

## A Place in the Team

Lucky was determined not to let a little accident stop him; he'd suffered a humiliation, yes, but he wanted to be part of the college soccer team more than anything else. After slipping into his shorts and training shirt, the Labrador strode across the campus towards the soccer pitch. He knew the team had a training session this morning, and he was going to prove himself worthy of a place in the team, even if it meant sitting on the bench for the first few games.

Some members of the team were loitering away the last minutes before practice, standing outside the building that housed everything the locker rooms, red and gold tracksuits adorned uniformly. It should have made them an intimidating group, unified, allied, but Lucky wanted in far more than he'd allow himself to shirk.

Lucky's steely enthusiasm was not met with respect however, as the team guffawed before the Labrador could finish his sentence. He wanted a second shot, but this apparently deserved derision rather than be admired. He flared gently to himself, trying not to wilt at six other canines cackling in his direction.

"Y-You want to join the team?" one them roared, a rusty-furred malamute, wiping a tear from his eye, "After you pissed your shorts during trials?"

Lucky clenched both fists. He needed to prove himself. It wasn't like he pissed himself on purpose. He'd taken a brutal knee to his lower back during a 'friendly' game between students applying for the team. Before he'd picked himself up from the grass, his shorts were drenched, and his accident was on display. To make matters worse, the other dog involved in the collision had made the cut and started training with the team.

Lucky tried not to think it over; if he made the team and showed everyone what he really could do, no one would be talking about his ill-fortuned trial.

"We don't let *babies* on the pitch," another dog snorted. "Go home, pup."

"What happened wasn't fair. I want another shot," Lucky growled, but tried to avoid being aggressive, "Just let me train, let me show you guys what I can do!"

"Guys, come on," a black and brown dog spoke, "If he's got the balls and tenacity to beg for a second chance, we should give him a chance to prove himself." Lucky's hopes soared; he knew the speaker as the captain, Devon. Everybody knew him, in fact. Number eight; the star player.

The mixed-breed was in impeccable shape, his Labrador's elegance crossed with the in-game ferocity of a Doberman. Not as big or as intimidating as some of them, but with enough of the right attitude and athleticism to lead from midfield. He was part of the reason Lucky wanted in the team so badly. Someone he admired, and wanted to play with and learn from.

"We might have an opening for a boy of your abilities," he said. "I did like what I saw on the pitch."

Lucky should have picked up on the ominous tone, but he was distracted by the opportunity, and wouldn't let any chance to get within the group slip. The dogs exchanged looks, some of them confused.

"Locker zero?" Bruiser raised an eyebrow, smirking, and the Doberman grinned in return.

"I thought that was for Billy," another questioned, but he was ignored. Lucky was sure that the jerk who kneed him in the back was named Billy, and he'd steal a position from the guy with glee.

"I like your nerve," the captain said, admiring the Labrador, and standing close enough to clamp a paw down on the younger dog's shoulder. "So what the hell, we'll give you another trial."

Lucky gulped, but nodded in agreement. He wasn't going to blow this chance.

Before the Labrador could prepare himself, he was surrounded by the dogs and wheeled towards the locker room; his feet would have dragged against the ground had he not kept pace. Nothing felt right about this, and Lucky started to get nervous. The dogs were enjoying themselves menacingly, some of them following behind, giggling like school boys. Lucky couldn't have turned around if he wanted to, such was the grip of several paws on his upper arms and shoulders.

They guided him into the changing room, before releasing him near one of the benches in the middle of the room. He was surrounded now; walls of lockers barricading him in between team mates. Some were already stripped down to their kits as the Labrador was pushed into the room, heads now turned in amusement to see the dog who pissed himself standing in front of them.

"First things first!" the captain announced, gathering everyone's attention easily. "Will someone please check if the puppy has wet himself again."

Lucky was mortified, but tried to laugh and play along. It was obviously a dumb frat game they were playing, and he hoped that acknowledging the elephant in the room and having dry shorts would only mean being one step closer to getting on the pitch.

