

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

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Notice

The following story contains adult content. All characters in this story are over the age of 18+ . This story is fictional and has been written and shared for entertainment purposes only.

Book One, Chapter One - Dropped off

Dillon kicked the seat in front of him as he sat in the back seat of his Mom's minivan. He hated how his Mom always made him sit in the back seat — she said it was safer than the front. It made him feel like he was being treated like a little kid.

"Dillon, stop kicking the seat!" Dillon's Mom shouted.

"I'm just stretching my legs, Mom! Relax!" Dillon replied in a groaning tone.

"You better be more careful with that tone, Dillon. Carol isn't going to put up with your temper tantrums like I do." She replied.

Dillon rolled his eyes. He was nearly ready to go to college, but his Mom was still going to force him to spend his Summer with her friend Carol while she went away to Europe for work for the Summer.

Dillon had known Carol since he was a kid, but their interactions had always been brief. In a way, she was like an aunt to him, as she attended family gatherings with him and his Mom around the holidays.

Carol also had a kid about Dillon's age — Patrick. Dillon never liked hanging out with Patrick, even though when he was younger the adults always put them at the kids table together. Dillon found Patrick to be highly immature and annoying. In fact, he thought that Patrick's mother, Carol, babied him too much. Dillon thought back through his memories of Carol wiping her son's chin during dinners or publicly yelling at him or shaming him. He shuddered. He couldn't believe he was going to be under Carol's roof for a whole Summer.

"Mom, please, will you just let me stay at the house while you're gone? Please!" Dillon begged.

“No! Like I said, I caught you smoking pot in your bedroom with your friends, now you’re going to have to pay the price, which means no more unsupervised time. And if you ask one more time, I’m going to tell Carol about how much trouble you’re giving me over this. She’s not like me, Dillon. She believes in discipline for boys like you,” Dillon’s mother said as they rounded the corner in their minivan.

Dillon sighed. He had no idea what his Mom meant about ‘discipline’ regarding Carol, but he also didn’t care. He wasn’t going to let anyone ‘discipline’ him anytime soon.

Finally, after a four-hour drive up North to a quiet suburb, Dillon’s Mom pulled into the driveway of a large house. Dillon got his duffle bag from the back seat and they both walked up to front door.

Ding-dong. Dillon heard the doorbell ring inside as they both stood on the chilly cement stoop. He could hear somebody coming, and then finally Carol answering the door.

“Hello! So good to see you again, Sally!” Carol said exuberantly as she greeted Dillon’s Mom.

Then Carol turned to Dillon, leaned in and pinched his cheek. Dillon recoiled in shock.

“And here’s the cute little boy I’ll be baby-sitting for the Summer.” Carol said out loud.

Dillon’s face involuntarily went red — both from the cheek pinching and from words, ‘baby-sitting.’ Dillon most certainly was not a baby!

Dillon simply scowled and didn’t respond.

“Sorry, he’s probably just cranky from his long car ride.” Dillon’s Mom said in front of him.

“Where’s the bathroom?” Dillon asked.

Carol stared back at him with a surprised expression, then cleared her throat.

“Dillon, can you try that again, please? Perhaps in a way that’s more respectful?” Carol said, openly chastising the boy in front of his Mother.

Dillon looked at Carol, then back at his mother, confused.

"What do you mean?" Dillon asked.

"I think the words you're looking for are, "May I use the bathroom, ma'am." Carol corrected.

Dillon looked at his Mom in shock.

"You can't be serious. Mom??" He pleaded.

His Mom looked back at him with no sympathy.

"Dillon, Carol is being extremely generous by offering to babysit you for the Summer. You'll be following her ruled to the letter as far as I'm concerned." His Mom said sternly.

"What if I don't?" Dillon shouted back.

"A few things. One, I currently have your life savings under my control. If I hear anything bad from Carol when I return about your behavior, I'll be handing that money over to her as a babysitting fee. That, or spending it on myself." His Mom explained.

Dillon gasped out loud in shock and indignation. He had six thousand dollars in his savings account, money he had saved his whole life through working Summer jobs and scrimping and saving. He planned to use the money for a trip of his own, a car, or to go to the college of his choice. The money represented his chance to leave and experience freedom when the time finally came. Now his Mom was threatening to take it from him. His heart started to beat faster with panic.

"Also," his Mom continued, "I'll write to each of the colleges you applied for personally and ensure none of them accept your college application. If you don't behave, I'll keep you under my watchful eye for the next two years while you attend community college under my supervision."

Dillon started to boil with rage and helplessness. Tears came to his eyes. "That's not fair!" He shouted.

Carol and his Mom simply looked at him and laughed.

"Don't do the crime if you can't do the time!" Carol chided.

“Now Dillon, stop acting like a baby. All I’m asking is that you follow Carol’s rules while you’re at her house. Is that so hard?” His Mom asked in a patronizing tone.

“No,” Dillon grumbled under his breath.

“So then, what were you asking me?” Carol chimed in again.

“Ma’am, may I use the bathroom?” Dillon said through gritted teeth. Carol smiled at his submission.

“Do you have to go peepee or poopoo?” Carol asked Dillon. Dillon’s face went red immediately. How could she possibly ask such an invasive question — especially right in front of his Mom!

“Ahem, pee... ma’am.” Dillon replied.

“Then you can use the downstairs bathroom right down the hall to your right,” Carol said as she pointed.

And with that, Dillon finally walked past Carol and his Mom into the house.

Book One, Chapter Two – Meeting Patrick

As Dillon walked along the polished hard wood floors, he was taken aback by how beautiful the house was. He knew that Carol had done well for herself as some sort of E-entrepreneur, but he was impressed with the mansion like abode.

He threw his duffle bag into the living room, walked into the small bathroom and turned on the light. Everything sparkled. It looked like it had all been just cleaned and polished to a shine.

Dillon shrugged as he flipped the toilet lid up, unzipped his pants, and relieved his bladder. He flushed the toilet, ran some water over his hands and walked out.

His Mother and Carol were at the kitchen table.

“Mom, you’re still here?” Dillon asked, hoping that when she left he would have a little more freedom, or at least tell Carol off in his own terms.

“Yes, I’m gonna stay for dinner and catch up with Carol,” his Mom replied.

“Well, can you tell me what bedroom I’ll be staying in?” Dillon asked. “Ma’am,” he added quickly afterwards, remembering Carol’s anal requests about how she was addressed.

“I’m still getting it ready, dear. In the meantime, why don’t you go play with Patrick in the living room.” Carol replied.

Dillon almost rolled his eyes. “Great,” Dillon thought, “forced to go ‘play’ with dumb Patrick like we were both toddlers.”

Dillon had no idea how prescient this thought was.

Dillon walked down the hallway toward the sound of a TV playing. As Dillon go closer, he realized it sounded like

cartoons. Cartoons for very little kid.

When he finally turned the corner, what he saw made his jaw drop.

Patrick was sitting on the carpet floor of the living room wearing *nothing but a large diaper*. Dillon was shocked to see a boy so old naked and wearing a diaper like a toddler. And his suspicion was correct — the TV Patrick was watching was programming for toddlers as well.

“Pat — Pat — Patrick?” Dillon stammered.

Patrick looked up at Dillon like nothing was out of the normal.

“Hi Dillon! Mommy told me you were coming! Wanna watch TV with me?” Patrick said with a big smile.

Dillon’s thoughts begin to race. “Did he just say, ‘Mommy’?” Dillon thought to himself.

“You wanna watch TV with me?” Patrick asked Dillon.

Dillon slowly nodded as he sat down on the couch. He couldn’t help but stare at Patrick’s infantile diaper. It was big and poofy and had babyish prints on it. Dillon couldn’t wrap his mind around what had happened. Maybe Patrick developed some sort of incontinence problem? But then again, why would he not wear pants and diapers so... babyish? Maybe it was a case of head trauma?

Dillon couldn’t help but sit back and laugh to himself. He always thought Patrick acted immature, even infantile. And now here he was with a diaper.

Dillon took his iPhone out and began to scroll facebook. He was about to message one of his friends to complain about his experience, when all of the sudden...

His phone was ripped out of his hands. Dillon looked up in shock as Carol held his phone.

“What are you doing!” Dillon shouted.

Carol ignored him and walked back to the kitchen.

“Yep! He was on Facebook!” Carol shouted back to Dillon’s Mom.

“Figures! He’s addicted to that thing!” Dillon heard his Mom shout back to Carol. Dillon followed Carol back into the kitchen.

“Give me my phone back!” He shouted at her.

Carol ignored him again and passed the phone to Dillon’s mother, who promptly slipped it in her purse.

“Sorry Dillon, we know you’ve been using your phone to talk about smoking pot. This Summer you’ll be going without it.” Dillon’s Mother explained.

“You can’t do this to me! That’s how I stay in touch with all my friends!” He shouted back.

“Don’t worry — I’ll post a status update for you letting all your friends know what happened.” Dillon’s Mother explained as she put Dillon’s phone in her purse.

Dillon immediately burned red thinking about his friends reading a status update from his Mom along the lines of, “This is Dillon’s Mother — his phone has been confiscated for the Summer.”

“This isn’t fair! YOU CAN’T DO THIS TO ME!” He shouted.

SMACK. Carol’s hand landed on the counter. Patrick was startled into silence by sound of her hitting the granite counter.

“You listen here, little Dillon, you may have raised your voice at me, but I will not stand here and let you disrespect your Mother like this. If you raise your voice again, I will give you the spanking of a lifetime.” Carol said with a mean glare.

Dillon looked at Carol, and then his Mom, speechless. His Mom seemed to look vindicated and in full agreement with her friend.

“Not to mention no more college or your life savings, Dillon.” His Mother reminded him once again.

Dillon relented and hung his head in shame.

“Fine.” He said as he trudged back into the living room to join diapered Patrick watching TV.

As Dillon walked, he heard his Mother and Carol laughing. He was sure they were laughing at his expense.

Dillon walked into the living room and then walked up to the TV. He started pushing the channel buttons, deciding to try and change the channel so that he didn't have to watch baby cartoons for the rest of the night.

But to Dillon's frustration, none of the buttons seemed to work. They all seemed to be disabled.

Patrick spoke up, "Mommy says we're not allowed to change the channel. Only she's allowed to change the channel," he said in a matter of fact tone.

Dillon looked back at Patrick, then at the obnoxious children's TV. He couldn't believe that he was going to have to spend the whole Summer here.

He climbed back on the couch, buried his face in the cushion, and let out a muffled scream.

Book One, Chapter Three - Dinner Time

A couple hours later, Dillon felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned over on the couch and looked up at Carol staring down at him.

"Dinner time!" Carol said. Then Dillon watched Carol walk up to her son, bend down, put her hand on his shoulder, pull the back of his diaper out and look inside. "No poopies yet! Maybe after dinner." Carol said out loud.

Dillon was mortified. Did Patrick just let his Mother check his diaper?? For poop??

Then he watched Carol stand Patrick up and stick her fingers in the legs of his thick diaper. "But oh, you're quite soaked! I'd better give you a diaper change." Carol said out loud.

"Okay Mommy!" Patrick said in a joyous tone.

Dillon's face was red with embarrassment for Patrick. He couldn't believe this was happening. He still didn't know why.

Dillon followed Carol as she lead Patrick by the hand back to the kitchen to join Dillon's mother.

"Why don't you two have a seat. I just need to change this little guy's diaper," Carol said as Dillon sat next to his Mom.

"No problem!" His Mom responded with a smile. Dillon watched Carol walk her son upstairs as he waddled in his soaking wet diaper.

Finally, Dillon thought, he could ask his Mom what the hell is going on.

"Mom, why is Patrick wearing diapers?" He asked her.

His Mom took a bite of the bread on the table, then casually responded.

"Dillon, you see, Patrick started to suffer some incontinence issues a couple years ago, and that then

progressed to more and more babyish behavior. I don't know the full story and it would be rude of me to ask, but from what I understand, it's a combination of medical and behavior problems that Carol is doing a phenomenal job handling." Dillon's Mom explained.

Dillon nodded, trying to take it all in.

"So, you'd best just be respectful about it and don't ask her or Patrick anymore questions about it," his Mom said in a stern tone.

