

Back Alley Blackmail III

Charlie tugged against his leash, but it was a wasted act. It wasn't going to budge from the metal post it was tied to, and his mittened paws couldn't undo the clasp attached to the collar around his neck. He wasn't looking to be so disobedient, but the leash's length left him with two options; kneel or sit, and despite his aching knees he wasn't desperate enough to sit yet. Not like this.

The two other dogs, Dante and Riley, had left like him this. Tied up and humiliated in a store room after dark. Dante had pissed on him before they left. He had no phone, no wallet, no clothes; wearing nothing but a diaper, a collar, and his paws stuck in leather mitts. And the reason he didn't want to sit down? They made him crap his diaper.

Charlie tried to take the pressure off of his knees by getting on all fours. It was a little more degrading being leashed on all fours, even if no one could see him, but it didn't help matters too much. As his knees started to hurt from the concrete floor, he resigned himself to the worse fate. He had no idea when the other dogs would return, and he simply couldn't keep this up for much longer.

He gingerly shifted his weight around, lifting his sore legs and positioning his butt over the floor. With a bracing inhale of breath, he lowered the diaper down slowly. The pressure of his body grew as his cheeks touched the floor, slowly mushing and pushing the mess in his diaper to the front and back.

The Labrador grimaced, grossed out by the sensation, and the smell that perforated his nostrils as he 'disturbed' the contents of his padding. He could at least sigh in relief as he finally relaxed his arms and legs. Now he just had to wait it out, stuck between desperately wanting to be released, and never wanting to see the dogs again.

Charlie sat as patiently as he could, waiting.

The dogs returned eventually, noisily, their laughs disturbing the silence outside the small, high windows. The door creaked open, exposing Charlie on the floor, and this time, they had a friend in tow; a hyena. Hyena, husky, and German Shepherd. Charlie feared things were getting out of control now.

"Axel, meet Charlie," Riley grinned, to which the hyena practically licked his lips.

"In the flesh, finally," Axel smirked, eyeing Charlie from top to bottom. Charlie wriggled self-consciously, completely at unease with no where to hide. "Can't believe he's actually wearing a diaper! And you weren't lying, he definitely shit himself!"

The hyena cackled. It was obnoxious, and did nothing to help Charlie's discomfort.

“Well I did promise we’d change him,” Dante interjected.

Axel smiled, toothily. “We can’t leave a big baby sitting around in his own stink afterall.”

Riley, holding the diaper bag, mostly looked revolted at the idea, and tossed the bag towards Dante. “You’re seriously doing this?”

Dante firmly threw it back at him. “Don’t be a wimp. Just open the bag and give me what I need, when I need it.”

The husky shirked at the bigger dog’s bellowing, and opened Charlie’s bag. “I think we have everything... Do you know how to change a baby though?”

“Clear that table. We’ll handle the rest.” Dante turned to the newest bully in the room, “You still need to piss?”

Axel held his crotch, snorting, “Been holding it too long now.”

Dante towered over Charlie, and released the leash. Dante looked right down into Charlie’s eyes. “Up you get, boy.”

Scared he was going to be pissed on again, Charlie got back on his feet wincing as the hyena stalked closer.

“He’s all wet down the front,” he drawled, staring at Charlie’s crotch before walking around behind. “Better go for the back.”

Charlie tensed up as Axel stood right behind him, pulling back the waistband of his dirty diaper. He could feel the hyena’s gross hot breath right on the back of his head. He smelled a little of beer, though didn’t appear to be drunk.

He shuddered, hearing Axel’s shorts unzip, the hyena fumbling around before there was silence, no movement, and a sudden warm stream of piss splashing down the arch of Charlie’s back. It ran through his fur, between his cheeks, filling the seat of the diaper, making everything feel just a little more unpleasant.

Charlie didn’t dare move as Axel’s bladder continued to empty for what felt like an age. The diaper swelled, and started to sag. Axel drew himself backwards, shaking his cock against Charlie’s fur, before reseating it in his shorts. Charlie exhaled nervously, and Axel’s paw suddenly, roughly squished the seat of his diaper up against his ass. He jolted forward as piss dribbled out either side of the leg bands, and down his thigh.

Axel cackled again. “Yep, this baby needs a change *right now*. He’s leaking!”

“Uh oh,” Dante grinned wickedly.

