

# HIGH SCHOOL EXPERIENCE II



“What will it take to get my account back?” Tim’s paws furiously texted.

It had been days since Brett had visited and locked down Tim’s Playstation while the dork’s face was buried under the jock’s diapered ass. Brett had been quiet since their playdate, but with his re-emergence, Tim couldn’t help himself to ask. The parental controls restrictions were proving an annoyance.

“*Are you not enjoying playing baby games?*” Brett replied.

“Of course not, not all the time!”

Tim had tried to play something “age appropriate” but the novelty had worn off fast, and the limitation in his gaming choices didn’t exactly open up opportunities to catch up on some TV instead, as the streaming options had been similarly hit. The *idea* was so hot to him, but the dog had quickly found reality to be less entertaining.

“*That’s a shame. It’s all you deserve to be playing.*”

“Come on, man,” he begged, regretfully, both for his dignity and the fear it would make things worse. “What will it take to get my account back?”

“*I have an idea ;)*” The reply came ominously; it should have been exciting... “*You just need to wait a little longer.*”

The wait was three more days. Three more long days with the same restrictions. Three days with no hint as to what Brett’s “idea” was, or what lay in store when he would arrive for another date. Occasionally, these fears and boredom would combine like a perfect storm, and Tim would find himself getting hard, when glancing at the available games to play, or realising his grown up TV options were hidden from view. He couldn’t even watch something from his childhood, as most of those cartoons didn’t sit in the allowed toddler age range. It made him squirm.

He was a delicate mixture of nervous and turned on when he finally let Brett into his apartment again. The Labrador hadn’t arrived with the same jock-like bluster as last time, but his “idea” was an outfit he’d surprised Tim with.

“You gotta be kidding me!”

Tim easily recognised the cheerleader outfit Brett was holding while grinning like an idiot; it was unmistakably from their old high school. White and teal-blue, with the school crest adorned.

“I’m not into skirts, man...” Tim blushed.

“Alright,” he said with a shrug, “You can sit there instead, workin’ on unlocking the platinum trophy for *Pup Patrol Adventures*.”

Tim shivered, and realised he was throbbing against his wet diaper. All it took was the jock’s dominance to make those age restrictions sound worryingly hot. Brett’s confident stance, baseball cap, hoody and backpack was easy seduction for the dog. Tim glanced at the outfit again. Despite

it all, he knew he needed to erase the restrictions, and if this is what it would take, it wouldn't be the worst thing in the world...

"Fine..!" He said, groaning, and reaching out for the dress. The one consolation was that it was't pink.

"Atta boy!" Brett winked.

"Where on earth did you get this?" Tim said, bewildered as he pulled the skirt over his head, and the stretchy fabric encased him.

"I called in a favour a few years ago," he winked. "You won't be the first boy in it, but, definitely the first boy in diapers."

Tim poked his arms out the sides awkwardly, and adjusted the garment around his torso as best he could. He wasn't the tallest, but the sleeveless dress still seemed short on him. The skirt hung just low enough to cover his diaper now, but he doubted it would do much as he moved around. "These too," he said, tossing a ball of socks at him.

Long, stripey, and definitely not part of the old uniform. Tim slid them on obediently, and they reached all the way above his knees. He felt his face grow hot as glanced downwards at himself. He'd never done this before, not opposed to it, but never feeling drawn to do it. But he couldn't deny standing here in front of his jock in a girlier outfit was certainly having an effect.

He was dressed, but none of these clothes felt concealing. His diaper was fully accessible to anyone.

"Suits you," Brett smirked, as he pulled the elastic waist on his own shorts. They slipped to the floor, without taking his shoes off, and revealed his own diaper. It looked dry, but Tim was hardly paying much attention to it. Despite his diaper, his outfit of a hoody and basketball shoes still felt so... masculine.

"Get on all fours," Brett suddenly said sharply.

Tim gulped, and nervously got down as demanded.

"Turn around."

Tim did a one-eighty on his hands and knees, his diaper butt now facing Brett. He felt the skirt move gently, but couldn't tell what was doing it, until the unmistakable sole of Brett's shoe pressed against his diaper, nudging him towards the floor.

Tim resisted gently, but felt his knees weaken and his legs spread.

"Keep your back straight," Brett barked, and Tim lifted his butt once again.

The point of the jock's shoe ran down the middle of the diaper, until it rested beneath Tim's balls, pressing into the full heft of the wet diaper. Brett increased the pressure, pushing the warm squish against Tim's junk with his foot.