Dillon nodded and sighed, slightly frustrated that it still didn't completely add up, but then again, it didn't really matter. For all intents and purposes, his new best friend was a two-year-old.

After about 20 minutes, Carol returned holding Patrick's hand. "Sorry for the delay. Little Patrick was constipated, so I had to put some medicine up his bum." Carol said loudly.

Patrick's face turned red, and so did Dillon's at the TMI update during dinner. Dillon's mother, however, just laughed.

"Oh yes, I remember Dillon used to get mighty constipated when he was still in diapers. And afterward, he was quite the stinker!" Dillon's Mom said back.

Dillon's face went red again, frustrated that he was being talked about in such a babyish way. At least he wasn't wearing diapers like Carol's son was!

As they all took a seat at the table, and Carol served the pasta, Dillon realized that Carol put Patrick in a high chair.

But it was a special kind of high chair. It was big enough to hold Patrick and had straps that Carol put Patrick's hands into to hold them down while she cut Patrick's spaghetti up and spoon fed him. Dillon couldn't help but stare.

"Why are you strapping his hands down like that?" Dillon blurted out.

“Dillon! Don’t be so rude —” Dillon’s mother began to chastise him.

“It’s okay!” Carol interjected. “I expected Dillon to have questions. You see Patrick just gets overwhelmed when I feed him sometimes, so I need to keep his hands his place so he eats his whole plate like a good little boy.”

Dillon watched Carol scoop the spaghetti off Patrick’s plate and feed it to him like an infant. Tomato sauce spilled on his chin and his bib, making him look like a real little baby.

Dillon finished his spaghetti and watched Carol feed Patrick in fascination.

And Carol watched Dillon’s fascination, secretly glad to be getting such a reaction out of him.

When Carol was finished feeding Dillon, she wiped his messy face with a paper towel as Patrick giggled.

“I’ll be right back, I just need to go wash my hands,” Carol said as she stood up. Dillon continued eating as he heard Carol walk into the restroom Dillon used when he came in a few hours earlier.

“EEK!” Carol shrieked from the bathroom. Dillon and his Mom both dropped their forks in surprise. Dillon’s Mom quickly got up and ran toward the bathroom. “Carol! Are you okay!” Dillon’s Mom called out. Dillon followed, figuring that Carol had maybe tripped and hurt herself. He secretly hoped that was the case, so that he could get out of staying with her.

Instead, when Dillon and his Mom turned the corner to look into the bathroom, they saw Carol standing over the toilet bowl and pointing. Dillon looked down and saw that she was pointing at some drops of urine on the toilet seat.

“Look! Somebody peed all over the toilet seat!” Carol said to Dillon’s Mom. “I just washed the bathroom! How did this happen?”

Dillon’s Mom immediately looked at him.

“Dillon, did you pee on Carol’s toilet seat?” She asked firmly. “Fess up.”

Dillon’s mind began to race. He probably had peed on the toilet seat, but how should he know? And why would it even matter? He couldn’t understand why this was a big deal to Carol.

“Maybe. Why?” Dillon said meekly.

“Carol works very hard to keep her house clean, young man, and it’s very disrespectful to pee all over her furniture when you are her guest!” His mother spoke up.

“Sally, no, it’s not that. I mean yes, it’s true, I do care a great deal about keeping my house clean and free from unsanitary messes like this. It’s just that when Patrick started peeing in places he wasn’t, that’s when his regression started. Seeing that your son couldn’t pee properly in the toilet... I guess it triggered me. I’m sorry.” Carol explained.

Dillon couldn’t believe his ears. His face burned bright red. He couldn’t believe he was being chastised about how he used the bathroom by his Mom and his Mom’s friend.

“I’m sorry! It won’t happen again!” Dillon said pleadingly. “Here, I’ll clean it up,” Dillon said as he grabbed a piece of toilet paper.

Carol slapped his hand, stopping it in place.

“What are you doing? That needs to be disinfected, young man, not smeared around with your bare hands with some toilet paper,” Carol said to Dillon like he were an idiot.

“Never mind, I’ll take care of it myself. Please, just go back and finish your dinner,” Carol said to Dillon and his Mom.

Dillon watched Carol get a pair of heavy rubber gloves, disinfectant, and a heavy mask from under the sink. He walked back to the dinner table with a red face.

“I’m sorry Mom, I don’t know what the big deal is,” he said as they sat down to finish their spaghetti next to the still high chair bound Patrick.

“Like I said, Sally is not keen on disrespect. And peeing all over the place is very disrespectful. Okay?” His mother chastised him, herself embarrassed for her son’s inability to use the toilet properly.

Dillon nodded, still burning with humiliation, as he watched Patrick drink juice out of a large sippy-cup. At least he wasn’t wearing diapers, Dillon thought to himself.

Then Dillon saw Patrick’s face change. Patrick started to scrunch up his nose and his brow. Then he saw Patrick lift his butt off his high like he was deep in concentration.

Dillon realized what Patrick was doing and felt immediately embarrassed. Patrick was pooping his diaper right in front of them at the dinner table.

Patrick groaned and smiled as he filled his diaper. The stink of the poopy diaper wafted over and hit Dillon in the nostrils.

“Pee ew — Mom, I think he just pooped himself!” Dillon whispered.

“Don’t be rude, Dillon. He can’t help it. Besides, you should have smelled some of your poopy diapers as a toddler. I’m glad I don’t have to change those anymore.” His Mom said back, making Dillon embarrassed again.

They both continued to try and finish their dinner in the presence of Patrick’s stinky diaper.

Eventually, Carol came back. She walked right up to Patrick.

“Uh oh, it looks like someone has a stinky diaper!” She said loudly for everyone to hear. Patrick’s face went red with humiliation.

Dillon watched as Carole looked down the back of Patrick’s diaper again.

“Oh yes, he’s one poopy little boy!” She said to Dillon and his Mom. Dillon’s Mom laughed politely and pretended like nothing was unusual.

Dillon hoped that Carol would take Patrick upstairs to get his diaper changed, but instead, they all sat around

talking for another twenty minutes, forcing Dillon to smell Patrick's poopy diaper for the duration of dinner.

Finally, dinner ended, and Carol took Patrick upstairs to get his diaper changed. When she returned, she walked Dillon's mother to the door. Dillon gave his Mother a perfunctory hug as she put on her coat.

"Be a good boy for Carol, Dillon." His mother chided in front of Dillon's new caretaker. "Don't be rude. Do whatever she says. And no more potty accidents."

Dillon nodded his head, his cheeks getting hot from embarrassment. "Yes Ma'am," Dillon responded.

And with that, he watched his Mother drive off, leaving him stranded with Carol and Patrick for what he imagined would be a very long Summer.

Book One, Chapter Four - Bedtime

Dillon went back to the living room and crashed on the couch in front of the Disney channel. As he listened to Carol walk Patrick up the stairs to Patrick's room, presumably for bed, Dillon couldn't believe he was going to be stuck here all Summer.

He didn't know how he was going to stay sane hour to hour with Carol being so strict, let alone entertain himself or have any fun with only what amounted to a big two-year-old as his only friend.

He heard Carol enter the living room.

"Come on Dillon, I'll show you to your room." She said calmly.

Dillon sighed, grabbed his duffle bag and followed Carol up the winding stairs. Finally, Carol pushed a room door open at the end of the hallway.

The lights came on and Dillon looked in with confusion. The room was a room for a toddler — there was a large diaper changing station, stacks of diapers, babyish toys, a babyish dresser, and finally a crib where Patrick was sleeping right now.

"This is Patrick's room," Dillon replied, still confused why she lead him there.

"And it's going to be your room, too, young man." Carol said. Dillon looked up and noticed there was in fact another twin bed next to Patrick's large crib. The second bed didn't have crib bars, thank god, but it was a small bed in an already packed room. Not to mention it was a baby's room! Dillon was flabbergasted.

"I can't sleep in here, it's too small." Dillon argued back. Dillon stuck his head back out the door and looked down the hallway at the other closed doors. He assumed some of them must be bedrooms. "Don't you have another

room for me... Ma'am?" He asked, remembering to try and be respectful.

"I'm sorry Dillon, I didn't realize that you got to choose where you slept in my house." Carol said back, her voice growing more stern and angry.

"But why?" Dillon asked, starting to get frustrated.

"Why? Because looking after one boy in my house is enough work. I don't have time to clean up two bedrooms. Besides, your mother told me what you get up to when you have a bedroom by yourself. That nanny-cam will make sure I can keep an eye on you." Carol said as she pointed to a small camera in the corner of the room looking down.

Dillon was mortified. Being surveilled on video camera? He felt like this was more of a prison than family friend's house. Dillon walked into the babyish room and looked around.

"There's nowhere to even put my bag." He whined. Then he felt Carol take his bag from his hands.

"Don't worry, I'll be taking it. Need to make sure you're not slipping through any contraband," she said.

Dillon scoffed again. He couldn't believe how much of his privacy was being taken away. He felt like he was being treated like a baby, just like Patrick sleeping in diapers in the corner of the room.

Dillon sighed and decided to let it go. After all, he knew that his Mom would ruin his life if Carol told her Dillon didn't behave.

Dillon watched Carol exit to the hallway and he followed her out. Carol turned in the doorway and stopped him.

"Where are you going?" Carol asked.

"Ummm, I don't know, downstairs to watch more TV?" Dillon said, confused.

"Oh no, sweetie, it's your bedtime." Carol replied.

Dillon furrowed his brow and looked around the baby room. There weren't any clocks in the room, but he

remembered it only being seven thirty when he last looked downstairs.

“Bedtime? I can’t go to bed this early.” Dillon argued back. “It’s like, eight!”

Carol simply looked at Dillon and smiled. “Sorry Dillon, my house, my ruled, and I set the bedtime for naughty boys. You should have thought about this before you were so naughty for your mother.”

“But I’m not even tired!” Dillon said back.

“Then you can toss and turn and think about why you have such an early bedtime young man.” Carol said back.

Dillon sighed again. He hoped that maybe by playing Carol’s game the first few days, she would loosen up when she saw that he really wasn’t the bad kid she thought he was.

“Fine. I’ll go to bed early. May I use the bathroom first though... Ma’am?” Dillon asked.

Carol looked back with a frown. Dillon was confused about what was taking her so long to answer.

“But you used the bathroom just a couple hours ago?” She said matter-of-factly.

Dillon looked back, again flustered about the fact that he had to explain such a basic human need. “I know, but I have to go again... ma’am.” Dillon said.

“Do you have to do a poopoo, Dillon?” Carol said back. Dillon’s face immediately went red again. He didn’t know why she thought it was appropriate to ask him such a question.

“No! I just have to pee!” He shouted back. She looked at him for a long minute, as if trying to decide what to do. Dillon was shocked that she could even think about denying such a basic request.

“Okay, come on.” She said as she dropped Dillon’s bag in the hallway.

Rolling his eyes, yet relieved, Dillon walked with Carol down the hall to the bathroom. Then he watched as Carol

reached into her pocket and pulled out a ring of jangling keys. She put a key in the bathroom door and unlocked it.

"Why do you keep the bathroom door locked?" Dillon asked.

"Because bathrooms can be very dangerous places for little boys who like to get up to trouble," Carol replied as she opened the door.

Dillon didn't know if Carol was referring to Patrick, or him, but he didn't care. He was just relieved to be able to empty his bladder as he walked up to the toilet.

Dillon lifted up the toilet seat, then looked back. Carol was still standing in the bathroom with him.

"What are you doing?" Dillon asked.

"You've proven to me and your mother that you don't know how to use the bathroom without making a mess, so I'm here to supervise," she replied matter-of-factly again.

Dillon was shocked. He had never been naked in front of a girl before. He couldn't imagine having Carol watch him pee in front of her. "Carol, please, I know I messed earlier and I'm sorry, but I'll be more careful. Please let me pee by myself." Dillon pleaded.

Carol immediately started laughing loudly in his face.

"Sorry little Dillon, you lost the right to privacy when you decided to smoke pot and break the law in your Mom's house. Now you can go to the bathroom right now, or you can go back to bed for the night." She said sternly.

