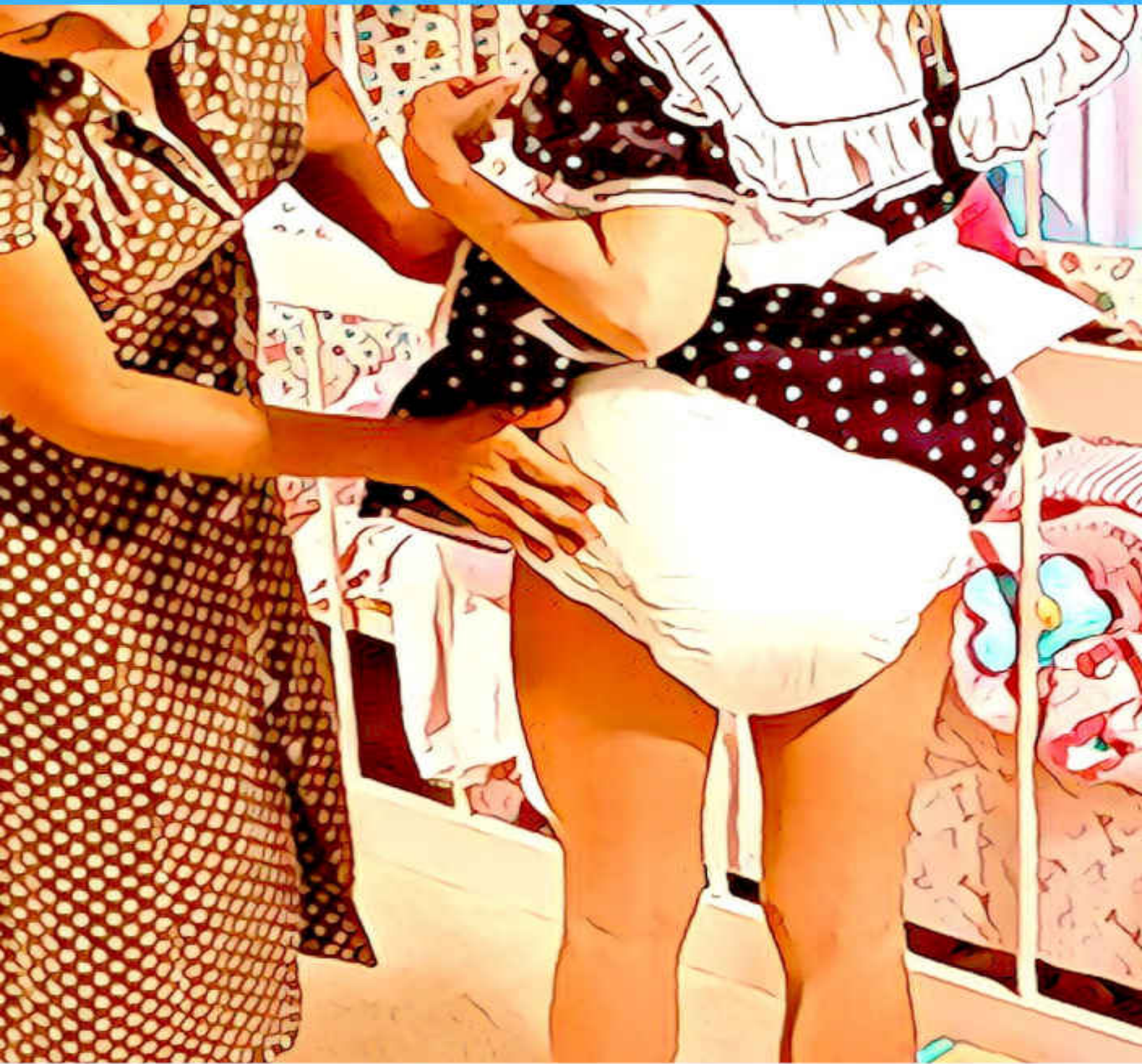


AN ABDL NOVELLA



**DIAPER PUNISHED BY
SUE THE NEIGHBOR**

BY NANNY CHLOE

DIAPER PUNISHED BY SUE THE
NEIGHBOR

NANNY CHLOE

NOTICE

The following story contains adult content and is intended only for adult readers over the age of 18.

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

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

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BABYSITTER

Aiden was an 18-year-old boy, but his growth disorder made him look a lot younger. Most guessed him for 13 by his looks. Therefore, his mother often babied Aiden far more than other kids his age, which he hated.

Aiden was eating breakfast in the kitchen on a Monday morning before school when his Mom came in to talk to him. "Hi Aiden, do you have a second?"

"Sure Mom," Aiden replied.

"I just wanted to let you know I'll be going away for work this long weekend after all," Aiden's Mom said. "I'll be leaving Thursday night, and getting back Monday."

"Cool," Aiden said.

Aiden was secretly thrilled. Aiden and his Mom lived alone in their house, and this meant that Aiden got to have the whole house to himself for a whole long weekend since he didn't have school on Friday. At least that's what he assumed. He immediately started to plan which friends to invite over for a 3-day party.

"So, I just wanted to let you know Sue from next door will be coming over to babysit you while I'm gone," Aiden's

Mom said next.

Aiden practically spit out his cereal. "What? Babysitter? Are you joking?"

"Three days is a long time for you to be by yourself, and I would just feel better knowing someone was there to look after you, just in case you needed something," his Mom explained.

Aiden was immediately furious. He hated how overprotective his Mom was over him, and how she never let him have any freedom like the other teenagers his age. He was looking forward to finally having some freedom while she left him alone for a few days. But this news that she would be having Sue come over ruined everything he was hoping for.

"Mom, you can't do this! You know I'm old enough to look after myself!" Aiden shouted.

"Aiden, I'm sorry. I'm just not comfortable leaving you by yourself for practically four days," she explained.

"Please Mom, please. I'll do anything," Aiden pleaded. "Please don't have Sue come babysit me. I'm not a baby."

The other reason Aiden hated his Mom's proposal was that he was not a big fan of their neighbor, Sue.

Aiden's Mom was friends with Sue, so Aiden saw her now and then, but he often tried to avoid her when he could. Sue was their neighbor and a bit older than his Mom. Sue's kids had both graduated college and moved away years ago. Now Sue seemed to live next door alone and retired.

Whenever Aiden saw Sue, she had a way of always babying him or talking down to him. For example, when Sue would have tea with his Mom in their kitchen, and Aiden would

come out to talk to his Mom, Sue would always correct Aiden's speech, saying that he should address his Mother as 'Ma'am', in his interactions. Aiden's mother was far less old fashioned of course, but it still drove Aiden nuts how his mother would seemingly smile and agree with Sue.

"Honey, relax," Aiden's Mom said as she patted Aiden on the head. "She's only going to pop over for a few hours each day and make sure everything's okay. It's not that big of a deal."

"Mom, it is a big deal to me!" Aiden shouted.

"Aiden! Stop acting like a baby. You know that while you live under my roof, you'll be living under my rules," she scolded.

Aiden rolled his eyes and sighed. Part of him wished he could move out from his Mom's house. But he also knew that he was still finishing high school, and there was no way he could afford to do such a thing. He knew even living on his own to go to college next year might be a stretch.

"Mom, pleaseeee," Aiden begged. "Please please please don't do this."

"That was your last warning. If you whine about this one more time, I'll ground you for the whole weekend," Aiden's mother snapped.

Aiden went quiet. He knew that would be a fate far worse than what was initially proposed. He gave a small nod and looked down in his cereal.

"Don't worry Aiden, I'll be back to take care of my little baby again before you know it," Aiden's Mom said as she patted his head again and got to her feet.

Aiden's cheeks immediately went red. He hated when his Mom baby-talked to him like that. But rather than fight her, he decided to just be quiet and let her go.

Aiden let out a painful sigh and went back to his cereal. *How bad could it be?* Aiden asked himself.

Unfortunately for Aiden, he had no idea what Sue had in store for him.

SUE COMES OVER

On Thursday afternoon, Aiden excitedly got home from school knowing the next three days were all his. He grabbed a sandwich off the counter that his Mom had lovingly prepared for him (like she usually did) and scarfed it down in front of the TV as he watched cartoons.

He could hear his Mom packing in the other room, and he knew that she would be catching a ride service to the airport soon.

The other thing that Aiden was excited about in terms of his alone time was being able to masturbate. The house he lived in with his Mom was small, and he often was too worried about his Mom walking in on him or hearing him while he was masturbating.

(His Mom had never allowed him to have a lock on his bedroom door in case 'something happened' and she needed to get in. And the bathroom door on their house didn't have a lock on it either. They had always just been taught to knock.)

Therefore, the only times Aiden felt safe masturbating were when his Mom was out of the house, which just wasn't ever often enough, leading to Aiden frequently feeling extremely horny, yet unable to masturbate.

As Aiden sat on the couch and chomped down the sandwich his Mom made him, he started to get a raging hard on just thinking about running to his bedroom and jerking one out the moment she walked out the door.

“Aiden!” His Mom called from the other room. “Can you come here?” She asked.

Aiden immediately felt a little panicked by the huge boner he had in his jeans. But he got up all the same and adjusted his pants to hide it best he could.

“Yeah Mom?” He called as he got up.

“I said come here,” she said again.

Aiden walked toward the front door where he saw his Mom with her suitcase. And then his heart sank.

Standing next to his Mom was his neighbor, Sue. Aiden couldn’t believe she was already here. He immediately felt anger boiling up inside of him.

“There he is,” he heard his Mother say to Sue.

Sue looked Aiden up and down. Aiden felt like her eyes even paused on the boner he was hiding in his pants, making him feel immediately embarrassed.

“A boy his age should be much faster to rise when his mother calls him,” Sue said to Aiden’s mother. This comment made Aiden even angrier. He hated—absolutely hated—when adults talked about him like he wasn’t there.

“What do you want?” Aiden said to his Mom.

“I think you’d better try, ‘Yes, Ma’am,” Sue said, making Aiden even more angry.

Aiden’s Mom just laughed it off. “Aiden, Sue is here. Just wanted to let you know. You remember she’s going to be

babysitting you— “

“Yes!” Aiden said through gritted teeth, interrupting her. He hated that word, ‘babysitting’.

“Oh boy, he’s a cranky, isn’t he?” Sue said to Aiden’s Mom. Aiden’s Mom laughed again, driving Aiden bonkers.

“Yeah, sometimes he’s a little cranky when he gets home from school when he hasn’t had his snack yet. Aiden, did you see the sandwich I made for you on the counter?” His Mom asked.

“Yes!” Aiden said again. Already they were treating him like a baby. “And I’m not cranky!” He shouted.

Sue and his Mom just laughed in Aiden’s face again. He never felt so humiliated before.

“Anyway. Before you go, I just wanted to double check a few things,” Sue said to Aiden’s Mom. Sue took out a small spiral notebook and a pen, prepared to take notes.

“Go ahead,” Aiden’s Mom replied.

“Is he allergic to anything?”

“Only bee stings. There’s an EpiPen in the cabinet should you need it,” his Mom replied.

“Oh, no problem, lots of little ones I’ve babysitted have needed those,” Sue replied. “What’s his bedtime again?”

“Usually 9:30 on weekdays. But on the weekends 11 is fine,” Aiden’s Mom replied.

Aiden was starting to lose his mind. It was true he usually went to bed about those times, but he didn’t have a ‘bedtime’ that his Mom enforced!

“Mom! I don’t have a bedtime!” He shouted in indignation.

Sue and his Mom both just laughed his objection off again, driving him even more mad.

"And any other rules you think I should know about?" Sue asked.

"Well, it would probably be better if he didn't have any friends over this weekend," his Mom said.

"What? Mom!" Aiden shouted.

"Aiden, I'm sorry, but I just don't feel comfortable having other children over while I'm not here," she said in apologetic tone. "Now Sue, you're welcome to let Aiden go to his friend's house, as long as you call them and talk to their parents to make sure he's supervised," she said.

Aiden suddenly felt tears welling up in his eyes. This was all too much. This stupid neighbor of his was ruining his whole weekend already.

"Aw, don't cry baby," Susan said, suddenly looking Aiden in the eyes. She patted Aiden on the head. "We're going to have a fun weekend together, don't worry."

Aiden wanted to punch Sue in the face. But he knew that would not be wise while he Mom was still standing right in front of him. The best thing he could do would be to just go quiet and hopefully Sue would be leaving soon.

"Oh, that's my ride out there," Aiden's Mom said. "Aiden, be a good boy for Sue while I'm gone. I want you to follow all her rules and do whatever is asked of you, understood?"

"Not really," Aiden said in a pouty tone.

"Aiden, if I hear a single thing from Sue about you being disrespectful or not following her rules, not only will you be grounded for the rest of this weekend, but you'll be

grounded for the rest of the year. Understood?" Aiden's Mom said in a suddenly angry tone.

"Fine," Aiden said through clenched teeth. He couldn't help but notice Sue give him a slight evil smirk from behind his Mother.

And with that, Aiden's Mom gave him a final humiliating kiss on the cheek before exiting the house and getting in her ride.

Aiden watched his Mom leave for the airport. In contrast to the excitement he had when his Mom first told him she would be leaving, Aiden was now filled with an overwhelming sense of dread.

* * *

AS SOON AS Aiden's Mom left, Sue shut the door behind her and locked it.

"I'm gonna go watch TV," Aiden grumbled as he turned back toward the living room.

"Hold on one second, young man," Sue said.

Aiden turned and looked at Sue. He was immediately feeling angry again.

"I know your Mother has her handful with you, so she's let your abhorrent treatment of her slide. But I've raised three boys in my life, and I know a boy who needs some discipline in his life when I see one," Sue said.

Aiden stared back at Sue in shock. *Discipline? Was this old hag out of her mind?* Aiden thought to himself.

"Okay? What's your point," Aiden said.

“My point is that while I’m over here this weekend, you’ll be following some simple rules, for starters. Firstly, you are to address me as Ma’am at all times. Am I understood?”

Aiden scowled. “No way,” he said.

“Yes way. You heard you Mother. You can either follow these rules or I’ll call her immediately and you can begin your grounding!” Sue said.

Aiden gritted his teeth. Right now, hanging out at his friend’s house was looking like his only chance to escape this psycho woman’s wrath this weekend. Being grounded would make this whole situation a million times worse.

“Yes... Ma’am,” Aiden said through gritted teeth.

“Very good,” Sue said. “Second, instead of going back to rot your brain on television, you’ll be doing your homework from now until dinner time,” Sue said.

Aiden immediately went flush in the face. “I don’t have any homework!” He shouted. It was a lie. He did have some homework, but he didn’t want to do it till Sunday night, like usual.

“Well then, you can sit at the kitchen table and study for your next test! Because your Mother has told me about your grades, and they’re unacceptable,” Sue said.

Aiden felt so betrayed that his Mom would tell Susan about his lackluster grades—mostly B’s and C’s.

“Am I understood?” Susan asked again. “Or should we begin your grounding and you can go without friends or TV all weekend?”

Aiden was furious, but he knew that things would only get worse if he started fighting her.

"Fine!" He shouted.

"What was that?" Sue snapped.

Aiden sighed. "Yes, Ma'am."

"Good. Let's go get you seated at the table, while I make dinner," Sue said.

Aiden rolled his eyes and grumbled as he grabbed his backpack and walked down the hallway.

"Ahem!" Sue cleared her throat. *Great, what now*, Aiden thought to himself as he turned back toward her.

"My third rule is that there will not, under any circumstances, be any disrespect or back talk toward me or your Mother while I'm watching over you. Am I understood?" Sue asked.

"Or what?" Aiden said, his patience for this woman eroded.

"For starters, 30 minutes added on to your bedtime. For rolling your eyes just now, you can now plan on climbing into bed at 9pm tonight," Sue said.

"What? You can't do that!" Aiden shouted.

"I can and I have! And little Aiden, you should know that's the lightest punishment in my book. Now, this is your final warning. You can either cease all the backtalk and follow my rules exactly, or I'll call you Mother immediately, and you can start your weekend of being grounded," Sue said.

