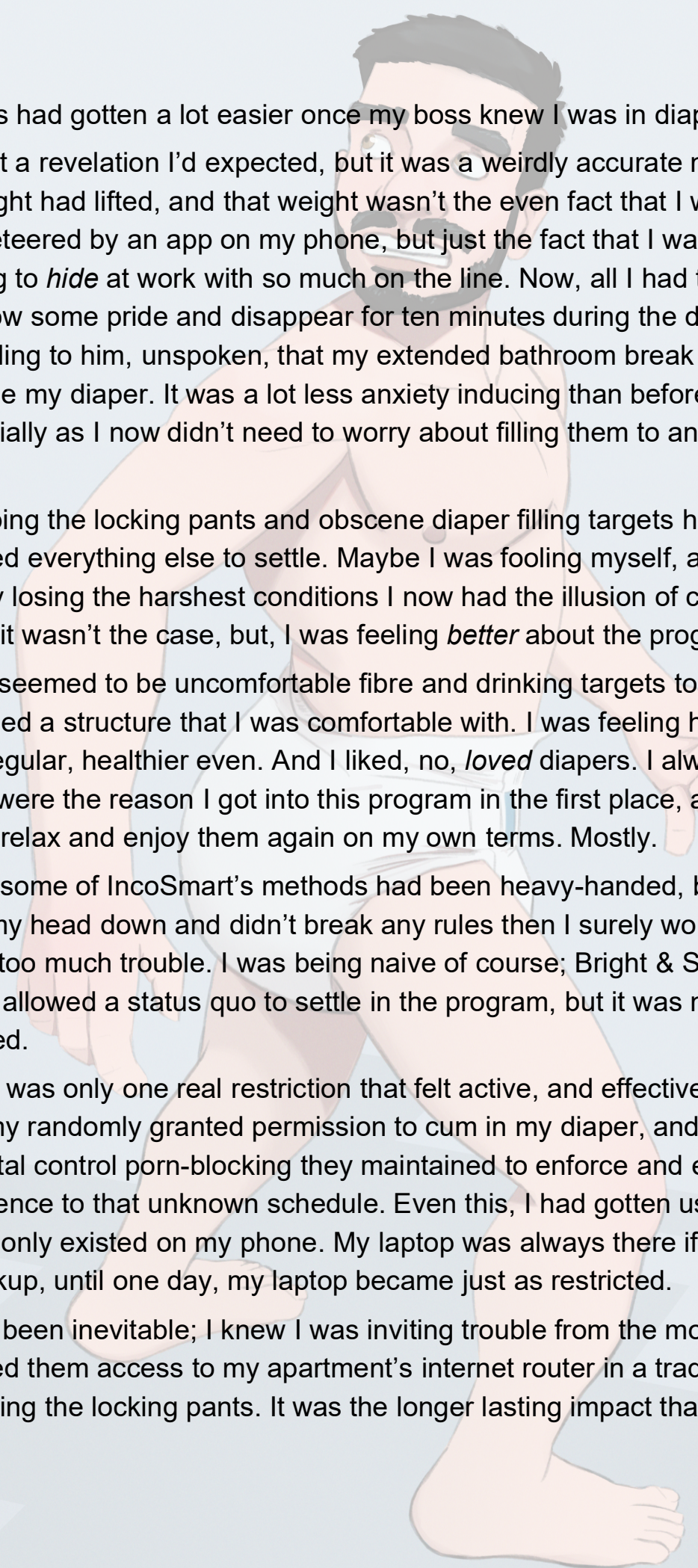


BETA TESTED 1.8





Things had gotten a lot easier once my boss knew I was in diapers. It's not a revelation I'd expected, but it was a weirdly accurate milestone. A weight had lifted, and that weight wasn't the even fact that I was being puppeteered by an app on my phone, but just the fact that I wasn't having to *hide* at work with so much on the line. Now, all I had to do was swallow some pride and disappear for ten minutes during the day, signalling to him, unspoken, that my extended bathroom break was to change my diaper. It was a lot less anxiety inducing than before, especially as I now didn't need to worry about filling them to an absurd level.