Dillon sighed in defeat once again. His hands started to tremble as he unzipped his pants and began to pull out his penis.

Suddenly, Dillon felt Carol grab his pants and yank them with his boxers all the way down to his ankles. Dillon flinched and covered his privates.

"What are you doing?" He shouted at her.

"Those need to come all the way down so I can make get a full view of what you're doing." She said back.

Dillon's face burned hot with embarrassment as he gripped his penis, covering it from her view. He always feared his penis was small for a man his age, and he immediately feared Carol's judgement.

"What are you doing? Are you gonna pee or not!" She shouted.

Trembling, Dillon slowly unclasped his hands, revealing his small penis to Carol's eyes.

As it happened, Dillon's worst fear came true. Carol started laughing.

"Wowee, that penis is tiny! Even smaller than Patrick's! And he's got a cute little baby dick!" She said out loud.

Dillon's face burned bright red in mortified humiliation. He pointed his penis at the toilet bowl and tried to focus on emptying his bladder.

But unfortunately for Dillon, nothing would come. He couldn't pee. Not with Carol watching. Not with her judging on him like this.

After a minute, Dillon simply put his penis back in his underwear and pulled his pants back up.

"I'm done," he mumbled through gritted teeth.

"Done? You didn't even go pee, little boy. Were you lying to me just to delay your bedtime?" She asked sternly.

"No ma'am... I just... I'm sorry." Dillon uttered, just wanting to escape from Carol's humiliating gaze. "Can I go back to bed now, please?" He said.

Carol stared at him and squinted her eyes.

"Okay, but if this happens again, you'll be in big trouble." She said.

And with that Carol walked Dillon back down the hallway towards his new, babyish bedroom. Dillon's bladder still twinged with pain as he didn't even get to relieve himself, but he figured he would just sneak back to the bathroom later.

Dillon approached his babyish bed — complete with baby print blankets and sheets, and took off his shirt and pants as Carol watched him. She took his clothes from him as he undressed.

“I’ll take these to be washed.” She said back. Dillon silently groaned again, realizing that now he had nothing but his underwear as he climbed into a strange, childish bed in what amounted to a baby’s nursery.

As he climbed in and got under the covers, he looked up at a mobile spinning above his head. Carol stopped in the doorway before exiting.

“Be a good boy, little Dillon, and this will all go by quickly enough,” she said. And with that she shut the door behind her.

Dillon laid in bed with his eyes open and stared up at the ceiling. His bladder ached and he felt suffocated by the smell of diapers and baby powder.

He looked over at his sleeping roommate Patrick, and then heard the faint hiss of Patrick peeing in his diaper while he slept. The acrid scent of Patrick’s urine started to waft over and fill Dillon’s nostrils. Dillon sighed.

He had a bad feeling about how his coming weeks would go.

Book Two, Chapter One - Locked In

Forced to stay with his Mother's strict friend Carol for the Summer, forced to share a childish room with her adult son who still wore diapers and acted like a baby, and forced to go to bed without getting a chance to pee, Dillon couldn't help but burn in anger as he laid in bed staring at the ceiling.

Eventually, Dillon did manage to drift asleep, but then around midnight, the pain in his bladder made him sit up and wince in pain from the pressure.

He decided now was as good a time as ever to try and sneak to the bathroom, or outside to the lawn if he really had to. Dillon sat up and tiptoed to the door, hoping that Carol would now be asleep and not watching the nanny-cam.

Dillon grabbed the door handle — It wouldn't budge. Dillon cursed under his breath. The door was locked!

He couldn't believe Carol locked him in his room like this. But then again, it was consistent with what she had done so far. Part of him just assumed it would be too crazy to do that to him. But he realized that was a naive assumption on his part.

Dillon tip-toed back to his bed and sat down to think and try and take the pressure off his bladder. At this point, it hurt so bad, he figured he would have no problem peeing in front of Carol if that's what she really wanted.

He decided his only option was to knock and try and wake her up. As he walked to the door and prepared to start banging on it, he looked back at sleeping Patrick. He worried about waking the babyish boy up, and he knew Carol would be made at him. But then again, he thought, she didn't leave him much choice. How mad could she be at him for needing to use the bathroom?

BANG BANG BANG. Dillon started pounding on the door. "Carol! Carol! Carol I need to pee!" He shouted.

Predictably, Patrick woke up and started crying. Dillon rolled his eyes. Sure, he thought, Patrick wore diapers like a baby, but did he need to cry like a baby too?

Dillon continued pounding on the door, growing louder and more frustrated as Carol didn't come. Dillon started pacing back and forth, trying to clench his bladder closed and avoid peeing in his underwear.

After what felt like ten minute of him pounding for help and Patrick sobbing like a baby, Carol whipped the door open.

"What's wrong?" She asked, looking alarmed. "Is everyone okay?"

"I have to use the bathroom, Ma'am!" Dillon practically shouted.

Carol stared down at Dillon and rolled her eyes, as if it was Dillon, not Patrick, who was being the baby.

"I took you to the bathroom a few hours ago. And you didn't even go!" She said, deeply annoyed.

Dillon started to plead with her but she moved past him, grabbed a large pacifier from a basket in the shelf, and walked up to her crying son. She gave Patrick a pacifier and coo'd to calm him down. Patrick began to quiet down in her arms.

"What are you thinking waking Patrick up in the middle of the night like this?" She scolded.

"I didn't have a choice!" Dillon said back, still doing the potty dance. "Please! I need to pee Miss Carol! Ma'am!"

Carol rolled her eyes again as if Dillon was a petulant child, then walked Dillon down to the bathroom. "Fine. But you'd better really have to go," she said. She took her ring of keys out of her bag and unlocked the bathroom door.

Dillon ran up to the toilet, pulled his underwear all the way down, and was about to lift up the lid to the toilet, when Carol sat on the toilet lid, keeping it down.

“Wait, let me see that penis.” She said. Then she grabbed Dillon’s small, flaccid penis through his mound of pubic hair and squeezed it in her fingers. “This penis is very dirty young man. When’s the last time you washed it?” She said to him.

Dillon didn’t know what to say. “I don’t know — I took a shower this morning. I didn’t know there was a problem. I need to pee.” He pleaded with her.

“Hmmm, yes, well with boys your age who have this much pubic hair and a penis so small, it’s usually difficult to wash it properly. I’ll have to shave this pubic hair off and give you a proper bath with Patrick tomorrow night,” she said.

Dillon was shocked and embarrassed by Carol’s suggestion. To make matters worse, as she spoke, she continued to fondle Dillon’s tiny cock, and he began to get an erection in her hands. She didn’t seem to notice anything unusual about this. “Okay, you may pee now,” she said coldly as she opened up the toilet lid.

Dillon aimed his erect penis toward the toilet — but not a drop of pee came out. Even though his bladder ached, his hard penis and his nervousness about being watched and humiliated like this prevented him from going yet again. His face started to burn up from embarrassment.

“What are you doing, Dillon? You woke me up in the middle of the night and you woke Patrick up in the middle of the night because you said you needed to pee. Now I find out you lied to me again?” Carol said.

“No, I —” Patrick Stammered. The mounting pressure of the situation only made it more and more difficult to empty his bladder.

“That’s it, little Dillon, I’ve had it up to hear with your fibbing,” Carol said as she yanked Dillon by the hand.

She dragged Dillon out into the hallway with his underwear still at his ankles and walked him back to his room with his erect penis waving in every direction.

“Please! I’m sorry ma’am! I really do have to go!” He pleaded.

“Uh huh. I don’t think so little man. Tomorrow morning I’m going to teach you what happens to little boys who lied in this house. You’re gonna get such a spanking your butt will be red for the rest of the day,” she said sternly as she pushed Dillon back into his room. Dillon shuddered at her threat of a spanking.

As Dillon tripped and fell into his room, his tighty-whities fell off his ankles and stayed in the hallway.

Patrick sat up in his large crib and gawked at Dillon being pushed naked toward his bed with his flailing, small erect penis.

Carol pushed Dillon onto his bed and Dillon fell on his stomach, hiding his erection from Carol and Patrick best he could. Unfortunately for Dillon, he had kicked all his blankets and sheets to the corner of the room while he was restlessly tossing and turning earlier, leaving him nothing to cover his nude body.

“Don’t move,” Carol said sternly.

Dillon buried his face in his pillow, not sure what was coming next. He hated himself for not being able to pee again when he needed to pee so bad.

He heard Carol retrieve something from the closet, then return. He felt her grab his ankle and tie something to it.

Dillon lifted his head up and looked down to see Carol wrapping a medical-style restraint around his ankle. She then secured his ankle to the corner of the bed via a short strap.

“What are you doing!” Dillon shouted. He instinctively tried to pull his ankle free, but the strap seemed unbreakable for all intents and purposes.

“You’ve shown me that I can’t leave you in your bed without you getting up and causing trouble. I use these restraints on Patrick when he has the same problem in his

crib." She explained sternly. "Turn around onto your back!" She demanded.

Dillon slowly turned over on to his back, making his still erect penis pop up in display for both Carol and Patrick.

"Why is his peepee so small?" Patrick asked Carol. Patrick's face immediately went red and he covered his genitals with his hands.

"I don't know," Carol responded in a sweet voice. "Maybe he's a baby, just like you!" She said.

Dillon felt utterly humiliated as Carol grabbed his other ankle and tied it to the corner of the bed, forcing Dillon to lay belly up, his feet spread apart.

Carol then went to Patrick and patted his head again. "Are you hungry, baby?" She said to him. "I'll go get you some milk."

As she left, she barked, "Behave yourself, I'll be right back," to the buck-naked Dillon.

Dillon kicked his legs against his binds in frustration, slowly realizing that there was no way he was leaving his bed again tonight. Instead he was forced to lay naked on his uncovered bed in full view of Patrick's curious eyes.

He heard Carol getting something ready downstairs in the kitchen. Eventually she came back with a milk bottle for Patrick. As she handed it to Patrick, he sucked it down eagerly and laid back down in his crib to go back to sleep.

Then she approached Dillon with a tall glass of warm milk.

"I'm okay," Dillon said, turning it down, his need to urinate still on his mind.

"Dillon, I poured this glass of milk for you because I know you're having a hard time falling asleep in your new bedroom. It's rude of you to turn it down." She said back.

"I'm not thirsty, ma'am," he replied again, now thoroughly fearful of Carol's wrath.

Carol sighed, and to Dillon's surprise, her tone changed.

“Look sweetie, I know this is a big change for you. Patrick acts out too sometimes when he’s in new situations or with new people. I know what happened tonight probably isn’t your fault,” she said in a kind voice as she patted Dillon’s head, strangely soothing him.

“Why don’t we make a deal?” She continued. “You drink this milk to help you get to sleep, and if I come back in thirty minutes and you’re still up, I’ll take you to the bathroom again,” she said in a soft voice.

Dillon looked up at Carol, suddenly surprised and grateful for her mercy.

“Okay, Ma’am,” Dillon said quietly. He figured that it was a deal he couldn’t refuse, given that at least he would get to try and use the bathroom again before morning.

Dillon grasped the large glass of warm milk from Carol and started to gulp it down. It tasted delicious and comforting. He didn’t realize how thirsty he was. As he drank it, Carol kept her hand on the bottom of the glass, making sure he continued to gulp all of it down.

Finally, Dillon finished and let out a large burp. Carol patted his back and laughed.

“Burping after your milk, just like Patrick,” she said in a soothing tone as she took the glass back. Part of Dillon resented being compared to Patrick again, but part of him was glad to suddenly be on Carol’s good side.

“Thank you for the milk, Ma’am.” Dillon said.

“Dillon, why don’t you call me ‘Nanny’ from now on? After all, I am looking after you this Summer,” she said.

“Yes, Nanny Carol,” Dillon responded, finding the new moniker kind of endearing.

Carol retrieved Dillon’s blankets from the floor and made the bed over Dillon as he laid down. She tucked the babyish comforter around him, making him feel warm and safe.

Dillon put his head back and looked again at the mobile spinning above him. He expected that he would lay

awake for another 30 minutes so that he could use the bathroom again, but then a sudden sleepiness washed over him. He wondered if Carol had put a sleeping pill in the milk she gave him. But then he shook his head, finding such an idea ridiculous.

