

**IncoSmart** Now

WARNING - Restricted Content.

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Parental Restrictions will temporarily disable in 4 Days, 23 Hours.

**BETA TESTED 1.5**

There weren't many benefits to having to sleep in my dirty diaper, but waking up with a raging lust was definitely one of them.

I'd once again fallen victim to the cruelty of the IncoSmart app's strict usage requirements. I'd changed between work and dinner the previous night; an early bedtime diaper, but I had little choice. The locking plastic pants that helped secure my obedience were irremovable by the time my bowels decided a mess was coming. I tried to fight it, but I was only delaying the inevitable, and I filled up not long before I tried to get some sleep.

Despite knowing better, yet desperate to avoid sleeping like this, I tried the app anyway, but there was no request button. No empathy or option to plead my case; a dirty diaper that was only a third wet was still a long way from coming off. Thankfully the large bottle of water I drank to rush things along more than paid off, and my padlock was ready to open after that first strained piss of the morning.

Between my stinky backside starting to irritate after a humid night in plastic pants, and my intense morning wood, I'd woken before my alarm. Slipping the plastic pants off, I had time to indulge if I wanted to, and tried to browse some diaper pics on my phone while lying in bed, only to be quickly reminded that such content was denied to me.


Not one to be defeated by the parental controls on my phone, I leaned out of bed and grabbed my laptop instead; the slower boot time and wait for porn was barely a concern when I was this eager to hump my diaper to my dick's content.

I just wanted to horny-browse and forget about my technology nightmare, but the more I invited my horny brain, the more it twisted my circumstances against me. Being trapped in diapers, removed from even deciding when to change them? Yeah, I was such a little diaper boy that I *deserved* it. And what do little diaper boys need? Parental controls and fluid intakes and fibre supplements... and dirty diapers that they're forced to sleep in.

I grunted and squirmed. This was the same line of thinking that got me into this mess. Flirting with stupidity.

But weaponising it into arousal was better than feeling miserable over it. I was starting to throb harder now and that was demanding my attention; I could deal with the aftermath later.





My pillow lifted away from under my head, and found its new home between my legs, before I rolled over. It didn't take long.

*Semen detected.*"

The IncoSmart app notified me of what I'd done, when I had the least interest in what it had to say. I was desperately in need of a shower.

I sat up on my bed with a grimace, with my all-night mess being particularly uncomfortable in those five minutes post-orgasm. I didn't really want a fresh diaper right away, but a new one would feel much better after a clean up.

I just needed to inform the app that I was showering, so it didn't hassle me too much over how long it would take to change. I was glad I remembered in the early morning haze.

*This detection of semen is unauthorised. Further unauthorised detections will lead to increased restrictions.*"

I had to rub my eyes and read it twice before it sank in.

Unauthorised? They'd never mentioned anything about needing permission to get off.

Thinking there might be a way to request it in the app, I poked around, but found nothing... There was no mention of that bodily habit at all, in fact. I feared this was a side-effect to the parental controls my phone had struck me with, and the implications were unsettling.


Everything they'd done so far was at least linked to "testing" diapers, even if it was a twisted version of that fact. Denying me masturbation was a specific side of cruel.

I logged my shower, and put my phone away, feeling far more concerned than relieved about my orgasm. The app was so effective about tightening my life so far, squeezing every loophole...

I formulated a plan while I washed; whenever I needed to get off and it wasn't "authorised", or whatever that would entail, I could do it while changing, especially showering. They wouldn't detect anything and I'd get what I needed, even if it was less fun outside of my enforced underwear.

Even still, the further claws of their control couldn't be ignored.

I'd gotten what I'd wanted this morning, but because it felt so out of my control it was an uneasy victory. If I hadn't guzzled water before bed I could've been waddling to work in that same messy diaper. The thought sent



a chill down me. I'd dodged it today, but it reinforced the thought that I needed to wrestle some control back, even if just to find out what the cost would be to do so.

Today had to be the day I falsified my experiences. I needed to saturate this diaper, in work, and ignore changing myself. I needed to push back against this app and corporation, and fight for some level of control back. My stomach clenched nervously, but it was hard to see another path out of these constant plastic pants, beyond *begging* someone in position to untick a box on my record.

