The room was silent apart from the rumbling in Jackson’s belly combined with the crinkle of his diaper every time he moved, it was still difficult to believe this was all real. Periodically Jackson would shout out for help but he knew no one was coming he just didn’t know how long he was going to be left alone. With the complete silence, lack of clocks or windows and with nothing to occupy his mind Jackson had no idea how much time had passed. It could have been minutes or hours, Jackson couldn’t even guess as he felt his belly cramp and digest as fast as it could.

Slowly, as the time passed, Jackson started realising his predicament was going to result in a lot of problems. The first of which he was starting to feel as his bladder quickly filled thanks to how hydrated he was. The idea of using his diaper made him nauseous and he had assumed he had been put in it as a precaution but now he was starting to doubt his ability to hold on. He could feel pressure in both his bladder and his bowels and it wasn’t going away.

“Hey!” Jackson shouted rather forlornly into the empty room, “You need to let me out of this chair! I need the bathroom…”

It was only as Jackson said the words “need the bathroom” that he put two and two together and realised that the scientists expected him to use his diaper. The padding wasn’t just a precaution whilst they did something else, the diaper was supposed to be used. The revelation washed over Jackson like a bucket of ice water as he thought about what was becoming increasingly inevitable.

“Please don’t make me…” Jackson was practically sobbing and he couldn’t bring himself to say the words “use my diaper.”

Thanks to how much his system had imbibed he found the need to expel the waste products coming on quickly and strongly. The idea of using his diaper, something that filled him with dread just minutes ago, was becoming more and more attractive. Stinging pains in his bladder let him know just how great the need was for his body to release.

Jackson’s bowels were protesting as well but the thought of pooping in his diaper was repugnant. Jackson felt like this humiliation was torture and he would’ve preferred physical pain over the shame which he was sure would never leave him.

As the pressures and pains reached breaking point Jackson had to make a difficult decision. He knew he couldn’t hold on forever, in fact he wasn’t sure if he could hold on another couple of minutes. Although wetting himself made Jackson feel sick it was infinitely preferable to filling his diaper and maybe it would relieve some of this intolerable pressure.

Jackson looked around the room one last time in the hope of seeing some way out of the situation that he had previously missed. There was no hope and Jackson soon reconciled the fact that he was going to use the diaper whether he wanted to or not. He hated feeling like a lab rat and he was sure Dr. Carter and his gang of his scientists were watching from somewhere else. There were cameras on the ceiling and on the walls, they were all pointed at Jackson.

“Fuck you!” Jackson yelled out in teary rage as the last of his resistance started to crumble.

Jackson closed his eyes and groaned in resignation as he felt his bladder relaxing without him having any say in it. He grimaced as he felt the inevitable.

Urine seemed to explode out of Jackson’s penis and he gasped suddenly as the padding around him warmed. He had tried to prepare himself for the feeling but the heat that suddenly surrounded his crotch still took him by surprise, he hadn’t expected it to be so warm.

Jackson grimaced as his bladder emptied and he felt a shiver run through his body as the sensitive skin of his crotch was tickled by the flowing liquid. The hot piss soaked into the padding around the front of the diaper before falling and saturating the bottom of the padding as well. By the time Jackson had finished wetting himself the diaper felt wet halfway up his rear end, even when he had finished wetting he could feel the heat creeping around as the diaper redistributed the urine.

Despite the humiliation Jackson felt a small sense of relief. His belly still felt uncomfortably full but emptying his bladder seemed to have helped a little in reducing the pressure. He allowed himself a smile as he took a deep breath, he didn’t feel good about what he had done but the reduction in pressure was enough to improve his mood a little.

Jackson expected the scientists to come rushing in when he was done but he found the oppressive silence remained unbroken. He pulled against his restraints in the silence as he felt the warmth in his diaper caressing him, he had to admit it wasn’t even remotely as uncomfortable as he expected it would be.

“I did it!” Jackson shouted into the empty room and heard his voice echoing off the walls, “I wet myself just like you clearly wanted! Now come let me out of this chair!”

Minutes passed and still no one responded to Jackson. He had the horrible feeling of being abandoned and he wished Dr. Carter would at least let him know he was still there. As time passed Jackson felt the previously alleviated pressure in his bowels starting to return. The respite Jackson had felt was turning out to be very short lived.

The pressure grew and grew and still there was no sign of the doctors coming in to let Jackson go. He had no idea how much time had passed but his butt was starting to go numb. That might’ve been considered a good thing though as Jackson’s guts were churning.

“Don’t make me do this…” Jackson muttered despondently as a cramp made him twist his body and wince.

A battle between Jackson’s body that wanted rid of this waste and his brain which didn’t want to humiliate himself had developed and there was only going to be one winner. As minutes ticked by Jackson’s brain seemed to be increasingly convinced that he should just stop resisting and let it all go.

Jackson finally gave up the fight. He had no idea how long he had been holding on for but he couldn’t keep going and the pressure was now intolerable, with a deep breath he knew he had no choice but to dirty his already wet diaper.

When a particularly sharp cramp went through Jackson’s bowels he didn’t try to resist it. He held his breath and pushed, almost immediately he felt his bowels moving and he was shocked as his sphincter started opening and poop pushed easily through to his padding. Jackson had expected more effort to be needed, he must have needed to crap even more than he had thought.

Jackson’s face turned red as he felt the solid log of poop push halfway out of his body before getting stuck against the padding of the diaper. Jackson found that he could lift his butt ever so slightly off the chair and that was all he needed.

