

AN ABDL NOVELLA



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR  
**A DIAPER FANTASY**  
COMES TRUE

BY NANNY CHLOE

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NANNY CHLOE

## NOTICE

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

This story is entirely fictional and has been written and shared for entertainment purposes only.

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## MY 'DIAPER FETISH'

*M*y hands were trembling as I stared at it from across the street.

There it was. The grocery store.

The grocery store that I, an 18-year-old boy, was about to enter so I could buy...

*Adult diapers.*

Adult diapers for myself.

That I would wear.

That I would use.

And that I would probably jerk off in.

No, I'm not incontinent. I'm just obsessed.

And yet, despite my obsession, I've never even had a chance to touch a diaper since my potty training. I've been forced to only imagine them. Dream about them. *Hunger* for them.

That is, until tonight.

\* \* \*

I'VE BEEN FASCINATED with diapers ever since I was potty trained.

And yes, I admit it, my obsession *is* sexual in nature. It didn't take me long after first searching the web for pictures of people in diapers to learn that the technical word for it is 'fetish'.

But that word has never done it justice for me. That's because my desire for diapers is sexual, yes, but it's also more than that. Because along with diapers, I've longed to be turned back into a baby.

Since my earliest memories, I've fantasized about relinquishing all responsibility and control over my life and having power over me handed to a strong, domineering woman who would put me back in diapers and treat me just like a toddler.

Of course, I'm deeply embarrassed about my forbidden obsession. And *of course* I've tried endlessly to block it out. Ignore it. Change it. Pretend it's not true. Rewire my brain to be *normal*.

All to no success, of course. Because everyone knows that the more you deny an urge that is so deep inside of you—that is *part* of you—the more it comes roaring back, possessing you, controlling you, dominating you as if you were its plaything.

After all, my desire is truly a pathetic desire, isn't it? To be an infant again?

I mean, ask any actual kid and they'll tell you they can't wait to be older. To have more freedom. More control over their lives. To be able to do more things and be stronger and bigger. We ask little kids what they want to do *when*

they grow up, not *whether or not* they even *want* to grow up.

That being said, it's true that part of me *has* appreciated growing up and becoming an adult.

After all, I was thrilled to move out of my parents' house last month, move to the big city, and finally be on my own. (I share an apartment with a few roommates. But like most kids my age, I couldn't wait to not have to live with my annoying parents anymore. And no—my biological parents have nothing to do with this obsession, trust me.) But I can't help but feel that the ironic part about this situation is that the main reason I was excited about moving out of my parents' house was so I could...

*Buy diapers.* That's right, the time has finally come where I can buy and wear diapers without worrying about my parents finding them.

\* \* \*

SO HERE I AM, across the street from the grocery store. My hands are trembling both from excitement and from terror. Because like I said, as much as I'm obsessed with diapers, I'm equally, if not more, ashamed of them.

What if I see someone in there I know while I'm walking out with a pack of adult diapers?

Will the cashier look at me and know I'm a perverted little diaper fetishist?

I'm imagining in my head a conversation that goes something along the lines like this...

The Cashier would look down at the diapers as they scan them.

“Are these for an old person?” They would ask me.

“No...” I would respond in a trembling voice.

“Then who are they for?” They would ask again with a stern expression.

“Uhh... I don’t know,” I would respond.

“You don’t know? You picked up adult diapers off the shelf, brought them to the checkout counter, and are about to pay for them, but I’m supposed to believe you *don’t know who they’re for*? Maybe you just don’t want to admit that you’re buying these diapers to wear for yourself!” They would shout loud enough for the whole store to hear.

At which point, I would simply pass out and die from complete and utter embarrassment.

And yet, as I stand here, I can feel my penis growing rock hard in my underwear as I picture those *crinkly diapers* in my hand.

I can’t help but imagine what it will feel like to release my bladder into a diaper...

And feel the warm stream of my urine caress my balls...

And gather around my thighs...

*That’s it, I’m doing this.*

Fueled by adrenaline, I charged across the street and headed for the store entrance.

*I just need to grow up and buy these damn diapers*, I said to myself.

The irony of the thought made me chuckle.

## THE DIAPER AISLE

I walked into the grocery store and was glad to find that it wasn't too crowded.

I looked for the aisle I was there to visit. The aisle I had passed so many times before, averting my gaze out of shame for my burning desire. The aisle with the adult diapers.

I took a breath and decided to march directly to it.

There I was, standing in the middle of the aisle looking at all the brands of adult diapers.

I could feel my heart pounding...

And my cock growing rock hard.

I looked over my shoulder. There was a young woman perusing the feminine products nearby. She glanced at me, but then went back to her business.

I continued looking all the diapers up and down, struggling to understand the prices and brands and varieties.

I felt my heart pounding faster. It felt like every minute more adrenaline coursed through my veins.

*Come on, just get it over with!* I told myself.

I grabbed the closest pack of adult diapers—they were Depends—and practically ran toward the checkout area.

I turned the corner, and in my nervousness, the diapers I was clutching so tightly went flying out of my hands!

I practically gasped as they bounced and slid right into the crowded produce section of the grocery store!

The half dozen nearby customers all turned their heads, first looking at me, then the pack of diapers.

That's right, there I was, an 18-year-old boy, standing in the middle of the store with a boner, apparently only there to buy diapers.

I felt my whole face immediately burn bright red.

*Forget it. Abandon mission,* I told myself.

I turned and started walking in the opposite direction.

*No way, I told myself. There's no way I can go and pick up those diapers while everyone watches. I'll just leave them there and walk out. I'll just walk out of this grocery store and never, ever come back.*

"Excuse me! Young man!" I heard someone shout.

I practically had a heart attack as I instinctively froze.

"You seem to have dropped something!" They shouted again.

I slowly turned to see what felt like my worst nightmare.

A hot, middle-aged, Mommy-I'd-Like-To-Fuck holding the Depends I dropped in her hands. She was staring right at me.

“Ahem!” She cleared her throat again. She was looking at me like she had caught me spray painting graffiti.

“It’s okay!” I said with a beet red face and a small wave. I tried to continue walking away.

“What do you mean it’s okay?” The woman shouted again, even louder. “You dropped your diapers in the middle of the aisle. Do you want them or not?”

I felt like I was going to die of embarrassment. It was like my worst nightmare was coming true, right before my eyes. I wanted to just sprint out of the grocery store as fast as I could, but it seemed like that would only give her another chance to shout about my diapers some more.

I gulped, pasted a smile on my face, and slowly walked toward the woman. I couldn’t help but notice that she was wearing a tank top, and her breasts looked large enough to feed half a dozen babies.

“Thanks, sorry,” I said awkwardly as I reached for the Depends. But to my horror, she wouldn’t let go.

“Who were you buying these for?” She asked me in an abrasive tone. I felt like everyone in the grocery store was watching.

“Uhhhh...” I stammered. It was funny, even though I had imagined this question over and over in my worst nightmare, I neglected to ever think of a convincing answer.

“Are they for you?” She asked, still not letting go of the package.

Somehow, I felt my whole face flush once again. I didn’t know how to answer. I wanted to just run, sprint, get the

hell out of there by any means necessary, but my feet were glued to the floor. It was like I was in a bad dream.

To make matters worse, I'm pretty short for my age, and this woman seemed to be fairly tall, and she was wearing heels. She was practically towering over me like a Mother disciplining a naughty toddler.

Then she seemed to soften. "It's okay if these diapers are for you," she said. "I used to babysit a boy your age with incontinence issues. The only reason I ask is that the Depends really don't do as good of a job as some of the other brands," she explained.

I just nodded, my hands on the package of diapers, still unable to move. I didn't know what this woman wanted from me. Even stranger, beneath my jeans, I felt my cock suddenly spring to life. I was suddenly hard as a rock.

"What's your name?" She asked.

"Leo..." I tried to say, my voice hoarse.

"Huh? Speak up when adults are speaking to you, hun," she said as if I were a child.

I cleared my throat. "Leo!" I said louder.

"Well, Leo, if you'd like, I can show you the diapers that *I* like to put on incontinent boys your age," she said, staring directly at me.

"Okay," I squeaked, suddenly feeling like I didn't have a choice, like I was very, very small.

"Come on," she said, turning and walking back toward the diaper aisle with the package of Depends.

But my feet stayed planted. I couldn't move. It was like my brain had reached embarrassment overload, then just shut

down, right then and there as I stood in the middle of the grocery store talking to this stranger.

The woman noticed I wasn't moving. She walked back toward me as if dealing with a fussy toddler, grabbed my hand, and pulled me with her.

I was in a state of total shock and disbelief as I followed this gorgeous, older woman back into the diaper aisle. My face continued burning bright red as she put my Depends back on the shelf.

"Leo, when do you wear your diapers? All the time, or just at night?" She asked loudly.

"I uh..." I mumbled. Again, I had no idea what to say.

The woman put her hands on her hips, turned, and gave me a stern look.

"Leo, I asked you a question. Now, I'm being very generous with my time by helping you pick out diapers, but I would appreciate it if you respected me enough to answer my questions, so that I can help you pick out the best diapers for your needs," she said in a chastising tone.

"I don't know!" I suddenly blurted. "I just... I've just never worn them before. I haven't worn any diapers yet," I confessed.

She stared at me with a confused expression. "I don't understand. I thought you were buying these because you were incontinent," she said loudly. "If you're not incontinent, why would you want to wear diapers?"

It was like she had read my mind, reached down inside of me, and put words to the source of my greatest humiliation and shame. All my life I've wanted to know what compelled me to wear diapers, and I've never gotten an answer. At

times, I've wished I actually was incontinent, or at least wet the bed, so I would have an excuse to wear diapers.

But the truth was I was just as continent as every other adult my age, whether I wanted to be or not. At times, it has almost felt like I was a little toddler trapped in an adult's body.

I stared down at the floor, burning red hot with shame. I didn't know how to answer this woman. I felt so embarrassed and ashamed of my desires. I felt like I just wanted to curl up into a ball and cry right then and there.

I continued staring at my feet as I felt this woman's gaze practically burning a hole in me. It almost felt like she was enjoying tormenting me in this way. I suddenly felt totally powerless, speechless, and ashamed. And before I knew what was happening, tears were running down my cheeks.

"I'm sorry!" Were the words I managed to utter as I found myself sobbing like a toddler being sentenced to time-out. I didn't know what came over me. I just felt so stupid and guilty for wasting this kind woman's time.

I then felt a hand start to rub my shoulder. Then my back. It was her hand.

"Hey, hey," she said in a soothing voice. "It's okay, little one. It's okay," she said, then she suddenly wrapped me in a hug.

I felt her breasts against my face. They were so warm and comforting. I didn't know what was going on, but I *did* know I never wanted her to let me go.

She pulled back and kneeled down to look at me at eye level—as if she were talking to a toddler. Her hand was still planted firmly on my shoulder.

"Now Leo, do you want to tell me why you were trying to buy those diapers?" She asked in a firm voice.

"I don't know," I said through my tears. It was as close to the truth as I could admit.

"Leo, I know a lot of boys your age. Do you know how many of them come to the grocery store to buy diapers for themselves who don't have a medical incontinence issue?" She asked me in a patronizing tone.

I shook my head no, like a little boy.

"Zero. So, there must be some other reason you want to buy these diapers, isn't there?" She asked me.

I shook my head yes.

"Is it because you want to wear diapers for fun, Leo? Is it because the idea of having a Mommy change your diapers makes your little peepee hard?" She asked, annunciating all of her words as if talking to a toddler still learning how to talk.

I shook my head 'yes,' again.

"I see," she said, sounding as if I was a four-year-old who just admitted to stealing a cookie from the counter-top jar.

I couldn't believe she had gotten me to admit my most shameful secret, right here in public. A few other customers had passed by, giving our strange conversation the side-eye, but mostly keeping to themselves.

"And have you ever told anyone else about your desire to wear diapers?" She asked loudly.

The idea of running away came to me again, but as I felt her hand press into my shoulder, holding me still, it was

like she had cast a spell on me, gluing me to the floor until she decided she was done with me.

I could sense other customers in the store giving us strange looks, but at the same time, I could tell from the way they kept walking that they concluded that this woman was my caretaker. And that perhaps I was an adult with special needs, so to speak.

“Leo?” She asked. “Have you ever told anyone else about your sexual desire to wear diapers?” She asked, repeating her question in a loud voice.

I shook my head no.

“I see. Well, Leo, thank you for being honest with me,” she said, then stood up.

I kept my eyes glued to the floor as she crossed her arms, staring at me, seemingly deep in thought.

“Well Leo, I’m upset that you lied to me and wasted my time. Had you told me a few minutes ago that you were simply buying diapers to satisfy a secret, perverted sexual fetish, I wouldn’t have wasted my time coming over here trying to help you. After all, I believed that you had a real medical problem,” the woman explained to me.

I nodded my head and muttered, “I’m sorry,” in shame.

“It’s okay Leo. But I really do think it would be appropriate for you to make it up to me by coming over to my house and helping out with some chores. I could use a boy your age to help me with some things, and it seems that you would probably benefit by having some structure in your life, as you seem to be quite immature for your age, at least from what I can tell from your behavior tonight,” she said to me.

My head was spinning. I didn't know how to process this demand she was making. On the one hand, it seemed ridiculous for her to suggest that I owed her *chores* on the basis that I didn't disclose the reason I was buying diapers. It's not like I *stole money* from her or something. And *she* was the one who practically forced me to look at diapers with her.

But on the other hand, the way this woman had taken command of me like a child, both humiliating me for my diaper fetish as well as comforting me when I got upset, was absolutely intoxicating. I had no idea what she wanted out of me, I suddenly felt the urge to give her absolute and total control over me.

"Yes, Ma'am," I said. I had never said the word 'Ma'am' in my life. But something about it just felt... right.

The woman laughed. "Well that's very respectful of you to use that word, young man. And I appreciate that. But please, I would prefer it if you called me what the kids I babysit call me—Mommy."

My boner immediately swelled in my pants once again. "Yes, Mommy," I said out loud.

The woman, who I now knew as 'Mommy', checked her watch. "Oh boy, it's getting late. Do you need a ride home?" She asked me.

I was a bit surprised by the question. It was only around eight o'clock, for one, and she had no idea where I lived.

At the same time, it was pretty chilly out, and a car ride was always better than public transport. (I had to take the bus to the grocery store that was far away from my apartment in order to minimize my chance of seeing anyone I knew.)