Aiden was boiling with rage about the level of control this woman he didn't like was exerting over his life, but he knew his only chance of not ending up grounded for the rest of the year was to just stay quiet and accept it.

"Yes ma'am," he said with a final and pained sigh.

“Good. I’m glad you’ve agreed to be a well-behaved boy while I babysit you this weekend,” Sue said. “Now let’s go get you seated at the table.”

Aiden felt Sue plant her hand on his shoulder and walk him down the hallway. There was something very controlling and invasive about the way Sue was touching him without even asking for permission. But he knew better to fight it.

Finally, Sue sat Aiden at the table, and he pulled his books out to start working. *Maybe this won’t be so bad*, Aiden told himself. After all, he had to do his homework anyway, so was it really so awful he had to do it now rather than Sunday night when he usually felt so rushed?

Aiden took out his worksheets from math class, then took out his phone and headphones to listen to music while he worked.

As he put his headphones in, Sue swiped his phone and pulled it away.

“Hey!” Aiden shouted.

“Excuse me?” Sue said in her indignant tone of voice. Aiden knew it was a warning.

“Ahem... Ma’am, why did you take my phone? I was listening to music,” Aiden said.

“Sorry, I know that trick young man,” Sue said. “I’ve raised three boys, remember? Phones and music are a horrible distraction for boys not interested in doing homework. You can have these back when you’re finished,” Sue said.

Aiden watched Sue turn his phone off and put it in her pocket. He started boiling with rage again. Not only did she just forbid him from listening to music while he studied, but Sue had just taken Aiden’s connection to all his friends. Not

to mention Aiden Mom, who he was planning to call to protest Sue's overbearing behavior the moment he got a chance.

He watched Sue casually walk back into the kitchen to start dinner. He was enraged, but he also felt powerless. He knew that there was nothing he could do.

He sighed again and tried to focus on his homework. He figured that dinner would probably be in an hour or two, then Sue would probably just go home. She had to be bluffing about early bedtime, right?

Aiden looked back down at his homework and continued his math problems. He prayed that the worst of it was over.

Unfortunately for Aiden, Sue's dominating behavior was just getting started.

* * *

AROUND 6PM, Sue came back to check on Aiden, who had at this point lost interest in his math homework and was staring off into space.

"Dinner's ready. You can go and wash up while I fix the table," Sue said.

Aiden excitedly threw his homework back into his bag and went to the bathroom. He unzipped his pants, took a satisfying leak, then left the bathroom.

To his dismay, Sue was standing in the hallway with her arms folded. She was staring at Aiden in a mixture of shock and revulsion.

"Young man!" Sue said. "What do you think you're doing?"

"What?" Aiden said.

"I tell you to go wash up, and I don't even hear the faucet running?" Sue said.

Aiden's face immediately went red. It was true, he didn't wash his hands. He didn't feel like he had to wash his hands just because he went pee.

"So?" He said sheepishly. He could tell from Sue's facial expression that he had just said the wrong thing.

"So? So? I'll tell you what so. Just for that comment, that'll be another thirty minutes on to your bedtime," Sue said. "So tonight, you'll be going to sleep at 8:30pm it looks like," she shouted.

Aiden felt flabbergasted and horrified. But before he could respond, Sue dragged him by the ear back into the bathroom as Aiden kicked and screamed. It was more painful than anything Aiden would have expected.

"If I can't trust you to wash your hands when you come in here, I'll just have to supervise you scrubbing those hands myself," Sue shouted at Aiden as she held his ear and shoved him over the sink.

Aiden immediately felt like crying from humiliation and pain as he put soap on his hands and began washing them as Sue stood over him.

"Oh my god, what in the world is this?" Sue shouted. Aiden didn't know what Sue could be talking about until he looked over and saw Sue staring down at the toilet.

"Not only did you leave the toilet seat up, you urinated all over the toilet! There's even some urine spilled on the floor!" Sue shouted.

Aiden's face burned bright red. It was technically true—a few drops of his pee had landed outside the toilet bowl. But

he had never thought anything of. Or leaving the toilet seat up for that matter. His Mom never said anything about it.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Sue shouted.

“I’m sorry...” Aiden mumbled in embarrassment.

“I’m sorry... what?” Sue replied.

“I’m sorry, Ma’am,” Aiden said.

Sue just tsked and pointed at the corner of the bathroom. “You can stand there while I capture the evidence,” she said.

Aiden was confused. *Evidence? What the heck was she talking about?*

“Did I stutter?” Sue said. Aiden then felt Sue yank his ear again and march him into the corner of the bathroom as he squeezed. “You can keep that nose in the corner until I’m finished!” She shouted.

Aiden was so taken off guard, he did as he was told and put his nose in the corner. He heard the ‘click’ of a camera phone and suddenly realized what Sue was doing—taking pictures of what he had done!

“What are you doing?” Aiden said, turning away from the corner.

“Making sure I have the methods to explain to your mother what a naughty boy you’ve been should I need to,” Sue barked. “Now stick that nose back in the corner or I can send these pictures to her right now,” she added.

Aiden hesitated, then stuck his nose back in the corner. He didn’t think it would be that big of a deal that he peed on the toilet seat, but he really didn’t know if his Mom would

care or not. And the whole experience was just unbearably embarrassing.

Aiden listened as Aunt Sue left the bathroom and came back with paper towels and cleaning supplies. His face went even more red as he listened to her spray his mess with cleaning supplies and clean up after him. Finally, she put the cleaning supplies away and washed her hands.

“Okay, turn around and come with me,” Sue said after she had taken several more photos. Aiden reluctantly turned and followed Sue out of the bathroom back to the dinner table.

When Aiden sat down at the table, he saw a large bowl of hamburger-helper on the table. Aiden *hated* hamburger-helper, but he felt helpless as he sat down and watched Sue pour a big heap of hamburger-helper into his bowl.

“A boy your age really should know how to use the bathroom by now,” Sue lectured. “I tell you, your mother really must have her hands full if her supposed adult son can’t even urinate without making a mess to clean up. Then again, a boy like you just can’t have enough strong female influences in your life to keep you on the right track,” Sue pontificated.

But despite Sue’s insulting and humiliating monologue, Aiden was preoccupied with the large bowl of food he found disgusting. He tried to take a small bite of the soupy, gross meal, but he hated it immediately.

Aiden didn’t know what to do. Sue was angry enough with him. He didn’t know what to say.

Aiden tried to take a couple more bites. Finally, he gave up. “Excuse me, Ma’am,” Aiden said. “May I be excused?”

Sue looked at Aiden, then looked down at this large, uneaten bowl. "Aiden, what are you talking about? You've hardly eaten any of your dinner."

"I'm... not hungry," Aiden said.

Sue raised an eye brow. "Aiden, the rule under my roof is that boys eat what they're served."

Aiden felt even more helpless and embarrassed. He took another bite of the hamburger helped. He felt his stomach grumble.

"Ma'am... I'm not feeling well," Aiden said.

"Not feeling well?" Sue said. "Are you sure you're not fibbing just to get out of eating dinner?" Sue asked.

"What? No. Honest... I'm just not feeling well," Aiden pleaded.

Sue stared at him for a long moment. "Very well, if you're truly not feeling well, you may be excused to your bedroom to begin your bedrest."

Aiden looked at the clock. It was only 6:30. He didn't want to go to bed this early! But then again, he couldn't bear to eat any more of this disgusting food.

"Thank you, Ma'am," Aiden said, getting out of his seat. At least he could hang out in bed and play games on his phone, Aiden thought.

But as he started walked toward his room, he felt for this phone in his pocket and flinched. He forgot that Sue had taken it.

"Excuse me, Ma'am? May I have my phone back?" Aiden asked.

Sue turned to him and laughed in Aiden's face. "I'm sorry, but when little boys go to bed because they're sick, they do it to get some rest, not to play on their phones," she chastised.

Aiden's face immediately went red with anger, but he didn't know how to respond. He felt like Sue had him beat again.

Aiden trudged back to his bedroom, closed the door behind him, threw his shirt and pants off, and flopped down in his bed.

At least he finally had some privacy away from that hag, he thought to himself.

As Aiden laid in bed in his boxers and without his phone, he suddenly felt the hard-on he had earlier coming back. His cock immediately tented his boxer shorts and he instinctively reached down to squeeze and stroke it.

Aiden glided his hand up and down, and his bed began to loudly creak and squeak. He hated that his bed made so much noise. It was why he never felt like he could safely masturbate with his Mom home.

But Aiden's teenage horniness was irresistible. He slowly stroked his cock anyway, doing his best not to cause his bed to creak. He closed his eyes and smiled as he imagined a woman with big tits letting her bra down for him to see.

He started going faster. Sue may have taken his phone, but she couldn't take this away from him, Aiden thought to himself as his cock got harder and harder in his hands as he stroked himself under his soft blankets.

CREAK—Aiden's bedroom door opened and Aiden froze. He felt like he nearly died of a heart attack as he looked up.

Sue marched into his room and up to his bed. "What do you want?" Aiden shouted angrily at her.

Sue stopped next to his bed and looked down at him with her hands on her hips. "Naughty boy. You'd better watch that mouth of yours," she said to him. "I'll let it go this time because you're sick. Or at least, that's what you said."

Aiden suddenly realized Sue had a little basket of medical supplies in her hands.

"What is it, Ma'am?" Aiden asked.

Sue pulled up a chair and sat down next to Aiden. "Aiden, you said you were sick. I would be remiss in my duty as your caretaker if I didn't take your temperature," she said.

Aiden rolled his eyes. He couldn't believe this woman. "Fine," he said, sticking out his tongue. His boner was still very large, and just under the covers, so he was eager to get this over with as soon as possible.

Sue just laughed at his gesture of opening his mouth. "Sorry Aiden, that's now how little boys get their temperature taken when they're under my roof," she said.

"Huh?" Aiden replied. Then he saw Sue pull out a jar of Vaseline and a rectal thermometer. His heart started to pound. "No way," he said. "I'm not letting you stick that up my ass."

"Language!" Sue said. "And yes, you are. If you're sick, I need to get an accurate temperature reading, and this is the only way that's tamper-proof. Unless of course, you admit you were lying about being sick, in which case I'll be grounding you for the rest of the weekend and beyond for fibbing," Sue said with a stern face.

Aiden knew he was trapped. He either had to let this woman probe his butt like a baby, or he had to be grounded. It was a difficult choice, but ultimately, he decided that he would rather get this one uncomfortable thing over with than be have the rest of the weekend be that much worse.

“Okay, fine,” Aiden said.

Suddenly, Sue grabbed Aiden’s blankets and yanked them off of him. Aiden practically squealed in shock and surprise. “What are you doing!” He shouted, covering up his massive boner with his hand.

“Turn around and pull those briefs down,” Sue said.

Aiden slowly turned over, pushing his large cock against the bed, and tried to slide his boxers down slowly.

He felt Sue reach up and yank them all the way to his ankles. Aiden squealed.

“Oh relax! You can stop worrying about me seeing your stiff little pecker down there. I raised three boys. It’s nothing I haven’t seen before,” Sue said in a matter of fact tone. Aiden immediately went red in the face as he heard Sue refer to his privates in such a way.

“I’m serious, Aiden. Stop playing around. Hands on your head,” Sue ordered.

Aiden reluctantly pulled his hands out from over his privates and put them over his head.

“Now lift up so I can put a pillow under here,” Sue said. Aiden lifted his midsection up and his hard penis hung down below him. He winced out loud as Sue grabbed his shaft and his balls and held his package up as she slid a pillow underneath him in order to lift his posterior.

Aiden felt like he wanted to die of embarrassment. He squeezed his eyes shut and listened in horror as Sue put a latex glove on her hand. Then she popped off the lid to the jar of Vaseline and dipped her fingers in it. Then Aiden felt Sue plant her gloved hand on his but cheeks.

Aiden squirmed as he felt Sue's long index finger slowly begin to probe his rosebud. He had never felt something touch his anus before. He instinctively squeezed his sphincter shut. But his defenses were useless against Sue's prying finger.

"Oh, I know that trick, don't let Momma into your back door. Don't worry, I know how to squeeze my way in," she jeered as she slowly forced her finger into Aiden's virgin sphincter.

Aiden shrieked and whined as he felt Sue push her finger deep into his hole, then pull it out, then push it back in. It felt both incredibly violating and incredibly erotic at the same time. To his deep shame and embarrassment, his cock only grew harder against the pillow beneath him. He had never wanted to cum so bad in his life.

"Aiden, you seem rather backed up. When's the last time you had a bowel movement?" Sue asked him.

Aiden didn't respond. The question was just too embarrassing.

"Aiden, did you hear me?" Sue asked as she continued probing his little rosebud, squeezing and forcing it open. "When's the last time you did a poopy on the potty?" She asked.

"I don't know," Aiden replied with bright red cheeks. The truth was it wasn't something he kept track of.

"Hmmm," Sue said in a judgement tone of voice.

Finally, Sue pulled her finger out of Aiden's bottom. He could still feel the coating of Vaseline she had left on his sphincter.

"Now be still, otherwise we'll have to start all over," Sue said. Aiden squirmed as he felt a surprisingly thick, cold thermometer slide into his bottom. It was far longer than Sue's finger, that's for sure.

He heard Sue take her glove off and throw it in the trash next to his bed. "Aiden, open your eyes," Sue commanded. Aiden looked over. He realized Sue was holding her phone up. The flash on her phone's camera went off. Aiden realized Sue was taking a picture of him in this utterly humiliating position!

"What are you doing!" Aiden shouted.

"I needed to take a picture in case your Mom needed evidence that I did my care-taking duties properly and took your temperature," Sue said with a sadistic smile.

Aiden buried his face in his pillow as Sue rubbed his back. His butt was still propped up in the air with a thermometer sticking out of it. He had never felt so humiliated or helpless in his life.

"There there, my little baby," she said. "Momma Sue is gonna take care of you," she said.

Did she just say Mamma Sue? Aiden wondered. *This woman was insane.*

"Now I'll be back shortly. Like I said, don't move and keep those hands above your head, otherwise we're going to have to start all over again," Sue said. Aiden listened as Sue walked out of his bedroom, leaving his exposed butt propped up to the chilly air as he helplessly waited for her to return.

What was even worse was that Aiden still had a raging hard-on that he was shoving into the pillow beneath his penis.

Aiden sighed in anguish. He was only a few hours into Sue coming over to babysit him, and he was already having one of the most embarrassing, humiliating weekends of his life.

Aiden started sobbing into his pillow with tears of overwhelming helplessness and humiliation. He felt like a little baby, and that Sue had total control over every last inch of him.

Aiden just wanted this weekend to be over. Unfortunately for Aiden, his humiliation was just getting started.

TIGHTIE-WHITIES

*A*fter waiting and sobbing into his pillow for what seemed like forever, Aiden felt a hand on top of his head.

“Okay Aidie-pie, hold still while I take your thermometer out,” Sue said.

Aiden stayed quiet. He was just glad this ordeal was finally over.

He felt Sue hold his head down as she slowly pulled the thermometer from his bottom. When it was out, he looked over to see Sue reading the temperature.

“Aiden,” Sue said in a stern voice. “You told me you were sick.”

“I am,” Aiden said.

“Well either you’re fibbing or the thermometer is, because according to your temperature, you’re perfectly healthy,” she said.

“I don’t know what to tell you... Ma’am,” he said.

Sue stared down at him with pursed lips. Aiden suddenly felt worried.

“Aiden, it’s time for you to be honest with me. And I promise you, it will be better for you to be honest than to lie. Are you really sick? Or were you just trying to get out of cleaning your plate like a good little boy?” Sue said.

Aiden didn’t know what to say. He suddenly felt like he was being given an opening to be honest and that Sue would forgive him. At the same time, he didn’t know if he could really trust her.

“I didn’t lie. I don’t feel well, Ma’am,” Aiden said.

