

# TRASH



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“I’m TuffDaddy,” the bear beamed widely, “or Mark!”

*Oh, fuck off,* the hyena thought immediately.

Spike had just walked through the heavy double doors obscuring his local’s not-so well kept secret; a modest fetish club that hosted all sorts of depraved interests that locals and visitors found themselves jerking off to.

Besieged by bass, lights, and scents; music, sweat, piss, the club was in full flow, as he’d hoped, having turned up more than two hours after opening.

He was here for one particular theme night; for the diapers, for the giant babies. And he was going to reveal the club’s ridiculous sight to everyone he could on YouTube. This was his chance to blow his follower count wide open. How could anyone resist laughing at a bunch of adult dorks acting like infants?

And Spike was face to face with one of them now, unexpectedly unable to make a quiet entrance as a newbie.

“*TuffDaddy’s*” huge paw dropped to shake the hyena’s in welcome. Spike tried not to freeze on the spot, and as he took the bear’s great paw, his eyes were drawn to the massive, bulging, yellow diaper between two thick furry thighs. Spike gulped. It was so weird seeing one like this for the first time.

“I’m Spi- Simon,” Spike lied, standing there awkwardly. He hadn’t anticipated it, but he felt even more out of place just wearing his clothes.

“Do you want a diaper to wear?”

He absolutely did *not*, but Spike couldn’t raise any suspicions. He tried to play it shyly.

“Uhh, later, maybe,” he false-stammered, trying to flash a wry smile at the bear.

The bear smiled flatly. “No problem, kiddo, you just let me know if you want one. On the house.”

“Sure,” replied the hyena, before making an excuse to escape. As if he would *touch* a diaper tonight.

As he left, the bear caught someone walking past, staff or a helper, and reminded them to check the pail in the changing rooms as “a lot of wet diapers had piled up”. Spike tried to conceal a snicker. This was going to be golden.

The club itself was more than he imagined. It was one thing to laugh at photographs of these people online, but seeing them in the flesh was jaw-dropping. Dogs, bears, cats, wolves... more species than he could count, each one of them in diapers of different sizes, colours. Some in baby clothes, some with more relaxed outfits, and some in leather, rubber, or nothing *but* a diaper. They were drinking, chatting, dancing, wetting themselves. It... it was perfect, but it made him uneasy, like he was in unfriendly territory. He just needed to get his footage, and get out.

He tried not to look around too nervously as he fumbled his phone out of his shorts. He slinked into a dark corner, out of the eye-line of the barman and “Daddy”, and hoped no random attendee would notice him. He had a clear view of enough of the “babies”, of the weirdness, and with a growing urge to get out soon, he pressed record, and held his phone down by his side, trying not to arouse suspicion.

Feeling brave, he strolled from the corner to the bar, trying not to stare, or smirk, letting the camera take in whatever it could. He was almost used to a wet diaper being wrapped around almost everyone here, but the baby clothes were just plain strange to see. He looked forward to laughing back on this later, when he could review the footage in the comfort of his bedroom.

As the hyena approached the bar to get himself a drink to blend in with, a heavy paw clamped down on his shoulder. He turned around, startled, to TuffDaddy standing behind him.

“Listen, Simon...” the bear said tentatively, “There’s a strict no photography rule here, I’m not sure what you’re doing but I need to take a look at your phone. For the privacy respects of everyone here.”

TuffDaddy wasn’t forceful, but Spike was obviously busted. His phone was still down by his side, concealed from view, and he carefully locked it instinctively, to pop it back into his pocket, hopefully unnoticed.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he replied firmly. Spike knew he was busted. A newbie, and not wearing a diaper, he’d likely aroused suspicion too easily. Maybe he’d pushed his luck too far, or assumed he’d be invisible here.

“Please, kid, don’t make this difficult,” TuffDaddy pleaded. He clearly resented having to confront like this.

