

Baby be and Daddy Kurt

“How could you?” The teary eyed boy asked as the water rolled down his face, his eyes grew glassy as they refilled with tears. He brushed his heavy bangs away from his face and over his brow, attempting to calm himself even though his world had just been shattered by his boyfriend Blaine.

“I’m so sorry. Please just forgive me.” Blaine said as he reached his hands over the table, weaving between the two cups of coffee as he attempted to grab his boyfriend, Kurt’s hands. Kurt withdrew his hands from the table and held them in his lap as he looked away from his boyfriend’s inquiring gaze. “Kurt please, can you even look at me?” Blaine asked.

“Why? What’s the point?” Kurt asked, his voice barely above a whisper. Blaine looked to the downturned face of his boyfriend feeling his own heartbreak from what he had done. “If you unhappy you can just leave. I won’t stop you from going.” Kurt took his coffee in hand, sipped the smallest gulp of his now cold drink, and then placed it back on the table before he finally locked eyes with his boyfriend.

The two males sat in silence waiting for one or the other to say something. Kurt wanted an explanation from Blaine for his cheating, and Blaine wanted Kurt to accept his apology and move forward with him, together.

“Just tell me why Blaine. Why would you do this to me? To us!?” Kurt asked as he attempted to hold back waterworks that was hiding behind his blue eyes.

Blaine sat nervously as he squirmed in the chair opposite of his boyfriend. It had been a very hard decision for him to make, but Blaine knew his boyfriend had to be given a reason why he had cheated. With a very deep, and very regretful breath Blaine began his tale of sorted events.

It all started about six months ago when Blaine was studying for exams at the coffee where he and Kurt sat. Kurt was practicing late one night with Rachel which meant he was going to be alone for the rest of the evening. He had sat silently in the shop and exchanged glances with an older gentleman multiple times. One thing then led to another and Blaine and the stranger, Rick were sitting across the same table discussing theater. Rick didn’t seem as interested in the conversation as but continued to stay engaged and asked questions. The two chatted well until close and had even exchanged numbers. Weeks went by and the two messaged every morning and well into the evening, not truly hiding it from Kurt but not being entirely open as to who he was always messaging in the wings of the auditorium.

Their secret relationship only seemed to progress further when they decided to meet once again. Blaine told himself it wasn’t anything sexual, just a friendly relationship with an older man.

Someone whom Blaine had connected in a way which was new to him; seeing Rick as more of a father figure. Whenever they would go out Rick would pay, open doors for him, even insisting that he would drive everywhere. It was really nice to finally feel taken care of in a relationship; not that he isn't happy his relationship it was just different and very enjoyable.

It was at least two months before Rick and Blaine had their first kiss; the kiss led to groping and groping led to humping, and the humping led to many very erotic sexual escapades. Every night was a marvel of new experiences with Daddy Rick, as Blaine had come to call him. Daddy Rick would parade Blaine around in cute revealing clothes; short shorts, a crop top, and knee-high socks. They weren't really Blaine's taste, but he could see the glee in Daddy Rick's eyes whenever he would come out in a freshly purchased outfit. Sometimes it was something so gay he wouldn't have imagined wearing in a million years; jockstraps, thongs, booty shorts. Sometimes it was leather and other nights, when daddy Rick was feeling frisky, it would be rubber. Something that would cling to Blaine's muscled form and show off his every curve, especially the jumps that were growing from Daddy Rick's high calorie meals. And the outfits were only the beginning.

The sex began to transition to much kinkier exploits. Daddy Rick introduced him into toys, BDSM, and one fateful evening Daddy Rick showed him ABDL play. Blaine was uneasy at first when the diaper was brought out from underneath the bed. But after a little bit of coercing, it was all he could think about or die with Daddy Rick going forward. Blaine enjoyed being Baby Blaine, and not worrying about. Blaine kept some hard rules around the usage of the diaper, rules which Daddy Rick was happy to oblige. It got to the point where he would spend almost every night with Daddy Rick and the lies got too much for him. Daddy Rick would squeeze a diaper covered Blaine into some of his tight pants and parade him around town in some of the most humiliating positions. Always on the verge of revealing his diapered behind to the general public. Blaine had thought the idea would scare him, but it only seemed to thrill him. It got to the point where Blaine would immediately jump into a diaper upon entering Daddy Rick's house. He had gotten use to the idea of using the diaper in public, in front of people was always the most humiliating but most thrilling to him.

Daddy Rick would talk down to him, he wouldn't rely on Blaine to be the man of the relationship, and most of all it allowed Blaine to relax. It was perfect. His relationship with Daddy Rick was only growing, the one he had with Kurt was hitting repeated snags.

Blaine could tell that Kurt noticed something was off; their usual once/twice a week sex life had gone down to nothing. Giving a peck on the lips was the most action that was shared between the two in the span of a few months. The guilt had finally gotten too much for Blaine to handle, and he broke.

So here they were, sitting in the middle of a coffee shop; not making eye contact with one another as Blaine told all the sordid details. Kurt would interrupt every so often to ask a question but otherwise would listen in silence. When Blaine finished his story he placed his hands in his lap.

“Are you going to say something?” Blaine asked, his voice dotted with tones of sadness and tears. He didn’t want to hurt Kurt, it was the last thing he wanted to do. He wanted to marry Kurt one day, but after meeting Rick he felt like there was this undiscovered side of him. A side that he didn’t want to bury down again. A side he wanted to explore even further but from the look that covered Kurt’s eyes he was disgusted and disturbed by his newer interests.

Kurt opened his mouth to speak, but closed before any words came out. He didn’t know how to feel; betrayed, sadness, desperation? He stared at his handsome boyfriend feeling so much bubbling underneath his surface that he couldn’t register but what he did feel was rage. The tears on his face had long since become dry, and all he could feel now was a red hot rage. Kurt pulled himself from the table and slipped his thick wool coat over his small frame.

“I’m leaving,” Kurt said shortly between his clenched jaw.

“Kurt, please. Sit down. I want to -,” Blaine began to say as he too pulled himself from the table. Blaine extended his hand in an attempt to pull Kurt back to the table. Kurt slapped Blaine’s hand away from his jacket before he had his hold on him.

“Get your fucking hands off me you diapered Freak!” Kurt screamed at the top of his lungs. Every patron in the surrounding tables turned and stared, wide-eyed at the two gay men. Blaine immediately turned bright red in the cheeks at the reveal of his newfound identity. Kurt’s eyes narrowed at Blaine’s pants, was he wearing one right now? Or was the bulge he saw in Blaine’s pants from the embarrassment that Kurt was heaving on him. Either option made him even more furious.

“Kurt..”

“I need to clear my head,” Kurt said as he stomped away from his boyfriend. He wove in between the chairs as the people watched his dramatic exit. He cursed himself as he slides into the front seat of his car. Damning himself over the fact that he actually fell in love, and allowed himself to let down his guard.

Kurt peeled out of the parking. He could see Blaine in the rearview mirror as he stood in the center of the parking lot. It was then that Kurt remembered that they had driven together.

“Fuck him,” Kurt shouted as he squeezed the steering wheel tighter. “FUCK HIM!” Kurt screamed a second time, his voice cracking at the height of the scream.

Kurt continued to drive for the rest of the evening, never touching his phone even though it continued to vibrate against his center console. Finn, Rachel, Blaine; all of his friends were attempted to contact him but he didn't know if he had the strength to talk. To say what had happened to him. How his boyfriend, the guy who was supposed to love him and protect him had forsaken everything that had created together. Kurt knew he had two options; break up with Blaine or move on. Neither of them seemed appropriate.

"What to do. What to do," Kurt asked himself. But as he pulled up to a stop light he saw the neon sign of a store blinking in the distance. Kurt's smile turned at his corners and only grew. The humiliation he felt and the anger began to overtake his body. His mind burst with thoughts; had any of his friends seen Blaine out with this man, had others kept this secret from him too, was he not good enough to be loved? He floored it through the light and sped until he pulled into the first available parking space. Kurt had forgotten that there was a third option; revenge.

As Kurt stepped towards the PJ Shenanigans, the one and only sex store located in Kurt's forgotten part of the world.

"If this bitch wants a daddy that he is going to have to act like he needs one." And with that Kurt stepped inside the sex store as a man on a mission.

An hour later Kurt left the store with bags full of objects that would be essential to his revenge. Kurt told himself he would have to harden his heart if this was to work. It was expensive, but revenge was never cheap to those who wanted the last laugh.

He immediately drove to his house and brought his supplies into his bedroom. He locked the door and stared at himself. His eyes were bloodshot, his hair was a mess, the light foundation that he kept over his face was ruined. He took a makeup wipe from his desk and rubbed his face clean.

"Fucking idiot. YOU KNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG!" He shouted at himself. His thick brown hair bounced with his every aggressive moment which only seemed to anger him further. His eyes saw the shears in the mirror and before he ever knew what was happening a large chunk of his hair was cut clean from his head. His bouncy bangs were no more. Snip after snip his hair fell onto the floor until only a lopsided mess of hair was left. He stared at himself still feeling the need for change. He ran to his bathroom and returned with clippers, plugged them in and went at the sides of his head. His hair was nearly shaved on either side and transitioned upward to the rest of hair giving him a rather manly faux hawk. With a wicked smirk, Kurt gave a nod of approval to his much manlier reflection. He grabbed his son and typed a quick text to Blaine.

Come over

Kurt scrolled through the long messages of Blaine begging for him to come back. Words which showed the sincerest of apologies. Long texts which professed his undying love and loyalty to Kurt. Promises of never cheating again we're repeatedly written in almost every other message. Kurt scoffed at the messages and threw his phone to the other side of his bed. And pulled out two articles of clothing; a dark black leather jacket for him and a large inflatable diaper for Blaine. Kurt found it weird that he felt a jolt in his designer undies at the idea of knocking the perfect Blaine down a few pegs even if his heart still yearned for him.

"Come to daddy baby boy."

It was less than an hour when Blaine arrived at Kurt's house. He ran into the basement of the house as if someone was chasing him with a knife. His heavy breathing was the first thing Kurt could hear before he began to scream apologies.

"Kurt thank you for texting me back! I was starting to get worried you might have done something rash," Blaine said as he descended the stairs. Blaine looked around for his boyfriend but found nobody in the room. Blaine hesitantly walked further into the well-furnished basement, seeing a pile of clothes on Kurt's bed. "Kurt?" Blaine walked to the pile of pink clothes that were laid out atop the comforter. Blaine could feel his dick harden inside his boxers as he stared at the large diaper that sat near the foot of the bed. God it's huge, Blaine thought as he felt his dick continue to rise. Much larger than anything he had ever worn before. His eyes glanced upward at a large pink bonnet and rubber mittens that sat on either side of the diaper. The outfit seemed to be completed with the large pair of rubber pants sat beside the rest of the articles of clothing. His cock throbbed aggressively, wanting nothing more than to be forced into this outfit and treated like the disgraceful diaper boy that he had become.

"Like what you see?" A voice asked from behind Blaine. A hand slithered around to the front of Blaine's body and grasped tightly onto his hard cock. "I thought you would enjoy seeing these laid out for you. Probably not as much as you would like having it on you though, am I right? Squeezing your muscled body into that humiliating outfit turns you on."

