

Ruin My Life

Jayson stared at the messages and the comments on his pictures. He tightened the diaper around his cock and pumped harder, faster, enjoying every degrading message.

“Fucking pathetic. Disgusting. Worthless. God, you ruined your life. God, you are a diaper freak!” He read every last one of them as he rubbed himself and came within his wet diaper. He couldn’t stop himself. It was the only thing that made life worth living. The constant threat of humiliation—of exposure. It was what he dreamed about, what he lusted about.

“God, I’m so stupid. The dumbest diaper fag. The worst. God, these diapers are so wet. So nasty!” He humped harder into his hand, squeezing the diaper. Piss leeches out from the diaper and added to the nastiness that already coated his cock. He stared into the camera that sat at the end of his bed, showing the desperation he needed. He lifted his license with his free hand, showing off his identity.

“Ruin me. Please!” Jayson begged. “Ruin my life. Blackmail me! Show the world what a worthless diaper faggot that I am!”

Jayson’s eyes quickly read the comments quickly as they scrolled across his screen. Each one was worse than the last.

I’m gonna ruin you.

Your parents are gonna find out what a nasty diaper boy you are.

I’m gonna send these pictures to everyone.

You’re not going to be able to live without someone knowing that you’re desperate for diapers.

“Oh god! I’m gonna cream my diapers! I’m gonna unload in my wet diapers like a pathetic loser! Oh god! Here it comes!”

He felt his balls tighten, and with one final thrust into the wet diaper, he lost control. His cock released a below-average-sized load as the rest of his body seized in the perfect mixture of pleasure and embarrassment. He kept his tight grip around the diaper, enjoying the wetness of the plush insides as it pressed into his cock, tightening as his dick continued to soften and turn limp. He released the diaper and strapped it around his waist. The warm cum and the wet insides cradled his tiny cock as he continued to watch the comments stream on his computer.

“Everyone, please remember to share the video. Tag my Facebook. Release my phone number. Tell the world that Jayson Murdock is a diaper-loving cuck!”

Right on it.

Already sharing it.

Sending you a text right now faggot!

Get ready for me to ruin your life!

His cock throbbed inside the wet diaper, hoping that one of them would actually move forward with their threats—that any of them would actually take that jump and start to ruin his life. Jayson closed his computer and rubbed the front of his soggy diaper. His hand found the outline of his cock and stroked its short shaft. Jayson fell asleep, with his mind hazy still from the orgasm. The post-orgasm clarity just never seemed to set in afterward.

Instead, Jayson sunk deeper into the madness.

Jayson stared at his phone, waiting for that text message, but it never came. They never went through with it. No matter how much he begged for someone to take advantage of him and ruin his life.

Nobody ever dared to do it, sadly. Or at least, so he thought.

The next morning, Jayson awoke to the doorbell. The clock on his phone told him it wasn't anybody that he knew. The few friends he had would never be awake during any time that had a single digit. He rolled out of bed. The wet diaper hung loosely between his thighs. Jayson squeezed the front, feeling an extra load of piss inside it than there was before he fell asleep. He waddled down the stairs and opened the front door, hoping the stranger would be there to see him and his inflated diaper. The thought of the disgusted look hardened his cock and made him even more eager to open the door. It wasn't the first time he had shocked a stranger, and it was the source of many of his fantasies.

But his eagerness was met with an empty stoop and a large brown package. He furrowed his brow as he brought in the box. Jayson couldn't remember if he ordered anything. Usually, it was just diapers, toys, or more things he could use to further torture himself, but this box seemed different from anything that he ordered before. He ripped open the package and found a smaller box on the inside. His brow furrowed deeper.

“What is this?”

The small box inside began to vibrate, and Jayson recognized the sensation—it was a phone. Opening the second box with a mix of interest and suspicion, Jayson found an old phone flip phone inside.

“Hello?” He asked, snapping open the phone. Jayson heard voices on the other end, and he knew them. “Hello?” The voices seemed so far away. He pulled away from the phone and turned on the speaker. “HELLO?”

“Yes, how are you doing today? I am doing fantastic. Yes, that will be all today.”

“Dad?” Jayson asked, further confused. “Dad, is that you?”

He listened to his father talk to another voice. The two spoke without acknowledging him or the fact that someone's phone was on. He heard his father say goodbye to the other person.

“Enjoy listening?” The stranger asked.

“Who is this?”

“Just a fan. Someone interested in ruining your life, taking it beyond what you have ever imagined. What do you think would happen if I chase after your father and show him that video from the night before? What do you think he would say about his son’s perversions of his son’s disgusting kink?”

“Fuck . . .”