Spike knew his wisest move was to cut his losses and get out, so he tried to play it off as offence, and leave the club. But as he tried to storm beyond the bear, a Saint Bernard towered before him.

“Alright, Duke... He’s all yours,” the bear said, hand-waving away the hyena.

Spike was now blocked, with no opportunity to run for the doors; the hulking Saint Bernard was covering enough ground, and anyone close by enough had turned their heads to what was going on. Escape looked impossible, but Spike only dug his heels further.

“You heard the bear. Show me your phone, “ Duke growled.

The dog stood head and shoulders above the hyena, with a leather harness tightly buckled across his chest, and of course, a fat diaper on too. Flecks of greying fur spread across his muzzle. Spike would never had thought a man in a diaper to be intimidating, but he was now reconsidering that thought. This guy looked far more like the tough daddy that the bear had named himself.

“We just want you to delete the footage, kid, then you can leave.”

But Spike ignored the offer and opted to run, and in trying to escape, he was shoulder-blocked by one brave diaper wolf. Off balance, he tried to lash out at the wolf’s shin, but the hyena’s feeble kick’s only real impact was forcing Duke’s hand. Before he could take one further step, the gorilla-like arms of the dog lifted the hyena off the floor from behind, carrying him in a bear-hug, and pinning his arms out of use.

Spike tried to kick further, but while the dog was able to take it, he was far from pleased.

“Get this trash out of here!” the diapered wolf blurted, while rubbing his shin.

Spike was too busy spewing expletives to realise he wasn’t being dragged to the exit, but instead taken into one of the changing rooms and dumped hard on his ass onto a padded table.

“You got one more chance kid,” Duke warned, easily blocking the only exit out of the small room. There’d be no getting past him now.

“This is a sanctuary. I’m not letting you take that footage out of here.”

Spike sat up, unwilling to play the dog’s games, and wrinkled his muzzle. A big pile of used diapers sat in a plastic bin, with fresh ones stacked along a small table beside him. They were interrogating him in a freaky diapering room! Spike wanted to bare his teeth, but just started to laugh at the ridiculousness of his situation.

“Alright, you little shit,” Duke huffed in frustration. “Guys!”

Spike’s eyes bulged as several of the dogs and bears entered the tight changing room.

“If any of you weird perverts so much as *touches* me I’m calling the police!”

Duke rolled his eyes. "I've spanked, diapered and babied at least three cops... Guys, we need to teach our trespasser a lesson. Show him how much fun he could have here, if he'd just open his eyes a little bit."

Spike's body went rigid as his bravado turned to fear. The diapered guys circled him on the table, and even with nowhere to go, his fight *and* flight instincts kicked in, trying to leap and punch his way off the changing table.

It was of course to no use, as five of them were easily able to subdue and flatten the hyena. He snapped, snarled, and swore, but completely powerless to the club goers's desires, Spike found his clothes being ripped away; his shorts pulled easily down his legs and his shirt tearing slightly as it was pulled over his unruly head.

He feared they were about to put him in a diaper, proving how perverted they really were, but it was worse than that.

"You called him 'Trash'", Duke mused, eye-balling the bin of wet diapers already stripped away that night. "We haven't done an All-Fours Special in a while..."

It wasn't in Spike's comprehension to have a wet diaper put back on someone, but as Duke fished one out of the pile, bulging and stained yellow, Spike's immediate future dawned on him as Duke carefully unfolded it.

*No. Fucking. Way.*

Spike raged against his captors with no success. They'd all pay for this! He'd expose them for what they'd do tonight.

The diapered wolf held up Spike's phone, easily taken from the shorts he was no longer wearing.

"It's locked with a PIN," the wolf said, "Dickhead, you can save yourself a truckload of trouble. What's the code?"

If Spike had just answered, or even begged or apologised, he probably never would have ended up in diapers, but the hyena was too busy frothing at the mouth in his anger and humiliation. He ignored the wolf's question, and their plans proceeded unflinchingly. Spike's legs were pulled wide apart, and Duke gently laid the wet diaper down flat on the table between them. He wasn't giving up his code, or the footage, and when he made it out of here tonight he was going to *destroy* these guys online.

