

DOMINATED BY MY WIFE
BRANDON'S EXTREME DIAPER PUNISHMENT



NANNY CHLOE

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

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CONTENTS

Prologue

1. Brandon's Rude Awakening
2. Painful Realizations
3. The Contract
4. Breaking In Brandon
5. The Accident
6. Brandon's New Nursery
7. Diapered
8. Tara's New Baby
9. Strange Reunion

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PROLOGUE



Tara's heart was pounding as she finished her brisk walk through the hospital corridor.

Tara had come as a visitor to the hospital's new, relatively secret, Experimental Behavioral Corrections Department. She had been invited by her friend, who just happened to be the new doctor in charge of the department—Dr. Katherine Olivia.

Before Tara had arrived, all she knew was that the patients who were locked in the hospital rooms surrounding her were all petty criminals, hoodlums, and delinquents who had opted for this hospital's experimental 'rehabilitation' program in lieu of jail time.

But by the time Tara finished looking into each patient's room to see first-hand what their 'rehabilitation' actually entailed, her head was spinning...

They were all being subjected to *systematic humiliation, domination, and regression* by means of *extreme diaper punishment*.

To Tara, it was absolutely...

Electrifying.

Tara raced back to her friend, Dr. Olivia, who was working in her office.

Dr. Olivia (whom Tara knew when she was still just 'Katherine') was an old gal pal of Tara's from decades ago. Tara and Katherine happened to reconnect on Facebook a few months ago, and soon became girl friends once again.

It took Katherine some weeks to finally reveal the basic details to Tara of what she did at the hospital, but when she did, Tara demanded to come see it for herself. For reasons Tara didn't quite yet understand, she felt an intense curiosity about the work Dr. Olivia was conducting in this strange department.

Today was the day that Tara finally got to take that tour, and although her visit was brief, Tara knew her life was now changed.

Dr. Olivia looked up from her stack of paperwork as Tara returned to her office.

"You're back!" Dr. Olivia said with surprise. "Sorry again about not having time to give you the tour myself. So, what did you think?"

Tara collapsed on the chair in front of Dr. Olivia, suddenly out of breath. "Oh god, Katherine, please don't apologize. I've never seen anything like it before. It was... incredible," Tara said with wide eyes.

Dr. Olivia smiled. "Most women so far have had that reaction. I suspect it's the sight of so many naughty men being put in their place."

They both broke into hysterical laughter.

"Katherine, are you sure you can't take any more patients right now? I think my husband could use a tune-up," Tara

said, only half-joking.

"You're not the first person to ask," Dr. Olivia replied with a wink.

They calmed down from their laughter, then Tara went quiet. She seemed to be deep in thought.

"Katherine," Tara said, suddenly serious. "Out of curiosity, and purely hypothetically speaking, let's say that a girl friend of yours really was having a problem with disciplining, say... her husband..."

"I know your clinic is full-up, but what's to keep you from, say, teaching your girl friend some tips and techniques based on what you and your nurses have learned from your work here? Again, totally hypothetically speaking," Tara said.

Dr. Olivia looked up. A slow smile crossed her lips. She got to her feet, closed the door to her office, and sat back down.

"Well, Tara," Dr. Olivia replied. "Hypothetically speaking, I think that I would be thrilled to share a great deal of what I know with said girl friend. Not only that, I might even be able to give them quite a bit of free regression tools and supplies from the surplus in our department's store room."

Tara's eyes lit up with excitement.

"But," Dr. Olivia added. "I would want that friend to really grasp the *full gravity* of such an endeavor before actually attempting to undertake it. I would want her to know that once she *started* implementing such a discipline regimen on say, her husband, it would likely be impossible for her to ever go back..."

Tara nodded, soaking this in.

“That’s because,” Dr. Olivia continued, “for better or for worse, any transformation she imposed would probably be permanent. I would just want said friend to be very, very sure about her decision before committing to such a thing. Hypothetically speaking, of course.”

“Well,” Tara said, “what if your gal pal just wanted to start studying the discipline techniques—say on the weekends—just so she could keep those tools in her back pocket... so to speak. Just in case it ever got to that point that she truly needed them with her husband.”

Dr. Olivia nodded. “Well, I would say that my friend was being quite prudent. And funny enough, our department just happens to be looking to hire a part time assistant to help out our nurses on the weekends.

“If said friend applied for the position, I would certainly put in a good word for them. And if said friend did get the job, not only would they be earning a little extra cash, but their on-the-job experience would undoubtedly make them an expert in our techniques in no time at all. Of course, said friend would probably want to keep the details of their weekend work a secret from their husband...”

“Oh, that won’t be difficult to do with Brandon, he can barely even remember where I work right now!” Tara blurted.

Dr. Olivia and Tara both looked at each other, then burst out into another round of laughter.

“God, I’m so glad we reconnected again after all these years,” Tara said.

“Me too,” Dr. Olivia replied with a sinister smile.

BRANDON'S RUDE AWAKENING



I woke up to the stench of hard liquor.

I was relieved to find that at least I was waking up in my own bed. But I was still wearing my clothes from last night. Then I realized it was *me* that reeked of booze.

I looked up to see my wife, Tara, standing over me with her hands on her hips. She did not look happy.

"Good morning, Brandon. I can see that you had quite the weekend," she said in an artificially calm tone. "Or should I say... I can smell it. Care to share any of the details with me?"

I tried to sit up. "Honey..." I said in a hoarse voice.

My head was throbbing. I felt like I'd been hit by a train. I tried to remember what happened last night... or the night before for that matter. My mind was blank.

"Maybe we can start with the city and state you were in," she added.

I looked up in genuine confusion. She continued glaring at me.

"Do you even know what day of the week it is right now?" She asked in shock and disgust.

"I... I don't know..." I replied.

"Well here, maybe this will help remind you where you were," she said.

Tara pulled out her phone and started playing a video. My eyes went wide.

The video was of me in a strip club. I was sitting in a chair on the stage. A half-naked stripper was rubbing her ass against my crotch in a vigorous lap dance. And I was surrounded by people cheering and throwing money.

Worst of all, I was laughing, cheering, and clearly having the time of my life.

At first, I felt utterly bewildered. But then I recognized my friend Tony in the group. Then a bunch of Tony's friends.

I felt a wave of dread as the first fuzzy details of my last 48 hours came back to me in a flash.

I realized that I had disobeyed Tara on Friday and left for my friend Tony's Vegas bachelor party. I discerned that it was probably now late-morning Sunday, and that the guys had probably dropped me off at home late last night.

"I... uh... where did you get that video?" Was all I could think to ask.

"I don't see why that matters," Tara replied. "But if you're truly curious, Tony's fiancé did a little digging through his phone after he came back last night. She sent me the video this morning. I'm glad she did."

"Tara, sorry, I don't even remember doing that. But it's not that big of a deal. I mean... I'm a man, after all. *I have*

needs," I said.

I regretted the words as soon as they came out of my mouth. I could see a deep rage ignite in Tara's eyes.

"I see. Well, Brandon, I have to admit, the argument that you're a *man* is quite funny coming from you right now, given what you did last night in our bed," she seethed.

I was confused... but then Tara threw my blankets off. My crotch was soaking wet. I was shocked.

I realized I had wet the bed.

My face immediately flushed. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before.