He looked up one more time as Carol shut the lights off and looked at him from the doorway.

"Nighty night, baby boys." She said softly, then quietly shut the door behind her.

Dillon faded into a deep sleep shortly thereafter.

Book Two, Chapter Two - Morning

Dillon slowly woke up in the babyish nursery. He tried to roll over, but then he felt his ankles still tied to the end of the bed. The previous night, which felt like a dream, came back to him in a flash.

He sat up in bed and groaned. He looked around the nursery, which was now illuminated by daylight. The babyish colors, the diaper changing station, and Patrick sleeping in his crib all seemed to hit him much harder now. He couldn't believe he was sleeping in a toddler's room.

Then he felt it. A sense of wetness around his crotch. He looked down and touched his blankets in horror — they were soaking wet with urine.

Dillon reached his hands under his blanket and touched the giant pee puddle he laying in. Then he held his blanket up and smelled it. The strong odor of his urine made him immediately recoil.

Dillon's mind began to race. He couldn't believe he wet the bed. He hadn't wet the bed since he was, well since he was still wearing diapers!

He instinctively tried to get out of bed again, but the straps around his ankles made that impossible.

He thought about calling for Carol's help again, but then he remembered the previous night, and how Carol felt about him waking Patrick up.

Instead, Dillon was forced to lay back in his wet blankets and wait to be found. He was grateful for one thing at least though — at least his bladder no longer ached with his need to use the bathroom.

As he laid back, he continued to contemplate how this happened. He thought back to the milk Carol gave him, and how he fell asleep so quickly afterwards. Maybe she had given him something that made him wet the bed?

But then again, he was pretty tired and had to pee anyway last night. Why would she purposefully induce him to make a mess anyway?

As Dillon sat back, his bottom and crotch still soaked in urine, his cock started to get hard.

Dillon instinctively reached down to his morning wood and began to play with it under the wet blankets. For some reason, the straps on his ankle and the acrid smell of pee started to turn him on. He imagined Carol's face, then imagined her shirt coming up, revealing her supple, large breasts. Dillon's cock then became rock hard.

Part of Dillon considered masturbating, but he then he looked over at Patrick sleeping in his diaper in his adult crib next to him. The thought of Patrick waking up and catching Dillon doing such a thing seemed too risky. Also, he looked at the nanny-cam silently watching in the corner. Who knows if Carol would get angry at him for rubbing one out.

Instead, Dillon laid back with his hard cock and his urine soaked sheets, waiting to be found.

He heard some rustling over in Patrick's crib and looked over. He saw Patrick start to get up and stand in his crib. Then Patrick put his hands on the crib rails and stared at the wall, still sucking his large pacifier. Dillon watched Patrick in fascination, unsure what he was doing.

Then he heard Patrick grunt, and then he saw the back of Patrick's diaper fill up and turn brown. Dillon's nose quickly confirmed what he suspected — Patrick was pooping in his diaper.

Patrick finished filling his diaper, which was already soggy from him peeing in it all night, and sat back down in his crib. Dillon could almost hear the squish of his poop mess in the back of his diaper as he sat down on it.

The smell of Patrick's poop load made Dillon recoil. He wanted to shout, "Hey, Carol, your little baby needs his poop diaper change!" But he figured that wouldn't go well.

Dillon was amazed that Patrick could make such a stinky mess right next to him and go right back to sleep. Dillon, on the other hand, was forced to smell the poopy diaper as he waited to be rescued.

Dillon laid in bed and sighed again. He couldn't believe he had been reduced to smelling Patrick's poopy diaper while he sat in his urine soaked bed in a toddler's nursery room. His Summer at Carol's was already starting out far worse than he would have expected.

Book Two, Chapter Three - Diaper Change

Finally, after about an hour of Dylan languishing in his wet blankets, Patrick stood up again and began to cry.

Soon after, Carol opened the door to the bedroom and walked in. She dramatically sniffed the air. "Uh oh! It smells like someone has a poopy diaper!" She said as she entered and walked toward Patrick's crib.

Dillon didn't know what to do. He was terrified of what Carol's response was going to be when she saw he wet the bed. He decided to just stay silent for the time being. Thankfully, Carol just gave Dillon a brief smile before walking up to Patrick, apparently not noticing Dillon's soaked sheets.

Dillon watched Carol pick Patrick up and look down the back of his diaper. "Yessir, this is one stinky mess you left for Mommy to clean up, didn't you," she said as she patted his poo filled bottom.

Patrick went slightly red in the face, but then just gave a dumb smile, apparently happy to be attended to by his, 'Mommy,' as he called her.

Dillon watched Carol pick Patrick up and carry him over to the diaper changing station right at the foot of Dillon's bed. Dillon instinctively cleared his throat. "Ma'am, will you let me up so I can leave the room while you do this?" Dillon asked trepidatiously. He didn't want to be subjected to the smell of Patrick's diaper again when she opened it.

"Sorry Dillon, I'm in the middle of changing Patrick's poopy diaper. You're gonna have to get used to watching me change him. You are, after all, sharing a room with him." She said dismissively.

Dillon couldn't help but watch as Carol un-taped Patrick's diaper and lifted up the front. The smell of his big brown mess quickly filled the whole room, and Dillon plugged his nose. Seeing Patrick's penis and balls covered in mess like that immediately made Dillon's face turn red with embarrassment.

"Of yes, you are one stinky boy little Patrick," Carol coo'd as she wiped the poop down his butt with the front of his diapers. "Those laxatives sure did their job."

Dillon watched as Carol wiped Patrick's penis, balls and butthole with wet wipe after wet wipe. And to Dillon's shock, his own penis was growing hard. Something about seeing Patrick be held down and tended to in this way by Carol made blood flow to his own loins.

Finally, Carol folded up the loaded, stinky diaper and placed it in a bin right next to Dillon's bed. Dillon wanted to complain about the poopy diaper pale going right next to wear he slept, but he knew it would fall on deaf ears.

Finally, he watched as Carol grabbed a big, puffy, new white diaper and slid it underneath Patrick. She applied lots of baby powder — a smell that Dillon also didn't love being subjected to — and wrapped Patrick up tight in his new, dry diaper. She lifted Patrick up and put him on the floor to go play. Then she turned to Dillon.

She began to smell the air dramatically. "Wait a second. I just changed Patrick's diaper, but it still reeks of peepee in here," she said, as if trying to figure out a mystery.

Dillon's face started to burn with embarrassment again. He didn't know what to do.

Carol continued dramatically sniffing around the room, then walked up to Dillon's bed. She looked down at the wet spot on Dillon's crotch and gasped. She leaned in and took a big whiff.

"Dillon! Did you wet the bed?" She asked in a shocked and indignant tone.

"I think so..." Dillon replied meekly.

"You think so? I asked you a simple question. Did you peepee in your bed or night last night?" She asked in a stern tone.

Dylan started to stammer. "Yes I did... Ma'am."

"You did what?" She asked again.

"I wet the bed, ma'am. I'm sorry," Dillon stammered. Tears began to fall down his face.

Carol then grabbed the blankets covering Dillon and ripped them off the bed, revealing his nude body sitting in a puddle of urine in his sheets. "Yes, I can see you most certainly did peepee in your bed last night," she said sternly.

Then to Dillon's greater humiliation, he realized his dick was still rock hard. He immediately moved his hands down to cover it from Carol's view.

"What is that? Why do you have an erection right now?" She asked.

Dillon stammered, not sure how to respond.

"Were you masturbating in your pee soaked sheets?" She asked again.

Dillon shook his head, his whole body now getting red with embarrassment. "No Ma'am. I wasn't doing that," he replied.

"Good. You better not have been," she replied. Carol then took out her iPhone and started taking pictures of Dillon.

"What are you doing!?" Dillon shouted, trying to cover himself.

"If I need to show your Mother what you did in your bed, it's important I have pictures to explain," Carol said as she pulled Dillon's hands from his erection and continued to take pictures.

Dillon tried to curl into a ball, humiliated beyond belief. Finally, Carol put her phone away.

"Okay, come on, let's get you cleaned up." She said sternly.

Dillon looked down with relief as he watched Carol untie the straps around his feet. He eagerly bent his knees and stood up, happy to be free.

Carol then walked over to the baby changing station. "Okay little Dillon, hop up. Let's clean up your peepees," she said sternly.

He looked back at her in shock and confusion. "What do you mean?" He asked.

She scoffed. "What do I mean? I mean you're covered in your own piss right now. So, hop up on the diaper changing table so I can get you cleaned up. Do you want me to send those pictures to your mother so she can explain it to you?" Carol said sternly.

Dillon was shocked and humiliated, but didn't have the strength or confidence to argue with Carol's logic.

He slowly walked towards the diaper changing table and sat down on the cool plastic sheet. Carol grabbed his legs and pushed his chest down so he was suddenly laying down. Dillon continued to cover his junk as Carol stood above him, looking down.

"Patrick, can you tell Dillon here what the rules of the diaper changing table are?" She said to Patrick playing on the floor behind her. Patrick turned around and stood up.

"Hands above the head!" Patrick said in a babyish voice.

"That's right, hands above the head during diaper changes!" Carol said as she pulled Dillon's hands away from covering his penis and up over his head.

Dillon was shocked and humiliated that Carol was having Patrick 'explain the rules' to him. Let alone the fact that Carol now had full view of his semi-hard penis. Sure, she had seen it last night, but now she had full access to it.

Dillon then felt plastic restraints wrap around each of his wrists above his head. He tried to pull them free but with no luck.

“What are you doing!” He asked in an exasperated tone.

“Sometimes when little boys are still learning the rules of diaper changes, they need a little more help keeping their hands out of the way,” she explained.

As Dillon struggled and yanked on his wrists, he watched Carol pull another strap from over the table and strap it down over his midsection.

“Don’t want you rolling off the table,” she said with a wink. Dillon felt totally helpless and humiliated.

Then he watched Carol take the baby wipe container from under the table — the same ones she used on Patrick — and apply one to Dillon’s crotch. The cold wiped made Dillon flinch, but he had to admit it also felt nice to have her cleaning his thighs and his tummy with them.

“Legs up!” She said in a gentle tone, and Dillon lifted his legs into the air to give him even greater access. He had never felt so babyish in his life.

Then Carol moved on to Dillon’s balls and penis, thoroughly wiping and squeezing his genitals. Dillon gasped and his face burned bright red again. Carol looked at his squeamish face.

“Don’t be so shy. I’ve changed lots of poopy diapers before, Dillon, which means wiping down a lot of little penises. I do have to say though, yours is certainly the smallest I’ve ever cleaned,” she said as she began to tug on Dillon’s penis.

As Carol tugged, Dillon couldn’t help but feel his penis become rock hard again. Carol began to stroke it, and Dillon couldn’t help but wonder if she was purposefully masturbating him.

“Yes, we certainly do have to get rid of this yucky mound of pubic hair you have here. It’s only going to make diaper changes that much harder. Especially with a penis this small,” she said again.

Dillon was reeling. Did she really expect him to ever voluntarily get on this diaper changing table again? He just wanted her to finish and let him put his underwear back on, even though part of him also wanted her to let him finish by letting him cum in the wet wipe she was rubbing him with.

Finally, she let his penis go and moved down to his asshole. He felt her touch his rosebud with her wet wipes. Then she held a wet wipe up for Dillon to see. There was a large brown streak on the wipe.

"Yep! Just as I expected. There was a large poop skid mark in your underwear from last night that you left in the hallway, too, young man. It's clear wiping your own butt is not something you're ready for," she said sternly as she worked her fingers into his crevice.

As Dillon squirmed, he didn't know what to say, he was too stunned by shock and embarrassment. Did he really have a problem wiping his own butt? What did she mean it wasn't something he was 'ready for'?

Finally, Carol finished wiping Dillon's urine off his skin and getting him clean. Dillon expected to be let up at this point. But to his surprise, instead Carol retrieved one of Patrick's large, puffy diapers from the shelf. As she unfolded it above him, Dillon stammered.

"What is that for?" He asked.

Carol looked down at Dillon and laughed.

"It's your diaper, sweetie," she said in a condescending tone.