The hyena was in no control of his body as his thighs and butt were lifted from the table, and lowered back down onto the damp diaper pushed underneath. He threatened them all again, trying to kick and fight as the soaked, cold front of the diaper was draped over his crotch, pressing down on his dick. It sent a shiver up his spine, to know not just what a wet diaper felt like, but a diaper stained in an unknown stranger's piss.

It caught the hyena off-guard, silencing his restricted rampage in its tracks as he felt Duke pull the tapes up on either side, and really sealing the filth on tightly. He felt like he stopped breathing such was the shock of being diapered, until he dared to look downwards, and saw himself with a big yellow crotch. He looked just like the rest of them.

"You FUCKING pricks!" he yelled, trying to swing his limbs in any way he could.

"Can we shut him up?" one of the bears complained, and Spike discovered that was worryingly easy to do in a fetish club. A thick leather muzzle was fastened tightly around his head, despite his protests, leaving little part of his body with any real ability now.

Yet still, Duke clearly wasn't done putting an end to the hyena's violent outbursts, as he resumed rummaging in the diaper pile, and lifted an arm full of them to drop on the table between Spike's twitching legs.

The hyena could only stare in scared confusion, unable to grasp why more wet diapers had been selected. He was already wearing one!

But the rest were going on his body too, as he soon realised. With his legs pinned and his paws exposed, the next thing Spike felt was one of the wet diapers being wrapped around his paw as his leg was held firmly to the table. The diaper taped tightly shut, nearly doubling over itself. It felt just as weird, cold, and damp, unlike anything he'd ever felt.

"Whuh d-fu-," he tried to mumble, defeated and confused, before the same fate befell his other paw.

Two more wet diapers remained, and tears started to escape Spike's eyes as he knew where they were going. He wanted to scream his lock code now, to do anything but suffer any further humiliation, but the muzzle was too tight. It was too late. He couldn't barter his freedom until they let him.

Pissy diapers were taped over his paws, as he tightened them into fists in discomfort. They somehow felt worse around his wrists than his ankles.

They had him firmly in place now, gimped out like a quadruped, and "helped" him down on the hard floor. His paws immediately squished downward into the wet padding as he rested on all fours. It was gross, unsettling, and he couldn't avoid it.

Spike looked up at them pleadingly, whimpering and trying to beg, but if they knew he was broken, if he was done for, they were ignoring it for now in order to have their fun. What a huge mistake sneaking in had turned out to be.

A thick collar followed, as Spike sat there willingly, its inside fitted with small, dull metal bumps that he felt as it was buckled around his neck. As a leash was clicked into place, he realised what the bumps were for, as any resistance against its tether would see the collar dig in to his neck uncomfortably. And with his thickly diapered paws, he had zero ways to ease that pressure, as the diapered men, dwarfing him from above now, started to walk him back to the main room of the club, an example of his trespassing for everyone to see.

He couldn't fight the shame of being exposed, lest he wanted to feel the unpleasant choking of the collar, but crawling with any speed was also difficult with the shifting, squishy diaper under each paw; every "step" of his front paws feeling like it was on wet, uneven terrain.

Duke held the leash handle with pleasure as they escaped the changing room and Spike crawled into the view of fifty diapered men. It was thoroughly degrading, feeling the wetness of strangers' pissy diapers move against his crawling, and despite being on display, he was incredibly relieved when they came to a stop, and he could rest a little.

The partying was in full flow now, with a collection of diapered crotches either dancing or lingering just above the hyena's head, getting wetter and wetter. So deep was he in the scents of piss, that he'd long forgotten the freshness of the outside air.

As they drank more, the night got more outlandish. The dogs and bears that helped hold him in place in the changing room were sure to check in, drunkly belittling, and ruffling the hyena's head like he was a pet. As one of the dogs pressed his wet diaper against the whining hyena's face, Spike wondered how long he'd been stuck this way, and when he'd be set free. How he wished he could take it all back.