“Sure,” I said, accepting her offer.

“Alright then, how about this. I could use a little helper to help me do my grocery shopping and carry my groceries out to the car. If you can do that and be good, I’ll give you a ride home. How does that sound?” She asked me.

“Okay,” I said with a bashful smile back.

“Okay, what?” She asked me. “Please dear, I prefer that you address me by my full title as much as possible, as it helps me to make sure you understand what I’m asking.”

“Okay... Mommy,” I said with a smile that was even bigger.

Mommy (which I realized was all I would learn of her name), grabbed my hand and lead us back to her cart. I looked over my shoulder at the depends she had ultimately put back on the shelf. “But what about...” I blurted.

Mommy stopped, looked down at me and laughed. “Oh, Leo, you really do want those diapers, don’t you?”

I shook my head yes.

“Hmmm, well sorry little Leo, you’re far too old for diapers. And the reason you want to wear them isn’t just inappropriate, it’s downright obscene. You should know better,” she said in a scolding tone. “You’re too old to wear diapers, Leo!” She added, saying it loud enough for everyone in the store to hear and drive her point home.

I suddenly felt a deep well of embarrassment and shame blow open inside of me. I quickly became more self-conscious and embarrassed than I ever had before about my fetish. I had confessed my deepest, darkest desire to this woman who seemed to look into me and understand, and seconds later she not only took the diapers I so badly

craved away from me, she told me that I was *wrong for wanting them*.

I nodded my head and tried to hide the immense hurt I felt from her comment. As she dragged me back to her shopping cart, and as I quietly followed her around the store, getting things off shelves when she needed them or bending down to look for the product with the latest expiration date, I couldn't help but feel more and more sad, even resentful of her.

After all, from the moment 'Mommy' took my hand, to the moment she confronted me about my sexual desire for diapers, I realized I had hoped, on some level, that she was the one. That this woman could be the woman I was dreaming of. Someone who would put me back in diapers without shaming me, or even asking questions about why I wanted it so bad.

But I realized now it was not to be, and I felt stupid for revealing my secret to her, only to be shut down and rejected. Not only that, the way things had transpired, I now was leaving the store without even the Depends that I had come in to buy.

I was mostly silent as we did the rest of her shopping together. By the time I was helping Mommy check out, I was practically teary-eyed once again.

When we got to her mini-van in the parking lot and I finished loading her groceries into the back, I decided that I was done wasting my time.

"Don't worry about the ride home, I'll just take the bus," I said, turning to leave.

"Oh no you don't," she said to me. I turned back, confused. "You made an agreement with me, Leo. If you didn't like

the terms of that agreement, you should have said so at the time, but you did make an agreement and I plan to hold you to it," she said to me in a stern tone.

"What are you talking about? I helped you with your shopping like I said. Now I don't need the ride home," I replied.

"Leo, had I known you wouldn't be coming back to my house to help me take in the rest of my groceries, I wouldn't have bought so many items. But I had planned on your help, so it really would not be acceptable for you to just leave me without help at this point in time," she said to me as we both stood outside her van.

Her explanation surprised me. I hadn't understood our agreement to mean I would be going all the way to her place before she dropped me off at mine. I hesitated.

"Leo, I'm serious," she continued. "I have a great deal of stairs leading up to my house, I have a bad back, and I'm not exaggerating when I say that, should you not follow through with your promise, I may end up very severely hurt," she said.

I suddenly felt very guilty. What she was saying made total sense. *Was I really going to abandon this older woman who needed help... because she didn't let me buy diapers? What kind of monster was I?*

"I'm sorry," I replied, coming to my senses. "Of course I'll help you."

"Good," she said with relief.

I walked to the passenger side door of the van and opened it. I looked down and found a child's car seat strapped in, taking up the passenger seat.

"Oh, sorry, I should have warned you. The front seat's taken. You'll have to sit in back," she said to me as she opened up the mini-van's rear door.

Part of me thought it was a little strange that there would be a car seat in the *front* seat of a car. After all, I thought I heard somewhere that kids should always be sitting in the back. But I didn't have much time to think about it before I was distracted by what was in the back seat.

In the back seat of the woman's van, *every single seat* had a car seat in it of various sizes. The one furthest from me seemed to be for an infant, and strangely enough, the one closest to me looked like it could fit a small adult.

"I... don't understand," I said, confused by the truly bizarre sight.

"What's wrong?" She asked me, as if I were the one acting strange. "Oh, the car seats? Didn't I already tell you I do a lot of babysitting?" She said to me.

"Sure... but where am I going to sit?" I asked.

"Right there," she said, pointing to the largest car seat. "If I didn't think you would fit, I wouldn't have offered you a ride, silly," she said to me.

"Can't you like... take one of these out?" I asked. It was funny, I had been fantasizing about being treated like a baby my whole life, but the sudden suggestion that I sit in a childish car seat felt... affronting.

I watched the woman look toward the back of the van, then shrug. "Sorry, I would, but we don't have room with the groceries. Come on, Leo, what are you worried about? It's much safer to sit in a car seat, anyway."

I nodded and accepted that sitting in this car seat was apparently my only option. I climbed into the van and sat down on the strange seat of hard plastic and half-a-dozen straps and buckles.

“Hands up!” She said. Without thinking, I raised my hands over my head and felt her begin to expertly crisscross all sorts of buckles and straps over my chest, over my stomach, across my shoulders, and finally up between my legs.

She pulled them all tight and I gasped. I had never felt a harness this tight before. Not only that, but it wasn’t even clear I would be able to get out of this harness without her help.

She looked at me as I fruitlessly tried to pull and loosen the straps of the car seat. She then patted me on the head and closed the door. She didn’t even so much ask if I could breathe properly, let alone if I was comfortable with all this.

As I waited for her to walk around the van, I suddenly felt a wave of panic about the fact that I was now strapped in tight in this stranger’s car, and I didn’t even know her name. *What if she was some sort of psychopath?* I thought to myself.

I began to panic and try to break free from my reins. It was no use. I was strapped in good.

She opened the driver’s side door a minute later and looked at me through the rear-view mirror. “Are you ready, Leo?” She asked.

“Uh-huh,” I replied, not sure what else I could say.

“What was that?” She asked. “Remember dear, I have an easier time understanding you when you address me properly,” she added.

“Yes, Mommy,” I added.

She started the van and drove out of the parking lot.

## LONG DRIVE

“*H*ow about some music, Leo?” ‘Mommy’ said to me after about fifteen minutes on the road.

“Sure,” I said from the back seat, still strapped in my harness / car seat. I had been lost in thought, trying to think through everything that had happened to us in the grocery store to put me in this woman’s back seat like this.

Children’s music suddenly blared from her van’s speakers. It was childish, obnoxious nursery rhymes!

*This is the way we wash our hands. Wash our hands.  
Wash our hands!*

“I hope you don’t mind, but all I’ve got in here is children’s music,” she said with a laugh.

I found it strange that anyone would listen to something so repetitive for pleasure, but I didn’t feel like I had any right to complain about it since she was driving.

Then, it occurred to me I hadn’t even asked ‘Mommy’ yet where she lived! I figured it couldn’t have been far since she was just grocery shopping. But I still had no idea where we were even going.

“Excuse me, but where do you live?” I asked her, shouting over the music.

“Oh, it’s not too far,” she answered. It wasn’t really an answer, but I didn’t know how to argue with her response.

I thought about pulling out my smartphone to look at where we were on a map. But the harness on the car seat was so tight, I couldn’t retrieve it from my pocket, no matter how hard I tried.

We stopped at a stoplight and I realized she was handing something to me. “Here you go, Little Leo!” She said, handing me a juice box she had already pierced with a straw.

“I’m okay,” I said.

“Oh, come on. You helped me do all that grocery shopping, I’m sure you’re thirsty!” She replied, still holding the juice box out for me.

I didn’t see any use in arguing with her, nor did I want to try and yell over the loud children music any longer, so I submitted and took the juice box. I took a sip and it was actually pretty tasty!

Then it hit me. I was sitting in a car seat, sipping a juice box and listening to nursery rhymes while ‘Mommy,’ drove!

Even though she had denied me the diapers I had so badly wanted, it was hard to say she wasn’t giving me the ‘baby’ experience I had secretly craved for quite some time.

It was different than I expected, and I was still a little worried about where we were going.

But I decided the best thing to do would be to sit back, sip my juice box, close my eyes and enjoy the ride.

I gently drifted into a light sleep.

\* \* \*

*I WAS STANDING in front of 'Mommy' in large, puffy diapers.*

*She was staring at me, laughing at me.*

*I felt a pain in my bladder—and an urge to release.*

*I started peeing and the diaper began swelling with my warm urine.*

\* \* \*

I WOKE up and realized I was dreaming. I was still strapped into 'Mommy's' back seat. I didn't know where we were or how long I had been out.

But what I did know is that I had to pee very, very bad.

I briefly remembered my dream and was grateful I didn't pee my pants already! After all, I was wearing a diaper in my dream, but not in real life!

"Uhhh... Uhhh... Miss?" I said, trying to remember her name. "I mean... Mommy?" I asked.

"Yes, Leo?"

"Are we almost to your house?" I asked her.

"Almost," she replied with a smile.

I wanted to demand she be more specific, but I got distracted trying to cross my legs to help with the pressure in my bladder. The harness wouldn't let me cross them! It felt like my urge to pee was getting worse every second.

I took a deep breath, squeezed my eyes shut, and tried to wait it out as the minutes continued to pass.

“How much further?” I spoke up again.

“Not much further, sweetie. Why, is something wrong?”

“I uh... have to go to the bathroom,” I told her.

“Number one or number two?” She replied.

“What?” I replied, taken off guard by the invasive question.

“Peepee or poopy, sweetie?” She asked me again.

My cheeks turned visibly red from her embarrassing question. I realized she thought I didn’t know what she meant by the terms ‘number one’ or ‘number two’. The truth was I couldn’t imagine why she would even ask!

“Uh... Pee!” I said.

“What’s that?” She asked.

“I have to go peepee, Mommy!” I practically shouted.

“Ah. Well I’m sorry dear, like I said, we’re almost home and I don’t want my groceries to melt. You’re just going to have to hold it,” she said back to me. “Don’t worry, we’re almost there.”

“Okay...” I replied. My bladder was killing me. I was hoping that meant her house was around the corner.

More minutes continued to pass. My urge to pee became more and more painful. I was beginning to curse this woman under my breath for taking so long.

I suddenly wanted to scream and whine and demand she pull over, but my fear of looking like a pathetic baby

throwing a tantrum kept me quiet. After all, what 18-year-old can't even hold their bladder for a short car ride?

I watched her turn the corner into what looked like an affluent suburb, and I noticed that the road in front of us was packed with steep speed bumps.

I cringed as she drove toward the speed bumps much faster than typical.

She hit the first speed bump—I gasped as I bounced and the belt squeezed against my bladder

Then the next one—a little pee squirted out of me, into my underwear.

And finally, a third speed bump...

I felt the floodgates open. I was helpless as my hot piss poured into my waiting underwear and jeans.

I wanted to clench my urethra, but at the same time, the pleasure of relief was so immense that I couldn't help but push harder on my bladder, pushing out my hot, yellow piss into my lap. It quickly dribbled down my thighs and legs and pooled under my butt in the car seat.

*Hissssss*—I knew she could hear the sound of my urine as I lost control. That, or the expression on my face—a mixture of bliss and shock—gave her a hint.

She turned the music down to listen closer before I had even finished emptying my bladder into my clothes.

“Uh oh. I know that sound!” She said.

She pulled the van over to the side of the road and turned her head to take a closer look. “Leo! What is going on? Are you peeing your pants?”

"I uh... I'm sorry, the speed bumps..." I stammered, my face turning bright red.

"You told me you weren't incontinent, young man. Had you told me, I wouldn't have put you in my car without a diaper on!" She scolded.

"I'm... I'm sorry... I swear this has never happened..." I stammered. It was true. I had fantasized about wetting my pants plenty in my life, but to actually do it on accident, to actually lose control in a stranger's car... it felt totally humiliating.

"Save it!" She snapped. "We'll talk about this when we get to my house."

I bowed my head and stared at my lap as my urine grew cold and the smell made me even more ashamed. She drove just a few blocks further down and pulled into the driveway of a very large, suburban home.

She got out of the van, walked around, and flung my door open. She grabbed my wrists and held my hands up as she felt my soaking lap with her fingers.

"Leo!" She scolded. "I can't believe this! It wasn't even a *small* accident—you totally soaked your pants... my car seat... you even got some on the floor! Pee-yew!" She said, holding her nose. "I'm going to have to get this car seat washed now!"

"I'm sorry!" I said, tears forming in my eyes. I really was!

She looked me up and down and shook her head as if I were naughty child.

"Leo," she said, "Look up at me when I'm talking to you," she scolded.

I lifted my head and stared back at her. I was still strapped in my car seat and sitting in my wet mess. I felt so helpless and small under her gaze.

“Did you pee your pants as part of your sick, sexual fetish?” She asked. The look on her face was a mixture of disgust, anger and disappointment.

“No, I didn’t!” I pleaded. I felt like I wanted to die. I wished I had never admitted my fetish to her.

“Hmmm...” she replied. “Well, for now, let’s get you out of that car seat so you can help carry groceries in. Then we’ll discuss what to do next,” she said in a stern tone.

She unlocked and unbuckled all the straps in my car seat as I bowed my head and stared at the wet patch on my pants in shame.

When I climbed out of the car and stood up, the cool air immediately stung my thighs through my pee-soaked jeans. She looked my wet patch up and down and shook her head.

Then she reached into my pocket and confiscated my phone. “Hey!” I shouted.

“Calm down,” she scolded. “You soaked this thing, along with your pants. I’d better hold onto it until your pants dry off, so it doesn’t break,” she explained as she wiped my phone on my shirt and slipped it into her purse.

I didn’t know how to argue with her, and I didn’t have much of a chance anyway before she opened her trunk and handed me a bag of groceries to carry.

As I carried her groceries up to her house (her stoop did have steps, but not nearly as many as she seemed to imply earlier), my urine-soaked jeans grew more and more

uncomfortable. I felt so ashamed for ever fantasizing about this.

She opened her front door and I obediently carried her groceries into her kitchen. She stood near the door and watched with her arms folded as I carried the rest of her groceries in over a few trips.