"Kurt...," Blaine began to say but Kurt's free hand silenced his words while his other massaged his cock gently.

"Damn, you do love this shit. Just the thought of being a giant baby gets you turned on doesn't it?" Kurt asked. Blaine stood silently but his cock answered for him. In response, Blaine's cock let out a large spurt of precum into his pants. A large enough glob that Kurt could already feel Blaine's sperm leaking through his pants and underwear. "I will take that as a yes," Kurt whispered into his boyfriend's

ear before biting down aggressively. Blaine let out a high-pitched moan of pleasure as his boyfriend rubbed up and down his cock. The overtly aggressive side of Kurt turned Blaine on more than anything Kurt had ever done to him before. "You wanna just be a big humiliated baby?"

"Yes, Kurt." Kurt's grip tightened to a level of uncomfortableness that made him yelp in submission.

"That's Daddy. I don't want to hear my name from your lips again. Got it?" Kurt tighten his grasp even more.

"Yes, Kur – I mean Daddy," Blaine stammered. Kurt's hand loosened around his cock and returned to its stroking motion. Kurt rubbed the tip of Blaine's cock before he moved further onto his hefty balls. With every stroke of Blaine's cock, Kurt could feel the stain growing that much more. All the while, Blaine was moaning and groaning heavily in the arms of his boyfriend. "I bet you can't wait to get into this giant diaper, can you? Just think of how embarrassing you are gonna look when you walk around school in this thing."

"School?!" Blaine shrieked in fear. Even though the thought of him walking around school, in front of all his preppy rich friends, sank a deep stone of fear into his stomach; his cock did not waiver. In fact, as Kurt described what would unfold in the future Blaine's cock only seemed to grow harder, eager for the various acts of submission and humiliation. Just the thought of him being forced into that giant diaper was enough to make him cum. "Oh, Daddy. Force me into your giant diaper. Burn all my underwear. Didn't let me ever wear anything else besides your diapers. Oh god Daddy I'm gonna cum!" Blaine screamed as he began to buck his hips against his boyfriend's hand. Kurt quickly removed his hand from his withering boyfriend's body. "No please! I'm so close daddy!" Blaine pleaded.

"Lay down," Kurt ordered, his voice dropped several levels deeper than his usual high-pitched tone. Blaine immediately fell onto the bed obeying his newly dubbed Daddy.

For the first time Blaine stared at the newly changed Kurt; his hair was cut and styled more masculine, his flamboyant clothes were replaced by a black leather jacket and dark clothes, his face even seemed different to Blaine. The look in his eyes was somehow changed, no longer was the jovial eyes full of wonder but somehow the color had darkened. Blaine could feel a wave of worry come over him, where what Kurt words only play or something far more serious?

Kurt stood wordlessly over his boyfriend's sprawled out form. He looked between him and the outfit that he had set out earlier for him. Kurt was disgusted by his boyfriend, that such a thing would turn him on. Seeing the way Blaine's dick bulged lewdly in his pants told Kurt that this was what he wanted, and Kurt was going to give it to him until his life was ruined.

Kurt undid the top button and zipper of Blaine's pants and pulled until he was laying in his underwear. He then took the underwear and the remained of Blaine's clothing. His hard cock pointed up towards Blaine's face, begging for release. Kurt then grabbed the large diaper and stuffed both of Blaine's feet into the leg holes and lifted it up until it sat on Blaine's hips. Blaine's thrust his cock into the air hoping that he would be able to cum from the friction of the diaper but Kurt was far too quick for him. He grabbed a pumped and inflated the diaper larger and larger until it was much bigger than any diaper should have been. Blaine groaned like a bitch in heat at the sight of his oversized diaper. Next came the rubber mittens. Both were tied tightly around his boyfriend's hands. And finally, Kurt attached the large pink bonnet onto his boyfriend's head before he stepped away to get his phone.

"Smile," Kurt said wickedly as he snapped the first of many pictures of Blaine. Blaine's eyes grew wide but he couldn't stop himself from obeying his new Daddy's command. Blaine gave a half-hearted smile as he saw the flash on Kurt's phone fill the room repeatedly. "Go ahead and turn over Blaine," Kurt ordered his diapered boyfriend. Blaine rolled over or attempted to roll over. Kurt stifled a laugh as he watched his toned boyfriend struggle to move onto his stomach. After several minutes of watching he was finally able to achieve his order. "Now arch that back baby. Push out that huge diaper. Let everyone see what a diaper bitch you have become," Kurt ordered once more.

"Fuck, I'm a little diaper boy," Blaine groaned as he humped the bed. His giant diaper bounced with every thrust. Unbeknownst to Blaine Kurt switched from the camera and was shooting a full-fledged movie for him to post online.

"Keep going, Blaine."

"I'm a pathetic little diaper bitch who can't go a day without wanting no needing a diaper. I just want to be a permanent diaper boy for you daddy. Make me your diaper boy! Force to me to go out in this giant diaper. Show pictures of me to all the other Warblers. Tell Finn how much I love using diapers. Make him treat me like a dumb baby. Fuck I'm so hard Daddy. I wanna cum. Please! Fuck in just a nasty boy Daddy! Oh no! God, I'm gonna cum daddy!" Blaine's thrusts turned wild as his orgasm closed in. Kurt stood back and got a full view of his once manly boyfriend moan and scream like a bitch until he came inside his massive diaper. "Oh fuck daddy! I'm cumming!" His entire body jolted back and forth as it unleashed the most massive of loads he had ever felt; the diaper, the picture, the dirty talk it all came together and gave him the most blissful of orgasms he had ever felt.

"Fuck that felt good," Blaine said as he rolled onto his feet, with as much grace as could be certain. With uneven steps, he waddled towards Kurt as he stared at his phone, typing away at the screen. From the corner of his eye, Kurt could see the diaper jiggle and bounce with every step that

Blaine made toward him. "God that role-playing was hot! I didn't even think you had a dominant side to you, Kurt. You weren't actually taking pictures were you?" Blaine asked. Kurt turned his phone around, revealing the video he had taken and how it was uploading online. Blaine's face lost all color. "You didn't.." Kurt gave a shrug of his shoulders.

"I did. Don't worry, I changed the voice in the video so it doesn't sound like you. But damn, I wonder what all of the Warblers are going to think when they see you in these pictures." Kurt swiped his finger across the screen of his phone. "Super embarrassing. Humiliating some would even say," Kurt said. "I wonder what everyone at school will say? They all probably had seen your diaper over the edge of your pants, but this is going to take it to a whole new level B."

"Kurt you can't seriously mean what you - we were saying during sex. It was all role play..." Blaine attempted to explain as he tried to de-diaper himself but the rubber mittens wouldn't allow him to grab onto the edge of the diaper. All he was able to do was bounce it up and down which further undulated his cock within.

"Don't even think about trying to take that off," Kurt warned as he stepped toward his boyfriend. "Not like you could without my help. So why don't you sit down like the good diaper boy you are and let's take some more pictures for your new Instagram."

"New Instagram?" Blaine asked, confused. Kurt tossed his phone to his boyfriend and looked at the new profile name that sat at the top of the page. "DiaperBoyBlaine..." Blaine could feel his dick already begin to harden once more at the thought of his humiliating new profile. Blaine came to realize that what Kurt had been threatening wasn't roleplaying, it was a list of what he was going to subject Blaine to; burning his boxers, forcing him out in large more revealing diapers, treating him like a diaper boy. Blaine felt his world shift on its axis, the way Kurt stared down at him was no longer a look of love but a menacing one. A look of revenge and determination. Blaine handed back the phone and obediently sat on the bed with his huge diaper pushed out towards Kurt. "Like this Daddy?"

"Perfect baby boy."

Part 2

Blaine pulled his pants over his pump diaper with a few grunts of frustration. He could feel the jeans already push against the diaper like toothpaste being squeezed forcibly from the tube. He looked to himself and saw more than half of the diaper was still exposed. He could see his recently transformed boyfriend sit in the corner of his bedroom, watching him get dressed for the day. His unblinking gaze ensured that Blaine would go in the pre-approved outfit, nothing more and nothing less. Blaine pleaded with wide eyes, hoping that Kurt would give in and allow him a longer shirt, or some sort of jacket that would allow his current predicament to stay hidden.

“Not my problem diaper boy,” he said to Blaine as he snapped a few pictures with his phone of his outfit. He always collected pictures at the most inopportune time, where Blaine was in his most humiliating or revealing position. Not that he didn’t enjoy the humiliation, but the initial fear that was always followed by a flush of excitement still worried him no matter how many times he had been exposed. Blaine stared at his boyfriend in the reflection still surprised that the man he saw in his room was Kurt Hummel.

Kurt’s recently deepened voice and more masculine appearance still took Blaine by surprise when he came to Blaine’s doorway wearing his now signature worn leather jacket and large aviators. Every morning Kurt would appear to select Blaine’s outfit for the day. And today Kurt had selected the largest, fluffiest diaper Blaine had in his collection. That alone would not have been a problem if Kurt had not also selected a freshly bleached pair of jeans that were already two sizes too small, and nearly see-through in some areas. Blaine could see the bright pattern of the diaper showing through his jeans whenever he bent or turned his torso. He pulled his shirt down and was able to hide most of the diaper, and hopefully, his backpack would keep the rest hidden; well his diaper bag. He had never missed his tailored Academy uniform more than he did now.

Blaine’s once-trendy appearance had slowly transformed into a rather weird splattering of superhero’s, animal prints, and soft colors. His Louis Vuitton bag, which had been purchased for him by Kurt for Christmas, had been replaced with the latest dad version of a diaper bag; wipe pouch on the side, extra compartments for those unexpected accidents, as well as room for his books. The Warblers at Dalton academy gave him a few long sideways glances the first day he brought the bag to school, but after two weeks most of his close acquaintances didn’t give it a second look.

“Okay, times up!” Kurt’s deep voice rumbled from the corner. He stood up from the chair, brushing the wrinkles from his pants. “We need to get going if you are going to make it to school on time.”

“Yes daddy,” Blaine said before he gave his exposed diaper one last glance and slung his diaper bag over his shoulder, feeling the heavy books slide against the soft padding of his extra diapers. Not that he tried to use his diaper at school, but the restrooms were strictly forbidden and disobedience would be followed by stricter punishments. It had happened a few times, and the punishments were excruciating.

The most memorable of the punishments that still sent a thrill A vibrator was pressed against Blaine’s diapered crotch, and after three hours of constant agony and teasing Blaine promised he would never disobey Kurt again. Even though he had not let Blaine cum after his session, Blaine knew it could have been MUCH worse and MUCH longer if he wished.

The two boys walked up the stairs and into Kurt’s car with only the sound of the crinkling of Blaine’s diaper filling the silent void between them. Kurt had taken a more stoic approach to their relationship. Blaine could see that he had hurt Kurt and had attempted to bring up his past indiscretion but Kurt would either leave the room or turn bright red with anger before he would layer Blaine in multiple diapers and humiliate him with images and videos.

The car ride with the too was equally as silent, and when they pulled up in front of Dalton Academy Blaine gave Kurt a very familial kiss on the side of his stubbly face.

“Love you, daddy,” Blaine squeaked out before he stepped from the car. Before the door was shut he felt Kurt’s bony hand smack him on the backside of his diaper.