"I don't need to wear diapers!" Dillon shouted back.

Carol just laughed again. She turned back to Patrick again. "Patrick, baby, can you explain to Dillon why he needs to wear diapers?" She asked.

Patrick stood up and looked at Dillon on the change table. "Because he made a big peepee in his bed!" Patrick said loudly.

"That's right, little Dillon here made a peepee in his bed, so he needs to wear diapers!" Carol said as she slid the

soft, large warm diaper under Dillon's bottom.

Dillon's face burned with humiliation. He couldn't believe the diaper boy was explaining to him why he needed to wear diapers. He couldn't imagine anything more humiliating.

He looked down and watched Carol pull the diaper below his butt, then started heaping sweet smelling baby powder all over his dick, balls and ass.

"Please, I don't need a diaper!" Dillon pleaded. "Please don't make me wear a diaper!" He began to fruitlessly struggle and kick. Tears came to his eyes as the level of humiliation had all just become too much.

Carol calmly turned back to Patrick. "Patrick, Dillon here still doesn't understand why he needs diapers. Would you be a doll for Mommy and bring his peepee blankets over here to he can smell them?" She said in a sweet voice.

"Yes Mommy!" Patrick said in a gleeful tone, then ran over to the laundry hamper. He pulled out Dillon's wet bedsheet and dragged it over to Dillon still tied to the diaper changing table.

Dillon watched in horror as Patrick shoved Dillon's urine soaked sheets into his face. Dillon recoiled and struggled. Patrick kept holding the sheet to Dillon's face, forcing him to smell his urine soaked mess. The wet sheets touched his nose and his chin, and he couldn't help but breathe in the humiliating odor.

"Stop! Stop!" Dillon pleaded. Carol just laughed.

"Okay Patrick, I think he gets it," she said.

Patrick pulled the pee soaked sheet away from Dillon's face as Dillon caught his breath. "Are you going to be a good boy and let me put your diaper on you now, Dillon? Or do you need to smell your peepee mess some more?" She asked.

"This isn't fair! I just had an accident because you didn't let me use the bathroom! Please don't do this to me!" Tears ran down Dillon's cheeks as he sobbed and broke

down underneath Carol and his cousin's gaze. He felt Carol reach to his stomach and start to massage it. Her tone changed again.

"Look honey, I know it can be difficult to wear diapers again after you thought you didn't need them anymore. But last night you proved that wasn't the case. When you tried to use the toilet, you either made a big mess for me to clean up, or you couldn't go at all. Not only that, but you left stinky brown stains in your underpants for me to clean up. Now that's not very fair, is it?" Carol said in a surprisingly sweet tone.

Dillon started to calm down and looked up at Carol looking down at him. "But it wasn't my fault," he said back, meekly.

"I know it wasn't your fault, it's no one's fault that you need to wear diapers again. But the fact of the matter is that you do. You don't have to feel bad about it. Look, Patrick is happy in his diapers," she said.

Dillon looked at Patrick running around in just his diaper. He shuddered to think that he would be infantilized in such a way, but at the same time, he was starting to reckon with Carol's point of view. He did after all wet the bed.

"Please. Please don't make me wear them, Nanny Carol," Dillon pleaded. "I'll be good."

Carol simply patted his naked bum and smiled. "Okay, Dillon, how about we make a deal again. If you can avoid making a mess in your diapers for the rest of the day, I'll let you wear your big boy underwear again. How does that sound?" She asked in a sweet tone.

Dillon nodded his head and dried his tears. He felt that even though he was about to be wrapped in a diaper by Carol, it would only be temporary, and it would be easy for him to get his 'big boy underwear' back soon. After all, there was no way he would actually use them.

"Okay, Nanny Carol," he said.

With that, Carol lifted the front of Dillon's big puffy diaper through his legs and wrapped it around his waist and taped it real tight. As she undid the binds around Dillon's hands, he instinctively touched the big puffy diaper now around his crotch. He was amazed at how soft and large it felt on him.

Carol undid the strap around Dillon's waist and let him stand up. He couldn't believe how large the diaper was between his legs. It made him almost walk bow legged.

As Dillon was feeling his diaper, he looked over to see Carol taking a picture of him with her phone.

"What are you doing?" He asked.

"Sending a picture to your Mom. She probably misses seeing you in cute little diapers," Carol replied with a smile on her face. Dillon got embarrassed once again. He couldn't believe he agreed to this.

Carol walked out the door of the bedroom. "Come on boys, let's all go downstairs for breakfast!" She exclaimed. Patrick immediacy stood up and happily followed Carol out the door.

"Can I have some pants, please?" Dillon asked, annoyed that she seemed to have forgotten such a basic detail.

Carol looked back at him and laughed. "Sorry Dillon, I prefer to keep my boys' diapers visible when they're playing during the day. It makes noticing dirty diapers easier," she said with a smile on her face.

Dillon grumbled and shuffled after Carol and Patrick toward the stairs. He couldn't believe he was being forced to run around the house naked with just a diaper on like he was a toddler. He certainly wouldn't be making any 'dirty diapers' as Carol suggested.

Dillon waddled down the stairs toward breakfast, telling himself that he would have his normal unwearable back soon.

Unfortunately for Dillon, he was dead wrong in that assumption.

Book Three, Chapter One - A Very Messy breakfast

Dillon meandered down the long staircase, still upset that Carol was forcing him to wear a diaper just like her babyish, adult son Patrick. As Dillon walked by a long mirror in the hallway, he looked at his babyish figure.

Dillon was scrawny and skinny for his age. At school, when he told people how old he was, people often didn't believe him, thinking he was much younger.

He looked at how big and puffy the diaper looked on his skinny naked body. He looked like a little toddler. His pale cheeks started to turn red with embarrassment. He couldn't believe he agreed to this.

Part of Dillon wanted to run back upstairs and try and find some clothes, but he knew Carol would keep all the doors in the house locked. Another part of him wanted to just rip the diaper off and run around naked. But he feared Carol's inventive punishments even more.

Dillon sighed. He figured he was just going to have to do what it took to get through today. Then he would get his underwear back. Or at least that's what Carol said would happen, provided he didn't have another accident.

Dillon walked into the kitchen to join Carol and Patrick. Patrick was in his high chair again, his wrists restrained underneath the feeding table as Carol prepared breakfast. Dillon sat in a regular chair at the table, glad to be an adult compared to Patrick in at least that one respect.

"What's for breakfast, Nanny?" Dillon asked, doing his best to be polite.

"Oatmeal and prunes," Carol responded.

Dillon twisted his nose. He hated oatmeal, and the idea of prunes sounded disgusting. "Can I have something else?" He asked politely.

“No, little Dillon. I know you haven’t made a proper BM since you got here, so it’s important you have some fiber in your diet,” she replied.

Dillon scowled. Carol had no right to be talking about his bathroom habits like this. But now that she mentioned it, Dillon did have to use the bathroom for his morning bowel movement. He decided to get up and sneak toward the hallway bathroom as Carol prepared breakfast.

Dillon quietly waddled down the hallway in his diaper, then got to the bathroom that he used yesterday. He tried the door handle, but to his frustration, it was locked.

His stomach started to gurgle. He thought about going back to ask Carol to use the bathroom, but he knew that she would insist on watching him do it. He couldn’t imagine having to poop in front of Carol.

He decided he would have to hold his bowel movement in till tomorrow, even though it would be uncomfortable.

That’s when Carol appeared around the corner, making Dillon jump in surprise.

“There you are, Dillon! I didn’t know where you went!” Carol said.

“Yeah, sorry, I just needed to use the bathroom,” Dillon said back.

“Well Dillon, little boys in my house aren’t allowed to leave the room they’re in without permission, okay? I can’t have you just wandering off making trouble,” Carol said in a condescending tone.

Dillon was frustrated that Carol was suddenly treating him like he was a two-year-old. Then she grabbed his hand and started leading him back to the kitchen. Dillon was even more confused and frustrated, because she didn’t even address his need to use the bathroom.

“Wait — I still need to use the bathroom!” Dillon suddenly shouted.

Carol stopped and turned around. She kneeled down and looked him in the eyes. "Do you have to go peepee or poopoos?" She asked.

"Ummm.... Pee," Dillon said hesitatingly, preferring to lie rather than admit he had to go number two.

Carol looked at him for a long minute. "Sorry Dill Dill, you made a peepee just a little bit ago while you were sleeping. You need to learn how to hold your peepee like a big boy. That's probably why you wet the bed," she said in a juvenile tone, then continued pulling him back to the kitchen.

Dillon was starting to get angry. He couldn't believe that she wasn't going to let him use the bathroom at all. His stomach began to gurgle more as his need to use the bathroom increased.

Finally, Dillon watched Carol approach Patrick and tie a babyish bib around his neck that said, "Messy Baby," and then put a bowl of oatmeal and prunes in front of him.

Then she walked up behind Dillon and put a similar babyish bib around Dillon's neck. Dillon immediately tried to pull it off, but Carol had quickly secured it around the back of his head with some sort of lock.

"What is this? I don't need a bib!" Dillon shouted as he tugged fruitlessly on the embarrassing item of clothing. It was baby blue and said, *Mommy's Little Stinker*.

"Hush now, Dillon! You've been whining and complaining non-stop this morning and I've about had it up to here with it. When I took your shirt yesterday there was spaghetti sauce all over it, so yes, apparently you did need a bib," she said in an angry tone. "Also, I don't have time to give you boys a bath till later tonight, so you're gonna have to keep that bib on. Maybe if it's still clean when your bowl is empty, you won't have to wear one tomorrow."

Dillon's face grew red. Had he really been that messy of an eater? He considered that maybe Carol was right, and felt humiliated into submission.

Carol then put a bowl of oatmeal and prunes in front of Patrick, then a large bowl of oatmeal and prunes in front of Dillon. Dillon looked down into the mush with disgust. Also, his rumbling stomach limited his appetite.

"I'm not hungry, Carol," he said in a whiney voice as Carol spoon fed Patrick his oatmeal.

"Tough! Little boys clean their plates in this house, so you can either finish that oatmeal yourself or I can put you in Patrick's highchair and help you do it," Carol said back, losing her patience.

Dillon shut his mouth. Carol's threat hit him where it hurts. As he watched Carol shove the food into Patrick's mouth like he was a baby, drool and food falling down his chin and landing on his bib and diaper, Dillon couldn't imagine being humiliated in Patrick's high chair like that. He decided to dig into the oatmeal and prunes.

He took his first bite and recoiled. It tasted awful! He hated it. And his gut seemed to rumble as he swallowed.

He took another bite. Every bite felt like a struggle, and the morning poop he was holding seemed to be building up as he went. The bowl was so large! It seemed like he had so much more than Patrick.

"Nanny, why do I have to eat so much! I have so much more in my bowl than Patrick has in his!" Dillon whined.

"Because," Carol responded as she continued feeding Patrick, "Like I said, you haven't had a BM since you got here. You must be terribly constipated. So as far as I'm concerned, you'll be eating all of it."

Dillon shuddered inside. He wanted to tell Carol that he desperately did need to take a poop, but he wanted to hold it until tomorrow, so at least he might have earned the privilege to go without her watching, and not wear diapers afterward. The irony is that his breakfast was making his urge to go that much worse.

Dillon continued slowly shoveling as much of the oatmeal and prunes as he could into his mouth. He only got

halfway done when he noticed Carol wiping up Patrick's face. Apparently Patrick was finished eating. Carol helped Patrick down to the floor and turned back to Dillon.

"Dillon! What did I say?" She yelled.

"What? What did I do?" Dillon asked back, fearful of Carol's anger.

"I told you to finish your bowl and you've barely eaten half of it!" She shouted.

"But I don't like it! And I'm full!" Dillon shouted back.

"That's it, I've had it up to here with your attitude this morning. Get your butt in that chair!" Carol shouted.

Now Dillon was scared. Carol was very scary when she was angry. He saw that she was pointing to Patrick's high chair. Was she serious?

"But Nanny Carol..." He pleaded.

"Now! But in chair. If I have to ask again you're gonna be sorry." She shouted.