“This is what you fantasize about, isn’t it? Being incontinent and peeing yourself like a baby? Waiting for Mommy to change you?” She teased as I waddled with my wet, urine-soaked jeans.

I didn’t know what to say. It was true—I had fantasized about these things. But actually carrying them out was different than I had imagined. I guess I hadn’t realized what it would be like to truly lose control.

After I finished bringing everything in, I got a chance to take in the house’s interior. I couldn’t help but marvel at how beautiful the house was. It didn’t seem like she lived with anyone else, nor was anyone else around. From what I sensed, she both lived alone and was independently wealthy.

“Right there!” She scolded, interrupting my musing. She was pointing to a hard, wooden chair facing the corner. “You can sit right there and think about the filthy mess you made in my car,” she scolded.

I tried to wrap my head around what was happening. I mean, I was a free man. She didn’t have any right to force me into a ‘time-out.’ I could turn and walk out the door right now.

And yet, I didn’t really know where I was or how to get home. She had confiscated my phone. And I did feel like I

owed her some sort of apology for making a mess in her back seat.

And finally, perhaps the real reason, the one I didn't yet want to admit to myself, was that some part of me relished every bit of infantilizing attention this woman was heaping on me—no matter how humiliating or domineering she was.

I bowed my head and obediently sat down in the chair. I faced the corner and quietly waited for 'Mommy' to tell me what to do next.

## A NAUGHTY TIME-OUT

I heard something start ticking behind me. It sounded like a kitchen timer.

"If your butt leaves that chair for any reason before this timer goes off, I will give you the spanking of a lifetime and put you back in time-out for twice as long," she scolded.

I realized she had turned the timer away from me, so I couldn't see the amount of time she had set, just listen to it ticking.

"Okay," I grumbled in submission.

"What's that? Is that how you speak to adults, young man?" She shouted at me.

"No—I mean... Yes, Mommy," I replied in a sullen tone.

"Good," she said. Then I heard her put the groceries away in the kitchen, and when she was done with that, I heard her leave the room, leaving me alone to stare into the corner in silence.

The sound of the timer became deafening as it counted off the seconds to some unknown finish line. I tried to crane my head and see how much time was left, but it was no use. I sighed and thought through my options.

I could stand up right now and run out the front door of the house before she returns. I didn't have a phone, but I could walk to the nearest gas station and either get directions or use their phone.

But then again, I thought, my pants are still soaking wet, and I'd like to avoid walking around in public if possible. I couldn't bear to imagine the looks of strangers staring and gawking at me as I walked around with my pee-soaked crotch.

I could go try and look for my phone she had taken and use that to look up a way to get home. But I doubt she would be dumb enough to leave it somewhere where I could find it.

Maybe I could look around her house for one of her phones, I thought to myself. I craned my head to see if she had any landline phones on the counter or the wall of the kitchen. No luck.

I decided I should go look around in the other rooms, but then just as I was about to get to my feet, I paused.

Was it worth risking doubling my time-out if she catches me, let alone suffering a spanking? (I shuddered at the thought of having her spank me like a toddler). Especially when, for all I know, my time-out could be almost over.

*Maybe I should just stay put,* I thought to myself. After all, I bet she's just going to drive me home once she sees I'm obeying her rules. I mean, she seemed like a nice lady, right? Well, at times she's been nice, anyway. She probably just wants me to learn my lesson about peeing on her car seat.

I sat back in the chair, resigned to wait it out, and let my hands rest in my lap.

I felt the strange texture of my pee-soaked jeans. I began to slowly feel and rub my fingers along my wet mess. I slid my hands down my thighs to my knees, then back up to the crotch of my soaking wet underwear.

I closed my eyes and breathed in the strong, acrid scent of my golden mess. I imagined how my underwear were probably stained bright yellow. I felt so dirty... and strangely... turned on.

*I'm so stinky, I thought to myself. So filthy and messy. I'm such a naughty boy.*

As I stroked my crotch my cock sprang to life and grew harder and harder.

With little else to do to entertain myself, I began to massage my cock through my pee-soaked jeans. I continued squeezing my eyes shut as waves of horniness flowed to my cock and balls and my instinct for pleasure took over.

"I'm so dirty... I'm a dirty, dirty boy!" I began saying under my breath.

I pictured her. 'Mommy,' as she liked to be called. Standing over me. Wagging her finger at me. Laughing at me. Calling me pathetic.

Then taking her shirt off and revealing her gorgeous tits.

And holding me as I drank her milk.

"Mommy!" I muttered out loud as I slid my hand under the waist of my jeans. I began to vigorously stroke my hard cock.

"Young man!" She shouted from behind me.

I froze.

“Just what in good heavens do you think you’re doing?” She shouted again.

I turned to see Mommy in the doorway of the kitchen, watching me for how long, I don’t know. I yanked my hand out of my pants.

“Nothing!” I replied, my face suddenly beet red.

“Nothing? Nothing indeed,” she said as she walked over and stared down at me with her hands on her hips.

Just then, the bell to the kitchen timer rang out, indicating my ‘time-out’ was finished. “I can’t believe that I can’t leave you alone for even 15 minutes without you being so naughty!” She scolded.

*15 minutes?* I thought to myself. *It felt more like an hour.*

“I’m sorry—I didn’t do anything, Mommy!” I pleaded.

“Didn’t do anything?” She asked indignantly. She grabbed the hand I had stuck into my urine-soaked jeans and brought it to her nose. She took a big whiff.

“Like heck you didn’t do anything, Mister. Your hand reeks of your own urine,” she scolded.

She then reached down to my crotch and squeezed my erect penis through my jeans. “I know exactly what you were doing! In my kitchen? You should be very, very ashamed of yourself! You are one filthy little pervert, you know that? Masturbating in your own peepee?”

My face grew red and I felt waves of shame wash over me. She was right. I didn’t know what had possessed me to do such a thing right then and there.

“And I’m supposed to believe now that your little ‘accident’ in my car wasn’t motivated by your sexual perversion as

well?" She scolded.

"I'm so—sorry— "I stammered. "I promise it wasn't."

"Ah huh. Well I'll tell you what, Leo. Lying to me about diapers in the grocery store was strike one. Making a mess in my car was strike two. And I was going to drive you home as soon as this timer went off, but... *masturbating*?"

She made a face as though saying the word were enough to make her puke. "*Masturbating* in my kitchen? Masturbating in your urine-soaked undies? In the same room where I eat?" She scolded.

I couldn't believe this was happening. I didn't know how I could have been so stupid! I didn't know what was wrong with me!

"That's strike three," she concluded. "Because Leo, it's clear you have a very, very sick problem. Not just with your perverted desire to wear diapers, but with your infantile and perverted behavior in general."

I gave a small nod, and then began to cry. It was like she had pulled my most humiliating, deepest secret out of me and was now waving it over my head and shaming me ten times more than I ever thought possible.

"No, Leo, it looks like I won't be driving you home tonight, after all. You're going to have to spend some time making it up to me for the damage you've caused me before I let you go home," she declared.

I nodded my head in acceptance. I felt so guilty and ashamed.

"Now come with me," she demanded, then grabbed my wrist.

## PUT BACK INTO DIAPERS

I followed Mommy down the hallway and up the stairs. I wanted to ask where she was taking me, but I sensed the question wouldn't go over well.

She dragged me into a dark room and locked the door behind us. With only a small nightlight in the corner, I couldn't see what else was in the room. It seemed like a bedroom of some type.

"Undress," she commanded.

The idea of finally getting out of my soaking wet and stinky clothes was appealing. Part of me hoped this meant she was at least going to change me into dry clothes.

At the same time, I already felt helpless in front of this woman, and the thought of getting naked only made me more terrified and vulnerable.

I looked up at her with pleading eyes, as if to ask, 'Please, do I have to?'. Her scowl back at me gave the answer of, 'How dare you even think of disobeying me.'

With trembling hands, I slowly unbuttoned my wet pants and dropped them to the floor. Then I took off my shirt and dropped it next to them.

I looked back up at her, only to be met with the same disapproving look. "Is there a reason you've stopped?" She asked as if I were a moron.

"You want me to get... naked?" I asked in a trembling voice.

She reached forward and grabbed my soaking wet whitey-tighties. I could see now that they were stained bright yellow, just like I had imagined them while I was playing with myself downstairs. Except this time, I was humiliated instead of turned on.

"If you didn't want to take off your underwear, maybe you shouldn't have stained them bright yellow with your peepee!" She scolded. "And the correct response when I tell you to do something is, 'Yes, Mommy,' understood?" She barked. "Anymore back talk and I'll turn your bottom as red as that face with a spanking," she scolded.

"Yes, Mommy," I said as I obediently dropped my yellow underwear to the floor and stepped out of them.

I instinctively covered my penis and balls with my hands as I stood naked and shivering before her. She crossed her arms and looked me up and down. "Stop covering yourself. Hands up," she demanded.

I slowly raised my hands up, revealing my naked penis. She stared directly at my crotch, and to my horror, she began laughing hysterically.

She reached forward and began fondling and pinching my penis between her fingers, as if it were a play thing for her. "I figured your penis would be small, given your immaturity, but I didn't realize that you would be tiny!" She exclaimed.

I wanted to curl into a ball and die of humiliation. I didn't know why she was doing this to me, nor why I was still

choosing to be obedient under this treatment.

It seemed that, for better or for worse, I was now under her spell. I had no will to resist whatever punishment she sought to give me. That's because, deep down, I agreed with her that I deserved it.

I watched her pick up my soiled clothes and throw them into a trash can. I found this concerning, to say the least, but I figured that at least she would be giving me clean clothes. Or at least, that's what I hoped.

"Put your nose in the corner while I prepare your punishment," she said as she turned me around and walked me into the corner of the room.

I rested my head against the wall, closed my eyes, and prayed this would all be over soon. I had no idea what punishment she had in store for me.

I listened to her move some things around behind me. Then I felt her grab my wrist and wrap some sort of soft material around it. Like a strange bracelet.

I turned my head to look—

THWAP.

Her hand landed hard on my naked bottom, making me squeal.

"What did I say? Nose in corner!" She shouted.

"Yes, Mommy!" I obediently replied, the refrain becoming more and more ingrained in me.

I shoved my nose back into the corner of the room as I felt her wrap the same thing around my other wrist. I heard a 'click', then I felt her pull my wrists behind my back and clip them together.

I realized she had handcuffed me! I tried to pull my wrists apart with no luck. I sensed the soft hand cuffs seemed to be for medical purposes. They didn't pinch or injure me as I tried to pull my hands apart, yet they seemed unbreakably sturdy.

"Mommy, what are these!" I shouted in panic. I desperately wished to avoid disobeying, but I couldn't help but plead for some sort of explanation. This was all happening so fast.

I felt her put her hand on my naked bottom and my naked shoulder as she whispered in my ear. "Oh, Little Leo, when I babysit kids with major behavior problems, like you, they have to wear little cuffie's so I can keep their hands under control."

I could smell her perfume and her sweet breath as she spoke next to my face. I was absolutely terrified. She even reached around and fondled my balls and penis. I felt like she had complete and total control over me. "Don't worry, I'll unclip those hands as soon as I finish with your punishment," she added.

I was trembling as I continued standing in the corner, waiting for her to issue my punishment. I had no idea what it would entail. My mind was racing.

I then felt her pull something over my face—a blindfold, I realized as I tried to open my eyes, but could only see darkness. I felt her use several straps—two behind my head, one over my head, and one below my chin—to secure the blindfold to my face.

I then felt her pull me from the corner and guide me toward the middle of the room. Losing control of my hands and sight, while still remaining totally naked, was suddenly just too much for me to take. "Mommyyyyy..." I pleaded. "Please, I don't like this!"

“Of course you don’t, sweetie,” she said in a sing-song voice. “If little boys enjoyed their punishment, it wouldn’t be much punishment at all, would it?”

I sensed that she had sat down on a chair. She then pulled me forward and I realized I was bent over her knee.

“Please... Miss...” I shouted with tears in my eyes. I realized I hadn’t ever learned her real name. “I’m sorry! I don’t know what came over me earlier... this has all been a big mistake!”

“Shhhhh,” she said, stroking my naked butt. “I agree. I think you did make a big mistake by being so naughty, little Leo. But that’s okay, that’s why Mommy’s here.”

I flinched as I felt her gently tap my bare bottom with what I recognized to be a spanking paddle. “You’re a very naughty boy, little Leo. Mommy is just doing what she needs to do to help you learn how to behave,” she said.

SMACK. I yelped at the top of my lungs as the wooden paddle sent shockwaves of stinging pain throughout my buttocks and thighs.

I started kicking, flailing and squealing, all to no avail as she held me tight in her lap. I had fantasized about spankings before, but the reality of one was so much more painful and humiliating than I could have imagined.

SMACK. “Stop fussing!” She warned. “Otherwise I’ll double your spanking!”

The second spank stunned me into silence. I calmed down and stopped moving—partially out of submission, partially out of sheer terror.

SMACK. The third spank. I cried out in pain.

“Understood?” She asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

SMACK. I cried out again.

“Yes what?” She yelled.

“Yes, Mommy!” I shouted.

“Good,” she coo’d as she tapped the paddle against my already bright red hide.

“Good little baby. Now, when Mommy gives you a spanking, she also gives you a lesson on how to count, and how to mind your manners. So, after every spanking, you will say the number, and thank your Mommy,” she lectured.

I winced and tensed my whole body up. It occurred to me she hadn’t even started the ‘official’ spanking yet, nor did she tell me how many total spankings I could expect to receive. “Y-yes, M-mommy,” I stuttered.

SMACK.

I shrieked.

“O—O—One... Thank you, Mommy,” I belted out. It took all my strength to say the words she wanted to hear as my heinie burned under her wrathful blows.

SMACK.

“Two—Thank you Mommy...” I said under my breath.

“Too quiet, that one doesn’t count!” She shouted.

SMACK.

“TWO! THANK YOU, MOMMY!” I shouted. Tears were in my eyes. I was suddenly sobbing with powerlessness and humiliation and pain.

SMACK.

“Three! Thank you, Mommy!”

SMACK.

“Four! Thank you, Mommy!” My butt felt like it was on fire. I was regretting ever fantasizing about spanking in my life. I just wanted it to end.

SMACK.

“Five! Thank you, Mommy!” I screamed.

At this point I broke down and began sobbing. “Please Mommy, no more. No more! It hurts!” I said through my tears. “Please, Mommy, please!”

