

## Josh's Big Bulky Secret

“Hey, guys! Its yah boy Josh! Coming at you from home! Just checking in, waiting as you all know about the LATEST and GREATEST video game to come out. You know it. I know it. It's the Legend of Zelda: Links Awakening.” Josh said over-exaggerating his words for the camera as he sat on his desk. “Just like last time we are going to go full force and try and beat the game in one sitting!” He squeezed his legs together roughly, which let out a loud rubber sound fill the room. “And it wouldn't be a true Bit Block play through if I wasn't dressed accordingly!” Josh stood and showed off the large rubber diaper he was wearing. It was inflated to the extreme and made it difficult to walk but it was comical and his fans seemed to love it. Even though his desire to wear said diaper was much deeper than the comical effect it had on his image.

“That's right boys and girls! Baby Josh is ready to go and ready to play! Luckily last Super Mario Maker was a lot easier to beat than I thought and only had to use it once,” he laughed. The memory of him using the diaper on Livestream made his cock throb underneath the slick latex and the padded insides. “So everyone keeps a lot out for me on Twitter, and don't forget to subscribe and ring the bell for notifications! He pointed up to the corner of the screen where he would later on place the pop up on his video. “Laters!” He shouted and pushed his hand towards the camera, doing his signature ending.

“Babe! Are you coming!” Josh's girlfriend shouted from downstairs. “I am getting ready to leave!” He quickly undressed from the large rubber diaper, with actual great difficulty even though he wore it weekly. A thought filtered through his mind, what would she think if he waddled down the stairs in his diaper? He could feel his cock further inflate as the humiliating scenario played out in his head; her beefy brother would make fun of him, cause him to go outside in his current state, and walk around the neighborhood. Paraded around like some giant man-baby.

“Fuck!” he groaned as he squeezed the diaper off his hips and onto the ground. His hard cock bounced free and pointed towards the wall, dripping precum. He ran his hand over the shaft briefly, wondering what would her muscle daddy brother do “One minute!” Josh shouted back to her as he quickly saved the video and tossed his diaper into the closet. He buried it underneath a pile of

clothes, even though he knew nobody would come into his room. He grabbed the nearest pair of boxers, not caring whether they were clean or not and dressed as he walked out the door of my bedroom.

“Stop jerking off and say goodbye!” She said to Josh as she stood at the door with a large duffle bag in one hand and an even larger suitcase at her side.

“I was filming, thank you very much,” He teased before he gave her a kiss on the lips. Hoping that his hard dick wasn’t too visible and that It hadn’t leaked through through underwear in the last thirty seconds. “You’re also going to India for a month. You aren’t going off to war.” He joked, eyeing her large amount of luggage.

“You never know what you are going to need!” she countered. “Also, the whole no electronics really through me for a loop. What temple doesn’t allow someone to bring a laptop?!” she whined as she longingly stared at her laptop that was now sitting on Josh’s coffee table. “HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO REACH ENLIGHTENMENT IF I CANT CHECK MY INSTAGRAM?!”

“I’m pretty sure that the point,” he countered before he checked his apple watch. “Doesn’t your plane leave at 3?” She gave a mindless stare for a brief moment, and then snapped back into reality as if it had smacked her very hard with the truth.

“FUCK!” She screamed. She loaded her arms up with bags and kicked open the front door like a woman on a mission. “Love you! Don’t forget to water my plants. Please go by daily!” She said as she ran down the walkway towards her car. “Joey will be gone for most of the next two weeks for a powerlifting competition. So don’t think you don’t have to go over, cause he’s there.” She was practically in her car, still yelling orders and reminders as she placed the car into drive. “Also don’t forget to check my -.”

“Mailbox. I know Janet. Have a good trip!” He said as I waved to her, and blew over an overly aggregated kiss. She smiled and blew one back in response. She knew she was being crazy, but her neuroticism was one of her better qualities in Josh’s opinion. Since their relationship wasn’t a very sexual one, her personality was one of the main reasons he kept her around. Well that and her brother.

They both waved to one another as she drove off and disappeared into the distance and Josh went back into his house. He was relieved that she was gone for a few days, playing the dutiful

boyfriend was hard especially when the only reason he continuously went over to her house was to see that beefcake of a brother of hers.