Escaping the locking pants and obscene diaper filling targets had allowed everything else to settle. Maybe I was fooling myself, and by simply losing the harshest conditions I now had the illusion of control when it wasn't the case, but, I was feeling *better* about the program.

What seemed to be uncomfortable fibre and drinking targets to meet had provided a structure that I was comfortable with. I was feeling hydrated and regular, healthier even. And I liked, no, *loved* diapers. I always had! They were the reason I got into this program in the first place, and I could relax and enjoy them again on my own terms. Mostly.

Sure, some of IncoSmart's methods had been heavy-handed, but if I kept my head down and didn't break any rules then I surely wouldn't invite too much trouble. I was being naive of course; Bright & Shine had never allowed a status quo to settle in the program, but it was nice while it lasted.

There was only one real restriction that felt active, and effective, and that was my randomly granted permission to cum in my diaper, and the parental control porn-blocking they maintained to enforce and encourage obedience to that unknown schedule. Even this, I had gotten used to as it had only existed on my phone. My laptop was always there if I needed a backup, until one day, my laptop became just as restricted.

It had been inevitable; I knew I was inviting trouble from the moment I'd allowed them access to my apartment's internet router in a trade for escaping the locking pants. It was the longer lasting impact that worried



me. That fear of not knowing how long I'd have to live with their filtering, or what I might have to trade once more to escape it.

Those blocks then came with worrying upgrades, as not only were certain adult websites completely unavailable to me, but image scanning started to take shape. I started to lose access to some great pictures of guys on social media, which had mostly survived the out-right porn blocking until then. But now, images of guys in diapers and underwear were becoming pixelated, as were the videos. It was a scary level of censorship that I almost wished was hot.

With fleeting, random permission to officially cum in my diaper, and any attempts to do so in the shower or while changing difficult, rushed, and unsatisfying, I was reliant on IncoSmart lifting the porn bans to get any kind of satisfying orgasm.


I found myself getting so hungry for eye candy that I started trying to find hot guys anywhere else online, but it seemed the algorithm either couldn't tell the difference between porn and an underwear catalogue, or it knew exactly what I was trying to do. Swimsuit models, sports players, artwork; anything with a hint of flesh or nudity was starting to pixelate too, like a puritanical, overly cautious parent afraid that anything I could see might inspire unclean thoughts.

People in the street, on buses, and in my office all became hotter all of a sudden. I was thirsty, and it had only been *days* since I'd gotten to enjoy myself! That and my imagination couldn't be taken from me, at least, but it was barely useful.

Even when I thought I was being clever by circumventing the router and tethering my laptop to my phone, the effects still kicked in and practically finger-wagged at me. Anything that came through my phone, or my router was compromised now. Monitored. Restricted.

I started to brainstorm *how* to get around this, from taking screenshots and saving images during masturbation time, to trying to stealthily look at guys in soccer shorts at my desk in work while pretending to read the news of a sport I wasn't even interested in!

The elephant in the room solution of course was buying another device that I'd keep off of the home network. Aside from the expense, the



thought of doing it felt like an incredible breach of Bright & Shine's terms, assuming they found out. It made me so uncomfortable that I realised how *obedient* I was, and compelled to tow their line.

After one particularly hopeful browse, I sat back removing my free hand from the warm crotch of my diaper and stared at the minimal, but informative page telling me what I wanted to access was not permitted. An image of a cartoonish padlock was more prominent than the text itself. It wasn't a big deal in that moment; I knew I wasn't allowed to cum, and I hadn't asked to take this diaper off yet. I had just intended to warm up for the sneaky shower jerk off I was going to have to ease the tension in my loins, but after pushing a mess into the back I was certainly feeling the urges to get off clawing at me.

I then knew IncoSmart was toying with me the moment I was informed that I was allowed to get off. As if it had waited for me to *try* to pushing the boundaries for something arousing. The notification left me hard, probably leaking, before I opened the app to discover how long I had to do it. I could feel myself pulsate at the possibilities of what I could browse again.

Ten minutes to get off. I didn't even ask if I could change my diaper.

