

THE DIAPER DUNGEON

BABY FOOD & CASTOR OIL



GEORGIE'S EXTREME DIAPER PUNISHMENT

ABDL NOVELLA

BY NANNY CHLOE

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NANNY CHLOE

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All characters in this story are over the age of 18.

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MISS HAZEL AND HER SISTER

George cringed as the middle aged woman, Miss Hazel, finished changing him into his juvenile pajamas. (She had bought them for him and insisted he wear them, caring little for his opinion on the matter.) She then walked him by the hand, out of his bedroom and back to the kitchen for dinner time.

"Sorry about that," Miss Hazel said to her younger sister, Vicky, who was patiently flipping through a magazine at the dinner table, "I just wanted to get little George here ready for bed before we sat down to eat dinner so I wouldn't have to worry about it later."

"Oh, no problem at all," Vicky said. She then looked up from her magazine to notice that George had been changed into his PJs, which were covered in adorable cartoon rockets and stars.

"Aww, those pajamas are adorable! What a little astronaut!" Vicky said. "I remember cousin Ralphie had a pair like those... when he was about six."

George blushed hotly. It was true... the PJs he was wearing were cute.

The problem was... George wasn't six. He was nearly twenty.

* * *

GEORGE HAD BEEN STAYING with Miss Hazel for several months now. She was a family friend-of-a-friend, a woman in her late fifties, who happened to live in the city that George had moved to.

Miss Hazel had graciously offered to let George stay in her spare room, free-of-charge, until he was able to get up on his feet.

George gratefully accepted the generous offer, and when he met Miss Hazel, he found her to be an incredibly gentle, soft-spoken, and unbelievably kind older woman... even overly considerate at times.

While he stayed in her home, she always prepared him food, bought him things like clothes she found on sale (without asking him), and she even cleaned his room and often made his bed for him, despite his respectful protests.

"I don't mind, it gives me something to do with my empty nest," she would say to him in a grandmotherly tone.

Miss Hazel didn't even once bring up the question of George paying rent after he had moved in, which George was incredibly grateful for, as his job search was not going well.

(And the truth was, George spent a lot more time playing video games than searching for jobs lately, a fact that Miss Hazel was also incredibly kind to ignore.) But despite how much was going well, a couple of months after George had moved in, he began to develop an embarrassing... *issue*.

And when Miss Hazel discovered this... *issue*... she insisted George deal with it in the way *she* found satisfactory.

At first, George resisted Miss Hazel's intrusive methods into what he considered a personal problem. But at the same time, he felt obliged to obey her, both because she was letting him stay for free, and because she always insisted in the most gentle, motherly of tones.

But Miss Hazel's demands around the 'issue' had now evolved to the point that letting her 'get him ready for bed', had now become part of the process.

As George took a seat at the dinner table that night across from Miss Hazel and her sister, he quietly reflected on the fact that he didn't know how much longer he could put up with Miss Hazel's ever more overbearing treatment.

Especially since he was now sitting across the table from an attractive woman. Miss Hazel's younger sister, Vicky.

George guessed Vicky was in her thirties, despite her youthful demeanor making her appear much younger. He also guessed she was likely a step-sibling of Miss Hazel's, given the large age difference between them.

And even though Vicky had only been over to Miss Hazel's house for a few hours so far, George already sensed she had a mean edge to her, especially compared to her gentle-faced older sister.

(This seemed to be evidenced by Vicky's apparent instinct to make a humiliating comment about George's pajamas that he had been changed into.) And what made Vicky downright intimidating to George was the simple fact that she was gorgeous. At least in George's eyes. Compared to Miss Hazel's matronly blue dress and white apron, Vicky's

leather mini-skirt and low cut blouse made her look like a super-model.

George felt a little embarrassed about how attracted he was to a woman at least a decade older than him. And it seemed that Vicky sensed George's attraction to her based on his shy demeanor... even when he wasn't being forced to wear juvenile PJs in front of her.

George already felt humiliated enough by the way Miss Hazel had been treating him. Now that he had to have Vicky as a witness to it made it ten times worse.

George just hoped to get dinner over with as quickly as possible so he could escape back to his bedroom.

Especially since what George really feared wasn't Vicky seeing him in his humiliating, childish PJs...

It was her finding out what he was wearing *beneath* those pajamas...

THE TRUTH COMES OUT

Unfortunately for George, it was only a few minutes later that the dinner conversation went exactly where he feared it would...

"I'm sorry, but I just have to ask. Why do you have to help him 'change' into his pajamas, anyway?" Vicky asked Miss Hazel. "He's like twenty. Am I missing something?"

George immediately blushed and stared into his lap.

Miss Hazel let out a pained sigh and cleaned her glasses. "George, do you want to tell Vicky about the reason for our nighttime routine?"

George blushed even hotter, but didn't respond.

"George? George?" Miss Hazel repeated. "George, it's not polite to ignore others at the table when they're speaking to you," she lectured in a teacherly tone.

"Oh my god, you're talking to him like he's a three-year-old," Vicky interjected. "Does he... *need* to be talked to like that for some reason?"

Miss Hazel sighed. "Well, it seems that way more and more lately. I know... when George first moved in, I wouldn't have expected that I would have to treat him like a toddler,

either. But it seems lately that's just the easiest way to communicate with him."

George was mortified. "No it isn't!" he blurted, his face red hot from having the women talk about him like a child right in front of him.

"Oh really, Mister?" Miss Hazel said. "Well, do you want to answer Vicky's question like a big-boy then? Or should I just tell her myself?"

George opened his mouth to try to speak, but as he looked up at Vicky staring back him in mix of disgust and pity, his throat went dry.

"I... uh... I dunno..." was all George could mutter before staring back down at his lap.

Miss Hazel rolled her eyes and sighed. "The reason I have to help George get ready for bed... is because I have to make sure he wears his *pull-ups* at night."

Vicky's eyes bulged in genuine shock. "Wait, you're kidding me, right? He *wets the bed*?"

"Uh-huh," Miss Hazel replied.

"And you have to put him in *diapers*?" Vicky asked.

"Yep," Miss Hazel replied again. "I mean, I trusted him to handle the problem himself after the first time he soiled my blankets with his urine. But after the second night of discovering that he didn't care to wear the pull-ups I had bought for him, I came to realize he needed me to put them on him myself."

"And so, you're telling me that he's wearing a *diaper*, right now, as we speak?" Vicky said in shock.

George felt Vicky's disgusted stare while he continued to gaze into his lap, frozen, his face burning redder and redder.

He could suddenly feel every square inch of the cottony, crinkly, humiliating, pull-up diaper he was wearing beneath his pajamas.

He felt like he was going to pass out.

"That's right," Miss Hazel said, answering her sister's question. "The bedwetter has gotten ready for bed, which means he's wearing his pull-ups like a good little boy."

There was a brief pause...

Then Vicky burst out into a screaming, hysterical fit of laughter. "Oh... my... god!" She shrieked. "You mentioned that the boy who was staying with you was a handful! But I never would have expected a guy whose nearly in his twenties to still need to be put into his diapers at night by his Nanny!"

George shrunk in his seat, utterly mortified by Vicky's reaction.

"Well, to be honest, I wouldn't have expected it either," Miss Hazel said with a smirk. "But I guess you're right, I am more like his Nanny than his landlord, lately, aren't I?"

George was speechless with shock and embarrassment.

His worst fears about being humiliated for his embarrassing bedwetting problem had just come true before his eyes... and he felt totally powerless to do anything about it.

All George could do was stare down at his plate and quietly tear up with overwhelming shame.

TEMPER TANTRUM

George spent the rest of dinner quietly trying to eat while Miss Hazel and Vicky resumed their chatter and gossip.

They mostly chatted about things other than George, except for the occasional snickering comment such as, "He does have quite the babyface for his age with those puffy little cheeks," or, "he *does* get grumpy in the afternoon. Maybe I should start putting him down for an afternoon nap."

But George stayed silent. At least... on the outside.

But internally, George was experiencing a hurricane of overwhelming emotions as he tried to process what had just happened.

Embarrassment... shame... anger...

He hated that he started wetting the bed again.

He hated that he had let Miss Hazel discover his problem, let alone that he had put up with her forcing him to wear pull-ups.

And most of all, he hated that he had been too cowardly to do anything but sit there in silence while Miss Hazel and

Vicky humiliated him for his problem worse than he'd ever been humiliated before in his life.

But George felt powerless to do anything about it whatsoever. He felt like he was suddenly being infantilized and utterly emasculated by these two domineering women, and he wasn't strong enough to utter even a word of resistance.

George felt himself pathetically sitting there in silence while he quietly sank deeper and deeper into his private hell of debilitating, paralyzing humiliation, and helplessness...

That is, until after dinner, when Miss Hazel stood up to take George's plate...

* * *

"Oh, George, you hardly touched your vegetables," Miss Hazel tsk'd.

It was true. George had eaten all of the mac and cheese, but he hadn't touched the gross, mushy pile of boiled carrots and peas Miss Hazel had served him.

After all, George had always been a picky eater, he had always hated vegetables, and he was especially disgusted by the overcooked mushy green and orange puree Miss Hazel had prepared that night. Especially given how upsetting the night had already been.

But George stayed silent while Miss Hazel hovered over his shoulder.

"George, did you hear what I just said? You didn't eat your vegetables," she repeated.

"Picky eater, huh?" Vicky asked, chiming in with a hint of mean-spirited teasing.

"You wouldn't believe," Miss Hazel replied. "Worse than a toddler, honestly."

She turned back to George. "George, we talked about this. At least one bite before you're excused," Miss Hazel said, referencing another rule she had begun to impose earlier that week.

George's cheeks burned red hot once again. He was now desperately fighting the overwhelming urge to leap to his feet, throw Miss Hazel's plate of gross food across the kitchen, and scream at the top of his lungs.

But instead, George let out a truly pathetic little whimper, and decided to submit to Miss Hazel's will. After all, more than anything, he just wanted to run back to his room and cry under his bedsheets.

He scooped up the disgusting mash of carrots and peas in his spoon with a trembling hand, and reluctantly brought it to his mouth.

"*Blacgh!*" George gagged as he struggled to chew and choke down the gross boiled mash. It was a disgusting dish in its own right, but even worse, the mash had grown cold, having sat on his plate for so long.

After what felt like forever, George finally downed the gross substance and opened his mouth, both to show Miss Hazel that he had satisfied her demand, and to air out the disgusting taste on his tongue.

"*Ughph!*" George suddenly gagged again.

He realized Miss Hazel had swiftly spooned a *second* spoonful of vegetable mash into his mouth without him

realizing it!

George began coughing and spitting the food out onto his plate.

"Young man..." Miss Hazel scolded.

"You said only one bite!" George finally shouted back.

"Well, since you ate one bite just fine, I figured one more wouldn't be a problem," Miss Hazel replied in a calm, authoritative tone.

"You lied to me!" George screeched.

"George, calm down..." Miss Hazel cautioned.

"No! You're mean and you're a liar! And you didn't have to tell *her* about me wetting the bed!" he said, pointing at Vicky. "You're a mean old lady!" George screeched, tears in his eyes, everything suddenly coming to the surface.

"Young man, don't you take that tone with me," Miss Hazel scolded.

"Don't tell me what to do!" George screamed, leaping to his feet.

Part of him realized how much he sounded like a toddler throwing a tantrum. But he had finally reached a boiling point he could no longer control.

"Get back here right now," Miss Hazel demanded in calm voice.

"No! You're a mean old bitch and I hate you!!" George screamed.

He loudly stomped toward the kitchen doorway...

His veins overflowing with adrenaline and hysterical anger...

When all of the sudden, before he knew what was happening...

WHAM!

George felt himself yanked by the wrist, spun about, and suddenly staring at the floor...

"That is *it*, you little brat!" George realized he was over Vicky's lap... and she was shouting at him at a terrifying volume.

"I have *had* it with your disrespectful attitude toward my sister! It makes me sick to watch you treat her this way, knowing how she bends over backwards for you. I may not have had kids, but I've done enough babysitting in my life to know how to discipline one! Your rotten attitude stops tonight!"

George gasped as he felt his pajama bottoms and pull-up yanked to his knees in one fell-swoop. And then...

WHAP!

A stinging pain erupted across George's bottom. He immediately shrieked in pain. He had never felt anything like it before.

WHAP!

A second one landed.

WHAP!

A third.

George finally realized, to his horror, that Vicky was giving him a *spanking*! And he could see she was using a wooden

spoon! It was the hardest spanking he'd ever had in his life!

George wriggled and squealed and tried to escape. But Vicky just gripped him even tighter as she unleashed her fury of blows against his rear end.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

"Stop! Stop! Please!" George cried.

But Vicky's blows continued unabated, quickly turning George's bottom into a private inferno.

"Miss Hazel, please! Make it stop! I'm sawwwwy!" George shrieked and shrieked.

But from what he could see through his tears, Miss Hazel was simply sitting back and quietly observing as her sister took charge.

"Oh, *now* you want my sister's help, don't you, you little bedwetter?" Vicky jeered as she continued to blister George's bottom. "I thought you said you hated her? Where's that tough guy attitude you had just a moment ago?"

"I'm sawwy, I'm sawwy!" George wailed. "Pweeeeeeaseeee!"

The spanking went on and on, blow after blow, until George was finally reduced to a limp, whimpering, broken, snot-and-teary-faced, bright-red-bottomed, utterly submissive heap over Vicky's lap.

And then Vicky landed a few more blows, just to make sure she had driven the point home.

* * *

VICKY TOOK a few moments to catch her breath as George whimpered and sobbed over her knee.

“Now, we have two options,” Vicky began, having decided George had spent a sufficient amount of time as a blubbering pathetic mess over her lap. “You can either apologize to my sister and express appropriate appreciation for everything she has done for you...Or I can give you another round of spanking.”

“I’m sawwy, Miss Hazel! Really! I am!” George immediately wailed, desperate for release.

“You’re sorry for what?” Vicky asked him, raising her spoon.

“Umm... I dunno... everything,” George said, his mind too frazzled to figure out what they wanted to hear.

“I’m sorry, but that’s not specific enough to convince me you’re actually sorry,” Vicky said.

WHAP! — Vicky landed another painful blow to George’s bottom. He shrieked with shock and pain.

“Try again!” she hissed.

“Please! Make it stop! Make her let me go, Miss Hazel! You can’t let her do this to me!” George wailed, struggling and flailing.

The truth was, George was genuinely shocked that Miss Hazel would ever allow him to be treated in this way. She had been so kind and gentle to him ever since they met, even when she sought to enforce some of her overbearing rules. Even when she was upset with him, she never ‘punished’ George, instead preferring to calmly talk with him, even secretly guiltning him, until he relented and did what she wanted.

But Miss Hazel just looked at George from across the kitchen and let out another sigh. “George, it’s true, my sister’s methods of discipline are different than mine. But it’s also clear, given your behavior tonight, that *my* methods of discipline have fallen short. So as far as I’m concerned, Vicky is the one who will be deciding the nature of your punishment... and when it ends. Not me.”