Riley had swept a couple of loose items and boxes away from a long work surface, running perpendicular to the stock shelves surrounding them. Dante nudged Charlie towards, who stumbled and carried himself lightly, disgusted by the mess around his butt cheeks.

He clambered up onto the surface, and laid himself down as best he could. The end of the shelves lay behind his head, but there was nothing but open space surrounding him everywhere else. The three dogs had him from every other angle. Flat on his back, with his diaper exposed and ready to be changed, he felt more vulnerable now than at any point over the past two previous nights.

“Riley, give me the cuffs from your bag,” Dante ordered, with Charlie raising himself onto his elbows immediately in a panic. Dante’s paw flew around, pointing a thick finger at Charlie. “Don’t you move an inch, or I’m leaving you for the staff to find tomorrow morning.”

Charlie gulped and lay down flat again as Riley passed a set of handcuffs to the German Shepherd. Both Dante and Axel grabbed one of Charlie’s mittened-paws each, and wrestled them up behind his head, fastening them together with the cuffs behind a metal post on the shelving rack. Charlie could tug all he liked, but once again he was going nowhere.

“Where’s his pacifier?” Dante grumbled, with Riley dutifully picking it up from the floor where Charlie previously sat.

Dante pushed it against Charlie’s muzzle, with him taking it without question. “You’re gonna be a good puppy and let us do our job, right? I don’t wanna hear a peep from you.”

Charlie nodded, wide-eyed with fear, with Dante smirking and ruffling the top of his head.

“Let’s get this baby out of his dirty Huggies,” Axel laughed, flexing his fingers. “Nurse, have you got something fresh for him to wear?”

“Uhhh,” Riley hesitated while checking the diaper bag. “There’s three different diapers in here.”

“All of them,” Axel responded immediately, “I want to see the big puppy waddle home.”

Charlie squirmed silently, biting down on his pacifier. The thoughts of being imminently changed were starting to arouse him. Despite all of his fear, there was something deep rooted, baseline, about how exciting it was to be changed like this. Even if they were going to wrap three diapers around his butt.

“Brace yourself, Riley,” Dante snorted, poking one finger at the first tape on the used diaper. Both Axel and Dante peeled away the tapes from either side, lifting the sticky diaper away from Charlie’s crotch. The labrador groaned involuntarily as his penis freed itself, and thickened.

“Looks like the baby likes getting his diaper changed,” Axel laughed, though covering his muzzle while revealing the labradors dirty fur, “and he really needed it too...”

Dante glared at the hyena, “This was your idea, don’t wimp out now... Riley, wipes.”

The husky fished them from the bag, passing them along, while Dante tried to work out the logistics. Charlie tried to lie as best he could to welcome the change, but he just felt degraded as his butt sat in the slimy mess, with his cock pointing sky high.

Dante took some wipes, and Axel took hold of Charlie’s ankles. They both started to clean Charlie with ease, while Riley tried to be diligent but just looked like he wanted to throw up.

Charlie’s face burned blushes as his lower half was jerked around against his will. Eventually, the dirty diaper was removed from under his levitated bottom, where his cheeks were thoroughly wiped, and his hole given an exaggerated number of swipes. He tried not to moan behind the pacifier, to avoid giving the dogs any reason to bring more attention to his arousal, but his own body betrayed him.

“Oh my god, he’s pre-cumming,” Axel cackled, “Look at that little dick go!”

Charlie whined, raising his head immediately to see a shiny string from his tip to his crotch, as the three dogs started to laugh.

Dante, with a wipe in his paw, firmly gripped Charlie’s erect shaft. “Puppy really likes this, huh? Three big dogs changing a little baby pup’s diaper?”

Charlie tensed up, arching his back from the table as Dante took hold of him. He couldn’t stop his muzzle opening wide, almost losing the pacifier, as the powerful sensation took over. His balls were so tight, his cock felt so loaded. He was so deep into a humiliated, submissive state that he couldn’t answer or confirm Dante’s statement.

Axel whipped one of Charlie’s legs up into the air, and delivered a crashing smack onto Charlie’s cheek. The Labrador cried out, losing the pacifier this time.

“Answer me, boy,” Dante bellowed, squeezing his grip on Charlie’s dick.

He wriggled, breathless on the table, desperately trying to get words out. “Y-y-yes!”