With a quick refresh, the pixelated photos cleared. I could see men in diapers again. Perfectly round asses. Delicious looking cocks. I never realised how desperate I'd become until everything was available to me again, and I thrust myself over-eagerly, hurriedly against the bed until I filled the front of my diaper with cum, uncomfortably close and sticky to the waistband.

As the orgasm faded and I lay, panting, I was struck by the clarity of how trained I'd now felt. How Pavlovian. I was the dog, and I knew being the dog was better than the alternative.

"Hi Daddy, can I please change my diaper?" I asked, almost with a groan as I wiped the some sweat from my forehead. There was nothing like an exerted session in a dirty diaper to make me crave a shower.

"Hi Josh, permission to change will come shortly," the phone assistant's voice responded as my phone screen lit up. "Be a good boy and wait."



Damn, it was easy to get a little flutter in my stomach when the orders were childish, patronising, and most importantly not too impactful.

I had no idea how long I needed to wait, but I was mostly happy to sprawl on my bed and enjoy the post-orgasm relaxation. The porn was still displayed on my laptop, and most likely would stay that way until I changed the webpage; a delightful loophole in the controlling system.

I lay there and stared at someone else's perfectly swollen diaper. Their backside curling and drooping with just enough weight that the saturated padding sat perfectly.

I wasn't allowed to take off my own heavily used diaper. I reached over the device and scrolled down some more. Another guy was recorded taking his pacifier out and replacing it with another man's cock, rubbing his own diaper on his knees as he began to suck.

Fuck.

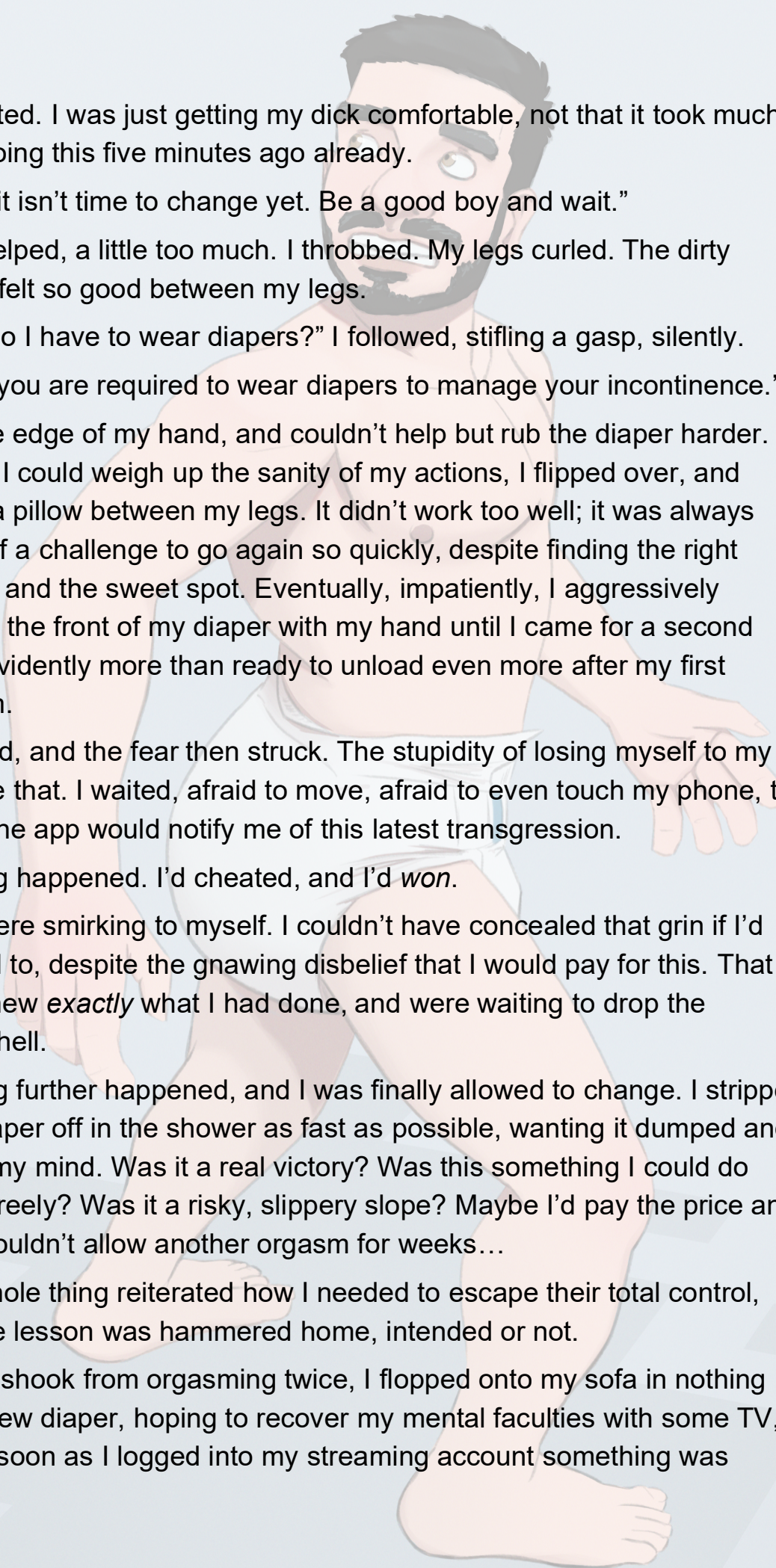
My other hand found its way to my crotch, instinctively. My own dick started to move, gently throbbing with more intensity inside the cum-stained protection surrounding it.