Sue continued to stare down at him. Aiden was still laying naked on the bed face down in front of her, but he was too scared to ask to retrieve his boxers.

“Okay then. We’ll have to take your temperature again, this time with a different thermometer and you’ll have to keep it in for twice as long,” Sue said. “After all, if you’re not fibbing, the thermometer must be broken.”

Aiden panicked as he watched Sue dig through her bag. He couldn’t bear to be violated like that again.

Sue pulled out a large, glass thermometer and reapplied her rubber glove as Aiden began to physically tremble in terror.

Finally, when Aiden felt Sue’s hand land on his ass again, and her finger approach his anus, he spoke up.

“Ma’am, I’m sorry, I lied!” He shouted.

Sue conspicuously left her hand firmly on his butt cheeks as she paused. “What’s that young man?”

“I lied, Ma’am. I lied about being sick,” Aiden confessed.

“Ah huh,” Sue said. “One more time for me dear?” She asked.

Aiden closed his eyes. "I lied about being sick because I didn't want to follow your rules. I'm sorry... Ma'am."

Aiden opened his eyes to see that Sue was recording a video of his confession with her phone. He knew immediately that was a bad sign.

"Thank you, Aiden, for being honest with me," Sue said as she finally removed her hand from his bottom and put her phone away. "I'll be sending your confession to your mother so she understands why you'll be commencing your grounding immediately," she explained.

Aiden balked. "I thought you said if I told you the truth, you wouldn't punish me!" He shouted.

Sue just laughed in his face. "I said it would be worse for you if you continued to lie to me. And believe me, it would have been. But that's beside the point," Sue said.

Aiden then watched Sue pick up his boxers off the floor. "Go ahead and sit up. Let's get you dressed," she said.

Aiden balked again. He was still completely naked, and lying face down was the only way to preserve the semblance of privacy he still had. "I can dress myself!" He shouted.

"Young man! For that outburst, you can go to bed another hour earlier tonight!" She shouted. "Now turn around. Like I said, it's nothing I haven't seen before."

Aiden sighed, then slowly turned and sat up. He covered his penis with his hands.

Then, to Aiden's horror, he watched Sue turn his boxers inside out and inspect them. "What's this?" She asked in an indignant tone.

Aiden was speechless as Sue showed him a small skid mark on his boxers. Anyone finding such a thing would be humiliating, but the fact that he was being forced to stare it in the face and answer for it made it a hundred times worse.

"I... don't know," Aiden stammered.

Sue just rolled her eyes. "*You don't know.* You filthy boys and your poor hygiene. I guess I shouldn't be surprised. I've already learned today how poor your bathroom habits are," Sue chastised.

Aiden burned bright red in shame as Sue took his boxers over to his laundry hamper and dropped them inside. Then she looked through the rest of his underwear drawer where the rest of his boxers are kept.

"No no, these won't do," she muttered under her breath. "I know just the thing. Don't move. I'll be right back," she said.

Aiden sat on his bed in terror. He was naked, cold and humiliated. Further, he was now grounded not just for this weekend but probably for many months to come when his Mom returned.

He carefully listened and heard Sue exit out the front door of house. Aiden immediately wanted to jump up, throw his clothes back on, lock the front door and barricade it. He wanted to arm himself with whatever weapon it took to fight Sue off and keep his dignity. He wanted to do anything else besides wait here in the nude for Sue to return and continue her humiliation of him.

But he didn't. Aiden was just too terrified of Sue. So he sat there quietly as Sue left and returned in her mission to

humiliate him. And the fact that he put up no resistance was the most humiliating aspect of all.

Sue returned a few minutes later and Aiden saw she was carrying an unopened package of tighty-whitie underwear. "What's that?" Aiden asked, realizing that Sue must have retrieved them from her house next door.

"I found these in storage just the other day. I must have bought them for my son some time ago and never opened them," she said as she opened the package up. She pulled out a pair of white underwear and waved them in the air.

Aiden cringed. Not only did they look two sizes too small for him, but he hadn't worn that type of underwear since he was in elementary school. They seemed so babyish and juvenile.

"I have my own underwear," Aiden said.

"I'm sorry honey, but now that I know I need to be checking your underwear for skid marks, you'll be wearing tightie-whities for easy spotting," she explained.

"You can't do this," Aiden said with tears practically in his eyes.

Sue stared at Aiden in disbelief. "Okay, that's another hour of earlier bedtime. Which means you'll now be going to sleep at 7pm—just 15 minutes from now. Keep up this attitude and I'll start adding hours to your bedtime tomorrow," Sue said in a stern voice.

Aiden was speechless. Finally, he relented. "Yes, Ma'am," he admitted.

"Now stand up," Sue ordered.

Aiden reluctantly complied.

“Now put those hands on your head,” Sue ordered. “Since your bathroom habits are so poor, I’d better inspect those genitals,” she said.

Aiden immediately started shaking and flushing with embarrassment, but he knew he didn’t have a choice.

Aiden carefully put his hands on top of his head as Sue put another set of latex medical gloves on and gripped his package. Aiden closed his eyes in abject humiliation as he felt Sue tug his balls and squeeze his shaft. Finally, she let it go.

“Very well, no obvious issues that I can tell. Besides of course this horribly rats nest you’ve let grow,” she said, referring to Aiden’s unkempt pubic hair. Another wave of humiliation washed over him.

“Except... I do see some redness here. Young man, have you been masturbating?” She asked in horror.

Aiden stared at her and turned bright red. “No, Ma’am,” he lied.

“Hmmm.... Well I’ll have you know, masturbation for a boy your age is highly unsanitary, disgusting, offensive, and quite frankly downright disrespectful to the women in your house. I hope you don’t think of ever abusing yourself in such a rude and filthy way while you’re under my watch,” she chastised.

“Yes Ma’am,” Aiden said, waves of shame washing over him.

Finally, Sue opened the legs of the underwear. Aiden knew he was to step in, as if she were dressing a toddler.

Aiden felt Sue pull the tightie-whities up to his waist. They immediately felt extremely tight and humiliating. His

package was very much on display. He felt so juvenile.

"Very good," Sue said. "You may take a seat," she added.

Aiden sat down on the bed and watched as Sue went over to his underwear drawer and removed all his boxers. "What are you doing?" He said.

"Excuse me, young man? I'm removing these adult underwear until you can prove you can keep your heinie clean enough to wear them," she said.

Sue left the room, presumably to put all of Aiden's boxers somewhere else. Aiden was speechless. She returned a few minutes later.

"Now, it's about 7pm," Sue said as she looked at her watch. "You have a choice. You can either join me for a glass of milk in the kitchen, or you can begin your bedtime. Which would you prefer?" She asked.

Aiden contemplated his options. As much as he hated Sue, and as much as drinking milk was unappealing to him, he did appreciate the chance to leave his bedroom for any reason before getting locked in all night. He was also quite thirsty.

"I'll have a glass of milk," Aiden said.

"Good boy," Sue said.

Aiden got to his feet and went to his drawer. "What are you doing?" She asked in her usual, indignant tone. Aiden stopped in his tracks.

"Putting my pants on," he replied.

"Do you normally sleep in your pants?" Sue asked him.

"...No," Aiden replied.

“Well then why are you putting pants on that you’ll only have to remove as soon as you’re finished in the kitchen? Are you trying to stall for time to avoid your punishment bedtime?” She asked him.

“No...” Was all Aiden could say in response.

“Good. Then you can march out into the kitchen as you are then,” Sue said.

Aiden immediately felt humiliated again as he left his bedroom in his tightie-whities. He hadn’t walked around the house, let alone in plain view of a stranger, in such a humiliating and infantile garment since he was a young child.

Sue pointed Aiden to the table and Aiden sat down. He patiently waited as Sue went to the kitchen to prepare a glass of milk. He was beginning to feel very cold and exposed sitting on the hard wood kitchen chair.

Finally, Sue returned and put down a large glass of milk in front of him. In fact, it was huge. Drinking milk in the first place was a stretch. But this much milk felt unnecessary.

But Aiden knew better than to argue at this point, and carefully picked up the large glass of milk and brought it to his lips as Sue stared at him with penetrating eyes. To Aiden’s pleasant surprise, the milk was warm. And although it tasted strange and thick, the warm milk felt nice given how chilly he was.

Aiden drank down half the milk, then put it back down. He looked up at Sue still staring at him. He knew from dinner that she surely expected him to drink it all.

Aiden knew nothing good would come of fighting, so he picked the glass up and began gulping down the rest of it. Some of the milk even started to spill out of his lips and

pour down his naked chest and get absorbed in his tightie-whites.

Finally, when Aiden was finished, he put the empty glass down. His stomach gurgled and he let out a large belch. "Good boy," Sue said.

Then, to Aiden's surprise, Sue used a warm wash cloth to wipe the milk he spilled off his face and down his chest.

Aiden tried to push her away. "Stop fussing. If you don't want Momma Sue to clean up your messes, don't make them in the first place," she chastised him as she vigorously wiped him down.

"Now then, ready for bed?" Sue asked.

"Yes Ma'am," Aiden said.

Aiden got up and walked down the hallway with Sue following right behind. Aiden turned toward the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" Sue said.

Aiden froze. "Using the bathroom," he said.

"Young man, from now on, you'll be requesting permission to use the bathroom, as you've shown that you can't be trusted to use it responsibly," she instructed.

Aiden burned with indignation again, but he knew there was no point in fighting. "Ma'am, may I use the bathroom?" He asked.

"Do you have to go peepee or do a poopoo?" Sue asked in a patronizing and childish tone. Aiden bristled at her words and the fact that he was being asked to disclose such information.

"Pee," Aiden said.

“Okay then, let’s go,” Sue said.

Aiden felt confused by Sue’s use of the word, ‘Let’s,’ but he walked into the bathroom anyway. Before he could shut the door behind him, Sue walked in as well.

“What are you doing?” Aiden said.

“Young man, you’ve demonstrated that bathroom hygiene is just a skill you don’t yet have. So, I’ll be supervising you to make sure you don’t make another mess in here,” she said.

“I can’t go with you watching,” Aiden admitted with a red face.

“Oh yeah? Well I don’t see you trying very hard,” Sue said with her arms folded.

“You’re seriously not going to let me go alone?” Aiden pleaded.

“This is your first and final warning, Aiden. You can either use the bathroom right now, or you won’t be using it at all tonight. Am I understood?” Sue shouted.

Aiden felt so humiliated and helpless, especially since he was still practically naked in his tightie-whities. Not only that, his bladder was painfully full after all that milk.

“Yes Ma’am,” he relented.

Aiden carefully pulled his wiener out with quivering hands and pointed it at the bowl.

But as hard as he tried to pee, nothing came out. He just couldn’t relax with Sue literally standing next to him and scrutinizing him with her eagle eyes.

After about five minutes, a few drops came out of Aiden’s penis. “Was that it?” Sue said in a judgmental tone.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Aiden relented as he put his penis away. He still had a very full bladder, but he just couldn’t do it with Sue watching.

“Well then, scrub those hands and then off to bed with you,” Sue said as she watched Aiden go over to the sink and wash and dry his hands.

As Sue marched Aiden back to his bedroom, Aiden began to worry about when he could actually go to the bathroom. He figured he would just up in the middle of the night and go at that point.

Aiden climbed into his bed as Sue stood over his shoulder and watched. She closed his curtains (shutting out the daylight still outside), turned off his light, and even tucked the covers in around him. If Aiden wasn’t so angry about being sent to bed like a naughty child, and if he didn’t have to pee so bad, he might have even enjoyed the motherly touch.

Sue also unplugged his alarm clock and took it with her. “How come you’re taking that?” Aiden asked. That clock was his only way of telling time now that Sue still had his phone. And there was no way he was even going to try and ask her for that back.

“I find that little boys learn more from their punishment when they don’t have a clock to let them know when it’ll be over,” Sue said. Aiden bristled at what seemed like another pointlessly sadistic and controlling act on her part.

Sue walked back to Aiden’s door and paused. “Now Aiden, you’ve earned your early bedtime tonight by being naughty. I expect you to think through your behavior today and how you were rude to both me and your Mother, and what you’ve learned going forward. Your early bedtime is a

punishment, so if you even take one step out of this room, I promise you you'll be in big trouble," she scolded.

Aiden wanted to ask, *what if I need to use the bathroom?* But something told him he'd rather just not bring it up now and instead sneak off by himself later. After all, she probably wouldn't let him use it with the privacy he desperately needed. "Yes, Ma'am," Aiden said.

And with that, Sue closed the door, leaving Aiden to lay in bed, tossing and turning, trying to ignore his full bladder and hopefully get some sleep.

THE ACCIDENT

After what seemed like a few hours of tossing and turning, Aiden couldn't stand his full bladder one second longer. He slowly got to his feet and crept toward his bedroom door. Every step was so painful, he thought he might lose control and start peeing right then and there.

Aiden carefully cracked his bedroom door open. The hallway was dark. He could hear the TV going from down the hall. It seemed like Sue was probably watching the late show. Now seemed like as good a time as any.

Aiden carefully cracked the door open further and stepped into the hallway. Every creak of the floorboard filled him with such panic he felt like he might burst at any moment.

Finally, he reached the hallway bathroom. He reached for the door handle just as a little pee squirted out and soaked his underwear. He forced his urethra closed and tried to turn the handle.

But the handle wouldn't budge. It was locked! *But how?* Aiden wondered. They didn't even have a lock on their bathroom.

He frantically tried to turn in again and again. He tried to push the door open. It wouldn't budge. His bladder was on

the verge of exploding.

“Aiden!”

The hallway lights came on. To Aiden’s panic and horror, Sue was standing right in front of him. “What in God’s name do you think you’re doing!” She shouted.

For Aiden, the scare was just too much. His bladder completely let go, and a warm stream of golden urine began flowing into his tightie-whities as Sue stood over him and watched.

Aiden squinted, tried to squat down, and even grab his penis with his hand to stop the flow. But it was no use.

The loud hiss of his stream rang out in the practically silent hallway as Sue watched Aiden stand before her and pee himself in front of the bathroom door. Aiden could see toward Sue just enough to see her face turn from shock, to curiosity, to utter revulsion.

“Aiden! Are you peeing yourself?” She shouted as Aiden felt the warm, smelly liquid soak his tightie-whities, run down his bare legs, and pool at the floor.

Once Aiden’s bladder was half-empty (but still releasing), he came out of his helpless state of release enough to turn and try to run back to his room.

“You stop right there!” Sue shouted. Aiden felt Sue grab his arm and pull him back, stopping him in his tracks as he continued emptying his bladder in front of her.

“Explain yourself!” She shouted as she tightly held onto Aiden’s wrist.

First, Aiden went bright red with shame over his whole body. Then tears came to his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Ma'am. I tried to use the bathroom and it was locked," he stammered.

"Of course the bathroom was locked. I knew I wouldn't be able to trust you, so I installed a lock on the door. That still doesn't explain why you peed yourself like an un-potty-trained toddler!" She scolded.

"I don't know," Aiden said through tears.

Sue dragged Aiden down the hallway toward the living room by the wrist. Aiden stepped in his shameful puddle of urine he left on the wooden floor in front of the bathroom with his bare feet.

Sue dragged Aiden into the living room and turned the light on. She spun him around by the wrist as she inspected him up and down. "Pee yew! You are one, stinky, peepee boy!" She said. "And look, you completely soaked your underwear," she said as she grabbed Aiden's junk through his tightie-whities. "Look at how yellow these are! Look! You ruined them!" She said.

Aiden bowed his head in shame. He had never been so humiliated in his life.

"Stay there," Sue scolded, then left the room. Aiden hung his head and wiped away his tears and his snot. Sue returned a minute later and laid down an old towel on the floor.

"Stand on that!" She barked.

Aiden complied. He was beginning to get cold. He felt so helpless and vulnerably and wet.

He looked up to see Sue pull her phone out and hold it up. Aiden knew she must be taking another video.

"Aiden, please explain to me what happened again," Sue said.