Dante relaxed his grip, but rested it within his paw. He watched it twitch, dribbling more pre-cum down onto the baby wipe. “Then say it.”

Charlie tried to ignore the three dogs looking down on him, closing his eyes, and trying to repeat the condescending statement. “I like three dogs changing me.”

Both of his ankles were hoisted into the air by the alpha dogs, where more, repeated thunderous strikes were brought down on his backside.

“Big dogs. Little baby pup’s diaper.” Dante warned as they released his legs.

Charlie pulled against the cuffs, wishing to bury his face in his paws, but managed to squeeze out what they wanted to hear. “I like three big dogs changing my little baby pup diaper.”

“At last,” Axel laughed, as Dante ordered more diapers from the husky holding the bag.

As expected, the dogs were true to their word as Dante unfolded each of the three diapers, sliding them under Charlie as Axel lifted his legs once more. As good as it felt to be clean again, he knew he was in trouble wearing anything of this thickness outside of his apartment.

“You need to make holes, like this,” Axel said, grabbing the inner diaper, and piercing the plastic haphazardly with his thumb, and tearing it downwards, splitting the diaper roughly. He did the same with the second diaper, before letting them rest flat again between Charlie’s thighs.

Dante nodded in appreciation. “Riley, what else have we got? Powder? Lotion?”

“Both actually,” he replied, perking up since the mess had be cleared up.

Dante broke out into a smile, looking down at Charlie’s still-erect member. “Lotion first, then get the baby’s phone out and start recording this.”

Dante took the pink bottle, as Charlie looked up in fear, squirting some onto his giant paw, which he planted right below Charlie’s balls, massaging it deeply into the fur. Charlie exhaled, withdrawing down the table as the cool lotion covered him, and felt Dante’s paw slide north, cupping his balls, and moving onto his shaft. Charlie gasped, as his cock was already nearing bursting point, with Dante slowly tightening his fingers once again on to the pup’s shaft.

“I know you love this. Being scared, being our little bitch in diapers,” Dante said, looking Charlie right in the eye, “so if you prove it, if you cum, while having your shitty diaper changed like the little omega pup you are, then you can have it all back. Your phone, the videos we took, everything. How does that sound?”

Despite his raging erection, Charlie didn’t want to cum for these dogs. Not like this, not against his will. Certainly not to validate the twisted torment they’d forced him to endure. He was already suffering too much shame in front of the dogs, that he didn’t want to blow his load AND have to endure getting thickly diapered and sent home. “Please don’t,” he whispered, shaking at how much his dick wanted to unload.

“No?” Dante replied, while sliding into a stroke, “You don’t want this? You’d rather we kept you on a leash? Blackmailed you over and over? Recorded more videos of how much of a pervert you are?”

Axel and Riley stood still, in silence, respectively perplexed and fascinated by what was happening in front of them.

Charlie was so confused. His cock trembled, oozing pre-cum, and he wanted Dante's teasing strokes to continue. It was a nightmare for him, but he knew he wanted more.

"Or is it you'd rather blow it in your Huggies. That sounds more fitting for you. Did we take you out of that dirty diaper far too soon?"

Charlie needed more. It was too much. He knew he'd regret it instantly... but he started to beg. "Please..." he whispered again.

"Please what?" Dante questioned strictly, his paw holding Charlie's cock, but not moving a millimeter.

"Please... keep stroking," Charlie pleaded quietly. Dante's paw touching him was too much. He wanted to be disgusted by the bully's actions, to be soft, but his urges had taken over.

Dante stroked some more, slowly, and they watched the Labrador heave, powerless and desperate.

"He really fucking gets off on this stuff..." Riley said, stunned.

"Don't make him cum, Dante," Axel laughed, "not yet."

"Ugh, please..!" Charlie whimpered as Dante relaxed his touch.

The three dogs watched it twitch, as Charlie humped the air helplessly, almost willing it to squirt by itself. He was so close, tortured by being stuck on the edge like this.

"Where do baby puppies squirt?" Dante asked, as Charlie rattled the cuffs against the metal shelf.

"In diapers!" he yelled, hoping it would just end it all.

"That's right!" Axel chuckled obnoxiously.

"Powder," Dante barked at Riley, who immediately obeyed. The German Shepherd upended the bottle, shaking roughly and dumping the contents all over Charlie's thighs, crotch and belly.