I was starved, and desperate. I knew I was reacting to my untethered porn all too eagerly. I knew it was embarrassing to be feel so obsessed, but once my dick throbbed I could barely ignore it. I could really go again, and I knew I wasn't allowed to... but would the system even know? How sophisticated was its detection if semen was already in there? This wasn't the same as wetting and filling it throughout.

I started to rub. This was wrong. *Naughty*, even, and it just made me want it more.

I could easily wait until I was allowed to change, and do this in the shower. I could take the edge off further, mostly risk free, but this, the fear of the unknown made me want it more. I thought of the virtual assistant telling me off. Scolding me like a child for playing with myself too much. It made me harder.

"Hi Daddy. Why do I have to wait for a change?" I asked, while quietly fondling myself, afraid it would pick up any background noise while we



interacted. I was just getting my dick comfortable, not that it took much after doing this five minutes ago already.

“Josh, it isn’t time to change yet. Be a good boy and wait.”

That helped, a little too much. I throbbed. My legs curled. The dirty diaper felt so good between my legs.

“Why do I have to wear diapers?” I followed, stifling a gasp, silently.

“Josh, you are required to wear diapers to manage your incontinence.”

I bit the edge of my hand, and couldn’t help but rub the diaper harder. Before I could weigh up the sanity of my actions, I flipped over, and thrust a pillow between my legs. It didn’t work too well; it was always more of a challenge to go again so quickly, despite finding the right rhythm and the sweet spot. Eventually, impatiently, I aggressively rubbed the front of my diaper with my hand until I came for a second time, evidently more than ready to unload even more after my first orgasm.

I panted, and the fear then struck. The stupidity of losing myself to my lust like that. I waited, afraid to move, afraid to even touch my phone, to see if the app would notify me of this latest transgression.