I felt her place her hand on my butt and began to massage it. I braced myself for another blow.

“Now, are you going to be a good boy for Mommy from now on?” She asked as she massaged my blistering bottom.

“Yes Mommy!” I shouted.

“Are you ever, ever, going to disobey me or be naughty again?” She asked.

“No Mommy! I’ll be good! I promise!”

“Aww, alright, there there, little baby. That’s it,” she said.

I felt her stand me up and turn me around. Then I felt her use a washcloth on my face to wipe away the snot and tears that had accumulated. I was a sobbing, inconsolable mess.

“My, my, just five little spankies and look at what a teary little baby you’ve become,” she teased. “I babysit toddlers that aren’t this fussy after one little spanking.” I felt embarrassed for being such a wuss.

I then felt her walk around and pull my blind fold off. Then she unclipped my hands from behind my back. The straps were still wrapped around my wrist.

“Can I go home now?” I asked, wiping my snot away on my hand. “Now that you’re finished with my punishment?” I hoped that she was finished making her point.

Instead, she stared at me, then let out a hysterical fit of laughter. “Oh, little Leo, that wasn’t the end of your punishment, that was the beginning,” she said with an evil grin.

“What do you mean?” I stammered. I just wanted to go home at this point more than anything.

“I mean I was serious about you not going home tonight. After all, I haven’t even changed you into your diaper yet,” she said.

“Wh-what?” I stammered again.

The room had been dark the whole time, but now she finally flipped on the lights. I shielded my eyes as the whole room lit up, and I could finally see where I was.

I realized I was standing in a nursery! But more than a nursery, an adult nursery!

There was a large diaper changing table, complete with all sorts of puffy white and colorful disposable diapers stacked beneath it. What I thought was a bed in the corner was actually a crib with bars so high they reached the ceiling.

Adult baby clothes, restraints, spanking paddles and all sorts of accessories filled the closet. And cartoons, tell-a-tubbies, and babyish prints covered all the walls and furniture.

“What is this place?” I asked her in shock.

“Oh, I told you I sometimes babysit incontinent boys your age. This the nursery I have for bigger boys like you,” she said as she started walking toward me. I started backing toward the door.

“And Leo, I figured that since you have such a perverted desire to be in diapers again, I should put you back in diapers and teach you what it *really* means to lose control. Maybe then you’ll be less likely to act out in such naughty ways,” she said with fire in her eyes.

Part of me recognized that I was standing in the nursery of my dreams. The one I had fantasized about ever since I was a child.

And yet, because I didn’t have a choice, because she was springing all of this on me as a real punishment, I felt mortified, trapped and scared. It felt like my dream had become a nightmare.

“No, please, no thanks. I really don’t want to,” I pleaded as I continued backing up toward the door of the nursery. I was still naked, my bottom was still sore, and I just wanted to get out of there.

She laughed again. “Leo, I wasn’t asking you, I was telling you. Now, come on over to the diaper change table so Mommy can change you into a diaper,” she said as she patted the table with her hand.

“Please don’t do this,” I begged as I backed up toward the nursery door.

She picked up a large, puffy white diaper off the shelf and approached me with it, crinkling it in her hands. “Aw, what’s wrong Leo? I thought you wanted to wear diapers? Isn’t that why you tried to buy them earlier?” She asked in a menacing tone.

I turned and tried to open the nursery door, but it wouldn't budge. She had locked me in.

"Why are you doing this?" I pleaded.

"Because, Leo, the only way for a pervert like you to learn the consequences of your naughty fantasies is to experience them. And guess what? You wanted to be put back in diapers by your Mommy and treated like a baby? Well that's what you're going to get," she said as she got closer and closer. "Maybe then you'll learn your little fantasies aren't so fun, after all," she added.

I was starting to regret ever walking into the diaper aisle to buy diapers for myself. I regretted ever fantasizing about diapers, let alone coming with this woman tonight and masturbating in my wet pants in her house. I felt so humiliated for all of my perverted desires.

"Please, please don't do this," I continued to beg, tears in my eyes.

"Shhhh, sorry Leo, Mommy is doing this for your own good," she said, then grabbed my wrist.

I tried to pull away, but she spun me around and planted a hard smack on my bare bottom, stunning me. "One more word out of you and I'll spank you ten times longer than the first time!" She scolded.

I froze. Her threat worked. I knew anything would be better than another spanking. I bowed my head and let her drag me over to the diaper changing station.

I was trembling in terror as she picked me up by the armpits and placed me on the table. I shivered as my bottom landed on the cool plastic.

She then put her hand on my forehead and guided me back so I was laying down on the table.

“Good boy, Leo. Who’s a good baby,” she coo’d. “Now, I know you like to play with your peepee, so let’s get those hands up so Mommy can change your diaper,” she said as she guided each of my hands up over my head.

I felt her clip the medical straps around my wrist to a bar at the top of the table, over my head. I squirmed and tried to wriggle my hands loose, but they wouldn’t budge.

She then buckled another strap across my chest. “We don’t want fussy little babies falling off their changing table,” she said with an evil grin. I realized she had tied me down tight on the diaper change table, and I was now hers to play with.

I began to panic and try to pull my arms free even harder. In response, she began tickling my stomach, causing me to uncontrollably squirm and giggle. “Stop, stop!” I begged as I wriggled and laughed.

She began laughing too. “Aww, see, diaper changes with Mommy can be fun, too,” she said with a grin.

I then watched her hold up the large, puffy adult diaper again and crinkle it in my face. “Oh yes, you can’t wait to be back in these crinkly, bulky, babyish diapers, where you’ll make all your peepees and poopos,” she said.

And while I was still terrified, all of the sudden, I realized she was right.

I couldn’t help but stare in aww at the adorable, plastic-y diaper she held in her hand that I had been dreaming about since childhood. I suddenly realized this was the closest I’d come to wearing an actual diaper... well... since my earliest memory.

All my panic and claustrophobia quickly gave way to excitement as I watched her unfold the diaper and slide it underneath my butt.

It felt heavenly. Even though she hadn't even folded the diaper up over my crotch yet, I quickly became intoxicated by just feeling its soft, crinkly plastic around my bottom. I could also sense my penis becoming rock hard.

"Aww, isn't that cute," Mommy said as she stroked my hard cock. "You got a boner for your diapers, don't you little boy," she said as she cupped my balls.

I gasped in pleasure. "Don't you?" She asked a little louder, giving my testicles a squeeze.

"Yes, Mommy!" I said, remembering my mandate.

"Yes, what?" She teased.

"I have a boner for my diapers, Mommy," I said in a babyish voice, instinctively regressing and submitting to her control.

She giggled, then snapped on a pair of latex gloves. I watched her pump an excessive amount of lotion into her palm, then she began to swiftly massage the lotion into my crotch, my thighs, and my butt cheeks.

As she massaged the cool lotion into my reddened bottom, the pain from the spanking dissipated, and was even replaced with the cool, pleasurable sensation of her touch.

She then worked the lotion into my butt crack, my balls and then up and down my shaft. I closed my eyes, put my head back, and found myself suddenly in ecstasy.

I had never had a sexual experience before, so having Mommy massage my balls and my stiff penis while I laid

back on the diaper changing table was an undeniably magical experience.

She seemed to know exactly what she was doing, tenderly squeezing and stroking my genitals in all the right places. As she performed her magic, the terrible spanking I had received before seemed to dissipate in the magic of her palms.

It was funny, I thought. If someone didn't have a diaper fetish before, after letting Mommy do this to them, they would certainly have one now!

I felt Mommy's hand pick up the pace as she stroked my shaft. It didn't take long for the familiar feeling of an orgasm from deep inside of me to begin to build. "Mommy! Mommy!" I moaned.

I felt it coming closer... and closer... and just as I was about to come...

*She pulled her hand away!*

"Yes?" She asked, as if nothing had happened. "Did you need something, little Leo?"

I helplessly looked up at her, then down at my unsatisfied cock still pointing straight into the air. "I uh... Can't you let me... uh... finish?" I begged.

She stared at me, then let out a huge laugh. She shook her head as if I were a naive child asking for a cookie before dinner.

"Sorry Leo, but if you're not old enough to use a toilet, you're certainly not old enough to be making naughty cummies," she lectured.

"But, but—" I begged. I didn't know what to say. I had never felt so horny in my life. It felt so humiliating that she

would bring me so close to the edge, then pull away like that.

“What’s that, little Leo? Maybe it’s not so fun to be in diapers anymore, is it? After all, little babies are too young to rub out their cummies,” she said with a sadistic grin.

I squirmed against my restraints on the diaper table, desperate to find some way to free a hand so I could reach down to my cock and bring myself to orgasm. But it was no use. And Mommy just stood back and laughed as I wriggled around and whined like a baby.

It didn’t take long for me to realize my mission was fruitless, and I put my head back down and sighed as Mommy continued her work of putting me in a diaper.

I heard Mommy open up a jar of Vaseline, then she lifted my legs straight up, as if changing the diaper of a toddler. I felt the palm of her hand land on my butt cheek, then I felt her digit trace my butt crack, then work its way toward my rosebud.

My eyes immediately went wide as her gloved finger began to massage my buttohole.

“What are you doing?” I asked, squirming from the sensation of her intrusive fingers.

“Aww, poor little Leo doesn’t like mommy touching his bum-bum?” She taunted as she continued tickling my buttohole. “Well too bad little Leo. When Mommy changes your diapers, she needs to check down here as well,” she said with a wink.

I felt her plunge her finger straight into my anus. I gasped. It was unlike anything I’d ever felt before. It was like I was taking a poop, but in reverse.

I clenched my butt cheeks to stop her intrusion, but she effortlessly pushed her finger deep down inside of me and wriggled it around. She pulled it back out, then pushed it right back in. I couldn't help but moan.

"I need to make sure my little Leo isn't backed up down here," she coo'd.

I continued helplessly moaning as she held my feet up and effortlessly fingered my hole, first using one finger, then two fingers to spread and stretch me out.

I had fantasized about diaper changes, but I had never thought that this might be an aspect of them. I felt so powerless as I looked up at Mommy standing over me, violating and 'inspecting' me.

While part of me felt like I had never wanted anything like this when I fantasized about diapers, the other part of me felt like this was suddenly more erotic and satisfying than anything else I ever could have dreamed of.

I closed my eyes and receded into a sort of daze as she did her work on me 'down there.' My cock, for its part, was still rock hard.

Soon I felt her withdraw her finger and I let out a sigh of relief.

I smelled baby powder, and I looked down to see her thoroughly sprinkling my crotch with the magic substance.

Then finally, the moment I had fantasized about for so long. Almost as if in slow motion, I looked down and watched Mommy pull the front of my big, puffy diaper, up, over my hard penis, and tape it closed.

She let my feet down and I realized it had finally happened.

I was wearing a diaper. A real diaper! It was puffy and big and tight and warm. It was everything I had dreamed of.

I stared up at Mommy as she unstrapped my midsection, then freed my wrists. I reached down with my hand and felt my soft, pillow-y diaper around my nether regions. It was magical. I felt so babyish and cute.

I then looked up at Mommy standing and smiling over me and I felt waves of adoration for her. She affectionately stroked my hair and I giggled. It seemed like all my fears and concerns about her and what I was doing here seemed to melt away as I regressed into a childlike bliss underneath her gaze.

As if on instinct, I brought my hand up to my mouth and began to suck my thumb—an act I had no conscious memory of ever doing before.

“Aww... Little baby,” she said. She then retrieved a large, adult size pacifier from a nearby drawer, pulled my thumb from my mouth, and inserted the giant dummy.

I intuitively began to suck the dummy and smile. I was in heaven.

I felt Mommy help me sit up, then help me climb off the diaper change table.

The diaper felt incredible between my legs. It was thick, and crinkly, and puffy and soft and warm. It was like it was everything I had ever dreamed of and more. I was in heaven.

The diaper prevented me from closing my legs, it was so large, and I had to waddle over to the full-length mirror in the corner of my room. I looked at myself and was in awe at the transformation.

Here I was, up until tonight a full-grown adult, staring into the mirror, only to see a big, naked baby with his binky and diaper staring back. I immediately went flush in the face, then looked up at Mommy standing over me.

"I look like a baby, Mommy," I said through my dummy.

"Yes, you do," she said back. "You're my little baby."

I wrapped my arms around Mommy, and she gave me a big hug. I felt so warm and soft inside.

"Alright little one, it's long past your bedtime, let's get you dressed for bed," she coo'd.

I watched her go to the closet and come back with what looked to be an adult sized, footed onesie. I couldn't help but appreciate how adorable it was.

She held it open, and as I stepped in and put my hand through the arms, I realized that there were puffy mittens attached to the end of the arms. I realized they prevented any use of my hands.

I then realized the zipper was in the back, and I felt her zipping me up, and heard a 'click' at the top near my collar.

"What was that?" I asked, lisping through my dummy, suddenly trying to reach the zipper behind my back.

"Oh, this is a special onesie for special needs boys like you who can't keep their hands out of the diapers. It locks at the top to make sure we don't have any yucky touchies down there in the night," she coo'd.

I immediately felt my anxiety returning as I realized that she had locked me in my diaper. Although the onesie was super soft and comfortable, I realized I wouldn't be able to take it off even if I wanted to.

Mommy then lead me over to the large crib, and as I climbed onto the bed, I saw her use restraints similar to the ones on the diaper change table to cuff my ankles to short straps at the end of the crib.

I spit my dummy out. "What are you doing?" I asked, suddenly feeling unsure about all this again.

"Aww, sorry little Leo, but Mommy needs to make sure you're strapped in to make sure you don't hurt yourself trying to get out of your crib," she said.

She then swiftly grabbed my wrists and strapped them in the same fashion. I immediately began to move my arms and legs and realized how limited my mobility was.

"Wait, please don't do this," I begged. "You don't have to strap me in. I'll be good," I pleaded.

Mommy just looked down at me and stroked my hair. "Aww, little Leo's being fussy. Don't worry, Mommy will get you some milk to help you calm down," she said.

Before I could respond, I watched her leave the room.

I took a deep breath and took stock of what was happening. I brought my legs together and delighted in the puffy diaper still between my legs. And the soft onesie did feel comfortable.

At the same time, I couldn't help but start to freak out at how trapped I was in this crib. I began to frantically kick and move my arms, but it was no use. The straps were industrial quality. She seemed to be very experienced in 'subduing' highly resistant 'little ones' under her care.