Nobody seemed to be laughing *with* Lucky however, and one hesitant dog bent over to examine and sniff near Lucky's shorts. The Labrador fought his instincts to cover his crotch with both paws, but instead blushed and tried to leave his dryness for all to see.

"He's clear," the sniffing dog pointed out, relieved to look away.

Lucky smiled awkwardly. One little wetting accident and now he feared he'd never hear the end of it.

"Get him on the bench," the captain suddenly ordered.

Lucky started to panic, but the other players had hold of him before he could thrash a paw. They dragged and lifted the Labrador off of his feet, as he finally started to protest. This wasn't what he expected at all.

The dogs held him over the bench, stripping away his tee-shirt and shorts, before wrestling the poor dog down, naked, flat on his back. The captain, the ringleader, towered at his feet, peering down over Lucky's exposed genitals, bobbing in fear. He was enjoying the sight, but reluctantly tried to calm Lucky's struggling.

"The hell is this?" Lucky wriggled, but the might of a dog holding each of his limbs was far too much for him to escape from.

"We said there was no place for babies on this team," he lectured to everyone in the room, as other players cracked smiles and laughed to one another. "You might have passed the test by not pissing your shorts, but now I've seen that little baby dick... Oh no," he hummed to himself.

Lucky could see Billy hovering behind the captain, transfixed by what was happening. Lucky wasn't happy to suffer a second embarrassment like this, knowing the new team member had beaten him dirtily.

He tried to focus, knowing this was his chance, but he had no idea what was about to come. It might only be a sliver of a hope of him making the team. He tried to calm himself as the captain wanted, to go along with what the team had in mind, but he was totally spun by being stripped nude.

"We're going to give you one chance to prove you aren't a baby, little dick," the captain laughed, while simultaneously trying to hush the escalating excitement and cheer from the rest of the team, "and if you win, you can have a semester in the team to prove yourself."

Lucky's heart fluttered. It was clearly a twisted, perverted game, but he couldn't help but feel optimistic at the confirmation he *could* make the team.

"But," the captain warned, stifling the hope in the boy's face, "if you lose, the only position on the team for a baby is the pledge. The mascot. Again, for a semester."

Lucky was confused. He'd never known the college soccer team to have a mascot before, and while he certainly didn't say it out loud in case it scuppered his chances, he'd never accept the embarrassment of being the mascot. Is this what locker zero had meant?

The captain slid his paw across Lucky's thigh tenderly, without nerve, before caressing the Labrador's balls and touching the little 'baby dick'. Lucky inhaled sharply. The touch was unwelcome, but he couldn't deny that it felt good in the captain's strong fingers.

"All you have to do," he said quietly, players excitedly hanging on every word, "is not blow your load like the helpless little baby you've shown you are, understood?"

Lucky cocked his head in surprise. He was naked and held down by these guys, but he still didn't expect this. Nevertheless, under the captain's touch, he started to get hard.

"You couldn't hold your bladder. Let's see if you can hold your nut."

Lucky stared at himself in alarm, as his erection formed between the loose fingers of the bigger dog. He was sure it wasn't the game and the force that was turning him on, but his lack of sexual experience with others. This wasn't supposed to count for something during college try outs!

"Looks like you agree!" the captain laughed, and the rest followed suit. He started to stroke it in earnest, and ordered another dog to start a stopwatch for two minutes.

Two minutes! Lucky breathed a sigh of relief. There was no way he'd blow so prematurely... or so he thought, until he realised how powerful the jerking touch of another paw was. The captain splashed Lucky's crotch with baby oil and picked up steam, without mercy.

Lucky squirmed and twisted on the hard wooden bench. The slippery touch felt so good, so suddenly, so worryingly so... He clenched his jaw and hoped for the best, trying to focus on unsexy thoughts, but unable to move from the very present paws and holds holding him tightly, he couldn't shut his mind off to what was happening.

"Bruiser," the captain aired, "Tell this poor pup what happens to *mascots* around here."

Lucky was imagining a dumb outfit, hopefully concealing his face, but the words that escaped Bruiser's maw frightened him like nothing else, without even the courtesy to knock some of his erection back.