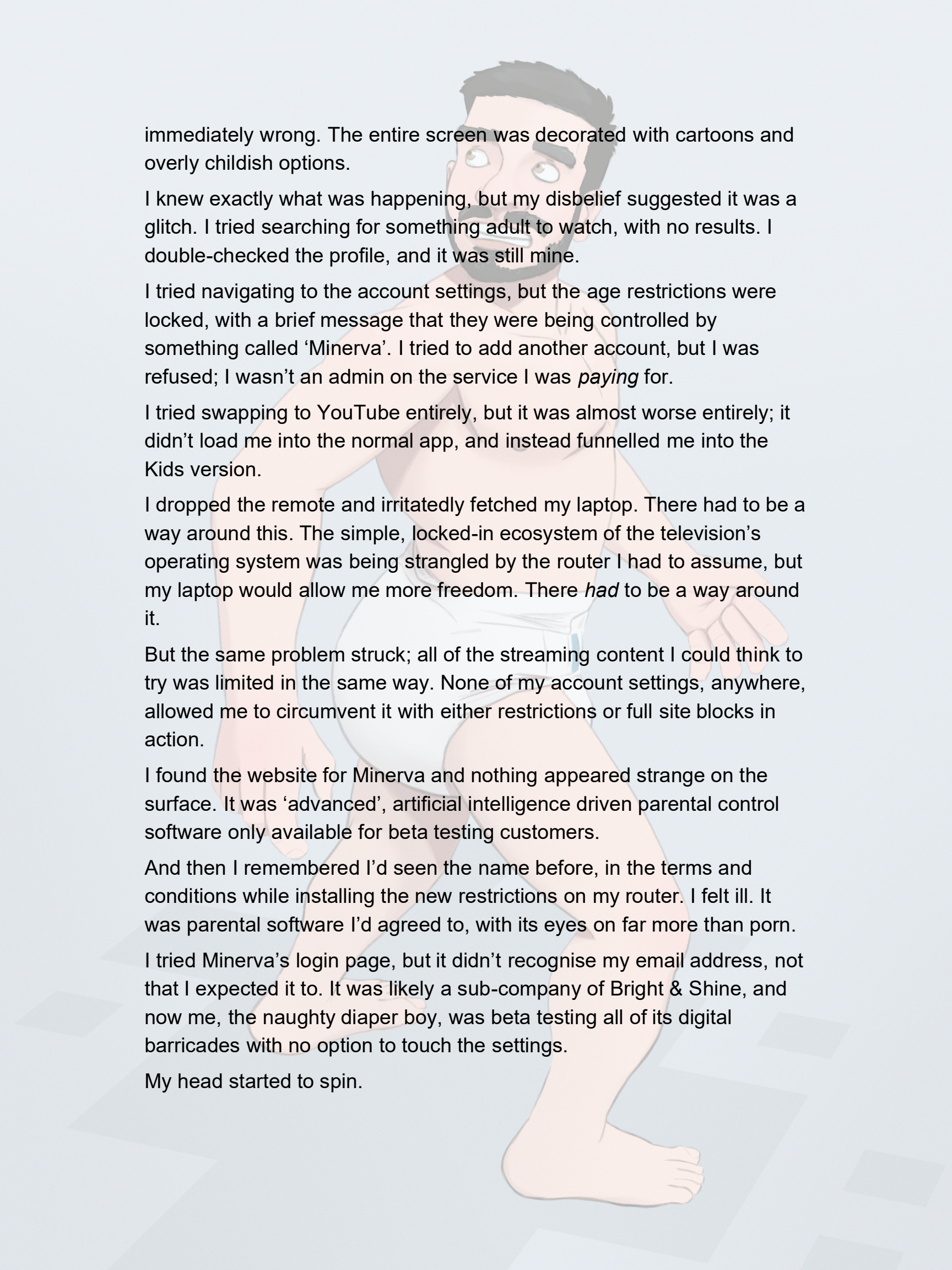
Nothing happened. I’d cheated, and I’d *won*.

I lay there smirking to myself. I couldn’t have concealed that grin if I’d wanted to, despite the gnawing disbelief that I would pay for this. That they knew *exactly* what I had done, and were waiting to drop the bombshell.

Nothing further happened, and I was finally allowed to change. I stripped that diaper off in the shower as fast as possible, wanting it dumped and out of my mind. Was it a real victory? Was this something I could do again freely? Was it a risky, slippery slope? Maybe I’d pay the price and they wouldn’t allow another orgasm for weeks...

The whole thing reiterated how I needed to escape their total control, and the lesson was hammered home, intended or not.

Utterly shook from orgasming twice, I flopped onto my sofa in nothing but a new diaper, hoping to recover my mental faculties with some TV, but as soon as I logged into my streaming account something was



immediately wrong. The entire screen was decorated with cartoons and overly childish options.

I knew exactly what was happening, but my disbelief suggested it was a glitch. I tried searching for something adult to watch, with no results. I double-checked the profile, and it was still mine.

I tried navigating to the account settings, but the age restrictions were locked, with a brief message that they were being controlled by something called 'Minerva'. I tried to add another account, but I was refused; I wasn't an admin on the service I was *paying* for.