"But if that's really the way you feel, Brandon," she continued. "Why don't you clean up your mess, get some coffee, and meet me in the kitchen when you're ready. We need to have a talk. A *long* talk," she said ominously.

I immediately got a bad feeling in the pit of my stomach as she turned to leave.

"Tara, wait..." I pleaded half-heartedly. "I shouldn't have said that. What I meant is... I'm sorry. I really fucked up. I shouldn't have set foot in that strip club, and I promise I'll never do it again. Please forgive me."

Tara turned back toward me. "Oh, Brandon, if you *really* think what I'm angry about is that you got a lap dance... I feel sorry for you."

I felt a chill go down my spine as she left the room.

I knew this wasn't good.

* * *

I PEELED my filthy and wet clothes off and stumbled to the bathroom to get cleaned up.

I chugged as much water as I could from the bathroom sink, then jumped into the shower.

More pieces of my weekend, and how I ended up in the situation I was now, were starting to come back to me...

Tara and I got married about five years ago, when we were both in our mid-twenties. Everything about our marriage was great at first, as is usually the case. We had our ups and downs, of course, but ultimately, we knew we were both deeply committed and in love with each other.

But over the past couple years, an undeniable tension began to build between us. Specifically, Tara began to get more and more concerned about us 'becoming real adults'. Which, from what I could tell, seemed mostly be about money.

Tara worked as a paralegal in a law office and I usually held down a job as a barista at one coffee shop or another.

Of course, I didn't exactly set out to be a barista when I grew up. But after I graduated college with my English Literature degree (a major I picked because it seemed easy), I realized I left myself little choice in the matter.

However, I was fine with my career choice, as Tara and I both made enough money to get by. Usually, anyway. I mean, as you can imagine, I certainly didn't have anything like a *savings account*.

"Baby... how are we gonna afford a house?" Tara asked me one night over dinner a couple years ago.

"We're buying a house?" I asked in surprise.

She looked at me like I was the crazy one. "You said you wanted to have kids," she replied.

"I *do* want to have kids," I said, still feeling confused.

(The truth was the idea of settling down and having kids still seemed like a distant prospect to me. But in the abstract, I supposed that I *did* want to have kids... *someday*.) "Well... We can't raise kids in this cramped apartment," she replied. "We need to buy a real house."

"Oh," I replied, feeling a little dumb.

"So baby, can you answer my question? How are we going to afford a house?" She asked me.

"I don't know," I replied, suddenly feeling stressed out.

"Don't you think we should figure that out?" She asked me.

"Sure," I replied, feeling even more frustrated.

That conversation was the beginning of a new layer of stress entering our marriage.

For the next several months, Tara continued to bug me about going back to school or taking night classes so I could 'get a real job.'

Of course, privately, I balked at the notion of going back to school in an effort to get a full time, white-collar office job. I liked my life of only working 30 hours a week and being able to quit my low-wage job and find another one if I felt like it.

Of course, there were more than a few times Tara had to help me cover rent because I was short. But I usually paid her back the next month or so. Usually.

Then, one night, Tara surprised me by informing me that she was going to start working weekends helping out at her

friend's office to make some extra money, in addition to her full-time job as a paralegal.

(I never got the details of what her friend's business was, but I never really cared to be honest.) Tara said that if I wasn't going to earn enough to help us start saving for a house, she was going to have to do it herself.

I resented her for working the extra hours. I knew she was trying to guilt me into either working more myself or finally finding a more 'adult,' full-time job.

I secretly refused and was determined to continue living my life just as I was living it before. I told myself I was doing this because it was important that I call her bluff. That I not let her boss me around.

(Of course, I secretly feared that the real reason was that I was just too lazy and incapable to live up to her expectations of me.) As the weeks began to pass with Tara working all weekend while I sat at home with nothing to do, I began to resent her more and more. I began to feel like she was working just to spite me. And that the precious savings account she was building was a monument to her emasculating me.

And I knew that she began to resent me, too. I knew that she was working on the weekends to mostly make a point. And I knew the fact that I continued to call her bluff by claiming that I was, 'trying my best' to earn more, while doing nothing of the sort, was driving her crazy.

Our sex life began to fade more and more into total non-existence. What was a pretty normal slowing down of our sex life after our first few years of marriage crawled to a total halt as Tara began working every weekend, leaving her too physically exhausted for romance.

At least, that's what she told me. Because, like most men, I couldn't help but start to suspect that Tara withholding sex was just another form of punishment she was using against me.

And like most men, I began to resent Tara more and more for my seemingly imposed celibacy. (It was all the more painful, because our sex was incredible in the first few years of our marriage.) We began fighting more over little things. We spoke to each other less and less. I started drinking more, especially with my friend Tony.

So, last week, when Tony invited me to his upcoming bachelor party weekend in Vegas, I absolutely wanted to go.

After all, Vegas was just a few hours' drive from our place in Arizona, and I thought I might finally get a chance to have some sexy fun during what felt like a never-ending saga of imposed abstinence.

And of course, when I told Tara about it, she forbid it.

Well... that's not *exactly* true. She asked me not to go.

"Brandon, please, that's the first weekend I have off in months. And well, I have something special planned for us," she had said.

I couldn't help but agree not to go when Tara asked. But as the week went on, I began to resent Tara more and more for preventing me from going to Vegas.

I felt more and more like Tara was lying about having something special planned for us—that she had taken the weekend off work just to guilt me into not going to Vegas and finally having some fun.

That she was deliberately preventing me, once again, from *feeling like a man*.

And so, on Friday, when Tara got on my case again about not doing the dishes, I snapped. I stormed out of the house and went to go catch up with Tony before they all drove up to Vegas together.

I popped a flask of Smirnoff open before we had even left Phoenix city limits, and well...

The rest of the weekend was still just a total blur...

* * *

I GOT out of my steamy shower, looked myself in the mirror, and took a deep breath.

I began praying that there weren't any other surprises in store for me when I went downstairs.

After all, I had no memory of getting the lap dance Tara showed me a video of, and it was something I would never normally do.

*I couldn't have done anything else **that** bad, right? I mean, how angry could she really get with me over one weekend of partying?* I asked myself.

I had no idea.

PAINFUL REALIZATIONS



*T*ried to stay calm as I finished getting dressed and ready. But I was shaking with nerves.

By the time I was walking down the hallway to meet Tara in the kitchen, I thought I just might pass out.

I took a deep breath outside the kitchen doorway, then entered.

Tara was sitting at the table, paging through a magazine. She didn't look up.

I cautiously poured myself a bowl of cereal and a cup of coffee and waited for her to say something. She still didn't look up.

I took a seat across the table from Tara and sheepishly ate my breakfast. She still didn't say a word.

Finally, I decided to try and break the silence.

"Tara, I—"

"Are you enjoying that cereal, Brandon?" She asked, cutting me off.

"...Yes," I nervously squeaked.

"Who *paid* for that cereal, Brandon?" She asked, her eyes still glued to the magazine.

"Ummm... I think you did," I answered.

She finally looked up at me. I could see a smoldering rage in her eyes. I gulped.

"Yes. That's right. *I did*. I pay for a lot of things around here, don't I? *More* than half of the things, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes. I think so. Thank you," I replied, staring down into my cereal.

Another painful silence. I took a deep breath and decided to try again...