I began to shriek and kick and panic and cry. "Let me out!" I screamed. "Please, please, let me out!" I felt totally trapped and helpless.

Mommy came back into the room with a large baby bottle full of milk in her hands. "Please! Please let me out! I don't want to spend the night!" I shrieked and cried.

"Aww... fussy little baby... there, there," she said as she grabbed the back of my head and pushed the large nipple into my mouth. "This will help you calm down."

"I'm not thirsty!" I tried to shout as she held the bottle of milk up to my lips. I couldn't help but squeeze the nipple of the bottle with my tongue, and as I did, the warm milk began to rapidly flow into my mouth.

I swallowed the milk, and in the process, my tongue compressed the nipple again, forcing more to pour into my mouth. I realized the bottle was designed for fussy 'little ones' like me.

I tried to spit the milk out instead of swallowing it, but having the milk dribble out onto my chin and up my nose almost felt worse and even more babyish.

"Come on little Leo, drink your milky-wilky," she coo'd. "It'll help you relax and go peepee and poopoo in your diapers," she coo'd as she patted my diapered crotch.

I felt humiliated and helpless, but eventually resigned to just drink the milk as she intended. By time the bottle was half way done, I had indeed started to relax. I realized the milk didn't taste half bad after all.

Finally, when the bottle of milk was finished, she pulled it out and put the pacifier I had spit out back into my mouth.

Before I could protest, she strapped it around my head, preventing me from removing it this time. I pleaded and moaned as Mommy sat above me, stroking my hair. I realized my pacifier had become a pacifier-gag.

“There, there, little baby,” she coo’d. “Just remember. I’m just giving you exactly what you wanted. You wanted to wear diapers again. You wanted to be treated like a baby again. Well maybe you’re learning your lesson. Maybe you’ll be more careful what you wish for in the future,” she said with a wink.

She finally stood up, lifted the rails of the crib, turned off the lights, and locked the door behind her.

I flailed one last time against my restraints, before realizing it was useless. I was locked in my crib for the night, whether I wanted to be or not.

I rolled over as much as my restraints would allow and tried to go to sleep. *I guess she had a point*, I thought to myself. *This **was** my fantasy.*

## MY NIGHT IN THE CRIB

As I laid awake in my crib, tossing and turning in the confines of my restrictive onesie and bound wrists and ankles, I lost track of time. The nursery was dark and there weren't any clocks. I figured it had been at least a couple of hours.

As much as I tried to will myself to go to sleep, everything just felt too strange. I was in this strange woman's crib, wearing a diaper, locked in and tied down. And as much as I had fantasized about diapers in my life, especially when going to sleep, it was such a unique feeling to actually wear one, my mind couldn't relax.

On top of all this, I was beginning to desperately need to pee. The large bottle of milk 'Mommy' had forced me to drink had made its way to my bladder quicker than I thought it would, and it felt like every second my bladder was getting fuller.

I brought my knees together and admittedly still enjoyed the sensation of the crinkly diaper against my crotch. I had been fantasizing about peeing in a diaper for as long as I could remember, and I realized the time had come for that to happen.

But now that I didn't have a choice in the matter—that I *had* to pee in my diaper to get relief—the reality of the act was much harder than I had ever anticipated.

*Would the diaper hold it all? What would it feel like to wear a wet diaper? Will I be more comfortable or less comfortable after I go?* These were the questions racing through my mind as I tossed and turned in my crib.

I thought about shouting for 'Mommy', but I knew she would only laugh at my request to use a bathroom. I realized she probably made me drink all that milk for the express purpose of forcing me into this conundrum.

*Would she humiliate me further when she found me sleeping in a wet diaper in the morning?*

My bladder twinged again, and I decided that anything would be better than this pain. I tried to relax and finally do it. Finally go pee in my diaper.

I gave a subtle push on my bladder, but nothing came out. I suddenly realized it wasn't so easy to ignore my years of potty-training.

I tried pushing a little harder, and to my surprise, I let out a loud fart. To my embarrassment, it even felt a little wet. I wondered if I would be teased for that, too.

I tried pushing again, even grunting out loud, but I couldn't do it! My bladder wouldn't release my pee into my diaper! I cursed myself that I had lost control earlier in the car and humiliated myself, but now that I was *trying* to pee in my pants, I couldn't do it.

I wanted to cry, but I took a deep breath and realized I needed to figure out how to relax. I also thought about how gravity was working against me in my laying down position.

With the little room the straps on my limbs afforded me, I sat up as much as possible. I closed my eyes and tried again to focus on 'letting go.'

I took deep breaths, and tried to focus on waterfalls, and rain showers, and even sitting on the toilet.

It felt like it was taking forever, but finally... it happened.

*Hiss.* I felt the first pee spray out of my penis, splash against my diaper, and immediately drip back down around my shaft and gather around my balls.

The stream then stopped, probably as my instinct kicked in and took me out of my relaxed headspace that I had worked so hard to get into.

I took a breath and relaxed again.

I heard the 'hiss' again—this time louder. And to my relief, I felt the floodgates open.

I moaned through the pacifier strapped in my mouth as I felt the sweet relief of my bladder expelling a strong stream of warm urine into my diaper.

I took another breath and kept going. Despite my awkward position, it felt so good to pee into my diaper. I could feel my diaper absorb my hot piss and grow soggy and bulky between my legs as I kept pushing and pushing more of my urine into its thirsty, plastic-y folds.

As the pee accumulated in the base of my diaper, I carefully gyrated my hips so as to evenly disperse the puddle of urine toward the unused back side. I was conscious that if the diaper leaked, it would make my night that much more uncomfortable.

I was practically moaning with orgasmic relief as I peed more and more into my hot, overflowing, soggy diaper. With

nothing else to do as I lay strapped in my crib, I focused all of my effort completely into emptying my bladder into the soggy diaper between my legs. It felt incredible.

By time I was finally finished with my epic pee, the diaper I was in was utterly saturated.

I let my hips drop down onto my crib's mattress again and I felt the soggy diaper immediately leak out urine into my sleeper from the pressure.

My balls and shaft felt warm and wet in the confines of the saturated diaper, and I couldn't help but start to wriggle, enjoying the sensation of the wet diaper pressing against my cock and balls as it leaked my smelly pee into my fluffy onesie.

"Dirty boy," I muttered to myself through my binky as I continued gyrating my hips. Now that my bladder was relieved, my cock began to get harder and harder, and soon it was forming a tent in my warm and leaky diaper.

I desperately tried to reach my crotch with my hand so that I could massage my throbbing cock. But I realized Mommy had strapped me in deliberately enough to make that impossible.

I began to gyrate my hips faster and faster—practically humping the air. My soggy wet diaper swung backward and forward and made loud squishy noises as I desperately sought to stimulate my rock-hard penis by any means possible.

I grew more and more frustrated as my desire to simply be able to reach down and masturbate as I had done so many times before in my life continued to be out of reach. I felt like I would have given anything just to have a proper orgasm in my wet diaper!

I began moaning and whining through my pacifier. "Mommy! Mommy!" I cried out to no response.

Finally, I collapsed back down and my crib and realized it was hopeless. My pee-soaked diaper began to get cold, and my horniness was replaced with regret and shame. I felt so pathetic, laying strapped in a crib and wearing a urine soaked diaper.

Maybe Mommy was right after all, I thought to myself. Maybe I'm learning my lesson about my naughty desires after all.

I curled into a ball and soon fell asleep, praying that I would finally be released from this humiliation in the morning.

## MORNING

“Good morning sweet pea. Uh oh, you really soaked these diapers, didn’t you!” Those were the words I heard her say as I opened my eyes to the morning sunlight.

I realized Mommy was fondling my soaked crotch through my sleeper. My diaper, still soaking wet from last night, was now cold and clammy as I felt her squeeze it and massage it against my privates.

“Oh, pee-yew!” She teased. “You really made a big stinky mess in your diapers, didn’t you? Didn’t you?” She said as she tickled my belly. I let out an involuntary laugh as I squirmed beneath her fingers.

She stopped and looked me in the eyes. “Now Leo, do you need Mommy to change your peepee diaper?” She asked.

“Yeth, Mommy,” I replied through my pacifier. I knew it was what she wanted to hear.

“How come?” She asked.

“Because I went peepee in my diapers,” I said.

“Yes, you did. You made a big, stinky, peepee mess for Mommy to clean up, didn’t you?” She asked again.

“Yeth, Mommy,” I replied, my cheeks growing rosy from her line of questioning.

“Did you enjoy going peepee in your diapers, Leo? Did you enjoy sleeping in your stinky peepee mess?” She asked as she continued squeezing and fondling my soaking wet diaper.

I didn’t know how to respond. Firstly, because I didn’t know what the answer she wanted to hear was.

And secondly, well because... it was complicated. I flashed back to how horny I was and how exciting and erotic it was to pee in my diapers. It felt so good to release my yellow pee into my thirsty, white diapers.

At the same time, actually being forced to sleep in a wet diaper all night was harder than I thought. And it felt really humiliating to be lying in a wet diaper as my ‘Mommy’ inspected it and teased me while I continued laying in my crib.

“I don’t know,” I replied through my pacifier.

Mommy smiled and just continued fondling my diaper. And then, to my embarrassment, my penis began to grow hard again. I knew that Mommy felt it as she smushed my diaper against my crotch.

“Uh oh,” she teased with an evil smile. “It looks like you don’t know, but your hard little peepee does!” She teased. “Yes, you enjoy sleeping in your soaking wet diapers, don’t you little boy,” she said as she continued to tease me.

I felt both immensely humiliated to have my erection summoned and controlled in this way, and yet I was also starting to get hornier and hornier as she continued to massage me. I remembered how desperate I was for exactly this last night.

“Ohhh... Mommy,” I moaned, gyrating my hips against her hand.

Smack! I felt Mommy pull her hand away and give my soaking diaper bottom a little spank. I stared at her with pleading eyes as she ceased her stimulation.

“Sorry, Little boy, you’re not getting changed out of this diaper yet. It’s important you learn what it really means to be a baby in diapers again. It means sitting in your mess until Mommy decides to change you. Understood?” She said, staring down at me.

“Yeth, Mommy,” I replied, unbelievably horny and wounded that she would tease me again in this fashion. I wanted an orgasm more than I had ever wanted one in my life.

But at least, I realized, she was undoing the straps that we’re holding me to the bed. Then, to my relief, she helped me to my feet and out of my crib.

As I stood up, my diaper sagged practically to my knees. I realized that if I wasn’t still zipped up in my sleeper, my diaper probably would have fallen off.

I looked into the mirror, and while I desperately wanted a diaper change, I had to admit, I thought I looked really cute in my onesie.

I reached down with my mittened hand and pulled the wet diaper against my crotch and still hard penis. I couldn’t help but smile at how good it felt to stimulate myself even through my padding like this.

“Uh oh,” Mommy said as she pulled my hands away. “It looks like I just can’t use enough protection with you to keep those naughty hands away from your icky peepee in your icky diaper,” she said.

Before I knew what was happening, I felt Mommy wrap my hands in a new set of medical restraints and then clip them to a set of metal loops woven into the front of my onesie. I realized that my mittened hands were now tied to my midsection, making it impossible to even rub my crotch through my sleeper as I had done just a second ago!

“Mommy!” I whined. I felt like she was torturing me by denying me the orgasm I was so desperate for.

Mommy gave my butt a pat and just laughed. “Aww, what’s wrong my little whiney baby? You don’t want to be in diapers anymore now that Mommy won’t let you play with your naughty little peepee?” She teased.

My face went red as I realized how much control she had over me. She then got down on her knee and looked me in the eye as she held my soaking diaper against my bottom with her hand.

“Don’t worry little Leo, if you’re extra, extra good, and do whatever Mommy tells you to do without fussing or whining once, Mommy will let you play with you little willy,” she said with a wink.

I suddenly felt tremendously horny and hopeful that I would finally get the orgasm that had been building since last night. I nodded my head.

“Now let’s go get you some breakfast,” she said. “But before we go downstairs, I need to know you won’t be running away or getting hurt outside of Mommy’s supervision,” she explained.

I didn’t understand what she was talking about until I watched her pull a strange harness out of the closet. As she wrapped it around my torso, I saw that there was a leash

attached to it! I realized she was putting me on a leash! I was mortified.

I whined through my pacifier again as I felt her buckle the straps of the harness around my back and then below my legs. As she tightened the harness between my legs, I felt the cold and soggy diaper press up against my groin, making me gasp.

“Alright, little one. Let’s go downstairs,” she said as she put her hand over my shoulder and guided me out of the nursery.

As I waddled with Mommy into the hallway and down the stairs, I was mortified as I felt the harness and leash clutching me, strapping me into my humiliating diaper even tighter than last night.

Even worse, my still sagging diaper was beginning to sting my thighs, forcing me to walk bow legged like a toddler.

“Aww, look at you walking with Mommy just like a little baby,” she teased as she continued patting my soaking wet bottom. I felt even more babyish and small and helpless than ever before.

\* \* \*

WHEN WE GOT to the kitchen, I looked up and gasped.

To my shock, there was a young, brunette haired woman, probably in her early 20s, sitting at the breakfast table. She was drop-dead gorgeous. One of the hottest women I’d ever seen. And here I was, standing in a soaking wet diaper, a wet onesie, and a harness right in front of her.

“Aww, there’s the little guy!” The woman exclaimed, looking me up and down.

The humiliation of someone so attractive seeing me like this hit me like a brick.

My face immediately burned bright red and I felt the overwhelming instinct to run. I turned and made a break for it, only to feel the leash Mommy was holding yank me backwards. I fell hard on my wet, diapered bottom.

"Leo!" Mommy shouted as she walked over to me. I stared up at her with rosy red cheeks. "You know better than to run away from Mommy like that! You'll get hurt!"

I looked over at the gorgeous young woman as she approached and patted my head as I sat in my wet diaper on the ground. "Uh oh! Looks like the little guy had a fall!" She said in a sweet voice.

Suddenly, overwhelmed by how embarrassing my situation was and how helpless I felt, combined with the pain of falling on my bottom, I began to helplessly cry.

"Aww, there, there little Leo," Mommy said as she patted my head. "Come on, let's get you in your high chair for breakfast."

To my surprise, Mommy picked me up and carried me over to a high chair in the kitchen. I was too overwhelmed with tears to try and piece together who this woman was or what was going on.