"Diaper number one," Axel smiled, pulling the inner layer over Charlie's straining, wet penis, and fastened the tapes. Charlie thought he might blow there and then as the diaper closed around him.

Axel motioned for Riley to join in, as the husky circled round to between Charlie's legs.

"Uhh, diaper number two!" he smiled, mockingly, as he lifted the next layer and sealed it shut.

Charlie heaved once more. He was too close now, and wanted nothing more than to free one of his paws and finish the job.

Dante stepped forward to finish the job, grabbing the last layer, then folding tightly so his palm pressed right down where Charlie's cock was trapped. "Diaper. Number. Three." he growled, as the pressure from his paw and all the layers pushed Charlie over the edge.

Charlie moaned, straining against his cuffs as Axel held his shaking legs firmly so Dante could finish the job. Tape after tape, Charlie was placed in the third and final layer, but he barely noticed, as he buried his face against his arm as his cock shot waves of cum inside his padding.

"That's the most pathetic thing I've ever seen," Axel sneered, seeing cum dribble over the waistband, along his tummy, as Charlie lay stunned on the table.

"Riley, put his things away," Dante ordered as he unlocked the cuffs binding Charlie to the shelves.

Charlie was relieved to see his paws set free from the mitts, and shakily sat himself up silently on the table. The diapers were so thick between his thighs, and his balls ached a little, despite the 'relief'. He did regret asking to cum now, and wanted to get out of here and get home, away from the dogs as fast as possible.

"Down you get," Dante growled, nudging him off the table.

Charlie landed awkwardly on his feet, his head still swirling from the orgasm moments ago.

Dante thrust Charlie's diaper bag into his arms. "Everything we took last night is in there. We keep our word."

Charlie nodded appreciatively as he clutched the bag awkwardly, slinging it over his shoulder.

"Don't forget this!" Axel laughed tossing the rolled up dirty diaper from before into Charlie's hands. "Carry it all the way to the trash. Don't dare let me find you littered with it."

Dante placed a paw on Charlie's shoulder, and the pup nearly expected to be comforted. Instead, Dante wheeled him towards the exit. Charlie was still wearing nothing but the diaper, and as he tried to mumble a protest, Dante said he hoped his clothes were where Charlie left them.

"I knew you'd beg for it by the way," Dante's bassy voice breathed into Charlie's ear as he held him firmly by the shoulder, "When you get yourself home, and the shock wears off... next time you get a little boner and you start jerking, you'll think about us, what we did, and how much you'll crave this again. How much you *need* it. No other date is going to live up to this. We'll be waiting. All you need to do is beg."

Charlie turned back to Dante, stunned, broken, but defiant, but only saw the heavy door swing shut. He was alone, practically naked, and holding a smelly diaper in the dark.

There was no way what Dante had said was right, was there? He might have cum, but it was against his will. He never would have begged if he wasn't forced to the edge... He felt disgusted about the whole thing... but he had bigger problems right now, and prayed his clothes were where he left them.

He waddled to the dumpsters, and much to his relief, his backpack was there. He dropped the used diaper and fumbled his way to opening his bag. He slid into his tee shirt easily, but suffered when trying to get his shorts on. They barely came up over the thick bulk, but he managed to squeeze it. It'd be an awkward, paranoid trip home, but it really could have been a lot worse.

With the backpack and diaper bag over his shoulders, he remembered the gross diaper on the ground. He tried opening the dumpsters, but whichever business owned them had them padlocked shut. He swore, knowing he couldn't just hide it isn't the alley, not wanting to risk pissing off any of the dogs after finally escaping their control. He hurried as fast as his legs could walk, dressed as he was. There were trash cans at the end of the alley, by the roadside, and a sure way to actually dump this thing.

As Charlie reached the trash, he forced the thick, balled-up diaper through the hole, before realizing two wolves were loitering nearby. One of them stared, sniffing the air, and looking Charlie up and down, before he burst out laughing.

"You shit yourself, little pup?" the other one said, "You smell like spunk too. Nasty."

Charlie should have been beyond blushing at this point, but he did anyway, and waddled off in the opposite direction as quickly as he could, giving the wolves a fine view of his thickly padded backside wiggling under the tight shorts.

it never occurred to Charlie to take the three diapers off, and no one had exactly forced him to wear them all of the way home. Maybe he did enjoy all the humiliation just a bit, even if he didn't realise it.