All it took for things to change, was for a drunk husky to point and exclaim loudly that Spike badly needed a change. Spike blushed and growled, furiously. It wasn't like he'd pissed it himself!

This caught the attention of some of the surrounding onlookers, to which Duke happily played the crowd and admitted that maybe Spike *should* be changed after all. He felt the tension of the leash tighten.

Spike wasn't dumb enough to think being "changed" meant he would be getting out of diapers, but if the muzzle came off, then he could try and beg for this to all end. He tried to whimper, desperately to get Duke's attention for this reason, but the dominant Saint Bernard only seemed to take this as a protest, and tugged on the leash. Spike squealed, shifting his weight on the diapered paws with an awful squish.

Spike was ordered on to his back, which was relief enough to get the pressure off the diapers. The crowd whooped and hollered as Duke was handed a new diaper. Spike whined, feeling his irritation and

impatience grow as he realised he was getting put in another diaper after all. It was a clean one this time, but that was a very small concession.

Duke passed the leash to a bear, and made fast, theatrical work of the diaper change. Spike felt the gross wet one being ripped open tape by tape, with his legs lifted and the diaper tossed to one side more elegantly than he could ever expect from an adult diaper change.

The bear left the leash dangle low, then placed the slack under his foot, keeping Spike's neck to the floor, with nowhere to escape to as his gimped body was forced into another diaper.

The crowd cheered and laughed as he was sprawled out naked, dick exposed, and legs dangling from the grip of a bigger dog lifting his butt off of the floor. He felt so ashamed, so objectified, and tried to cover his face before remembering the weighty, smelly diapers attached to each paw.

This was torturous.

Duke dropped his butt on a fresh diaper, the comfort of which was immeasurable after the cold used one he'd been forced into. But the comfort couldn't mask the sheer embarrassment the hyena felt as baby powder was dunked over him messily, and slapped between his cheeks and thighs. Before he could so much as muffle a protest, the new diaper was tugged up between his legs and taped over his crotch, bellowing powder as it was pressed firmly around his waist.

And to think every one of these freaks in the club *liked* this type of thing.

Spike's second relief came as the rest of the wet diapers were removed from him, under the strict warning that he obey himself. The muzzled hyena could only glare, and obey.

The bear loosened the tension in the leash, and handed it back to Duke, who allowed Spike to get back on his knees at least. He just hoped the muzzle would follow next.

"You've been such good entertainment, that some of the boys have bought you some drinks," Duke smirked, "and you wouldn't be rude enough to turn them down now would you?"

Spike merely looked up at the dog from behind the muzzle, which was then removed, to which he stayed obediently silent.

He wanted to bargain his way out of this, but couldn't find his voice with the threat of the collar and leash still present. The crowd got noisy again as one of the beers was passed to Duke, who tipped it towards the hyena's muzzle. He opened wide, taking it, only for Duke to tip the glass up and up, emptying the entire contents into the hyena's mouth.

Spike couldn't keep up as the crowd cheered louder, and beer spilled out, running down his neck and chest. Duke kept the glass at a tilt nonetheless, until he swallowed as much as he could muster, before choking and spitting the remnants on the floor.

The crowd's encouragement rose into a cheering climax, and he was given a swift pat on the back, before Duke was handed another drink. They couldn't be serious... Spike tread to plead, but Duke gave him a stern enough look before pointing the glass at his face.

He wasn't an idiot. Besides maybe trying to get him drunk, he knew that they were giving him drinks immediately after putting him in a diaper for a reason...

Spike drank the second pint as fast as he could, and then the third. His stomach was full, and he felt a mess as the abundance of alcohol went straight to his head.