Dillon reluctantly walked over to the babyish high chair and sat down. Carol grabbed his wrists and tucked them underneath the tray into straps that bound his hands. Dillon cried and whined from the pain and humiliation as Carol walked over and grabbed the bowl of the rest of his breakfast.

"Stop! Nanny Carol it hurts!" Dillon whined, his wrists uncomfortably pinched by the highchair.

"Well then, finish your breakfast and I'll let you out!" Carol said back as she scooped up a big spoonful of oatmeal and shoved it into Dillon's mouth.

Dillon choked on the oatmeal and almost gagged. It was cold now, and even more gross. His hands restrained, his tummy full, and his need to empty his bowels all made him feel helpless and overwhelmed.

"You know, I was going to forget about the spanking I promised you last night, but since you're being so naughty, I think I'm going to have to give you that spanking tonight after all," Carol said as Dillon struggled and whined.

Carol picked up another spoonful and shoved it into Dillon's mouth almost before he could swallow the first one. Then another spoonful. Some of the oatmeal fell out of his mouth in the form of drool. Carol, without missing a beat, scooped it off his chin and pushed it back into his mouth.

"Little babies need to learn all of their breakfast so they make poopies for their Nanny," Carol said in a stern tone as she continued to force feed Dillon the oatmeal. Dillon started crying, the meal becoming traumatizing and suffocating.

He closed his mouth, trying to keep Carol from shoving another spoon of oatmeal into his mouth.

"Oh, I know that one little baby," Carol said with an evil smile. She grabbed Dillon's nose and plugged it, forcing Dillon to open his mouth again for air. And the oatmeal kept on coming.

By time the bowl was empty, Dillon's cheeks were red from him crying and flailing. Snot was pouring from his nose down his face. And oatmeal was stuck to his chin and covered his bib. Dillon was sobbing uncontrollably as Carole put the spoon down and patted his head.

"See, that wasn't so bad, was it baby?" She said.

Just then, Dillon heard the doorbell ring. Carol immediately got up. "Oops, that's probably the babysitter. Stay right here, little baby," Carol said as she walked toward the front door.

Dillon's heart started racing as he tried to calm down from his sobbing fit. Did she say, babysitter? He thought to himself. He could understand maybe why Patrick needed a babysitter... But was Carol really going to force Dillon to be seen wearing a diaper like this in front of someone else?

Just then Dillon let out a massive fart as his gut began to quiver once again. Dillon looked over and Patrick was pointing and laughing hysterically at him.

"Did you go poopy!" Patrick said. Dillon couldn't believe this was happening.

Book Three, Chapter Two - Meeting the Babysitter

Dillon heard Carol coming back down the hallway with what sounded like another woman.

"Yeah, Patrick made a big poopoo last night and this morning, so I don't think he's constipated anymore. But Little Dillon seems pretty backed up," Dillon heard Carol say.

"Okay!" He heard another woman respond. Dillon started to panic. The other person sounded young and attractive.

Carol and the babysitter rounded the corner. Dillon's heart dropped.

The babysitter was in her early 20s, not much older than Dillon, and she was drop dead gorgeous. Dillon immediately started to blush everywhere on his body when he saw her. He couldn't believe someone so hot would be seeing him while he was covered in snot, oatmeal, and wrapped in a diaper!

Dillon immediately tried struggling against his highchair binds again in an effort to escape. No luck. He was stuck there.

Patrick saw the babysitter and immediately ran up to her and gave her a hug. "Becky!" Patrick shouted in a babyish voice.

The babysitter, Becky, patted Patrick on the head. "Good to see you again, little guy!" She shouted.

"And this is Dill Dill. His Mom dropped him off for the Summer for me to look after. We just had a rough time with breakfast, as you can see," Carol explained as she wiped Dillon's chin and nose with a wet cloth. Dillon wanted to curl up in a ball and die as Becky approached him and rubbed his head.

"Awe, he's so cute!" She said back to Carol.

"Can you to me a favor and check his diaper before I let him out of his high chair?" Carol said to Becky.

Dillon was frozen in abject humiliation as he felt Becky pull the back of his diaper out and look down his bottom. Then she stuck his fingers in his leg bands.

"No messies yes!" Becky said in a sing song voice.

Dillon wanted to shout back that he didn't need diapers, that this was all wrong, but his humiliation in front of this beautiful woman was just too much. All he could do was stay silent and play his role as a baby.

Finally, Carole undid the straps around Dillon's hands and let him down from the high chair. Dillon continued to look up at Becky in awe, his jaw dropped. He didn't even realize how much he resembled a shy little kid.

"Aw, look, I think someone's got a crush on babysitter!" Carol teased Dillon. Dillon's face immediately got bright hot red again as Carol and Becky laughed at him.

Finally, Carol took Dillon and Patrick by the hand and lead them to the TV room. Dillon looked up to see the TV was stuck playing baby cartoons again. There were also blocks and various infantile toys in the room.

Before Dillon knew what was happening, he felt a harness being dropped around him and tightened behind his back. He turned around to see Carol tightening a leash around him.

"What are you doing!" Dillon shouted in shock and embarrassment.

Becky and Carol just laughed at him as Carol finished tying Dillon's new leash to the wall. "You gotta be careful with this one, he's already shown me he likes to run off," Carol said to Becky as she nodded.

Dillon watched Carol and Becky walk back out to the kitchen and leave him tied up in the play room. Dillon tugged on the leash and the harness with no luck. It was made to sustain serious resistance. He was infuriated to be tied up in this way, and also infuriated that he had been

apparently demoted to baby-level, where his basic questions no longer deserved an answer. How could Becky treat him this way? He thought to himself.

But then again, he thought, Becky walked in on Dillon wearing nothing but a diaper and crying in a high chair with baby food all over his chin and bib. He guessed he understood why she would treat him like a baby.

He started to get angry with Carol. That was all her fault! He wouldn't be in this situation if it wasn't for her.

Dillon sat down on the carpet floor and privately fumed as Patrick played with the toy trucks lying about.

Then Dillon's gut gurgled again. He didn't know how much longer he could hold it, but he knew he had to try.

Dillon took deep breaths and tried to put everything out of his mind, zone out and watch cartoons like the good little baby they expected him to be.

Book Three, Chapter Three - A Very Messy Diaper

Sometime later, Dillon's tummy rumbled again. He began to sweat. He couldn't take it anymore. He'd poop in front of Carol if he had to, but he just needed to urgently 'go'.

He wanted to go find Carol, but the leash kept him stuck in the room. He didn't know what to do. He started pacing back and forth, trying to squeeze his butt cheeks shut. Finally, he figured he only had one option.

He started yelling for Carol down the hallway. "Carol! Carol! I need to use the bathroom! Nanny! Nanny Carol!" He hated how helpless he felt, yelling for help to deaf ears like a little baby.

He gave up after five minutes of yelling. Then he felt another urge to 'go'. He got up and started yelling again, this time even more desperate.

"Carol! Carol! Nanny! I have to use the bathroom!" Dillon yelled in his diaper and harness. Patrick only watched him in dumb confusion.

Dillon started getting more and more upset. He shouted louder and louder as tears came to his eyes. Why wasn't anyone coming for him?

Finally, he heard footsteps running down the hallway. Carol and Becky turned the corner.

"Dillon, was that you screaming? Are you okay? Sorry, I was showing Becky the flowers outside," Carol said in a consoling tone.

"I have to use the bathroom!" Dillon pleaded.

"Peepee or poopoo?" Carol asked him. Dillon's face immediately went red over the fact that Becky was standing right there listening to him get asked such an invasive question.

“Poopoo,” Dillon mumbled, deciding to swallow his pride and be truthful.

“Awww, you gotta make poopies little baby?” Carol said in a soothing tone. Then she turned to Becky.

“Becky, can you take little Dill Dill here to the potty to go poopies? Make sure you help him sit on the toilet and do a good push. And make sure you wipe for him afterwards. He doesn’t know how to wipe his own bottom yet,” Carol said. Becky immediately nodded and smiled.

Dillon’s heart started racing. He had made peace with the idea of using the toilet in front of Carol, but he couldn’t imagine pooping in front of Becky, who was absolutely drop dead gorgeous. Let alone letting her wipe him!

“I want Carol to take me,” Dillon said quickly, regretting how babyish he sounded. Carol and Becky both immediately started laughing at him.

“Aww, he’s such a shy baby!” Becky said. Dillon’s face started burning fire red again.

“Sorry Dill Dill, Nanny’s busy, you’re going to have to let Becky take you poopies,” Carol said in a babyish tone.

Becky stuck her hand out. “Come on Dill Dill,” Becky said in a cute tone.

Dillon started backing up. He couldn’t do it. He’d rather continue trying to hold it than have Becky watch him poop. It was a line too far.

Dillon just continued backing up and shaking his head no. “I don’t have to go anymore,” he said in a shy voice.

Carol tsk’d in frustration. “Dillon, are you telling me you fibbed *again* about needing to go potty?” She asked in an angry voice.

Dillon didn’t know how to reply. He just stayed silent and looked on the floor.

Carol walked up to Dillon, unlocked his leash, and grabbed his hand. She started pulling Dillon by the hand toward the kitchen. Dillon didn’t know what was going on.

"I'm so sorry about this, Becky. He just has such a fibbing problem. He already has a big spanking coming to him tonight." Carol said as she dragged Dillon toward the kitchen.

"It's okay, a lot of babies lie about needing to go poopies when they want attention," Becky said matter-of-factly.

"Yes, but this little one should know better. I think it's time he finally finds out there are consequences to fibbing like he does," Carol said back as she continued to drag Dillon down the hallway. Dillon was too scared to speak.

Finally, Carol dragged Dillon into the kitchen and sat him down in his high chair. She locked his hands underneath once again. Then Dillon watched Carol get a large bottle of strange brown liquid from the top shelf and bring it over to him.

"What's that?" Becky asked.

"Castor oil," Carol answered.

Becky started giggling. "Oh, I see."

Dillon didn't know what to do besides sit there and watch as Carol grabbed a spoon from the drawer and pour the liquid into the spoon. Dillon had heard of castor oil before, but he couldn't remember what it was for.

"Becky, can you be a dear and plug his nose?" Carol said to Becky.

"Sure thing," she said in a polite tone, then grabbed Dillon's nose and held it shut. Dillon instinctively opened his mouth to breathe, and Carol shoved the brown liquid into his mouth.

Dillon nearly gagged again — the liquid was shockingly foul tasting. Carol held his jaw up and shouted for him to, "swallow." Dillon quickly did, then opened his mouth again, gasping for air. He felt betrayed that Becky was helping Carol do this to him.

Carol poured another spoonful and shoved it in his mouth again. Dillon swallowed it down, almost wanting to

cry over being subjected to this force feeding.

"I think three spoons outta teach him," Carol said sternly as Becky just laughed again. Dillon opened his mouth for the third time and swallowed the final dose.

Finally, Becky let go of his nose and wiped the snot off her hand on the cloth still on his high chair from this morning. Dillon felt horribly violated from having to swallow the gross stuff, and his tummy began to gurgle.

Carol then produced a large pacifier — The same one Patrick was sucking on earlier — and barked at Dillon to, "Open." Dillon opened his mouth again, and Carol shoved the rubber intruder in his mouth. Then Becky helped Carol fasten it behind Dillon's head so he couldn't spit it out if he wanted to.

"Thanks Becky, it's so much easier handling these boys with you around," Carol said as she released Dillon's hands. "No problem, Carol, that's what I'm here for," Becky responded as she helped Dillon stand up. Dillon hated that again he was being talked about like he wasn't there, even though he was almost Becky's age.

Carol then grabbed Dillon's ear and dragged him to the corner of the kitchen. "Hands behind your back little boy," Carol shouted. Trembling in terror, Dillon put his hands behind his back as he felt Carol secure them with some sort of medical restraints again.

Then he watched as Carol produced a penny and hold it up against the wall. "Nose here!" She barked and Dillon leaned forward, holding the penny up to the wall with his nose.

Then he heard Carol wind up a kitchen timer. It started clicking in his ear.

"Now listen here, little Dill Dill, if that penny falls off the wall before this timer goes off, you'll have to start all over again. And I'll add ten more lashes each time to your spanking tonight. Am I understood?" She said sternly.