"I tried to use the bathroom and it was locked, Ma'am, so I had an accident," he said with tears in his eyes.

"Don't blame the bathroom being locked, Aiden. You know you could have asked me for permission to use it," she said.

"You're right, Ma'am. I was too naughty to use the bathroom properly, so I peed in my underwear," Aiden admitted.

"And what else?" Sue said.

"I was naughty and got of bed when I wasn't supposed to, Ma'am. I soaked my tightie-whities, and I left a huge puddle of stinky pee in the hallway," Aiden said through his tears. He hoped that by just coming clean and admitting the depths of his embarrassment and shame, that Sue would finally clean him up and take mercy on him.

"Aiden, if you were me, how confident would you be in your capability to handle the responsibilities that come with a bathroom," Sue said.

"Not very... Ma'am," Aiden confessed.

"Have you been a good boy this weekend? Or a very naughty boy," Sue said.

"I've been very naughty," Aiden admitted.

"To whom?"

"To you, Ma'am," Aiden said.

"Anyone else?"

"And my Mom. I'm a very naughty boy," Aiden through his tears.

Suddenly, Aiden noticed Sue look down at her phone. “Does that seem about like what you needed to hear from your son?”

Aiden looked up in surprise. To his shock and horror, he heard his Mom’s voice come from the phone. “Yes Sue, thank you.”

Aiden’s head began spinning. Sue turned the phone around and revealed to Aiden that his Mom was on FaceTime watching the whole time!

All the shame and humiliation Aiden had been feeling before was now multiplied tenfold as he realized his own Mother was watching it live.

Sue held the phone up to Aiden’s face. “Anything else you would like to say to your Mother?” She asked.

“Mom... I’m sorry,” was all Aiden could say. He looked at the phone screen and his Mom seem utterly disappointed.

“Aiden... I’m very disappointed in you. I asked you one thing, to just behave yourself for three short days... never mind. We’ll talk about this more when I get home. In the meantime, Sue?” She asked. Sue returned the phone toward her face. “Please make sure to do whatever it takes to make sure my son behaves himself for the rest of the time I’m out of town. And again, I’m so sorry about this.”

“No worries, I suspected your son might be more naughty than you let on. But don’t worry, I’ll take care of everything,” Sue said with a devious smile. Finally, Sue hung up the FaceTime call.

Aiden was afraid to look up. He just wanted to curl into a ball and die at this point.

THE WET SPANKING

“*A*lright, Aiden, you heard your mother. So far, I’ve been easy on you. But from now on, you’re going to learn what it really means to receive my discipline. And I promise, any whining or resistance will only make any punishment much, much worse. Understood?” Sue barked.

“Yes... Ma’am,” Aiden answered, holding himself and shivering for warmth.

“Nose, corner, now!” She scolded.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Aiden replied.

“And bring your towel with you as long as you’re still dripping with your own pee!”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Aiden replied. He picked up the towel he was standing on, hustled over to the corner, and put the towel down as he stepped onto it and put his nose against the wall. Aiden stayed quiet as he listened to Sue get some things ready behind him.

“Turn around!” She barked after a few minutes.

Aiden slowly turned to see Sue standing and wearing a rubber apron. It was pink and blue and thick and shiny. She

was also wearing large, yellow rubber gloves. And she was holding a bright pink spanking paddle. Aiden was terrified.

“Bring your piss towel over here and lay it on the floor!” Sue shouted again. Aiden quickly abided by picking up his towel and laying it in front of the couch.

Sue sat down on the couch. “Over my lap!” She commanded.

Aiden bent forward and leaned over Sue’s lap. Her rubber apron was thick underneath him and added to his terror. He figured that he was about to be spanked. He had never been spanked in his life, and it was clear Sue meant business.

He winced as he felt Sue’s hand firmly grab and squeeze his small ass cheeks. He reached back and she slapped his hands away. “If your hands leave your ears, we start over, understood?” She said.

Aiden reluctantly removed his hands and grabbed his ears. He tensed up as he felt Sue grab and squeeze his soaking underwear with her thick rubber gloves. He even felt her start to tease his rose bud by poking it with her gloved finger, harkening back to how she had violated him earlier during his temperature-taking.

“So, to recap, in a few short hours, you managed to break three rules. First, you left your bedroom while under punishment. Second, you tried to use the bathroom without asking permission. And Third, you pissed yourself and made a disgusting mess in the hallway,” she explained. “Is that correct?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” Aiden answered.

“Now standard punishment for breaking one rule is typically ten spankings. But given that you broke three

rules, we'd better make it thirty spankings."

"Yes, Ma'am," Aiden answered, trembling in terror.

"But in addition to your thirty spankings, I typically give every naughty child I babysit an additional ten spankings just so they know to take me seriously," she added.

"Yes, Ma'am," Aiden replied.

"And finally, Aiden, I've really had it up to here with your overall attitude. Your disrespect toward me and your mother. Your persistent refusal to listen to directions. You seem to think you're better than the women in your life to whom you owe everything to. You seem to have no problem breaking the rules. You have no respect for authority. So, Aiden, I think you deserve so many more spanks than that. I think you deserve to be spanked until you finally understand the value of obeying authority," she said.

Aiden didn't know how to respond. All of this was too much to take. *What did she even mean?*

"So, Aiden, I'm going to sit here on this couch and spank you until I think you're finally ready to start over and start being a good boy. Am I understood?" Sue said.

"Yes, Ma'am," Aiden said. He didn't know what else to say.

SMACK. The first spank felt like an explosion in Aiden's ass. He immediately shouted out in pain as the stinging sensation spread out from his ass cheeks. Before he could even process the pain...

SMACK. The second spanking. The fact that he was still wet with his pee made the pain all the worse.

SMACK. Aiden finally realized that this was just the third spanking! And how much did she say she was going to give him? Thirty? Infinity?

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. Aiden started bawling. "Please, Ma'am! Stop! I'll be a good boy!"

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

"I don't believe you," Sue shouted as she effortlessly secured Aiden in her lap as he kicked and flailed his arms.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

For Aiden, the pain was more all-encompassing than anything he had ever felt in his life. All he could do was being to scream and cry like a baby.

"I'm sorry Ma'am! I'm sorry Ma'am!" He shouted through his hiccups and sobs. "I'll be a good boy!"

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

Finally, words escaped Aiden, and all he could do was cry one word. "Mommy! Mommy! Mommy!" He shouted as the blows continued without stop. Snot and tears reigned down his face as Sue ruthlessly stung his bottom with her trained hand.

Sue smiled. She knew that that word was a key indicator of Aiden's regression. It was music to her ears.

She continued her blows nonetheless.

Finally, after Aiden's wails and cries for "Mommy," were practically indecipherable through his uncontrollable sobs, she yanked his underwear clean off. Then, she plunged her gloved finger into Aiden's anus, and using his ass like a handle, stood him up.

"Where are your hands!" She shouted to the boy, her finger still deep inside of him.

Aiden immediately put his hands back on his ears, fearing more punishment. He could barely see through his tears.

“I’m sorry. I’ll be good!” Was all he could say.

Sue smiled. She knew it was time for the next stage.

SUE'S NURSERY

Sue sat back on the couch and pulled Aiden onto her lap, belly up. Aiden immediately felt terrified and vulnerable to be on the lap of her thick rubber apron, naked and afraid. Her large bosom was next to his head. And her finger was still penetrating him, making him feel like he was some sort of puppet under her control.

"Now Aiden, I want you to close your eyes," she commanded.

Aiden obliged. He suddenly felt something gross and wet get held up to his nose and mouth. He tried to pull away, but Sue held it there. She opened his eyes to see Sue holding his pee-soaked underwear against his mouth and nose. He felt like he wanted to gag.

"Aiden, do you smell that? Do you smell the stinky peepee mess you made?" Sue asked him.

"Yes, Ma'am," Aiden answered best he could.

"I want you to remember this is why you're being punished. Now open up," she commanded.

"What?" Aiden asked in confusion. As he opened his mouth, Sue shoved his pee soaked tightie-whities into his mouth,

gagging him. She also plunged her finger further into his ass.

Aiden's senses were completely overwhelmed as he stared up at Sue towering over him. He practically felt like he was shrinking in her arms. Like a helpless child, completely and totally under her control.

"Shhhh, little baby. No more talking from you. You keep your filthy little stinky undies in your mouth for now until I remove them. Am I understood?" She asked.

Aiden bit down on his disgusting pee-stained tightie-whities. The taste and the smell made him want to gag, but the stinging in his ass from his spanking and his terror of Sue towering over him made him nod and bite down.

"Come on, to your feet!" Sue said, helping Aiden stand up. Aiden grunted as he felt Sue's finger finally leave his bottom. "Hands on your ears!" She reminded him with a smack to his red and still stinging bottom. Aiden shrieked through his filthy gag and complied.

Aiden then felt Sue drape a blindfold over his eyes and everything went dark. He grunted through his gag in protest as Sue tied it around his head, securing it in place.

"Hush now," she said with another slap to his bottom. "What did I say about whining? Now come with me."

Aiden felt Sue take his hand and lead him toward the front door of the house. He heard the front door open, and the cool, night air rushed in, making him freeze in terror again. He realized she was leading him outside—and he was still buck naked!

"Mhmmmmhmmmm," was all he could whine as the cold air hit his penis, shriveling it to what he assumed to be tiny in size.

SMACK. Aiden felt Sue's rubber gloves land on his ass and he shrieked again.

Sue tsk'd and pushed Aiden forward onto the stoop outside. "Such a fussy baby. Don't worry, we're just going next door to my house," she said.

As Aiden stepped outside, blindfolded, naked, and gagged with his soiled underwear, his imagination ran wild about what any of the neighbors or passersby—or god forbid any of his friends—would think if they saw him.

He tried to avoid thinking about it best he could as Sue pushed him forward onto the lawn and to what he knew to be toward her front door. He was eager to get inside.

Aiden had no idea how much he would soon wish he could leave.

* * *

SUE OPENED the door and pushed Aiden inside of her home. Aiden immediately welcomed the warmth and cover from the outside. He hadn't ever been inside Sue's house, so he had no idea what to expect.

Aiden took a sniff and immediately smelled something familiar, but he couldn't quite place it. It smelled... sort of like his childhood daycare.

Sue pushed him forward and guided Aiden up a set of stairs. As he got closer, the smell got stronger. Aiden started recognizing the smell as baby powder and baby wipes. Even though Aiden hadn't been around such things since he was a toddler, the smell was so strong, he felt like he had been instantly transported back to his childhood.

Finally, Aiden could hear Sue open another door as she guided him into a room. Aiden could feel thick carpet on his bare feet. And the smell of... what he could only describe as diapers... hit him full force. His curiosity was running wild.

“Alright, come here, little baby,” Aiden heard Sue say. Aiden then felt Sue pick Aiden up and sit her on her lap again. Although still unable to see, Aiden could feel that Sue was no longer wearing her rubber apron. In fact, her lap and bosom felt soft and warm after such a difficult night.

Aiden felt Sue wrap something around his ankles and then heard a click, but he didn’t give it too much of a thought.

Instead, Aiden instinctively nuzzled Sue’s large breasts through her cotton shirt. Sue just laughed and stroked his hair. “I know baby, I know, you want some cuddles from Momma Sue,” she said.

Aiden nodded his head.

“Soon enough, little one. Soon enough. But you’ve been very, very naughty for a very, very long time, so we have to continue with your punishment, okay?” Sue said in a sweet voice as she patted his sore bottom.

“Yes, Momma,” Aiden replied, instinctively adopting the nomenclature of ‘Momma’ for his neighbor, as she subtly suggested.

Aiden felt Sue undo his blindfold and he finally get a chance to look around.

Aiden realized he was sitting on Sue’s lap in large, wooden rocking chair. And the room they were in was a full-blown baby nursery. Except larger. It looked like all the furniture was made to fit a small adult—such as someone Aiden’s size.

Aiden couldn't help but look around in total awe. It was all so strange and overwhelming.

There was a diaper changing table with adorable cartoon characters painted on the side.

Below the changing table were stacks and stacks of diapers—all different sizes and colors. Except they were too big to be baby diapers. They looked like adult versions of very thick, babyish diapers.

And baby wipes, baby powder, and a dozen other jars of ointments, medicines and baby changing supplies stacked the cabinet next to it.

There was a giant crib with metal bars that extended to the ceiling. The blankets were also covered with cartoon characters and babyish prints. Below the crib, there were coloring books and colorful blocks and babyish toys spilling out of a toy chest.

In the closet, Aiden could see a full assortment of adult onesies, rompers, cartoon-laden shirts, bibs, bonnets, dresses, and all the babyish clothes one could ask for, but in adult size, hanging in the closet. Also in the closet were stacks and stacks of more adult, babyish diapers.

And finally, Aiden noticed subtle devices of bondage in every corner—locking wrist and ankle cuffs on the changing table, strange straps hanging off the crib, various cuffs, panels and straps hanging near one end of the closet, and evidence of a lock on the door to the room.

Aiden immediately started to panic. He tried to get up out of Sue's lap, but Sue held him in place.

"No no, little baby. Momma didn't give you permission to get up," Sue said in a stern tone.

Aiden finally spat his yellow underwear out of his mouth and pushed her away. "Let me go, you bitch!" Aiden shouted.

Aiden flopped off Sue's lap and landed on the floor. But he immediately fell face first on the soft carpet. He hadn't realized till now that Sue had wrapped ankle cuffs around his ankles while he was in her lap that bound his feet together.

Aiden continued crawling for the nursery door with his hands. He was still totally naked. His junk flapped around below him as he tried to escape.

Before he could reach the door, Sue calmly walked around him, shut the nursery door, and closed a heavy lock on it. Aiden stared up at Sue in mortal terror.

"Naughty boy," Sue said with a sadistic smile. "You just earned another round of spanking young man, as well as a nice pair of safety mittens!"

Aiden scooted back on his butt with his hands into the corner best he could as he watched Sue pull a large pair of strange mittens and another pair of strange looking cuffs from the closet.

"Don't, please, let me out of here," Aiden pleaded as Sue effortlessly followed him into the corner like he was a naughty toddler trying to escape.

Sue quickly scooped Aiden up and twisted him over her knee as she sat down on the top of his toy chest.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

Aiden began wailing again as Sue reigned down a barehanded spanking that rendered Aiden speechless with overwhelming helplessness and submission.

She then twisted Aiden over, and before he even knew what was happening, he realized Sue was swiftly locking both of his hands in very strange, puffy pink medical mittens that eliminated his dexterity. Then she wrapped a thick, soft collar around his neck, and clipped the mittens to his collar, rendering him totally helpless.

“Now, are you ready to behave yourself? Or do you need another round of spankings to quiet you down?” She said, staring Aiden straight in the eyes.

“Please, don’t do this...” Aiden begged, bound and naked on Sue’s lap.

Sue rolled her eyes, picked Aiden up, and carried him back over the rocking chair in her arms.

“Shhh... shhhh... it’s okay little baby.” She said as she held him like a squirming naked infant. “Now, before you were a naughty little boy and jumped out of my lap, I was about to explain why you’re here.”

Aiden watched in horror as Sue picked up the soiled underwear he had spit out. “Now, I wasn’t going to put this back in your mouth, but maybe it will help you understand what I’m about to explain,” Sue said.

Aiden squirmed and tried to escape again, but this time he was now truly bound and helpless in her arms. He let out a muffled scream as Sue stuffed his soiled underwear back into his mouth, gagging him.

“Now Aiden, I want you to taste and smell the filthy, stinky peepee mess you made. I want you to understand and always remember that you made this stinky, filthy mess. And that it’s because you’re such a naughty, filthy little boy that you’re being punished. Am I understood? This is all your fault, and no one else’s.”

Aiden forced a small nod.

“Smell your filthy, Aiden!” She said as she held his soiled underwear to his nose. Aiden complied and took a whiff. The smell of his piss made him start to cry.