“Awww, has the little dweeb wet himself again?”

Tim whimpered.

‘What am I saying? No chance I’d find you dry, is there? You must love pissin’ your pants so damn much.’

Brett withdrew his foot, and delivered a small tap on the diaper, close enough to his balls to make Tim jolt.

“If you’re a good little dork, I might even change it before I go home.”

Brett wandered away, leaving Tim flustered on his paws, and walked through the apartment without so much as asking for permission, straight into Tim’s bedroom.

“Get that butt in here, diaper boy,” he yelled, uncomfortably loudly for the size of the apartment.

Tim got to his feet quickly, and hurried after him, noticing how much his skirt bounced and swayed as he moved.

Brett was sitting at the end of Tim’s bed, legs spread and Playstation controller in hand. He heard the console beep, and whirr to life.

“You have such good games,” Brett taunted, having effortlessly logged in to Tim’s locked down account. “What a shame you’re too dumb of a baby to get to play them, huh?”

He pointed down between his legs. “Muzzle. Here.”

Tim obeyed, getting back down onto his hands and knees, with his butt to the TV and no sightline of what damage Brett could do to the console, left unchecked. With cloying humiliation, he pressed his head forward until his nose touched the plastic of Brett’s dry diaper.

“Deeper,” he said, forcing Tim to put some real pressure on the diaper, “I have something for you.”

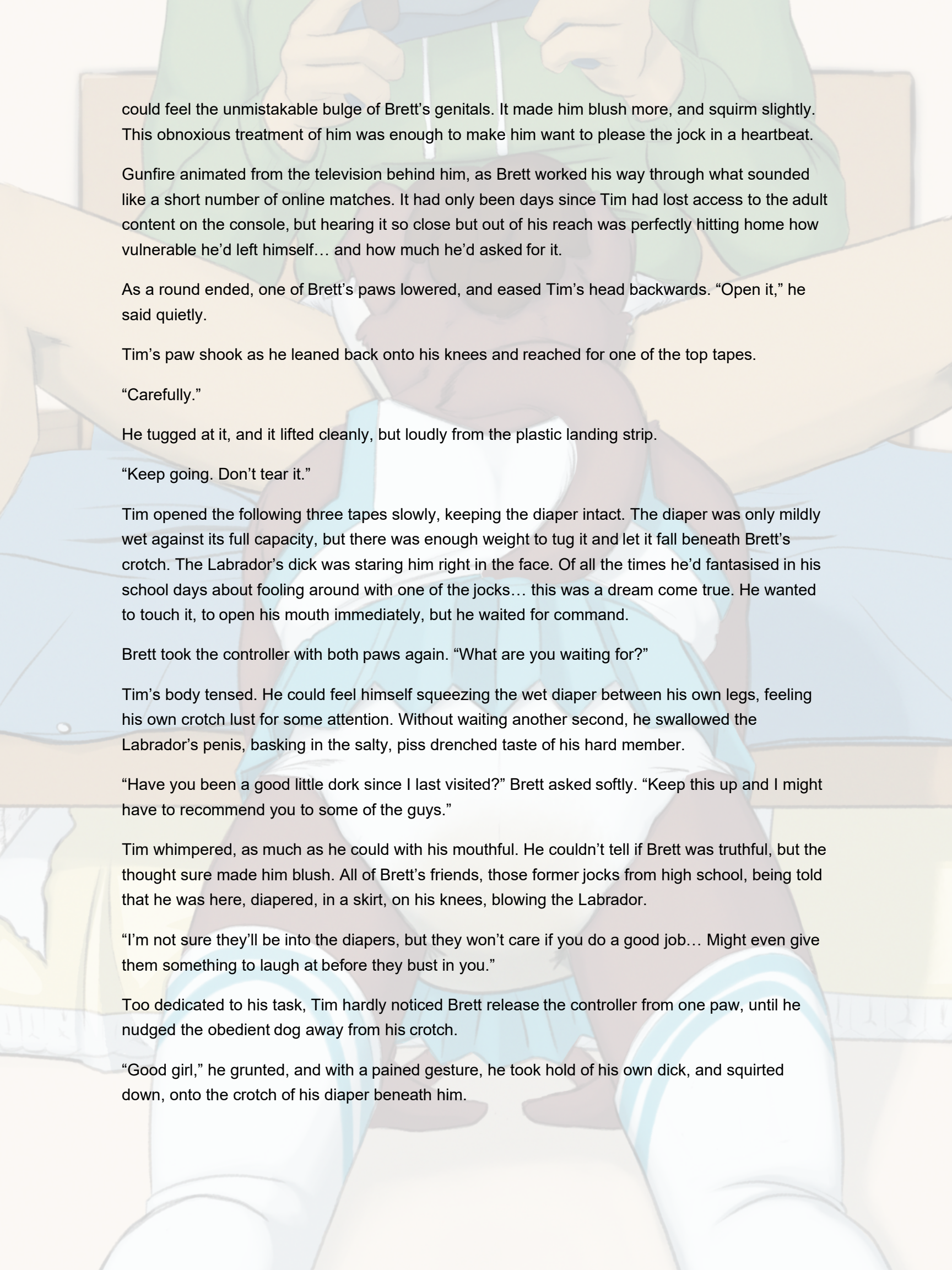
Brett inhaled deeply, freezing. Tim could tell he was trying to piss himself, and it didn’t take long for the stream to start. Being this close to his crotch, Tim heard it fizzle clearly before the warmth spread around his nose. Then the stench followed. He grimaced, but felt himself grow a little tighter in his own diaper as the fresh urine scent escaped the plastic.