George let out a pathetic, hopeless sob as Vicky cackled. “Now, you were saying?” She asked him.

WHAP! — Vicky landed another blow, making George perk up again.

George racked his brain until he finally remembered what he needed to say.

“I’m uh... sawwy... for being naughty... and uh... disrespectful to you, Miss Hazel,” George stammered, still sniffing.

WHAP! — “What else?” Vicky hissed.

“And uh!! ... I’m sawwy for not eating my veggies like a good boy!” George whimpered

WHAP! — “And what else!”

“And for using a curse word! And leaving the table without being excused! And for not being polite to company!”

WHAP! — “And!?”

“I don’t know!” George wailed.

WHAP! — “Think harder!”

“I don’t know!” George said, tears coming again.

“Here’s a reminder,” Vicky said.

George suddenly felt Vicky crinkling the pull-up around his knees between her fingers.

He cringed. In all the drama of his spanking, he had almost forgotten the humiliation of the pull-up he was wearing... let alone that Vicky now had full view of it, in addition to his naked bum.

"I'm sorry I... *wet the bed!*" George wailed.

"That's right, you should be sorry," Vicky scolded. "Because do you know who wets the bed?"

George shook his head no.

WHAP! — "Babies! Babies wet the bed and wear diapers, don't they!"

"Yes! I'm sorry I'm a bed-wetting baby!" George sobbed.

"Say it to her," Vicky said, Grabbing George by the hair and lifting his head up to look at Miss Hazel.

"I'm sorry I'm a pathetic, naughty, stinky, disrespectful, bed-wetting little baby, Miss Hazel!" George sobbed.

"And what else do you say?" Vicky said, raising her spoon.

"Thank you for putting me in pull-up diapers, Miss Hazel! Because I need them! Just like a baby!" George said as he descended into a final round of uncontrollable sobs. He felt utterly defeated.

Vicky let his head drop and let out a snicker of satisfaction.

Miss Hazel cleared her throat from across the kitchen. "Apology accepted, George," she said in a gentle voice.

RESTRAINT

Vicky finally released her grip on George.

He immediately wriggled off her lap and fumbled to pull his pull-up back over his naked crotch to cover his shriveled, dangling wiener.

As he turned away, he was sure he saw Vicky eyeing his penis and snickering, likely due to its small size.

But all George cared about now was finally escaping back to his bedroom, where he could hide under the covers, nurse his blistering bottom, and hopefully try to forget about the night's unbearably humiliating ordeal.

But as he approached the door of the kitchen... Vicky stopped him in his tracks.

"Ahem," she said, clearing her throat. "Where do you think you're going?"

George slowly turned around. "To bed," he whimpered, wiping his tears away with his hand.

"I'm afraid not, George. We haven't even given you a proper punishment yet for your misbehavior," Vicky replied in a cool tone.

“Wh... what? But... the spanking...” George stammered, rubbing his sore bottom. He was genuinely flabbergasted.

Vicky let out a patronizing snicker, as if George were a child asking if he could have an overpriced toy in the aisle of a department store.

“Oh no, little guy, the spanking was to get you to *apologize* and *realize what* you had done wrong. But now it’s time for you to *learn your lesson* so we know you won’t ever do it again in the future. Come, take a seat,” Vicky said, patting the chair at the table with her hand.

George’s heart started pounding. He was desperately fighting the urge to just start running.

He glanced at Miss Hazel again with pleading eyes. “Do I... have to?” He whimpered.

Miss Hazel just shook her head in disappointment at him. “Like I said, as far as I’m concerned, it’s Vicky’s turn to try and correct your behavior. It’s *her* you should be asking.”

Vicky flashed a menacing grin as George returned his gaze to her.

“Of course you don’t *have to*,” Vicky said clutching the wooden spoon, “You’re welcome to go for another trip over my knee again... before you take a seat, if that’s what you prefer.”

George gulped. He knew he just needed to get this punishment over with, whatever it was. Besides, hopefully, Vicky would be leaving to go home in a few hours anyway.

He reluctantly shuffled over and took a seat at the table.

“Hmmm,” he heard Vicky ponder out loud. “You know what, I know exactly what this naughty little boy needs.”

She took out her phone and smirked as she typed something that George couldn't see. She then showed her phone to Miss Hazel. "Sis, do you by chance still have any of these things around? Maybe from when you used to babysit the neighbor's kid?"

Miss Hazel smirked. "You know, I think so. Let me go check downstairs in the basement."

George watched Miss Hazel leave the kitchen with a sense of dread. Vicky then covered his eyes with her hands.

"No peeking! Don't want to ruin the surprise, little baby!"

George gulped. He had no idea what they had in store for him.

* * *

A FEW MINUTES LATER, George felt Vicky tying a blindfold over his eyes while she stepped away to help Miss Hazel carry some things into the kitchen from downstairs.

"Oh, that's perfect!" He heard Vicky say before she and Miss Hazel continued whispering and snickering across the kitchen, no doubt plotting his punishment.

A few moments later, Vicky returned. "Up!" She commanded him. She stood him up, walked him across the kitchen, and guided him to a seat in a different chair.

As George sat down, still blindfolded, he realized the chair he was being put in was quite small, despite its height. His skinny rump barely fit between the chair's arms.

George then felt a sturdy strap suddenly pulled over his lap and tightened around his waist. He felt a surge of panic as he realized they were strapping him to the chair.

He reached up to take off his blindfold, but before he could reach his eyes, he felt both of his hands grabbed and restrained by each woman.

“Nuh-uh, little boy, let’s put these hands where they can’t get up to so much trouble,” he heard Vicky coo.

George felt strange, super-thick mittens pulled over his fingers. He then felt his hands strapped tightly to the arms of the chair with large zip ties.

“Stop! Let me go!” George squealed, kicking and screaming.

As bad as the spanking was... being ritualistically tied down like this was something George had never experienced before, and it made him feel especially helpless and panicked.

“Aww, looks like little Georgie needs even more help than we thought to keep from falling out of his chair,” Vicky cooed.

George then felt each of his frantically kicking feet being grabbed, strapped, and secured to the legs of the chair.

“Stop! Please!” George squealed. “I can’t do this—blerfghsddd—”

George’s cries became suddenly muffled as a thick rubber teat was forced into his mouth. It felt like a large, adult-sized pacifier!

“Shhhh, it’s going to be alright, little guy. This is for your own good,” he heard Miss Hazel coo in his ear as she held the pacifier in his mouth.

George panicked and moaned, but Miss Hazel continued stroking his head and whispering in his ear. “Shhhh, calm down... that’s a good boy...”

George finally began to top flailing. "There we go. Now let's get this guy off," Miss Hazel said in a soft voice as she removed George's blindfold.

George blinked as his eyes adjust to the light. And to his horror, he realized what kind of chair he was sitting in...

A highchair.

Vicky smirked as she added the finishing touch—a plastic table she placed on the arms of the chair, pushed against George's belly, and locked down. It was now one more barrier preventing George from leaving the seat.

"Wow, I'm surprised he fit in the chair so well!" Miss Hazel commented.

"I'm not surprised," Vicky said. "I knew he was more boy than man the first second I laid eyes on him."

George blushed as he examined the highchair he was strapped in. He had always felt self-conscious of his short, skinny stature, especially in the eyes of women. The fact that he could actually fit in a toddler's highchair seemed to drive the point home that he was in fact... *underdeveloped...* as a man.

"And the scratching mittens I got for Julia when she had the chicken pox a few years ago also seem to fit perfectly, too!" Miss Hazel said as she tugged at George's new, extra-thick, medical mittens. "I'm glad you spotted them... that was a brilliant idea."

"Well he needs them for the same reason, after all," Vicky chided. "Not because he has chicken pox, of course, but because he's *also* a naughty little one who needs help keeping his hands from going where they don't belong."

George fruitlessly squirmed his fingers inside their new thick, cotton prison. He couldn't help but resent the fact that it probably would have been sufficient on their part to just bind his wrists to keep him in the chair. Subjecting him to complete loss of dexterity in his fingers just felt like it was just adding insult to injury.

"Whass goin' onn?" George finally said in a muffled shout through his thick pacifier.

Vicky bent forward and looked George in the eyes. "Aw, what was that, little baby?"

"Whass goin' onn?! Whass are you doin' doo mee?" George whined again.

"Aw, I'm sorry, but I can't understand you through that big fat dummy in your mouth. But that's what pacifiers are for, isn't it? Keeping naughty, fussy babies like you *seen* and not *heard*," Vicky taunted.

George whined helplessly into his rubber soother while Miss Hazel continued holding it tightly against his mouth. It felt like just one more way he was being totally dominated and subjected to their control.

"He is pretty damn cute in his high-chair and paci," Miss Hazel said with a grin.

"Oh, I know what will make him even cuter!" Vicky said. She quickly unfastened and refastened the belt around George's waist—then yanked his pajama pants down to his ankles.

George groaned and bowed his head with shame as both women started laughing hysterically. He was now sitting in the highchair with his cartoon-covered pull-up diaper fully exposed.

"Aww, that is absolutely adorable! I should stop letting him wear pants altogether now while he's wearing his pull-ups," Miss Hazel laughed.

"That's not a bad idea. After all, it might make it easier to check him for any peepee accidents," Vicky teased as she snapped the waistband of George's pull-up.

George burned red hot and cringed in shame. He couldn't help but think about the cottony, crinkly, childish, shameful garment that was now the only thing covering his shriveled little peepee.

Now he truly felt like a baby. Not an adult bedwetter, but a helpless, pathetic, diapered, baby.

* * *

"ALTHOUGH I DO ADMIT, SIS..." Miss Hazel said to Vicky as they stood over the wriggling, whining George locked in his highchair.

"I am a bit surprised you happened to have this adult-sized pacifier in your bag with you. I didn't even know they made pacifiers this big. Who's it for, anyway?"

"Oh," Vicky laughed. "You know how the bar I work at sometimes plays rave music? Well, last night, some druggy guy left it on the bar. I guess ravers like sucking on a pacifier while they dance because it keeps them from grinding their teeth. Anyway, I washed it off and put it in my bag because I thought it was funny. I guess I didn't expect that it would come in handy."

Miss Hazel shrugged. "Well, that's lucky for us then! I wouldn't have even known they made soothers big enough to keep little ones like George here quiet."

As George looked up at Vicky, he saw a glint in her eye that made him strongly suspect that she was lying about the origin of the pacifier to Miss Hazel.

After all, George had been to enough parties to know that even ravers don't suck on pacifiers *this large*.

George quietly realized that the real reason was more likely that Vicky had some sort of... experience... dominating and humiliating men in the way that she was dominating George right now.

Looking up at Vicky's sexy physique, along with her overall commanding demeanor, it didn't take much for George to imagine her having a side job (or worse, a full-time job!) as a pro dominatrix.

And it would make sense that this was a fact Vicky would seek to hide from her sister in order to better convince Miss Hazel that the 'punishment' Vicky was giving George was for his own good... and not for her own, secret, *fetishistic, sadistic thrill*.

It would certainly explain the brutal efficiency and power of the spanking Vicky had given him earlier.

This realization sent a shiver down George's spine. It meant that he was perhaps in for a far more painful, humiliating, and traumatizing ordeal than he ever could have imagined.

Of course, George had no way to know whether or not his suspicions about Vicky were true whatsoever. After all, his imagination could be running wild, given the position he was in.

But as he got one more look into Vicky's eyes... he sensed in his gut that everything he suspected of her was true.

Painfully, brutally, true.

George closed his eyes and let out meek, pathetic, helpless whine into his rubber paci.

BABY FOOD

“Now, George,” Vicky lectured as she stood before him, “As I mentioned before, it’s time for you to properly learn some important lessons in the wake of your poor behavior.”

“The first lesson you need to learn,” Vicky continued, “is how to show my sister the proper respect she deserves at all times. Especially when she slaves over a stove preparing food for you. So you will be finishing every bite of food on that dinner plate she prepared for you tonight,” Vicky explained.

Vicky picked up George’s plate from dinner and placed it on the highchair tray in front of him.

George groaned as he looked down at the disgusting veggie-mash that he had earlier spit out. He had almost forgotten that this was what had caused him to end up in this position in the first place.

He quietly moaned with regret as he realized how badly he wished he could go back in time and just tried one more bite of Miss Hazel’s food, rather than throwing a tantrum like a baby... leading to where he was now.

"The second lesson you need to learn," Vicky continued, "is how to eat your vegetables. After all, perhaps the cause of your stunted growth, both in terms of your size and your behavior, is your childish refusal to eat the healthy foods little ones like yourself need in order to become big and strong. In fact, maybe if you ate more veggies, you'd have the strong bladder of a man, instead of the pathetic, weak bladder of a bed-wetting toddler," she snickered.

George burned hot with shame. Some part of him even wondered if she was right...

"Therefore, you're not only going to eat each and every bite of veggies on that plate in front of you... you're going to eat every bite of veggies still in the pot that's on the stove," Vicky explained.

Miss Hazel finally let go of George's pacifier and walked over to the huge pot of boiled veggies still on the stove.

"Good thing I just happened to have prepared enough to last all week," she said with a snicker, stirring the now-cold mash. "Maybe you'll finally eat enough tonight to make-up for all the veggies you've refused to eat in the past several months," she joked.

George cringed. He could barely stand to finish eating what was on the plate in front of him. The idea of being forced to eat such an excessive amount already made him feel sick...

"And finally, little Georgie-poo," Vicky continued, "you need to learn that if you *act* like a bed-wetting, tantrum-throwing, overgrown baby, you'll be *treated like one*," Vicky said, bopping the dummy in his mouth for effect.

"Therefore, my sister and I will be feeding you your veggies tonight in the same way we would a fussy baby. That is with you strapped in a highchair, spoon by spoon, and non-stop,

until you've finished every last bite," Vicky explained with a sinister grin. "And oh, don't worry, we're going to make it extra mushy for your sensitive baby-palate."

George moaned with dread. He suddenly wished he had taken off running after all.

* * *

GEORGE WATCHED in horror as Miss Hazel poured the giant pot of boiled carrots and peas into the blender, then added what was on his dinner plate, some of which had already been in his mouth.

She then began blending the veggies into a thick, green-orange disgusting, goopy mash, right before George's eyes.

As Miss Hazel finished, she put her finger in and tasted the mixture. "Yuck! I certainly couldn't eat this."

"Of course not," Vicky said. "It's not meant for *adults*. It's meant for babies who need their food to be as mushy as possible so their Nanny can make them eat every bite," she said with a sinister smirk toward George.

"Well, I am relieved we'll finally be getting some vegetables in him," Miss Hazel said. "I'm sure he's probably quite backed-up downstairs, if you know what I mean."

"You don't say," Vicky said, flashing George another sinister grin.