“I want you to smell and taste your naughtiness, Aiden. I want you to smell and taste how disappointed and ashamed you Mother and I are you for soiling yourself like a baby. I want you to always remember that it was your inability to do something as simple as use the toilet that has put you in this position. Am I understood?”

Aiden nodded again through his tears. Waves of shame washed over him.

“Now Aiden, because of your stinky, naughty, infantile behavior, you will no longer be allowed the privilege of big kid underwear. Nor will you be allowed the privilege of using a potty. Those days are over. Tonight, I will be putting you back in diapers. And you’ll be in diapers until your mother and I decide otherwise.”

Aiden began to sob. He finally understood why he was in this nursery.

“That’s because this latest act of yours is just the tip of the iceberg in terms of your naughtiness, filthiness and general misbehavior. From the brown stains your mother and I have been finding in your underpants for years now, to your atrocious and disrespectful toileting habits in general, to all the ways you choose to continue to act like a rude toddler towards the adults in your life.”

Aiden stared out at the nursery in a helpless daze, Sue’s words putting him in a strange sort of fugue state. Waves of humiliation and shame continued to dominate him and force him to submit to Sue’s total control.

“Your Mother is sick of raising a teenager who instead acts like a toddler, so she’s given me permission to treat you like a toddler until we decide you’ve learned the lesson of how to respect the women in your life that are in charge of you. That is, I will now also be your mother as far as you’re concerned. Instead of ‘Ma’am’, you may now address me as Mommy. Understood?”

Aiden gave another submissive and humiliated nod. Sue pinched Aiden’s butt, causing him to yelp, and cleared her throat.

“Yes, Mommy,” he said through his gag.

“Now, if you’re lucky, when me and your mother think you might be ready, you’ll have another chance of toilet training, which you apparently missed your first time around, given your propensity for soiling yourself. If and when that time comes depends on your behavior as a toddler.”

Sue gave Aiden’s bottom a smack. “Is all this making sense to you? It’s diapers from now on, Aiden. You’ll do your business in them like a toddler and I’ll be changing you like a toddler. If you thought I was strict before, you’ll be amazed how strict I am now that I’ll be treating you just like a naughty one-year-old in every way. Am I understood?”

Sue slapped Aiden on the ass again. Aiden snapped out of his daze and gave another submissive, “Yes, Mommy,” through his gag.

“Now, do you have anything to say to yourself before I change you into your first of many diapers?” Sue said.

Aiden looked up at Sue as she finally pulled the piss-soaked underwear gag out of his mouth. “I’m sorry Mommy! I try

to be a good boy!" Was all Aiden could say as he burst into another wave of helpless tears.

Sue smiled as she patted Aiden on the head again and coo'd. She knew that Aiden was showing all the signs of successful regression.

"It's okay, baby boy," she said. "You just didn't know how to behave yourself. You just need some discipline and rules in your life. Mommy is gonna put you in a diaper and tuck you into bed."

Aiden felt Sue lift him up and he realized he was being carried over to the diaper change table. His heart started pounding and he began panicking again. His adult self and his submissive self seemed to be battling. He hadn't worn a diaper since he was a baby. The very idea of being forced to wear one was both degrading and humiliating. Let alone being changed into one by this woman who Aiden despised.

Aiden felt a cool chill as Sue laid him on the crinkly plastic of the diaper change table. Then he felt Sue swiftly unlatch both of his wrists from his collar and lift them up and strap them to the corners of the changing table.

"When you've proven you're a good boy who can keep his hands above his head during a diaper change, I won't have to secure your hands like this. But for now, it's important I keep my stinky little boy's naughty hands away from his diaper area. That's only for Mommy to touch. Understood?"

"Yes, Mommy," Aiden said.

He then felt Sue cuff each of his ankles to the side of the table, spreading his legs out and leaving him completely exposed. Aiden had been naked for some time now, but this was the first time he had felt this vulnerable under Sue's gaze.

Aiden then watched Sue put a pair of latex gloves on. Then he felt Sue grab, lift and squeeze his genitals in an inspection.

“Tsk, tsk,” Sue said. “Now that I’ve finally getting a chance for a proper inspection, it’s no wonder you keep your pubic hair so long. Your penis is absolutely tiny for a boy your age. I would say that it’s practically the size and length of a baby’s already.”

Aiden’s face immediately went bright red with embarrassment. He had always worried that his ‘manhood’ was smaller than other boys. But Sue seemed to confirm his worst fear.

“Aiden, answer me. Do the other boys tease you about your tiny peepee?” She asked as she gripped his penis in her hand.

Aiden felt another tear of humiliation fall from his eye as he thought about the other boys calling him ‘little dick’ once in the locker room. “Yes, Mommy,” he admitted.

Sue just tsked again. “No surprise there. Like I said, I’ve never seen a penis on a boy your age so small. Or even on boys much younger for that matter. Yes, I bet they call you all sorts of names don’t they. Who can blame them? This is really, really tiny,” she said.

Sue smiled as she held Aiden’s genitals and watched him close his eyes in shame. Of course, she knew she was exaggerating—Aiden’s penis was slightly small, but not unbelievably so. However, she knew humiliating him was an important part of destroying his manhood and pride and allowing him to accept her total power over him.

“Aw, don’t worry my dear. Mommy’s gonna keep your little weewee locked away safe in diapers, and no one will see it

or touch it except for Mommy during your diaper changes,” she said as she slapped his thigh.

“Yes Mommy,” Aiden mumbled.

“That being said, your minuscule baby penis is no excuse for this horror of a rat’s nest down here,” she said, still prodding and squeezing his genitals as he winced. “Let’s take care of all this icky pubic hair, okay baby?”

“Do we have to?” Aiden pleaded. A part of him still wanted to defend what he felt like one of the few remaining vestiges of his manhood. After all, not only did his classmates tease him about his small penis at one point in time, but also his lack of pubic hair.

“Yes, baby. When you make a big mushy poopoo in your diaper, it’s going to get all matted unless I keep you shaved,” Sue said.

Aiden winced. Everything was happening so fast, he was yet to even think through the idea of going number two in his diapers. The idea horrified him to the core.

Sue stared at Aiden as she said the sentence and noticed Aiden’s reaction to her mentioning him pooping in his diapers. It was just the perfect embarrassed and submissive reaction she loved to see.

“Don’t worry, little Aiden, think of it this way. You’re going to be treated like a baby from now on, and you already have a little, tiny, itty bitty baby peepee, so we might as well keep you nice and smooth, just like a baby would be,” she said. “Okay?”

“Yes, Mommy,” Aiden said. He was beginning to hate how she made him vocally affirm her decisions with that refrain. It only drove his humiliation home even further.

Aiden heard buzzing, and he looked down to see Sue holding a pair of buzzing hair trimmers. He couldn't help but feel so vulnerable and helpless as he felt her hold his penis and carefully remove every last trace of his adulthood from his genitals and bottom.

When she was finished, Sue wiped away all the pubic hair with a paper towel. Then Aiden heard Sue squeeze a large glob of lotion into her hand and he felt her began to massage lotion into his ass, balls and shaft.

Aiden was taken aback by how good it felt. Not only did his new shaved, bare skin appreciate the lotion, but Sue's hands had a way of hitting all the right spots. Her fingers deftly pushed lotion into his ass cheeks and traveled all the way up to his rosebud, teasing his anus with her finger tip. Then she would come back to his front and massage and stroke the shaft of his penis.

To Aiden's immense humiliation, he began to get an erection in Sue's hands.

Sue continued to massage his shaft as if nothing interesting were happening, and his penis quickly became rock hard.

Aiden looked up at Sue standing over him as he laid bare before her on the diaper change table. And despite the fact that he had always found Sue to be old and motherly, and the fact that he despised her for most of the time he knew her (and he certainly despised her for what she was doing him tonight), all of that seemed to melt away as Aiden was overcome by an intense sexual arousal for Sue like he had never felt before.

As Sue deftly moved up and down his shaft, he began to moan and close his eyes. "Mommy, Mommy, please! Let me cum!" He shouted.

SMACK.

Aiden felt a sharp slap on his ass, snapping him out of his aroused trance.

“Naughty boy!” Sue scolded. “How dare you use such filthy language under my roof? If I ever hear that word out of your mouth again, I will wash that mouth out with soap until you forget you its meaning. Am I understood?”

Aiden felt totally shocked. Part of him thought that Sue was giving him a hand job on purpose. “Yes, Mommy, I’m sorry,” he said.

“And young man, don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing. You should be ashamed of yourself. Getting a boner while your Mommy changes your diapers?” She scolded with her hands on her hips. “What do you have to say for yourself?”

Aiden suddenly felt a deep wave of shame about his sexual arousal. Even though he couldn’t help it, he suddenly felt deeply embarrassed.

“I’m sorry Mommy,” he said as he looked away.

“You should be!” Sue scolded. “For a boy to be getting sexually aroused from a diaper change from his Mommy like this must mean you’ve been abusing yourself with masturbation for some time now,” she said.

Aiden went redder in the face. He now felt like he was being exposed and scolded not just for getting a boner just now, but for all the times he had masturbated in the past. “I’m sorry Mommy,” Aiden said.

“You should be very, very ashamed of yourself. It’s good that I’m putting you back in diapers where I can monitor your diapers and make sure those filthy hands stay away

from your penis. Because Aiden, let me be clear, if I ever catch you masturbating in my house, you will regret it for years to come. Am I understood?"

"Yes... Mommy..." Aiden grumbled.

SMACK. "What's that?" Sue said, smacking Aiden's bottom.

"Yes, Mommy, I'll be a good boy Mommy!" Aiden said louder.

"Good," Sue said, finishing his massage.

Of course, Sue was lying when she said Aiden's reaction was unexpected. The truth was it was exactly what she wanted to happen. She knew that funneling Aiden's sexual desire into shame and submission was crucial to effectively controlling and regressing him.

Finally, Aiden heard the sound of something crinkly and plastic. He looked up again to see Sue unfolding a giant, babyish diaper. It was pure white and looked like something he would have worn as an actual baby. He began to groan.

"Are you ready for your diaper, little Aiden? You ready for Mommy to put your diapers on so you can make a peepee or a poopoo in them for Mommy to change?" Sue teased as she pulled the diaper underneath Aiden's bottom.

Aiden was mortified. He closed his eyes and tried to dissociate as he felt Sue's strong, womanly hands pull the crinkly white diaper under his bottom.

"Leg's up!" Sue said in a singsong voice as Aiden felt her lift his legs up in the air like a toddler. He looked down to realize his ankles were actually clipped to a pink spreader bar, which Sue used to lift his legs up and get to his bottom

—whether he wanted her to or not. Sue then slid the back of his diaper underneath his bottom.

As Aiden stared at the ceiling in total and utter humiliation, he noticed a strange white post coming out of the wall. He wondered what it was, until he felt Sue push his legs up and back even more. Then, she pulled a short cord down from the post above and clipped it to the spreader bar.

Aiden realized that his feet were now bound above his head. He felt like a helpless toddler under Sue's control. He suddenly felt claustrophobic and tried to wriggle free.

"Tsk tsk, silly me," Sue said. Aiden then watched Sue pull a long, one-foot thick strap from across the table and pull it across his belly. "I forgot how wriggly little babies could be," she said with a wink.

Aiden now felt ten times more helpless and embarrassed as he was totally strapped down as his butt hovered over a fresh diaper.

Aiden tried to breath and calm down. He was too busy looking at the strap around his waist to notice that Sue and opened up a jar of Vaseline and had placed her hand on his bottom.

"Unghhh," Aiden suddenly grunted as he felt Sue push her fingers into his bottom.

SLAP. "Noisy, noisy," Sue said as she slapped Aiden's bottom. "Getting your diaper changed means having Mommy check your poopy hole, little one. You'd better start getting used to it," she scolded.

Aiden grunted again as he felt Sue jam her long finger through his lubricated sphincter, slowly pull it out, then jam it in again. He wriggled and writhed as she twisted her digits.

"Mommy..." he groaned as he tried to squeeze his bottom closed. But no matter how hard he clenched, it only made her intrusion more overbearing and powerful. "It hurts, Mommy..." Aiden pleaded. The sensation was unlike anything he had ever felt before. It was like pooping but in reverse.

Sue continued probing Aiden's anus without stopping. And when she felt his little sphincter was ready, she pushed a second finger and, opening him even wider.

As she fingered his bottom, she watched his penis for what she expected to take place. Aiden's penis began to get stiff again before her eyes.

"Oh? It seems like you're enjoying it just fine," she teased. Aiden looked down and realized his penis was rock hard. He went bright red with humiliation again.

Finally, Sue pulled her fingers out and 'tsk'd' as she examined her soiled latex glove. "Young man, it's very clear you have not kept up with your bowel movements whatsoever. No wonder you're so cranky and misbehaved," she lectured as she dropped her soiled gloves in the trash and put on a new pair.

Aden felt even more embarrassed. He had no idea what to say. He watched Sue pick up a small jar, then look back at him. "No, I'll let you keep backing yourself up as a lesson. I want your first BM in a diaper to be one you remember," she said with an evil smile, then put the jar back down.

Aiden had no idea what Sue was talking about, and at this point, he was so tired, he just wanted his diaper change to be over with.

Sue then grabbed some baby powder and generously sprinkled Aden's penis and balls. The smell instantly sent

Aiden back to some strange, earlier time. It conjured memories of kids in diapers in his daycare center. He immediately felt like he was marked and now just like one of them.

Finally, Sue pointed Aiden's penis down, then pulled the large, fluffy diaper up between Aiden's legs and taped it on both sides. It was shockingly thick and crinkly. Aiden had never felt anything like it before.

Sue brought Aiden's legs down and unclipped them from the bar. Then she unclipped his hands. Then she turned and helped him off the table.

Aiden stood up and stretched his arms and legs. He was still wearing the restrictive mittens on his hands, but at least he was able to stand up and stretch for the first time in a while. The diaper felt unbelievably strange. It was warm, soft and crinkly, and it almost made him bow-legged with its thickness.

Then, the full-length mirror caught his eye. He looked at his reflection and waves of embarrassment immediately washed over him again as he saw himself, an adult teenager, now dressed like a baby in a white diaper. Aiden immediately began to cry again.

"Okay, you've made your point!" He said to Sue as she looked through his closet. "You've embarrassed me. I promise I won't be bad anymore. Please, can I have my clothes back?" Aiden pleaded.

"Aw, little baby, these are your clothes!" Sue said as she walked back toward him with a footed onesie in her hand. "Now come one, let's get you dressed for bedtime," she said as she held open a leg of the sleeper.

"I don't want to," Aiden said as he wiped away his tears.

“Aiden, you can either cooperate and get ready for bed like a good boy, or I can turn you over and spank that bottom again. And trust me, when Momma Sue is forced to tan that hide the third time in a single day, you’ll hardly get a wink of sleep your bottom will be stinging so bad,” she said in a threatening tone.

Aiden sighed and stepped forward into the footed sleeper. Sue turned him around, slid his hands through, and zipped up the back. He then heard a click around his collar.

He instinctively reached up and tried to undo the zipper. But not only were his hands still his puffy mittens, rendering them useless, he realized that the sleeper was locked shut.

“Don’t worry, little baby, this is a special sleeper to keep those naughty hands of yours out of your diaper. They make them for mental patients to make sure they don’t put their hands in their diapers, so I figured it would be perfect for a naughty baby like you,” she said with a wink.

Aiden felt a new wave of claustrophobia as he felt trapped in his humiliating, thick diaper and now cloth sleeper.

Aiden stood there helplessly as Sue took the side rail down off the crib, then guided Aiden to his crib.

Aiden reluctantly climbed in bed, then watched Sue pull ankle straps from the side of the bed and secure his feet. “What are those!” He shouted.

“Sometimes even when naughty little boys have been secured in their diapers and warned, some of them still find... ways... of abusing themselves,” Sue explained as Aiden watched her secure his feet.

