger lingered for a moment, feeling ill as he voluntarily offered up such a photo to someone, but pressed send rather than test the willingness of the stranger. He had managed it all within the time frame, and sat down on the toilet to compose himself.

“Good baby. You’re doing well, just as I knew you would.”

In some kind of disorientated autopilot, he typed back, “thanks,” then immediately regretted it. Jack didn’t know if he meant it, but it was more cooperative communication than he intended.

“Thank you, sir.”

“Shit,” he muttered, correcting his response, not wanting to needlessly antagonize him.

“Better. I can see we’re going to have a lot of fun, baby.”

Jack stood up and fixed his clothes, fastening and hiding his onesie. The pacifier was still in his mouth, and he stuffed it away in surprise. He couldn’t help but think about how warped the circumstances were, and threat of widespread exposure aside, the adrenaline rush was a little fun... That’s when he started to get hard again.