I felt Mommy place me in the high chair, strap my torso to the back of the chair, and strap my feet to the legs of the chair. I saw some restraints for my wrists, but I realized they weren't necessary, given that Mommy had already strapped my hands together to my onesie's mid-section.

"I can see why you still have him leashed, now," I heard the young woman say.

I looked over and saw the young woman sit back down at the table. She had a pile of paperwork in front of her and her suitcase looked official—like she worked for the government.

“Yeah, finding the right level of mobility restraint has been a bit of a struggle, but I found that if I don’t keep his hands bound and keep him on a leash, he only risks hurting himself even worse,” I heard Mommy explain to the woman.

“Yeah, cases like Leo’s can be very difficult for caretakers like you. My heart goes out to you,” the woman replied.

My head was spinning as I tried to figure out what was going on between them. But I could barely focus on that before I heard Mommy open up a can of mushy baby food, take my pacifier out, and suddenly start spooning the mushy food into my mouth.

I gagged and spit the food out onto my onesie. “Aww, he’s a messy eater, too?” The woman chimed in.

I realized that without my pacifier gag in my mouth, I had a chance to explain to this stranger that I was being held hostage.

Yet something stopped me from speaking. I didn’t know where to begin. And my wet diaper made me feel so helpless and infantile before her. Let alone that I had just spilled food down my chin. I didn’t know how she could possibly believe me in this state.

I hesitated, and before I could get out a word of protest, I felt Mommy plug my nose and shove another spoon full of mush into my mouth. This time I chose to swallow it, rather than humiliate myself further by letting it fall out of my mouth.

"I think he's just shy around pretty ladies like you. He's usually not this difficult," Mommy explained. The woman giggled.

Before I could try and protest again, Mommy shoved another spoonful into my mouth. The food was sweet, and I was pretty hungry. But being force fed in this fashion felt really humiliating, especially in front of this hot stranger.

I badly wanted to try and protest to this woman, especially since she looked like a government official of some type, but I couldn't get out a word out due to Mommy skillfully and constantly pushing more and more food into my mouth.

"Sorry, I've found that his feedings go by better if I go fast enough so that he doesn't have a chance to get worked up or fussy," she said to the woman.

"Aww, I understand, he does look like a handful. And you said you've been caring for him for... three and a half months now?" The woman asked 'Mommy.'

"That's right. At first his parents hired me, and then as I stepped in as his full-time caretaker, they decided they would be fine transferring custody," she explained matter-of-factly. "Now that he's eighteen, it doesn't look like I need their permission anymore anyway to do what's best for little Leo, here."

My head continued to spin. I had no idea what was going on. *Three months?* I thought to myself. *I met this woman last night. And what did she just say about **custody**?*

But I had no chance to ask questions as Mommy kept forcing food into my mouth with humiliating consistency.

"Well, all the paperwork's in order. As you know, approval for the custody transfer and financial assistance requires a

social worker like me to do a site visit and confirm the details first-hand,” the young woman said.

“Of course, of course!” Mommy replied. “Let me know about anything you need or want to see. Maybe you can even make yourself useful and help me change Leo’s diaper after breakfast,” Mommy replied.

“Normally I would decline, but seeing how much of a handful he is for you, it’s the least I could do,” the young woman said in a kind tone.

I was mortified. *This woman appeared to be here in some official capacity. And now ‘Mommy’ said she was going to let her help change my diaper? What was going on?*

“Stop! Mommy, stop!” I squealed. Both because of what the woman was saying, and both because I was starting to get very, very full as Mommy continued shoving goopy food into my tummy.

“So, he does only call you ‘Mommy’?” The woman asked.

“Yeah, I tried to teach him my real name, but it seems that ‘Mommy’ is the only thing he could remember,” ‘Mommy’ told the woman.

“That’s good to know. Yes, that’s really strong evidence of chronic developmental regressive behavior,” she replied as she wrote something down in her notes.

I tried to understand what my ‘Mommy’ was telling this woman and I felt so helpless and out of control. Not to mention ‘Mommy’ kept forcing food into my mouth. I just wanted it all to stop.

I suddenly felt like the only thing I could do was start kicking and screaming against my restraints in my high

chair like a baby having a tantrum in hopes of getting to speak.

But instead, Mommy just kept shoving food into my mouth even faster as she let out a loud sigh. “So fussy this morning!” She complained.

“Here, I’ll help,” The attractive woman said, getting out of her seat and coming over. To my horror, the attractive woman began massaging my belly, then my diaper through my onesie.

“There, there, little Leo, calm down. Be a good boy and eat your breakfast for your Mommy,” the attractive case worker coo’d in my ear.

I was mortified, yet stunned into silence by sheer embarrassment that this woman basically thought I was just throwing a tantrum over breakfast.

I continued swallowing more and more goop, feeling more and more full. My tummy let out a loud gurgle.

“Aww, sounds like someone’s gotta make a poopy soon,” Mommy said with an evil grin.

The attractive woman just laughed as I grimaced and squirmed. I felt like I wanted to die—mostly because I knew ‘Mommy’ was right! The more I ate, the more my bowels began to rumble and roar.

The sensation of needing to go ‘number two’ snuck up on me so quickly, I realized ‘Mommy’ had probably put laxatives in my food. It didn’t help that the babyish goop she was feeding me was so thick and likely full of fiber.

Finally, Mommy put the spoon down, indicating that I was hopefully done eating this torturous breakfast.

As Mommy went over to the sink, I let out a loud belch and felt some spit-up come out of my mouth and fall down my chin. The attractive woman just laughed at my infantile burp, instantly filling me with embarrassment.

I instinctively tried to reach up and wipe away my spit-up on my chin, but my hands were still bound, making me feel even more helpless and humiliated in front of her.

I looked at the woman and thought about how much I wanted to plead for her help—explain to her that my ‘Mommy’ was crazy and had me in a diaper against my will.

But the fact that the woman was laughing at me spitting up on myself as I wriggled around in my wet diaper in my high chair made it feel impossible. I couldn’t think of any possible explanation that would make me seem like a competent adult under the circumstances.

Mommy came back, and before I knew what was happening, she was grabbing my face and scrubbing my chin with a washcloth. “Such a messy little one for our company today,” she said, making me feel even more humiliated.

She then crammed an even larger pacifier than before into my mouth. I tried to protest, but I realized this larger pacifier gagged me even more than the previous one, preventing me from forming any discernible words. All I could say was, “Mmmmmmmm hhhh gggg mmmm,” making me feel even more helpless and small.

“Sorry, you’re welcome to try and talk to him if you want before I tie up his paci. It’s just that his paci calms him down between breakfast and his morning poopies,” Mommy said.

“Oh, no worries, I’m happy to wait until after your little one’s poopy diaper change. I know how important a BM schedule can be for a fussy case like his,” she said as she patted my head.

Again, I was stunned by how little I knew what was going on. Further, it was so humiliating to be talked about like an infant like this. Let alone listening to them discuss my... poopy diapers. *‘Mommy’ didn’t really expect me to... poop in my diapers... did she?* I thought to myself as Mommy unstrapped me and helped me down from my high chair.

Almost in response to my question, I felt my stomach gurgle loudly again. I realized I had to ‘go’. And bad. “You weren’t kidding about his morning poopies,” the attractive woman joked.

Mommy patted my butt. “Oh yes, right on schedule,” she said. “Why don’t I put him in the living room to play while we finish talking.”

I felt Mommy push me forward as she followed with my leash still in her grasp. I felt myself walking even more bow legged than before as I now struggled to hold in cramps that were worsening by the second.

I suddenly felt the urge to run to the toilet in the other room so I could defecate, but I knew I’d have a better chance getting to the moon than escaping Mommy’s combination of leash and locking onesie at the moment.

As we walked into the living room, the cramps in my tummy continued to worsen, practically making me bend forward and moan.

I knew I was going to have to poop in my diaper. Mommy continued pushing me forward and it felt like with every step I was about to explode into my already saturated

diaper. I couldn't bear to poop my diaper right in front of this gorgeous woman. I was determined to hold it until at least I was out of her sight.

I had fantasized about doing such a thing before when it came to diapers, but to actually have to 'go' like this and not have any choice in the matter was unlike anything I could have imagined. I felt utterly humiliated and helpless.

We got to the living room and I immediately fell to my knees on the pre-school style play-place carpet.

Mommy bent down and looked me in the eyes. "Alright, little Leo, if you can be a good boy and stop rubbing your peepees through your diapee's, I'll unfasten your hands," she said to me.

I looked up at her and nodded obediently. At this point my face was red and sweaty and it was taking all I had just to not poop my pants in front of these women.

I felt Mommy unclip by mitten-covered hands and I immediately fell onto all fours on the carpet while Mommy and the attractive woman sat down on the couch and watched me.

"I hate having to restrain his hands like that but... well, you know," I heard Mommy say to the official woman.

"Yes, I read your report. Thank you for disclosing his compulsive masturbation. I know these cases can be very taxing for caretakers like yourself, so my heart goes out to you. But I'm glad you mentioned it though, because with that detail it should secure his case in terms of his psychological assessment. It will also help expedite the custody transfer process and help secure your long-term financial assistance. Especially if I find evidence of such behavior on-site," the woman replied.

The part of me that was paying attention to their conversation was starting to put the pieces together. It seemed that 'Mommy' was trying to get this federal aid worker to put me legally under her full-time care!

But I could barely think about that given the immense pressure I felt in my churning bowels. I looked over at the beautiful young woman staring down at me in a mixture of pity and disgust.

I leapt to my feet and decided to try and run away again, only to have Mommy snag my leash and drop me back onto my soggy bottom once again. I groaned from the added pressure on my bowels.

"Leo!" She scolded as she helped me up and walked me over toward the couch. "I'm so sorry about this, I'm just gonna have to keep him on a shorter leash while you're here so he doesn't keep hurting himself," she explained to the case worker.

I realized I was now being forced to stand right in front of both women as they sat on the couch. "He's probably just shy about doing his poopies in front of you," Mommy explained to her.

The case worker just laughed. "Oh, it's no problem. Actually, part of my duties while visiting here is to record visual evidence of impairment, so seeing him actually have a bowel movement in his diaper will probably be very helpful in securing your case," she explained.

I squatted and turned away in shame. Then I started peeing to ease some of the pressure in my abdomen. I felt the pee hit my saturated diaper and start spilling down the leg of my onesie. I couldn't do anything to stop it, as once the stream started, I was in no position to try and hold it back.

I felt Mommy grab the loose material around the leg of my onesie and let out a loud tsk. "Oh no, I can't believe you're leaking already, I just changed you into this diaper," Mommy said out loud.

"Aww, poor little guy," the case worker said.

"Ugh, I hate to see my little guy in this state, but I just can't justify changing his diaper right now when we both know he's about to perform a heavy-duty soiling. I know you probably think this is terrible, but I just... have to be strategic about his diapers sometimes," Mommy explained to the woman.

"Oh no, Miss, please don't feel ashamed. I'm the one who's here to help with exactly that. I want to help you get the custody you need over Leo so you can get the financial aid you need for his diapers and supplies," the woman explained.

"God, you are such an angel. He really is such a heavy wetter. He's always leaking in his diapers, and being able to afford thicker diapers would make the biggest difference," Mommy explained.

"I'm sure, I'm sure. And this is all really good for me to know, I'm writing this down. 'Heavy... wetter... very leaky diapers.' And would you say that's true about his poopy diapers, too? That his poopy diapers are so messy that his current diapers aren't sufficient?" The woman asked Mommy in a matter of fact tone.

I was mortified by the question, and as I turned to look at the woman in shock, I let out a huge fart. My face immediately went red as both women laughed hysterically.

"I'm sorry, I know this isn't a laughing matter," the young woman said.

“Oh no, it’s no problem, dear. I mean, he is pretty cute sometimes when he’s about to do his potties. But in answer to your question... well, I think you’re about to find out,” Mommy replied.

That was when I lost the struggle, and my body took over as I squatted and pushed as hard as I could into my diaper.

At first, I felt a sense of relief as I pushed out my first log into the seat of my wet diaper. But it didn’t take long for that first successful poop to smear into my diaper’s backside due to the harness holding the diaper up tight between my legs.

I grunted loudly and pushed even harder, causing the poopy mess to smear between my legs and up the back of my diaper. I took a deep breath, then pushed again, my body determined to find relief.

“Ugggnnnngggg,” I moaned into my pacifier as I squeezed my eyes shut and continued to potty in my diaper. I was mortified by the warm mush that was pressing against my backside, but the momentum of my evacuation kept me taking deep breaths and pushing more and more.

My bladder soon began to release as well, letting out a flow of urine I didn’t realize I was still holding onto into my saturated diaper and down both of my legs.

And when I was finished emptying my bladder and pushing out my first movement, I was hit with a second wave of urgency and I felt myself pushing out an immense amount of additional brown, liquid mush into my already saturated and filled up diaper.

The farts of my bowel movement and hiss of my urine were so loud I could hear them over my grunting. And the

combination of warm waste on my backside and cold urine on my front side made me feel totally disgusting.

When I finally felt the relief of emptying myself completely, I took a huge breath and looked up. My relief turned to horror as I looked into the eyes of my 'Mommy' and the case worker. They were both laughing and holding their nose.

Even though my waste was pushed so tightly against my sealed diaper, the smell still clearly managed to permeate the whole room, and I was immediately also mortified by my own stench.

"Pee-yew!" Mommy laughed as she waved her hand in front of her nose. "I am so sorry about this!" She said to the case worker as she walked over to me.

The case worker, for her part, was holding her nose and staring at me with a mixture of disgust and pity. My cheeks burned bright red with shame as I felt the full weight of what I had just done.

I felt Mommy's hand land on my bum and smear my poopy mess into my bottom. "Oh boy, someone's made their poopy's alright," my Mommy said. "I really am sorry about the stench. You can wait outside if you'd like while I change him," Mommy said.

"No, no," the case worker replied. "This is all evidence that you need much bigger diapers for his messes. It's probably for the best that I witnessed this for my notes," she said as she pinched her nose and continued writing her notes. "Why don't I come upstairs and help with his diaper change as well," she said.

"Oh no, I couldn't possibly ask you to do that," Mommy said. "I was just joking earlier. I mean, this is one, very,

very poopy boy," she explained as she patted and squeezed my mushy bottom.