George already felt like he wanted to gag from the sight and smell of the mixture from across the kitchen. He couldn't imagine tasting it... let alone being forced to eat every bite.

"But you know what? I just realized something," Miss Hazel said.

"What's that?" Vicky replied.

"Since we are making up for the dietary deficit George has had for so long, perhaps we should take this opportunity to bulk up this meal as much as possible," Miss Hazel remarked.

"Wow, I hadn't thought of that!" Vicky said with an exaggerated grin. "What did you have in mind?"

George watched as Miss Hazel and Vicky began gathering all sorts of ingredients from around the kitchen... all of which would certainly only serve to make the blender full of mush that much more disgusting.

The two women gleefully added a handful of over-ripe bananas, three browning avocados, a full bag of prunes that Miss Hazel had found in the back of her pantry, and even a few mystery ingredients that George couldn't even see from across the kitchen.

"Oh, you know what else I've read is good for nutrient deficient babies?" Vicky said.

"What's that?" Miss Hazel replied.

"White vinegar. It helps with digestion. Especially if you said he's already backed up."

"Oh, well then certainly, be my guest," Miss Hazel said.

George watched in horror as Vicky opened a bottle of white vinegar and poured a generous amount into the already foul solution.

George knew enough to know that Vicky was lying about any supposed health benefits. He could tell she was merely

delighting in his torment.

Miss Hazel ran the blender, and even from across the kitchen, George could tell that by time they were finished preparing his 'baby food', it was truly a vile mixture.

Vicky completed the preparations by wrapping a humiliating bib around George's neck that said, 'Mommy's Messy Boy.'

"Awww, now *that's* adorable," Miss Hazel grinned.

* * *

"OPEN UP FOR THE AIRPLANE, SWEETIE!" Miss Hazel cooed as she brought the first spoonful of mash to George's mouth.

George couldn't help but react in the predictably way—he snapped his lips closed in revulsion.

Miss Hazel just nonchalantly pushed the spoonful of mush against his closed lips, smearing it across his face and nose, then letting it dribble onto his bib and even down to his exposed pull-up.

As George breathed in the smell of the gross mush on his face, he already wanted to gag.

"Uh-oh," Miss Hazel said, "Looks like we have to help our baby open up for the airplane!"

Vicky smirked as she gleefully pinched George's nose closed.

George immediately felt claustrophobic from not being able to breathe, and opened his mouth wide just seconds later...

Phwump—George felt a second spoonful of mush press into his mouth before he even saw it coming.

The cold, mushy, slightly rotten pulp immediately made him gag and spit, spilling most of the mixture out of his mouth and down his bib.

“Oh no, just like a baby, more is ending up on his bib than in his mouth,” Miss Hazel said in a cheery tone as she simply scooped up the now even grosser mush off of George’s bib with her spoon and forced it back into his mouth.

And this time, before George had a chance to spit the mixture out, he felt Vicky’s strong hands tightly covering his mouth. “Swallow,” she commanded from behind him.

With his nose plugged and his mouth covered, George suddenly felt the panic of being unable to breathe.

He had no choice but to down the disgusting mash.

“Good boy,” Vicky cooed. “See, that wasn’t so bad, was it? Now open up for another bite,” she commanded, pinching George’s nose again.

Again George tried to spit out the disgusting mess, only to drool and slobber down his chin while Vicky sadistically blocked his mouth with her hand until he swallowed.

“Good boy!” They both laughed as they quickly forced another spoonful into his mouth. And another.

George felt like he was going to be sick. “Please!” He begged. “Stop! I can’t breathe,” he moaned, slobber running down his chin.

Vicky let go of George’s mouth and Miss Hazel gave him a moment of reprieve.

“Well, are you going to keep being difficult? Or are you going to be a good little boy for your Nanny and eat your din-dins,” Miss Hazel asked.

"I'll be good, I'll be good," George pleaded.

The two women glanced at each other, then shrugged with a subtle grin.

Vicky let George go and went to go wash her hands, and George did his best to summon the resolve to participate in his spoon-feeding, so as to not invoke Vicky's force-feeding measures.

Miss Hazel lifted another giant spoonful to his mouth. "Open," Miss Hazel commanded.

George reluctantly complied, wrapping his lips around the disgusting mash.

As George swished the mixture in his mouth, it took every fiber of his being not to spit it out again. He realized it tasted like everything he had ever hated about gross, mushy vegetables, except somehow much worse.

He also realized that in a strange way, Vicky plugging his nose was somewhat of a gift, as it prevented him from having the full experience of tasting and smelling the mixture that his sense of smell provided.

"Swallow," Miss Hazel commanded.

George finally willfully swallowed down the disgusting baby-food, then opened his mouth to gasp for air.

"Good boy," Miss Hazel said with a smirk.

The feeding then picked up speed, with Miss Hazel steadily spooning bite after bite into George's mouth.

Mercifully, it didn't take long for George to become at least a little used to taste of the mash. At least enough so that he no longer felt like he needed to gag.

However, as his senses recovered while he ate, George was able to more fully realize how utterly degrading and humiliating his situation was.

He spotted Vicky in the corner, gleefully observing his total submission to her sister, Miss Hazel. She even began to take a few discreet photos and videos with her phone from across the kitchen.

And with every bite of gross mash he swallowed, George felt a little more helpless, a little more pathetic, a little more... infantile.

George entered more and more into a state of deep submissive regression as his subconscious reckoned with the fact that he had totally lost autonomy of such a basic, intimate function... eating.

And as the minutes passed, another sensation began to rise within George, its urgency surpassing his sense of disgust...

George's stomach was starting to feel *very, very full*.

After all, he had already eaten dinner. And the amount of food they were now forcing him to eat felt seemed enough to feed an army.

His stomach rumbled and he was beginning to feel bloated and even more helpless.

But nonetheless, knowing resistance was futile, he continued obediently letting his Nanny stuff him full of gross mush, praying it would soon come to an end.

* * *

FINALLY, after George felt like he was about to explode, and he literally couldn't swallow another bite, the never ending spoonfuls of mush to his mouth came to a stop.

"There, all done," Miss Hazel said as she scraped the bottom of the container.

George let out a loud belch. Miss Hazel giggled and wiped his face with a wet rag. "Aw, baby needed to be burped," she cooed.

George was eager to get up from his highchair prison. Both to walk off his overwhelming feeling of bloatedness... and because he had another sensation forming within him...

He now badly needed to use the bathroom.

At first, it was just his bladder that was tingling as his stomach was filled to the brim... but it wasn't long before he also felt his bowels stirring as well.

Vicky walked toward George with an evil smirk while Miss Hazel began doing the dishes.

"Now George, the question is, have you learned your lesson?" Vicky asked him.

"Yes," George pleaded.

"And what lesson is that?" She replied.

"Ummm... to eat my veggies... and be ummm... more respectful," George stammered. He sensed the importance of getting this question right, but at this point, his mind was too preoccupied with his aching belly... and bladder... and bowels... to even remember how he ended up in this situation in the first place.

"Is that it?" Vicky asked, her arms folded.

"I think so," George stammered, his face growing red. He just wanted out of his highchair already. "I promise I'll be good!"

Vicky just laughed. Miss Hazel walked over and joined her in appraising the squirmy, messy, pull-up wearing boy in front of them.

"God, I had no idea how cute little Georgie-poo could be with your help," Miss Hazel said. "I suspect he'll be much better behaved now."

"Hmmm..." Vicky said. "Yes, but I think we had better take measures to be *extra* sure. Especially since he seemed pretty iffy about remembering *exactly* what lessons he had learned. One final act of punishment should help ensure he fully remembers the lessons of tonight."

"Well, whatever you think," Miss Hazel said.

"No, please!" George pleaded. "You don't need to do that! I'll be good!"

"Shhhh..." Miss Hazel said as she popped George's oversized dummy back into his mouth. "Be good for Nanny Vicky. You don't want to have to start your punishment over from the beginning again, do you?"

George let out a meek groan of defeat as he sucked his dummy. Vicky smirked, taking private joy in seeing her sister enforce her control in the situation.

George watched with dread as Vicky began searching through the kitchen cabinets.

Soon, Vicky gave a big smile as she retrieved a large, brown, glass bottle that had been hidden in the back of the cabinet.

"I thought I saw this in here earlier," Vicky said. George couldn't make out the words on small label from where he was sitting. He had no idea what she was holding.

"Oh, I honestly forgot I'd even had that in the house," Miss Hazel said. "I think I may have used it half a decade ago when Julia got really backed up one week."

"Well, it's lucky you still do have it, because I have to tell you, when I used to babysit fussy babies like Georgie here, this medicine worked wonders," Vicky said.

"You know, I think I remember now that Mom used to give it to our brothers as a punishment when we were little. Boy, I always felt sorry for them!" Miss Hazel laughed. "Are you sure this isn't... too extreme? I mean little George has already been through a lot tonight."

George felt like crying tears of gratitude at Miss Hazel's words. *Finally, someone was standing up for me!* He thought to himself.

"Hmmm, that's fair, sis," Vicky said. "But at the same time, I just can't bear the idea of leaving him with you still behaving in a way that's going to continue to give you disrespect and trouble. I think it's better we be on the safe side, just to be sure he's really learned his lesson.

"Besides, it's for his own good. If he continues to disobey you in the future, it's only going to mean more trouble and punishment for him down the line. In some sense, we have a responsibility to help ensure he *really* learns his lesson for good."

George was mortified by the conversation he was hearing. They were talking about him like he was a child! Not an adult man!

And yet, some part of George had begun to realize, that he did in fact have an infantile dependency on Miss Hazel. He had begun to grow accustomed to the food, room, and housekeeping Miss Hazel provided for him, free of charge. So much so, that he wondered if, on a deep subconscious level, he had stopped really trying to get a job because he never *wanted* to leave her care.

And then the chilling thought crossed George's mind... that even if Miss Hazel and Vicky continued to humiliate and treat him this way... it might still be a worthwhile price to pay in order to continue living the otherwise carefree life that he did...

Maybe... he *really was* the pathetic, loser of a baby that Vicky accused him of being...

No! George thought to himself, struggling against his binds. *I hate this! I'm not a baby! I'm an adult man!*

But despite George's internal struggle, it didn't matter much for his situation, as all he could do was continue to sit in his highchair, moaning and whining into his pacifier.

"Hmmm," Miss Hazel said, looking back to Vicky. "Well, I suppose you're right. After all, you're the one who was finally able to get veggies in this fussy-eater's tum-tums," Miss Hazel giggled as she patted George's over-full stomach, making him groan.

Vicky smiled with victory.

CRUEL DESSERT

George's eyes went wide as Vicky pulled up a seat in front of him with the mysterious brown bottle and a large spoon in her hands. She continued to cover the label of the bottle with her palm, driving George's curiosity and apprehension about what this punishment was going to be through the roof.

Vicky then began speaking in a menacingly calm tone. In fact, George wondered if Miss Hazel could even hear what Vicky was saying to him from across the kitchen, an observation that sent shivers down his spine.

"Now George," Vicky began, "You've been a very naughty boy tonight. And from what my sister tells me, you've been a very naughty boy for some time before tonight.

"In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if you've been living most of your life as the naughty, undisciplined, disrespectful, underdeveloped, whiny, pathetic, overgrown toddler that you seem to be. Which is why I'm going to give you the punishment I give to naughty boys like yourself when I want to be certain they are never naughty again."

George gulped. Her words made his blood run cold.

Vicky held up the brown bottle. "Do you know what this is?" She asked.

George shook his head no.

"This, George, is castor oil," she explained.

George shuddered. He didn't know what castor oil was... but the term sounded vaguely familiar... something given to babies, from what he could remember...

"Now, I'm going to give you three spoonfuls of castor oil. And as you swallow each spoonful, I want you to think hard about the fact that what I am forcing you to swallow is designed to be a punishment. Understood?"

George gave a terrified nod.

Vicky began to pour the substance out onto the large spoon. The oil was thick, viscous, and dark brown. The smell already made George recoil. He knew it was going to taste abominable.

Vicky pulled the dummy out of George's mouth. "Open," she commanded.

George opened his mouth wide and slowly closed his lips around the spoon of castor oil.

Vicky suddenly pushed the spoon extra deep toward his throat, and as George tried to close his mouth, he immediately gagged and spit most of the gross goo onto his highchair table.

"Oh gosh," Miss Hazel said, rolling her eyes from across the kitchen. "He never ceases to amaze me with his fussiness." Miss Hazel then came over and began wiping down George's face with a wet rag.

Vicky smirked as George continued to spit and cough while having his chin humiliatingly scrubbed by Miss Hazel. He could sense that Vicky had made him gag on purpose.

"No matter," Vicky said. "We'll just deal with this the same way that Mom dealt with it in our house. We'll just add two spoonfuls he must swallow for every one he spits out."

George groaned. He felt like Vicky's *cruelty* never ceased to amaze *him*.

"Very well, whatever it takes," Miss Hazel shrugged.

Vicky lifted another spoonful to George's mouth. This time, George wrapped his lips around it and swallowed as fast as he could.

The taste was disgusting... and the aftertaste was ten times worse. But at this point, George was just eager to get his punishment over with so he could finally be released from his highchair-prison.

"There you go," Vicky crooned. "Now just three more spoonfuls to go!"

George grimaced but opened his mouth for the next helping. Vicky lifted it to his lips and he obediently swallowed again.

"Good boy!" She said. "Time for number three! Two more to go!"

As the first two spoonfuls of oil made their way into George's already bloated tummy, he felt his stomach loudly groan and churn.

He let out a wet burp just as he closed his lips around spoon number three, and the combined disgusting tastes made him go into another coughing and spitting fit.

“Oopsies! Looks like now it’s three more to go!” Vicky remarked. Miss Hazel just rolled her eyes and began wiping George’s face like a messy baby while Vicky giggled.

George groaned in frustration, but just closed his eyes and opened his mouth again, determined to get through this.

“Here, this will help,” Miss Hazel said. George then felt Miss Hazel pinch and hold his nose closed. It felt humiliating having her touch him in that way, but depriving him of his sense of smell did make his task easier.

Vicky finally raised the fourth spoon, which he successfully swallowed. Then the fifth. Then the sixth.

George swallowed the last drop of castor oil and opened his mouth wide for Vicky to inspect, another humiliating act.

“Aw, very good, little baby!” She said.

George let out a long sigh of relief as Vicky capped the bottle and returned it to the cabinet.

Despite the oil’s disgusting taste, and his ever-more rumbling tummy, the punishment wasn’t as bad as he thought. He was just eager to finally get out of that damn highchair.

“That was yucky, huh?” George heard Miss Hazel ask him in a sympathetic voice.

George gave a meek, puppy-eyed nod. He desperately craved Miss Hazel’s kind affection and care after suffering so much of Vicky’s cruelty tonight.

“How about I give you something to wash that yucky medicine taste out of your mouth before you go to beddy-bye?” Miss Hazel asked him.