Just the hope of seeing him walk through the living room, dripping sweat after a workout, or coming out to the kitchen for a drink shirtless was well worth me spending the night or suffering through a lackluster make-out session. He always looked like he was fresh from the gym; muscles plump, brow furrowed, and always covered in a sheen of sweat that made Josh want to drag my tongue across her brother's body. And if those moments weren't hard enough to resist, the times that he would find Joey's discarded underwear in their shared bathroom or the errant jockstrap. How Josh wished he could stuff Joey's dirty skivvies into his mouth and suck out every ounce of musk and sweat from them. And now with Janet being gone, as well as Joey, now was the perfect time for him to achieve his wet dream. And if he was going to make this dream come true he was going to do it right.

Grabbing his onesie that was hidden underneath my bed, the still inflated diaper, and a diaper bag that he kept hidden between his bed and the wall; he prepared for a night at his girlfriend's house. A night where I would worship her brother's dirty undies like they were his newly christened god.

The trek over to her and her brother's apartment was excruciating. Every second that passed he felt like his heart was either going to blow out of my chest or his cock was going to explode from sheer excitement. Every speed bump, every pothole, every uneven pavement that he struck; jostled his cock just enough for it to rub against his shorts and cause a burp of pre to leak from his cock. At one very uneven street, he almost lost it. If he had to slow down so the bumps would be less aggressive. And when he got to their townhouse I couldn't run up the walkway fast enough. To the untrained eye, he probably looked like some forgetful young father running back inside with diaper bag in hand, not some crazed kinkster running inside to worship the first pair of underwear I could find.

Now Josh wasted no time when he unlocked the front door. He went straight for Joey's bedroom and was immediately assaulted by the musky scent of man, and the smell of unwashed clothes. His cock, if it wasn't already hard, bulged in his pants and ached for release. He stripped away his clothes and squeezed his body into his inflatable diaper. The rubber sensation dragged against his sides as he slipped into his humiliating gear. The outfit was made even worse when he

paired it with a pair of mitts that kept his hands from participating in his playtime. But what he really needed, was the object of my lust. He dug through Derek's dresser and then moved into the dirty laundry bin, looking for one piece of clothing in particular. And when he found it, he almost could have cried. It was like the holy grail of jockstraps in his eyes; stained, dirty, smelled like it hadn't been washed in a few wears. He pushed it in his face and inhaled deeply, relishing the hearty scent.

"Fuck," he groaned before he pushed the jock into his face and positioned himself along the corner of Joey's bed. He rubbed his diaper covered groin against the corner and felt the slight pressure that he was expecting from such a position. This was how he masturbated when he wanted to relish in his kinky manner; diaper, mittens, worshipping a real man. His saliva soaked into the cotton pouch and the scents become a taste. The intoxicating aroma slid down his throat as he fantasized about his cock being encased by this jockstrap. Josh fantasized wondered, did the straps possibly run between his cheeks and soaked up the sweat from his hole. Did Joey even the feeling of the cottony lining rub against his hole? Did he even wash well between his cheeks, and just let his underwear do most of the work? Josh's mind ran rampant as his tongue lapped around the surface, searching for more tastes and every time I found a new stain my humping increased. He would chew on a section of the jockstrap, let the taste melt into his mouth, and then move onto a new area hoping the next taste would be the one to send him over the ledge into orgasm.

"Ugh! Oh my god!" He cried as his humping grew even more aggressive. The loud squeaking sound of his diaper filled the small bedroom and traveled throughout the house. "Please!" He whimpered around the jockstrap. He hated that he couldn't cum like a normal guy, but the restrictions that he imposed on himself were all a part of the twisted part of his brain that ruled my life. The loud sound of squeaking and groans only grew louder as his mind continued to build this fantasy within his mind of Joey taking advantage of him and forcing him into the diaper lifestyle that he wanted to live. He could feel his cock rubbing against the insides of the diaper, pushing him closer and closer to orgasm. he wanted it. He needed it. His mitten covered hands took the side of the bed tightly and humped like he was fucking a real man, even though he knew his fantasy was to be locked within a diaper like this and never be given the chance to really fuck a man. He wouldn't ever be a man like Joey.

"Ugh Joey!" He shouted loudly as his balls grew tight. He was close. So close. Just, a few more humps and he would be able to cum.

“What the fuck?!” A deep baritone cursed as my cock began to unload within Josh’s diaper. He cried loudly in satisfaction as he looked towards the door and there Joey stood; dripping sweat, buffed, and in only his underwear. Josh’s eyes moved towards the heavy bulge that hung in his loose briefs and the severely stained front side. His mouth salivated even more around the used jockstrap, wanting the freshest of musk and stains to worship. He wished he could have stopped humping the bed, just seeing him made my orgasm that much stronger and that much more humiliating.