“Good girl,” Brett said, patting the boy’s hair. Tim blushed, and kept his head in place.

Brett spread his legs, allowing him to really get his muzzle between the diaper and his thigh.

“Stay put, keep working it... good girl.”

The dork could hear Tim start one of his games. It wasn’t long before the jock was relaxed, resting against some pillows he’d shifted to support the small of his back, and allowing him to spread himself fully for Tim to rub his muzzle all around that diaper. Beneath the newly wet padding, he



could feel the unmistakable bulge of Brett's genitals. It made him blush more, and squirm slightly. This obnoxious treatment of him was enough to make him want to please the jock in a heartbeat.

Gunfire animated from the television behind him, as Brett worked his way through what sounded like a short number of online matches. It had only been days since Tim had lost access to the adult content on the console, but hearing it so close but out of his reach was perfectly hitting home how vulnerable he'd left himself... and how much he'd asked for it.

As a round ended, one of Brett's paws lowered, and eased Tim's head backwards. "Open it," he said quietly.

Tim's paw shook as he leaned back onto his knees and reached for one of the top tapes.

"Carefully."

He tugged at it, and it lifted cleanly, but loudly from the plastic landing strip.

"Keep going. Don't tear it."

Tim opened the following three tapes slowly, keeping the diaper intact. The diaper was only mildly wet against its full capacity, but there was enough weight to tug it and let it fall beneath Brett's crotch. The Labrador's dick was staring him right in the face. Of all the times he'd fantasised in his school days about fooling around with one of the jocks... this was a dream come true. He wanted to touch it, to open his mouth immediately, but he waited for command.

Brett took the controller with both paws again. "What are you waiting for?"

Tim's body tensed. He could feel himself squeezing the wet diaper between his own legs, feeling his own crotch lust for some attention. Without waiting another second, he swallowed the Labrador's penis, basking in the salty, piss drenched taste of his hard member.

"Have you been a good little dork since I last visited?" Brett asked softly. "Keep this up and I might have to recommend you to some of the guys."

Tim whimpered, as much as he could with his mouthful. He couldn't tell if Brett was truthful, but the thought sure made him blush. All of Brett's friends, those former jocks from high school, being told that he was here, diapered, in a skirt, on his knees, blowing the Labrador.

"I'm not sure they'll be into the diapers, but they won't care if you do a good job... Might even give them something to laugh at before they bust in you."

Too dedicated to his task, Tim hardly noticed Brett release the controller from one paw, until he nudged the obedient dog away from his crotch.

"Good girl," he grunted, and with a pained gesture, he took hold of his own dick, and squirted down, onto the crotch of his diaper beneath him.

Tim watched, mesmerised but confused, as he sprayed and leaked the last of his cum onto the wet insides. Not blowing down the back of a throat didn't seem to fit the macho behaviour, so Tim wondered if this is where the assumed persona ended.

As Brett finished, he leaned backward, exhaling sharply. Tim sat quietly on his paws and knees, and watched the Labrador's dick soften. He was still hard himself, uncomfortably poking his own much wetter diaper, and wondered what was next, if anything. It didn't take long to find out.

Brett gathered himself, and carefully removed the diaper from under his butt, holding it up as his gaze then turned to Tim, eyes wickedly flashing.