George eagerly nodded. Not only did he desperately want to wash the disgusting castor oil residue from his lips, but he felt hopeful that this was the sign that his punishment was finally over.

"Aw, you got it," Miss Hazel said. "Let me get you some milk."

Milk? George thought to himself. George hated milk. Especially the idea of drinking it now, after he already felt on the verge of yakking.

"Miss Hazel... I want water," George said in a meek tone. He realized they were the first words he had spoken out loud in a while. And part of him was surprised at how submissive and childish his tone of voice had suddenly become... likely a side effect of his long ordeal of infantilization.

"Sorry little guy," Miss Hazel said as she took a jar of milk out of the fridge. "I know you don't like milk, but I want you to start drinking a tall glass of milk every night before bed. Not only will it help you get to sleep at a more healthy time, but it has important vitamins that your body needs."

"No! I don't want milk!" George suddenly screamed in frustration.

He was really getting sick of being confined to his highchair and forced to consume disgusting things, especially with how bad he now had to go to the bathroom. He thought that his humiliating punishment was finally over!

"What was that, young man?" Miss Hazel asked in a stern tone, turning and putting her hands on her hips.

"I said I don't want milk! I want water! I want water!!" George shrieked, tears of frustration rolling down his

cheeks.

Miss Hazel stared at George from across the kitchen in genuine shock.

George was too fussy to realize it, but his sudden, unapologetic rude outburst toward Miss Hazel immediately decimated all the good will she was about to grant him.

She shook her head in sincere disappointment and genuine uncertainty. It seemed that George had truly learned nothing from his punishment after all.

Vicky, on the other hand, was doing her best to hide her delight at George's foolish outburst, especially since he was so close to the finish line of his punishment.

Vicky put her arm around Miss Hazel in sympathy. "Ugh, I'm sorry, but it looks like he just never learns, does he?"

"It sure seems that way," Miss Hazel remarked with an exhausted sigh.

"How about this, I'll handle giving him his milk and getting him out of his highchair. Why don't you go put your feet up in the living room and catch your breath for a change," Vicky said.

"Really? Oh, Vicky, thank you so much," Miss Hazel said, wrapping her arms around her sister. "You've been so incredible tonight. You're right, I do need a breather. And besides, it's clear I need to sit down and re-think some things regarding George's situation under my roof anyway."

Miss Hazel then retrieved a large baby bottle from one of the bags she had retrieved from the basement. "Here, use this. It looks like you're going to need it," she said, remarking on George's new round of twisting and fussing in his highchair.

“Wait, please, don’t leave!” George stammered at Miss Hazel as she walked out of the kitchen. “I just want water! Please! I don’t want milk!!”

But Miss Hazel ignored him as she left.

George felt a wave of regret as he finally realized he had just undone the progress he had made when it came to finally escaping his punishment.

He suddenly felt filled with uncontrollable regret and anger, both toward his captors and toward himself.

But all he could do was continue writhing helplessly against restraints and wailing—just like a baby throwing a tantrum.

“No milk! Please! I don’t want milk!” George squealed while Vicky gleefully warmed up a large baby bottle of milk in the microwave.

When the milk was finished warming up, Vicky predictably ignored George's pleas while she approached and stifled his whining with the large rubber teat of the milk bottle.

“Shhhh, there there, fussy baby,” Vicky cooed as she held the bottle to his mouth.

George’s stomach gurgled, followed by his bowels, as he was forced to begin swallowing the steady stream of warm milk. But it was George’s aching bladder that was really beginning to give him cause for alarm.

George had had a small bedwetting problem at different points in his life, but he had never peed his pants while awake that he could remember. It was something he couldn’t bear to experience.

But as he continued to drink down the foamy sweet milk, helpless to resist, his bladder was starting to feel so full, he began to genuinely fear he might have an accident in his

pull-up any second. He knew he just needed to get this over with.

He wrapped his lips around the teat of the bottle and began furiously sucking the warm milk down. He hated every second of it. The taste of milk alone made him feel babyish, much less that he was drinking it out of a baby bottle with a rubber nipple.

"Aww, there you go, good boy!" Vicky cooed, stroking his head.

George then felt Vicky start massaging his tummy, which made him immediately jerk and moan in his seat. The additional stimulation was a cruel torment for his already overfull tummy, bowels, and bladder...

"Wow, it looks like you were one thirsty baby after all!" Vicky remarked as George finally neared the end of the bottle. "Maybe I should start heating up a second bottle for you since you're so thirsty."

George groaned in agony at the suggestion. Vicky just cackled at the expression of humiliated anguish on his face.

Finally, at long last, the bottle of milk was empty.

"See, that wasn't so bad," Vicky said as she pulled the bottle away.

George let out a loud belch.

"It looks like we really are going to have to start burping you," Vicky snickered.

George just prayed he had finally reached the end of his horrific humiliation.

Unfortunately for George, he was soon to discover that he wasn't even close.

DESPERATION

George tried to recover his senses as Vicky went to the sink to wash the bottle.

More than anything, he felt a distinct and ever-worsening pinching on his bladder. He knew his urge to 'go' was fast approaching a breaking point...

George quietly watched in agony as Vicky took her time scrubbing the bottle with a sponge, then cleaning some of the other dishes. The sound of the running water only served to escalate his ever-worsening need to pee.

"Vicky..." he whimpered in trepidation.

"What is it?" She replied without turning around.

"Can you... let me up from my highchair, now, please?"

Vicky snickered. "Wow, that milk really *did* calm you down. That's much more polite than you were just a minute ago."

Then, to George's frustration, Vicky just continued doing the dishes, ignoring his request.

"Vickyyyy..." George pleaded, twisting in his restraints.

"Hey Little Georgie, while I'm babysitting you, I want you call me *Nanny*, okay? It's good manners, and it'll help you

remember that I'm in charge, which will help you have less temper-tantrums," she replied while still doing the dishes.

George winced at her demeaning remarks and groaned from his mounting frustration. He knew she was toying with him. And being forced to address anyone as his 'Nanny' felt extra humiliating.

He felt a strong urge to throw another temper-tantrum, but some part of him did now recognize that he would only worsen his situation... (He also recognized that it seemed their punishments were working to curb his bad behavior after all, which only made him feel more embarrassed.)

"Nanny?" George whined, doing his best to sound calm. "Will you let me out of my highchair now?"

"Don't worry, you'll be getting put to bed soon enough little guy. I just need to finish these dishes," Vicky replied.

George was in agony as he watched Vicky taking her time.

"Can't you let me out first?!" George finally yelled.

Vicky turned around and stared with a stern expression. "Young man, perhaps I should have been more clear. I expect you address me as 'Nanny' *every time* you speak to me. I expect you to use manners by using the words *please* and *thank you* when appropriate. And I absolutely *will not tolerate* raising one's voice, barking demands, or disrespect of any kind. Is that understood?"

George bowed his head. "Yes, I'm sorry... Nanny," he muttered sheepishly, terrified of worsening his punishment again.

"Good," Vicky said, turning back to the dishes again

"But Nanny... please... I have to go the bathroom!" George pleaded. "Please let me up so I can go!"

George waited in apprehension.

Finally, Vicky slowly turned around and dried her hands. She had a smirk on her face. "What was that?"

"Please, Nanny, I have to go to the bathroom!" George squealed again.

Vicky leisurely retrieved a glass, slowly filled it with water, and began to drink it in front of George. "Sorry, what were you saying, little guy? That you have to go potty?" She asked.

George writhed. He knew she was tormenting him with just the sight of the water she was now drinking..

"Yes! Please Nanny, untie me so I can go potty!"

Vicky took another slow drink. "You do?" She asked.

"Yes! Please Nanny!" George moaned.

"Do you have to go *peepee* or make *poopos*?" She asked in an innocent tone.

George cringed from the humiliating question. He couldn't imagine voluntarily disclosing that information, let alone referring to his bathroom needs in such babyish terms.

"I have to go pee... Nanny," George whispered, embarrassed by his own words.

(It wasn't the whole truth, as George had to go 'number two' as well by now. But it was his bladder was what was giving him the most trouble at the moment, and the idea of admitting to Vicky he had to poop was a bridge of humiliation he strongly wished to avoid crossing.)

"You have to go peepee?" She asked again in an innocent tone.

“Yes, Nanny, I have to go peepee!” George squealed, trying to find the words that she wanted to hear to finally let him go.

“Hmmm... and you can’t wait for just a *few more minutes* for me to finish the dishes?” She asked.

“No, I can’t, please!” George bellowed. “Nanny, I feel like I’m about to have an accident,” he whimpered.

Vicky laughed out loud. “Really? You’re about to have an accident?”

“Yes, Nanny!” George squealed. It seemed that she was enjoying repeating his humiliating words back to him just to further his embarrassment.

“Hmmm,” Vicky pondered, slowly drinking her glass of water. “You know, for most kids I babysit, it’s no problem for them to wait a *few short minutes* to be taken to the bathroom. They can hold it just fine.”

“The only ones who can’t wait,” she continued, “the only ones who will have an accident if I don’t take them right away, are the ones who are still *struggling with their potty training*. And for those kids, we make them wear pull-up diapers, not just to bed, but *all the time*, because they might still have an accident any second, even during the day...”

George writhed as Vicky spoke. It felt like a special brand of torture she was subjecting him too.

“So,” Vicky continued, “is that what you’re telling me, little Georgie? That we need to keep you in pull-ups during the daytime now, not just at nighttime? Because you’re not fully-potty trained yet after all?”

George glared at Vicky. He was revolted by the humiliating suggestion. It was bad enough to have to wear pull-ups at night... he couldn't imagine being required to wear them during the day. But in the moment, his physiological desperation took precedent over his pride.

"Yes, Nanny! I'm not fully potty trained! Now please, let me up!" George pleaded.

Vicky finished her glass of water, looked at George, calmly shrugged. "Well, I'm glad I know that now. I'm going to have to let Miss Hazel know she needs to keep you in pull-ups 24/7 from now on," she said with a cruel grin.

George squeezed his eyes shut in distress as Vicky approached his highchair. As horrible as the idea of being forced to wear pull-ups all the time was, George knew that was a 'later' problem. He was just desperate to avoid *actually wetting himself* in his pull-up right in front of her... an act so pathetic, he doubted he could ever be able to recover from it.

Vicky slowly kneeled down and began inspecting the restraints around George's wrists.

"Wow, these really did the job, didn't they?" Vicky remarked as she playfully tugged on them. "I mean, you threw quite the temper tantrum when we put you in your highchair, and look, these restraints didn't budge an inch. I bet we could keep you in your highchair all day and night if we really wanted to," she mused out loud with a laugh.

George leaned forward while Vicky was talking to try and ease his bladder. He suddenly felt a distinct spurt of pee escape into his pull-up. His eyes widened in horror and disgust.

"I'm going to have to make sure to tell Miss Hazel about what a good job I think her highchair restraints did, all things considered," Vicky continued to muse.

"For God's sake, hurry up!" George grunted in frustration.

Vicky dropped what she was doing and stood back up.

"Excuse me, young man?" She said in a stern voice. "What did you just say to me?"

"I'm sorry, it's just..." George whined.

"It's just... what?" Vicky replied.

"I'm sorry, Nanny," George summoned the strength to say. "*Please*, I didn't mean it..."

"Oh, you *didn't mean it*?" Vicky replied. "So you *don't* want me to hurry? You want me to take my time then?" Vicky taunted.

"No... it's just... I'm sorry, Nanny, please!" George moaned. "I *really* have to go!"

Vicky shook her head and slowly resumed unstrapping George from his chair. "My gosh, you are certainly the fussiest baby I've ever had to care for. I don't know how Miss Hazel has put up with you for so long. I'm surprised she hasn't had you over her knee every night since the moment you entered her front door."

To George's relief, he finally felt his right wrist freed from the highchair. Then his left wrist. He still had the 'safety' mittens on his hands, but they were the least of his concern at this point.

Vicky freed both of his feet, and finally, Vicky cut the zip ties holding the highchair table and pulled it away.

George lurched forward in excitement at finally being freed—only to be yanked back to his seat. He had completely forgotten about the thick strap still wrapped around his waist.

George grunted from the blow to his tummy. Ironically, the last strap was the strap putting the most pressure on his aching bladder, and when he lurched forward, to his dismay, he felt himself let loose another spurt of pee into his pull-up.

Vicky just laughed at George's pathetic premature attempt at escape. "Aww, not yet, little baby. You have to wait for Nanny to *help* you get out of your highchair so you don't fall down and hurt your little bot-bot," she teased.

"Yes, Nanny, sorry, Nanny," George grunted.

Vicky bent down to unfasten the strap around his waist.

"Wow," she paused, noticing George's twisted, distressed face. "You must *really* have to go peepee, don't you little guy?"

"Uh-huh," George bellowed.

"Well then, let me just *undo* this final strap..."

Vicky gave the belt over George's bladder a sudden, hard *yank*—

George gasped—

The strap finally unbuckled—

George jumped to his feet and immediately began moaning with relief. The unbearable pressure on his bladder was finally, rapidly easing.

George stood frozen in front of his highchair. To his surprise, the relief only continued, feeling better and

better.

He let out another long moan of indescribable pleasure, leaning on his highchair for support.

George was confused. He was sure that he would be sprinting to the bathroom when he finally got the chance to... He couldn't understand what was happening... why the relief he felt only seemed to be increasing...

And then, he detected a faint, distinct, audible *hisssss*...

Followed by a strange warmth growing larger and larger in his crotch...

George looked down in terror...

He finally realized why he felt so relieved.

To George's utter horror, he realized that he was flooding, absolutely flooding, his pull-up with his pee.

"Oh no," George moaned, reaching down to the front of his pull-up as it rapidly grew warmer and wetter. "Oh no, no, no no..."

He tried to stop the flow, but he couldn't! Now that the dam had broken, it seemed he was helpless to contain it!

George cringed in disbelief and blushed hotter and hotter as he stood there, frozen and helpless, his pajama pants around his ankles, as his hot, wet piss continued splashing against the front of his pull-up and pooling around his balls.

George squeezed his eyes shut. He couldn't believe this was happening. He felt like he was in a dream... or like he'd been transported to another dimension.

His pee just kept pouring out of him, going and going.

Soon, he felt the predictable sensation of pee dribbling down his legs, followed by a steady stream from his crotch to the floor, as his meager pull-up reached saturation and failed to absorb the rest of everything his bladder had to offer.

Finally, George realized that the flow had finished. He slowly, reluctantly, opened his eyes.

“Oh my, little Georgie,” Vicky said with an evil grin as she looked the boy up and down in a mixture of disgust and titillation. “You are in big, *big* trouble. It’s clear that, instead of finally being over, your punishment is now just about to begin.”

George stood frozen, trembling and cowering while standing in a puddle of his own pee, his soaking wet pull-up pathetically dangling between his legs.

And then, he began to sob at the top of his lungs. Sob and wail and cry.

Just like a pathetic little baby.

