

The Task

Jack swallowed hard as the office clock struck 5pm. Today, finishing time was not signalling his freedom.

He logged out of his computer, and lightly tidied his utensils absent-mindedly, hoping to delay where he was about to go. He watched his co-workers finish up, and said his goodbyes while smiling nervously.

With enough of them having left, he slid open his work drawer, and picked up the small package he'd deposited that morning- two suppositories that he'd been ordered to bring to work with him.

Hiding them in his pocket, Jack stood up, trying to conceal his nerves, and left his office floor. He walked straight towards the men's bathroom, hoping it would be empty. Thankfully for the boy, it was, and he locked himself inside a cubicle hurriedly. He didn't want anyone to be suspicious of the rustling of his diaper, or even hear the thick plastic around the suppositories tearing.

Taking out his phone, he immediately messaged his digital captor. The man with no name or picture. The reason he was doing what he was doing. "I'm taking them now."

The stranger had hacked Jack's phone over a week ago, copied every private picture, message, and contact, and gained access to Jack's social media profiles, both kinky and vanilla. He could destroy Jack's life in minutes if he really wanted to, so Jack was forced to play along to his every demand, like a helpless, humiliated puppet.

Without waiting for a reply, Jack undid his trousers, and forced them down around the puffy, swollen diaper he'd been peeing in all day. His work trousers seemed to resist coming off now he was heavily wet, which worried him that the tight fit had left nothing to his work-mates' imagination. Still, no one had said anything to him yet if they noticed he'd been diapered sporadically for the last week.

With his trousers down around his ankles, he started to wriggle his diaper down below his hips. Jack didn't want to risk undoing and refastening the tapes, just in case they didn't

hold. As bad as his experience getting home was going to be, he really didn't need his diaper to start falling off half way there.

Now, hunched over with his diaper around his knees, he tore open the two suppositories and realised he had no lube to get them in, and he definitely wasn't going to shuffle out to the sink to wet them. Sighing at himself in disgust, he held them in his palm and spat over them, before pushing them one by one into his hole. It wasn't an easy thing to do standing as he was, unable to get his fingers deep inside, but he managed the task.

Jack was very much aware he was on the clock now. He could already feel the itch from the medication doing its job as he tugged the diaper back up slowly. He was trying not to rush it and tear the plastic. He was under orders to do this in his wet work diaper, so a torn diaper would mean using either an extra diaper on top or duct tape to keep it on, and he didn't have any duct tape in his bag back in the office.

With his diaper in place again, he did the same with his trousers. The top button was trickier to close than normal, its crotch now clearly struggling over the wet diaper. Paranoid about the discovered bulge around his loins, he let his shirt hang free, hoping it would cover the padding blowing outwards from around his waist. This was the first time he was confronted by how his diapers might look to his workmates, though he knew he really didn't have time to dwell on the uncomfortable thought.

Jack's phone buzzed with a new message. *"Good boy. Better get shopping then. Remember. Wipes, powder, ointment, and the thickest diapers they stock."*

He steeled himself, not wanting to delay any further, and marched out of the bathrooms, ever more aware of the slight waddle he was forced into. He left the building as quick as he could while looking natural, and strode along the street outside. The targeted pharmacy was approximately fifteen minutes away by walking. He didn't want to risk getting a bus in the city's rush hour, knowing both that walking would make it easier to fight the need to mess himself, and that the stranger had himself planned it as a walk to the store.

Jack dodged the crowds and the slower walkers successfully, as the brisk walk kept the urges back. He was feeling confident with his ability to stay clean as he made it into the store with good time, though the realisation now that he had to browse diapers on a shelf in public hit him right in the nerves. Jack knew his chances of enduring his entire commute home without losing control were slim, but if he could get all of his shopping done first he'd at least consider that a victory.

“Can you feel it yet?”

Jack really wanted to get shopping and get home as fast as possible, and didn't need the stranger messaging him now. Too scared to ignore it, however, he replied truthfully. “It's awful. Can't do this in public. Please.”

Jack thought it better not to lie, and admit when he was feeling tortured. If the stranger knew his games were working, there'd be less need to intensify matters. At least, that was Jack's hopeful theory.

“Don't fight it. Just let go. You'll feel better. ;) ”

The winking suggestion was nearly enough for Jack to curse him out loud. He could deal with the stranger being a cold, sadistic prick, but making it sound flirty just irritated Jack. He stuffed his phone back in his pocket angrily, and persevered with his shopping.

The diapers and supplies aisles were side by side. The supplies opposite baby diapers and the adult protection with a full aisle to itself. Jack went for the supplies first, thinking he'd feel less self-conscious if he wasn't carrying a pack of adult diapers around the store with him. His choices were easy and familiar, and he picked up the required wipes, powder, and rash cream. He found himself feeling nostalgic as he stood there, reminiscing about his younger years sneaking out to buy Pampers with sweaty palms. How he wished he could buy those today, without anyone batting an eye lid.

