

BETA TESTED 1.6

EMPLOYEES
WASH HANDS



RETURNING
WORK

Please
don't
forget to
FLUSH



Ninety percent. It felt like diapers weren't meant to get *that* wet without the help of a hose or a swimming pool, but it was the target I'd been set if I wanted to change.

I was reduced to wetting myself over and over, from any angle I could find, to try and get wetness into every corner of the blasted underwear I was stuck with, all so the app on my phone would release the padlock for the locking plastic pants around my waist... It got old after the second diaper, and it was now over a week of this new tedious challenge.

For one thing, I was tired of going above and beyond with my fluid intake just to get through the changes. There were few things worse than being stuck, soaked, and waiting for another wetting just to get over the line. I needed to keep drinking, keep peeing, and that relentless use of my bladder was exhausting. Even messing didn't lend me an advantage, so I was also stuck battling the timing of *that* every day, which wasn't good for the metrics I was under or an easy fight while drinking mandatory fibre supplements.

This was all an attempt to force me into accepting new terms of the beta testing program. I knew this as I carried every drenched diaper between my legs at home, in bed, at work, or out in public. The trouble was I'd sat down and read these terms, and it offered no clarity on what was expected, beyond their control extending down to the router level, dooming every internet device in my apartment to funnel through their data collection.

The thought of Bright and Shine having that level of visibility over everything unsettled me far too much, but with every soaked diaper irritating me over and over, I found myself compromising and rationalising what felt like the inevitable reality of handing over more control to them.

I knew I could fall back to coffee shops or other public wifi spots for my laptop in emergencies, but I really didn't like the idea of being reliant on them, especially fearing the router controls would last as long as I was bound to these diapers, and that didn't appear to be going anywhere anytime soon.

Fearing the new terms could make it difficult to contact Will, I messaged him asking advice. I hoped he knew the extent of this new monitoring, but typically for my inside help, I had to wait for him to log into the forum where he found me, and so far, I had nothing but silence.

The IncoSmart app existing on my phone was invasive, and unremovable, (and even if I could, the threats from a giant corporation were too overwhelming to challenge). Allowing my router to connect to their proxy would put everything else at risk. Apart from a few smart devices, my laptop was the main user of my internet, and I expected to find it impeded by the same parental control porn blocks my phone was suffering. I'd be at their mercy, only able to view whatever they allowed at any time.

They'd tied those controls to orgasm windows, with any orgasms outside of these windows now considered an infraction. I knew I was being toyed with, but whether it was a distraction for my attention or an attempt to press me on another front, I couldn't tell. Still, I was (mostly) obedient and grabbing those opportunities when they arrived. With the parental control countdowns I could pin point exactly when I'd next get to cum and make

sure my schedule was clear. The timing usually meant my diaper was still locked on and I couldn't touch myself, but humping one out was hardly a problem for me. Doing it in diapers was always my preference.

There wasn't a problem until the next countdown was due to end right in the middle of a workday. Thinking I was missing something, I double, triple checked the number of days and hours, but no, the app was granting me a window shortly after one-thirty on a Thursday.

I'd given up trying to guess why this algorithm was making certain decisions, but somewhere, mathematically speaking, it had decided *that* was the next optimal time for me to do the deed. I thought about the logistics of how on earth to get away with it. If I could time and delay needing a diaper change close enough to it, I could kill two birds with one stone, but there was no guarantee of it; trying to predict when I'd need a change days in advance was too difficult

I thought about asking for a work-from-home day, or to fake an appointment, but both ideas seemed needlessly risky when being stuck in these diapers had already caused some work friction.

I also knew that I could just ignore it, surely, and deal with my bodily needs at home, outside of a diaper.

As the Thursday morning arrived, any scheme I'd mulled over just seemed like a bad idea. Ultimately, I didn't like the risk of cumming in the office, especially into a diaper that I'd have to wear around the place afterward. It all felt a bit too gross to indulge in, but I couldn't keep my mind off of the countdown ticking down on my phone.

It fascinated me to learn how long the window to get off was. On all other accounts it had ended the moment my diaper had detected my ejaculation. What was the cut off? Would it ever warn me, or punish me for breaking it?

My phone vibrated as the countdown ended, delightfully notifying me that all parental controls were suspended. Stuck at my desk, I felt like I was missing out, all rationality knew it was the right decision to ignore it.

It didn't stop my dick getting hard however, as if already trained to respond.