Dillon mumbled, “Yes, Nanny,” through the thick pacifier in his mouth. He wanted to ask how long he was going to have to stand there, but he was too terrified.

He heard Carol put the kitchen timer back down behind him, close enough so that he could hear it ticking, and then walk back to the table to join Becky.

Dillon started to catch his breath and suck on his pacifier. Even though it had only been a minute, his neck, nose and legs were already starting to ache. He was terrified to move or adjust himself, because he feared the penny falling on the floor.

Everything had happened so fast. Dillon was trying to reckon with the fact that he was receiving corporal punishment in this way — something his Mom would never dream of doing. And he was still going to receive a spanking??

He listened to Carol and Becky’s conversation, and to his relief, they seemed to be mostly talking about boring ‘adult’ things like college or neighborhood politics. Then Dillon caught himself. Did he just think the words, ‘adult things’? He was an adult! He started to grow alarmed at how much he was regressing to the role of baby that Carol put him in.

As he relaxed, he suddenly remembered why he ended up in the corner in the first place! He had to poop, really badly.

Suddenly his stomach let out a large gurgle — so loud he was sure Carol and Becky heard it. He heard them giggle about something, but he wasn’t sure if it was about him or not.

Then his stomach turned again. He felt his BM start to push against his sphincter. He tried to hold it in and cross his legs. He couldn’t imagine pooping in the diaper he was wearing! Let alone with Becky right there.

Praying for mercy and squeezing his eyes shut, he decided to try and shout for help again. His pacifier made

his words into slobbering baby talk.

“Carol! I have to go potty! I have to make a pooppy!” He shouted. “I have to go pooppy really bad!” He shouted again, his face getting sweaty.

Then he heard Carol and Becky laugh at him behind his back. “I bet you do, little boy!” Carol responded.

“With three spoons of castor oil — oh he’ll be pooping soon alright,” Becky joked in return.

Dillon continued to dance and pray. He farted and almost lost control. He couldn’t believe they were being so mean to him!

Finally, Dillon reached his breaking point. He farted again, and knew that he was about to explode into his diaper.

He turned away from the wall and let the penny drop. His hands still bound behind his back, he hoped to run to the bathroom. Maybe Carol left it unlocked. Or at least he wouldn’t have to poop himself right in front of Carol and Becky.

But as he turned and ran, Carol was standing in the hallway doorway, stopping him in his track.

“Where do you think you’re going, Mister?” She said with an evil smile.

And with that Dillon, stopped on his heels, right in front of Carol and Becky, and started pushing his poop hard into his diaper, the most painful poop he’d ever taken in his life.

He closed his eyes and grunted as he felt his warm, hot mess push out his ass and into the folds of his white, thirsty diaper. As he pushed, he felt the load fill up the whole seat of his diaper and fall down and touch his scrotum.

Overcome with relief at expelling his bowels, Dillon looked up at Becky staring at him in disgust.

“Pee ew! I think someone just made a pooppy diaper!” Becky said as she waved her hand in front of her nose.

Carol laughed as Dillon began to burn with shame. Dillon also looked over to see Patrick in the door way pointing and laughing at Dillon, apparently coming into the kitchen to investigate the commotion.

But unfortunately for Dillon, his bowel movement was just getting started. He was suddenly overtaken with another need to poop. He squatted down and continued to push more sloppy mess into his diaper, grunting and moaning through his pacifier as Carol and Becky erupted into laughter.

"He's going poopy again!" Patrick said as he pointed and laughed. "It's stinky!" He said again.

Carol walked over to Patrick and patted his head. "See! Dillon goes poopy in his diaper just like you!" She said.

Dillon wanted to curl up in a ball and die of embarrassment. Worse yet, his bowels kept on going. He involuntarily kept squatting and filling his diapers in front of everyone as they pointed and laughed.

Then Dillon felt the flood gates of his bladder open. Warm piss began to flow from his bladder into his stinky diaper, saturating the thirty material and making even more of a mess around his balls. He had never felt anything like it before.

As Dillon caught his breath, Carol walked up to him again and put her hand on his now yellow and brown loaded diaper. She began to smear the poopy load into his bottom and scrotum. "Well, one thing's for sure, we know he's not constipated anymore!" Carol said to Becky. They both laughed uproariously as Dillon burned hot with shame. He couldn't believe this was happening to him.

Becky walked Dillon back over to the corner and picked up the penny. She set the timer again and put the penny against the wall.

"It looks like you have some potty you need to finish in you diaper, little Dill Dill. Why don't you finish making

your stinkies while you finish your punishment,” Carol said as she pushed Dillon’s noise against the wall.

Dillon heard the kitchen timer start ticking as he felt Carol pat and squeeze his mushy bottom one last time for good measure before she went to go join Becky at the table again.

“Pee-ew, that is a big mess he has in that diaper!” Becky said as Carol sat down.

“You know what they say, the bigger the baby, the bigger the mess in their diapers!” Carol retorted. And with that they both laughed uproariously as Dylan stood against the wall, crying with shame as he finished pooping and peeing into his thoroughly soaked and loaded diaper.

Book Four, Chapter One – A Night in his Messy Diaper

Dillon continued to stand in the corner of the kitchen with his nose against the wall, his hands bound behind the back, his 'punishment timer' ceaselessly ticking behind him.

As he squatted and reflexively pushed out the last bits of his messy load into his diaper, he realized that it must have been the castor oil that Carol force-fed him that made him mess in his diaper uncontrollably like that.

Dillon's diaper was drooping in between his legs at this point, his messy load and his liter of pee saturating it to the brim. And as much as Dillon hated the feeling of his yucky warm poop smushing up against his backside when he helplessly voided his bowels earlier, now that his diaper was getting cold, he wished he could go back to it being warm again.

Dillon shivered as he stood in his cold, wet diaper. The smell of his mess began to waft up, and the odor of baby powder, urine and poopy diapers began to overtake him. Dillon couldn't help but feel overwhelmed by his feelings of being a helpless, messy infant.

Dillon listened to Carol and Becky continue to talk in the kitchen behind him as if he wasn't even there. Dillon felt resentful that he was nearly as old as Becky, who was drop dead gorgeous, yet he had been emasculated and reduced to toddler-hood right in front of her.

Tears came to Dillon's eyes as he reflected on the unfairness of the situation. He couldn't believe his Mom dropped him off at Carol's for the whole Summer. He couldn't believe how strict Carol was. He couldn't believe that he lost every shred of his dignity like this – being denied the bathroom and forced to poop in a diaper in front of the whole family – and then punished for it.

As he quietly sobbed and felt sorry for himself, Dillon's mind also wandered to something else Carol said — that she still planned on giving him a spanking tonight. Would she change his diaper first? Would Becky be watching?

Then Dillon's mind drifted to another threat Carol made. She said that Dillon could have his underwear back if he didn't have any more accidents that day. Since Dillon pooped his diapers, did this mean he was now going to be kept in diapers for the rest of the Summer?

Dillon sobbed and thought about how to ask for a diaper change. At this point he didn't care if Becky watched him humiliate himself again. He just wanted to be clean.

Dillon broke down into tears and started shouting, "Nanny! Nanny! I need a diaper change!" The thick rubber pacifier in his mouth gave his pleas an inherently infantile quality.

Becky and Carol ignored him, so he cried out again, sobbing even louder as he continued to press his nose against the wall.

"Nanny Carol! Nanny Carol! Please! My diaper is so poopy! I'm a stinky poopy boy! Please change my poopy diapers!" He yelled out through his pacifier and babyish tears.

Finally, he heard Carol and Becky laugh as they acknowledged his pleas.

"It looks like our stinky little boy over here wants his poopy diapers changed," Carol said.

Then Dillon heard Carol walk toward him. He felt Carol put her hand on the seat of his poopy diaper. She started mushing the mess in with her palm again, squishing it against his balls and his bum as he helplessly sobbed.

"Are you done making poopies in your diaper my little boy?" Carol said in a mocking tone.

"Yes, Nanny," Dillon responded.

"Do one more push for Nanny and Becky," Carol whispered in his ear as she continued massaging his poopy

diaper.

Dillon was taken off guard by the request, but then out of helplessness, he decided to try. He pushed on his bladder and his bum, and to his surprise, one more stream of urine flooded out into his already soaked diaper, warming it just a bit.

Carol heard the telltale hiss of him peeing again and smiled. "Good boy," she said. Then she continued, "Now Dill Dill, before I change your poop diaper, I want to make sure you understand now why you'll be in diapers for the rest of the Summer," she said in a firm tone.

Dillon immediately became sad again as he realized his fear was confirmed. Carol was going to force him to wear diapers all the time from now on. He started sobbing louder.

Carol continued massaging his balls through his poop diaper. "Dillon, did you hear what I said? I want you to tell Becky here why you'll be in diapers for the rest of the Summer," she said again, her voice still firm.

Dillon saw Becky approach him out of the corner of his eye. He could see her standing there with her arms crossed, quietly giggling to herself.

Dillon gulped and uttered the words he knew Carol wanted to hear through the pacifier still in his mouth. "Becky, Nanny Carol will be keeping me in diapers from now on because I made a big poop mess in my diaper," Dillon said, waves of shame washing over him. "I can't hold my peepees or my poopies, so Nanny has to put me in diapers," he said again, hoping to give Carol what she wanted.

Carol and Becky both burst out into laughter. Dillon felt Becky reach down and pat his poop diaper as well.

"I know, little Dill Dill. We can all see your big poop mess from across the kitchen!" She teased, making Dillon feel even smaller.

Then Dillon looked over and realized Carol was filming his humiliating confession with her phone. "Can't wait to send that clip to Dillon's Mom. She'll probably die of

laughter,” Carol said. “And she’ll understand why he’s going to look like Patrick when she picks him up in three months,” she laughed again.

Dillon burned even hotter with shame as he reckoned with the idea of his own Mom seeing him in his new, diapered state.

Dillon then heard Becky and Carol walk back to the kitchen table. He started to boil with anger. They completely ignored his request!

“Nanny! Aren’t you going to change my poop diaper?” Dillon pleaded again through his pacifier, his nose still against the wall.

Carol merely laughed again, then called her son over. “Patrick, can you tell Dill Dill what the rule in the house is about asking for diaper changes?” She asked her adult baby son loud enough for Dillon to hear.

Dillon cringed. He didn’t realize Patrick was still in the kitchen, taking part in Dillon’s humiliating spectacle.

“Mommy decides when babies get their diapers changed, not babies!” Patrick said in a know-it-all tone.

Dillon felt Patrick waddle up behind him and pat his poop diapered bum, just like he watched Carol and Becky do. Dillon couldn’t believe the little brat was condescending to him like this.

Carol and Becky laughed and smiled, rewarding Patrick for his condescending dominance over Dillon with a Pat on the head and comments of, “Good boy!” And “That’s right, Patrick!”

“Besides, little Dill Dill,” Carol added, “You need to spend some time in your stinky diaper to learn how to behave yourself. Maybe you’ll think twice next time before fibbing and back-talking to Nanny like you did today.”

And with that, Dillon listened to the two women laugh as they walked into the living room with Patrick. He could tell that they were all going to watch a movie together.

Dillon started crying again as he stood alone in the dark in his poopy, soggy diaper in the corner of the kitchen. All he could do was hope that his punishment would be over soon.

Book Four, Chapter Two - Finally Changed

After what seemed like an eternity of Dillon eavesdropping on Carol, Becky and Patrick watching a kid's movie in the other room, Dillon heard Carol come back into the kitchen and turn the lights on.

"Thank you so much for coming over today, Becky, it's always so helpful just to have another set of hands. And if today is any indication, I'll certainly need your help taking care of both of these boys throughout the Summer," Dillon overheard Carol say to Becky.

"It's my pleasure. They're sweet boys," Becky responded.

"Well, one of them is at least," Carol responded as they laughed.

"Bye Becky!" Dillon heard Patrick say. He then heard Becky give Patrick a kiss on the forehead as he giggled.