I tried swapping to YouTube entirely, but it was almost worse entirely; it didn't load me into the normal app, and instead funnelled me into the Kids version.

I dropped the remote and irritatedly fetched my laptop. There had to be a way around this. The simple, locked-in ecosystem of the television's operating system was being strangled by the router I had to assume, but my laptop would allow me more freedom. There *had* to be a way around it.

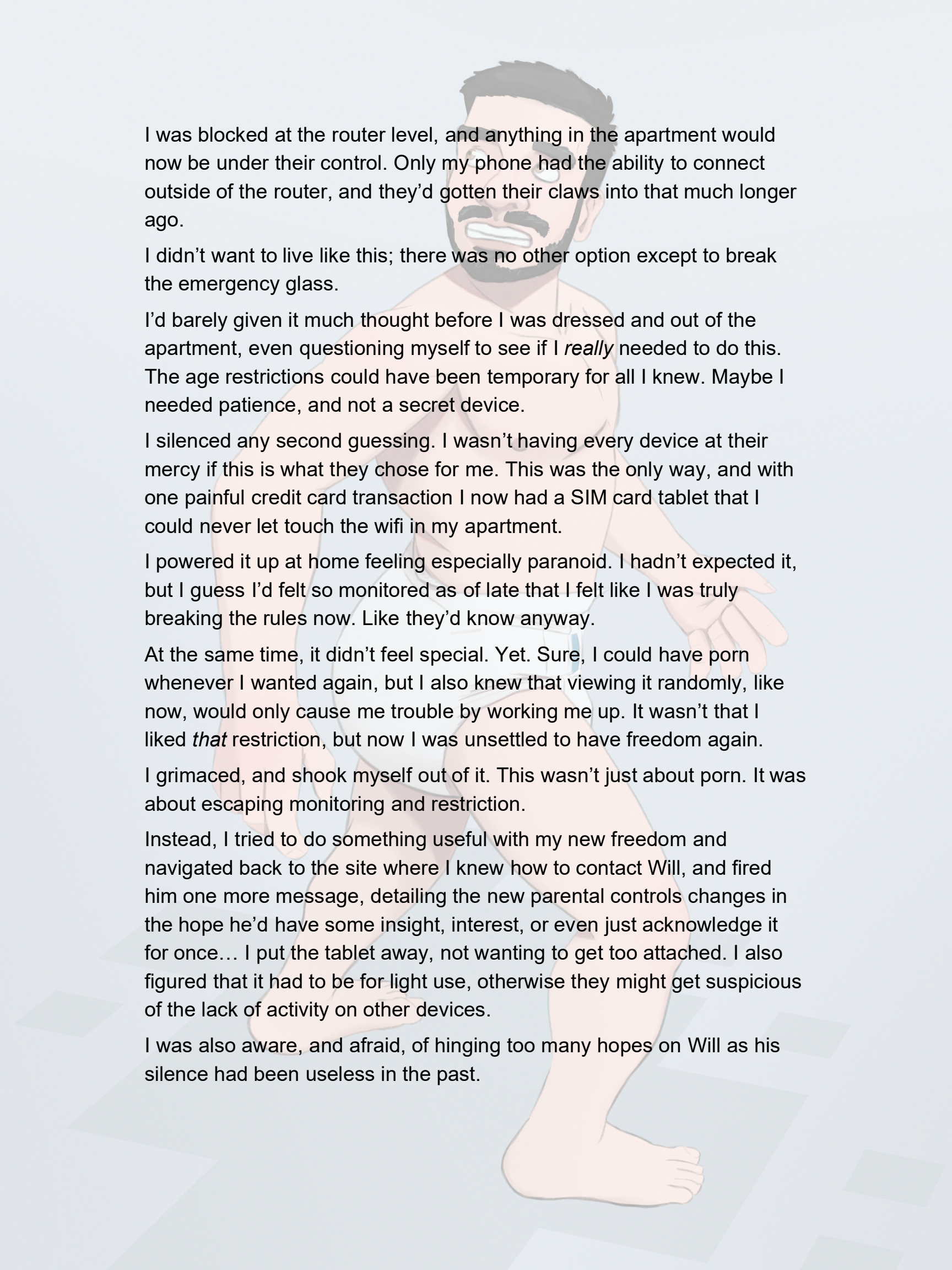
But the same problem struck; all of the streaming content I could think to try was limited in the same way. None of my account settings, anywhere, allowed me to circumvent it with either restrictions or full site blocks in action.