It was a relatively safe day to risk it too. With only a short morning meeting I was free to work through some spreadsheets by myself for the day; I just needed to identify "bad" or missing data in our database. It was quiet, solo work, and my particular office room never had more than eight people around. I could guzzle some water and coffee, safe in the knowledge that I was unlikely to mess either, because of the previous night. Things had aligned in my favour, and I couldn't pass it up.

I started off by giving myself a head start with a full SmartFlask of water, finished before I'd caught up with my emails and my first coffee was cool enough to drink. The floodgates would open soon, and I was hitting the intake quotas demanded of me with ease.

My crotch swelled quickly that morning, unnervingly so. I wet heavily before the meeting, and through the meeting. By my third coffee before lunch I could feel a squishy bulk between my legs and my jeans were starting to feel tighter.


I shifted in my seat as I passed fifty percent full before I ate. Nervously, I downed another flask of water before returning to my desk. Half of the working day was still ahead of me.

I thought about Will, who'd guided me down this road, but my work computer and phone were not the devices to even attempt contact with him. I was doing this alone, for now.

A little after 3pm, following another flooding, my phone notified me that I was allowed to change. I felt weak. I had over two hours left in work, and little in the way of a plan.

Sure, I had a change in my bag and I could now put that on whenever I wanted, but above all things, the data wouldn't lie. I needed to remain patient,





and wet myself at least once more. I needed to pretend that I wanted out of this diaper, badly, but crucially, *couldn't* do it.

Even Bright and Shine wouldn't expect me to drop my pants and unlock my plastic pants during a "meeting". I hoped, at least.

I felt suspicious to others, despite not doing anything out of the ordinary. Like eyes were on me as I constantly relieved myself into my pants. Like I was up to no good. My nerves made it difficult to concentrate, but I needed to continue down the path.

Thankfully, it didn't take long to wet again. Another flooding, minutes after my last one. It was hard to believe this much liquid had sat in my system, but the caffeine and abundance of the water I drank had no interest staying put.

I wet, and I wet some more. I even leaned back in my seat as I did it, hoping the back would take as much as it could rather than burst out of the leak-guards, until my butt was uncomfortably damp, a sign the diaper was truly failing. I kept a close eye on the app. My current diaper was creeping towards ninety-four percent. It was more than I bargained for or wanted in the office, but it would support my argument at least.

I decided to hold on until I needed to piss again, to make sure I sat in it as long as I could and support my argument. I kept my change bag close, almost tightly in my hand. As soon as my bladder would ache for the next flood, I'd grab the bag's handle and escape to the bathroom and...

"Josh!"

Not now!

"Y-yeah?" I said, turning my head, not even sure who'd called my name while my mind was anywhere else.

"Oh, you are alive," the smirking comment came from my manager, as I realised he and others between my desk and his were laughing quietly to each other. I instantly felt a chill, having sat with paranoia for too long.

"I said your name five times," my manager laughed to the others, playfully.

"S-sorry," I managed to squeeze out, hoping to remain casual. "I got lost in the numbers."

"Can you look at this, if you have a minute. It's just something with the Richardson portfolio, projections are way off..."

My stomach sank. It was the last thing I wanted to do. I was tempted to make an excuse about going to the bathroom first, but I feared it would draw more attention to me grabbing my bag on the way.

I stood up weakly, grossly aware of the full diaper between my legs, and shuffled my way to his desk, trying to avoid an obvious waddle, before leaning down to browse his monitor with my diaper butt poking outwards. Every crinkle of the diaper or plastic pants felt deafening to me, to be leaning so close to another person in the quiet room, and I swear I could feel it *squeeze* as my jeans tightened, like a soaked sponge under pressure.

My diaper was so wet that it was unnerving. I had to know that I was still safe, bulging obviousness or crinkling aside. I brushed one hand slowly around my thigh, upwards to my butt where I felt the texture change.

My jeans were wet.