“It’s not what it looks like,” Josh screamed as the reality of the situation fell down around him. He was caught. Jerking off. In a diaper. With his girlfriend’s dirty jockstrap in his mouth. What else could it possibly look like, he thought to himself. He had to come up with a lie. Quickly. And a convincing one at that.

“What the fuck is going on here then?” Joey shouted, as he threw his large gym bag on the floor angrily. The disgust on his face was enough to tell Josh that he was furious, even angrier than the time when Josh accidentally drank his protein shakes.

“Uhh. . .it’s. . .ummmm. . .something for my channel!” Josh said, it wasn’t the first time he posted stuff in a diaper and he could show his channel if necessary. Anything to get out of the situation which he was currently stuck.

“Really?” He asked as he crossed his arms in front of his overly-inflated chest. It was quite obviously chest day for Joey. Josh bit back any feelings of lust, even though he could already feel his cock begin to throb in approval. The air was thick with the smell of sex and sweat. Sex from Josh and the sweet musky aroma of Josh intermingled. “So where’s the camera?” He asked, looking around the room. “And why are you in my room? And why is that around your neck?” He asked as he nodded towards the jockstrap that had fallen around my neck like like an accessory. Josh was running out of ideas, and had apparently run out of luck. Joey was smarter than he appeared, he wasn’t the lug head that Josh fantasized about or at least not completely.

“I-,” Josh began to say.

“ – Was jerking off to my dirty jockstrap?” Joey asked, raising an eyebrow in suggestion. He walked over onto his bed and pushed Josh onto the floor. “So what you a fag or something?” He asked starting at the corner of his bed, obviously examining it for cum.

“No!” Josh shouted back quickly as he picked himself off the ground. Joey quickly shoved him back onto the floor with a loud squeak of the diaper. “Hey! What the fuck!”

“You can stay down there,” Joey said sharply as he sat in the exact position where he was jerking humping. “Answer’s not too convincing in my opinion. I mean look at you. Is that a diaper?” Joey asked as he examined Josh’s getup. Josh was silent. The humiliation was too much for him to even speak but it was a fantasy that he played out in his head, possibly hundreds of times. “Not speaking? Interesting.” He pulled out his phone and before Josh could say anything he snapped a quick photo of him sitting on his floor with his legs spread by the diaper.

“No don’t take -!”

“Already took three,” Joey said turning the camera around towards Josh. “Just thought we should have a few pictures saved just in case I need them.” Joey taunted.

“What would you need them for?” Joey said more fearful than aroused.

“Well Janet is going to be gone for a few weeks, so I am going to need a house bitch. So why don’t you start with a foot rub.” He said kicking off his shoes onto the floor. The deep odor of his unwashed socks and sweaty feet exploded from his feet now that they were exposed. “Damn I can smell those babies up here!” He whined. Josh sat frozen on the floor. Was this real? Was this actually happening? Joey looked from his feet to the stoic man baby on his floor.

“Or you know I can mass text even in your phone those pics of you in a diaper. I think some may believe that it was a stunt for our stupid YouTube channel, but the jockstrap around your neck may be make it a little harder to convince some,” he warned.

Josh began to stand from his stop but Joey stopped him with a deep groan of disagreement.

“I don’t think you will be walking much over the next few weeks. So why don’t you start getting used to crawling around. Starting with to my feet like an obedient diaper boy.” Josh slowly made his way back to the floor and onto his hands and knees. The diaper caused some annoyance in crawling across the floor as Josh moved towards his stained pair of socks. Did this boy own anything that wasn’t stained, he thought to himself.

Josh moved towards the end of the full-sized bed and took the socked foot in hand and felt a squish as his pushed his thumbs into the sole of his foot. Josh could feel the sweat wring out of the cotton and onto his hands. He knew that the stink of Joey’s feet would stain his hand just like his

socks. Josh couldn't help but move closer and take a subtle whiff of his socks, wanting to know the stench up close.

"Ooo," Josh groaned wondering if this was what the jockstrap smelled when it was pulled fresh from his cock. Josh looked up towards Joey and saw him staring at his phone with the phone occupying his attention. Josh leaned in closer to the sock; his nose within a few inches of the sock and took another sniff. The heat from his feet radiated towards my face like a smell from a cartoon. If he was to describe the scent, it would be dark green. A dark green musk that would rot plants, and singe off people's eyebrows. But Josh was in hog heaven sniffing away. His mitted hand was working Joey's foot while his other hand acted as a pressure against his diaper, secretly humping his own hand while his cock throbbed within his diaper. Unbeknownst to him, Joey wasn't occupied by his phone but was in fact filming Josh.