"Tara, I am so, so sorry I went to Tony's bachelor party after telling you I wouldn't. And I am so, so sorry about getting that lap dance from that stripper. I completely understand why you're so angry at me," I blurted. "Please, just tell me how to make it up to you."

Tara looked up and glared at me. Then a smirk appeared in the corner of her lips.

"Oh, Brandon, I already told you, the fact that you went to Vegas and got a lap dance... that is just so very minor. At least... compared to what *else* I found out about," she said.

I gulped again. "Tara, I'm sorry, but please understand. My drinking got away from me. I think I was in a blackout the whole weekend. It feels like I can't remember anything right now. I know I gotta quit drinking, and I swear I'm going to start working on that," I pleaded.

Tara sat up and folded her arms. "Yes, well, your alcoholism is undeniable at this point. But I don't think a weekend of

binge drinking erases memories of events that happened years ago," she said.

"Huh?" I squeaked.

"Specifically... *five* years ago," she added.

I still felt lost. I continued staring at her with my mouth agape.

"Or how about this, Brandon... Do you remember when I told you last week that I had something special planned for us this weekend?" She asked.

"Yes. And Tara, I'm so, so sorry-"

"Why do you think I might have planned something special, Brandon? Why do you think, in addition to buying the cereal you're eating with my hard-earned money, I would have also, say, paid for two nights at a luxury resort to surprise you with this weekend?" She asked with a quietly building rage in her voice.

"An expensive booking which, like that cereal you just ate, is now worth shit?" she added.

My heart was pounding. I was shocked and mortified to learn that I had inadvertently ruined such a thoughtful present from Tara. But my mind was still a total fog.

Then my heart sunk. I finally remembered.

"Oh my god... Tara... our five-year anniversary. I am so, so sorry," I pleaded.

I was mortified. I couldn't believe how badly I had fucked up. I knew that if Tara had indeed booked us a surprise getaway for our anniversary, given how thrifty she was, she had probably been planning it for months. I was torn by a sudden new wave of guilt and regret.

"I really fucked up, Tara," I squeaked.

Tara stared at me for another long moment.

"Yes. You did. But Brandon, that's still isn't the worst thing that I learned this weekend about your getaway. It's not even second place," she said. "Do you have any ideas about what might be above it on my list?"

"No," I replied in a hoarse voice.

"I'll give you another hint. The way I learned it was from a phone call I received this morning. A phone call from Tony's friend... Miranda. Ring a bell?" She asked.

I cringed. I knew this was not going to be good.

Tony's friend Miranda was a single woman who had come with us on our caravan to Vegas. She had volunteered to be our designated driver and to 'watch over us boys' while we had our fun.

Miranda and I had always had a bit of a flirty relationship. She was, after all, smoking hot. But I couldn't remember doing anything that would give her a reason to call my wife.

But then again... I still couldn't remember hardly *anything* from the trip.

"No," I replied. "What did she say?"

"She was in tears as I talked to her on the phone this morning. She said that she couldn't live with herself knowing that she had hurt me behind my back. She said she had to tell me what happened," Tara explained.

My heart pounded even faster. "What did she say?" I asked.

"You still want me to believe that you don't remember?" Tara asked me.

"I don't!" I pleaded.

"Miranda said that last night, you told her a long, sordid sob story about your 'frigid, unloving wife'. She said that you seduced her. She said that you two furiously fucked into the early hours of morning," Tara said with wide eyes.

I was speechless in shock.

"Are... are you sure?" I squeaked.

"Am I sure that you cheated on me, Brandon? Yes, yes, I'm pretty damn sure, given all the details Miranda relayed to me about your encounter," Tara said, practically seething as she said the words.

My blood ran cold. I felt like I couldn't breathe. I tried to process what Tara was telling me.

"Tara, I'm... I don't... I'm sorry... I don't know— I don't know how I possibly could have..." I stammered.

I wracked my brain for any memory of the weekend that might explain what had happened. All I could remember were a few blurry moments of Miranda and I laughing and binge drinking at the hotel bar. But I had nothing to refute Miranda's story with. What I *could* remember only seemed to confirm it.

Tara only glared at me as I continued helplessly stammering. I felt like my marriage—hell, my *life*—was flashing before my eyes. I couldn't imagine the pain of watching Tara divorce me. But I knew she had every right to at this point. I felt like I wanted to die.

"I'm so sorry. I don't know what to say. I understand if you want a divorce," I finally muttered into my lap.

Another long silence passed as she glared at me.

"You would like that, wouldn't you? To get off that easy," she finally said.

"Huh?" I replied, dumbfounded.

She continued staring at me. "You really don't remember, do you?" She asked.

"Tara, really, I'm sorry about whatever it is I did. Please, just tell me whatever else there is that I need to apologize for," I pleaded.

She continued staring at me, took a deep breath, then let out a sigh.

"Brandon, if all I found out this morning was just that you had forgotten our anniversary to go get a lap dance, that would be bad, but I could probably get over it.

"Add the fact that you cheated on me, and yes, like you mentioned, that might mean the end of our marriage. But then again, it might not, as I might still be able to forgive you if you worked really, really hard to make it up to me," she explained.

I felt beads of sweat forming on my forehead.

"But," she continued, "what was really over-the-top—what caused me to start calling all of your friends in an effort to piece together what happened—is when I found out this morning that every dollar in my personal savings account was now gone," she explained.

I looked up in shock. "What?"

"That's exactly what *I* said when I looked at my bank statement this morning. After all, how could twenty-two thousand dollars of my hard-earned money just disappear overnight?

“Twenty-two thousand dollars that I had broken my back carefully saving over the last three years. Twenty-two thousand dollars that I had painstakingly scrimped and saved, all by myself, so that we could start a family together. Gone. Is this ringing any bells yet, Brandon?” She asked.

“Oh my God, Tara, wait...” I said, my head spinning.

“Well maybe here’s the clue that will finally help you put the pieces together. It was the clue that I got when I called the bank this morning. I learned that all of that money was withdrawn Friday night. At a bank branch in Vegas. By someone who apparently *used an old ID* of mine and *forged my signature*, to withdraw it,” she seethed.

My hands were shaking. I was sweating bullets.

Finally—it all came back to me in a horrible flash...

* * *

FRIDAY NIGHT. The gang and I had all just arrived in Las Vegas. Everyone began to drink and gamble with abandon. Everyone was having the time of their lives.

Except for me.

Why? Because I couldn’t stop thinking about Tara. Thinking about how much I loved her... missed her. I couldn’t stop thinking about how, even though I had come to Vegas to spite her, I was still miserable that I wasn’t with her.

As I strolled the endless slot machines aisles, stewing in my anger, I began to target my resentment toward Tara’s choice to work on the weekends.

It felt like the source of all of our relationship problems was that she cared more about the pile of money in her savings account than she did about me.

I began to hate that pile of cash. It felt like it was ruling over me. Mocking me.

And as my lonely Friday night in Vegas stretched into the early morning, I decided to take action. I was going to finally end the cause of this rift between me and Tara, one way or another.

When the sun finally rose, I stumbled to the bank, used an old ID of hers that I happened to have in my wallet for emergencies, forged the necessary signatures, and withdrew every last dollar out of Tara's savings account.

With \$22,000 of cash in my hands, I wandered into the nearest casino and found the closest roulette table.

I put every dollar of Tara's money on black.