Lightheaded, he stumbled into Duke, who caught the boy with both paws. The beer was hitting him fast, and his bladder even faster. He wasn't going to piss himself like one of these perverts, but with his legs feeling like jelly, he wasn't so sure he could hold it back if they pressed him into drinking more.

"Last orders, boys..."

As Spike watched Duke raise his paw for more beers before the bar shut, after grinning down at the hyena, his silence finally broke. "Stop..." He looked up at Duke, grimaced, and told him the code.

It was as if everything came to a halt, as the wolf holding Spike's phone was beckoned over. It happened so easily; his phone unlocking, and the video that landed him in so much trouble vanished. Finally, he could walk out of here, humiliated, but free.

The tipsy hyena rubbed his face as the collar was unbuckled. They were letting him go! He felt so stupid, so stubborn to allow it to get this far and end up empty handed and humiliated. Why hadn't he just given in at the start and cut his losses?

As Spike tried to fumble downwards to get the diaper off, uncaring if his dick was on show again, and just wanting to go relieve himself *anywhere* else, he was interrupted by Duke once again lifting him off his feet, and tossing him over the Saint Bernard's shoulder.

*"Almost closing time...take the trash outside."*

The shock almost caused him to release his bladder, and wet himself, but he held firm as the penny dropped. He was the trash.

The hyena, expecting his freedom and having learned no lesson so far, pleaded at and kicked the Saint Bernard as best he could, which wasn't very much at all.

There was no deterring Duke, buoyed by the enthusiasm for the club to finally see their trespasser hauled out. Spike heard the last of the cheers, the loudest of the night, as the fire exit was pushed open and the fresh air of the night washed over them.

"Put me down! You got what you wanted!" he spat to no avail, as Duke continued to march, until the resolution of his night hit him; they were striding right towards a small dumpster. A small dumpster with a hint of large white mounds over its edge. It was stocked with used diapers.

"No! Please! I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" he cried in hysterics, "Don't do this!" Not that he was truly remorseful, but only because he was faced with a new, terrifying humiliation.

"I'm the one who's sorry," Duke lamented, cruelly, as he stopped close enough to the dumpster for the stench of piss and ammonia to waft upwards. "Last night was a *heavy* night."

Spike stopped struggling just enough to get a good look at the dirty-white balls of diapers. It was a horrifying sight. A sight that didn't last too long, as Duke turned and tipped him head-first straight into the mound.

The hyena could barely yell before his face and body bore its way into the diapers, swallowing and trapping him with his legs in the air, as the cold, wet, smelly plastics squeezed against him.

He spluttered and cried out as he tried to turn himself the right way up, finding wet diapers to be terrible structural leverage. He finally achieved it with a fury, his head breaking free as the diapers broke from their balled-up state, clinging to his fur as he brushed them off with extreme force.

Spike stood up to his nipples in used diapers as his paws sank to the bottom of the dumpster, barely able to clamber high enough to get himself out of the dumpster.

Duke had already vanished away back to the fire door, where the wolf was waiting outside, holding Spike's clothes and phone in his arms and stifling a laugh, as he placed the items on the ground.

The hyena bared his teeth. He wanted to scream, stuck pathetically where he was.

"You're welcome back any time, by the way!" Duke called, with a wave, before both of them vanished inside as the fire exits closed behind them, muffling the noise of the club.

Spike cried out in anger, desperate to get free, as the cramp in his bladder increased incredulously.

With both paws on the edge of the dumpster, he managed to kick and step his way onto a stable grounding of wet diapers, before tossing himself over the top and slamming into the concrete.

He lay, sore, on the ground as the shock hit him and his bladder released. A drunken mess, he flooded the diaper he'd been put in, as if he needed one final crescendo to send off his nightmare of a night.

He climbed to his feet, disgusted at the wetness around his crotch, before tearing the sides away and throwing the diaper towards the club in anger, achieving absolutely nothing as it twisted in the air and crumpled to the ground.

Spike scooped up his clothes, dressing in a hurry, desperate to leave and never set sight on the club or its occupants ever again.