She then moved up and secured his wrists. She then pulled a large strap over his midsection and over his stomach. As

she pulled the strap over his belly, the pressure on his bladder Aiden realize that he had to pee. And Aiden knew Sue wouldn't be letting him go to the bathroom by now. Nor did he think he would he be getting out of this crib anytime soon.

As Sue lifted up the railing of the crib, locking Aiden in his little diaper prison for the night, Aiden gave into another wave of panic and began to kick and punch and scream against his bondage. "Let me out! Let me out!" He screamed. But his struggles were no use against everything imprisoning him.

Sue just looked down at her little diaper boy and smiled. "Aww, fussy baby!" She coo'd. "I know just what you need."

Aiden continued to kick and scream and cry as Sue left the room. As the minutes went by, alone in the dark, his screaming and crying turned more into just crying.

As much as he hated Sue, and he hated his Mother, he hated himself for being naughty enough to end up in this position by having an accident. He knew, deep down, that this was all his fault, and that he deserved it. That was the part that filled him with the biggest sense of shame and embarrassment and helplessness.

Sue returned some minutes later with a giant bottle of milk in her hands. She brought the crib railing down and sat next to Aiden on the bed. She held his head and held the bottle up to his lips.

"No, no, noooo," Aiden said as he tried to resist the babyish drink. Not only was he not thirsty, he knew it would only make the pain on his bladder worse.

"Shhh... shhhh..." Sue coo'd as she grabbed Aiden by the back of the head and forced him to suck on the bottle's

plastic teat. "It's okay, little baby, Mommy's got your milk to help you calm down," Sue whispered.

Aiden tried to fight it, but soon he figured it was harder to resist than to give in, and he let Sue force the large rubber teat into his mouth. As much as he hated to admit it, the warm milk tasted good and helped to calm him down.

"What's wrong little baby? You have to make peepees?" Sue asked as she massaged Aiden's bladder.

Aiden winced from the pressure and nodded his head. He was suddenly praying that Sue was offering to let him use the bathroom.

"Aw, there there. Mommy will help you go peepee in you diapers. Go ahead and let it go. Go ahead and let it go, Aiden. Make a peepee in your diaper for Mommy," Sue coo'd as she massaged Aiden's bladder.

Aiden was horrified and humiliated that he was being guided in this way by Sue to do such a private and base thing. But soon the warm milk, Sue's massage, and his aching bladder all lead to him relaxing and letting go.

A quiet 'hiss' emerged from Aiden's waist as he finally relaxed enough to focus on relieving himself. "Good boy," Sue said as she moved her hand down to Aiden's diaper and could feel it getting warm beneath her hand through his onesie.

"Good boy, little Aiden. Making a peepee for Mommy in you diaper. Good boy," she continued to coo.

Aiden was almost in awe as he felt his bladder empty liters of pee into his dry diaper. He could feel the warm, wet flow splash against his balls and his anus before being absorbed by his crinkly diaper.

Aiden felt himself leave his body in a strange way as he lost all sense of his old self. Suddenly it felt like all his senses were reduced to the taste of warm milk in his mouth, Sue's voice, her soothing touch, the relief of emptying his bladder, and the warm sensation of flooding his diaper and his own pee washing over his balls.

Aiden seemed to be in another place, almost like he was an infant, as he finished drinking his milk and using his diaper. He looked up at Sue in a strange, confused state, almost like she was a pleasant stranger.

"That's Mommy's good little boy," Sue said as she patted Aiden's balls through his hot, piss soaked diaper and gave him a kiss on the forehead.

"Goodnight Mommy," Aiden said instinctively as he watched Sue lift the railing to the bed up and lock him in for the night.

As the lights went out and Aiden heard Sue shut the door, Aiden drifted into a deep sleep.

He was no longer worried about his warm, wet diaper, or the straps holding him down. In fact, he slept deeper and more peacefully than any other time in his life.

A MORNING OF PUNISHMENT

Aiden woke up as the sun seeped in through the sides of the thick shades. He was groggy and confused.

Aiden tried to sit up, but realized he couldn't. Then he saw the bars next to his bed, and had the faint recognition that he was in a crib.

He looked through the bars and at the pastel walls, the diaper changing table, the childish wall paper, and he realized he was in a nursery.

Then he felt the straps on each of his limbs and waist. Then the thick mittens around his fingers. He felt the fleece onesie he was trapped in. And finally, most alarming of all, he felt his soaking, cold, wet diaper around his crotch. Aiden began to scream and struggle again against his binds. He barely remembered what had happened last night. In fact, it all just felt like a strange nightmare. But Aiden was lucid now, and from the evidence around him, it was all apparently terribly real.

Aiden kicked and flailed against his binds, but just like when he struggled last night, his resistance was totally futile.

Aiden began to cry and scream. "Help! Help! Help! Let me out!" He shouted. He prayed some passerby outside might hear him and investigate. "Mom! Mom!" He shouted. Surely his actual mother wouldn't have consented to the full extent of Sue's crazy punishment. Maybe she was downstairs, he thought to himself.

Soon Aiden heard the nursery door open. He looked and was immediately filled with dread. It was Sue. And she did not look happy.

"Young man!" She shouted. "I can't believe you think it's okay to put up this sort of fuss! You'll wake up the neighbors!"

"Let me go you crazy bitch!!!" Aiden screamed and flailed.

Sue frowned. "Language, young man. That's your last and final warning," she said.

Aiden continued screaming. "Let me go! Let me out of here!"

Sue just tsked, then grabbed a large pacifier from the shelf next to the diaper changing table. She lowered the side rail to Aiden's crib with a loud clang and sat down next to him.

Aiden saw the large pacifier and squealed and tried to pull his face away as Sue brought the nipple toward his mouth. Aiden closed his teeth shut, keeping the pacifier out.

Sue just rolled her eyes, walked back to the diaper changing shelf, then returned to him with clothespin.

Aiden was confused, until he felt Sue clip the clothespin on his nose. Blocked for air, Aiden opened his mouth, and Sue shoved the oversized pacifier into his mouth.

The rubber teat was massive, and Aiden's squeals were quickly and effectively gagged by the pacifier. Sue held

Aiden's head down and secured the pacifier in his mouth with a strap in back. She then removed the clothespin and laughed at the pathetic boy squirming beneath her.

"Oldest trick in the book. Not a baby it doesn't work on," she said. Aiden continued begged and pleaded and screaming through the pacifier. But his wails were now subdued enough that he knew no one outside the nursery could ever possibly hear him.

"Now, how come you're such a fussy baby this morning?" Sue asked.

Aiden watched Sue reach below his blanket and squeeze his soaking wet diaper through his crotch. "No wonder you're so fussy. You're soaking wet," she said.

Aiden cringed and tried to pull away as Sue gleefully patted and squeezed his cold and soaking wet diaper against his balls.

To make matters worse, as Sue fondled his wet diaper through his flannel sleeper, Aiden felt himself starting to get a boner.

Aiden went quiet, suddenly embarrassed about his reaction. He could feel Sue's hand drift up the diaper and stroke his hard shaft.

"Oh boy, what's that?" She said as she traced his boner through his soaking diaper and fleece sleeper. "Naughty little baby has a morning stiffy?" She teased. "Yes, you put up a big fuss, but I think we can both see you enjoy having your Mommy put you back in diapers," she said with a sadistic grin.

Aiden immediately became enraged. "Fuck you!" He shouted through his pacifier gag. His insult was merely a

mumble, but Sue got the gist of it. Her face immediately went cold.

"Aiden! I just warned you about language!" She scolded.

Sue stood up and towered over him. "That's it. I thought we were through the worst of your temper tantrums last night, but I can see I was wrong. I was planning on having a good first day together with you today, but I can see now you're not ready for that."

Aiden felt suddenly scared as he stared up at Sue seethed. He didn't realize how angry she could get.

"So, since you clearly didn't learn your lesson about misbehaving last night, your first day as a toddler is going to be one of punishments until you learn to respect adults."

Aiden went quiet with fear. *A day of punishment?* he thought to himself. *Wasn't I already being punished?*

He watched Sue meander over to the closet and peruse the spanking implements hanging from the wall. He began to sweat.

Finally, he watched Sue come back with a paddle that was covered in shiny metal rivulets. Aiden's eyes went wide.

"Let me tell you, little boy. The paddle I used for your spanking last night that made you whine and cry like the little baby you are? You'll be praying for it by time I'm done with you this morning," she said.

Aiden began to tremble and beg through his pacifier for mercy. Sue just laughed in his pathetic face. "Oh no, you're not getting out of your punishment that easy."

Aiden cried and squirmed as Sue effortlessly unbuckled each of his hands, one at a time, then swapped their

positions across the bed. Then she did the same with his legs, turning him onto his belly.

Sue took two pillows and stuck them under Aiden's crotch, propping his bottom in the air. Then Aiden then felt Sue unlock the zipper on his onesie from behind and pull the zipper all the way down, revealing his soaking wet and yellow diaper to the cool air.

Aiden shivered from the cold and in anticipation from his punishment. "Aw, miss your onesie already? Maybe you shouldn't complain when Mommy dresses you from bed then," she said as she patted Aiden's bottom.

Aiden closed his eyes as he felt Sue's hand on his soaked diaper. He felt her pat his cold wet diaper against his butt, then squeeze his balls. He felt totally humiliated and helpless.

SMACK.

Aiden screamed with pain into his pacifier gag. Even though he was being spanked through his diaper, the metal paddle stung the outside of his skin. And even worse, he was beginning to get a diaper rash.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

The spanking continued, sending Aiden into a dizzying spiral of submission and humiliation. He screamed into his pacifier, crying like a baby for Sue to stop. But Sue ignored him as she continued her methodical blows.

Aiden's face and ass both turned deep shades of red. He soon regretted his temper tantrum this morning with every fiber of his being.

After what felt like twenty more paddles, Sue stopped, and the room went quiet again except for the sound of Aiden

sobbing through his pacifier.

Sue walked forward, bent down, grabbed Aiden by the hair, and made him look her in the eyes.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?” She said.

“I’m sawwy,” Aiden said through his gag as he sobbed uncontrollably.

“Hmmm... Okay. I think that concludes spanking number one,” Sue said.

Aiden’s head was spinning as he felt Sue zip up his onesie again from behind. *Spanking number one? What did that even mean? She was going to do that again?*

Aiden was too weak to resist as Sue locked him back in his pajamas and unlocked and locked his cuffs to turn him onto his back again.

“Now Aiden,” she said as she squeezed his genitals through his flannel onesie and soaking diaper.

“That was just the beginning. I can tell in your face you’re a little sorry about last night, but you still don’t know the full extent of how ashamed you should be for your disrespectful attitude. You still haven’t submitted to your punishment as my baby. So, I can tell we’ve still just gotten started today,” she said as she stroked his wet diaper.

Aiden was reeling internally as he listened to her continue. “The next spanking you receive is going to be twice as long. And you know what else? Your diaper is going to be twice as wet,” she said with a sadistic smile. “That’s because I want you to have a nice, stinging diaper rash by the end of your punishment. I want you to learn to appreciate your diaper changes like a good little boy.”

Aiden went quiet. He was now genuinely terrified. He didn't realize what the consequences would be of upsetting Sue like this.

Sue just smiled at the fear in his eyes. "Not so brave, now, are you little boy?" Aiden began to plead and beg through his gag again. "Aw, what's that? You're thirsty?" Sue said, knowing it was the opposite of what Aiden was pleading.

"Okay then, I'll go get you a bottle," Sue said. Sue then left the nursery, leaving Aiden to twist and stir in terrible anticipation. She returned a few minutes later with three large bottles of milk.

Sue then bent down, undid Aiden's pacifier, and shoved the first bottle of milk in his mouth. Aiden was too weak to resist, and he began sucking the milk down. Sue coo'd as she held the bottle to his lips.

Soon all three bottles were finished, and Aiden not only felt like he had an incredibly full tummy, but he had to pee, too.

Sue deftly replaced Aiden's pacifier gag and lifted the railing. "Why don't you spend a few more hours flooding that diaper for Mommy, and when I decide you're good and ready, we'll do your second spanking. You should have a nice, hot, painful rash down here by the time we get to your third spanking. And if you're extra, extra good, I'll only make you spend a few final hours in it," she said with an evil grin.

As Sue spoke, Aiden was already starting to feel his balls, his thighs, and his bottom begin to sting from not just the spanking, but the rash.

And as soon as Sue left, Aiden was forced to contend not just with his painfully full bladder, but the anticipation of how much worse it was going to get.

* * *

WHEN AIDEN finally got the strength to let his bladder go after what must have been a painful and humiliating hour or so, his diaper began to leak from the new flood.

Even worse, Aiden's warm piss stung the marks of his spanking and his newly developed diaper rash. He cried for his Mommy through his pacifier gag, but she never came. He emptied his bladder two more times as he struggled alone and helpless in his crib, each time more humiliating than the last.

After what seemed like an eternity, Aiden heard the door to the nursery open. "Pee-ew!" He heard Sue say as she came back in and dropped the rail to his crib. "You are one, stinky peepee boy! Look at this big mess you made peeing yourself like a little baby," she jeered as she inspected and squeezed him. "I can't believe you ever thought you don't belong in diapers."

Aiden winced as Sue squeezed and irritated his diaper rash. "That smarts, huh? Looks like you're going to start being a little more respectful to Mommy, knowing she's the only one that can change this icky diaper," she said as she patted his bottom.

Sue then turned Aiden around on the bed like before, propping his butt up and ignoring his squeals and begging for mercy.

She didn't have to spank him very long at all until he had burst out into uncontrollable sobs once again.

She turned him back around, forced more excessive milk down his throat, and tucked him back in.

By time Aiden had finished a third round of flooding his diaper, there was a large wet patch of urine on the bed. He was so miserable, and his diaper rash was so itchy, he would have done anything just to be changed into dry diaper.

When Sue returned for his third spanking, Aiden submitted to her punishment without whining. As each blow reigned down on his painfully rash-covered and pee-soaked bottom, he began to hate himself and feel a deep sense of shame for upsetting Sue like he did that morning.

By time Sue was finished with the final spanking and rolled Aiden back around, he promised himself he would never upset Sue again if he could help it.

Aiden was totally submissive and quiet as Sue re-secured him to his bed. She even gave Aiden a kiss on his forehead before locking his crib shut and turning off the lights again.

Aiden faded back to sleep for a mid-morning nap, his morning punishment exhausting him.

After Aiden had fallen asleep, Sue peeked back into the nursery and secretly admired Aiden as he curled up in his crib, patiently waiting for his Mommy to return while he slept in a leaking and pee-soaked diaper.

He was adorable. And she knew his will to resist had been broken in an important way.

THE FULL BOTTOM PUNISHMENT

Aiden woke up a few hours later. Unlike when he first woke up that morning, he immediately recognized where he was. Except unlike earlier that morning, he had no desire to resist or try and escape.

No, Aiden's concerns had been reduced to only one thing—the painful diaper rash on his crotch on bottom.

He felt helpless and afraid, and organically, just like a baby, he began to cry like an infant for help.

Before long, Sue came into the room to check on him. "Aww, little baby..." she coo'd

To Aiden's relief, Sue lowered the bars of his crib, sat down next to him, and undid his pacifier gag.

"What's wrong, little one?" She asked in a soft tone, stroking his face.

"Mommy, I need a diaper change," Aiden pleaded.

"Oh, I know you do little one. But before I put you in a new diaper, I need to know you won't be naughty anymore. How can I trust you?" She asked as she gently stroked his face.

“Mommy, I’ll be good, I promise!” Aiden pleaded. He suddenly just wanted to make Sue happy so she would change his diaper. He felt totally bonded and dependent on her. “Please Mommy, please...” he wailed like a baby.

“Okay, Aiden. I’ll change your stinky diaper. But only if you promise me two things,” Sue said.

“Yes Mommy, anything,” Aiden pleaded.

“First, you are never, ever, ever to use curse words again. Nor are you ever to insult me or your mother again. And in fact, from now on, I want you talking like the little baby you are at all times, just so I know you’re remembering your punishment. That means no more big kid words at all. Am I understood?” She said in stern voice.