I felt totally helpless as I stood before Mommy at the case worker as Mommy patted and mushed my warm, firm load into my bottom and groin. I was the most embarrassed I had ever been in my life.

"It's okay," the case worker said. "I know how important getting the right decision on your assessment is, so I don't mind coming up to help record you changing just one of his poopy messes to help you with the lifetime of his poopy diapers you'll be dealing with when I leave," she explained.

I tried to process what the case worker had just said as Mommy clipped my gloves to my onesie and walked me up the stairs with her hand on my bottom. *Did she just say... **lifetime** of poopy diapers?* I reflected.

But the feeling of Mommy squelching and mushing my poopy bottom as I marched kept me too distracted to fully understand the implications of the statement. I was just hoping I could get changed out of my stinky, squishy mess sooner, rather than later.

## THE POOPY DIAPER CHANGE

Mommy and the case worker followed me into my nursery. Mommy lifted me by the armpits onto the diaper changing station. The poop mess in my diapers immediately smushed against my bottom even more, making an even bigger mess.

Mommy had me turn as she unstrapped my harness and leash, unlocked and unzipped my onesie, and had me climb out of it.

“Pee-yew!” Mommy said as my onesie came off, revealing my utterly sodden diaper. I turned to look in the mirror and even I was shocked at how brown, yellow and low hanging my diaper was.

“Hold on right there, if you don’t mind, it’ll be helpful for me to get some pictures,” the attractive woman said.

I wanted to scream. *Did she just say... pictures?*

“Oh, of course. Come on, hands up, poop boy,” Mommy said as she raised my hands and turned me around to the woman could see the full extent of damage to my diaper.

“Oh my... yes, I can see that not only did urine leak into his onesie, but I can see his poop mess leaking out the legs as

well," the woman said matter-of-factly as she took pictures of my mess with her camera phone.

"Oh yes, this one makes some of the stinkiest, biggest, poopies messes I've ever seen," Mommy explained.

I wanted to die of humiliation, but all I could do at this point was submit to their utterly humiliating scrutiny.

Finally, the case worker pulled back, and Mommy put me back on the diaper changing table and laid me down. "Alright, little poopy boy. Let's get you out of this poopy mess," Mommy said in a sing song voice as she lifted my hands and put them into the cuffs at the top of the diaper changing table.

"Do you always restrain his hands for diaper changes?" The case worker asked.

"Well, when it's a poopy diaper change... yes," Mommy explained as I laid down in my poopy, saturated diaper, now at their total mercy.

"Can you elaborate why?" The case worker asked.

"Well, as you'll see, his masturbation... let's just say he has the hardest time controlling himself in his poopy diapers," Mommy explained.

"Really?" The case worker asked in disbelief. She then looked at me both mortified and disgusted. My face went bright red with shame.

Mommy sighed. "You'll see for yourself in just a second, sadly," she said back.

I then felt Mommy un-tape my diaper and pull it down as she lifted my feet into the air. The cool air hit my genitals as the smell of my poopy mess filled the whole room. I felt sick with shame and disgust at my mess.

“Ewww,” the case worker said as she stared at my poop bottom. “Sorry, I didn’t mean to say that. It’s just...”

“Oh, you don’t have to pretend in front of me. This little poopmonster makes some epic diapers for his Mommy to change,” Mommy joked as she prepared a handful of wipes.

I closed my eyes and tried to dissociate as I felt Mommy slowly and methodically wipe the poop mess off my butt, thighs and scrotum. As I felt her wipe the warm and sticky goop off my privates, I opened my eyes enough to see the case worker filming my poop diaper change with her phone’s camera.

“I hope you don’t mind. It’s just... with a diaper this messy... it’ll be helpful for the home office to see,” the case worker explained.

“Oh of course, whatever you need to do,” Mommy said nonchalantly as she cleaned my bottom.

I couldn’t imagine the situation possibly getting any more embarrassing.

But that’s when it happened.

As Mommy was wiping up my poop mess, she began massaging my scrotum, shaft and anus with the soapy wipes.

And as much as I tried to prevent it from happening, deep inside me, my shame and humiliation suddenly transformed into an intense horniness.

As Mommy cleaned my shaft, my cock grew rock hard right between her fingers.

“Yep, see, there it is,” Mommy said to the case worker as she continued wiping the poop smeared into my bottom’s crack.

“What’s that? Oh... Oh, I see. Yes, I see indeed,” the case worker said, doing her best to mask the disgust on her face. “And this happens with... all of his poopy diapers?” She asked Mommy.

“Without fail. I swear, if I don’t keep his hands clipped above his waist sometimes, he’ll masturbate right into his poopy, stinky diaper right in the middle of the living room,” Mommy explained.

I was mortified by the lie, and yet I had no way to argue against it. Certainly not with the pacifier in my mouth and a poopy diaper around my bottom.

What made the situation worse was that I was only getting more and more horny as Mommy cleaned me up. The cool wipes. The stinky diapers. Her soft touch. The drop-dead gorgeous case worker watching. My total and utter humiliation and submission.

I had to admit, if I had a free hand, I probably *would* have reached down and brought myself to an incredible climax with just a few strokes. But Mommy’s touch was just gentle enough to drive me crazy yet careful enough to deny me orgasmic relief. She knew exactly what she was doing. I was practically moaning as she finished cleaning me up.

“I am so sorry... I mean, okay, well, I’m glad I’ve got this evidence. Yes, a case like Leo’s is a rare but very concerning one,” the case worker explained.

Mommy finally finished wiping me clean, folded up my dirty diaper and disposed of it next to the change table. She then took out a clean new diaper, powdered me up and taped me into a fresh, clean diaper. I had to admit, I was so relieved to finally be in a clean diaper again.

“Well, I think I’ve seen everything I need to,” the case worker said as Mommy unfastened my hands and helped me sit up on the change table.

Then, to my surprise, Mommy even took my pacifier out. I sat up on my fresh, clean diapered bottom, and realized I was suddenly free.

“And despite that poopy bottom, little Leo is really a little cutie,” the case worker said as she pinched my cheek, making me blush.

“Alright Leo, can you be a good little boy while I walk our friendly guest out?” Mommy asked me. I nodded my head.

I then realized that I now had the chance to plead my case to this woman before she left. After all, I no longer had the pacifier in my mouth Mommy had gagged me with.

But when I realized that I had pooped my diaper and had it changed in front of this woman, there was nothing that I felt like I could say that would explain my situation.

Instead I sat silently and obediently on the diaper changing table as Mommy walked the case worker out of the nursery and closed the door behind them.

## THE TALK

*A*s I sat on the diaper changing table of my now empty nursery, I realized that if I wanted to escape 'Mommy's' house, now was my best bet. After all, I could finally just remove my diaper if I wanted to, try and find some clothes to wear, and slip out of a window.

And yet, the more I thought about it, the more I thought about how much my bottom stung last night when Mommy caught me being naughty. So instead I just stayed put out of fear and submission.

I laid back down on the diaper changing table and felt my warm, clean diaper against my crotch. It felt so good to be clean and dry after being so wet, stinky and messy for so long.

My cock began to get hard, and then I realized, for the first time since last night, I could masturbate if I wanted to.

I looked back toward the nursery door, then slid my hand down into my diaper. I began to stroke my hard cock in my crinkly diaper and I immediately felt intoxicated with pleasure.

*Creak...*

The nursery door opened. I whipped my hand out of my diaper in terror and my face burned bright red. Mommy walked in and gave me a knowing smile.

“Naughty little boy,” Mommy said as she approached me and stroked my hair. I was trembling. I didn’t know if this meant I was going to be punished or not. Instead, Mommy just kept stroking my hair, then invited me to sit up.

“Come over here, Leo,” Mommy said, helping me off the changing table and over to my bed. “We need to talk.”

I was stunned. This is the first time that I could remember since waking up that morning her speaking to me like an adult, and not an infant.

She sat down next to me on the edge of my crib and put her arm over my shoulder. “Leo?” She asked.

“Yes... Mommy?” I responded tentatively, feeling very small and vulnerable.

“How do you feel?” She asked me.

“I... dunno,” I replied.

She laughed again. “Leo, it’s time for me to tell you the truth. Do you remember when I said I was putting you in diapers as a punishment for your perverted desires?” She said in a soft tone.

“Yes... Mommy,” I replied. I had no idea where she was going with this.

“I wasn’t being entirely truthful. That’s because... Leo... I planned to put you back in diapers since I saw you with those adult diapers in the grocery store. You see... I know a lot about boys like you. Diaper fetishists. And the truth is, I was carefully waiting for a boy like you to buy diapers so I could manipulate you into coming back to my house so I

could diaper and punish you, just like I've been doing over the past 24 hours," she explained.

My head was spinning. "Why?" I asked.

"Well... because I also have a diaper fetish. Except my fetish is putting boys into diapers. And what I've been dreaming about my whole life is finding a cute boy like you to put back in diapers permanently," she said.

"Really?" I asked in shock. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, because, that's the thing, Leo. When I've met diaper fetishists before who claim to want to relinquish control and be my permanent little one, I find that their word lasts only as long till their next orgasm. And then they usually leave as quickly as they came, suddenly deciding that they don't have the heart for the full-time diaper baby lifestyle, leaving me heartbroken," she explained as she held me.

I thought back to how my own desire to wear diapers was driven by my horniness, and how that desire also usually dissipated with an orgasm.

"So, Leo, I knew what I had to do in order to truly secure a full-time diapered Little. I had to get them legally transferred to my custody so I could know that they would never run away."

"However, I also knew that for someone to ethically consent to being transferred to my custody in that way, they had to know what it was like to genuinely be diapered and punished for someone else's pleasure, with someone else in control besides themselves. And the only way to do that was to do what I did to you over the last 24 hours, Leo."

"I had to subject a diaper boy like yourself to real loss of control and real, full-time diapering, so you would know

what you had in store before agreeing to such a thing. Does that make sense?" Mommy asked in a sweet tone.

My head was still spinning. I couldn't believe it. So, she was a diaper fetishist after all! She was doing this to manipulate and dominate me!

I suddenly felt very angry with this woman. But then I looked down and felt the adorable diaper around my waist. And I realized that she had given me the gift I had been dreaming about my whole life. That I had always wished for. She had taken control, diapered and regressed me, just like I always wanted.

"Leo, are you understanding what I'm saying?" She asked.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied.

"Now Leo. All of that brings me to the main point I'm trying to make. Now it's time for you to make a choice. Now that you know what it's like to be my diapered boy, to *really* live your diaper fetish fantasies out, I'm giving you the once in a lifetime opportunity to be my diaper baby full time and for all time," she explained.

My eyes lit up as I tried to understand what a rare and special offer that was.

"However, like most fetishists, if you've found that the reality of being a full-time diapered Little wasn't what you fantasized about it being, and you don't want to be my full-time diapered little, I'm giving you the chance now to leave. I've laundered your clothes and set them in the bathroom around the corner, along with your phone. Further, there's a Lyft driver waiting for you right outside in the drive way," she explained.

I nodded my head, doing my best to keep up.

“Now, I’m about to walk out of this nursery and go for a walk around the block. If you don’t want to be my diapered baby, you can leave now, and we’ll say goodbye forever. But if you do, all you have to do is stay here, and everything will be taken care of,” she explained as she affectionately squeezed my shoulder.

I stared at the diaper changing table across the room in a daze. “Leo? Leo? Does all this make sense?” She asked me as she waved her hand in front of my face.

“Yes, Mommy! I mean... yes,” I replied, snapping out of my daze.

She got down on one knee, looked me in the eye, and said, “Good. Thank you, Leo. I know you’ll make the right choice.”

And with that I watched her get up and walk out of the nursery, leaving me in my diaper to consider my options.

## THE FINAL CHOICE

*M*y head was spinning. Of course, my first instinct was to immediately jump to my feet, tear my diaper off, get my clothes and get the hell out of there.

After all, how could I willingly subject myself to such a life of submission?

And yet, as I stood up to leave, I turned back and took in the nursery around me in awe. The thought occurred to me that this *was* the nursery of my dreams. And it could be *my* nursery for all time.

I felt the diaper around my waist that was all fluffy and clean and crinkly, and felt an almost ecstatic release. I had been dreaming about wearing diapers for so long, and now here I was, wearing one.

I went over to the stack of diapers under the changing table, picked one up, held it to my face and breathed in the sweet smell of baby powder. It smelled like childlike bliss and wonder.

I laid down on the floor, truly at a loss for what to do. After all, I knew enough about the world to know that a woman

like this one was extremely rare, to say the least! I would never get an offer like this if I turned her down.

But then I remembered the humiliation of the spanking and being forced to poop right in front of a stranger! Could I really live like that for the rest of my life?

Not to mention, I would be forsaking any chance to grow up and get a job and have a real, adult life!

I felt totally torn, totally trapped, unable to decide what to do.

I walked over and collapsed on the bed of my crib. I mentally cycled back through the last 24 hours. The horniness. The pee-soaked diaper. The poopy mess. The forced feeding.

*No, I can't do this*, I said to myself. Fantasy is one thing, but I can't *live* like this. Not how *she* wants it!

*I need to go. I need to get out of here. Now, before I change my mind.*

And yet, no matter what my mind said, my cock felt differently.

I slowly reached down into my diaper and knew for the first time that I could successfully masturbate in my diaper, just as I'd been desperate to do for the last 24 hours.

I rolled over and began furiously tugging on my cock, the diaper making loud crinkly noises as I went faster and faster.

I looked up at all the diapers stacked under the changing table. I smelled the fragrance of my poopy diaper still in the air. I thought about soaking my diaper with hot piss the previous night and pooping in my diaper in front of the case worker and Mommy.

I thought about Mommy massaging me on the changing table as she cleaned my poopy diaper. I thought about her fingers jammed up inside my hole. I thought of Mommy holding me and kissing me and diapering me and me sucking on her beautiful titties...

"Ugggggghhh," I suddenly grunted in an uncontrollable spasm. Epic waves of orgasmic pleasure exploded in my diapered crotch and I spewed what felt like gallons of cum into my diaper with an orgasm that I had been desperately craving and building up ever since the night before.

My hand continued to move up and down until my balls squeezed out every last drop of my semen, covering my hand and shaft. I was practically screaming with pleasure until I finally collapsed in my crib.

The relief was so intense I closed my eyes and fell into an immediate sleep.

\* \* \*

I OPENED my eyes just a few minutes later in a flash of terror. That's when it hit me.

