

## The Diapered Wrestler

Chris walked in with a goofy, nearly idiotic grin on his face as he walked across the gymnasium floor and something was off. His team members stared at him as he waddled towards the wrestling mats dressed in a tight pair of sweatpants and no shirt. His usually hairless body was covered in a carpet of hair and seemed larger than normal. Bulkier than it should have been. But what seemed weirdest was that his hips and butt seemed to bulge out as if something were underneath his sweatpants.

He waved to his friends in an over-excited manner and dropped his bag at the bleachers before he walked towards them. They could see something was different; in the way he walked, in the way he sounded, in the way he – smelled? When he hugged his friends they were all assaulted with a horrible stench. A mixture of piss and shit. Each of them recoiled from his touch, and it only got weird when a goofy pleasurable look crossed his face. And with a smirk, he squatted down slightly, squeezed his hands and his face and what followed was horrendous.

*FBBBBBBRRRRRTTT*

The gymnasium was filled with the stench and the sound of a fart that was clearly accompanied by a load of shit. The wet sound of Chris's asshole as it gaped open and the squish noise that followed made several of his teammates run away, while others were too confused to look away. Chris groaned in enjoyment as he squeezed his butt, playing with whatever deposited into his sweatpants. He looked towards his friends and lifted his leg like a dog.

*FFFBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRTTTT*

Another fart, possibly louder and worse smelling than the first filled the air around Chris, and when the two smells hit his friend's senses their eyes began to burn from the stench. While Chris sniffed the air and rubbed the front of his pants, massaging his cock, while he inhaled the putrid smells in the air. Several left him in his goofy, farting, shitting state, but before the last few could figure out what was happening to their friend the coach ordered them to break it up and break into teams to practice. All of them ran from the strange acting Chris – all but David got away.

The two teammates took their positions and readied themselves for the whistle. Chris leaned in towards the center, ready to wrestle, but he instead just arched his back and farted once more. David, being taller than Chris could see how the seat of his sweatpants bulged out and swelled. He really was shitting himself, and David was about to wrestle that nasty shit. Before David could quit, Chris lunged at his friend and tackled him to the ground and pinned him under his expansive body and shitty ass. If Chris was unsure before, he was 100% sure that his friend had shit himself several times from the smell and

the feeling of it as it was pressed against his face. David thrashed underneath his friend's heavier body but Chris had him pinned tightly underneath his beefy body and shitty ass. David nearly puked at the stench of whatever was in Chris's sweatpants and the *squish* sound that came every time Chris bounced on his face. David wanted to scream for help but he feared the tastes that would enter his mouth if he opened it.

But as David tried to break free of his captors hold Chris continued to push out more farts, and more shit into his pants until the smell had invaded David's body. The smell had become too much for him to hold himself against and he felt his mind grow foggier, his body seemed heavier, the stench seemed – pleasant? David's attempts to break free lessened as the odor became less horrendous and more pleasurable. He could feel the smell as it rewrote his mind until it no longer smelled bad, and he wanted to add to it. Chris lifted himself slightly from David's face and David immediately pressed his face into the shitty backside of Chris's pants and sniffed long and deep and he let out a groan that matched Chris's; goofy and slightly idiotic.

Chris grabbed onto his sweatpants and pulled it underneath his rump and showed his friend that he wasn't shitting his pants or his singlet. But underneath that thin piece of spandex was a diaper that looked so overly inflated with shit and piss that it looked ready to break. David pressed his face into the back of the shitty diaper and chewed on the diaper. He was lost to it. He was a slave to the scent and the mess within the diaper. So much that he wanted to make it grow. David felt his stomach grumble as his cock grew completely erect in his shorts. David squeezed hard and pushed out a wet fart and a heavy load into his own singlet. Not wearing anything but a jockstrap underneath; the mess expanded into the back of his singlet and he rubbed his hardened cock.

All of the teammates stared at Chris at the farting teammate that had entered the gymnasium just minutes before, but when he pointed towards David.

David couldn't help but laugh as he felt the load of shit that sat in the backside of his singlet and pushed out even more. He turned his ass around towards his teammates and continued to shit himself while they stared at him, disgusted by his actions. Chris laughed like an idiot as he stepped away from David and tossed his sweatpants to the side. Chris's teammates stared at their diapered teammate who waddled towards them at a quick pace, farts escaping his hole with every step and attempted to run. They tried to run, but the doors out of the gym and to the locker room were locked. They looked for ways to escape but the smell had already begun to invade their minds and each one had begun to enjoy the smell and feel their stomach grumble as they two readied themselves to fart. Chris let out a goofy laugh, happy that he would have his diapered bros to help infect other people on campus.