“Your diaper is showing,” Kurt said shortly before he threw the car into drive and drove into the parking lot, looking for a spot. Kurt’s first class was independent study, so he wasn’t as much under a time crunch as Blaine was every morning. Blaine had barely enough time for him to register what Kurt had just said before he heard the high-pitch ding of first period. Blaine hiked his pants up as high as he could and hustled into his first class.

Blaine’s first class was English. It was an easy enough time to hide his diaper when he was in the throngs of students as they rushed to their first class. He found a seat in the far back corner, not wanting anyone to see his diaper if it decided to peak through the spaces in his chair. It also gave him a perfect vantage point of the teacher, but also a perfect spot for him to use his phone.

As soon as the teacher turned his back to him and began to scrawl across the board he hid his phone within a pile of papers and books and opened up “his” new Instagram page.

“DiaperBoyBlaine,” He said to himself as he saw the newest picture of himself on the top of his timeline. His face was flushed with frustration and his diaper was CLEARLY visible. “When the diaper gets too big to hide.” Blaine couldn’t help but groan in satisfaction at the humiliated version of himself that was set free into the world wide web. “ Diaper boy. Diaper fag. Dirty diaper boy. Humiliate Me. Double Diaper Day,” Blaine read the tags in his head. He could already feel his dick begin to bulge within his diaper. The soft cushion of the inner padding was the perfect combination of tight and loose, where he was able to feel the restriction of the diaper but just enough give that he was able to mindlessly hump the underside of the desk.

“Fucking diaper boy,” Blaine groaned to himself as he scrolled through the pictures. The first was rather tame for what had been posted on his Instagram account as of late; pictures of him sprawled out in lewd outfits, giant rubber diapers on display, images of him in public places stripped down. If the captions and that hashtags weren’t enough, the comments from the strangers were enough for Blaine to pleasure himself too at nighttime.

“Looks like someone needs a change.”

“Fucking disgusting diaper fag. Needs a real daddy to show him how to be a good boy.”

“God he looks like a little fairy princess in that pink bonnet. You should get him pinker!”

Most of the active users knew that the profile was under the control of Blaine’s Daddy Kurt. But that didn’t stop them from trying to get into contact with Blaine. Kurt would often hand over the account, briefly, for him to chat with a daddy online. Kurt would make Blaine explain to the complete stranger what a naughty diaper boy Blaine truly was, and how he needed to be taken in by more daddies. Kurt would massage the front side of his diaper the entire time, sometimes to completion. Kurt would then screenshot the conversation of Blaine spilling his figurative guts and post them to the profile. The thirsty older man then became to come in droves. Each of them wanting a piece of Baby Blaine’s diapered ass.

Blaine continued to hump the underside of his desk. He could feel his rigid cock grow wet, from the extra absorbent padding. He had fallen deep into his lust. So far in fact that he did not notice the growing crinkling sound as his humping became even wilder. All he could do was scroll through the humiliating pictures and kinky comments. He was so close. He was so hard. He was so wet. It wasn’t until he felt a tap on his desk did he come back to reality.

“Blaine do you have something you want to share with the classroom? Blaine came back to real life as he stared up at his teacher. His phone showcasing the humiliating photos from the last few weeks taken by Kurt. The teacher’s eyes glanced downward at his phone far quicker than Blaine was able to

move his hands. He raised an eyebrow in suspicion at the sight, obviously containing a chuckle of amusement.

“No Mr. Charles,” Blaine said quietly as he slid his textbook over his phone. He hoped that his teacher had not seen what was on his phone, but he knew it was a pipe dream.

“Are you sure Blaine? Nothing you want to share with the class? I wouldn’t want you to think I was...babying you by not giving you an opportunity to share.”

He did see, Blaine thought to himself. A deep bit grew in his stomach as the embarrassment flooded his cheeks. But even though he wished it to stop, his cock only grew harder. Just the thought of his teacher making him show off his diapered pictures to the rest of the males in his class. The hot and stylish Blane Anderson was nothing but a diaper wearing freak.

“No Mr. Charles,” Blaine said, his voice only a whisper but tinged with eroticism.

“Well then if it’s nothing you wish to share with the class, then feel free to stay after class and you can share with me.” Mr. Charles spun on his heel and returned to the front of the class. “But do pay attention, I won’t be parenting any of you in this classroom. “Now Mr. Anderson if you would continue reading from page 46.” Blaine stood and read the assigned passage in front of the class. A twinge of fear ran up and down his spine whenever a classmate turned around in their chair and looked at Blaine. Would they notice the large bulge in his pants? Would they see that it’s a diaper? Or see the waist of the diaper peaking over his pants line.

The rest of the class was uneventful; Blaine sat in the back of the classroom with his phone in his pocket and attempted to listen to his classmates. Though his phone constant buzzed in his pocket which signaled comments and likes appearing on his pictures. And when the alarm sounded everyone in the classroom ushered out of their seats quickly, while Blaine sat stoically in his chair.

“Do you know why I kept you after class, Mr. Anderson?” Mr. Charles asked as he pushed the door shut and pulled the blinds over the windows.

“No sir,” Blaine said, swallowing down his fears.

“Are you sure Blaine?” Mr. Charles asked as he sat upon the edge of his desk. “Not a single guess why I would keep you after?”

“No.” He whispered once again. Play dumb, that was his only option and hope.

“Well, usually I don’t call out my students for the occasional cell phone use, but when you see something as interesting as I did today. I couldn’t help but want some alone time with you. Would you mind standing for me? Please.”

“Sir, I would really -.”

“Blaine. Let me try that again. Stand. Now.” Mr. Charles ordered of Blaine. Blaine pushed his chair back, and stood behind his desk; his bag sat on his desk, blocking his teacher’s view. “Blaine, now we shouldn’t play games. You have a long day of classes ahead of you, and I wouldn’t want you to stay behind for too long. What would I write on your tardy slip? Sorry, had to keep Blaine back due to him being a naughty little boy? Or maybe, needed to have his diaper checked? Oh, wait, what about needing a diaper change? That would probably be the most embarrassing to me. But it seems like you enjoy it don’t you?” Mr. Charles asked, with his eyebrow raised. He did know Blaine’s secret and even worse, he knew what he enjoyed about it.

“Yes sir,” Blaine croaked as he pushed the diaper bag off his desk, and revealed the large bulging front of his pants.

“Oh, and we should just go ahead and get rid of those big boy pants for you too. No point in wearing them. It’s quite obvious that you are a diaper obsessed faggot.” Blaine obediently began to unbutton his pants. The zipper unzipped quickly after the button came undone, and his crinkly white diaper burst through. Blaine’s slowly pulled down his pants, further revealing his entire diaper. “Now just kick them to the side.”

Blaine continued to follow his teacher’s orders until he stood solely in his large fluffy diaper and his clothes were sitting in a pile to the side.

“Well aren’t you one sexy little diaper boy. Go ahead, bend off that desk. Really show off that diaper for me Blaine.” Blaine leaned over his desk. The cool wood was pressed against his torso as he gripped the sides of the desk and pushed out his ass. His already fat bum filled out the space and only seemed to push the diaper further out, creating a rather bulky bottom.

“Fuck, you are as sexy as he said you were?” Mr. Charles groaned as he began to rub the front of his pants.

“Who said?” Blaine chirped up, as he looked over his shoulder. Not only did Blaine’s teach enjoy the view but his hand was now within his pants, jerking himself off while he watched.

“I’m the teacher here. I should be the one asking the questions,” Mr. Charles taunted as he pulled himself from the desk and walked over to Blaine’s slumped over body. He began to lift himself up but felt the strong hand of his teacher push his body back onto the desk. “No, you don’t need to move.” Blaine looked forward and could feel his teacher’s pants fall from his body and onto the floor.

Even through the extra thick diaper and the padding inside he could feel his teacher’s hard cock press against the backside of his diaper. Slowly he began to move his cock up and down the soft padding. Moans of enjoyment filled the room as he began to hump Blaine. Blaine gripped both sides of

the desk as his body was rocked back and forth aggressively with every thrust. His own cock rubbed against the lining of his diaper as it had did earlier, but the added weight of his teacher made the pressure that much more enjoyable.

“You like that diaper boy?” Mr. Charles teased. Blaine nodded his head as he bit down on his lip in order to control his moans. Unsure if anything but cries of pleasure would explode from his mouth if he spoke. “Say it. Say you like me humping your big diapered butt Blaine!”

“I like it!” Blaine parroted his teacher’s words.

“Oh, you can do better than that Mr. Anderson. Say what is really ticking away in that head. You must be feeling some way with your teacher almost fucking you on top of your desk. What do you think the Warblers would say if they say you like this? I know they know your gay, but a diaper boy? That would be one hard pill for everyone to swallow.”

“God I would be so humiliated.” He moaned as the images flooded his mind. All his finely dressed friends pointing and laughed at his diaper as it swelled bigger and larger. So large until he could no longer hide the fact of what he had become. Each of his teammates would take turns humping his diaper until it was time for them to cum and they would shoot their loads inside, coating the inside of his diaper their seed. His own cock would be locked away, and strain in its cage as it begged for freedom. His face red with embarrassment but beg for more. More humiliation, more embarrassment, and even more diapers. They would film him and post him to the school’s website and on every profile he had with his real name on it. Every naughty thought that filled his head made him want to cum all the much more.

“God I want them all to know! I want them to photograph me in my diapers. I want them to make fun of me. I want them to use me. I want to be the diapered mascot of the team. God, I’m so fucking twisted! I’m such a naughty diaper boy! Hump my diaper teach! Hump my hulking diaper, sir! Please fill it with your cum! Mark me like the bitch that I am!” Mr. Charles humping increased in speed and veracity. His thrusts were wild and untamed as he too grew closer.

“Fuck! Getting close!” He shouted. He pulled back and pulled down the backside of Blaine’s diaper and shot his load directly onto his perky white ass cheeks. Blaine’s teacher’s seed covered both of his cheeks in his thick seed while Blaine gave a few final thrusts and unloaded his own seed into the inner linings of the diaper.

“Oooo.” Were Blaine’s only words as his dick shot a few pathetic squirts of cum. It wasn’t until he felt a soft tug from the backside of his diaper did he awaken from his post-orgasm stupor.

“Better get going diaper boy. You’re already...oh twenty minutes late for gym class. Here let me write you a quick note.” Blaine went to his clothes and slowly redressed, as he watched his teacher scribble a note on a tardy slip for him. “Here you go,” Mr. Charles said to Blaine as he hefted his diaper boy book bag over his shoulder. Blaine took the folder piece of paper in hand and walked out of the class, hiking his pants up further and placing his bag over his inflated frontside.

“Have a good day Mr. Anderson.” Mr. Charles then swiftly slammed the door shut behind Blaine, forcing him into the hallway. Blaine opened up the folded note and felt his dick throb at the sight of the written note.

“Sorry, Blaine was late. Needed to teach him what being a diaper boy really meant.” Blaine let out a deep groan as he shoved the note into one of the many pockets of his bag and ran to his next class. And this was just first bell, Blaine thought to himself.