*Uh oh. I need to get out of here!* I realized as I felt the sticky, cum soaked diaper around my waist.

After all, just like Mommy had described with the previous fetishists she had known, after I had finally orgasmed, my interest in diapers plummeted.

*I need to get the hell out of this crazy lady's house while I still can!* I thought to myself.

But as I bolted up in my crib, I looked over to the door of the nursery, and realized, to my horror, that it was too late.

Standing in the door was Mommy and the attractive case worker. Mommy had a devious smile on her face.

\* \* \*

"LITTLE BOY!" I heard Mommy scold from the doorway. "I asked you if you could be good for five minutes and this is what happens?" She shouted, approaching with the case worker in tow.

I was speechless. I knew I had made my choice. I knew that Mommy had told me to be gone by time she was back if I wanted to leave, and here I was, still wearing a diaper in my crib.

Even worse, my diaper was now dripping with cum. I suddenly felt disgusting that my sticky cummy mess was pressed against my penis and balls in my diaper. I wanted to take it off, but I knew that was an option that I had effectively forsaken.

"Let's get you back in your protection so you can't do you naughty stickies anymore," Mommy said as she grabbed a pair of locking plastic pants out of the closet and came over to me.

I wanted to fight, but I knew from my last fights with Mommy, it would be fruitless. Instead I burned with shame as she pulled the plastic pants over my diaper and locked them shut as the case worker watched.

"Well, now that we have video of him masturbating in his diapers, I think I have what I need to help you make your case for full custody," the case worker said in a matter of fact tone. I realized they both must have been watching me masturbate from the doorway for some time.

“Thank you. I’m sorry you had to witness that. This is one very, very, very filthy boy, I’ll be sure to give him plenty of spankings for subjecting you to that disgusting and perverted display,” Mommy said as she locked the plastic pants over my diaper and put me over her knee.

“I’m sure he will. Good luck, bye-bye, I’ll be in touch!” The case worker said before exiting the nursery.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

Mommy’s spanking paddle rained down on my diapered bottom as I squealed from the overwhelming sensation of her latest punishment.

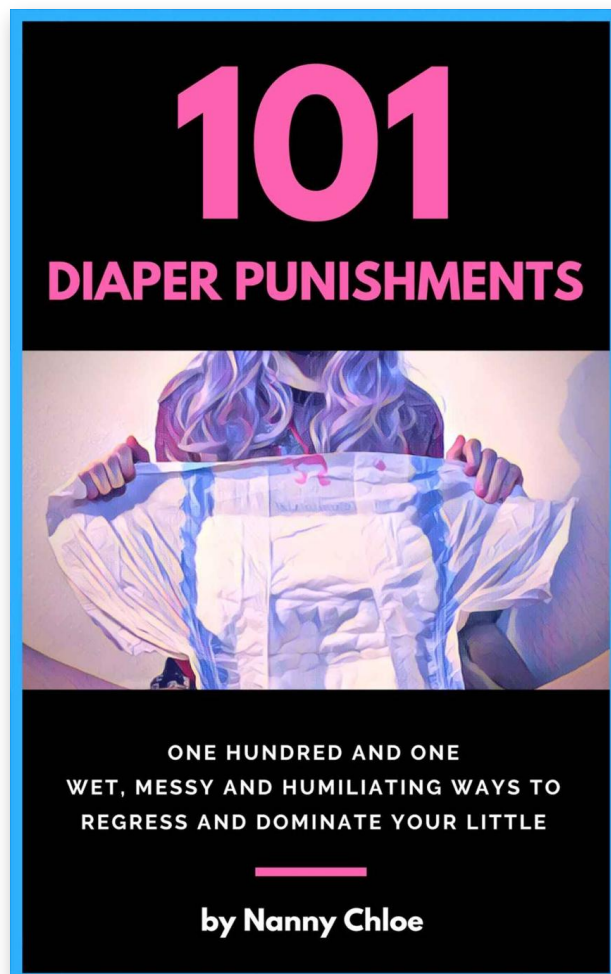
*Well, I thought to myself, it looks like I deserve this.*

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

I smiled. It was exactly my diaper fantasy come true.

THE END.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



**101 Diaper Punishments: 101 Wet, Messy and Humiliating Ways to Regress and Dominate your**

## Little

In the first comprehensive manual of its kind, Mistress Chloe shares with you why she loves to use diapers to dominate and regress her submissives.

Then, she gives you a full 101 tools, techniques, tricks and tips to help you regress your Little and keep them in line!

In this massive tome, you will learn:

- How to regress your submissive back to diapers through various techniques and tricks.
- How to do all the activities needed for your new Little, including diaper changes, feeding and play time.
- A long list of rules for you to implement for your Little.
- Dozens and dozens of punishments for breaking those rules.
- And countless techniques and methods you can use to restrain, humiliate, punish and dominate your Little completely.

**“101 Diaper Punishments,” is a fictional ABDL guide full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation and soggy and messy diapers! It’s for mature audiences only!**

*“This book is huge! It’s the kamasutra of diaper discipline!”*

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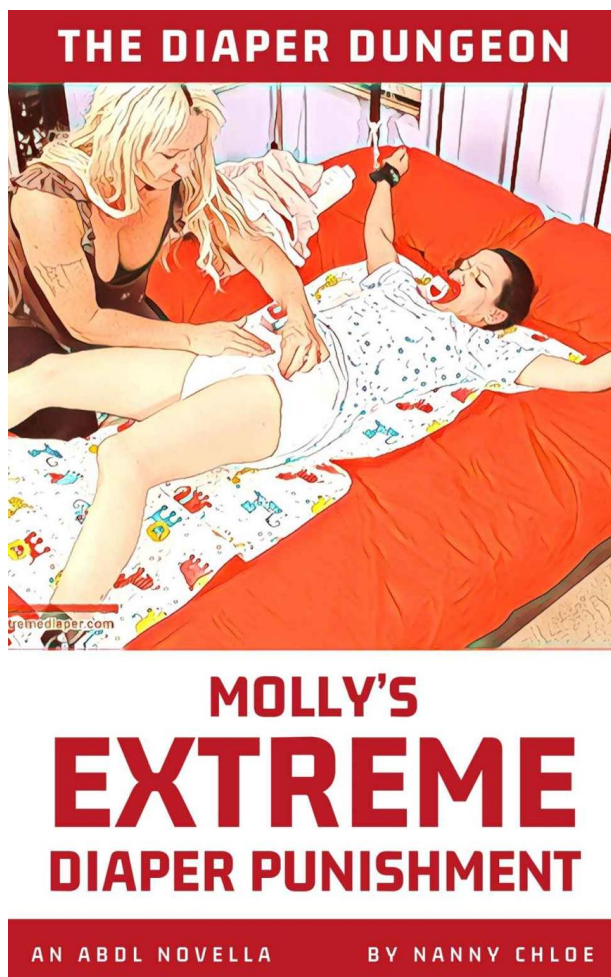
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*“As an ABDL Little and FemDom fan, I loved reading this because it gave me tons of ideas for ways to have fun with my Big. Especially when I’ve been naughty, hehe.”*

- Little\_Georgie

\* \* \*

NOVELLAS:



### **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

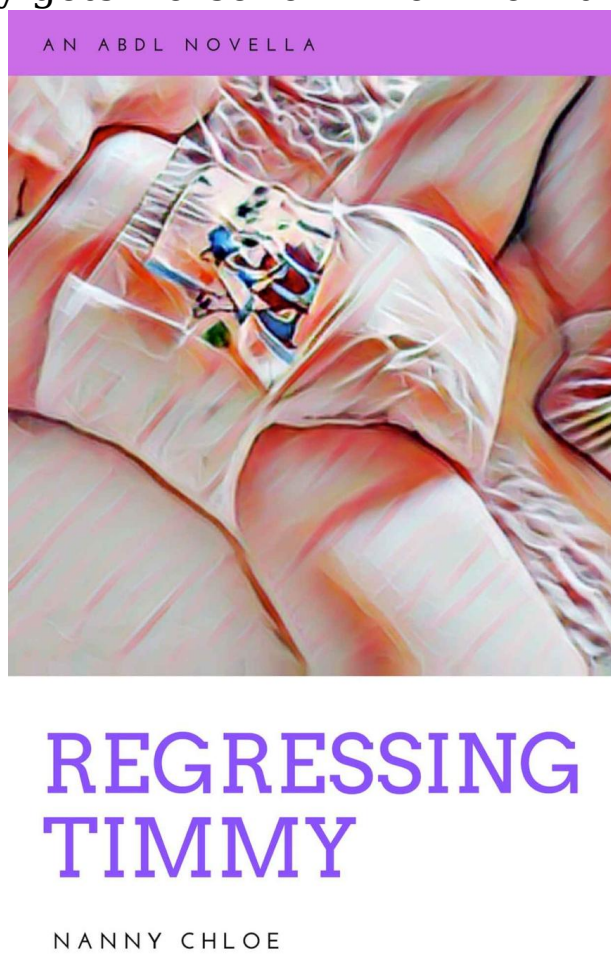
### **Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol**

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...



### **Regressing Timmy.**

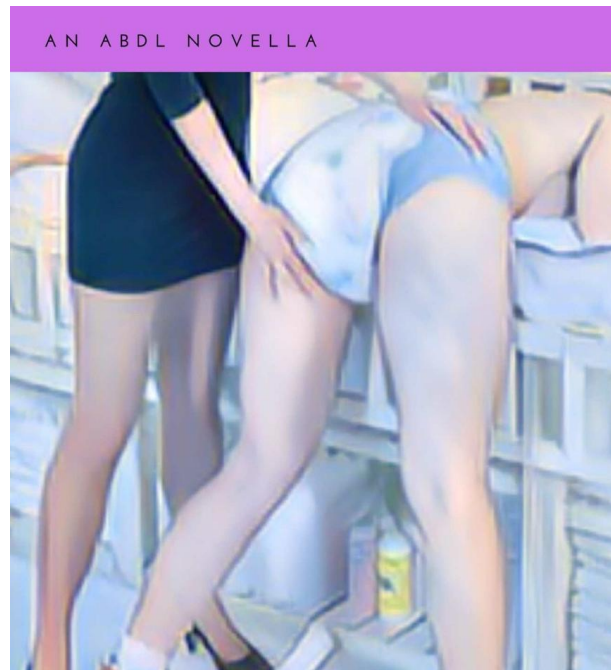
After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

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...



## 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.

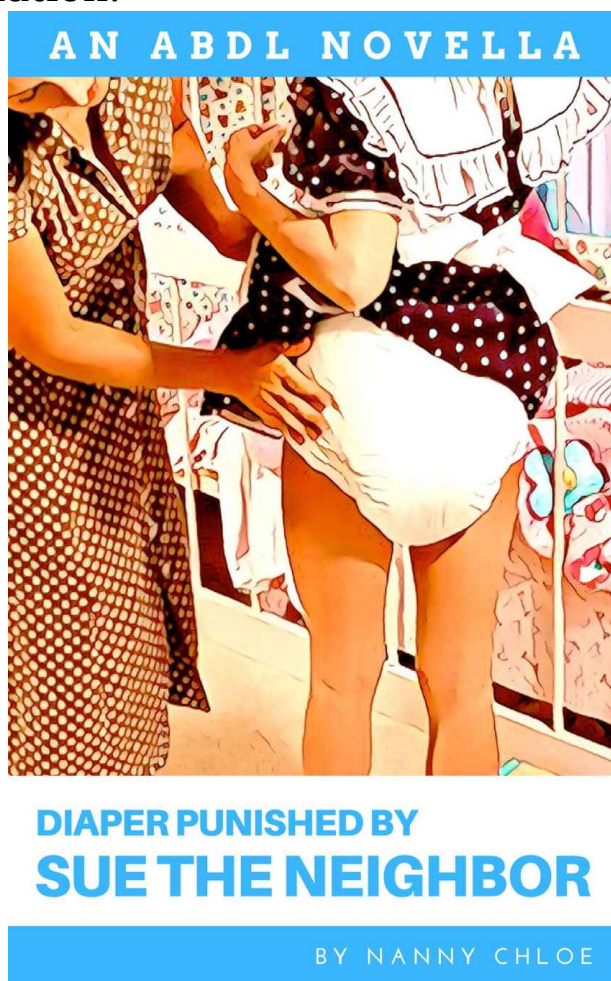
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

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."



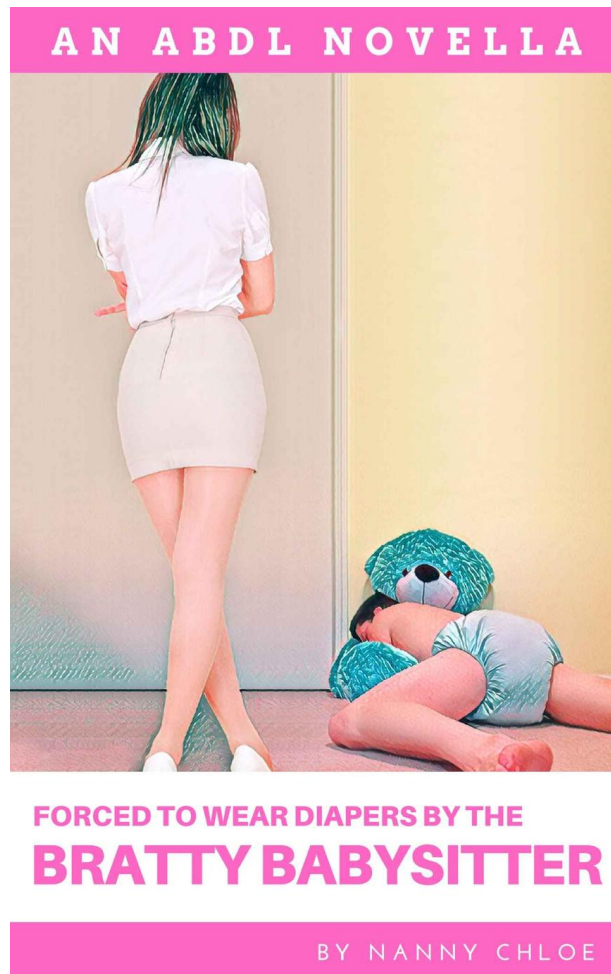
## **Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor**

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.

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!?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for downloading and reading, my little!

As always, your reviews and feedback are greatly appreciated, as they let Nanny Chloe know what you want to read in your ABDL stories. :)

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