I could feel myself start to sweat. To tremble. I needed to get to the bathroom instantly, and every moment I stood here was a terrifying risk that my bladder would urgently ache once more and put me in real danger.

I was on the precipice of public humiliation, if it wasn't already too late.

My manager was asking questions about the customer's data. I tried to pay attention, to offer the insight he expected I had. Anything just so we could finish and I could *run*.

"The frequencies of services are wrong," I blurted, delighted with myself for the quick solve. "I'm sure Sales mentioned this last week. Someone's set up the contract wrong."

My manager was sighing, but it was draining into the background.

"It all should add up if they're fixed" I said, trying to be helpful while making my exit. "Just shout, again, if you need me."


I swallowed hard and walked away from his desk. My butt was going to be in clear view now of him, and anyone else who looked up from their desks.

There was silence. I didn't dare look around or declare my actions, and marched towards my desk, gazing at my chair for any more signs of a leak.

There were two damp patches in the seat.

I simply picked up my backpack and left the room, cringing, and fighting my rapidly glowing hot face.





Outside, with a shaking hand, I checked my backside; my jeans were wet now on both cheeks. Quickly, I pushed my way into the bathrooms and ran for a stall. I should have gone straight for the accessible bathroom and given myself the space and privacy to deal with this, but I was on autopilot, and still beholden to my diaper secrets.

I pulled my belt open and pulled my jeans down, with the sheer swollen bulk of the diaper offering a shocking level of resistance. Once removed, I flipped them around and checked the back; my heart sank. Two large, dark ovals had spread where my thighs and butt cheeks met. Where the leg-bands of the plastic pants had failed.

The dark patches were so obvious. I'd played with fire and gotten soaked. How was I supposed to go back into the office without knowing who'd seen it? My legs felt damp. I had to get on with changing.

I unlocked the padlock and loosened the chain around my waist. My skin practically breathed a sigh of relief as the waistband loosened and the humid plastic released itself. As I started to wiggle the pants down over my diaper, my nightmare escalated, and the piss that had remained in the crevices of the plastic pants tipped over the leg-bands and trickled down my calves. I shuddered, and the weight of the diaper itself was truly felt, tapes suddenly under strain with nothing left to help hold the sodden weight up.

I tore them apart and the diaper almost fell off of me as the first and second released. The soaked monstrosity I'd created all day quickly folded into a bulky, heavy mass, and sat on the toilet seat until I was done wiping myself. Though no matter how much I tried, I never felt truly dry.

I powdered, and sealed a new diaper on while leaning against the stall door. So long and awkward was the process, that the stupid app reminded me that I needed to ensure the lock was closed again. As if I didn't know, or had any choice...

I turned to the drizzled plastic pants and realised I had to put them back on. The lock wouldn't register unless I was in them as well, and the spares were at home. Unless I wanted to risk whatever punishment would follow (and which would likely ruin my argument to get out of these conditions), I had no option here. I sighed, and stretched them wide, stepping in one leg at a time. At least my diaper wouldn't make things worse now.

I pulled them up, grimly, feeling the damp leg-bands settle back securely, and shut the lock in the waist chain.

I hoped this was all worth it, and put the second wet piece of clothing back on, fastening my jeans around my changed padding.

The IncoSmart app was now happy I was locked up again, but I had several kilos of diaper to dispose of, and a walk of shame back to my desk. I just needed five minutes to myself, and leaned my head against the stall door...

Gossip spread like wildfire in this office, and I could only hope that something as embarrassing as wet jeans or a “medical problem” would inspire some level of tact.

I dumped the diaper in the bathroom trash when no one was around, and meekly, hurriedly slinked back to my desk, already mentally drafting the email I’d send to Bright and Shine. As a silver lining, I now had some real experience to draw on for how degrading it was to soak my pants at work.

The rest of the day was practically a write off, despite my intentions. I couldn’t concentrate on anything besides my public humiliation or the task at hand when I got home, and my bladder wasn’t done with me yet, quickly filling my pants up with the remaining drinks of the day. At least, I’d be more than wet enough to change early tonight.