* * *

Blaine stumbled to his next class; his mind aflutter with thoughts of what had happened with his teacher. Was it Kurt that told his teacher about his kinky secret? Or was there someone else out there that knew about his secret persona that enjoyed the thought of pulling the strings behind the curtain? Blaine knew he had to push those thoughts to the back of his consciousness. His bigger fear and worry quickly approached. Gym class.

He stared at the door to the locker room and weighed the options of skipping class. Nobody knew that he was here, he could leave midway through the day and just hide at home. He could call an Uber to come pick him up this very moment, and tell Daddy Kurt that he wasn’t feeling well. Would he believe him, or would he know something was off? Did Daddy Kurt know what happen in the classroom already? Or would it be a surprise to him at the end of the day? Blaine’s mind began to hurt the amount of questions that were piling up within his head and not a single answer was anywhere in sight.

“Blaine!” A deep voice bellowed from the opposite end of the long corridor of the academy. Before he even turned Blaine knew who had shouted; his least favorite teacher and the hall monitor for the second half of the day, Mr. Boggs.

As Blaine turned he could already feel the deep heat of hatred as it radiated from his the teacher’s eyes as he marched towards him. The man towered over Blaine, reaching well over six feet tall and outweighed him in every direction as well. The tight school uniform that was worn by the teachers as well looked ready to burst at the seams. His beefy, slightly overweight body, looked like encased sausage within the button-down shirt and trousers. His belly bounced aggressively as he power-walked

towards Blaine, his hand already extended for either a tardy pass or a reason why Blaine was in the hallways in between class. Blaine wouldn't be able to give either.

"Hall pass," the bear-like man said as he clenched his pudgy hands together in a way saying, give me. Blaine felt the pass burn in the pocket of his diaper bag. The pass that would out him for being a diaper boy or worse make Mr. Boggs examine what he was hiding underneath his thin trousers.

"Uh," Blaine said, as he floated from foot to foot. What could he say? Dentist? Lost his phone? Couldn't find his gym clothes? All the lies seemed well enough but nothing that he could prove. "Uhhh."

"Uhhhh, what Mr. Anderson? Let me see your hall pass," Mr. Boggs barked a second time. The thought crossed Blaine's mind of sharing the hall pass with the teacher. Just the image of this big burly man finding out about Blaine's love of diapers and that he was in fact addicted to them, turned him on. A red flush rose on his cheeks, and his breathing deepened. The thought of this teacher stripping him in the middle of the hallway to prove Blaine's addiction. All the students seeing who Blaine Anderson caused a moan to fall from his full lips and his spent cock to flex against its metallic cage. A moan that made the teacher back slightly away in disgust. The look made Blaine's head spin. Just the look of disgust was all Blaine's cock needed to push out a tiny bit of pre into his already wet diaper.

"Mr. Anderson, either a hall pass will appear in my hand in the next ten seconds or I will see you in detention," Mr. Boggs threatened as he attempted to remain in control of the situation. Blaine's hand floated over the pocket with the pass, and he even pushed his hand into it; ready to produce the slip. He wanted this teacher to see the real him. Blaine wanted him to be disgusted by the diaper loving freak that stood before him. He wanted to be ridiculed, and even kicked out of school. But as he grasped the slip within his diaper bag, a more leveled mind prevailed in this instant and Blaine withdrew an empty hand. Mr. Boggs crossed his thick arms over his large belly, and with a gave a deep huff of annoyance.

"I will see you today at 5 pm Mr. Anderson. Be on time. We will be writing lines." Mr. Boggs turned around on the heel of his dress shoe and walked away. Blaine fell against the wall as he felt his core temperature rise due to the quick flash of lust and humiliation.

"And get to class!" Mr. Boggs shouted before he turned the corner of the hallways, and vanished from Blaine's line of sight. The decision was made; Blaine would be going to gym class today whether he wanted too or not.

The locker room was empty, luckily for Blaine, and it was broken into many separate areas. He tucked himself into the furthest area of the locker room, which nobody was at during the day time and quickly stripped away his clothes. A wall of mirrors adorned the opposite wall from where Blaine

changed, and he couldn't help but stop and stare at himself as he stood naked in his diaper. Just the sight of himself in such a public setting was enough to put him into heat.

Blaine turned around and looked at how the large diaper extended from his body, and how puffy the diaper appeared. He bent over slightly and pushed out his diaper, enjoying the view of how much larger he could make it look. His hand rubbed the front of his diaper, massaging his locked cock. Even though he could barely feel the stimulation it was more than enough for him to enjoy.

"Fucking loser diaper boy," Blaine groaned. "God can't believe I'm into this!" He whines of pleasure echoed throughout the empty locker room, he rubbed and moaned without a care of who could walk into the room. In fact, the idea made him all the hornier. He felt braver than usual, and took his phone from his diaper bag and snapped several pictures of himself as he posed lewdly in his diaper. He stared at the pictures, specifically at his thick lower body and how it only further emphasized the diaper, and he couldn't believe how he was possibly able to hide it. He sent every picture to Kurt, knowing he would enjoy his photos and immediately saw several reactions to them.

"Hot. I bet your fans are going to love seeing the diaper boy in gym class today," Blaine read Kurt's response and looked at the clock on his phone. "Shit." He had lost track of time for the second time today and needed to get to class before it was noticed that he had missed more than half of the class. He could hear his classmates exercising on the other side of the wall, and could tell they were running laps. Hopefully, he could just merge into the line of students seamlessly without notice of the gym teacher.

Blaine dug within the bottom of his diaper bag and withdrew the gym clothes with a disdainful and humiliating moan. The shorts were short, and the short was too small. He had paraded around the house in these clothes specifically for Kurt on multiple occasions and even worn them to gym class a few times but never with a diaper of this magnitude. The shorts clung tightly to this diaper, and the waist showed slightly over his shorts while his shirt barely crested the top of the waistband. He tucked the top of the diaper within itself, hiding it from view and pulled down the shirt and it was hidden slightly. But he didn't know for how long would it stay put. He practiced jumping in position as well as jogged, and his efforts seemed to prevail over the bulky diaper.

"You can do this," Blaine told himself as he pushed his diaper bag into the locker and locked it. "You got this." Blaine gave himself one last view before he jogged out of the locker room and out into the mob of students as they ran.

"Perfect," Blaine said with a grin of success. Nobody seemed to notice that he had recently just arrived at gym class nor did they notice what was hidden beneath his clothes. Everything seemed to be

going right for the first time today, and that was a relief. It wasn't until he heard the voice of Wes and Skylar, two of his Warbler brothers.

"Someone's looking thick!" Wes shouted as his pace quickened until he was side by side with Blaine. Wes was one of, if not the, most muscular person in the Warblers. His slick back hair, his chiseled jaw, and his small almond shaped eyes just made him the poster child for Abercrombie and Fitch. His toned muscular chest bulged out through his sweat-soaked shirt, which only allowed an even better look at his chiseled body. Though Skylar was not as toned or as muscular as Wes, he was not unattractive by far. He had a cute boyish face, brown hair that swept across his forehead, and a pair of full pouty lips that constantly reminded Blaine of the Trouty Mouth over at McKinley High.

"Hey, guys!" Blaine said as he tried to run faster than either of his two friends. "Sorry, gotta keep running. No time to chat!"

"Yeah. Looks like you need the extra cardio," Wes joked as he hand swept down towards Blaine's ass, but he picked up his pace and the hand missed him. "Apparently I haven't looked at you in a while but your ass has gotten huge!"

"A bunch of the guys back there said you looked like you got implants or something," Skylar said as he turned his head and looked back at the jiggling mass that was Blaine's buttocks. Blaine looked over his own shoulder and saw how his ass bounced out of time with the rest of his body, as if he, in fact, has padding within his shorts or some sort of implants within his actual cheeks.

"Bet Kurt is really loving this." Wes's took another chance at grabbing Blaine's cheek and this time he was much faster than Blaine, and took a large chunk of the padded diaper in his hand and squeezed. Blaine felt his heart stop as a look of confusion crossed over Wes's face as he kept his hand on Blaine's padded behind. He had expected to feel a thick, dense, muscular ass cheek and not the soft almost squishy padding of whatever was hidden underneath the shorts. But before Wes was able to ask a question a loud whistle sounded through the gym.

"Okay, everyone! Enough running! Go ahead and pair up! We are going to be stretching now!" Coach Fletcher shouted from the sidelines of the gymnasium before he resumed his conversation with one of the only female teachers at the school.

"Did you want to pair -," Skylar began to ask, but was quickly cut off by the excited tone in Wes's voice.

"I need to pair up with Blaine. We need to talk about Warbler stuff," Wes interrupted Skylar's offer, released Blaine's cheek, and pulled Blaine away by his arm.

“Oh, okay,” Skylar said with a shrug. “Jack! Partner up?” He shouted to a fellow student as he walked away. Wes gave Blaine a wink as they walked around from the large group of students towards the edge of the blue mats.

“Yes, we have loads to talk about. Starting off with, what are you wearing under those shorts? Its definitely not butt implants. And it doesn’t feel like padding. Well, the padding that I am familiar with, it sort of feels like a stuffed animal.” Wes questioned as Blaine looked down towards his feet and the somewhat bulgy front of his shorts. He couldn’t lie, that would cause more of a scene than just telling the truth. Blaine looked up at his friend and whispered the truth.

“A diaper.”

“What?!” Wes hastily whispered as he peered around Blaine’s body and tried to wrap his mind around the fact that one of his closest friends was wearing a diaper. He raised an eyebrow in jest, obviously in disbelief that someone like THE Blaine Anderson would willingly walk around the campus in a diaper. “Prove it,” Wes countered still flabbergasted by the idea.

Blaine looked around and saw that all of his fellow classmates were busy as they talked and stretched amongst one another, and looked back to his friend. He took the waist of the shorts and lowered it just slightly so the plush white diaper would come into view, and the small almond shaped eyes’ of his friend widened in shock.

“Fuck! I can’t believe it. Do you, like, have to wear them because of like pissing yourself?” Wes asked, as Blaine replaced the shorts and covered the diaper once again. He hadn’t expected such probing questions from his friends, but he had to say something and he obviously couldn’t say the truth.

“No, I am... I mean, I like wearing them,” Blaine admitted. It was a partial truth, he did enjoy wearing the diapers, but the force behind wearing them to school or out in public excursions was not his own. Wes silently looked at his friend, as if he was weighing reality and the fantasy of the situation in his head. It wasn’t like he had expected to find Blaine in a diaper today, but now what was he going to do with the information.

“Hmmm.” Wes folded his muscular arms and placed all the weight on one of his hips. “Let’s get stretching,” Wes said, ordering Blaine into position. Blaine was unsure of why his friend was acting so cool, and so normal in such an obtuse situation. But he had learned to not look a gift horse in the mouth and he moved obediently towards the ground.

“No,” Wes shouted a little too excitedly and caused multiple of the other students to look towards them. “Sorry. No...um...just stand in front of me. I can crack your back.” Blaine stared at his friend as Wes nervously shifted from one foot to another.

“Uhhhh. I think I am -,” Blaine began to say but was interrupted by an overzealous Wes.

“Let me crack your back!” Wes shouted once again, and caused Blaine to jump in surprise at his insistence. Blaine moved towards his friend and turned around awkwardly as Wes wrapped his muscled arms around Blaine’s torso.

