

## Stuffed Full

Cairbre had been wearing the same diaper all day, and it sure was full. It was stuffed with urine and feces, so much so it leaked all over his seat. He had been so busy he hadn't noticed. Today the newest racing game had come to the arcade, and he was determined to beat it in one sitting. However, that sitting had lasted about six hours. By the time he got off the seat, his diaper was fuller than it ever had been. He waddled to the public bathroom, ignoring the giggles around him. The town often wore diapers, so every public bathroom came with a diaper pail and changing station.

The zebra-griff pranced into the stall and climbed up onto the bench. He laid back, pulling his diaper off tab by tab, until he could roll it into a ball. He often wished someone would change him, and every so often he got his wish, but not today. Today it was just him, wiping himself down and reaching for a new diaper. But...there wasn't one.

"Shit, did I forget it?"

He said as he poked through his bag. Wipes, powder...no diapers. He let out a resigned sigh and rolled off the diaper table, carrying his filthy diaper over to the bin. It was overflowing, diaper upon diaper oozing over the sides, stacked ontop of one another.

"Oh jeez..."

He muttered, he'd have to stand on his back hooves in order to get his diaper ontop. He was always wobbly on just two legs, but figured it'd just be a quick second. He didn't want to be rude and just leave it on the floor.

Cairbre stood, having to step back and forth for a moment to maintain his balance. He then leaned forward to place the diaper ontop, but ended up tumbling head over heels into the bin.

"AH!"

He cried out, the acrid scent of stuffed diapers filling his nose. Every squirm and wiggle pushed him deeper into the pile, leaving only his rump sticking out. Without a diaper, his tail flailed and exposed his puckered hole to the cold air. He shivered, which in turn shoved his nose deep into a full diaper. He squeaked, which soon melted into a whimper as he tried to find the bottom of the bin, hopefully to push himself upward, but there were too many diapers in the way.

He heard the door to the bathroom open, and tried to yell to them, but the diapers only muffled his cries, and whenever he opened his mouth one of them would shove in. He kicked his back legs, but to no avail. They'd have to see him, right? And then pull him out? Yeah. Sure. They had to! He heard the door to the stall shut, then open a few moments later. The clip-clopping of hooves drew closer.

“Oh!”

A surprised cry, and Cairbre gave his legs a weak kick. He heard stifled laughter, and some more words he couldn't understand. Suddenly there was a pressure against his hole. It felt hot and squishy, was that...a diaper? It pressed into him, popping past his ring and expanding inside. He let out a tiny squeal as the diaper was pushed deeper. He could feel the shit inside it, expanding, rubbing against his insides. It was so, so hot, almost burning his bowels. No matter how much he squirmed it only went deeper, his puckered ring pulling it in. Soon the diaper popped inside.

And then the door opened again.

The second one came quicker than the first, having been tempted by the man already standing there laughing at him. His hole spread, and the diaper popped in. It exploded inside him, a mix of fluff, shit and piss filling his ass. His stomach began to bulge, churning with all the filth filling him.

Then there was another.

And another.

And another.

Diaper after diaper shoved into his apparently eager, waiting donut. Each one full and puffed, each one spreading him further. They pressed together inside him, forming a large, squishy mass inside him. He gave up, his legs going slack as he sat there and whimpered.

It was going to be a long, long night.