I'm either going to double this money and return a hero, solving all of our relationship problems... I thought to myself.

Or... well... it's not like our relationship could get any worse at this point, I thought as I watched the fateful ball roll around the spinning wheel...

The truth was, of course, that my vodka-addled brain had little capacity to understand how much I was risking. And as you can guess...

The ball landed on red.

\$22,000 of Tara's money evaporated right before my eyes.

When it happened, I fell into a waking psychosis. I couldn't comprehend what I had just done. I decided it had just

been a dream.

I stumbled up to Tony's hotel room and crashed for a few hours on the floor. And when I woke up, I set out to drink enough to literally forget what happened.

In my drunken haze, I had told Miranda that I was leaving Tara. Some part of me knew that my marriage was likely soon to be over.

I somehow convinced Miranda to sleep with me, hoping that by cheating on Tara, I would be relieved of the crushing guilt and pain of knowing that I had destroyed my marriage.

Of course, it only made it worse.

By time the guys had delivered me back home in my black-out haze, I had effectively erased my memory of the weekend.

My mind wanted to protect me from the reality of what I'd done—that I had destroyed my wife's future and our marriage in the span of just a few hours.

My brain was trying to be merciful. Tara, however, was anything but.

THE CONTRACT



I couldn't stand to even look up at Tara as I tried to come to grips with the full extent of what I'd done. I was shaking.

It was all so, so much worse than I could have originally imagined.

"Tara... I... I don't know what... I mean, I'm as shocked as you..." I stammered. Tears were gathering in my eyes.

"I guess all I can say is... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I understand if you want me to leave immediately," I muttered.

She glared at me. Then she let out a maniacal laugh. "Leave? Brandon, did you hear what I said before? The last thing I'm going to let you do now, is leave," she said.

"What are you talking about?" I replied.

"Brandon, I'm not letting you out of my *sight* until you pay back *every single dollar* that you stole from me," she seethed.

"Of course," I replied. "Of course, of course I'm going to pay it all back."

I suddenly felt a small glimmer of hope. I was shocked she didn't want to kick me out.

"But Brandon, until that happens, things are going to be different under this roof. Things are going to be different between us. Your *life* is about to be very, very different," she said in a firm voice.

Her ominous words struck a sudden vein of terror deep inside of me. My glimmer of hope quickly faded.

"What do you mean?" I asked nervously.

I sensed a smirk in the corner of her lips. "Well, for now, let me put it this way. You will continue to live with me. And you will still, legally speaking, be my husband. But," she continued. "That's where the similarities between your old life and your new life will end."

"Because, Brandon, from now on, for all intents and purposes, I will be your *guardian* and you will be in my *custody*. You will be my *ward*. My *dependent*. You might think of yourself as an *inmate* under my control, if you'd like. A more accurate description would be that you are now my *child*. After all, it's the fact that you're as mature as an undisciplined toddler that we're in this position," she explained.

I tried to wrap my head around what she was saying. She sounded a lot like a character out of a sexy BDSM role-play scenario we might have done together early in our marriage. But she seemed deadly serious.

"Tara, what are you talking about? What does that even mean?" I asked.

"It means, Brandon, that from this moment on, you will be totally subordinate to my absolute authority over all aspects of your life. For example, your freedom to come

and go from our home as you please has been indefinitely suspended, effective immediately,” she said. “That’s just the first of a long list of rules I will soon expect you to follow.”

I let out a small laugh. “Tara, come on. What is this? I know I fucked up really bad this weekend and I’m trying to take that seriously. But you sound like you’re right out of some kinky BDSM fantasy or something. How seriously am I supposed to take this?”

She frowned at me. “Deadly serious. Because *like* in one of your perverted fantasies, failure to obey any of my rules will result in you being punished. Severely. But *unlike* in one of your perverted fantasies, you won’t have any power to make it stop,” she declared.

Her tone sent a chill down my spine. “And you expect me to just agree to that?” I asked incredulously.

Tara glared at me. “Yes. In writing, actually,” she said.

She then pulled out a thick, black-and-white document from under the table and slammed it down in front of me. I realized it was a contract.

Shocked, I began paging through the document. From what I could glean, the contract included a detailed confession from me to stealing her money. It essentially gave Tara complete and total control over me, just like she had explained. And it said it would continue to be in effect until I paid her back the money I had stolen... plus interest.

“Tara, come on, you actually want me to *sign* this ridiculous thing?” I replied. “You know I want to pay you back. Can’t you just... trust me on it?”

Tara stared at me. Then she burst into hysterical laughter.

I helplessly sat there and watched as she laughed and laughed and laughed at my suggestion that she trust me.

Finally, after what seemed like several minutes, she calmed down and wiped the tears out of her eyes.

“Brandon, Brandon, Brandon. The fact that you would even *suggest* I trust you after what you did this weekend is so painfully stupid on your part, I think it’s evidence that you really *are* developmentally delayed, after all,” she said.

I scowled. “I’m not signing this stupid fucking thing,” I grumbled. I shoved the contract back across the table.

She glared at me, then shrugged. “Alright then, Brandon, it’s your choice. But just know, since your signature isn’t on that contract, I’m going to have to call the police to talk to them about the signature you *did* put down. That is, the one you *forged* to steal my money,” she said.

I sat up, suddenly alarmed. “Are you seriously threatening to call the police on me? On your own husband?”

“Well, Brandon, in the eyes of the law, you stopped being my legitimate husband the moment you cheated on me. The fact that the money you stole from me was in a pre-marital account of mine, as well as the fact that you forged my signature, makes you guilty of felony level fraud,” she explained.

The words ‘felony level fraud’ sent another chill of terror down my spine.

“As for your question about whether or not I’m serious... let me put it this way. I still like you, Brandon. At one point, I even loved you...”

My heart quietly broke at this small but painful revelation—apparently Tara no longer loved me, just as I had feared.

“But that money you selfishly destroyed... that was my future. It was *supposed* to be *our* future. It took me more than a decade to save that money—twice the length of our marriage. Seeing you spend a decade in prison for what you did... well that just seems fair to me,” she said.

There was a long silence as I tried to wrap my brain around the fact that Tara was really threatening to have me locked up. I felt like I was going to be sick.

“But you’re still not interested in signing the contract, Brandon? Fine, I tried. I guess I’ll call the police,” Tara said and stood up.

“Wait!” I shouted. “Tara, please, wait. Please, don’t call the police on me.”

A subtle smile formed on her lips. She folded her arms and looked down at me. “Well then, you know what you have to do,” she said, nodding to the contract.

“Just... answer me this,” I replied. “If you really don’t love me anymore, if all you’re really after is revenge, why bother with this contract? Why not just call the police and have me locked up anyway?”

Tara took a deep breath. “Well, Brandon, the simple answer is that if I report you to the police, you’ll do a decade or more behind bars and I’ll get my revenge. But I’ll still be out twenty grand. You don’t have any assets, and men behind bars make even less money than lazy baristas,” she said.

I resented her subtle dig.

“But... if you submit to my absolute and total control, as the contract in front of you dictates, two things will take place.

“First, through my supervision and discipline, I’ll be able to ensure that you conduct yourself in such a way that you will, one way or another, eventually repay me the money that you stole.