Even through the thickness of the diaper and the layers of clothing between the two of them, Blaine could feel something hard press against his ass. Blaine turned head to the side and saw Wes’s tan cheeks grow bright red as his groin was pressed towards Blaine’s buttocks. Now it was a weird surprise for Wes to find Blaine in a diaper, but it was an even greater surprise to find that Wes was attracted to Blaine in his diapered state.

“You like diapers?” Blaine whispered to his show choir teammate. Wes gave a gentle nod and slowly rotated his hips, pushing his hardened cock against the soft plush diaper. A small groan of enjoyment as he continued to rub with abandonment.

“God, its so big,” Wes groaned. “I cant believe this is happening. I have seen guys in them online, but never in person before. And fuck, it’s hot as hell!” Blaine leaned further into his friend as his eyes darted around the room. Nobody noticed the sexual activities that was happening just feet away from the rest of the students. Blaine felt brave in this moment, finally feeling in control for the first time in quiet some time.

“Sit down. I have an idea,” Blaine said as he sat on the mat in front of Wes. The soft underside of the diaper was pressed firmly onto his lap. Wes’s body shivered in excitement as Blaine rubbed up and down against his hard cock, as he moved himself into the proper position. Low enough on Wes’s lap that people would not notice what was happening, but also high enough that he could still create some friction.

Wes placed his hands on Blaine’s hips as Blaine leaned forward in a “stretch” but was only using the motion to back his diaper up onto Wes’s cock and then pulled away when his back became erect. Wes wiggled himself against the Blaine’s butt every time he leaned away and pushed his ass onto his lap. The two continued to “stretch” on the mat in front of everyone. To the naked eye they were just two friends helping one another out with a stretch. It wasn’t until Wes’s hands flowed further down Blaine’s body and onto his hips did he notice that he was literally humping him. Short, heavy, aggressive grunts of enjoyment were whispered into Blaine’s ear whenever his head was next to Blaine’s.

“God it’s so big. Do you piss in it Blaine?”

“What?” Blaine asked, shocked by such a personal question.

"I bet you fill that diaper with pee all the time." Wes pressed. Blaine realized it wasn't just diapers that Wes was a fan of; but also what happen when Blaine was wearing them.

"All the time," Blaine moaned, playing into Wes's fantasy.

"In public?!"

"Especially in public. I haven't used a toilet in weeks. Its even worse when the diaper gets so wet that it starts to smell. I cant tell you how many times people have smelt the air, smelled my wet diaper." The story was partially true. Blaine had on occasion felt that people had noticed the smell, or given him a weird glance but nobody ever had the balls to really speak him.

"Fuck you probably loved that. Everyone knowing that you are nothing but a dirty diaper boy. God I wish that your diaper was grinding into my face right now. I want it soaked through and rubbing all over my body. Bouncing on my face, smothering me in the nasty smell of your used diaper. Ripping a hole in the back and fucking you, while you continue to fill your diaper. Oh fuck!" He grunted softly, as Wes's cock shot inside his my shorts. Blaine felt his legs jiggle and and shake as he gripped Blaine's sides tightly. Blaine's cock was hard within the cage once again but without any friction to bring him to orgasm, it only leaked into his already wet diaper. Wes opened his mouth to speak, but another loud whistle filled the gymnasium.

"Hit the showers ladies!" The coach shouted to the gymnasium full of students, and without any other words; Wes pulled away and ran to the locker room and left Blaine on the floor with a small wet stain on the backside of his ass. A stain, that for the first time, that was not from him.

Fun In The Locker Room

Blaine waddled into the locker room as casually as he was able, trying not to bring any attention to his oversized behind or the stain that now decorated his backside thanks to Wes. He hung back as his classmates ran into the locker room, ready for a shower and for the end of the school day. Blaine was lucky about getting to the gym class late, but he hadn't even thought about taking a shower in his current state. He knew the rules at the academy were absolute. Showers after gym, no exceptions. Could he possibly slip in and out of the diaper unnoticed by his classmates? Was he even allowed to take the diaper off, was a better question? He hoped that he could wait for his fellow students to make their way through the showers and locker room at an advanced pace, but when he entered the large room. He found that he wasn't the only one ambling.

"Welcome to the party!" Said one of Blaine's classmates as he tossed his sweat-soaked clothes into his locker room. "We were just getting ready for a shower. Care to join us?" He said as he wiggled his eyes suggestively. Blaine brushed off his friend's lame attempts at flirting at just a joke.

"Oh, you couldn't handle all of this," Blaine said as he skulked off towards his own locker. He opened the door, and he stared at the childish diaper bag. He wished he had his expensive Louis Vuitton bag and his form fitting, but appropriate, school uniform.

"Weird bag you got there Anderson," a deep seductive voice spoke behind him. He felt the hands of the unknown person graze over his waist and he jumped at the thought of his secret being found out by another.

"Watch the hands Sebastian!" Blaine shrieked as he pushed away from his fellow Warbler. "You know I'm taken," Blaine said, a little more aggressively than he had originally planned. But Sebastian was one guy that was constantly barking up his tree, and one which Kurt would never forgive. Blaine spun around in felt Sebastian step towards him, pinning him against the cold door of a locker. The plush diaper crinkled against the metal facade and made a noise that Blaine begged that nobody heard.

"What none of these guys will say anything to your nerdy boyfriend," Sebastian said as he leaned on a locker while his other hand was still outstretched, which kept Blaine held in one place. "Don't tell me you don't like me." Sebastian pushed out his bottom lip, feigning hurt feelings at Blaine's constant rejection. Blaine rolled his eyes in annoyance. This was the last thing he knew he could handle today and knew he needed to duck out of this conversation as quick as possible. Blaine's eyes darted to his saving grace, the bathroom stalls.

"I need to use the restroom!" Blaine said as he pushed himself past Sebastian and towards the bathroom. His quick movements caused his thick diaper to wobble back and forth and crunch with every step.

"Looking thick!" Sebastian said as he scooped one of Blaine's cheeks as he ran away from him and felt the backside give way to something other than the thick butt cheek he has thought he was grabbing. Blaine felt sweat and fear fall down his spine, but continued to move towards the offshoot of the locker room and towards the bathroom. He locked the door of the stall at the end of the small row and wished the bell for the end of class would ring.

"Not so quick, big boy!" Sebastian called after him as he followed him towards the bathroom. Blaine could hear the soft murmuring of whisperers between his classmates and then the sound of several feet coming towards his locked stall. Blaine picked his feet up from the ground and hid within his small three by five bathroom stall. He wished he could just disappear and not endure whatever was about to happen to him.

"Knock knock," Sebastian said as he stood at the door to the stall. Blaine looked down and realized his fears and thoughts, it wasn't just Sebastian at the door but several pairs of feet. Blaine counted, and it was four of his classmates standing on the other side of the door, waiting for his shame to be revealed. "I said, Knock knock baby," Sebastian said with a hint of knowing in his voice. He knew what was under Blaine's shorts. Or he at least had a very good idea from his rough squeeze.

Blaine dropped his feet to the floor with two soft taps and opened the stall door, while his head hung down in shame. He couldn't look at his friends and he couldn't help but notice the feeling of his cock growing hard again within the cottony confines of his diaper.

"Hey buddy, why don't you come on out here. I wanna ask you something," Sebastian said as he tilted Blaine's head up towards him with a push of his finger. Blaine shuffled out of the bathroom stall, barely lifting his foot with each step. "All the guys don't think you have gotten, well, a little big in the behind and I told that it was all muscle."

"I don't think so," said Hank, one of the more muscular students in my class. He wasn't a part of the Warblers or a part of the groups that Blaine associated himself with, but from the size of the guy's biceps and quads; he was a weightlifter. "Doesn't look gym-made to me," he said with a shrug of his rounded shoulders.

"And I told him I have been seeing you working it in the gym after we practice. So I was telling them all that they should see you squat!" Sebastian said as he took a hold of Blaine's hand and pulled him out into the center of the four guys standing outside the stall. "So go ahead and do it....baby." The

name sent another thrill towards his diaper. The sheer thought of the humiliation that he was about to endure was enough to make him want to cum. Blaine looked at Sebastian and saw his evil grin and the twinkle in his eye that let Blaine know, Sebastian's assumption was much more realized.

"Do it," Sebastian ordered a little louder, making Blaine jump in fear. He looked at the men surrounding him and he bent at the knees, slowly moving his ass closer to the ground. But before his knees got to a complete 90-degree angle, he pulled himself back up. "No, that's definitely not a squat. Come on, show them what this ass is made of." Sebastian gave both of Blaine's padded cheeks and squeeze. Sebastian's head began to spin with the possibilities of what could happen if his secret was found out.

Blaine, with every ounce of confidence and trust in Sebastian, he pushed out his ass and lowered his ass to the floor until he felt his shorts ride lower on his waist until he felt the shorts completely shift away. Blaine stood back up but before he could move back into position, Sebastian ordered another squat, which Blaine obeyed. The group of guys watched Blaine as he bounced up and down in the center of them, repeatedly squatting until his legs could no longer bend from exhaustion. The men all gasped in surprise at different times when they all realized what he hid.

"is that..." Hank began to ask, but before he could finish his question Sebastian took it into his own hands. Blaine felt Sebastian's hands grab onto his shorts and pull them to the ground. "Holy fuck it is!" Hank shouted to Sebastian and then looked to Blaine. "What the fuck?!" Blaine's cheeks burned red with embarrassment at his secret fetish and arousal being found out by not one but multiple people.

"Blaine, do you want to explain your... little secret?" Sebastian asked, acting like the devil on Blaine's shoulder, pushing him to further expose himself.

"I'm a diaper boy," Blaine whispered to his classmates, looking down at the plush white diaper as it stood out in the open. The men around Blaine all snickered with one another at Blaine, admitting his addition. "I love wearing diapers."

"Just wearing them?" Sebastian asked as he wrapped his arms around Blaine and groped the front of his diaper. "Seems a little wet to me," Sebastian joked to his friends.

"What?! No!" Blaine shouted. Denying Sebastian's accusation. "It's sweat!" He said, his heart pounded harder with sheer humiliation now. Finding out that he wore diapers was one thing, but them knowing that he used them was a completely different story.

"Sweat, huh?" Sebastian asked. "Well, maybe we should go ahead and fill him up? What do you think guys?" Blaine spun around once more at the sound of his classmates shorts falling to the floor. He was speechless. How was this happening? Were they actually going to piss on him, or better yet; Would

they fill his diaper like Sebastian was threatening? “Go ahead and open it up,” Sebastian ordered, but Blaine stood unmoving at the order. “Well, I guess it is up to us then. Men pick a corner.” Blaine felt several hands take a hold of his diaper and the men’s thickening cocks as each were slipped into the rim of his diaper. Blaine opened his mouth to stop them, but for once he held his own words.

The thought of another man filling his diaper with their piss was humiliating in such an erotic way he didn’t even know how to express himself. The feeling of their piss quickly followed the feeling of their cocks as it flooded Blaine’s diaper. Blaine groaned as he felt their fluids envelop his own cock as it became painfully hard. The warm liquids seeped into the diaper causing it to begin to sag from the weight of the three men’s heavy loads of piss. Blaine’s senses were overrun with the smell and feeling of their piss.

