

Back Alley Blackmail II

This is a nightmare, thought Charlie, as he pulled his tee shirt over his head. He was trying to hide behind a dumpster and strip, and although it was dark, he was still paranoid about being caught. His terror of being completely exposed in public, was clashing with the fear of disobeying the two dogs who ordered him into this position. His paws shook as he undid the button in his shorts, which he had no choice in slipping off, revealing the fresh diaper he had put on before leaving the house.

He'd spent the previous day chatting to a diapered snow leopard, but when it came to meeting him, he found no apartment and two bigger dogs happy to accost him. Things got out of his control, and he ended up here, stripping in the darkness, wondering who the snow leopard actually was, and what was going on.

The deal was simple; he would show up here on time, wearing nothing but his diaper and pacifier. Then his phone, wallet and diaper bag would be returned to him. He assumed it wouldn't be that simple, but the bullies had recorded enough footage of the previous night that Charlie didn't want to test them.

He stuffed his clothes into his backpack, then dropped it near his feet. With his pacifier around one finger, he took a couple more worried glances for nearby people, then stuck it in his mouth.

His head was a mess, like someone had taken one of his fantasies, twisted it, blown it up, and forced it upon him in all the wrong ways. He suffered some awkward erections the night before, but nothing about it was actually enjoyable.

Charlie now had no choice but to wait. He didn't own a watch, and with his phone in the hands of Dante, the German shepherd, he couldn't check what time it was after leaving the house. He was told to be here for eight, and while he absolutely didn't want to be late, he just knew the two dogs wouldn't be on time. Why would you be, if you were going to make someone stand and wait in nothing but their underwear?

Charlie thought being exposed like this would be easy after the previous night, but it wasn't exactly what he imagined. Dante and Riley had left him in an insane position, teasing and

taunting him, before confiscating everything but his keys, and abandoning him to make his way home.

It was a terrifying, humiliating end to the night for the young labrador, one that culminated in his hot neighbour getting a good look at his exposed body. He was cringing just thinking about it again. After the two dogs left him, he considered running home naked instead, feeling it would be *less* embarrassing, but also more likely to get him arrested.

Charlie had found it easiest to tackle the problem by turning heel and running home, diaper on display, with pacifier and keys clutched tightly. He didn't stop for anything, not the people he passed, nor the honking cars that drove by. He didn't hear his crinkling over the sound of his own exasperated breath, but everyone else heard it as he ran, no matter how fast he tried to cover ground.

Charlie made it back to his apartment foyer, out of breath, and like ripping a band aid off, he marched straight in, not wanting to stop in case the fear of being spotted took over. The awaiting silence in the foyer was such a relief for him, with no one around.

His apartment was up one set of stairs and down the hall. His luck ran out as his tired paws carried his rustling butt down towards his apartment door. He had gotten so close, but as his paw reached out for his door handle, his neighbour's door clicked open, exposing him at the last hurdle.

Charlie wasn't quick enough to conceal himself. He tried to throw his body over the threshold, but before he could get behind the door, his neighbour had an eyeful of his white, plastic butt.

"What are you- Are you wearing a *diaper*, man?" the young deer across the hall choked.

The breathless labrador could barely conjure an excuse, wide eyed and startled, and mumbled something about a prank. The buck saw right through Charlie's awkward and embarrassed lie, but wished him a good night and moved on his way. Charlie remembered that his crotch was also soaked and stained yellow, and moaned to himself in despair after shutting his door.

Charlie hoped tonight would be less eventful.

In his anxiety, he had no idea how long he was huddled there in the alley. He lost all sense of time worrying, and when he finally heard voices, he jumped. He recognised Dante's unmistakable silhouette, as well as Riley's laugh bouncing off the walls. Charlie was relieved, but his heart started beating faster just as much.

He poked his head out of hiding, trying to make it obvious to the dogs that he had obeyed and showed up. The dumpster was still concealing his near-nudity, but they'd at least see the pacifier in his mouth.

"Step out!" Dante called, the German shepherd casually striding towards the dumpster. Riley was beside him, carrying Charlie's diaper bag, as well as a backpack of his own. "Show us all your big baby diapers."

Charlie winced. The streets were quiet, but he'd never heard someone use the word 'diaper' so loudly in public, with an adult involved at least. He stepped nervously out of the shadows, exposing his diaper for anyone to see.