As Dillon listened to them all walk down the hallway toward the front door, he couldn't help but think about Patrick. When Dillon entered Carol's house yesterday and saw Patrick's infantile state, Dillon felt disgusted and ashamed for Patrick's babyish behavior. But now, Dillon couldn't help but feel intensely jealous of Patrick and the attention and love Carol and Becky were giving him. Part of Dillon began to yearn to be the good little baby boy they wanted him to be.

Dillon also recognized that Becky was leaving for the night. This was a relief to Dillon, who was glad that it would be Carol who changed his poopy diaper, not Becky, sparing him at least one element his anticipated humiliation.

Finally, he heard Carol and Patrick re-enter the kitchen, Becky now gone. Just as they made their way toward him, Dillon heard the ding of the kitchen timer

behind him. He sighed with relief, hoping that meant his corner time was finally over.

Carol walked up to Dillon and put one hand on his poopy bottom, one hand on his shoulder, and turned him away from the wall, letting the penny drop into her hand.

"Wow, good job little Dill Dill! You didn't let the penny fall once tonight. I'm proud of you," Carol said in a sincere tone. Dillon felt Carol undo the straps binding his hands, remove the pacifier strapped in his mouth, and then, to Dillon's surprise, he felt Carol wrap her arms around him and give him a big hug.

Dillon immediately began sobbing, her affectionate gesture overwhelming him after such a horrid day.

"It's okay baby. I know you've had a hard day. Nanny just wants what's best for you, and sometimes that means setting up rules and punishments. Trust me, it hurt Nanny more than it hurt you that you couldn't join us for the movie tonight," Carol said in a consoling tone.

Dillon looked into Carol's eyes with a sudden and overwhelming feeling of love. "Really?" He said as he wiped his tears away with the back of his hands.

"Yes, really. Isn't that right Patrick?" Carol said to Patrick standing nearby and watching. Patrick gave Dillon an enthusiastic nod and smile. Dillon suddenly felt overwhelmed by their approval. He just wanted to be a good boy.

"I'll tell you what, little Dill Dill. If you're a good boy for the rest of the night and don't fuss for Nanny anymore, I won't give you your spanking after all. How does that sound?" She asked.

Dillon wanted to cry in a mixture of relief, thankfulness and unadulterated love. He wrapped his arms around Carol and sobbed like a baby. "Thank you, Nanny! I be a good boy I promise!" He blurted out.

"Come on, let's go get your poopy diaper changed, then it's time for your baths," Carol said in a cheery tone.

And with that, Carol lead Dillon by the hand up the staircase as he waddled in his soggy, poopy diaper.

When they finally got upstairs to Dillon and Patrick's bedroom, Dillon never thought he would be so glad to see the diaper changing table again. Carol turned their bedroom light on and lead Dillon to the diaper changing table.

"Patrick, do you mind if I change Dillon's diaper before yours tonight?" She asked Patrick.

Patrick smiled and nodded. "Of course, Mommy! He's really, really poopy!" He said back.

"Aww, isn't Patrick being so nice to you, Dill Dill?" Carol said as she put her hands under Dillon's armpits and lifted him up onto the plastic change table. As Dillon sat down, the large, poopy load in his saturated diaper squished under his butt and his mess started to squeeze out his leg holes.

"My, my, this is one poopy diaper, Dill Dill! What have you been eating!" Carol teased. Dillon heard Patrick giggle. Dillon looked over to see Patrick standing there, watching Dillon get his diaper changed with wide eyes.

Dillon was humiliated to have Patrick watching him like this, but he also felt like suddenly he was the younger of the two of them, and was at his mercy.

"Hands up Dill Dill!" Carol said as she grabbed Dillon's hand and lifted them up over his head, securing them in place in the restraints above his head.

Then Dillon listened to the ripping sounds of Carol unfastening the tapes holding his diaper up. "Now lift your legs!" She said in a sing-song voice as she pulled the front of Dillon's diaper up.

"Ewww!" Patrick shouted as he looked into the contents of Dillon's diaper. Dillon burned with shame as the pungent odor of his poopy mess filled the room. He then felt Carol use the front of his pee soaked diaper to wipe him from his cock all the way down to his balls, smearing as much poop off of him as she could.

“I haven’t changed a diaper this messy since, well ever!” Carol chided. Dillon closed his eyes in humiliation as he felt Carol push his legs up further so she could wipe the crumps of poop off his bottom.

Then he felt the first baby wipe. The cool touch of Carol’s graceful cleaning motion felt like heaven on Dillon’s thighs, then his bottom, then his cock and balls. She used wipe after wipe, and it seemed like it was taking forever for Carol to get all the poop off of Dillon’s bum. But Dillon didn’t care. He closed his eyes, put his head back and smiled. Being cleaned by Carol’s tender touch in this way felt like heaven after such a terrible evening in his messy diaper.

As he felt Carol scrub his penis and balls with the baby wipes, he realized he was getting an erection in her grasp. He looked up, worried she would say something, but instead she just continued, seeming not to notice.

Then he felt Carol stick her finger in his bottom and gently finger his hole with the soft wipes. Not only did he feel cleaner now in his butt than he ever had before, but his bottom now felt tingly and warm from her touch.

When she was finally finished wiping his poopy bottom, Dillon watched Carol roll the poopy diaper up and place it in the dirty diaper pale right next to Dillon’s bed. Part of Dillon wasn’t happy about the fact that he would be sleeping next to his poopy diaper tonight, but then again, he was just so happy to be out of it.

He felt Carol reach up and free his hands from the binds above his head. Then she helped him off the changing table. Dillon was still stark naked, and his penis was rock hard, which he felt embarrassed about. Fortunately, Patrick and Carol didn’t seem to notice.

Carol lead Dillon over to his bed and sat him down. “Now be a good boy and wait for Nanny to clean up Patrick, then I can put both of you in your bubble bath,” she said in a soothing voice.

Dillon patiently waited on the edge of his bed, watching Carol change Patrick's pee soaked diaper. He couldn't help but enjoy the sight of them bonding in that way, now that he knew what it was like for himself.

"Okay, bath time!" Carol said as she grabbed both boys by the hand and lead them down the hallway. Dillon's penis was still erect, and he felt awkward having it wave around as they were walked down the hallway. However, still neither Carol nor Patrick seemed to care.

Book Four, Chapter Three - Bath Time

Carol brought Dillon and Patrick into the bathroom and sat them on the floor as she began to run the bubble bath. As Dillon watched Carol test the water temperature with her hand, he wondered who would go first.

“Okay, come on in!” She said to both of them. Dillon watched Patrick eagerly climb in the tub, but Dillon held back.

“What’s the matter Dillon? You don’t need to be scared. Look, Patrick’s having a great time,” she said as Patrick splashed around.

Dillon didn’t know how to give voice to his hesitation. Could he really share a bath like that with Patrick? He looked again, and realized the bathtub was bigger than a normal tub.

Dillon reluctantly climbed in and sat in the bubble bath with Patrick. Carol took her time dumping soapy water and washing both boys. Dillon c’ood with joy as he felt Carol scrub his bottom.

Then, when she was finished washing them, Carol took Patrick out of the tub first and dried him off with a towel. Dillon started to step out of the tub as well, but Carol stopped him.

“Not yet little Dill Dill. We still got some yucky hairs to get rid of,” Carol said in a sweet voice. Dillon stayed standing in the tub as he watched Carol get an electric shaver and shave all his pubic hair off of him. She shaved all the yucky hair on his bottom, too.

Dillon couldn’t help but feel embarrassed to see such a symbol of his manhood washed away like that, but then again, he felt like it was probably appropriate given in his new, infantile state.

“There, that will make it a lot easier to clean your little peepee when I change your poopy diapers, Dill Dill,” Carol said. Dillon’s face got red, but he knew she was right. He stepped out of the tub and smiled as she dried his body with a warm towel.

Book Four, Chapter Four - Home at Last

Carol lead both boys back to their bedrooms, and wrapped them each up in clean, fresh, dry diapers. When Dillon looked down at Carol pulling the big, puffy dry diaper up, he couldn't help feel warm, safe, and grateful - In sharp contrast to how he felt when Carol forced him into his diaper that morning.

Dillon watched from his bed, naked but for his diaper, as Carol lowered the bars of Patrick's crib and Patrick him climb into bed. Then she turned around to Dillon.

"Now Dill Dill, I have a question for you. Last night, did you like sleeping with your legs tied to each bed post?" She asked in a soft tone.

Dillon thought about the medical restraints she had put on Dillon last night that kept him from turning over during the night. "No!" He responded earnestly.

"Okay, I have a proposition for you then. I need to make sure you're safe in your bed when I'm not in the room. But, if you'd like, I can put crib bars around your bed instead of tying your feet to the corners. Would you prefer to sleep in a crib?" She asked in a gentle tone.

Dillon looked across the room at Patrick's crib, genuinely torn. The crib seemed so babyish and humiliating. But at the same time, he had to admit it would be more comfortable. At least he would be able to turn on to his side if he need to. He relented.

"I'd prefer the crib, Nanny," Dillon said in a soft voice.

Carol patted his head and smile. "Good baby. Let's get you set up in your crib," she said.

Dillon watched Carol walk out of the room and return a minute late with four set of rails. She then attached them to the sides of Dillon's bed, transforming the bed into an adult size crib. Dillon didn't realize how invasive and

humiliating it was going to have rails around his bed like that. But at the same time, he accepted that she was doing him a favor.

Dillon laid down in his new crib and stared at the mobile spinning above him. He then watched Carol leave and return with a bottle of milk for Patrick. He watched Patrick eagerly stand up in his crib and beg for the bottle of milk as Carol carried it to his lips.

Suddenly, Dillon felt neglected. What about *his* glass of milk? After all, he remembered how pleasant it made him feel to go to sleep after drinking the warm milk the previous night.

Dillon stood up in his crib and looked over the rails. "Nanny?" He said in a soft voice.

"Yes, Dill Dill?" Carol responded as she continued to feed Patrick his bedtime bottle.

"Can I have some milk?" Dillon said softly.

Carol looked back at Dillon and smiled. "Of course you can, Dill Dill."

And with that, she left Patrick to suckle on his bottle while she went downstairs. When she returned, Dillon saw she was holding another bottle of milk. At first Dillon was alarmed.

"Can't I have a glass instead of a bottle like last night?" Dillon whined.

Carol simply smiled and shushed him as she stuck the nipple of the bottle in Dillon's lips. Dillon began to eagerly suck the milk bottle, enjoying it too much to stop. "That's good little baby," Carol whispered as she rubbed his head.

Finally, Dillon finished his milk and burped loudly. He rolled over and closed his eyes as Carol walked to their bedroom door. "Nighty night, my little baby boys," Carol said in a soft tone. Then she shut the bedroom light off and closed the door behind her.

As Dillon started to fade into sleep, he instinctively reached down into his diaper and wrapped his hand around

his penis. He couldn't help but relish the warm, soft, crinkly feeling of the diaper on his cock.

As he thought back through the events of the day — his diaper change that morning, Becky coming over, him pooping in his diaper, his humiliating punishment, Carol wiping his genitals during his poopy diaper change — his dick began to get rock hard.

Dillon started stroking his boner in his diaper with his hand. The crinkly noise of the humiliating diaper, the crib he was forced to lay in, the smell of his poopy diaper from earlier, all of it suddenly become absolutely erotic in its dominance over him.

As he stroked faster and sucked on his fingers, Dillon realized he was in love with Carol! And he was in love with his diapers! Today had been the most magical day of his life. He was so thankful and glad to be transformed into Carol's diaper boy, just like she did to Patrick.

And with that, Dillon's hot cum exploded out of his cock in the most intense orgasm of his life. The warm, wet semen landed into the thirsty plastic of his diaper as his balls drained their load into his crinkly, infantile garment.

Dillon heaved for breath and pulled his hand out of his diaper. He felt the hot load gathering and dripping onto his balls, and it just felt right.

Dillon then realized he had to pee, and without much effort, his warm urine sprayed out of his dick, soaking his cummy diaper in his warm, yellow piss.

Dillon smiled, the relief of draining his balls and draining his bladder felt amazing, and the warm squishy diaper now enveloping his penis and testicles felt heavenly.

Dillon closed his eyes. As he drifted off to sleep, he finally realized that this was sure to actually be the best Summer of his life.

The End!

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