“And second, by subjecting you to the endless methods of domination and submission I have in store for you, I will be simultaneously exacting the perfect revenge for your crime,” she said with an evil smile.

I gulped.

“That contract,” she continued, “will help me to be sure that you understand what’s expected of you going forward, as well as what you can expect if you disobey me. And should you ever decide that you no longer wish to abide by our agreement, that document will expedite our immediate divorce and your arrest,” she explained.

I stared up at Tara in awe. I was shocked at how thoroughly she had planned every detail of this. I knew she knew that I had no way out.

I slowly picked up the pen on the table, and with a trembling hand, I signed the contract that subjected me to Tara’s total control.

To the outside world, Tara was still my wife.

But under our roof... she had just become my *de facto master*.

I prayed that she would at least be gentle with me.

I would soon learn it was a prayer that would go unanswered.

BREAKING IN BRANDON



Finished signing the contract and dropped my pen on the kitchen table.

“There, you happy?” I grumbled as I looked up at Tara.

A sinister smile crossed her face. I got a bad feeling about what was to come.

CLAP CLAP

She loudly clapped her hands and barked, “Alright, to your feet! Now!”

I looked up at her, rolled my eyes, and slowly got to my feet. I couldn’t believe how thick she was laying on this whole ‘Tara’s in charge’ thing already.

“What was that?” She shouted at me.

“What was what?” I grumbled.

“Did you roll your eyes at me?” She asked in a stern voice.

“No,” I replied.

SMACK.

She slapped me hard across the face. I was stunned. I couldn't believe that she had just struck me. It was unlike anything I'd ever seen her do—even in our kinkiest role-play scenarios.

"How dare you! How dare you lie to me!" She screamed.

"I'm not lying," I pleaded as I held my stinging cheek.

SMACK.

She slapped my face from the other direction—this time even harder. I cried out in shock. My eyes immediately started watering from the pain.

"I can do this all night, Mister! Now quit your fibbing and fess up!" She shouted.

"Alright, I'm sorry! I'm sorry I rolled my eyes!" I replied.

"There, now was that so hard?" She asked in a calmer voice.

Her hand then swung up to my ear like a lightning bolt, and before I knew what was happening, she was dragging me by the ear lobe out of the kitchen.

"OW OW OW OW OW!!!!" I squealed as she pinched and dragged me by the earlobe. "Stop! Stop it!"

"I don't think so, Mister. It looks like you need an attitude adjustment, first!" She shouted as she dragged me down the hallway.

Part of me wanted to fight back—punch her, shove her, bite her even—whatever it took to stop this unexpected abuse.

But at the same time, I was terrified to call her on her bluff about calling the police on me.

I couldn't imagine anything worse than going to prison. And if I did fight back against Tara, it would ironically only help her case against me. (What judge would believe any bruises her husband gave her were in 'self-defense'?) As Tara dragged me down the hallway by my ear, I resolved to stifle my screams of pain and just get through this as obediently as possible.

My hope was that if I just obeyed this crazy treatment Tara was subjecting me to, she would just get tired of the whole thing after a couple of days (at most) and drop the whole thing.

She probably just wanted to punish me a little bit for what I had done to her, I thought to myself. And honestly, it was hard to argue that she didn't deserve *some sort* of revenge for how bad I had screwed up.

WHAM. Tara slammed the bedroom door behind us as she dragged me into our bedroom. She pushed me into the middle of the room and finally let go of my ear.

"Turn around and face me," she ordered.

I obliged, turning and standing tall, as if I were a soldier called to attention.

"Undress!" She ordered.

I instinctively began to comply. I reached down and began pulling my shirt up over my head.

"Faster!" She shouted as she clapped her hands.

I felt a bolt of panic that she might slap me in the face again. (My cheeks were still stinging from the first two times.) I frantically ripped my shirt off and then fumbled with my belt.

“Faster! Faster you naughty little boy!” She continued shouting as I struggled to get my pants off.

I quickly dropped my pants to my ankles and tried to step out of them—only to trip and fall onto the wooden floor of our bedroom.

Tara stared at me as I laid on the floor, struggling to worm out of my pants. She burst into another fit of hysterical laughter.

“You truly are a pathetic child,” she said.

I finally succeeded in flinging my pants and socks off, then stood back up, now wearing just my underwear.

She glared at me, then started walking around me. I turned my head to watch as she walked behind me.

CLAP!

“Keep those eyes in front of you!” She barked. I snapped my head forward again.

Tara *YANKED* the waistband of my underwear up as hard as she could from behind me in a brutal surprise wedgie.

OOF! I grunted in severe pain. I nearly keeled over as my balls ached and my butt crack burned.

“I told you to undress! What the hell are these still doing on?” She barked, snapping the waistband of my underwear for effect.

“I don’t know,” I squeaked.

I regained enough composure to drop my underpants to the floor. I was now completely naked.

As Tara walked back to my front and looked me up and down, I suddenly felt self-conscious.

Even though Tara and I were husband and wife, and we had seen each other naked more times than I could count, I still felt suddenly bashful in front of her.

It was the first sign that our relationship *really was* transforming into something very different than husband and wife—just as she had suggested it would.

I discretely moved my hands to cover my naked crotch.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Tara smacked my naked ass—hard—several times. I cried out in a mixture of shock and pain.

“Put those filthy hands on your head, Mister!” She barked.

I nodded in submission and slowly raised my hands to my head to give her full view of my dangling, naked genitals.

SMACK!—Another slap on my ass caused me to cry out.

“Don’t you EVER, EVER try to cover your filthy little privates from me again, do you understand!?” She shouted.

“Yes,” I replied through gritted teeth. I couldn't help but feel that she was starting to go over the top with this whole thing.

SMACK!—I squealed from another smack on my ass.

“Yes, *what?*” She shouted.

“Yes... Ma’am?” I reluctantly replied.

“It’s ‘Yes, *Mommy*’ to you. As long as you’re acting like a child, you will call me *Mommy* at all times. Understood?” She said in a firm tone.

I sighed. Sniffling and out of breath, I was starting to reach my limit with this game she was playing, which seemed to

be right out of somebody's bizarre BDSM role-play scenario.

I couldn't imagine calling her anything more embarrassing than... 'Mommy'. I didn't know how much longer I could indulge this treatment.

"Yes... Mommy," I finally grumbled.

Her hand darted to my chest and she pinched my nipple—*hard*.

"Ahhhh ow ow ow ow OW OW OW!!!" I started screaming as she mercilessly twisted my nipple between her fingers.

I brought my hands down to try and push her off, but she only squeezed harder, stopping my hands in my tracks.

"Put those hands back up!" She shouted.

I reluctantly complied—the pain was too overwhelming to fight back.

I squealed for mercy as my legs buckled and I fell to my knees as she continued to torture my nipple.

"Now, Brandon, why don't you try answering me again. This time without the attitude," she scolded.

"Yes, Mommy," I said through my tears.

"Louder!" She shouted, twisting even harder.

"Yes, Mommy!" I shouted.

"Good boy," she said, patting me on the head and finally letting go of my nipple.

My nipple was stinging worse than anything I'd ever felt before, but I dared not reach down to feel it with my hand.

Tears were now streaming down my cheeks from the relentless assault. Tears of pain and helplessness.

I looked up from my knees as Tara stared down at me with amusement and disgust. "Awww... look at the little baby's sissy little tears," she teased.