Those moments after were strange. I couldn't concentrate, so I tried to focus on a plan to cum later that night. It was simple enough to fool the system as it only knew when I came when it was in a diaper. Firing one out during a change, as fast as possible, would at least give me some tainted relief and prevent me getting too pent up.

My phone vibrated again.

No activity recognised during this permitted window for ejaculation. No action taken will be considered for future windows."

I opened the app nervously, and there it was, a shorter twenty minute countdown already over five minutes in.

I hated to think it, but that warning and time limit made me harder, and as with any growing erection, the thought of indulging it started to build, and take root. I tried to fight that train of thought, but the roots were starting to get my hot under the collar.

I'd put a new diaper on that morning; there was no way I could earn a change in the next couple of minutes and try to do this discreetly. I'd have to go to a private bathroom and literally rub myself off, wearing it until the late afternoon. It was a horrible thought, but *exciting* in spite of it.

If I didn't comply, would they lengthen the time between orgasms, thinking I didn't need them as often? Would they skip every second one? That thought made me uneasy; it was tedious enough already sneaking around them, and the sense of failure only pushed to convince me to give in and obey.

But if I just snuck away and rubbed very quickly...

I was up and out of the small office room before I could think, phone clutched tightly in my hand, and anxiously walking the halls until I reached our accessible bathroom, the same bathroom I was normally too frightened to carry a change bag into. *This shouldn't take long*, I reassured myself. I couldn't afford it to.

Inside, door locked, I undid my trousers and dropped them to my knees. Without picturing anywhere else to do this, I closed the toilet lid and sat down, immediately cursing my hand across the slippery plastic with one hand while the other unlocked my phone and immediately tried to find some unrestricted diaper porn. I was against the clock in the app, but also suffering the guilt of holding up the bathroom for *this*, and I needed all the help I could get.

I focused on guys getting forcibly babied. Having their control taken away. It was always a little too close to home these days, but very effective.

It normally didn't take too much. I was locked in diapers against my control, literally, and forced to cum under a vague order. Between that and the porn, I should have been over the line, and yet, despite my firm grip closing the wet padding around my dick, I wasn't getting there away from the comforts of my apartment.

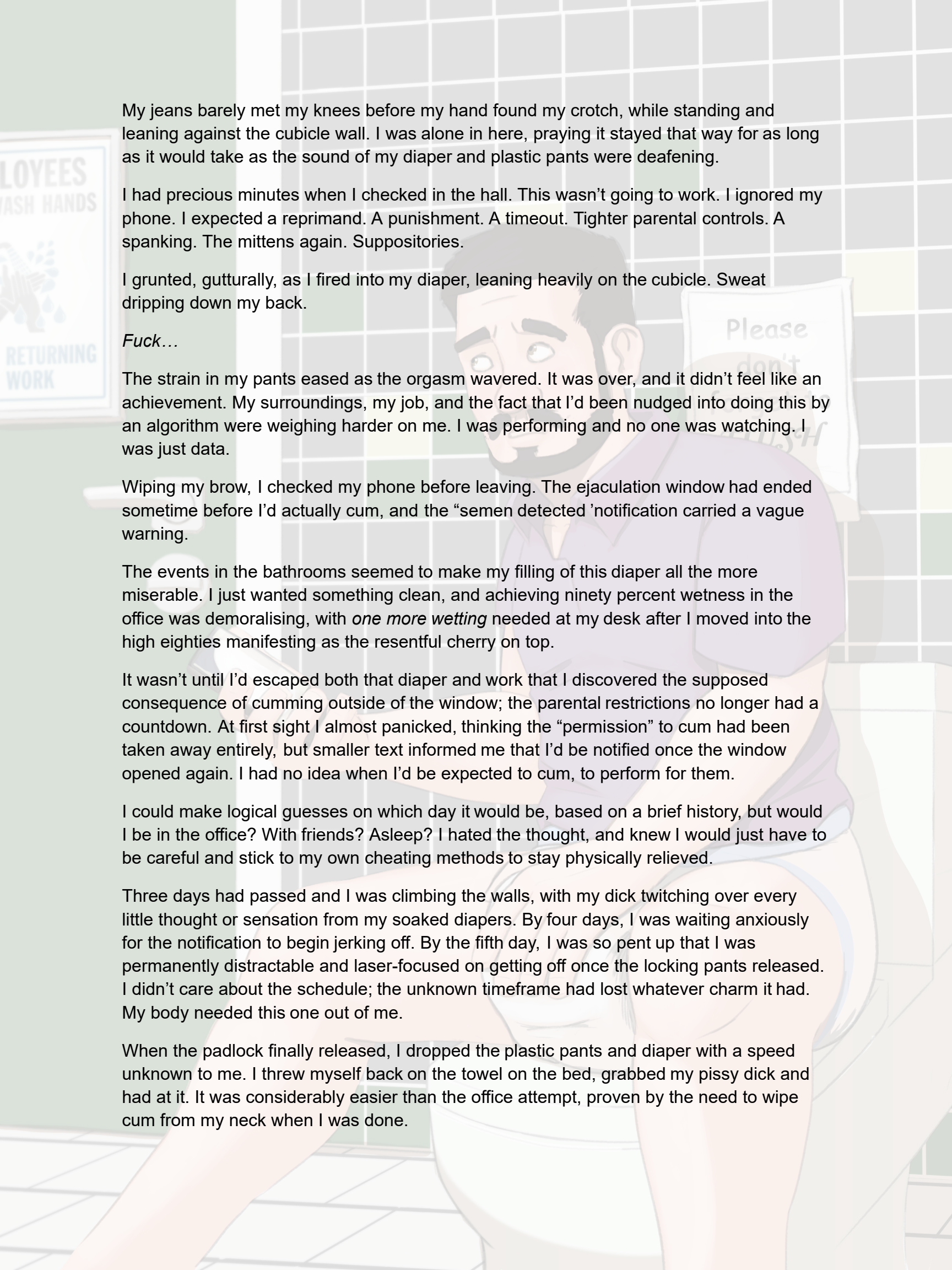
Nervously, I switched back to the app to confirm that I was indeed running out of time, but it was on both fronts as someone knocked politely on the door.