The malamute growled intimidatingly, pleurably, and lowered his muzzle closer to Lucky's ears. "Diapers," he said. "The mascot is the team pledge, the baby."

Lucky started to panic, as the strokes grew overwhelmingly fast and his balls tightened. He wanted to play soccer so badly that he could end up in diapers!?

"No, wait!" he muttered between gasps, but the surrounding dogs with free paws only manhandled and ruffled his fur. They all wanted him to fail. Why was he so stupid to demand a second chance?

"Sorry, kid, you wanted to play!" the captain laughed, "Tyler, show the pup the prizes."

Prizes... the dogs were never going to let him on the team Lucky feared. He was trying to keep a level, clear head, and prevent himself from bursting, but each oily stroke was pushing him closer to the edge, and with the aggression in the captain's strokes he'd stand no chance preventing an orgasm. There was no telling how much time he had left; two minutes was agonisingly slow with this kind of pressure.

With a sweating brow, he nervously watched Tyler enter the combination for locker zero, and pull the objects from within. Clothing in the team's kit colours were tossed onto a different bench, and the athletic dog held two other items in both paws, eager displaying what was surely the diaper, and something that was harder and smaller.

If this was to be a weird frat game or prank hazing before, it was starting to feel terrifyingly real now. Lucky tried to sit up and get a better view, but the other dogs held firm. Lucky's breathing was getting faster and deeper, caught between the panic of a looming diaper and the consuming pleasure in his groin. He knew he was going to lose. He never had a chance.

"Little babies who blow their load get a special treat too," the captain gloated, "It's not just diapers for our baby, isn't that right, Tyler?"

Lucky could barely listen to the threats from the dogs. He was too close, and was actively fighting with every muscle he could. The dogs had him pinned, and it was inevitable, he knew that. He just needed to beat the clock.

"Yup! Little pups who can't hold their squirts, we have a special little cage for those!"

"Now, this was all supposed to be for Billy, *mister bottom-of-the-class*, for the little welcoming party at the start of season," the captain laughed, letting his strokes slow down, taunting Lucky's helplessness. The elongated, slower strokes were of no help at all, as the change of pace was all the more sensual.

Billy, he noticed, had turned red, all smirks wiped from his face. He clearly didn't know he would have been hazed soon.

“But seeing as you’re so eager to join us, we’re going to extend being our diaper baby to a more permanent position for you.”

“I c- I can’t” Lucky panted as his body contracted tightly. He was done, he knew it.

“Thirty seconds left,” came a voice above him, and the Labrador was defeated. He spurted violently across his own tummy, as the relentless strokes shook him against the wooden bench, limbs held tighter in place than before. All he could think about was the mess he was in now, grunting over and over as the captain’s paw continued to slide and jerk his oversensitive member. He tried to beg him to stop, but the captain continued, only slowing down once Lucky ceased thrashing his torso, and the last of the cum dribbled free.

He could barely catch his breath, and the dog holding his shoulders relaxed a little, letting him sit up- if only to see the fate that awaited him now. The captain had raised his cummy paw in the air with distaste, and without Lucky having the strength or freedom to move a further inch, he wiped it across the Labrador’s head and muzzle. Lucky grimaced as some of his own ejaculate ran down his cheek.

“What a mess you made, *again*,” the captain sneered, as if it all hadn’t been forced from the pup. “Couldn’t hold it two minutes, huh?”

Lucky was still struggling to deal with what happened, and could barely answer nor look at the captain now.

“But don’t worry!” he said enthusiastically, gently slapping the pup’s thigh. “You’re part of the team now.”

Lucky’s eyes lit up. He might have thought it was all one cruel initiation, but as he raised his head to the captain’s welcome, the other dog threw the small plastic object for him to catch. He’d been blindsided by the words he wanted to hear, but knew it wouldn’t be so simple as the captain cupped his genitals and started to wrap the object around his balls, and enclose it around his penis. It was a small plastic cage.

Lucky wanted to fight it, but the intense orgasm had taken so much energy from him.