I suddenly felt deeply embarrassed about crying in front of her. I tried to hold the tears back, but I couldn't, which made me feel even more humiliated. I bowed my head in shame.

"What's wrong, baby, did you think Mommy was just playing a little game with you? That Mommy was just having a little fun? A little kinky role-play?" She asked with a sadistic smirk.

She leaned forward, put her hand to my chin, and lifted my face to look up into her eyes.

"Well I hope you understand now, Brandon, that this isn't a game we're playing. It's a punishment. And punishments don't stop just because you're not having fun anymore. In fact, that's when you know they're just getting started," she said.

I looked up at Tara in a sort of petrified awe. I had never seen her like this before. There was a fury and confidence in her eyes that was... *genuinely frightening*.

Her hand darted out and she squeezed my cock and balls. I grunted as she gave them a little tug.

"What was it you said to me earlier today, Brandon? That you... *have needs*... because *you're a man*?" She asked with a disdainful laugh.

"Well I have to say... you don't look very much like a man at all right now, do you?"

My eyes darted back to the floor with shame. I knew it was true.

“Do you?!” She shouted, tugging my balls for emphasis.

“No, Mommy!” I grunted.

She stood back up.

I thought again about how I should fight back. That I should try to physically resist her, before she had me even worse (literally) by the balls.

But I stayed frozen. This time it wasn't my fear of her calling the police that prevented me from resisting.

It was *her*.

The speed and power with which Tara had already taken control over me was as awe-inspiring as it was *terrifying*.

With every *move* she made, every *word* she spoke, every *look* she gave me, I felt more and more *dominated*...

Smaller and smaller...

Helpless...

Until she was right—I *wasn't* a man anymore...

I was shrinking into a pathetic *little boy*.

A pathetic little boy... with Tara as my new, *all-powerful Mommy*.

I was in undeniable awe. I had never seen anything like this from Tara before.

Even when Tara and I had done some light BDSM play in the bedroom before, and she would occasionally take on the role of a dominant for fun, I could still always sense

that any 'domme' role she played was just to make me happy.

It was always driven by her desire to give *me* pleasure, not take it for *herself*.

But looking at Tara now, it was abundantly clear that she cared nothing about how I felt or what I wanted. She cared only about forcing me to submit to her every last command. She was clearly committed, with every fiber of her being, to my total domination.

Suddenly, I felt a new wave of feelings coursed through my veins. Feelings that only added to my terror.

I suddenly realized it was the hottest thing I'd ever witnessed.

* * *

AS I CONTINUED KNEELING in the nude before her, I watched Tara's eyes slowly drift down to my crotch.

I was too scared to look down for myself to see what I feared might be happening.

Tara confirmed it for me.

"You filthy, filthy little pervert," she shouted.

I looked down. My cock was suddenly rock-hard.

"You're getting off on this, aren't you, you sick filthy little boy?" She shouted.

"No, Mommy," I replied.

SMACK. She slapped me hard across the face again, stunning me and restarting my tears.

"What did I say about lying to your Mommy, little boy!" She shouted.

"I'm sorry, Mommy!" I screamed.

She squatted down, grabbed my balls again, and looked me in the eyes. "Now answer Mommy. Are you a little pervert?" She asked me.

"Yes, Mommy!" I shouted.

"I know!" She replied. "I can see your pathetic little ding-a-ling growing right in front of me."

I grunted as she pinched the shaft of my erection.

"I ought to just put this thing in a tiny little cage so you can never play with it again," she declared.

"Yes, Mommy," I grunted.

My erection started to die down as she continued painfully pinching and twisting it between her fingers. I obediently kept my hands on my head as she dished out her abuse.

"This little tiny thing. This pathetic little worm you boys have," she said as she pinched my shrinking penis between her fingers.

"I swear, it seems to be responsible for just about every stupid decision you men make. So much trouble for such a little thing. And your peepee has always been especially small, hasn't it, Brandon?" She asked, giving my package another squeeze for emphasis.

"Yes, Mommy," I grunted, my cheeks growing red. It was true. I had always been ashamed by my less than average size.

"You know what?" She continued. "Us women should all band together and decide to keep all of you men from ever

growing up and getting out from under our control with these naughty little winkies you have. It would be so easy. After all, us women *are* your Mommies, aren't we, little Brandon?" She asked with a smirk.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied again, bowing my head.

"Brandon, look up at Mommy when Mommy is speaking to you," she ordered, her hand still on my package.

I lifted my head. "Yes, Mommy," I answered. I could feel my tears and snot dripping down my face.

She narrowed her eyes, then dropped my deflated package with disgust. She stood back up and folded her arms.

"That tiny little winky you have down there. Those sissy, infantile tears in the face of the most mild of punishments. Not to mention your years of chronically childish behavior. Pathetic. No, Brandon, you certainly are *not* a man. You've *never* been a man," she scolded.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied in shame.

"In fact, Brandon, do you know what you are?" She asked.

"What, Mommy?" I replied, terrified to hear the answer.

"A waste of five years of my life. Five years I spent thinking I was married to a man, only to find out he's never been more than an undisciplined, train wreck of a filthy child. A naughty child who I'm now stuck with," she scolded.

"In the back of my mind, I've always feared that you were a mistake, Brandon. And now I finally realize I was right."

Her words felt like a gut punch. I had gotten so swept up in Tara's whirlwind of domination that I had yet to even consider the real state of our relationship.

I felt a wave of incredible sadness that the woman I still loved was telling me what I feared most—that what we had was over.

And not just that it was over... but that she had never really wanted me to begin with.

And the worst part was... I knew she was right. Right about me, about our relationship, and all the punishment I now deserved.

Because the truth was, the worst part about learning the facts of what I had done in Vegas was, that it confirmed my deepest, darkest fear...

My fear that I *wasn't good enough* for Tara. That I was *never* good enough for Tara. That I didn't *deserve* Tara.

As the full weight of her revelation hit me, I began sobbing uncontrollably on my knees before her.

Tara watched me for several minutes with a sadistic smirk as I broke down and sobbed with uncontrollable shame, humiliation and self-pity.

"I'm sorry, Mommy," I finally uttered through my tears. "I'm sorry I was so bad." All I wanted was her forgiveness.

She smirked. "It's okay, little boy," she said, leaning down and pinching my cheek.

I looked up with surprise in my teary eyes.

"You know why?"

"Why Mommy?" I asked.

"Because even though I'm now stuck taking care of a pathetic, naughty little baby, the good news is that I now get to punish him for *every last little thing* he ever did wrong to me," she said with a sadistic glint in her eyes.

My heart started pounding in terror.

“You're going to be spending a long, *long* time making it all up to me, Brandon, don't you worry,” she said, pinching my cheek again. “Okay?”

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied.

She smiled, clearly savoring the look of horror on my face.

CLAP CLAP

“Get up!” She suddenly barked, snapping me out of my daze.

I painfully rose from my knees to my feet, only to have her grab and pull my ear again.

I squealed in pain as she dragged me over to the corner of the room.

“On your knees and nose in the corner,” she scolded.

I moaned in anguish but complied, getting down on my knees once again.

SMACK!—I squealed from another stinging slap on my ass.

“What do you say when Mommy gives you an order!” She shouted.

I gave a muffled shout of, “Yes, Mommy!” As she shoved my face into the corner.