THE FINAL STRAW

George trembled with tears of rage and despair as he reached down to his crotch and felt the outside of the hot, soggy pull-up around his waist.

He then gazed with genuine disbelief at the dark wet stains on the pajama bottoms he had around his ankles, as well as the visible yellow puddle of urine now pooled around his feet on the linoleum kitchen floor.

He couldn't believe it. He couldn't believe he had actually done it. He had just lost control of his bladder and peed himself while fully-awake for the first time... well... that he could remember.

And he had done it in full view of his tormentor, Vicky. It was as if he was *trying* to give her the ammunition she needed to ensure his humiliation never ended.

It was all too much. George just couldn't take it anymore.

"Look what you did!" George suddenly screamed at Vicky from across the kitchen.

"Excuse me?" Vicky replied with a smirk.

"Look what you did! You made me pee myself you stupid bitch! This is all your fault!" George screamed.

"My god, what is going on in here?" A voice asked.

George turned to see Miss Hazel standing in the doorway of the kitchen. "Is everyone okay?" She asked in alarm.

"She... I... she made me... she made me..." George shouted, too hysterical to speak.

"Oh my god..." Miss Hazel said, stepping into the kitchen. "George... what did you do?"

George felt a wave of sudden shame. He frantically reached down to his pajama pants and tried to pull them up over his wet pull-up to hide his humiliating accident...

"Never mind—just—I'll be right back—" George stammered as he began trying to step away.

"Hold it! Stop right where you are, mister!" Miss Hazel scolded.

George froze.

Miss Hazel then looked down at the puddle on the floor and wrinkled her nose. She then followed the wet trail on the floor to George's moist pajamas.

"Pants down, shirt up, now," she ordered.

George fearfully complied, trembling as he dropped his pants and raised his shirt.

"Oh my god... George! You've got to be kidding me, you *peed your pants!*?" Miss Hazel said as she squeezed the front of George's moist pull-up. "I mean, you are absolutely soaked!" She said as she snapped the waistband of the pull-up.

George felt the waterworks start up in his eyes once again as Miss Hazel expressed her genuine shock.

After all, as much as George despised Vicky, it was Miss Hazel who truly had the power to make him feel ashamed, for deep down, George really liked Miss Hazel, and hated the idea of disappointing her.

"I mean, I really can't believe this!" Miss Hazel repeated as she smooshed George's soggy pull-up against his shriveled wiener and balls. "I put you in pull-up diapers because you wet the bed. I didn't know you weren't potty trained! Do I have to keep you in diapers full-time now?"

"It's not my fault!" George screeched, infuriated at the humiliating suggestion.

"What do you mean?" Miss Hazel asked, stepping back.

"She made me do it!" George pleaded, pointing at Vicky with his comically mitten-covered hand.

"And how, exactly, did Vicky *make* you wet your pants, young man?" Miss Hazel asked in a stern voice.

Vicky grinned at George from across the kitchen.

"Well! I uh... I had to go potty really bad! And she didn't let me out of my highchair!" George pleaded.

"Is that true?" Miss Hazel asked her sister.

Vicky shrugged. "Right after I finished giving him his bottle, he asked me to let him out of his highchair so he could go to the bathroom. And that's exactly what I did, I let him out of his highchair," Vicky said, gesturing to the highchair now across the room from George.

Miss Hazel looked back at George with incredulity.

"No! That's not true!" George whined. "She *made* me pee my pants! I swear!"

Miss Hazel sighed and rubbed her forehead. "George, what you're saying isn't making a lot of sense. *When*, exactly, did you wet yourself?"

"As soon as Vicky let me out of my highchair!" George squealed.

Miss Hazel frowned with frustration. "George, first you said Vicky wouldn't let you out of your highchair, now you're saying you *weren't even in your highchair* when you wet yourself.

"Now, I'm going to be honest, I'm already pretty upset to find out this way you aren't potty-trained. You certainly aren't doing yourself any favors by fibbing and trying to blame your accident on Vicky like this."

"No! But I—you don't understand—she—she—Vicky—" George stammered, overwhelmed and confused.

He didn't know why he couldn't explain what Vicky had done to him to Miss Hazel.

After all, it *couldn't* have *actually* been his fault he wet his pants... *right?*

The mere question filled George's veins with frustration and rage. The hours of nonstop waves of overwhelming humiliation and infantile helplessness had finally built to yet another breaking point for him.

George's emotions—the *shame*, the *embarrassment*, and most of all, the *anger*—began to boil over.

He was furious with the way he had been treated all night, he was furious at Vicky for purposefully tormenting him, and most of all, he was furious at himself for wetting himself like a pathetic baby.

"Aggggghhhhhh!!!!" George screamed at the top of his lungs. He then charged at Vicky with his mittens outstretched.

"Just admit it, you stupid bitch! Admit what you did to me!" George screamed in Vicky's face in his most out of control temper-tantrum yet.

Vicky just coolly stepped out of the way, dodging George's feeble attack.

George ran into the kitchen cabinet with a thud, turned and charged toward Vicky again across the kitchen, his arms flailing.

"Just admit that you *enjoy* humiliating me like this! That this has been your plan all along! Just admit you're an evil bitch and you made me pee my pants!" George screamed, chasing Vicky around the kitchen and attempting to hit her with his mitten-covered fists.

Finally, Vicky calmly stepped around George's puddle of pee—

George charged for her yet again—

And as George stepped across the puddle, he slipped in his own urine and fell straight onto his back.

"Oof!" George moaned in pain. He tried to get up... but slipped again and fell on his stomach.

He seemingly gave up on trying to stand, instead staying on all fours, as he screamed at the top of his lungs and banged his fists on the linoleum floor.

"It's not fair! This is all her fault! She's evil!!!! I hate her!!!!"

George screamed and cried and pounded the floor in the directionless rage of yet another one of us helpless temper-tantrums, all while he writhed in a puddle of his own urine.

But Vicky was completely unfazed. She stayed calm, cool, and silent, simply stepping back and observing George's pathetic meltdown in secret pleasure.

Miss Hazel, on the other hand, was less pleased.

No, for Miss Hazel, this outburst from George, his worst yet, was in fact the final straw.

* * *

"ALRIGHT, I'VE HEARD QUITE ENOUGH," George heard Miss Hazel say from over his shoulder.

George suddenly felt Miss Hazel's knee on his back, pinning him down, followed by his hands being bound behind his back.

He then felt his feet tied together as well. George panicked as he tried to pull his hands and feet apart but couldn't.

"What are you doing?!" George wailed as he continued to wriggle in his own puddle of urine.

"What clearly needs to be done, for our sake and yours," Miss Hazel said.

"Do you need any help, Sis?" Vicky asked as she watched Miss Hazel restrain the boy on the floor.

"Not right this second, Vicky, but thank you," Miss Hazel replied. "Besides, you've done more than your share tonight trying to help me get this disorderly brat finally under control. I am so sorry you had to deal with him trying

to attack you like that. I'm ashamed I let him get to this point under my roof."

"Wait! Let me up!" George screamed. "You don't understand!"

Vicky walked over with the giant pacifier in her hand. "Need this?"

"Why thank you," Miss Hazel replied.

George's cries went muffled as Miss Hazel stuffed the pacifier into his mouth, and then used one of her restraints around the back of George's head to keep the pacifier secured between his lips.

George wailed into his pacifier gag and writhed against his restraints, but he only succeeded in rolling on the floor and soaking up more of his own filthy urine.

Miss Hazel stood up, put her hand on her sister's shoulder, and wiped the sweat from her brow. Then they both shared a laugh of disbelief.

"Your right, Vicky, you've finally convinced me. It's time for some serious changes around here when it comes to little Georgie's... situation," Miss Hazel said.

"Hey, I'm happy to help you in any way you need," Vicky replied.

"Well, I'd like to start setting up his new room tonight. But the first thing I need to think up is a punishment good enough to at least get him under control for now."

Vicky smiled. "Don't worry, Sis, I'm way ahead of you. Given the unique properties of the castor oil our naughty little boy consumed earlier tonight, I think the best punishment might simply be a nice, long, time-out in his

soggy little pull-up... without bathroom privileges of course."

Miss Hazel smirked. "You're absolutely right."

"You may, however, want to secure him in some thick plastic pants beforehand," Vicky added. "For *his* sake, *our* sake, and the sake of your kitchen floor."

Miss Hazel and Vicky both erupted in another sadistic laugh.

* * *

GEORGE FINALLY STARTED to catch his breath and calm down.

As the extreme emotions of his temper-tantrum faded, he slowly realized he was lying in a puddle of his own pee, wearing a soaking wet diaper, with his pants around his ankles.

He then looked up at Miss Hazel and Vicky, who were staring back down at him like a piece of meat.

Oh my god, what have I done, George thought to himself in horror.

He realized, based on their expressions, that the worst of his punishment was truly yet to come.

A BIG POOPY MESS

“Nose against the wall.”
“Hands behind your back.”

“Now spread ‘em.”

George felt Miss Hazel cut the restraints from his feet, allowing him to spread his legs.

He cringed as he felt his pajama pants, still wet with pee, pulled away, leaving him only wearing his soaking wet pull-up below the waist.

He then felt a pair of extra-thick, crinkly, plastic pants pulled up his legs.

“Oh good, they fit,” Miss Hazel said, snapping the waistband of the plastic pants over his pull-up.

George was now standing with his nose against the wall in the corner of the kitchen. His hands were still bound behind his back. His shirt was still wet from rolling around in his pee.

But he had calmed down considerably in wake of his outburst. Or at least, he was no longer on his violent (yet futile) rampage against Vicky.

But his anger and frustration had begun to quickly be replaced by a far more pressing sensation... fear. Specifically, his fear of Miss Hazel.

For even though George's fist-twirling outburst toward Vicky was short sighted at best (and stemmed largely from his quickly regressing, babyish emotional state), he didn't ever suspect that *Miss Hazel* would become so angry with him.

Now, George was filled with waves of regret, not because he cared about Vicky's feelings (he still hated her and felt like this was all her fault), but because it seemed that Miss Hazel was taking over his 'discipline' for the evening... and she seemed quite intent on enacting a highly memorable punishment.

And worst of all, in just the first moments of Miss Hazel pushing George's nose against the wall, he felt himself coming to the uncomfortable realization that, whatever Miss Hazel demanded of him, he must do.

For the truth was, the possibility for George of actually leaving Miss Hazel's home and support at this point was just out of the question.

He had no idea what she was going to ask of him. But he knew that he must do whatever it took to end up back in Miss Hazel's good graces... if that was even possible at this point... no matter how degrading, humiliating or awful it was.

"Now, George, or should I say... 'Little Georgie'. Yes, I like that better as your new name going forward," Miss Hazel said.

George cringed. He hated the babyish nickname 'Georgie' Vicky had been using that night. But it looked as though he

had little say in the matter. It seemed he would know be known as 'Georgie'.

"Now Georgie," Miss Hazel continued, "that was quite a shocking display of infantile behavior. First, you managed to completely and inexplicably soak your pull-ups to the point of leaking, which were only intended to help you manage your bedwetting.

"Then, you refused to even take the barest of responsibility for your behavior, instead choosing to blame it on your babysitter!

"Finally, you threw a temper-tantrum so out of control, you attempted to physically hurt my sister, and it ended with you splashing in a puddle of your own urine in the kitchen floor! I mean, honestly, Little Georgie, I'm shocked!"

Georgie burned red with shame. He had no idea how the night had managed to end up where it did.

"I would ask you what you have to say for yourself," Miss Hazel continued, "but I'm honestly not very interested in that at this point. Nothing you could say would have bearing over what I now realize must be done with you."

The finality in Miss Hazel's words sent a shiver down Georgie's spine.

"Now, one of the lessons you were supposed to have already learned tonight is that if you act like a baby, you will be treated like one. And since you've decided to thrash about and wet your pull-up like an infant, you can stand in the corner with your soggy pull-up like an infant until I say otherwise," Miss Hazel declared.

Georgie cringed as Miss Hazel smushed his wet pull-up against his butt for effect, reminding him of his shame.

"That nose is not to leave that wall under any

circumstances until I say otherwise. Understood?" Miss Hazel asked.

"Okay," Georgie murmured through his pacifier.

SMACK! — Georgie cried out from an unexpected slap on his bottom from Miss Hazel.

"That's 'Yes, Nanny,' from now on, Georgie. Since it looks like I now have to be changing your soiled diapers, *like your Nanny*, you might as well address me as such."

"*Yeth*, Nanny," Georgie whimpered.

"Good boy," Miss Hazel said.

"Hey Sis, I found *this* in the box of supplies. Maybe it will help?" Vicky asked from the kitchen doorway.

Georgie turned his head just enough to see that Vicky was holding up a child harness and leash.

"Oh, that's a great idea. After all, we don't want naughty Georgie here wandering off during his corner time," Miss Hazel said.

Georgie cringed as Miss Hazel pulled his wet T-shirt off and replaced it with a pink child harness around his torso. Vicky then climbed up and zip tied the leash to a sturdy hook above Georgie's head.

"Perfect," Miss Hazel said. "He's not going anywhere."

"Aww, but he's so cute in just his harness and dripping yellow pull-up! Maybe we should take him for a walk!" Vicky teased, spanking Georgie's wet bottom. "Although... pee-ew! This naughty boy *reeks* of pee-pee!" Vicky added, holding her nose for effect.

Georgie burned with shame.

"It's true. It already smells like a daycare in here," Miss Hazel replied. "Although, I'm sure by the end of the night, that pull-up right now will smell like roses compared to how it will smell by the time Georgie is done with it."

Miss Hazel and Vicky shared a hysterical laugh.

At first, Georgie didn't know what they were talking about.

But that's when he felt it. A sudden, seismic knot churning in his bowels, followed by a low, rumbling gurgle.

He realized this was *not* going to be good.

* * *

GEORGIE CONCENTRATED on burying his nose in the corner of the kitchen.

First, it sounded like Miss Hazel and Vicky were going along with their evening as if he wasn't even there—doing the dishes, cleaning the floor, enjoying dessert and wine, gossiping.

But sometimes, he could hear them lowering their voices, surely concocting their plans for his further humiliation. They sounded like they were looking through a catalog of supplies online.

At some point he heard one of them say, 'Look, they'll even do immediate delivery tonight if we order now!'

Georgie desperately wished he could see the clock... let alone learn how much longer he was expected to stand there. But he was far too terrified to take his nose away from the wall or ask, lest his punishment be worsened.

He began to sweat as his bowels churned worse and worse by the second.

He was hit by a sudden incredible urge to defecate—worse than he'd ever felt in his life. He struggled to hold it back, gritting his teeth and grunting.

Georgie finally realized the real purpose of the castor oil Vicky had given him as a punishment. The *taste* of the oil wasn't the punishment... the *laxative effect* was, something he finally put together as the cause of his sudden unbearable need to poo.

Georgie also remembered what Vicky had said... that she wanted him to, 'think about the fact that he was being punished with every spoonful.'