“Guys, come on, plea-”

He was hushed by Bruiser, who stood up and pressed the bulge in his shorts against the side of the Labrador’s head. “Don’t make me pacify you,” he warned, with no doubt left behind as to what he’d ‘pacify’ Lucky with. The startling distraction was enough to see the captain seal his privates away in hard plastic, and lock it shut with a key. Lucky was stunned, and confused as to why this had happened.

But as he tried to look at it, to gauge what had happened to his penis, he saw the diaper unfold right in front of him; the horrible, final nail in his coffin. Tyler had handed it over to Devon, met with cheers of celebration as the thick white padding was revealed.

Billy was the only one not looking at the diaper, staring directly into Lucky's eyes, smugly, an almighty bullet dodged by the would-be pledge.

The two dogs holding Lucky's legs either side of the bench lifted him, raising his butt off of the wood. They all started to chant, and cheer. They really wanted to see Lucky diapered.

Such was the weirdness of his morning so far, Lucky practically allowed himself to be lowered down onto the diaper with no fuss. How could he fight this anymore?

It was too surreal for him to understand. The diaper was raised by the captain, tucked between his wide, unwillingly-welcoming thighs, and closed tightly on each side with the sticky tapes. It was a tight fit, and his caged penis nestled and bulged the front.

He was finally released, and as he tried to stand jelly-legged, a number of the dogs swatted his thickly padded rear playfully, howling with laughter, and almost sending him down on to his hands and knees.

They still weren't done with him, as the clothing tossed onto the bench was revealed to be his outfit too. They teased and taunted him as he tried to slip some skimpy, tight shorts up his legs, but only saw them cling to the diaper, exposing the round bulge of his new underwear. The tee shirt fared no better, tight, short, and covering nothing from his midriff down. It reminded him of a cheerleader's outfit, though he was grateful he hadn't been shown a skirt.

The players turned him around, giving him a real good look at himself in a mirror. His stomach knotted; there was nothing hidden about the thick diaper with these shorts on. His breathing escalated, and he considered running for his clothes and bolting away from the players. He'd never make the team if he did it, but he'd never be seen again dressed like this at least.

But as the thought crossed his mind, he saw in the reflection his clothes being lifted from the floor by Billy, and whisked away. He turned his head to watch, as approved by Tyler, his clothing was stuffed into locker zero, and the door shut. That little shit. Without the combination, he was stuck now.

"I can't believe we forgot this," Tyler said, holding one last object, which Lucky recognised clearly; a pacifier.

“No way!” Lucky finally protested weakly, but, surrounded by the players, he whimpered and knew to open his muzzle. What else could he do? He closed down on the pacifier, and realised he was blushing deeply. A small leash attached to it was fastened to his new shirt.

“We’ll be late for practice, boys,” the captain said, with authority. “Show our new friend out.”

The dogs howled, and once more, Lucky found himself gripped and brought towards the locker room door.

“Come watch us practice if you want, pup,” the captain snickered, glee dripping from his tone, “but be back here when we’re done, if you want your diaper changed.”

Diaper change!? It sure sounded like this wasn’t going to be the only one Lucky was going to wear, and he was too afraid to have it clarified.

“Don’t even think about touching it or taking it off yourself, unless you never want that cage to come off your baby dick.”

A chill ran down Lucky’s spine when he realised what the cage was actually for now; it was their leverage. He was left with no time to dwell on that horror though, as the locker room door was pulled open and he was pushed outside.

As the players laughed, and the door creaked shut, he was left in the deafening silence of the hallway, with nothing to hide him, and nowhere he could escape to without being seen by half the campus.

His only other option, besides total exposure, was to walk towards the pitch, and wait for the team to start practicing, just like they offered. What that would mean, he didn’t know, but maybe, just maybe he’d get a shot practicing too if he took their torment in his stride, and complied with being their toy.

Lucky growled to himself, psyching himself up. He’d suffered one humiliation before, and that didn’t stop him coming back. He’d just have to get used to being put in diapers by the team too.