Fuck!

I couldn't do this. I shouted that I'd be out in a moment, and quickly stuffed myself back into my jeans. I was sure I was sweating, red-faced, so I splashed cold water on my cheeks before leaving, trying not to look flustered or sheepish, but thoroughly paranoid about it.

Safely away, I checked the app again. I had minutes left if I wanted to achieve this.

I should have taken the warning signs to quit, but I made a beeline for the other bathrooms and found a stall. My balls were tight, and I was still hard. I could do it.



My jeans barely met my knees before my hand found my crotch, while standing and leaning against the cubicle wall. I was alone in here, praying it stayed that way for as long as it would take as the sound of my diaper and plastic pants were deafening.

I had precious minutes when I checked in the hall. This wasn't going to work. I ignored my phone. I expected a reprimand. A punishment. A timeout. Tighter parental controls. A spanking. The mittens again. Suppositories.

I grunted, gutturally, as I fired into my diaper, leaning heavily on the cubicle. Sweat dripping down my back.

Fuck...

The strain in my pants eased as the orgasm wavered. It was over, and it didn't feel like an achievement. My surroundings, my job, and the fact that I'd been nudged into doing this by an algorithm were weighing harder on me. I was performing and no one was watching. I was just data.

Wiping my brow, I checked my phone before leaving. The ejaculation window had ended sometime before I'd actually cum, and the "semen detected" notification carried a vague warning.


The events in the bathrooms seemed to make my filling of this diaper all the more miserable. I just wanted something clean, and achieving ninety percent wetness in the office was demoralising, with *one more wetting* needed at my desk after I moved into the high eighties manifesting as the resentful cherry on top.

It wasn't until I'd escaped both that diaper and work that I discovered the supposed consequence of cumming outside of the window; the parental restrictions no longer had a countdown. At first sight I almost panicked, thinking the "permission" to cum had been taken away entirely, but smaller text informed me that I'd be notified once the window opened again. I had no idea when I'd be expected to cum, to perform for them.

I could make logical guesses on which day it would be, based on a brief history, but would I be in the office? With friends? Asleep? I hated the thought, and knew I would just have to be careful and stick to my own cheating methods to stay physically relieved.

Three days had passed and I was climbing the walls, with my dick twitching over every little thought or sensation from my soaked diapers. By four days, I was waiting anxiously for the notification to begin jerking off. By the fifth day, I was so pent up that I was permanently distractable and laser-focused on getting off once the locking pants released. I didn't care about the schedule; the unknown timeframe had lost whatever charm it had. My body needed this one out of me.