SMACK—Another painful slap on my bottom.

“Hands on head!” She shouted.

“Yes, Mommy,” I shouted as I complied.

I heard her stand up and look me up and down.

“Brandon, if that nose leaves that corner for even a second before I give you permission, I will force you to stay in that corner all night,” she scolded. “Am I understood?”

“Yes, Mommy!” I shouted.

I stayed perfectly frozen in terror for several minutes.

Finally, I heard Tara walk out of the bedroom, giving me a small moment of relief.

My back started to ache and my body began to tremble, but I continued to obediently kneel, buck naked, my hands still on my head, nose in corner, determined not to disobey my new female-master.

The discomfort was a small price to pay to avoid Tara’s wrath, which I now so severely feared.

As the minutes passed, I realized it was the first time since sitting down with Tara at the table that morning that I had a chance to think through and reflect on everything that had happened to me up to this point. After all, it had all been so much of an astonishing whirlwind.

I tried to get my head straight about how I now felt about Tara. Was I furious with her for doing this to me? Or did I deserve it after what I had done in Vegas?

Was Tara going to keep this extreme treatment of me up in the days and weeks to come? Or would she grow tired of it?

Did I still love Tara? Or did I now hate her?

My mind felt like it was spinning out of control as I tried to make sense of what was happening. It was all so overwhelming, sudden and confusing.

But there was one thing that was clear. No matter what *I* felt about Tara’s new position of dominance over me... My

cock seemed to have its own opinion.

Despite my uncomfortable position, my cock was, once again, rock-hard.

I was hornier than I'd ever been in my life.

THE ACCIDENT



The minutes stretched into hours as I continued obediently kneeling naked in the corner of mine and Tara's bedroom.

I could hear Tara occasionally walking back in to our room to do something or other—as well as to presumably confirm that I hadn't left the corner.

Every time she would return, I would of course pray that she had come to finally release me from my painful stress-position. But I would obediently wait in silence, terrified to even speak, lest I be perceived as disobedient.

I would hear her pleasantly humming to herself as she went about her day, ignoring my existence in the corner of the room as if I was a piece of furniture. And then she would leave, breaking my heart just a little bit further.

I could tell that Tara was moving some stuff out of our bedroom. Then at some point I could tell Tara was bringing in a bunch of stuff into our apartment. And then later, I even heard a bunch of men coming in the house, seemingly carrying furniture into our spare room.

My mind raced for hours on end as I tried to guess what she was up to. At this point no possibility seemed off limits.

Time felt like it was stretching into infinity.

I grew more and more desperate for Tara's acknowledgement—any sort of attention at this point felt like it would be heaven. I wondered if this was part of her game—programming me to desire her mere presence with every fiber of my being.

And soon, in addition to my aching body, a new discomfort was added to the mix. *My bladder*. I was beginning to really need to use the bathroom.

Soon, I was crossing my legs with the little freedom of movement that I had just to keep from losing control right then and there in the corner.

When I heard Tara return to the room once again, I knew I needed to speak up. My aching bladder was becoming unbearable.

"Mommy?" I squeaked from the corner of the room.

"Zip it. Naughty babies don't speak unless spoken to," she dismissively replied from across the room.

"But Mommy, I have to pee really bad," I pleaded.

"What did I just say?" She shouted.

I gulped. "That naughty babies don't speak unless spoken to," I replied.

"That's right. One more word and I'll tan that bottom bright red and stick you right back into that corner for twice as long," she said.

I sighed in frustration but knew there was no use in arguing. I sealed my lips and continued my kneeling. I felt so utterly helpless as she exerted such sadistic control over my most basic bodily functions.

She left the room again shortly thereafter, and the pain in my bladder told me I couldn't take it anymore. I had to do something. Either sneak to the bathroom... or even find a bottle to pee in at this point.

I cautiously pulled my nose from the corner and lowered my hands from my head.

I carefully stood up and sighed with relief as I finally got to stretch my aching body.

BANG—The bedroom flung wide open from a loud kick.

I nearly jumped out of my skin. I looked over in shock at Tara standing in the doorway.

"What did I *just* say!" She shouted.

I was stunned. I couldn't believe that she had busted me so quickly.

I tried to speak, but no words came out. Instead, I stared at Tara with a look of total shock as she glared at me in absolute outrage.

Then, Tara's look of rage shifted to a look of pure disgust.

I was confused... until I heard it.

The sound of... *splashing water* at my feet.

I slowly looked down and realized that it wasn't *splashing water*, of course...

It was *splashing urine*. *My urine*.

Tara had scared me so bad... I had lost control of my bladder.

I was standing there naked, *peeing* on the floor right in front of her.

“I-I-I...” I stammered as I watched my stream of urine continue to splash into a puddle at my feet. I tried to clench and stop the flow, but I couldn’t do it.

I grabbed my penis with my hands in a vain effort to cut off the flow, but only succeeded in making a larger mess as my pee splashed against my hands and thighs and further across the room.

I realized that all I could do was close my eyes and wait for my humiliating loss of control to finish. It was *utterly humiliating*.

Finally, after I was standing in a puddle of my urine, my bladder finished emptying.

I cautiously opened my eyes to see Tara staring at me from the doorway with her arms crossed.

And even worse... she was gripping a wooden riding crop her hands—a tool I neglected to notice at first.

I shuddered with the knowledge that it was probably intended for even more painful spankings.

“You naughty, naughty little boy,” she scolded. “Down on your knees. Now,” she ordered.

I sighed, looked down at the puddle of urine I was standing in, and took a step backwards.

“What are you doing?” She barked.

I looked up in confusion.

“I told you to get down on your knees. Not take a step backwards. Go right back to where you were standing and get down on your knees,” she shouted.

I looked up at Tara with wounded eyes, but I knew what she was telling me to do.

I stepped forward, back into my disgusting puddle of urine, and got down on my knees. I felt disgusted as my naked legs kneeled in my smelly puddle of urine.

My trembling knees then slipped from the puddle, causing me to fall backwards and dip my naked butt in my mess.

Tara laughed at me as I quickly climbed back to my knees. I burned bright red with shame, feeling even more pathetic and disgusting.

Tara marched toward me with a smirk on her face, clucking her tongue and spinning the riding crop in her hands.

"You filthy, filthy, filthy little pervert. I hope you're happy with yourself," she scolded.

"I'm sorry, Mommy, I just really had to-"

THWICK

I screamed in shock as her riding crop struck my wet ass like a lightning bolt. I was stunned at how much more severe the riding crop was compared to her previous bare-handed spanking.

"Zip it! Not another word. You are in big, big trouble," she scolded.

I bowed my head in silent shame as she continued to look around at the damage.

She then stood right in front of me and looked down.

"Brandon, you disgust me. I'm in shock at how committed you are to proving just how utterly pathetic you can be. I'm just thankful I have my new training crop with me so that I no longer have to dirty my hands to keep you in line," she scolded.

I nodded my head with submission and kept my eyes glued to the floor. Tara reached under my chin and forced me to look up at her as she spoke.

“But at least, now I know for sure how you’ll be spending the rest of your time under my control,” she said with an evil smirk.

My eyes widened. I opened my mouth to ask what she meant, but held back my words, remembering I wasn’t allowed to speak.

“Oh, you want to know what I’m talking about?” She asked in an innocent tone.