With a grunt Jackson pushed down and felt the poo curl against the diaper and push out of his body. He pinched the turd off and it dropped into the seat of the diaper. Jackson grimaced at the stickiness being held so close to her skin, maybe it was his imagination but he thought he could already smell his stinky accident.

There was more to come though and has Jackson pushed again he felt a second smaller poop drop into his diaper with a great deal more ease. To finish off the messing Jackson felt a mushy semi-solid mass drop out of him like an avalanche. The poop smeared across both the padding and Jackson’s skin causing him to sob lightly. Unlike the wetting which hadn’t been too bad this felt absolutely awful.

It only got worse when Jackson was finished and he gently lowered himself back into the seat. He let out a low whine as he felt his butt sink into the crap he had left in his baby pants, the mush pushed towards the front of the diaper and up towards his lower back as it was squeezed between him and the hard surface below him.

Jackson’s sobbing got harder until he was crying loudly. Without being able to wipe his face the tears ran down his cheek and snot was dripping out of his nose despite him trying to sniff it back in. Jackson had never been so humiliated and full of shame in his life. The worst part was that he was still trapped in the highchair with no way to free himself from the poopy diaper.

“I’m… I’m done!” Jackson yelled out as he sniffed back tears. He assumed this was exactly what the doctors were waiting for and that they would come back in for him now.

Jackson looked towards the door that the doctors had left through earlier and hoped to see it open. He was left disappointed as it didn’t seem like anyone was coming. He thought about what Dr. Carter had said earlier about this place testing new therapy methods for delinquents and wondered if leaving them like this would really help anyone, all it did for Jackson was make him upset and angry.

Jackson fell into a kind of stupor as he sat in the chair and felt his butt and legs go increasingly numb. This was a blessing in disguise as it meant he didn’t feel his horrid situation as much though the smell made sure he didn’t forget what he had done. He had no idea about how much time had passed and he felt like the silence and isolation was slowly driving him mad. It was just when he thought he couldn’t take anymore that his ears picked up echoing footsteps.

After a few more seconds the door to the nursery of horror was suddenly opened and Dr. Carter led a team of white coated scientists back into the room. Jackson looked at them hopefully, as much as he hated what they had done to him he was also aware they were his only hope of getting out of this cursed diaper.

“Ah, Jackson, how are you?” Dr. Carter said as he walked over and started making notes.

“Just let me out you fu-” Jackson started saying as he was poked and prodded by doctors taking measurements and more notes.

“Careful…” Dr. Carter said with a serene smile, “We could always decide to test even longer term effects of staying in that diaper.”

Jackson huffed and puffed but he didn’t say anything. He was angry and upset to the point of tears but he valued getting out of this diaper over everything else. He swallowed his pride and anger and allowed the researchers to do whatever they liked. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, Jackson felt the bindings that had held him down slacken as he was finally released.

Jackson wanted to spring to his feet and run but after sitting down for so long without moving he could only feel pins and needles in his legs. As he tried to stand up he simply fell back down against the seat again. The young man grimaced as he felt the contents of his full diaper get spread further around.

Dr. Carter nodded his head towards two of the larger doctors and they walked to either side of the seat. Jackson felt large arms hook around his and he was lifted into a standing position. For the first time sitting down Jackson could see his diaper and he was embarrassed to see the front was extremely discoloured. Yellow and Brown splotches replaced the previously clean white of the plastic, the sight sickened him.

Jackson was walked across the room and he felt the full diaper sagging between his legs. The smooth plastic had been pulled taut by the weight within and Jackson could feel it brushing the bare skin on his legs as feeling slowly returned to his numb limbs.

“A-Are you going to change me?” Jackson asked in a defeated voice. His embarrassment at having to ask the humiliating question was overwhelmed by his desire to get clean underwear.

Jackson didn’t get an answer and none of the people around him reacted at all. It was quite a dehumanizing feeling to be dragged across a room whilst ignored, it was like they didn’t see him as a person.

The young man’s feet left the ground and Jackson was in the air for a just a couple of seconds before being sat on the edge of the changing table that he had already experienced. His diaper was already covered in his own waste and despite having the padding pressed against him again he didn’t feel like he could get any dirtier. He was pushed back until he laid down and felt the familiar restraints around his limbs. Despite an almost overwhelming urge to try and escape Jackson forced himself to lay still so that he could get this diaper taken off as soon as possible.

Jackson was soon strapped down fully and he could only look up at the people around him who were taking yet more notes. He didn’t say a word in case he somehow caused himself some more trouble but was glad when one of the older female scientists went to the foot of the table and began to pull off the diaper’s tapes.

The front was lowered and despite their professional demeanor Jackson noticed a few of them wincing as they looked into the padding. Jackson was glad he couldn’t see what the diaper looked like because the smell alone was enough to tell him he had really done a number on it. He blushed as further notes were taken and one of the scientists gently lifted Jackson’s limp penis to take some more unknown notes. Still Jackson didn’t say anything which seemed to be pleasing Dr. Carter who was overseeing everything without getting his hands dirty.

Jackson jumped as much as the leather straps allowed him to when a cold wet wipe was suddenly introduced to his crotch. It was a joy to feel the layer of poop which had remained on Jackson’s body finally getting cleaned away. He tried not to show that he was pleased though, he reminded himself of how trapped he was and of the perils of his situation.