None of my co-workers said anything directly, and my brain was too much of a mess to decipher if silence or general office chit-chat was awkward or not. Everything felt pointed at me and my “accident”, no matter how illogical the thought was.

At home, I embellished the “complaint” email as best I could to fit the data. I just needed to hope, and wait for a reply, however long that might take.

My concentration was equally broken that evening. I just wanted to know what the near future would hold. I checked my emails several times in the first hour, but there was nothing from them until the app, most likely unconnected, informed me by notification that my parental controls countdown was set to five days.

Confused, having never seen this before, I clicked it and opened the app hoping for some clarity. It just showed a page and a countdown timer. Four days, twenty-three hours counting down, and a description that parental controls would temporarily lift when the countdown ends, with a permitted window to ejaculate.



My head spun a little (and my dick started to throb a *lot* more).

So they were deliberately playing with my dick now too? Their goal was to restrict porn access until I was permitted to get off?

I couldn't make sense of it, but the clock and the idea was turning me on too. Now I *really* couldn't focus on watching TV, and instead resumed horny-browsing on my laptop. Endless pictures of guys in diapers, stories I'd read before... Twice in one day and I was feeling enthralled by my own lust. I was definitely playing catch up from a few miserable weeks in these plastic pants.

Once again I waited for the padlock to open, but this time I (disappointingly) dropped my diaper too before I touched my junk. I logged another shower on the app to buy some time, and threw myself down on a changing mat on my bed.

I was such a dumb diaper boy, being told when he could and couldn't cum.

I didn't even need my laptop to get off, but in this mood, I tried to access some porn on my phone *just* to see the parental restriction screen, to remind myself of what I wasn't allowed to do. How embarrassing. How *humiliating* to be denied as if I was a child.

I jerked harder, and panted, dropping the phone onto the bed, and closing my eyes. It was more fun to rub a diaper for sure, but I just fantasised and pictured one going under my butt, against my will. Someone diapering me despite my wishes. Will, or the mean compliance coordinator... *Definitely* the mean compliance coordinator, after locking me in mittens again.

I grunted, and with more effort than I'd liked overall, eventually squirted across my tummy. It wasn't the best method, but it would work until the parental restrictions lifted.

I wiped down properly, and put another diaper on with some dry plastic pants and the mandatory lock, ignoring the app's protestations over the length of time it took despite faking a shower. I was wiped from my early wake up, my long day, and blowing my nuts all over the place, twice.

But IncoSmart's protests weren't *just* about my long change; and I realised I'd fucked up as I finally picked my phone up. There was nothing concrete, but I shouldn't have used my phone while "showering". It must have spooked the algorithm.

*Your shower time was longer than average and has exceeded your daily allowance. Ensure a diaper is worn quickly to prevent suspected infractions."*



A vague warning was often a targeted threat; I needed to be careful.

Now that I'd dealt with my lust, I decided to fruitlessly check my emails once again, and to my shock, there was a reply.

*Dear Josh,*

*Thank you for raising your concerns with us. It is of utmost importance to the program that the algorithm works seamlessly with the user's lifestyle, as this is our goal for the public deployment of our IncoSmart range.*

*Having reviewed your phone's calendar, we note that no meeting was logged. The algorithm should allow you to change diapers in advance of certain circumstances, particularly sleeping and work hours. Please ensure your calendar is kept up to date, that it is accessible in your phone, and this should avoid further instances of difficulty.*

*Alternatively, if you still wish to alter your program, we would be happy to exchange necessity of the SmartLock and Protection Layers for other options of the beta program.*

*Please follow this link and agree to the terms and conditions, and required use of the SmartLock will be lifted."*

I gulped nervously, and clicked the link. There was no immediate guide as to what I'd be signing up for, just walls of text to read. I rubbed my eyes. It was better saved for the morning, with a fresh brain, as there was no guarantee it would be worth it. It needed careful thought.