"I can't believe he turned up," Riley snickered, eyeing the apprehensive pup who thought it best not to speak.

"You saw his profile, he's an omega dog. He knows how to obey, don't you, diaper boy?"

Charlie nodded repeatedly, ears lowered and tail tucked between his legs. That confirmed his worries that this entire thing had been a set up by the snow leopard, if the leopard even existed at all. What Charlie couldn't work out, was if they were actual alphas preying maliciously, or bullies out to target and humiliate.

Dante stood right in front of the labrador, and clamped his paw down on his shoulder. He wasn't rough, but he could easily grab the scruff of Charlie's neck if needed. Charlie whimpered slightly, as the top of his head barely reached Dante's chin. The shepherd's powerhouse frame was enough reason not to mess with him.

"Let's go," he growled, forcing Charlie into a one-eighty and walking him deeper down the alley. This scared him a little; as exposed as he was, being completely hidden and alone with

these two could mean *anything*. He wanted to question it, but he couldn't find his voice, and instead clenched his teeth down on the pacifier.

They didn't walk far, and he was surprised to stop in front of a metal door down some steps, where Dante pulled a key from his shorts. Charlie gulped as the door unlocked loudly, creaking open. He was led inside to a dark storeroom, probably the back of a store or office. Cold concrete brick walls, wooden crates, and metal shelves lined with non-descript boxes. It was poorly lit only by the alley's fluorescent lights shining through its high windows. Riley followed in with the bags, banging the heavy door shut behind him.

Dante immediately moved his paw from shoulder to crotch, and inspected the labrador's diaper, poking his finger right inside near Charlie's thigh. The diaper was obviously still dry from the outside, to which he raised an eyebrow, watching Charlie blush. He started to wet himself, understanding the non-verbal suggestion as Dante pulled his finger free, wiping it against the pup's fur.

Dante watched the diaper darken as Riley dropped the bags on a large box strewn nearby. "Use the back too," the shepherd smirked, watching Charlie's expression change to horror.

Charlie almost dropped the pacifier as his jaw opened in protest. "Please, I-"

Dante raised his paw to silence him. "We're not leaving until you crap your diaper. Now turn around, bend over and do it."

Charlie noticed even Riley's ears had perked in surprise. It seemed to be unexpected to him too. The husky was standing a few steps behind Dante, eyeing his friend to see if he was serious, and silently curious as to what was going to happen.

"You like wearing diapers, don't you, diaper boy?" Dante continued, "So... use 'em."

Charlie was an intermittent diaper messer. He rarely felt the desire to do so, and often regretted it when faced with a clean-up. He certainly *never* dirtied one outside of the house, or in front of other people. So far he'd done everything he was told to by these guys, so this felt inevitable too.

Charlie turned, red-faced and powerless, and showed his butt in Dante's direction. He'd need to force this one along if it was going to happen... it wouldn't be as easy as pissing himself, but he knew he could do this and keep them happy.

"Oh my god," Riley splurged, as if he never anticipated it would actually happen. A smile broke out across his muzzle, in awe at Dante's power, as he realised Charlie was committing to degrading himself further still.

Charlie hunched and bent over, trying to mess himself without wanting to. He was finding it difficult, puffing his cheeks, and pushing his sphincter as best he could. He could feel something moving along, and knew he'd eventually get there. Dropping his paws forward onto a near crate, he spread his legs, unconsciously offering a great view of the bunched up diaper between his legs.

Dante watched on in amusement as the labrador grunted, finally following through with noise, and saw his diaper expand. ("He's actually doing it!" Riley yelped.)

"That's it, keep going," Dante chuckled as Charlie crouched and filled up the seat of his padding, gasping as he pushed to void his bowels.

Charlie turned to face them weakly, feeling the heavier diaper tugging against his hips. His poor, shameful face looked like it wanted approval from his bullies, a sign to suggest this was over. It was far from over.

"What did you just *do*, baby?" Riley cackled, stunned at the sight of a grown dog crapping itself.

Charlie whined, (and was promptly told by Dante to answer the question). "I... messed my pants," the young dog whimpered.

Dante wrinkled his muzzle. "They don't look like *pants*, but you really do stink."

"Seems more like you messed your pampers, puppy," Riley snorted, covering his nose, and leaning in for a cautious close look at the dark bulge.