When the padlock finally released, I dropped the plastic pants and diaper with a speed unknown to me. I threw myself back on the towel on the bed, grabbed my pissy dick and had at it. It was considerably easier than the office attempt, proven by the need to wipe cum from my neck when I was done.



I knew I needed to work quickly so I didn't risk an overly long change reprimand, but I could barely move on the bed for a long moment, and had to summon the energy to stand up again and wipe down properly.

Cleaned, I smothered my suffering butt in barrier cream and with mild regret, taped another of their diapers on me and locked the pants around the waist. Exhausted from orgasming, I fell down on the bed again, to take as long as I needed.

But my phone vibrated. I found it hard to ignore, never knowing when this app would surprise me, and irritatingly, they had really got me this time; my ejaculation window had started.

It felt like a cruel joke. Did it suspect me? Did it *know* the length of my change meant only one thing? It felt like a test, but I was spent, entirely of my own fault. I tried groping myself, begrudgingly starting some diaper porn, but there was so little I could do to whip up some enthusiasm from my dick. Especially as I couldn't get a hand directly on it.

I had twenty minutes, I assumed, but the app was entirely silent about this too. All it told me was that the window was open. That made me worry all the more. What if I had fifteen minutes and I could barely get hard? What if it was five? Waiting five days shouldn't require much time, as I already proved to myself.

I rubbed harder. I flipped over and humped. Nothing was giving me any traction. Instead of being riddled with failure and pressure, it just made me more defiant. I'd already cheated tonight; I could keep cheating. I wasn't going to truly suffer if I failed now.

And failed I did. I was barely worked up when the window closed, and because I didn't *need* it, I gave up playing with my diapered crotch with some relief. The app quickly notified me that no ejaculation had occurred.


None that they knew of...

I wanted to smirk, but the small victory I'd achieved was tainted now by the murky mark on my report. I didn't know what failing to cum even meant to them. One late, one failure. At this point I wouldn't have been surprised if an app controlled sex toy turned up in the mail to really bend me to their will.

On any other day I felt I would have laughed at the idea of a vibrating buttplug or wand that they could switch on at will, but there was a grimness to the thought of being forced, no longer trusted to get myself off.

The cheated orgasm had left me feeling rebellious, but they'd always been quick to drive home consequences. This new failure was forcing me to curb my independence. I'd have to behave as much as I could manage.

Unless I signed the new terms... And then what? Diaper testing I could understand, even if the algorithm warped matters to make use of those who liked diapers rather than needed them. But what did the new terms want? What use were my trained orgasms?



Moving to a different program felt inevitable, and I hated it. I didn't want unknown rules, but I didn't want the constant heft of the wet diaper I'd peeled off. It stared back at me from the floor, bulging and over-stuffed.

I needed clarity, an answer from Will, but there was still nothing.

With the lack of response, the need to escape these conditions became more apparent. I'd now survived almost two weeks of maximising my diapers, but the fear of "what ifs" clouded whatever success that might feel like. All it would take was one bad day, one wrong timing of needing to mess and I could be trapped in the office, unable to open my plastic pants with a diaper threatening to stink the place out.

Could I even risk that? I might last another week, or four, but it could just as easily happen tomorrow.

The new terms solved all of that, and maybe, just they might allow me to change my own diapers with some dignity.

I opened the link to the terms, the same terms I'd scanned a dozen times, and this time, nervously followed through with the accept button.

Please complete your acceptance of these terms by recording a short video, announcing your name, your understanding of these terms, confirming you wish to join Branch Minerva of the IncoSmart Beta program."

The light signalling the use my webcam was illuminated, and I was prompted to start the recording.

I took a moment. I wasn't sure if this was what I wanted, but I knew I didn't want to be stuck in a shitty diaper that I couldn't escape. I clicked.

"M-my name is Joshua Jenkins," I stammered, unsettled by my own face on the laptop screen. "I understand the terms and want to join Branch, uh, Minerva of the IncoSmart program."

As simple as that, I was told I was done. Before I could wonder if my application would take long to be reviewed, my padlock released. It almost startled me, but I couldn't help but smile, laughing slightly as I clicked it open and pulled myself free of the locking plastic pants. I could enjoy this moment, and worry about the changes to come later. No pun intended.



**KNOCK
KNOCK**

Please
don't
forget to
FLUSH

**EMPLOYEES
WASH HANDS**

IncoSmart 1m ago
Ejaculation Window -
4 Minutes Remaining

IncoSmart Now
Ejaculation Window -
3 Minutes Remaining