"You've been a good girl," he said, a little woozy after his orgasm. "You can change your diaper now."

Tim's cheeks flushed as he gasped, with Brett's cum-drizzled diaper hanging above eye-level. He knew better than to protest, and truthfully, his horny compliance compelled him to obey anyway.

Brett patted the bed, laying the diaper flat again, this time with space for Tim as he also stood up off the bed. Tim climbed up nervously, and then sat down, lying back carefully to keep the skirt above his waist and out of the way. He knew it would be easier to remove it for the change, but he also knew it was far more embarrassing to leave on, and he dared not take it off as a result.

Tim sighed, and peeled the tapes on his own diaper away. Brett's used diaper was flat beside him, growing colder by the minute, which should have been enough encouragement to get changed faster, but revealing his dick like this in such an exposed position to Brett was far more embarrassing than he imagined, especially as it popped out almost fully hard, once he pulled the wet padding away.

Brett was smirking, with his own member hanging satisfied beneath his hoody.

Tim cleaned himself up hurriedly, caught between wanting to change his diaper as fast as possible and spare his naked and changing blushes, but hesitant to slide his "new" change under his butt—and his paw did hesitate as he turned his head towards it.


"If you'd prefer it was even *wetter*..." Brett warned, clutching his dick.

Tim squealed, and grasped the rear waistband, turning it and pulling it under his butt, careful not to sit his fur on the tapes. It was perfectly dry at the back, if not feeling fresh. The crotch however, glistened between his legs, above the stain from Brett's single wetting.

He found himself delaying the inevitable, yet again, and Brett stepped forward, between the dork's legs.

"So ungrateful, man," Brett lectured. "Most boys are *begging* for some of me."

The Labrador grabbed the wings of the diaper. Tim wanted to reach out and stop it, but his paws only clung to his duvet instead. Unimpressed, Brett pressed the wet, slick diaper crotch right down onto Tim's erection. The dork gasped, and Brett held one paw there, applying pressure, while he



reached for the tapes. Tim squirmed as his penis throbbed under the weight of the jock's paw, with just enough lubrication from the cum between his skin and the diaper.

Brett taped up one side, the swapped paws, applying pressure yet again. Tim yelled this time, or at least started to, as his yell turned into moan of discomfort, before his legs straightened, shook, and his back fell straight down onto the duvet, no longer propped up by his elbows which had weakened considerably.

It wasn't the dream orgasm he'd want to have with Brett; he was just helplessly grunting as his trapped dick nudged over the end and emptied itself, devoid of real pleasure.

He was too shocked to notice the final two tapes being put in place, as Brett lifted his paw away, the lightbulb flashed in the jock's mind.

"Did you just spunk in your Huggies!?"

Tim lay silent, gathering his breath. The diaper felt considerably more uncomfortable now. The cheerleader outfit more humiliating.

"You did, didn't you?"

Tim rubbed the bridge of his muzzle. Did that really need an answer?

He sat up sheepishly, grimacing as the crotch of the diaper folded beneath his waist and dampened his fur further.

"Guess I'm *that* good," Brett laughed. The Labrador turned, and left the bedroom with his tail wagging seductively above his ass.

Tim wondered what that all meant for him now. He didn't want to ask about his Playstation, but he was worried Brett was seconds away from leaving. He expected to be left in this diaper for a while, just like last time.

He stood up awkwardly, watching the skirt of his sleek outfit bobbing over the padding between his legs, and he dared not take it off, so he followed Brett into the living space, where the jock was putting his shorts back on.

"That really does look good on you," he smirked, "You should borrow it for a while."

Tim blushed as one compliment eroded the embarrassment of being dressed this way for him. For now.

"I gotta bounce anyway," He said slinging his backpack on again. "Text me before you even think about changing."

"Wait!" Tim said, finally, "C-can I have the code back?"

Brett winked. "You should log in and take a look."

Just like that, the cheerleader watched the Labrador leave the apartment. Nervous, he almost ran back to turn on his console after his front door shut. His heart beat faster as it loaded, and he once again found his old profile required a code.

He swapped to the secondary profile Brett had made, and immediately tried to launch the sci fi shooter Brett had been playing. Access denied. He tried something a little less mature, and was denied again. Reluctantly, he tried something that was rated age 7... and it started!

Despite the forced control still hanging over him, Tim smiled, and felt himself wagging against the skirt, thinking about Brett visiting again and earning a further reprieve. Sure, the restrictions would get annoying again quickly, but in this moment at least, it didn't matter at all.