The husky then snickered to himself, grabbing the back of Charlie's waistband, and wrenching it up his back. Charlie groaned in pleasurable discomfort as the wedgie squished the mess against his crack and balls, which only seemed to shock and amuse the husky further.

"He really does like it..." Riley muttered.

Dante ignored the husky's teasing, and pulled a jingling, leather strap from one of the bags, something Charlie didn't recognise as from his own diaper bag. As the shepherd turned, he realised it was a collar and leash in his paws, and the pit of Charlie's stomach fell. He was going to be treated like some kind of animal now?

He felt himself step backwards now, as Dante loomed forward. His butt bumped against the crate, stopping him, and he knew he wasn't getting away from this.

Charlie started to plead, and didn't notice Riley swing round to his side. He tried to push away from the crate, but Riley wrapped both arms around the leaner labrador, pinning his arms at his side, and holding him in place. Dante's two giant paws leaned in, pulling the collar around his neck and clicking it shut.

Charlie squirmed, and Riley released him, Dante holding firm on the attached leash, and pulling the labrador towards the ground. It was the first real display of either dog's physical superiority, and Charlie firmly lost as his palms and knees hit the floor.

Tears welled in his eyes. He'd endured the humiliation so far, but being collared and leashed by another dog was making him feel more shameful than he expected. Charlie feared this now would break him. How far were these dogs willing to push him?

Riley started to slip each of Charlie's paws into leather mitts, buckling them shut, and trapping them in a fist. The labrador didn't fight it, and the leash held him down on all fours.

"Can the little baby puppy bark?" Riley smirked.

"I'm sure he can," Dante grumbled, relaxing the tautness of the leash.

At this point, Charlie could barely look them in the eye. Being on his hands and knees was too much, and he summoned his best bark, which came out a little measly.

"That needs work..." the shepherd said sternly, while Riley sounded disappointed.

Charlie then felt Dante's spare paw cup his muzzle gently, lifting his face up to make eye contact. His touch was comforting, commanding, and it confused Charlie, having being forced into such a vulnerable state, as did Dante's words; "*Good puppy.*"

It was a powerful moment for Charlie, though he didn't realise it with such a degraded headspace.

Dante withdrew his paw once more, and fastened the leash handle to the end of one of the metal shelves. It was locked shut, as was the collar. Charlie was going nowhere. The leash was looped tight enough at such a height so Charlie could neither stand nor lie down; forcing him to knee on the uncomfortable concrete floor, or sit down in his messy diaper until set free.

Dante had pulled his phone from his pocket, and started reading from the screen. "*I'm a diaper puppy, who likes others to take charge. I like humiliation, submitting, watersports, and exposure, but if you only like diapers we'll still probably get along!*"

Dante snorted. "Sound familiar?"

Charlie nodded, embarrassed, trying to get comfortable in his new position. Riley had removed himself to rummage in the diaper bag.

"Watersports, huh?" Dante continued, "That's piss right?"

Charlie looked alarmed, "Wait, no, it's not wha-"

“Quiet, or I’ll take away your pacifier and muzzle you,” he growled, undoing the zip in his shorts.

“You’re not serious?” Riley barked, as Dante ignored him.

Charlie whined as Dante exposed himself, holding his dick gently in one hand. He grunted and pointed it towards Charlie, who couldn’t move far if he tried. Charlie closed his eyes and braced himself... though he had to wait.

Eventually, Dante mastered control of himself in the strange new situation, and sprayed hot piss across Charlie’s face and shoulder. It streamed and ran down his chest, sticking in his fur and splashing off his plastic crotch, wetting the floor.

All Charlie could do was close his eyes and let it happen, and when it passed, he realised he was hard in his diaper, and hoped that no one else would notice.

“Hmph. I should have recorded *that*,” Dante said casually, shaking and rehousing his penis.

“You’re weird...” Riley drawled sardonically, and pointing Charlie’s baby bottle at him. It was filled with a yellow liquid, which almost made the labrador panic. “It’s juice, you dumb baby...” Riley comforted.

Charlie took it with both padded paws, and was a little relieved for the drink.

“Sit tight, baby, we’re going out,” Dante informed him as he drank. “Be good, n’ make sure that bottle is empty, and we’ll change your diaper when we’re back.”

They walked away, the loud metal door closed shut once more, and Charlie was alone, sucking his bottle and squirming, helplessly in his filth. How long would they be gone for, and were they really going to change his dirty diaper when they came back?