He took a deep breath and walked around to the adult section, and was immediately hit with a wall of options, either side of him. So much for getting in and out fast. He walked the length of the aisle as quick as his eyes could take in what was surrounding him. Male pads, female pads, pull-ups, briefs... none of this would remotely qualify as the ‘thickest they stock’. Finally, the last third of the aisle was stacked with bigger packages. Diapers at last.

Jack was going to use the one he was wearing soon if he didn't get a move on. The urge to poop was growing stronger with each minute since he stopped power walking the streets. Lingering in the aisle wasn't helping, and he shifted from foot to foot, hunching, or trying anything to try and ignore it. Jack roughly knew his brands so all he had to do was find the

most absorbent ones and get to the check out. He was quickly resigning to letting go of his aching butt as soon as he was outside.

“Hi, can I help you with anything today?”

Jack spun around, startled, and trying to maintain his clenched buttocks. A pleasant, stocky, bearded staff member had appeared behind him, obviously picking up on Jack’s desperate eyes scanning the shelves.

“I need diapers,” he blurted, regretting saying anything but ‘no’. Jack probably would have kicked himself if the shock wouldn’t void his bowels on the spot. The pressure to let go was building faster than he could deal with it.

The staff member, George, as was written on his tag, didn’t react at all to a grown man asking for diapers, and immediately stepped beside Jack to guide his way through the package wall in front of them.

“I’m assuming you want a full brief, and not a pad?” George quizzed helpfully.

Jack nodded and answered monosyllabically. He was clutching the baby powder so tight he feared it would explode before his backside did. He tried to hide his anxiety from George, but both masking that and holding onto his bowels were tricky in tandem. Ironically, he probably looked like a nervous wreck, telegraphing he was buying diapers for himself when his nerves were for entirely different reasons.

“Well there are the taped options, especially important for those with faecal incontinence... but we do also have some pull-up types for lighter wetting. Is it for the day or night usage may I ask?”

“It’s for the night time,” Jack quickly lied, ignoring the comment on poopy diapers and praying he wouldn’t confirm he needed them for *that* to the helpful guy without saying a word. He wanted to just state that he needed the thickest ones available so he could escape the polite encounter. He didn’t want that humiliation though, and was risking an even bigger embarrassment instead the longer he stood there.

“I see,” George replied, turning his attention back to where they’d started with the proper diapers, and running his hand through the air to point at a type with five out of eight droplets filled in on the absorbency guide. “And what waist size are they for?”

“Thirty-three,” Jack grimaced, now sure he had surely exposed the padding as being for himself. “I need... I need them as thick as possible,” he winced, hoping it would eliminate any further dilly-dallying between brands. He was sure George threw a quick glance down at his crotch.

“Well then it should be the Maxi,” he smiled paternally, moving his hand up to something on the top shelf with all of its droplets filled in. “They’ll cover you for up to three and a half litres.”

“I’ll take a pack, thank you,” Jack said, trying to cease the conversation as he realised beads of sweat were running down his temples.

Noticing Jack’s hands were full, George lifted the pack down for him, where Jack awkwardly stacked his supplies on top, then cradled the heavy bag of diapers.

The sudden addition of a few kilos revealed how weak his legs were getting. It was coming up on twenty minutes since leaving work, and Jack was getting terrified about losing the battle imminently.

“Do you want a basket?” George asked, concerned about the balancing act Jack was performing. He’d deliberately ignored taking one, deeming it unnecessary and slowing him down, but that had backfired slightly now.

“I’ll be okay. I’m going straight over to pay,” Jack said awkwardly, holding the diapers aloft.

“I hope those work out okay. If you need anything else, don’t hesitate to ask for George next time you’re in,” George smiled, “The checkouts are over there. They’ll take care of you.”

Jack wasn't sure if George was flirting or just being overtly friendly. His mind was too addled by the suppository induced stress, though he did remember to thank him again before he shuffled off to the queue. On any other day he might have blushed at the idea of being 'taken care of' while buying diapers.

There were two people ahead of him, and the one being served seemed to be engaged in a lengthy discussion. The cashiers doubled as the prescription area, which wouldn't help his hasty escape.

Jack clutched the bag of diapers. His shirt felt damp under his armpits, his face flushed. His legs were twitching. It was becoming too much and he knew it.

He considered, in that moment, just dropping the diapers and fleeing the store. But the stranger would punish him, if not outright ruin his life for fleeing. And even if he didn't, he'd hate to come back in and repeat the task if he became known as the guy who dropped diapers and ran out the door.

So he was trapped. Standing still, holding the diapers, with the burning itch pushing him to just let go and mess himself. He was so overwhelmed that he didn't care if anyone saw him standing there, buying what he was buying.