And punished he was, as beads of sweat poured down his forehead, his knees trembling, his need to defecate becoming overwhelming as the cruel oil worked its way through his digestive tract, causing waves of cramps and spasms.

The fact that Vicky had engineered for him such an embarrassing, degrading, intimate sensation explicitly for the purposes of his punishment made it all the more humiliating.

Georgie suddenly recalled a horribly embarrassing memory from when he was in grade school...

One morning at school, Georgie came down with a sudden case of 'the runs'.

Shortly after bolting out of class to get to the bathroom, he had lost control and pooped his pants with a thick load of diarrhea before he could make it...

Georgie shuddered as he remembered the feeling of overwhelming shame and helplessness that came over him at the time when he had slowly realized what he had done.

He remembered how all he could do was stand in the hallway, frozen with fear, until a passing teacher finally stopped to ask what he was doing. This was quickly followed by the teacher sniffing the air in disgust and loudly asking, “*Young man, did you poop in your trousers?*”

He remembered the indescribable embarrassment of being walked to the nurse’s office in his poopy underwear by a disgusted teacher.

And he remembered how he was wiped down like a toddler on the changing table and put into a pull-up by the nurse, who then called Georgie’s Mom and explained that Georgie had, “made a poopy mess in his pants at school.”

Worst of all, Georgie remembered the sound of all the other students pointing and laughing at him for weeks upon weeks afterward once news got out of what had happened, calling him names like ‘poopy pants,’ and asking him questions like, ‘where’s your diaper’, making him relive his humiliation over and over again.

The sudden memory made Georgie truly mortified by the idea of accidentally pooping his pants again that night.

After all, peeing himself was bad, but he woke up in a wet-pull up most mornings lately, and it was easy enough to clean up.

But *pooping* his pants was a level of pathetic, babyish behavior that he just couldn’t bear to have to undergo...

Part of him even still believed that if he could make it through his time in the corner without another tantrum, Miss Hazel would finally return him to his normal, adult state. And he would finally get the chance to use the toilet.

But if he actually *pooped* his already soaking wet pull-up... he felt like there would really be no going back at that

point.

His stomach suddenly churned so bad he gasped and groaned out loud.

He knew he couldn't hold it much longer...

"Nanny?" Georgie finally summoned the courage to ask from the corner.

"Yes?" Miss Hazel replied from across the kitchen.

"I uh.... I have to go to the bathroom..."

Miss Hazel and Vicky simply laughed.

"You already went peepee in your diaper, remember?" Miss Hazel replied.

"But I have to go... number two," Georgie bellowed, gripping his stomach.

"What was that?" Vicky asked.

"I have to go poo-poo really bad!" Georgie shouted.

The two women only laughed even harder.

"Aww, I bet you do," Miss Hazel said.

"Can I go to the bathroom?" Georgie asked.

"Hmmm, no, I'm sorry baby, but you're in timeout. You're just going to have to hold it like a big boy until your timeout is over," Miss Hazel replied.

"Please! I can't!" Georgie moaned.

"Aww, look at how cute our baby is, fussing and whining because he has to do a poopy," Vicky said. "It was just like when he had to do a pee-pee."

Vicky walked over to Georgie and patted his bottom. "Aww, what's wrong, baby, you have to make a poopy and you can't hold it?"

"Yes!" Georgie moaned.

"What's that?" Vicky asked.

"I can't hold my poopy! I'm gonna poop my pants!" Georgie cried.

Vicky and Miss Hazel erupted in laughter as they stood over Georgie, watching his humiliated dance of desperation.

"Isn't he just adorable when he's not being so naughty?" Vicky asked.

"He really is," Miss Hazel replied.

"Hmmm...." Vicky said, "How about this, Georgie. Since you've proven yourself to be quite the infant tonight, maybe if you put your thumb in your mouth, and ask your Nanny real nice, and real cute, just like a baby would, maybe we'll take you to the toilet to do your poopies after all."

Vicky pulled Georgie's pacifier out of his mouth and unstrapped his hands from behind his back.

Desperate, Georgie turned around to face Vicky and Miss Hazel and immediately complied.

"Nannnyyyyyy..." Georgie moaned, his thumb in his mouth.
"I have to do a poopy! I have to do a poopy weally bad.... Will you take me to the potty so I don't have to make a boom-boom in my pants?"

Miss Hazel and Vicky both erupted in uproarious laughter.

"Wow, that's so much better than the foul mouth he was using earlier already! Maybe *this* is the way he should

always have to speak from now on,” Miss Hazel said.

“I think that’s a wonderful idea,” Vicky said.

“Pwease, Mommy, I have to go potty now!!”

Miss Hazel and Vicky both just continued laughing, ignoring his request.

Georgie’s bowels churned and twisted and he suddenly let out a loud, wet fart.

He was suddenly struck with panic—he knew he was about to lose control.

Without thinking, Georgie sprinted toward the bathroom—

He made it three feet before being yanked back by his leash—

“Ungh!” Georgie grunted as he tumbled backward onto the floor, releasing another loud, wet fart.

The blow was too much. As Georgie attempted to scramble to his feet, he only made it to his hands and knees before he finally lost control...

A giant, thundering torrent of poop came suddenly pouring out of Georgie’s bottom into his wet pull-up.

“Unggghhhhhhaaaaaaghhhh,” Georgie bellowed as he held his stomach and involuntarily voided his bowels. He remained on his hands and knees while Miss Hazel and Vicky watched his humiliating loss of control.

He cringed in shame as he immediately felt the warm, disgusting mess splash against the back of his already wet pull-up and smush against his butt cheeks and drip down to his balls.

He took a deep breath and tried to get up, only to quickly begin pushing out round two, reflexively biting down and sucking on the thumb in his mouth for comfort while his abdomen pushed even harder...

"Ughhh!!!" he groaned again, squeezing his eyes shut as he began pushing out another thick warm log into his already disgusting pull-up...

And a third wave hit... and then a fourth wave... until finally, the spasms in Georgie's bowels calmed enough to allow him to open his eyes.

He was met by the deafening sound of Miss Hazel and Vicky hysterically laughing as they watched.

Vicky was even holding her phone, recording video of the whole thing.

"Oh, pee-yew! It looks like this naughty little boy doesn't need to go to the toilet after all!" Miss Hazel said.

"I can smell the dump he just took in his diaper from across the kitchen!" Vicky shouted, holding her nose in disgust. "What have you been feeding him?"

Georgie felt hot waves of shame wash over him as he realized what he had done. The warm, wet, sticky mess now sloshing between his legs and enveloping his privates made him want to die. He couldn't believe he had just pooped his pants.

He then felt Miss Hazel's hand on his bottom, squishing his mess against his rear through his plastic pants. "Oh yuck, good thing we put these plastic pants on him, his pull-up was no match for this little stinker's epic poopy mess. I mean, I've already cleaned the floor up once tonight from his leaky diapers!"

Georgie realized that, not only had these women degraded him by stuffing his face full at the 'front end', but they had now completed his humiliation by forcing him to drop a load into his diaper on the 'back end.'

It was all too much. Georgie burst into another round of tears. He sobbed uncontrollably in his poopy mess while Miss Hazel and Vicky continued mocking and humiliating him.

"Aww, look at this little crying baby. He needs his Mommy to change his poopy diaper," Vicky teased.

"I guess it's no surprise he filled his pants given how much he ate earlier!" Miss Hazel replied.

Georgie felt Vicky pull the waistband of his plastic pants out and look inside, still recording video. "Pee-yew! That has got to be the stinkiest, poopiest diaper I've ever seen on a boy."

"I think you're right!" Miss Hazel said. "Well, why don't we give Georgie here a little time to calm down and sit in his poopy mess, before we discuss the new rules he'll be following under my roof."

Vicky retrieved a small, child's size plastic chair, and before Georgie even knew what was happening, she lifted him up and sat him down facing the corner.

Georgie cringed as he felt his humiliating filth smooshed against his bottom as he sat down in his squishy mess.

The doorbell rang, filling Georgie with a sense of panic.

"Oh, that must be our special delivery," Miss Hazel said. "Perfect timing. By the time we're done setting up Georgie's new room, he'll be in dire need of it," she chuckled.

Miss Hazel stepped away, leaving Vicky to watch over Georgie while he buried his face in his hands and sobbed in utter shame and defeat.

“Aww, don’t worry, poopy boy,” Vicky said, patting him on the shoulder. “Your Nanny is going to take good care of you from now on, now that she knows how much of a pathetic little baby you really are. Now, be a good boy and stay sitting in your poopy mess until we get back. Unless, of course, you need another spanking, but this one while you're wearing your poopy diaper,” she teased.

Georgie hung his head in shame.

He had never felt more pathetic in his life.

And then he reflected on what Miss Hazel had said... something about his ‘new room’?

Georgie let out another long groan. It seemed that no matter what he did, it all only seemed to get worse.

THE NEW NORMAL

*A*fter about an hour or so of sitting in his filthy, disgusting, poopy pull-up, Georgie had finally started to recover from the immediate shock of what he had done.

He had heard Miss Hazel and Vicky carrying a bunch of things in from whatever was delivered. It even sounded like there were some heavier things... like furniture... but he couldn't see from his angle, and he didn't dare think of getting up.

He was dreading whatever they were setting up for him. But soon, his primary concern was about when he could finally get cleaned up out of his disgusting mess.

The smell of poopy diaper had escaped his plastic pants, both stinking up the kitchen and serving as a constant, overpowering reminder of his humiliating state. The smell triggered infantile memories and conjured thoughts of naughty toddlers with loads in their pants waiting to be changed by their Mommies.

Georgie just prayed that he would be allowed to clean himself up in the bathroom and shower off in privacy and dignity... like he did in the mornings when he woke with a wet pull-up.

But if everything that had happened so far that night was any indicator... Georgie's dignity was not high on Miss Hazel or Vicky's list of concerns.

"Up!" He heard Miss Hazel command from behind him. He realized that she had finally returned to get him.

Georgie slowly stood, carefully trying to keep his pooppy mess from spilling out of the leg bands of his plastic pants. He screwed his face in disgust as he felt his mess shifting around between his legs.

"This way," Miss Hazel commanded, leading Georgie by the hand out of the kitchen.

Georgie walked down the hall, bow-legged and cringing, while the hot sloppy mess in his pull-up diaper shifted around.

Finally, Miss Hazel opened the door to Georgie's bedroom.

Georgie gasped at what his bedroom had become...

His room was now a veritable nursery.

Georgie's previous rock band posters on the wall had all been torn down and replaced with babyish pink and blue pictures of animals and the ABC's.

His stereo, TV, and computer had all been taken and replaced with colorful shelves of plastic baby-toys and children's picture books.

His bed now had tall rails on the side, making it resemble a crib, his comforter had been replaced with a pink blanket covered in babyish prints, and above the crib now spun an infantile mobile of pink and blue stars.

And worst of all, the room's long, waist-high dresser had been converted into a diaper changing table—complete

with a baby-printed changing pad on top, shelves of baby wipes, lotions, and other supplies next to it...

And stacks upon stacks of white, puffy, adult diapers stocked below.

"Oh good, the little stinker's finally ready to get changed out of his poopy diaper," Vicky joked as she looked up at Georgie in the doorway. "I was worried the neighbors would be calling to complain about the smell any minute now."

"What's... going on..." Georgie stammered in horror.

Georgie felt Miss Hazel drag him by the hand across the nursery toward the large diaper changing table.

"What's going on is that it's time to get you out of that poopy mess and into a new diaper," Miss Hazel said, patting the diaper changing table. "Upsies!"

"Wait," Georgie said, pulling away, "I can clean myself!"

Miss Hazel and Vicky both snapped their heads and stared at Georgie with stern expressions.

"I mean... *please*, Nanny," Georgie pleaded, slowly backing into the corner, "please just let me clean myself up."

"Uh-oh," Vicky said. "It looks like our naughty little guy didn't learn a *single thing* from his punishment yet after all. Do you want me to put him over my knee again? Maybe he needs a paddle against his poopy butt to finally remember who's in charge."

"No, please!" Georgie squealed, backing into the corner. He tripped over a toy train and fell onto his butt in the middle of the room. He cringed as he felt his disgusting mess splat in his pull-up diaper yet again.

Miss Hazel let out a small smile. "No, Sis, that's okay. Maybe this is a good time for me to explain to Georgie why he won't be, in his words, 'cleaning himself up'."

Georgie looked up in quiet terror as Miss Hazel folded her arms and looked down at him with a stern expression. He felt utterly pathetic as he sat in his poopy mess on the floor of his new room while both women towered over him.

"Now Georgie, remember when I said earlier you'll be treated like the age you've chosen to act? You've pooped your pants in front of your Nannies like a two-year-old. So that means getting your poopy diaper changed on the changing table, so your Nanny can make sure you're completely clean. Understood?"

"Do I... have to?" Georgie whimpered.

"Yes, Georgie. Unless, of course, you'd like to get spanked and sent to bed for the night in your poopy mess instead," Miss Hazel said, folding her arms.

Georgie cringed but relented. The idea of being put up on a table and 'changed' as if he were an infant was mortifying... but the idea of spending all night in his filthy mess was even worse.

"Okay," Georgie whimpered.

Miss Hazel helped him up and guided him back to the diaper changing table. "Good boy," Miss Hazel said with a giggle, slapping his poopy bottom for effect.

She then lifted Georgie by the armpits, helping him up onto the table. He cringed as his diaper squelched against his bottom while he sat.

"But... what happened to my room?" Georgie asked as Miss Hazel pushed him back into a laying position.

“Well, since you poop your pants like a two-year-old, you need the room of a two-year-old as well,” Miss Hazel said. “Now hands up for poopy diaper changes sweetie.”

Georgie felt Miss Hazel guide his hands up over his head, but he was struck with a sudden intense feeling of vulnerability.

It was just dawning on him how upsetting it was that all of his stuff had been replaced. He really hadn’t even begun to process what Miss Hazel could have meant when she said she planned on ‘treating him like a two-year-old.’

“Wait,” Georgie said, moving his hands back down without thinking.

“Uh-oh, someone’s being a fussy baby,” Miss Hazel said.

“Do you want my help?” Vicky asked as she came over to the diaper changing table.

“That would be great,” Miss Hazel replied.

Georgie felt Vicky swiftly pull his mittened hands up over his head and secure them with straps.

“Wait!” Georgie squirmed. “I just... I don’t understand what happened to my room...”

Both women ignored his pleas as Vicky pulled a large strap over Georgie’s midsection, securing him down.

“See, I told you these would come in handy,” Vicky said.

“Yeah, you’re right. I guess I thought he’d at least want to get out of his poopy mess enough to cooperate, but it looks like we’ll just have to use the restraints as a matter of course for his diaper changes going forward,” Miss Hazel replied.

Georgie felt a sudden wave of claustrophobic panic from being strapped down again. He began to writhe and kick and squeal.