Blaine had filled his own diaper multiple times before in public and in private but he had never before been filled by another guy. Just the idea of another guy filling his diaper with one of their loads or their piss were fantasies that he hadn’t ever shared with Daddy Kurt or others in person. He had fantasized about being used as a urinal and being forced to walk around while another man’s piss squished around in his diaper.

“Fuck, I had to pee bad!” One of the more silent guys groaned as he shook off his cock, splattering piss on Blaine’s lower stomach. The other three guys followed with the same motion and each redressed. Sebastian warped his arms back around Blaine and squeezed the diaper, wringing out some of the piss onto Blaine’s cock.

“Wow we really filled you up baby. Such a wet diaper you have. Why don’t you go get a fresh one of those out of your bag,” Sebastian suggested nodding towards the lockers. Blaine, mindlessly waddled towards the lockers. He felt the diaper sag further than ever before because of the excessive loads of urine that was poured into its soggy recesses. The feeling was so erotic his cock spewed precum into the wet-cottony insides with every step. The diaper bounced back and forth as he waddled towards his locker, retrieved his diaper bag, and walked back to the men. Blaine looked at Sebastian in his underwear and saw that his chub had grown into a full-blown hard-on. Blaine wondered was Sebastian also hiding a secret kink?

The Worst Type of Workout

Blaine took one diaper from his “backpack” and heard a noise of dissatisfaction from Sebastian from behind him. Blaine looked over his shoulder with a fresh diaper in hand. Sebastian shook his head.

“I think we are going to need a few more than that. Seems like you really like to soak up those diapers. And I wouldn’t want you to have to get another change before the end of the day.” Sebastian added, smiling like he truly was the devil. Blaine shoved his hand back into his bag and took out another diaper and heard the sound once again, and pulled out an additional TWO diapers. “There we go. Now why don’t you go ahead and lay down on one of the benches.” Sebastian nodded towards a nearby bench and Blaine sat down with a loud *SQUISH*.

Sebastian and his goons crossed the locker room and pushed Blaine’s back onto the bench. Sebastian pulled Blaine to the edge of the bench, and pulled at the straps that held the diaper around his waist. The flooded insides fell onto the bench and dripped onto the floor. One man on either side of Blaine’s legs lifted them into the air as Sebastian ran his hand along Blaine’s wet inner thighs. Blaine shivered as his his fingers moved towards his cock and took a hold of it. Blaine looked away from Sebastian’s glaring eyes as he stroked Blaine’s caged cock, bringing it back to life until it pushed for freedom against the metallic cage. He slapped Blaine’s hard cock against his lower abdomen several times, pooling his precum into his belly button. He said nothing about the cage, but Blaine could tell from his eyes, that Sebastian was even more interested in him than just a few moments before.

“Please stop,” Blaine groaned, not wanting to get caught like this or for Daddy Kurt to hear about him playing with the ONE person on his do not touch list. Sebastian laughed a deep throated evil chuckle and dropped Blaine’s cock onto his stomach.

“Seems like someone’s enjoying it more than they are letting on though.” Sebastian walked his fingers along Blaine’s hard cock and towards his hole. Sebastian nodded to his friends and they spread Blaine’s large wider. His ample ass cheeks spread naturally and revealed his hairless pink hole. “So surprised that you have no hair down here. I would think from that mop of curly hair that you would be beastly.” Sebastian’s fingers rubbed around Blaine’s hole, using the sweat and the leftover piss as a lubricant for his finger.

“Please,” Blaine begged again as he attempted to squeeze his cheeks closed. But with the angle that they were spread, it was not very effective.

“Let’s play a game. You answer my questions and I let you go? Well, I behave myself. Deal?”
What choice did Blaine have but to shake his head yes.

“So are you naturally this hairless?” Sebastian asked as he rubbed Blaine’s pink hole. It was so soft and smooth. His fingers were already sinking into his hole with little to no pressure from him.

“No!” Blaine yelped as he felt a surprise finger push into him. Sebastian pulled away, but took note of the growing pool of precum on Blaine’s stomach.

“Sorry. Got a little eager I guess,” he said with a shrug of his shoulders.

“So was this full body shave your idea or someone else’s?” Sebastian asked, jumping to the question that was burning in his mind. Why would someone subject themselves to this kind of humiliation? The only answer he could muster, would be that someone was pulling the strings but who? Sebastian circled his fingers around Blaine’s hole once more, and gave him several seconds to answer. But as the time slowly passed so did Sebastian’s patience. “Time’s up!” He announced before he pushed a few fingers into Blaine’s surprisingly loose hole. “Seems like I’m not the first thing that has been up here today.”

Blaine blushed as the memory of the night before came to life. Sitting on his favorite plug, his cage bouncing up and down as he fucked himself, Kurt watching on a camera while he lazily jerked his massive cock. Blaine bit down his lip as his cock lurched in excitement at the memory. A noticeable jump from it laying position, and Sebastian’s digging fingers did not help the situation.

“What do answer? Interesting. Next question, who has the key to this lock?” Blaine knew that he couldn’t answer that either, so he just laid silently on the bench while Sebastian’s fingers continued to explode his hole. “Not going to answer that one either? Very interesting.” Sebastian pushed an additional two fingers into Blaine’s hole, stretching it further. Blaine’s toes curled as his hole was continuously assaulted by his classmate, but he knew that no matter what he had done to him he needed to keep some secrets from Sebastian. Or else Daddy Kurt would inflict a much worse punishment than anything that Sebastian could muster, he hoped.

“Well this isn’t fun if you aren’t answering. Lets try a different method.” Sebastian withdrew his fingers with a soft *plop* from Blaine’s hole and took the diapers and began to redress Blaine. Before Blaine had only been wearing one naturally thick diaper, but now with four diapers; he didn’t even know if he could walk with such a mass of cotton wrapped around his waist. The diapers were built upon one another in some strange golem like fashion. The top was completely unusable but added an extra layer of bulk and humiliation to the scene. “Let his legs go. We are going to the weight room. Lead the way baby.” Sebastian stepped to the side and motioned for Blaine to walk.

Blaine unceremoniously rolled over the bench like a turtle that was stuck on his back. He felt his feet hit the ground and lifted his body to a standing position. It was awkward, it was uncoordinated, it was humiliating the way he walked towards the weight room. One wide step after wide step, he waddled towards the room at the far end of the locker room. Sebastian and his goons snickered and laughed as they watched his movements. He tried to bring his legs closer together but the several layers of soft plush were adamant with keeping them apart. And upon entry into the weight room, Sebastian and his friends pushed Blaine in quickly and locked the door behind them.

It was an adequate enough weight room; bench presses and squat racks stood against the wall, free weights were lined behind those, and then machines that worked the rest of the body were on the opposing wall. The academy wasn't known for its intense weightlifting team, but there was enough to keep the men of Dalton fit and muscled.

"To the squat rack baby," Sebastian said as he walked towards a specific rack at the corner of the room. Blaine waddled behind him obediently as he watched Sebastian load up the rack with two 25 pound weights on either side and stood out the side. "Time to workout baby boy," Sebastian ordered. Blaine gave a huff of disagreement before he stood underneath the bar.

"How many?" Blaine asked, already sore from the squatting he just did for Sebastian in the bathroom.

"How about you, keep squatting until I say to stop. Or you let out the name of the person who is making you do all this?" Sebastian offered.

"What if I don't?" Blaine said, tightening his fist in his hand. Sebastian's already wicked grin grew wider, reminding Blaine more and more of some sort of Disney villain than the guy who was once his friend.

"Well, then we kick you out into the gymnasium in your full diaper regalia and post all the pictures of you in your diaper onto the Warbler homepage online so everyone can see that you are a diaper slut. But it's completely up to you," Sebastian said, shrugging his shoulders again. Blaine knew that Sebastian didn't make hollow threats and he positioned himself properly, and lifted the bar from the rack and began his forced workout.

Blaine watched in the mirror as the goons snapped repeated pictures of him in several compromising positions throughout the squatting. His ass was pushed out at certain points of the exercise which made the already over-exaggerated diaper seem that much bigger! After his legs could no longer take it, Blaine was moved towards a free space and was ordered to do push-ups while Sebastian's lackeys snapped more and more pictures of him and his diaper. Every picture Blaine could

guarantee would feature the diaper and his sweat covered face. So that there was no denying who was actually in the photo. Then once he couldn't take the push-ups he was moved to his favorite workout routine, boxing.

In Blaine's head it was Sebastian that he was beating up. It was Sebastian that he was punching as hard as he could. If it weren't for the gloves that were forced onto his hands, he would have for sure broken a finger if not his whole hand. Thought Blaine did notice the Sebastian had been typing away on his phone the entire time while Blaine boxed. Though he was lost in his boxing almost like a trance. It was a favorite way to loose himself, when he was being forced so the boxing seemed almost therapeutic after a very anxiety riddled day. It wasn't until he heard a knock on the door did he come back to reality and realize that he was about to be caught in such a state.

"Oh don't worry baby boy. Its for you." Sebastian went to the door, cracked it, took a small brown paper bag, and slammed the door shut. "I thought I would give you a little parting gift, since we cant keep this up all day. I have class, and we have practice." He tossed the bag to Blaine who immediately opened and saw a small of shiny pink plastic.

"What is this?" Blaine asked as he withdrew the mass, and it unfolded itself. They were tights. They were rubber tights.

"Well It thought if you are going to be walking about in those all day we may want to make sure that they stay covered. We couldn't want anyone to figure out your – big secret. Try them on. I got the largest size they had to make sure that big caboose of yours would fit into them."

One leg at a time Blaine stepped into the already skintight tights, pulling them over his thick calves and thighs and then struggled to get them over the diaper. The other men in the weight room laughed uncontrollably as Blaine pushed, and shoved the diaper into place as he tugged the rubber tights over his diaper until it completely covered his backside. He looked at himself in one of the mirrors that hung from the wall and groaned. He looked ridiculous, absolutely, horribly, obscenely ridicules. He looked like a someone that needed to go on botched for butt implants that were too big! Blaine though about the rest of the day, waddling around the hallways. Everyone would know that something was wrong. Everyone would see that his pants were stuffed with something.

"Damn if that ass was real I don't think you would be able to deny guys from getting in between those cheeks," Sebastian teased as he groped Blaine's pink ass. "But that idea is for another day my friend. We need to get going. Gym class is well over due, and my study hall is almost finished." Blaine looked at a nearby clock and realized, he had just skipped his entire last class.

"Well, fuck."

Practice

Blaine watched as his tormentors ran from the locker room, quicker than he physically was able to move. Blaine waddled back to his locker and gathered his belongings. Sebastian left him with one final threat of not taking off any of the diapers until, “you know who,” says so. Blaine began to believe that Sebastian knew more about his secret than he was letting on. The way he talked to him. The comments that he made. The way he came so prepared. He had to know something, and there was only one person that would know his secret besides him. It had to be Daddy Kurt.

Blaine redressed himself in his jeans with great difficulty as he pushed his diaper deep into his denim jeans. He looked at his reflection in the mirror and saw that half of his diaper still hung free from its denim prison. He grew flushed. He didn’t have time to worry about hiding it, let alone the balls to remove it. He took his jacket from his diaper bag and tied it around his waist and gave a small smile to his reflection. It was hidden, not well, but it was hidden nonetheless. He finished collecting his belongings, and by the time he exited the locker room the bell for his next class rung.