I found the website for Minerva and nothing appeared strange on the surface. It was 'advanced', artificial intelligence driven parental control software only available for beta testing customers.

And then I remembered I'd seen the name before, in the terms and conditions while installing the new restrictions on my router. I felt ill. It was parental software I'd agreed to, with its eyes on far more than porn.

I tried Minerva's login page, but it didn't recognise my email address, not that I expected it to. It was likely a sub-company of Bright & Shine, and now me, the naughty diaper boy, was beta testing all of its digital barricades with no option to touch the settings.

My head started to spin.



I was blocked at the router level, and anything in the apartment would now be under their control. Only my phone had the ability to connect outside of the router, and they'd gotten their claws into that much longer ago.

I didn't want to live like this; there was no other option except to break the emergency glass.

I'd barely given it much thought before I was dressed and out of the apartment, even questioning myself to see if I *really* needed to do this. The age restrictions could have been temporary for all I knew. Maybe I needed patience, and not a secret device.

I silenced any second guessing. I wasn't having every device at their mercy if this is what they chose for me. This was the only way, and with one painful credit card transaction I now had a SIM card tablet that I could never let touch the wifi in my apartment.

I powered it up at home feeling especially paranoid. I hadn't expected it, but I guess I'd felt so monitored as of late that I felt like I was truly breaking the rules now. Like they'd know anyway.

At the same time, it didn't feel special. Yet. Sure, I could have porn whenever I wanted again, but I also knew that viewing it randomly, like now, would only cause me trouble by working me up. It wasn't that I liked *that* restriction, but now I was unsettled to have freedom again.

I grimaced, and shook myself out of it. This wasn't just about porn. It was about escaping monitoring and restriction.

Instead, I tried to do something useful with my new freedom and navigated back to the site where I knew how to contact Will, and fired him one more message, detailing the new parental controls changes in the hope he'd have some insight, interest, or even just acknowledge it for once... I put the tablet away, not wanting to get too attached. I also figured that it had to be for light use, otherwise they might get suspicious of the lack of activity on other devices.

I was also aware, and afraid, of hinging too many hopes on Will as his silence had been useless in the past.



To say it was a shock to find a reply, was an understatement. To say he wanted to meet, even more so.

“I don’t know much about this,” it read. “We should meet. I’ll be in touch.”

I couldn’t believe it. I wanted to think Will was useful as he was my only information connection outside of IncoSmart, but the only time we’d met in person he *had* forced me to drink and piss until one of these smart diapers had a complete failure. I wanted to get something from him, but I didn’t want him toying with my new restrictions in case he made things a lot worse.

I tried to remain patient. I stayed a good boy. I waited for *Daddy* to let me change my diapers. I drank my fibre supplements, and kept my water intake on track. I barely touched my secret tablet, and tried to enjoy the novelty of watching some of the kids shows I knew from childhood, or had good word of mouth from other ABDLs on social media. I even second guessed any desires to get off in the shower. I wanted nothing to appear out of order.

And then the real shock hit. I received a message telling me that I was due for a scheduled medical check up, and that my coordinator, Will, would be visiting. Somehow he’d done it, and arranged a meeting right under their nose. I knew from his paranoia that he never would have risked this if he felt he had to engineer it. It was exciting, and it made my patience and ‘good boy’ behaviour all the more tormented, right up until the day of the visit, and when the buzzer rang, I allowed him in without so much as a thought.

Time slowed agonisingly, as I waited for a knock at the door.

It finally came, and my ready and waiting hand threw it open, heart racing.

But Will wasn’t standing there; it was Toby, my original coordinator. The man who’d punished me and started my sentence in locking pants. It took me a second to realise, but as the realisation hit, I gulped, and tried not to act too shocked or confused, or worse, *guilty*, before welcoming him inside, screaming internally that this was definitely nothing more than a routine visit. I hoped.