WHAP!—A painful slap landed against Georgie's bottom, stopping him.

"Young man! You stop this right now or you *will* spend all night in this diaper!" Miss Hazel shouted, suddenly sounding frighteningly angry.

Georgie whimpered but finally went still. "Sis, can you grab a new diaper for me?" Miss Hazel asked.

"Sure thing," Vicky replied.

Georgie watched Vicky smirk at him as she opened a package of thick adult diapers and pulled one out. He made out the words on the diaper package in dismay... *Ultra-Thick, 12-hour, Urinary and Bowel, Night and Day Adult Protection*.

"Diapers? I don't need diapers... I use pull-ups..." Georgie whimpered.

"Well Georgie," Miss Hazel said as she put on a pair of rubber gloves. She began sliding Georgie's plastic pants down his legs, "as you can see from the filthy poopy mess you're lying in, pull-ups are insufficient for containing your poopy messes, which we now know could happen at any moment," Miss Hazel said with a laugh, patting the butt of Georgie's poopy pull-up for effect. "So, therefore, it's thick, plastic-backed diapers 24/7 from now on."

"What?" Georgie asked in shock. "But, Nanny, I don't need diapers! Especially not during the day!"

"Yes, Georgie, you clearly do!" Miss Hazel said in a stern tone.

Georgie cringed as he suddenly felt Miss Hazel hold his legs up, un-tape his pull-up and open it. The cool air hitting his poopy mess made him squeeze his eyes shut and burn bright red from embarrassment.

"I'm not sure if you somehow forgot about the filthy mess you've been sitting in, but if you need a reminder, perhaps take a whiff of the air that now reeks of your soiled diaper," Miss Hazel scolded.

Georgie blushed as the scent of his terrible mess took over the nursery. He opened his eyes to see Vicky pinching her nose and waving the air in disgust. But that didn't stop her from taking her phone out and snapping a few more pictures.

Georgie then cringed as he felt Miss Hazel open up a pack of baby wipes and begin scooping the poop off his butt, thighs, and crotch.

"Look, Georgie, this is the last time I'm going to explain it. When I said earlier you're going to be treated like the age you act, I didn't just mean while you were in the corner.

"First of all, if we've learned anything tonight, it's that short term punishments are ineffective when it comes to finally getting you under control. So quite frankly, you can consider yourself 'under punishment' all the time, until I say otherwise.

"And secondly, you've made it abundantly clear you're not potty-trained tonight. So yes, for both of those reasons, you'll be wearing thick, plastic-backed diapers 24/7 from now on, just like the baby you are," Miss Hazel lectured. "And when you make poopies, your Nanny will change you."

"But... but... wait... this isn't fair..." Georgie whimpered.

The gravity of what Miss Hazel was saying was finally sinking in.

He was no longer undergoing *a night* of intense, diapered humiliation.

He was undergoing the *first night* of his *new life* of *non-stop, diapered humiliation*.

This realization, combined with the intense embarrassment of having his poop mess cleaned off of him in full view of two adult women, pushed him over the edge.

"No, wait, Nanny, please!" Georgie sobbed. "I don't need diapers! I'm not a baby! I'm a big boy!"

Miss Hazel just laughed in his face. "I'm afraid the poop smeared all over your peepee right now says different," Miss Hazel replied.

Georgie burned hot with unspeakable shame as he felt Miss Hazel pinching and wiping down his tiny, shriveled penis.

"You're a filthy, poop toddler, Georgie," she continued, "And filthy poop toddlers get put in diapers by their Nannies so they don't make a mess on the floor. Okay?"

"But... how long do I have to wear diapers? How long are you going to treat me like this?" Georgie stammered through his tears.

"For as long as I deem it necessary," Miss Hazel answered, "But let me put it this way. I wouldn't have invested in all these diapers, and all of this furniture, if I didn't plan on it being a good, long, long time before I decide that's not the case."

"But... it's not fair! You can't do this to me!" Georgie cried.

"Hush now!" Miss Hazel said, smacking Georgie's bottom. "It's not up to you anymore. This is the way it is 'cause Nanny says. Now if I hear one more word of complaint about this, I *will* let Vicky put you over her knee again," Miss Hazel lectured.

Georgie sobbed and squirmed as Miss Hazel continued cleaning him, unaffected by his tears.

He then felt her wrap her finger in a baby wipe and begin 'cleaning' his bottom hole by inserting her finger in and twisting it. Georgie gasped as Miss Hazel began slowly fingering his tight little bottom, rhythmically inserting her finger in and out.

Georgie felt utterly helpless and violated as Miss Hazel continued fingering and spreading his little bottom while she continued explaining his new situation.

"By the way, what you see in your room here tonight is just the start. I was able to procure most of the essentials of what I'll need to begin treating you like the naughty toddler you are via an express delivery from the local department store. But everything else I'll need from now on will likely show up on our doorstep in the next few days... Such as a full new, more appropriate, wardrobe of onesies and rompers, as well as a proper, locking crib, just for starters."

"Don't forget all the fun paddles and restraints I'll be ordering," Vicky chimed in with a grin.

"Oh, that's right," Miss Hazel said. "My sister has graciously volunteered to help with your care by moving in for a while and babysitting you and changing your diapers when I'm not able to be home. And she's also been very generous with all sorts of suggestions and techniques when it comes to your continued discipline."

Georgie was mortified. He couldn't believe that Vicky was now here to stay, and that he would have to endure countless more nights of her torture going forward.

Vicky gave Georgie an evil grin while tears of helplessness rolled down his cheeks.

"By the way, if you even think of running away," Vicky said, holding her phone up. "I now have a pretty wonderful set of pictures and videos, that include you grunting while you poop your diaper to the brim in front of us in the kitchen. And I'm more than happy to release all of them to the world if you decide you think you no longer need Miss Hazel's care."

Georgie moaned in despair.

"It's for your own good, Georgie," Miss Hazel said as she held his legs up and dumped baby powder all over his crotch. "It's clear you can't take care of yourself without my help. So I don't even want you to be tempted to leave."

Georgie groaned as he tried to reckon with the fact that this was his new life, whether he liked it or not.

As Miss Hazel pushed the new, clean white diaper beneath his bottom, Georgie realized what it would mean that the thick, humiliating, plastic, crinkly, high-waisted garment was going to be *the only thing he could wear* from now on.

And he realized the utterly humiliated, babyish feeling he had been subjected to all night was now going to be his *new normal*.

Georgie let out another sob of despair.

And then, out of nowhere, Georgie felt a new, sudden, intense spasm in his bowels. He realized he needed to poop... *again!*

He realized, in horror, that the castor oil he had consumed earlier was apparently far from done with its punishing laxative effects on him, despite all that he had already 'expelled'...

"Wait," Georgie suddenly pleaded, just before Miss Hazel taped the diaper up over his waist. "Can I go to the bathroom before you put my diaper on? Please?"

Miss Hazel and Vicky exchanged looks again, then erupted in the loudest round of laughter yet.

Georgie looked up in confusion while he felt the thick white diaper taped shut around his waist.

"Sorry, little stinker, but the potty is off-limits to you from now on," Miss Hazel said.

Georgie was mortified. He had no idea that when Miss Hazel had said that he would be forced to wear diapers... that he would also be forced to *use* those diapers all the time as well!"

Georgie felt his wrists unstrapped and he was sat up on the changing table. He then felt another spasm in his bowels. He realized how horrified he was by the idea of pooping his diaper again... especially after just finally getting changed out of his mess.

"But... why can't I go to the potty?" Georgie whimpered.

"Because," Miss Hazel lectured, "since you wanted to poop your pants like a baby tonight, you're just gonna have to find out what it's like to poop your pants like a baby all the time."

Georgie was suddenly overwhelmed by the reality of his new situation. He realized that the intense humiliation he felt at pooping his diaper that night wasn't over... it was

just getting started. Soiling himself and waiting to be changed out of his humiliating mess was about to become his every day.

“But... that’s not fair!” Georgie wailed, suddenly crying. “I don’t wanna poop in my diapers!” He squealed, suddenly sobbing.

“Aw, look at the little cry baby. Here we go,” Miss Hazel said as she put the large pacifier back in his mouth.

Georgie instinctively began to suck on the humiliating accessory while Miss Hazel helped him stand up. But unlike all the other times that night, for the first time, the pacifier actually seemed to comfort him.

“Ready for PJs?” Vicky asked as she held open a onesie.

Georgie went limp as the two women worked together to help Georgie step into the onesie and zip it up his backside.

“It’s not as cute as your rocket ship PJs,” Miss Hazel said to Georgie in a cheery voice, “But I had these delivered because these PJs lock in the back, making sure fussy little boys like yourself can’t take your diaper off without Nanny’s help.”

Georgie’s eyes went wide as he heard a ‘click’ in the back of his neck, and he realized that the pajamas were locked, and that he was trapped in his diaper for the night.

As they walked Georgie to his crib, he suddenly squatted down and another massive torrent of diarrhea erupted into the back of his new, previously clean diaper.

Georgie immediately began sobbing at how helpless he was while Miss Hazel and Vicky just laughed and laughed, patting his butt to humiliate him while they guided him into his crib.

"Remember when I said I wanted you to think about the fact that you're being punished when I gave you your naughty castor oil medicine?" Vicky asked. "Well, that includes you spending all night sleeping in your stinky mess," Vicky said as she patted Georgie's warm, squishy, poopy, diapered butt against his bottom.

"Just think about that the next time you want to misbehave... just remember that a dose of castor oil is always just a spoon away," Vicky added with a cruel wink.

Georgie covered his face with his mitten-covered hands, overwhelmed with disgust, shame, and humiliation. The idea of spending all night with the poopy load in his diaper... let alone knowing more was coming... was just unbearable.

But all he could do was watch in helpless, stunned silence as the two women left his nursery for the night.

* * *

As VICKY and Miss Hazel walked out of Georgie's new nursery, Vicky stopped in the hallway and sighed. "Hey, Sis? I need to tell you something."

"What is it?" Miss Hazel asked, concerned.

"The truth is... I haven't been completely honest with you," Vicky confided. "It's not just by chance that I was able to discipline little Georgie so well tonight. I've actually been... studying my discipline techniques with a group of women in town that specialize in keeping naughty men in line."

"Really?" Miss Hazel asked, genuinely surprised. "But why?"

"Well... I guess I've had a couple bad experiences with poorly behaved men in my life. And at some point, I finally decided that I would start studying the tools I need to deal with them in the future. And it just so happened that they came in handy tonight, when I saw George acting up in the way that he did with you."

"Wow," Miss Hazel said, processing this. "So is *that* the real reason for the adult pacifier in your bag?" Miss Hazel asked.

"Yes," Vicky admitted, sheepishly.

"Hmmm..." Miss Hazel replied, taking this in. "And what's this group you work with called?"

"Well, the weekly classes are run by a Doctor named Dr. Katherine Olivia, who's head of the new Experimental Behavioral Corrections Department for the local hospital. The course is called, *Beginner Diaper Domination and Regression Techniques for Entrenched Insubordination in Boys*."

Miss Hazel nodded.

Vicky anxiously waited for Miss Hazel to respond, still not sure how she would react to all of this info.

"Well..." Miss Hazel began, "if that's where you learned the techniques you've applied here tonight, I owe you and said Doctor a great debt of gratitude. Perhaps I'll even attend the next class."

Vicky sighed with relief, then let out a small clap of joy. "Yay! And oh, I'm sure she would *love* to meet you and hear all about little Georgie!"

"Well, if what we've seen of Georgie's behavior here tonight is any indication," Miss Hazel replied, "I'll certainly need to

be advancing my techniques for Georgie's control for some time to come."

Vicky smiled, overflowing with joy, then leaned in and gave her sister a big hug. "I'm so glad we got to reconnect tonight, Sis."

"Me too," Miss Hazel said.

The two women then heard the sound of Georgie wailing from his bedroom.

"Uh oh," Miss Hazel smirked. "Looks like I need to check on the little guy already."

"I'll come with," Vicky said with a smile.

* * *

GEORGIE HAD SPAT his pacifier out and was standing in his crib, wailing over his crib bars. "Miss Hazel! Miss Hazzeeeelll!!! Nannnnnyyyy!!!!"

Finally, the door to his nursery opened up.

"Miss Hazel! Please!" Georgie moaned as the two women approached his crib. "I've got a poopy diaper! I can't go to bed like this! You've made your point, I'll be good from now on, I'll do whatever you say, I promise!"

"Just please, just let me clean myself up! I *know* you don't want to clean up my gross mess either! I know you don't want to deal with the work of having another baby in the house! Just let me clean myself up and change back into normal clothes and I promise I'll be good from now on, I promise!" Georgie whined in desperation.

Miss Hazel just looked down at Georgie, clucked her tongue, and shook her head.

"Awww, you really just don't get it, little guy. You lost your adult privileges when you chose to act like a baby. And you won't be getting them back for a long, long time. Certainly not if you keep acting up like you are right now," Miss Hazel said, stroking Georgie's teary cheek.

"But don't you worry. Because unfortunately for you, you're wrong about whether or not I want to change your pooppy diapers. Sure, it's a lot of work. But you see... it's worth it to me. You know why? Because, Georgie, I *want* you to feel humiliated. I *want* you to be embarrassed. You *should* be embarrassed."

"After all, it's bad enough you wet the bed like a baby at your age. Then, not only did you pee yourself, you pooped in your pants tonight. This, combined with all your other behavior problems... you're *truly filthy* and *truly pathetic* for your age.

"And I want to remind you of that fact every second of every day, so you'll finally learn that fact and remember it about yourself. So that way, one day, should the day come, you'll *finally* be motivated to become potty-trained."

Georgie stared back with wide eyes. Hearing Miss Hazel be so frank about enjoying his humiliation sent a chill down his spine.

"And in case you were curious," Vicky added, chiming in, "your humiliation is *my* reward for helping take care of your naughty little bottom. After the way you treated me tonight, I think it's only fair that I get to enjoy every second of your embarrassing new life of diapers."

Vicky leaned in, squishing Georgie's pooppy diapered butt, making him squirm. "Because Georgie, you might have suspected it, but the truth is, I love seeing you psychologically tormented by how truly pathetic and small

you are. It fills me with glee to know that we are in control of your most basic bodily functions. I'm going to relish every moment you squirm with humiliation as we finally get to treat you like the pathetic, panty-pooping toddler that you are."

"And if you resist either of us," Miss Hazel added, "I no longer have any reservations about punishing you in *all the ways necessary* to prove to you just how naughty and pathetic you are, until you finally submit to living under our complete and total control. For it's only then, that real progress on your naughty attitude can finally begin."

Georgie was flabbergasted. Any hope he had before of escape from his humiliating diapered condition had just been decimated before his eyes.

Miss Hazel calmly picked up Georgie's pacifier and strapped it back in his mouth. "Okay, little guy?" Miss Hazel asked, pinching his cheek.