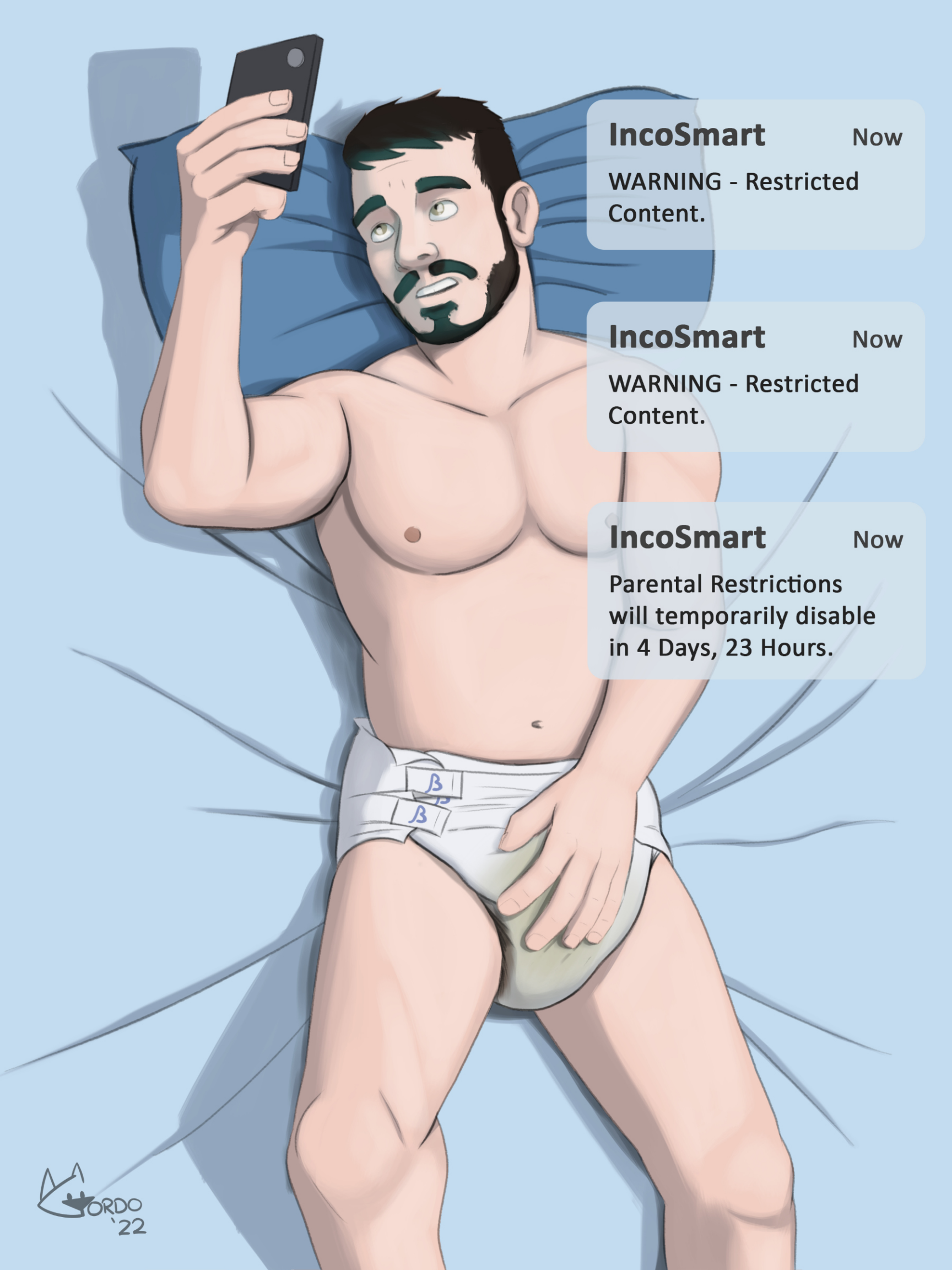
As I moved to put my phone down, it vibrated with a new, sudden notification.

*SmartLock release target has been increased to 90%."*

Ninety!? They had to be fucking kidding, and the timing of this was too coincidental. They *wanted* me to accept the new terms and conditions.

I needed to sleep, not that I was sure I could once I got into bed. IncoSmart was already threatening to unravel my life. There was no guarantee a new set up would be any kinder.





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