“Ughh,” Blaine groaned as the halls flooded with students as they all moved to their last classes of the day. Blaine’s last class was luckily his history class, and the teacher usually just played movies. So he would have time to think about what to do about practice.

His last class went off without any incident, unlike every other part of the day. He sat on the literal edge of his seat, waiting for someone to say something about his rather enhanced backside or comment on the crinkling noise that seemed to come from him whenever he moved. Luckily the movie was loud and long. So the only potential listeners would have been the single person who sat in front of him, but they were too engrossed in their phone to notice their surroundings.

When it was only minutes from the final bell, Blaine thought he was going to make it without any further humiliation but he was wrong. With only three minutes to spare, he felt his phone vibrate within his pocket. His stomach fell when he saw who it was from.

Daddy Kurt: Meet me in the back auditorium bathroom after the final class. I have a new outfit for you for practice. Don’t be late.

What could he possibly have for me, Blaine wondered. But without any other time to think the final bell rang and the day was over.

Blaine dragged his feet as he shuffled towards the auditorium. He saw his fellow glee members go towards the practice room while he moved in the opposite direction. Why would Daddy Kurt be

punishing him? He obeyed his rules. He listened to every person who tortured him all day long. What could he possibly do to him that wasn't already done? Blaine ran through a multitude of pictures, and people that found out his kinky lifestyle.

"About time," Daddy Kurt grunted as he immediately threw a duffel bag at Blaine as he entered the bathroom.

"Oomph," Blaine grunted as the bag struck him in his torso. He dropped the bag to the floor and saw it fall open. Blaine knew the babe blue satin color that filled the bag. "No, you cant -." Blaine began to ask but was cut short by a harsh glare from Kurt.

"Can't wait? Cheat on you? Oh wait, that was you." Daddy Kurt's words were like venom. His fangs sunk into Blaine and pushed his icy, truthful words into him without a care for any recourse. It was true. This was Blaine's fault. "And what, you don't like being a stupid diaper boy anymore?" Daddy Kurt raised an eyebrow as if to challenge Blaine. Blaine bit his plump bottom lip as he looked between Kurt and the bag. Was his daddy giving him the opportunity to escape? To leave this life – this kink behind? He felt the tightness of the diaper around his wait and the thickness of fluff as it crushed his dick.

Did he want to be free? Or was he too addicted to the constant stream of the humiliation of being his true self?

Silently, Blaine took the bag and placed it on the counter, withdrawing the objects from within the bag. He didn't know how he was going to explain this to his fellow glee members but he had a feeling that Daddy Kurt had that all planned.

It wasn't the most embarrassing costume that Blaine owned, but it was was one of the top ones. It was a set; booties, bonnet, booties, and an oversized pacifier. But the reason why this one was worse than any other was the locks that kept everything looked in place. Blaine slipped the mittens on and the bonnet, which Daddy Kurt immediately locked into place. Blaine's hands were tightly bound within the mittens. He could barely stretch his fingers, let along hold anything that required dexterity. Without another moment. Daddy Kurt took ahold of Blaine's pants and dropped them to the floor. Blaine fell to the ground from the aggressive movements which gave Daddy Kurt an easier time with the removal process.

"What are you doing?" Blaine shrieked as he watched his Daddy throw his pants into the nearest toilet.

"What you didn't think you would be allowed to keep these on during practice?" Daddy Kurt asked. "We are going to show all of your friends your dark little secret today. And with those mittens in place. You won't be able to stop it from happening." Blaine opened his mouth to argue, but his mouth

was quickly field with the comically large pacifier “There we go. Babies shouldn’t have so much back talk. Now let’s get going – oh wait. I almost forgot.” Daddy Kurt went into Blaine’s diaper bag and began to rustle through the dozen or so diapers left and pulled out one from the bottom. The rubber cover for his diapers. The inflatable rubber cover for his diaper. Blaine didn’t think his stomach could fall any lower than it had already fallen, but it did.

Like an obedient diaper boy; Blaine stepped one foot in at a time into the loose rubber diaper. Daddy Kurt tightened the center above my diapers and then began the inflation process. I felt the rubber diaper swell and swell. It pushed my legs apart and the pressure compressed my dick which only made it throb. He grew it until it looked like I had stepped into a beach ball. He plugged the hole and tossed the pump into the bag. Without asking, he lifted one of Blaine’s legs at a tied and placed a matching set of booties onto his feet and locked them around his ankles. His feet slid across the tiled surface of the floor as he attempted to gain some stability. He appeared as though he didn’t know how to walk from the uncoordinated motions.

“Perfect. No way to hide this massive diaper. Not that you would want too,” Daddy Kurt purred into his ear. Daddy Kurt straddled his sides and pressed his groin against the rubber and began to rub himself. Daddy Kurt let out a grunt as he began to grind and rub himself as he pinned Blaine against the nearest wall. “Fucking diaper freak. You just love it when daddy manhandles you don’t you?”

Blaine’s response was a heavy breath. Blaine went to grab onto his boyfriend but his wrist was pinned onto the wall. Blaine let out another groan of enjoyment as Daddy Kurt began to hump the front of his inflated diaper. A soft squeaking sound filed the small bathroom as he humped and thrust against Blaine’s diaper.

“I’m a worthless diaper boy.” Blaine groaned as his true fantasy of being touched and treated like this by Kurt became a reality.

“That’s right boy. Nothing but a diaper obsessed bitch. Daddy’s bitch.” Daddy Kurt pressed his lips to Blaine’s and moved towards his neck. He pulled away and looked deep into Blaine’s eyes and said, “And I’m ready to show everyone else who you truly are.”

Without another word, Daddy Kurt gripped Blaine’s hand and pulled him from the bathroom. The soft squeaking noise intensified as he was pulled towards the practice room.

“Kurt. Daddy Kurt, please stop. Please,” Blaine begged as he tried to pull away from his boyfriend’s weirdly strong grip. Kurt stayed silent as he pulled. His feet offered no resistance against he floor as they stayed stationary on the floor. Blaine’s eyes were wild as he looked around the hallways. Where the students? Was one waiting around the next corner for him? Would he run into Sebastian?

Would he run into the principal? His heart raced almost as fast as his brain could create one horrible possibility after another. But while his mind was filled with possibilities he forgot to worry about his current harsh reality. It wasn't until he was pushed first into a room full of all of the members of the glee club, did he realize his nightmare had become a reality.

"Mr. Anderson!" The Director shouted as all the other members of the glee club gasped in shock at the sight of their star singers, standing in a diaper in front of everyone.

"Hi-hi, guys," Blaine stuttered after he pushed out the large pacifier into his hand. He stared at the wide eyes of his fellow members as he tried to figure out how he would get out of this situation.

The group of guys stared at Blaine as he stood in his ridiculous outfit. The diaper, the bonnet, the large booties, and matching mittens, he felt his cheeks begin to turn a bright red color. One that nearly matched the school's color. The group of twenty guys stared at him, shocked as none of them spoke. His eyes found Sebastian whose perfect place was covered in lust, and torment. His pursed lips told Blaine that he was holding in whatever horrible thoughts that currently invaded in his mind. Blaine began to move forward; his mind racing with possible lies but the floor was clean and the booties were silk. So instead of walking into the room with the suave strut of confidence that he was known for; he fell to the ground.

"Now that is what I am talking about!" James St. James, the newly appointed director of the Warblers shouted! Everyone's mouths dropped even further. What the hell could he be talking about? "Great job Blaine." He reached out a hand and helped him to his feet. Blaine placed a hand on his director's shoulder and braced himself as his feet continued to slip and falter even as he stood still. "This everyone," he said with motion around Blaine, "is what I mean when I say to think out of the box. If we want to beat the New Directions this year then we need to bring it to the next level. This is just inspirational – a baby-themed set."

"Hit me Baby one more time!"

"Baby by Justin Bieber."

"Come on Over Baby!"

"Baby shark?"

The long list of songs just continued to be shouted as each one of them was brought into the idea of the new theme for Regionals.

"Great job Blaine. I knew you had it in you. And thanks for volunteering to be the main attraction at the competition." The director said with a subtle squeeze of Blaine's shoulders. "Can you actually dance in those things?" He asked, nodding towards the diaper in the booties.

“Hold on, what? No, I can’t wear these are regionals. This was just a joke,” he began to say as he rattled off a long tale of losing a bet, and being forced into the attire. But before the long lie could be finished Kurt strolled into the classroom, and threw his whole story out the window.

“Blaine! You look great, did everyone love it like we thought they would?” Kurt asked, putting on his overly-gay persona that people still recognized.

“This was your idea Kurt?” James st. James asked. Kurt looped his fingers into Blaine’s and squeezed tighter than Blaine would have expected.

“Nope, this was all Blaine! He came up with the idea all himself. He said, that what the Warblers were missing was, in fact, a mascot. Not only one that would be the theme for the playlist but also dance and interact with us while we sang. That we weren’t going to just be singing any longer but also acting!” Kurt could feel that Blaine wanted to speak from the way his body twitched as Kurt talked but Kurt’s grip told him to remain silent. Their fellow Warblers’ looks of shock and disgust began to change one by one into looks of excitement and amazement.

“Well, Blaine if you are going to be the mascot then we will have to change some things around. Sebastian, you are the lead singer now. Got any favorites that we can practice?” Sebastian chewed on his question for a moment and then stood from his chair.

“Well, in honor of Blaine’s rather...LARGE backside I think there is only one song that could commiserate this moment.” Sebastian ran his fingers across the screen of his phone before he placed it into the speakers and clicked play. The song was immediately recognized by his fellow members, Baby Got Back. “Feel free to dance along baby Blaine,” Sebastian said as he began to sing the famous song.

Kurt leaned into Blaine’s ear and whispered yet another order for him.

“Dance for your friends or they are gonna find out that these diapers aren’t just for show.” Blaine swallowed a mouthful of air as he put on a smile for his friends.

It was just a show. It was just him dancing for his friends. He just happened to be in the worst costume in history. Before Blaine could have another thought, Kurt, with his anger enhanced strength he pushed him into the center of the group and he slipped and slides onto his hands and knees with his inflated diaper up in the air. He had two choices. Sit their on his hands and knees and be embarrassed and then get even more embarrassed with Kurt’s threat or he could go all out and embrace the look and the fantasy that was forced into reality. He chose the latter.

Spreading his legs wide Blaine began to twerk his diaper-clad bottom up and down onto the floor. He swayed his hips from side to side as he fell into the rhythm of the music and tried to enjoy himself. He always loved to dance, and he secret – well not so secretly now, loved diapers. So this

should have been easy for him. It wasn't the first time that he had danced in his diaper for Kurt. In fact Kurt loved humiliating Blaine by making him dance to over sexualized songs in his diapers.

On more than one occasion Blaine would dance to the most sensual of songs and rub and grind his diaper onto his boyfriend's/daddy's lap while he sat and watched him debase himself.