His body wanted it out. He wanted it out. In that moment, Jack bit down on his lip, hoping to be as silent possible, and stopped fighting it. With one measly push, he filled the seat of his diaper easily, feeling it crush and spread beneath his tight pants.

He exhaled in relief, basking in the brief calm before the second urgent need to push hit him. He followed through on that too, again, and again, filling his diaper with what seemed like an unending, exhausting stream of unpleasant soft, hot shit.

Jack was lost in his own world, hands buried into the plastic package, and unsure if anyone had heard what he had done. He could smell himself now, which mortified him, but there was nothing he could do about it until he got home.

The customer in front of him gave him a suspicious glance as he stepped forward to be served. Jack wondered how he looked now realising he had hunched over, while physically and mentally broken from his ordeal. He shuffled further up the queue, feeling his own filth

heaped up awkwardly between his cheeks. He could breathe easier now at least, but the degradation of his evening was starting to drown him.

Jack approached the counter when it was his time to be served. The mess felt disgusting with each step. He'd never been dirty in public, barely doing it in private. He never imagined interacting with another person like this.

He traded small talk pleasantries with the cashier, though it was on auto-pilot. The cashier had a look upon his face, that he could smell the filth in the air. If Jack didn't look so beaten down and guilty now, the cashier might have suspected someone had treaded in dog poo, rather than the guy buying diapers had just shit himself.

With his hands free again, he checked his phone while fishing out his wallet – *“Take a small carrier bag. Don't cover up the diapers, understood? I expect proof.”*

Jack cursed the stranger's order, feeling like a weird and embarrassed idiot asking for a bag only for the supplies. He paid for everything, and left the store, clutching the bright bag under his arm. If anyone both saw and smelled him at the same time, they'd easily connect the dots no doubt. His train journey home was going to be hellish.

He was also resentful of the fact he had to spend his own money under force, depriving himself of something more grown up that he might otherwise have wanted. He didn't have money to throw around, and increasing his finely managed diaper budget would just swallow other aspects of his lifestyle.

Jack was able to get himself on a train easily enough for an evening workday, using his waiting time at the platform to snap and send a quick selfie of himself holding the diapers under his arm for needed proof. His legs were still tired from being forced to mess himself, so he stupidly chose to sit down for the 15 minute ride home. As soon as he did, he regretted it. He knew the experience would be gross, squishing his own filth, but he forgot how badly it would force the smell into the air.

Jack sat there, afraid to move now as his cheeks and balls were slowly covered, the mess gurgling its way from the pressure of him forcing it onto the seat. His nostrils filled up with his stink, as his heart started to race again. He stared down at his feet, over the diapers on his lap, afraid to check if anyone was looking around or noticing the smell and locating it as coming from himself. The train would get more cramped at each stop before it got quieter,

filling with people standing closer to him who might realise what had happened. He just needed to get home now, as soon as possible.

“Very good, boy. On your way home?”

“On the train,” he typed sullenly, “I think other people can smell me.”

“Let’s hope so. They need to know how much of a big baby you are.”

Jack wanted to argue, not about the comment, but how he hated stinking up a carriage full of other inconvenienced people. He knew it would fall on deaf ears though.

“They know,” Jack replied as the train rolled on agonisingly slow.

“Oh I doubt that. A pants shitter maybe, but not a big baby yet. So suck your thumb like a good baby. Show them all.”

Jack’s blood ran cold. “Please, please, no,” he answered, already knowing it was inevitable, “I already feel so pathetic.” Dealing with the stranger was like navigating a mine field. Even agreeing with him sometimes made things worse.

“Do it, or we’ll be repeating this adventure with a pacifier included. Any further delay and you’re sleeping in that diaper.”

Jack’s eyes watered at the thought of people staring, but he raised two shaky hands none the less. He could do this quickly, with minimal exposure if he prepared. He opened the camera on his phone first, positioning it straight ahead, then after bracing himself, pointed out his thumb, sticking it right between his lips. He clicked the shutter button several times, then quickly withdrew his thumb. He couldn’t bring himself to look anywhere but his phone screen, to save the humiliation of making eye contact with any of the travellers.

He checked the photos, surprised at how dejected his own face looked staring back at him, then quickly sent it to the stranger, praying he’d avoid a nasty sleep tonight.

“Good boy. I’ll let you know when you can change.”

Jack slouched back in his seat, defeated. He had hoped getting home would mean the end of this messy diapered nightmare, but that seemed so optimistic now. He wanted to ask if he had to sleep in this diaper after all, but was terrified mentioning it would only result in confirmation.

He stared out of the window, contemplating the last few hurdles he had to face. Getting the exposed bag of diapers into his apartment. Stomaching eating dinner while sitting in his own excrement. When he would get to clean up, and if he could even do that before bed. It would likely be a long night, and there was nothing he could do about it.