“Yeth Mommy...” Aiden said in a lisp. Something felt freeing about the mandate. Aiden felt like he was simply being asked to talk in the way that matched everything else about his situation.

“And second, Aiden, I need you to promise that you will never, ever, under any circumstances, ever disobey me again. And that means never, under any circumstances, whining or arguing when I impose a punishment on you. These punishments are for your own good, and it’s very important you always understand that Mommy knows what’s best for you, even if you don’t like it. Okay?”

Aiden hesitated. “Yeth Mommy,” he finally said. “I’ll never be naughty again, I pwomise.”

“Okay, good,” Sue said. “Let’s get you up for your diaper change,” she said.

Aiden immediately felt relieved and thankful toward Sue. It felt like a diaper change was now the only thing he wanted in the world.

Sue unstrapped Aiden from his bed, and with his hands and feet free, Aiden could finally turn and stand up next to his crib. He felt his soaking diaper practically droop to his knees, and his diaper rash was still painful and sore.

Sue came up from behind him and unlocked his sleeper. Aiden stepped out of the sleeper and was now standing in just his soaking, yellow stained diaper. The red marks from his diaper rash were visible around the leg cuffs.

"Look at that painful rash you have," Sue said as she inspected around his diaper with her finger. Aiden looked at himself in the mirror and the image of his soaking wet and pathetic diaper immediately filled him with shame and humiliation.

"I bet you feel pretty embarrassed and ashamed about your little tantrum this morning, don't you?" Sue said as she patted and squeezed his diaper.

"Yeth Mommy," Aiden replied as he bowed his head.

Aiden immediately started walking toward the diaper change table. Sue cleared her throat, stopping him in his tracks. "Ahem. Young man, you should know better. Babies don't walk. It's too dangerous. They crawl. I don't ever want to see you on two feet unless I'm holding your hand. Understood?" She said in a stern voice.

"Yeth, Mommy," Aiden complied as he got on all fours. He started crawling toward the diaper change table as Sue giggled at his waddling butt. The motion of crawling made his diaper rash even worse, but he was just happy to finally get a diaper change.

As Aiden got to the base of the diaper change table, he looked back and realized Sue was filming him with his

phone again. He realized she must have filmed his little crawling diaper bottom.

"Okay, little Aiden, show Mommy what you did," Sue said as she grabbed Aiden by the hand and made him stand up. "What happened?" She said as she made him spin so she could inspect his diaper for the camera.

"I peed in my diaper, Mommy," Aiden said. He felt himself regressing for the camera. Part of him realized that the quicker he just gave her what she wanted, the quicker he would be out of his mess.

"Oh yeah? Why didn't you go peepee in the big kid toilet?" She teased.

"Because I'm not allowed to pee in the big kid toilet because I made a mess. So I have to wear diapers like a baby," Aiden said in a babyish voice.

"But how come you're so wet, Aiden?"

"Because I was naughty and didn't listen to Mommy so I made lots of peepees in my crib," Aiden said.

"So you want a diaper change, Aiden?" Sue teased.

"Yeth, Mommy, I need a diaper change," Aiden pleaded.

"Show Mommy and the camera how yellow that diaper is," she said.

"See Mommy? I made such a stinky mess in my crib," Aiden said as he held his diaper out for Sue to see inside. The once white diaper was now golden yellow.

"Pee-ew," Sue teased. "Yes, you are one stinky boy. Let's get that diaper changed."

Aiden was hopeful that Sue was going to put the camera away, but instead, he watched her place the phone on a

stand that pointed her phone right at the change table.

Aiden realized that she was about to film his diaper change. He was deeply humiliated, but he knew there would be no use in resisting at this point.

Aiden let Sue grab him by the arm pits and lift him up onto the change table just like he was a toddler. The sensation of sitting on his soaking wet diaper on the crinkly plastic made him feel even more babyish and humiliated.

He docilely let Sue take his hands and clip them above his head into their restraints. "Good boy," Sue coo'd. "Legs up!" She said.

Aiden realized Sue hadn't strapped his legs to the spreader bar to keep them up this time. He obediently lifted his legs, giving Sue access to his wet bottom.

Aiden practically gasped in bliss as he listened to Sue untape the edges of his diaper and fold it down between his legs, exposing his urine-soaked privates to the cool air. He didn't realize it, but his penis immediately began to get hard as he stared up at the adorable mobile spinning above him.

Aiden winced as he felt Sue's first wipe on his bottom. "Owwee, Mommy," he said involuntarily.

"Aww, poor baby has such a diaper rash. Here you go," Sue said as she pushed a pacifier into Aiden's mouth.

Aiden sucked the pacifier and found it pleasantly calming. He didn't even realize that Sue didn't need to strap it in this time. He kept it in his mouth out of his own desire to be a good boy for her.

As Sue dutifully wiped down his bottom, his thighs, and his genitals, with baby wipes, Aiden's rash started to feel

better.

As Sue cleaned the shaft of his stiff penis, Aiden giggled. "Aw, my little baby likes it when Mommy changes his stinky diapers, doesn't he?" Sue said.

"Yeth, Mommy," Aiden said.

When Sue was finished wiping him down, Sue unfolded a new diaper underneath him. Aiden immediately felt warm and safe in just his anticipation of the dry diaper.

He then felt Sue begin to spread out a cool cream all around his crotch and legs. Aiden giggled again as she massaged and treated his diaper rash. "Aw, what a good little baby getting his diaper rash cream," she said. Aiden felt like he was in absolute heaven in her hands. "You love your diaper changes with Mommy, don't you little one?" She said.

"Yeth Mommy!" Aiden said as he continued to smile in docile bliss.

Aiden then felt the strange yet now familiar sensation Sue probing his bottom with her finger. He couldn't help but grunt through his pacifier as he felt her invade his rear passage. He still dutifully kept his legs raised though.

"Uh, oh, you look really backed up down here," Sue said as she plunged her fingers into Aiden's bottom. "Have you been holding your poopies?" She said in a demeaning tone.

"I dunno," Aiden said back. He really didn't know. He hadn't thought about having a bowel movement in his diaper yet. The idea of it terrified him.

"Hmmm, well little one, since you've been holding your poopies, Mommy's gonna have to help you make a boom boom with some medicines," she said with a stern look.

“Cause that’s what happens when little boys are naughty and hold their stinkies.”

“Yeth Mommy,” Aiden said. He suddenly felt ashamed over having done something wrong.

Sue carefully unscrewed the jar of wax suppositories and poured 5 bullets into her palm. She then probed Aiden’s bottom some more, opening it up for her with two fingers. She knew that five was overkill, but she wanted this dirty diaper to be one that Aiden would always remember.

She shoved each of the suppositories deep into Aiden’s bottom. Aiden squealed and grunted as she pushed them in, but to Sue’s satisfaction, he didn’t complain or resist.

Aiden squeezed his eyes shut as he felt the strange sensation of Sue shoving foreign objects into his colon. He felt like he suddenly had to poop really bad already. The fact that he would not be able to use the toilet only filled him with more panic.

“All done!” Aiden heard Sue say as she finished jamming the last of the suppositories up his bottom.

“Now Aiden, the unfortunate thing for you, is that because you were naughty and held your poopies, it’s going to make your next punishment today very painful and embarrassing for you,” she said matter-of-factly.

Aiden’s heart sank. *Did she just say, ‘next punishment’? This morning wasn’t enough?* he thought to himself.

Sue noticed Aiden’s worried expression. She began to laugh. “Oh, little one, don’t you remember? I said you were in for a full day of punishment for your misbehavior. This morning was just the beginning.”

Aiden felt himself begin to panic. He didn't think he could stand another punishment. But the other part of him, the submissive side of him, told him it would be better not to resist.

"Yeth Mommy," Aiden said.

Aiden then looked over to see Sue getting something out of the drawer. She held up a strange rubber thing in front of Aiden's face.

"Now, do you know what this is?" Sue said.

Aiden shook his head no.

"This is a butt-plug, little one. Naughty boys have to wear a butt plug so remember who's in charge of their bottom while they're being punished. Understand?"

Aiden nodded his head. He was terrified.

He watched Sue coat the butt plug in Vaseline, then reach down and start to push it up his bottom.

It suddenly felt so much larger than it looked. Aiden instinctively tried to stop its insertion by squeezing his bottom shut. His sphincter stung with pain and Aiden began to cry out.

"It hurts, Mommy!" He said through his pacifier.

"I know baby, but this is how you learn you lesson," Sue coo'd. "Now be a good boy and relax and take it," she said.

Aiden felt Sue massage the butt plug back and forth against his bottom. Finally, she gave it a hard push, and Aiden felt the incredibly strange sensation of the plug pushing through his sphincter and filling him up.

He immediately felt like he had to poop again, and that he was already pooping. His bladder told him he needed to

pee again as the plug pushed against it. And his whole mind became occupied with the intrusion in his bottom.

Sue smiled as she looked down at Aiden and stroked his hair. She couldn't help but cherish the multitude of emotions on Aiden's face as he submitted in this profound new way.

Now that his plug was in, Sue dutifully powdered him and pulled the diaper up and taped it shut.

Aiden was still in a daze as Sue unstrapped his hands and helped him sit up. As he sat on his bottom, the invasion of the plug became that much more pronounced. He gasped.

"How do you feel, little baby?" Sue asked as she patted Aiden on the head.

"Mommy, it feels funny!" Aiden said. "It feels like I have to go poo!"

Sue just laughed in his face, then helped him to the floor. She grabbed a shirt from the closet with a duck on it and pulled it over Aiden's head. The shirt was so short, it barely reached his belly button.

Had Aiden looked in the mirror, he would have seen just how babyish he looked in his ducky shirt and thick, extra bulky, dry diaper. But his clothes were the last thing on his mind now.

As Sue grabbed Aiden's hand and walked him out of the nursery, Aiden's whole mind was fixated on the intrusion in his bottom. Aiden waddled as the plug in his butt made him walk bow-legged like a toddler. His churning bowel only made him feel even more humiliated and helpless.

Sue brought Aiden to the stairs and held his hand as she walked him down, one step at a time. Every step Aiden

took, he couldn't help but reflexively push, as if trying to take a poop in his diaper. But the plug was too tight in his bottom to have any effect.

By time they reached the first floor, Aiden pushed again and the floodgates of his bladder flooded his diaper with a loud 'hiss'. A smile crossed his face as he experienced a moment of relief from the pressure.

"Uh oh, peepee pants already?" Sue said as she watched Aiden's new white diaper turn yellow. She opened the front of his diaper and felt his wetness with her hand. "Well I just changed you, so it looks like it'll have to hold a little while longer," she said as she rubbed Aiden's back.

As Sue walked Aiden to the kitchen, she couldn't help but relish every moment of this new, obedient Aiden. His expression was distant and docile as she exerted total control over him, just like a baby.

Aiden was too lost in thought about the pressure in his bottom to notice Sue helping him up into a high chair. It wasn't until his wrists were locked in and he was forced to plant his plugged bottom on the hard wood high chair that he realized what was happening. He squirmed as Sue came over to him with a huge bowl of gross looking porridge. She then wrapped a humiliating pink bib around his neck.

Aiden spit out his pacifier. "Mommy, I'm not hungry," he whined.

"Sorry Aiden, babies don't get to decide when and how they eat. Open," she commanded as she brought a spoonful of porridge to his mouth. Before he could close it, Aiden felt her push the soggy looking mixture in his mouth. He swallowed half of it, then spit the rest out on his chin and onto his bib and diaper.

“Aiden!” Sue scolded as she wiped Aiden’s face with a wet wash cloth. “I thought you said you were done being naughty today,” she scolded.

Aiden didn’t know how to respond. He felt trapped. He didn’t like the porridge, but he wanted to be good. Everything felt so overwhelming and he felt so helpless. So he did the only thing he felt like he knew how to now. He began crying like a baby again.

“Nice try, mister, but you will eat what I prepare for you, understood?” Sue said as she got up. Aiden kept crying as he felt Sue plant a clothespin on his nose again, forcing him to open for the next bite. Aiden tried to free his hands, but Sue had strapped them tightly under the highchair’s table.

The lunch continued like this as Aiden sobbed as Sue forced his large bowl of porridge in his mouth. Every bite made his gut grumble, and by time the bowl of porridge was finished, Aiden not only felt extremely full, he felt like he was going to poop his diaper at any second.

Finally, Sue wiped away the mess Aiden made on his face—as well as his tears and snot—and released him. As Aiden stood up, an overwhelming need to poop came over him, and he squatted and pushed as hard as he could. But the butt plug still wouldn’t pop out. The diaper was just too tight.

“Mommy, I need to use the potty!” Aiden whined.

“You’re wearing your potty, sweetie,” Sue said.

“But I’m trying to do a poopy and it won’t go!” Aiden pleaded.

“That’s because you have a butt plug in, baby. Trust me, when you really have to go, the butt plug will come out,” she said.

Aiden felt so humiliated and dominated at this point. He had gone from being ashamed and shocked at the very idea of peeing in his diapers, let alone pooping them, to now calling Sue 'Mommy' and begging to be able to poop his pants.

Sue then beckoned to Aiden to the living room. "Come on, time for your next punishment," she said. Aiden took a cautious step toward the living room.

"Aiden! What did I say about two feet!" She scolded.

Aiden remembered Sue's rules, then got on all fours and began to crawl toward her. Every inch he crawled, the act of moving his legs and waddling his butt made his bowels churn and the plug feel that much more humiliating and invasive.

"Mommy, I'll be good. Please no more punishment!" He pleaded.

"Sorry little boy. That's not how punishment works for little toddlers. When Mommy said there's gonna be punishment all day, she means it."

Aiden crawled into the living room and all the way to the other side where Sue was pointing at a wooden stool in the corner.

"Climb on the stool, little one," She said. "Time for some afternoon corner time."

Aiden climbed to his feet and held the stool with both hands. Sue grabbed him by the arm pits, lifted him up, and dropped him on the hard wooden surface.

Aiden groaned as the hard stool pushed his plug in further. And it was only now that he was sitting on the stool that he

realized it was so tall, his feet dangled. There was no way for him to relieve the pressure on his bottom.

He then felt Sue pull his hands behind his back and cuff them together.

"Now Aiden, this is corner time. You can expect to be sent to corner time anytime you disobey me in any way whatsoever. But since you didn't just disobey this morning, you used foul language, we're going to need to wash that mouth out as well," Sue said as Aiden stared into the corner and grunted in humiliation.

He listened to Sue walk to the bathroom, run something under some water, then walk back.

"Open your mouth," was all he heard from behind him. He complied and was met with a large bar of wet soap shoved into his mouth.

"Bite down," Sue commanded.

Aiden complied without thinking.

He immediately regretted it as the taste of soap made him gag. He realized his teeth were so far dug into the bar of soap, he couldn't open his mouth if he wanted.

His plugged bottom and soapy mouth overwhelmed his every sense. Aiden leaned forward on the stool and began to cry like a helpless baby again. Drool poured out of his mouth and covered his shirt and diaper like a messy infant.

"This is what happens when you use curse words," Sue said. "You can spend the next few hours thinking about that while I do some cooking and cleaning. Understood?"

"Yeth Mommy," Aiden managed to say through his humiliation and tears.

“Oh, and Aiden, if your butt leaves that stool just once, I will notice, and I will start your time over from zero,” she said.

Aiden curled forward on the stool as his stomach churned and he continued to drool and sob. His bladder felt full again, and he suffered the humiliation of soaking his diaper yet again.

Every minute felt like torture as he cried and waited for his Mommy to come back, just like a helpless little baby.

But Aiden didn't think of leaving the stool even once. At this point, the only thing he knew how to do was obey, no matter the humiliation involved.

THE FINAL HUMILIATION

*A*fter an hour or so on the stool, Aiden calmed down.