Georgie then suddenly squeezed his eyes shut and groaned as he involuntarily erupted in another torrent of diarrhea into his already disgusting diaper right in front of them.

Miss Hazel and Vicky merely laughed, patted him on the butt yet again, and laid him back down in his new crib.

"Now be quiet after bedtime, baby boy, or that poopy diaper isn't coming off until tomorrow night," Miss Hazel lectured.

Georgie then watched them shut out the lights and lock the nursery door behind them.

* * *

"HOW WAS *THAT* FOR *DOMINATION TECHNIQUE*?" Miss Hazel asked her sister as they returned to the hallway.

"You're a natural!" Vicky said, patting her sister on the shoulder.

The two women laughed with glee as they walked back to the kitchen to finish their evening together with a bottle of wine.

* * *

GEORGIE STARED up at babyish mobile hanging above his crib, feeling utterly trapped in his warm pajamas and poopy diaper. His eyes were wide.

He couldn't help but marvel at the fact that, in just one night, Miss Hazel and Vicky had successfully and utterly transformed and dominated him.

Georgie was now their new, permanent, poopy diaper baby. He knew they would ever let him go. And there was nothing he could do about it. The only thing he could do... was accept it.

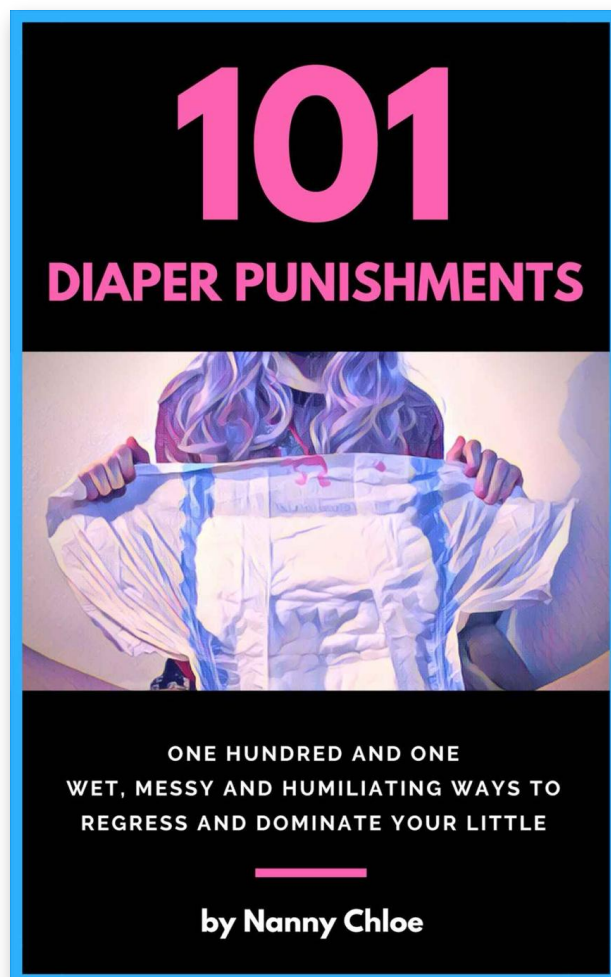
A final tear of utter shame and humiliation fell down Georgie's cheek.

Georgie rolled over, rubbed his crinkly, poopy diaper beneath his pajamas one last time, and faded into a deep sleep, filled with vivid dreams about his new, poopy-diapered life.

THE END.

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BY NANNY CHLOE

Dominated By My Wife: Brandon's Extreme Diaper Punishment

When Tara finds out her husband Brandon betrayed her at a wild Vegas bachelor party, she decides to finally lay down some discipline in her marriage...

Diaper Discipline.

Before Brandon even has a chance to protest, Tara has her husband...

Spanked.

Manacled.

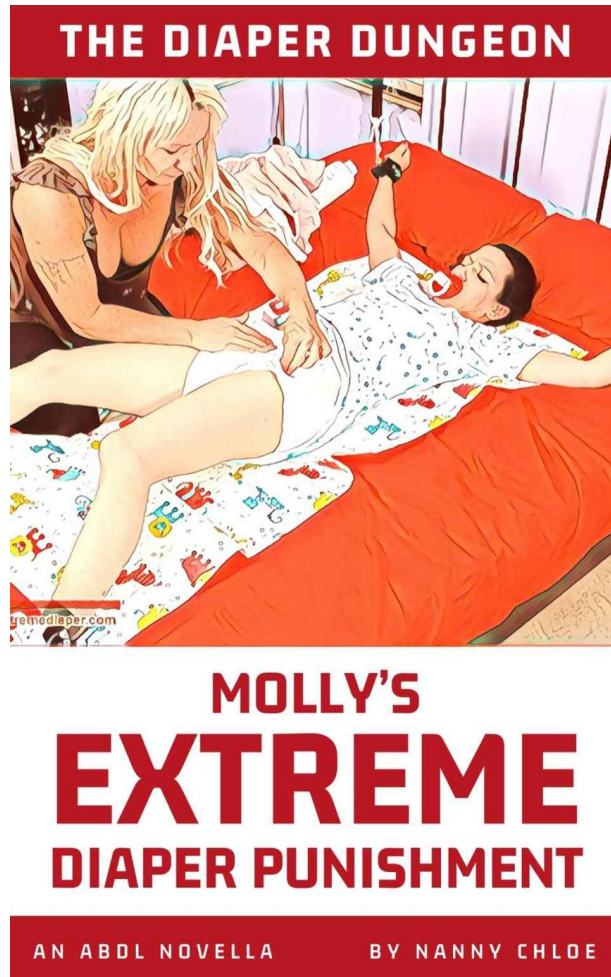
And Diapered 24/7.

And unfortunately for Brandon, that's Tara just getting started.

By the time his new mistress is finished, Brandon will know the intimate realities of cage-cribs, feedings tubes, and unimaginable public humiliation.

This full-length, erotic ABDL novella will have you on the 'edge' of your seat from start to finish.

It's packed with corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, diaper bondage, heavy femdom, intense BDSM, and of course some very soggy and very messy diapers! For mature readers only!



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

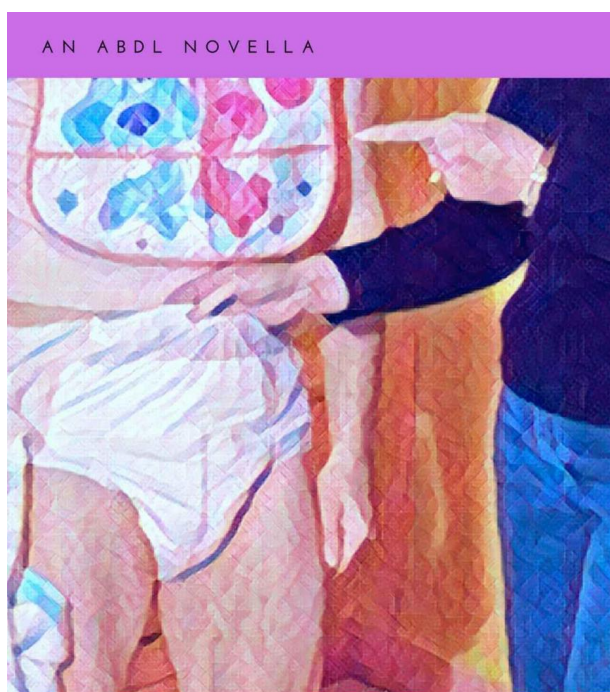
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



REGRESSING TIMMY

NANNY CHLOE

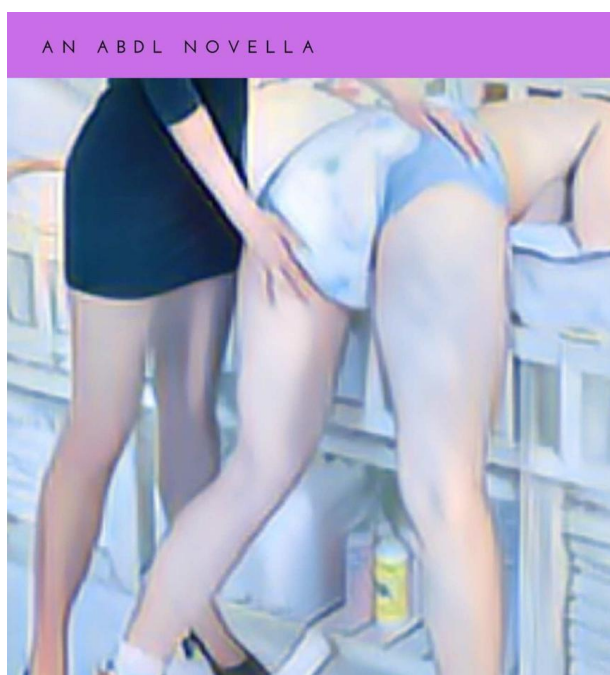
Regressing Timmy.

After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY
SUE THE NEIGHBOR

BY NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next

change!



Forced to Wear Diapers by the Bratty Babysitter

When Tyler's parents find out Tyler's been up to no good, they decide to hire Megan from next door to look after him over Spring Break. After all, Megan says she's studying how to be a caregiver in college. It seems like the perfect fit!

Except for the fact that Megan is only a couple years older than Tyler. Oh, and Tyler has always had a huge crush on

Megan, which she's never reciprocated. In fact, Megan's favorite nickname for Tyler has always been, 'The gross loser next door.'

Tyler is terrified by the sight of Megan. He can't imagine having her watch over him for a full week.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he doesn't have a choice in the matter. And when Megan comes over, she decides to have her fun.

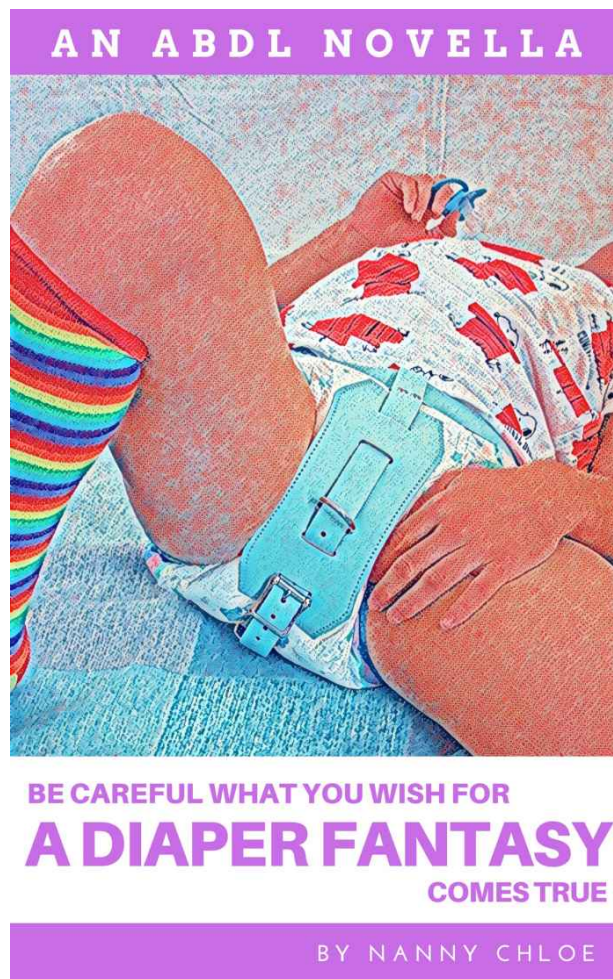
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

Then diapers.

Then making Tyler use those diapers in front of all his friends.

And finally she changes those diapers in the most humiliating way imaginable.

When Megan is finished with Tyler, he learns new meaning to the words, Diaper Discipline.



Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

**(Now available as Audiobook at
www.NannyChloeTales.com!)**

I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers.

From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has

followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty

strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

AN ABDL NOVELLA



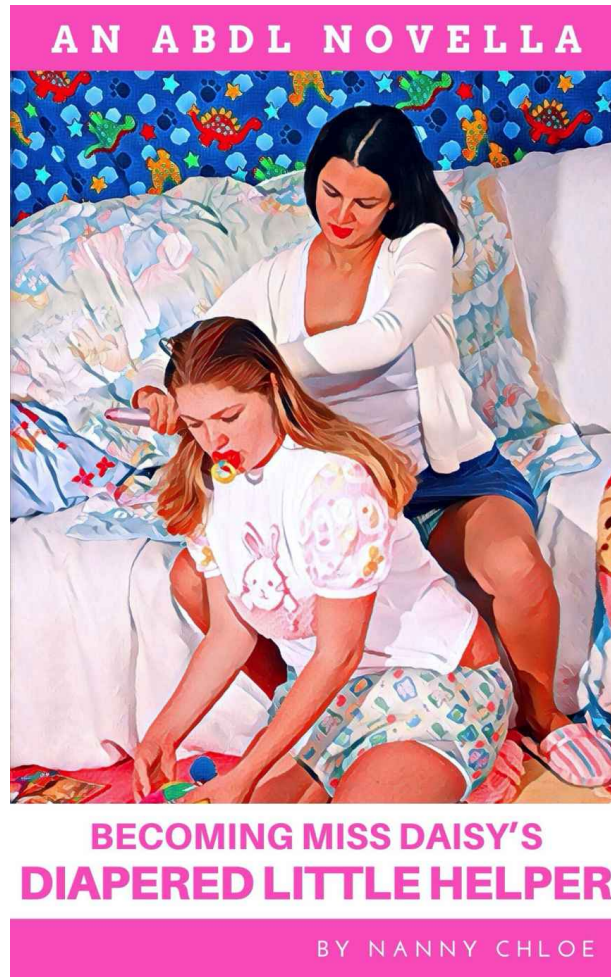
TURNED INTO A
**DIAPERED
CUCKOLD Sissy**
BY MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY NANNY CHLOE

Turned into a Diapered Cuckold Sissy by my MIL

When Gary is forced to move in with his overbearing MIL, it doesn't take long for him to get downgraded to the sissy baby of the house!

Full-length, erotic ABDL novella full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, forced feminization, Mommy femdom, and some very soggy, messy diapers! For mature readers only!



Becoming Miss Daisy's Diapered Little Helper

After Kelly finds herself unemployed and homeless in a new city, she quickly becomes desperate for a job and place to stay.

So you can imagine how lucky Kelly felt when she finds both in the form of a job offer from a former daycare owner... Miss Daisy. And all she asks in return is a little help around the house.

But it's not long before Miss Daisy's maternal instincts begin to kick in... especially after Kelly has a little 'accident' in the guest bedroom.

Before Kelly even knows what's happened, she's soon being...

Diapered

Disciplined

And Totally Regressed!

Will Kelly ever regain her adulthood?

Or is she doomed to be humiliated as Miss Daisy's Diapered Little Helper for the rest of her life?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for reading, my little!

As always, your positive reviews and support are greatly appreciated, as they help Nanny Chloe write you more of your favorite ABDL content! :)

To find more of my stories (including audiobooks!) please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

nannychloetales.tumblr.com

