

## My Daddy's Favorite Toy

I walked through the mall, feeling the invisible cords and strings move my body. It wasn't the first time I felt my body move on its own accord, and it still made me feel uneasy. Like I was a toy or some sort of plaything for someone to use. I tried to keep my walk straight, but I couldn't help but sway my hips from side to side, practically showing off my diaper for everyone to see. The overinflated caused it to bounce erratically with my movement. I tried to keep my steps short and controlled, but the diaper was too full, and the crinkling was too loud. The further into the mall I walked, the more people collected around me. They gawked and pointed at me.

At first, people tried to hide the fact that they stared or snapped pictures. But after I continued—or attempted—to ignore them, the people grew more eager and began to follow me openly. I wished that I had been allowed something with a little more coverage or a smaller diaper, but Daddy knew exactly what would humiliate me the most.

The way the strangers pointed and laughed and stared at me with their suspicious accusatory eyes. I wished I could hear what they were saying, but the earbuds just offered a stream of words, furthering the man's control, warping my mind, and sinking me further under his control. It was an endless stream of words that forced me to obey his every command.

*Be a happy diaper boy.*

*Show everyone how much you love your diapers.*

*Be proud of your diapers.*

*Go take a video for Daddy.*

*Show the world what a good boy you are.*

The peoples' muted mouths moved as I stood at the front of the Verizon store. The customers gave me a wide berth as they avoided me, knowing that something was . . .off.

I placed my phone on a nearby plant and set the timer. I waddled back to the front and turned around, exhibiting the large diaper underneath my gray tights. I rubbed the large rounded backside of my diaper, drawing more eyes to me and my shame. I bent over. The tights stretched thinly across the heavy bottom, revealing the baby pink diaper. My cheeks turned a near-identical color as the humiliation grew. I squeezed the diaper. I couldn't believe I had fallen this far how this stranger had twisted my brain into making me obey him.

*"UGHHHH!"*

Crying so loudly that I could hear my voice over the whispering words of the stranger within my ears.

*Fill your diaper*

*Wet yourself*

*Release*

*Release your self into your diaper*

*Do as Daddy commands and flood that diaper for all to see*

His words whittled away at my self-control, chipped away at the years of my bladder control, and with one final *RELEASE*. I felt my bladder explode within my diaper.

*“OooOOOooOo.”*

It felt so good to obey. Something snapped into place as I filled my diapers. My hands rubbed the front of my diaper, feeling the wetness seep into the tights.

There was a brief pause within the audio file. It gave just enough time for me to hear someone nearby.

*“God, isn’t he so disgusting. Why is he even wearing that? Do you think it’s some sort of kink or something? Why is it so big? Why would he go out in public like that?”*

The few statements and questions I heard were enough to make me feel even more disgusted with myself. I looked towards the two men closest to me. They kept their distance, but I could see their phones angled at me, filming or taking pictures of my shameful display. The idea of those images appearing online or going viral on Twitter made my bladder tighten in fear, though it was already empty.

*Go show off that wet diaper.*

*Go show off to the world what a worthless diaper boy you are.*

My legs began to move again, walking me further into the mall. The wet diaper drew more eyes as I struggled to walk in it. The heavy damp front drooped within my tights, making my stride comically embarrassing.

*Keep walking.*

*Be a good boy.*

*Who’s a good boy?*

*“I’m a good boy Daddy,”* I said, speaking to the recording.

*Who’s my diaper boy?*

*“I’m your good diaper boy.”*

The words came from my lips like someone else was speaking.

*That’s a good boy. You are my best boy. Just enjoy it.*

*This is only the beginning.*

The idea of more scared me, but some part of me—a part that the unknown man was growing was excited about the idea of more, and that scared me more than anything else he had made me do.