Blaine started off his dance with a few slow movements. He ground the front of his diaper into the hardwood floors of the chorus room while Sebastian sang his song. Several other members join in his song, singing backup while the others remained entranced by Blaine's movements. Blaine could see the male singers cross their legs or place their hands in front of their boners as they grew in their tight trousers. Blaine arched his back and pushed his diapered bottom into the air and rapidly twerked it, shaking both his ass and the diaper around it in quick succession. Some let out small moans of enjoyment while others stayed silent, memorizing every moment so when they were alone they could fully enjoy the show. Blaine's dance was a strange combination of stripper and brake dancer but his movements were even more sexual and enhanced by his diaper.

Just a subtle thrust or pop of his hip sent the diaper in all directions; jiggling and bouncing more than he could have expected. It was wrong for them to watch but the loud squeaks of the diaper were had to ignore. The men of the Warblers could not understand why they could not look away. Why were they so interested in Blaine in his diapered state? Some of the guys joked with one another at the sight and laughed at their star singer in his ridicules get up, while a large selection of them just stared. They watched as he rolled onto his inflated bottom and began to thrust towards the air, while the rubber diaper gave him the perfect bounce back. Kurt rolled his mittened hands up and down his chest and onto his diaper and held them there as if he were thrusting into another guy. He bit his lip as he tried to sell the fantasy. But what Kurt, Blaine, and the rest of the Warblers did not expect was Sebastian's interactions with Blaine.

Sebastian straddled Blaine with his legs stretched, placing one leg on either side of the student's diapered groin. Blaine's grabbed a hold of either of Sebastian's legs and rubbed his diapered crotch into his tight plump butt. The crowd hooted and hollered at the sight, and was lucky not stopped by the director. Blaine for once was happy at the diaper which kept his growing erection from Kurt's sight. It had been some time since Blaine had been in such a position where he was able to penetrate another guy. He remembered a time when he was able to fuck Kurt as much as he wanted. When his cock was his alone to use as he wished. The hours he spent jerking off or even trusting away in a diaper for his online daddies. But with this cage clasped tightly around his cock, his pleasure was contained but his lust was freer than ever before as he rubbed against Sebastian. While Sebastian continued to sing Blaine

rubbed his hands up and down his toned thighs, he rubbed his perfect bubble butt and squeezed his firm cheeks. They were so tight and strong. Blaine could only imagine what they must feel like to be deep in between. How tight Sebastian's hole would feel if Blaine would only be allowed a few moments alone with him and be allowed to fuck.

Sebastian stared at his diapered friend in the eyes, never missing a note or a beat of the song. He could see the sexual frustration that had built inside of Blaine from his dance and his imprisonment within the cage. Sebastian arched his back that much more pushed his ass, and flexed his cheeks within Blaine's hands. Each subtle change elicit a moan from Blaine and Sebastian knew that Blaine loved every little difference. Blaine's thrusts and Sebastian's movements grew to a crescendo as the song drew to its close. The song was ready to end but the sexual energy in the air palpated between them. Sebastian ran his hands along Blaine's tights and squeezed the diaper, and could just feel Blaine's locked dick hidden beauty the overly inflated sexual toy.

Blaine locked eyes with Sebastian and in that moment saw a different side of him as he sang and rubbed against Blaine. He wasn't this monster but sexually repressed. Blaine could tell by the way Sebastian arched his back and bounced on the diaper that he loved it nearly as much as Blaine enjoyed being one. The singing only grew louder as Blaine's thrusts grew harder. The squeaks and the slapping sound moved to the beat of the song and only finally ended when the music stopped, and when the song ended so did the enchanted on the group of Warblers. They all began to talk amongst themselves as if what had just occurred on the floor didn't really happen. Blaine could see the red cheeks, and the wet groins of his classmates as they stared at the two dancers – breathless, unsure of what was to unfold next.

"Phenomenal!" The Director cheered as he clapped his hands, breaking the long moments of silence as he too readjusted himself behind his podium. "Exceptional! This will be a great song to start the competition with, but what will be the big number. Not that there was anything wrong with this, we just need something that will tie you two together." The director waved his hands towards Sebastian and Blaine. "Ideas gentleman!" He shouted to the room of silent men while Blaine and Sebastian pulled themselves off the floor.

Blaine followed Sebastian towards a seat in the front row while Kurt glowered over in the corner. His eyes were cut like diamonds and full of rage. If there was one person that Kurt could not stand it was Sebastian and what he had just done. It would not end well for Blaine, not that his life was on the upswing as it were.

"I have a thought," Kurt said as he slipped back into his skittish persona. It looked weird on him. The way he dressed and carried himself in private was different in the way he portrayed himself in groups. He would wear his old stutter and high pitched voice as a distraction so others would not notice the layers of muscle that he had built or that he no longer smiled or sang much anymore.

"What do you have Kurt?" The director asked, hopeful that Kurt would have some treasure locked away within his creative mind.

"It involves Blaine again." He walked towards the front of the class and dragged the piano's seat into the center. "Babe, can you come here?" Kurt asked kindly. The kind words in his voice made the seat of Blaine's diaper slick with sweat. What else could Kurt be crafting? What could be worse than having Blaine dance in front of everyone in a diaper? Only time would tell; Blaine stood from his chair and walked towards Kurt. His diaper let out a squeak with every back and forth sway its mass. Kurt took note of which members watched mesmerized and which blushed in embarrassment for Blaine.

Blaine stood beside his boyfriend and was immediately pulled over his lap. He had no time to react as Kurt pulled his legs apart and placed one hand on the backside of Blaine's diaper.

"What do you do to bad boys?" Kurt asked the Warblers. They murmured amongst themselves, but nobody stood up to give an answer. Kurt rolled his eyes internally, remembering who he portrayed to the outside world. "Bad boys get spanked! It will be great! Smack That, it's iconic, immediately recognizable, and we can continue to feature our favorite bad baby boy Blaine." The guys nodded back and forth in the agreement of Kurt's idea.

"But that just means Blaine would be singing alone wouldn't it?" The director asked. "How are we supposed to get the rest of the guys -."

"Already thought about that. Each guy will come up and literally SMACK THAT right on Blaine's bottom as we sing." Kurt could feel as Blaine struggled against his lap as he wanted to say something but Kurt secretly tightened the grip he had on Blaine's neck and he ended his struggles.

"I don't know if that would be allowed." The director said hesitantly, but when Kurt turned and stared at the director. He dropped his persona and stared at him with an intensity that made him step back. Then as quick as he left he placed the mask of friendliness back on his face and turned back the singers. The director did not voice any more of his opinions on the matter.

"So everyone go ahead and line up. Sebastian why don't you just get the music ready. I'm sure you can fall in somewhere near the end of the line. It seems like your very comfortable in the rear." Sebastian cocked his head to the side and gave a half-smile before he returned to his phone to find the song. "So let's go ahead and get this thing off." Kurt found the air nozzle and pulled, letting out the air

form the diaper which escaped with a long *hiss*. It took nearly three minutes for the entire diaper to deflate and when it was empty of air, Kurt took the rim of the diaper and lifted it under Blaine's plump cheeks. That was when every really began to move within the choir room. The line of twenty students was quickly made as they each tried to look around the student in front of them to get a view of Blaine's tan cheeks as they were propped up in the air. Kurt leaned towards Blaine's ear and nipped the lobe before he spoke.

"This is just the beginning of your punishment Blaine. Don't think you won't be in for worse when we get home later." Blaine's body went erect with fear. "Maybe Sebastian will want to see how much a pathetic baby boy you are with all those videos. It seems like he enjoyed yall's playtime. I wonder if he will like you as much if he sees how much you *truly* love diapers." Blaine laid silently on Kurt's lap as he adjusted his legs and pushed out Blaine's ass that much higher for the members to see and ogle. The one sliver of privacy that Kurt did allow was that the front of the diaper still hid the shameful cage that kept his dick encased. But Blaine wouldn't put it past his daddy to make him show himself to everyone in the classroom.

"Ready?" Kurt asked Sebastian as he placed his phone into a docking station.

"Yup," Sebastian said with a bite, and he pressed play the erotic conga line of spanks began.

The song kept the moments quick as one student after another came up beside Blaine and smacked one of his cheeks. His rounded buttocks bounced and jiggled in response to each of the assaults. Kurt frown at first when the first round of smacks was gentle and playful. Their smacks were barely hard enough to leave a red mark on Blaine's olive-toned butt cheeks. But when Sebastian landed his first slap with both hands Blaine lurched forward at the strength behind the spanking, and Kurt could even hear Blaine in pain. And the next one was just as hard and full of passion.

Dozens of handprints began to appear on Blaine's cheeks and Kurt finally began to smile. He could hear the wincing of pain from Blaine as the slaps seemed endless. Though the song had repeated itself twice now, none of the singers nor the director deemed to end the spanking session. And as the spanking continued the lands began to grab subtly to Blaine. They would slap his cheek and hold tightly, and squeeze them. Their heavy breathing was full of sexual tension. Kurt could tell how they lusted after Blaine's cheeks and wanted so much to do other things to his boy. The way they should not-so-secretly part his cheeks and see Blaine's hairless hole as it gapped back at them, practically begging for something to be pushed into him.

Kurt would peak down the line and could see the singers as they would massage themselves within their trousers, or excuse themselves to the bathroom to clearly unleash the built-up frustration. Though the numbers dwindled, the handprints remained and grew darker with every round.

Blaine remained silent through his entire punishment. He would let out wincing of pain and yelps of surprise when a surpassingly hard slap would radiate through his whole body. Or when a rather frisky member of his show choir would let their fingers slip between his butt cheeks and graze his hole. Part of him wished they would push their fingers or their cocks into his hole to give him something else to focus on besides the constant pain that pushed from his cheeks. He could feel tears blot his eyes as the pain built upon each slap, trying to break him down. He knew he could holdout. That this was just another twisted version of fun from Kurt, but something in his head told him he deserved to be punished.

Bad boy. Bad diaper wearing faggot.

The inner voice said to him. The darker side of his personality, the part that loved this humiliation and this degradation told him he deserved to be treated this way. The part that told him to seek out other men, to seek out more ways to demean himself and ruin his life that much more.

It's your fault. Behave better next time and you wouldn't be punished.

The voice was a barrage of words, blaming everything on Blaine, and he began to agree with the voice. He began to listen to the voice as his butt radiated such pain. The voice he tried to quiet was right when it spoke to Blaine about how much he enjoyed his punishment, and wanted more; more humiliation, more embarrassment, more degradation. His cock strained within its cage from the pleasure he felt and the humiliation that burned within his body.

"I'm a bad boy," Blaine thought to himself. "I should be spanked. Bad boys get spanked by their daddies and their friends." Blaine felt his body relax and arch back towards the swipes his friends took at his backside. "Bad diaper boys get punished. Diaper boys should listen to their daddies." Blaine's mind was a battlefield of thought as that voice in his head grew louder and urged him to accept his place. Accept the punishment that he caused. This was his fault and Blaine knew it. His common sense was a wall built, keeping his kink at bay but he felt it overwhelm him like a tidal wave with emotions and feelings and all Blaine could do was to hold tightly onto Kurt's pants and take his punishment.

"I'm sorry daddy," Blaine whispered to himself, inaudible to any other, and waited for his daddy to end his punishment. He repeated it to himself like it was a mantra. With every word he could feel his kinkier self build a wall around his former self, walling it inside a part of his mind that would no longer have a say in who he was or what he did.

Daddy Kurt had finally broken Blaine and what to come was only going to make that wall even more impenetrable.