Now the main focus of his attention was how badly he had to poop. It soon became the only thing he could think about. As the hours dragged on, it seemed like the only thing in the world he truly wanted was to take a proper poop in his diaper. But the cruel plug and cruel stool trapped him in his constipated misery.

It was then that he heard the front door open. He didn't dare turn, but he listened as Sue answered the door and greeted someone else. A woman.

"Oh, Sue, I'm so sorry about this. Thank you so much for stepping up," the guest said.

"Oh, it's no problem at all. It was quite gratifying, actually. I mean, I really feel bad for you, after all he put you through, but trust me, I think he'll be giving you the respect you deserve from now on."

Aiden's heart began to pound. He knew who the woman was at the front door. It was his Mother. She must have come back from her trip early.

As Aiden sat on his stool and stared into the corner, he listened as his Mom's familiar high heels clacked on Sue's living room floor and approached him from behind.

Aiden's previous identity—one of an adult—immediately came back to life inside of him. He had lost himself in total submission to Sue, but surely his mother didn't think what Sue was doing to him was okay!

But the next thing on his mind was that Aiden couldn't bear to have his own mother see him like this! Dressed like a pathetic infant! Drool and snot down his face! A wet diaper! He didn't know what to do!

Suddenly Aiden started to come out of his infantile daze. He froze in terror as he heard Sue and his Mother stand behind him.

"Wow, you weren't kidding. Diapers. So he really peed his pants? I mean, it seems a little extreme is all," Aiden heard his mother say.

"Listen, that's a very understandable reaction. But you have to believe me when I say that this boy was not properly potty trained. Not only has he been peeing his diapers from the moment I put one on him, he's been relishing in diaper changes, too," Sue said.

"Really? He *likes* having his diapers changed?" Aiden heard his mother say.

Aiden was mortified. He didn't know what to do but continue to stay on the stool. He then listened as Sue played his Mom the video Sue took of his diaper change on her phone.

Aiden cringed as he heard the audio of him saying 'Yeth Mommy,' and even remembered how Sue stroked his penis and he coo'd.

"Oh... Aiden... wow. He really does like being your little baby, doesn't he," Aiden's Mom said with a laugh. Aiden face immediately turned bright red.

"But still, I don't know... it just seems... a bit extreme," he heard his Mother add.

"I know, I know. But look, I've seen a lot of boys like Aiden. Their patterns of misbehavior are so deep in their psyche, only punishment this thorough can modify their behavior. I mean, look at how disciplined little Aiden is right now, sitting on that stool and keeping a bar of soap in his mouth. Would you ever see that level of discipline before?" Sue asked rhetorically.

"Hmm, you're right..." Aiden's Mom said. Aiden wanted to shriek and jump up and beg his Mom to take him home. But his terror kept him planted in the corner.

"Look, I know this all seems like a lot, but what I'm trying to tell you is that you don't have to worry about anything. You can let me keep Aiden here, and when I can tell he's finally ready to be a grown up again, I'll let you know and you can have him back," Sue said.

"Really Sue? You'd do that for me?" Aiden heard his Mom say. Aiden wanted to scream.

"Yes," Sue said.

"I don't know... well... maybe if I saw some sign he really belonged in diapers again. That way I would know for sure," Aiden heard his Mom said.

There was a silence.

"Aiden?" He heard Sue say. "Turn around and greet your mother," she commanded.

Aiden slowly turned and stepped off the stool. His heart was pounding. Sue pulled the soap out of his mouth, to his relief, and wiped his face off with the wet washcloth.

“Aiden?” He heard his mother ask. As Aiden looked up at her, he could see a mixture of disappointment, revulsion, and disgust in her face at Aiden’s diapered condition.

Aiden immediately felt a renewed wave of humiliation and shame about how he ended up here. This was the first time he was seeing himself in a family member’s eyes.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself?” Aiden’s Mom asked in a sharp tone.

Aiden thought about trying to respond, but then all of the sudden he was overtaken by another need. His need to finally poop.

Aiden began to squat right in front of his mother and push as hard as he could. His cheeks turned bright red. He started grunting.

“Aiden? Aiden? What are you doing?” He heard his Mom say.

Aiden glanced up to see his Mother staring at him in shock. He could also see Sue watching him with a devious smile.

“Answer your mother, Aiden,” Sue commanded.

“I’m sorry Mommy,” Aiden said as he continued to push. “I’m making a poopy in my diapers!”

And with that, Aiden gave a hard and final push. With an enormous grunt, he felt the butt plug pop out into his diaper, followed by the biggest load of poop he’d ever pushed out in his life.

“Aiden!” His mother scolded and held her nose. “How could you?”

Aiden felt more ashamed and humiliated than at any other moment of his life, but all he could do was keep pushing his poopy load into the back of his diaper.

The smell quickly permeated the whole room and his Mom held his nose and backed up. “Aiden, I can’t believe this! Sue, I’m sorry, you’re right. He clearly does need diapers,” his Mom said.

Aiden kept pushing and pushing more poop into his sopping wet and totally full diaper. It felt like the load that would never stop.

Finally, he took a breath and stood up. His diaper was sagging and brown. He felt like someone had poured a gallon of mushy mud in his diaper.

“Nose to the corner young man,” Sue said. Aiden complied and turned around. He felt Sue pull his diaper open in back and look inside.

“Pee ew,” Susan said as she inspected the mess. “This is the biggest, messiest diaper I’ve ever seen, if I’m being honest.”

Aiden continued to burn in humiliation as Sue patted his poopy bottom in front of his Mom. He felt like he wanted to die.

“Do you want to come take a look?” Sue asked his Mom.

“No, no, trust me, I can smell it from here,” His Mom said. “Do whatever you need to. If you’ll take care of changing that boy’s poopy diapers, you can do whatever else you need to with him,” she joked.

Sue just laughed as she continued massaging Aiden's poopy diaper bottom.

"Oh, trust me, Little Aiden will be facing a lot more poopy diapers and a lot more punishments until he's ready to come home," Sue said.

"Okay Sue. Let me know if you need anything," Aiden heard his Mom say. He heard Sue and his Mom hug. Then he heard his Mom lean over his shoulder as he continued to face the corner.

"Aiden, you poopy boy, you should be very, very ashamed of yourself. I hope you realize what you've done. You're a full grown adult who just pooped his diaper in front of his own mother! I hope you remember how embarrassed you are right now, and I hope that motivates you to do whatever Sue wants you to do while you're under her care. Am I understood?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Aiden answered.

And with that, Aiden burst into another round of tears as he listened to his Mom leave.

Sue spanked his butt and gave it another firm squeeze, spreading the filth against his bottom. "Alright, poopy boy, punishment's over. Let's put you down for a nap so you can spend some time in your poopy diapers and think about how naughty you were," Sue said as she picked Aiden up.

Aiden gasped as Sue methodically rubbed his poopy mess against his balls and penis and carried him back to the nursery.

Aiden docilely submitted to Sue as she put his locking onesie back on over his poopy diaper, locking him into his filthy mess. The humiliation and smell of his poopy diaper made Aiden want to die, but he knew better than to resist.

Finally, Sue tucked Aiden into bed, sloshed his poopy diaper some more against his crotch for good measure, and gave him a kiss goodnight.

“Good night, Mommy,” Aiden said as he watched Sue lift the gate to his crib, shut off the lights, and close and lock the door to his nursery.

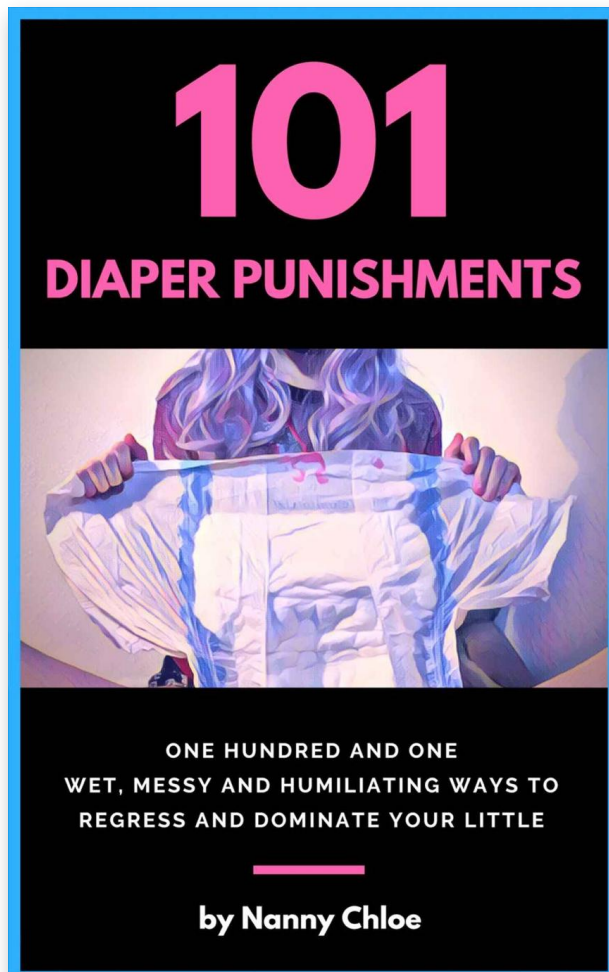
Aiden sat in his poopy diaper and faded off to sleep.

Even though it was the end of the most exhausting and humiliating day of his life, it was the beginning of Aiden’s new life as Sue’s adult baby.

And some part of him, the little part, the submissive part that had now taken over, couldn’t possibly have been happier about that fact.

THE END.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



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

Little

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

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

In this massive tome, you will learn:

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

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

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

- LittlePrncss33

“This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can’t wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work.”

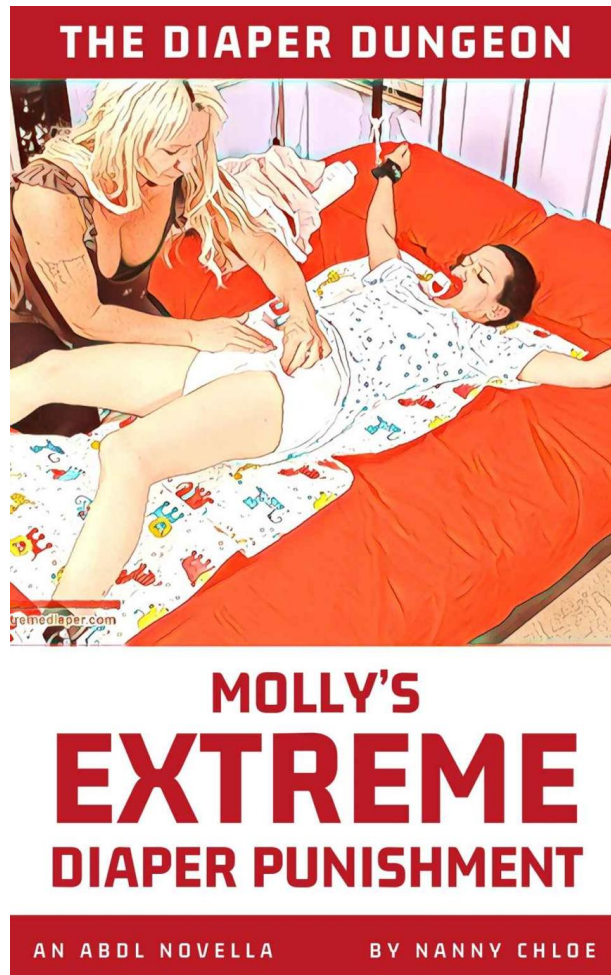
- Mistress Marywell

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

- Little_Georgie

* * *

NOVELLAS:



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

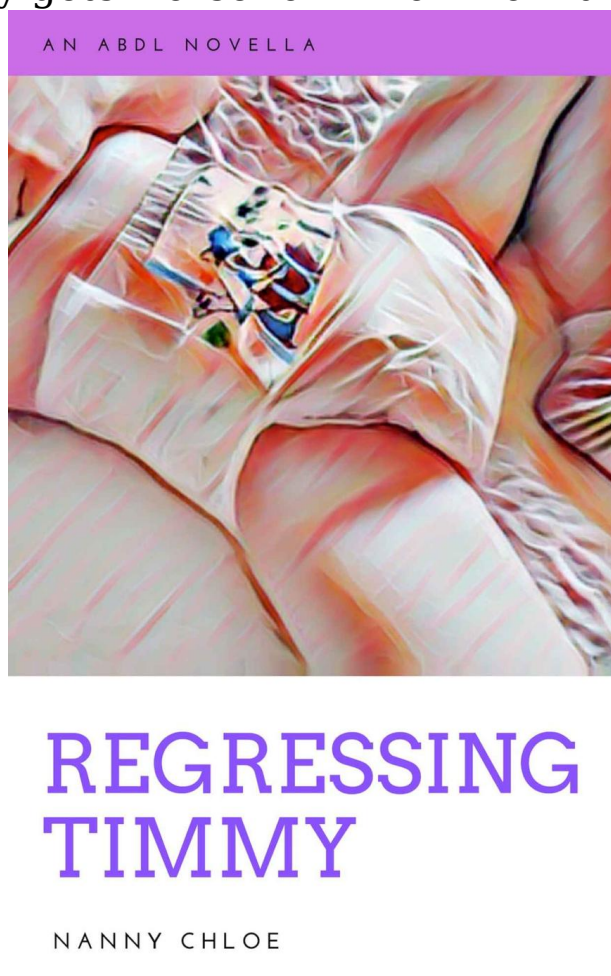
Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...



Regressing Timmy.

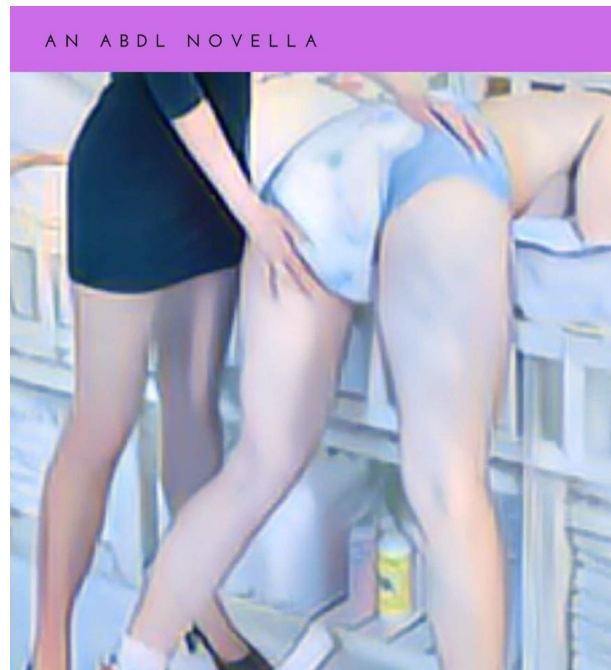
After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly

later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined. Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

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

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."

AN ABDL NOVELLA



FORCED TO WEAR DIAPERS BY THE BRATTY BABYSITTER

BY NANNY CHLOE

Forced to Wear Diapers by the Bratty Babysitter

When Tyler's parents find out Tyler's been up to no good, they decide to hire Megan from next door to look after him over Spring Break. After all, Megan says she's studying how to be a caregiver in college. It seems like the perfect fit!

Except for the fact that Megan is only a couple years older than Tyler. Oh, and Tyler has always had a huge crush on Megan, which she's never reciprocated. In fact, Megan's favorite nickname for Tyler has always been, 'The gross loser next door.'

Tyler is terrified by the sight of Megan. He can't imagine having her watch over him for a full week.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he doesn't have a choice in the matter. And when Megan comes over, she decides to have her fun.

First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

Then diapers.

Then making Tyler use those diapers in front of all his friends.

And finally she changes those diapers in the most humiliating way imaginable.

When Megan is finished with Tyler, he learns new meaning to the words, Diaper Discipline.

AN ABDL NOVELLA



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR
A DIAPER FANTASY
COMES TRUE

BY NANNY CHLOE

Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers. From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!



Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help

around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for downloading and reading, my little!

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

To read more of my stories, please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

nannychloetales.tumblr.com