I nodded my head.

“You’ll find out soon enough,” she replied with another smirk.

She then dropped my chin and took a step back. “But first, I want this disgusting mess cleaned up immediately,” she ordered.

I didn’t move. I didn’t know if that meant I was allowed to.

THWICK—Her crop struck my ass again, causing me to cry out in pain.

“What are you waiting for!” She shouted.

I hurriedly climbed to my feet. I shuddered as I felt my pee dripping down my legs, reminding me of my disgusting condition.

I took a step toward the doorway.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing, young man?” Tara barked.

I froze in terror.

THWICK—Another excruciating blow from her crop.

“Are you daft? Answer when spoken to!” She shouted.

“To get paper towels, Mommy!” I anxiously blurted.

“I did not give you permission to leave the room,” she scolded. “Nor did I give you permission to waste my paper towels.”

I looked back at her with confused and worried eyes. I didn’t know how to clean up the mess if I couldn’t get paper towels.

Tara took a step back and pointed with her crop to the pile of my clothes I had removed earlier that morning.

“You can use those to soak up the mess,” she said. She then took a step back to watch from the corner of the room.

I sighed with defeat, kneeled down to retrieve my clothes, and began draping my shirt, my pants, and my underwear over the puddle of urine on the floor.

I could see Tara watching me with an evil smirk as I proceeded to wipe, squeegee, and use every last bit of my dry clothes to sop up my mess.

By the time I was done, my nice clothes—the symbols of my dignity and adulthood—were soaking wet with my disgusting pee.

I balled up the dripping wet clothes in my hands and stood to face Tara for my next orders. I figured she would have me put them in the washer.

“Walk,” she said, pointing to the hallway with her crop.

I bowed my head and walked into the hallway, still totally nude.

“Left,” Tara said as she followed behind me. “Right. Now into the kitchen,” she ordered.

She then opened the kitchen trash can with her crop. “You can drop those in here,” she said.

I winced. Even though they were soaked with urine, I was still holding my favorite shirt and pants.

She smiled as she sensed my hesitation. “Aww, don’t worry, Brandon. You won’t be needing them anymore, anyway,” she said. “I’ve already thrown out all of your other clothes this morning.”

I looked up at her with shocked and worried eyes. The idea that she had already destroyed my wardrobe (literally behind my back) felt incredibly demeaning. But I knew there was nothing I could do.

I bowed my head and dropped my wet, wadded up clothes in the garbage in defeated resignation.

“Good boy,” she said as she closed the lid. “Now let’s go to your new room,” she said with a sadistic smile.

I felt a chill go down my spine. I had a bad feeling about this.

I took a step toward the hallway.

“Hold it!” She shouted.

I froze.

“Brandon, what age do babies learn to use the toilet?” She asked from behind me.

“Uh.... like two years old?” I nervously replied.

She began gently stroking my naked bottom with her riding crop, sending a shiver down my spine.

“Hmmm, yes, that’s right. So, the fact that you peed all over the floor means you’re less mature than a two-year-old, doesn’t it? It means you’re practically as mature as... an infant, doesn’t it?” She said with an evil smirk.

“I guess so... Mommy,” I replied.

“And Brandon, how many infants do you see walking around?” She asked.

“None... Mommy,” I replied.

“That’s right. Infants don’t walk. They crawl,” she said, then took a step back.

I sighed and bowed my head. I climbed back down to my aching knees and began crawling on my hands and knees back toward the hallway.

“Good boy,” Tara said as she followed behind me, lightly smacking my bottom with her riding crop.

I winced every time her implement touched my bottom—every contact a reminder of the pain she could unleash upon me at any moment.

I continued crawling down the hallway on my hands and knees, still completely naked, until we reached the closed door of our spare bedroom at the end of the hallway. We had used the room as an office space, but I had a feeling I was about to find it had become something else.

“Now,” Tara said, squatting down next to me as I waited on all fours. “Are you ready for a big surprise?”

Confused and nervous, I nodded my head.

She smiled, opened the door to the dark room, and ushered me in on my hands and knees with her riding crop.

She closed the door behind us and turned on the lights.

I gasped at what I saw.

BRANDON'S NEW NURSERY



I was sitting on the floor, buck naked, in an astonishingly elaborate... *baby nursery*.

The furniture and walls were all bright pink and decorated with garish, juvenile patterns.

There was an ornate, baby's crib against the wall as well a fully stocked diaper changing table next to the window.

And there were stacks upon stacks of fluffy diapers piled high on every shelf in the room.

There were babyish toys laying around the room. And I could even detect the faint sound of a stereo playing obnoxious children's music from the corner.

I felt deeply disoriented and confused. Adding to my disorientation, all of the baby-furniture seemed to be... *abnormally large*.

"Surprise!" She said with a laugh.

"I don't understand. Are you having a baby?" I stupidly asked.

Tara immediately burst into uproarious laughter. "In a way," she said.

“Tara, please, I don’t get it,” I pleaded.

“Brandon, I’m not *having* a baby. I already *have* a baby—it’s you! That crib, those diapers, this whole nursery... *it’s all for you*,” she said with an evil grin.

I looked around me again in shock. I suddenly realized that the crib, the changing table... the diapers. They were all large enough to fit an *adult*. Large enough to fit *me*.

“Do you remember when I said that I had decided *how* you’ll be spending the rest of your time under my control?” Tara continued.

“Well I’ve decided that I’m finally going to treat you exactly like the infant you are. You’ll be so much easier to control once you’re no longer walking, or talking, or even using the toilet for that matter,” she said with an evil laugh.

I looked back at her in shock.

“Oh, that’s right, Brandon,” she continued. “I’m putting you back in diapers. Putting you back in diapers for good,” she added.

I was horrified. I slowly realized I had seen this type of thing in the BDSM world before—I think they called it ‘adult-baby’ stuff—but I couldn’t imagine Tara actually being into *this* sort of thing. Let alone subjecting me to it.

I felt like I was going to be sick. She had finally gone too far.

As painful and degrading as my day with Tara had already been, it had at least been in the context of our previous BDSM, sexy role-play.

But faced now with the visuals of overwhelming pastels, the sound of babyish nursery rhymes, and the nauseatingly sweet scent of baby powder and diapers...

It was shockingly more humiliating than anything else I could have imagined. The prospect of spending another minute in this room seemed unbearable.

Let alone being *changed into a diaper* on the nearby table...

What Tara was proposing felt like a total annihilation of my manhood, adulthood, and dignity. An annihilation I would never have a chance of recovering from.

I stood up and turned around to face her.

"Tara, this has all gone far enough. Canes and whips and whatever else are one thing, but this is craziness. There's no way I'm letting you put me in a *diaper* and treat me like a *baby*!" I shouted.

"Really?" She said, crossing her arms. "And why is that?"

"Because I'm not a baby!" I shouted.

"You're not? Then what are you?" She asked me.

"I'm a man!" I shouted back in frustrated bafflement.

Tara stared at me for a long moment.

Then she burst into a sudden and hysterical laughing fit.

I stood there, helplessly waiting, while she continued to laugh and laugh and laugh and laugh. She couldn't stop. It felt like several minutes of me standing there in the nude as she erupted in the loudest laughter I've ever heard from her at my statement that I was a man.

I knew that now she was the one being juvenile with her exaggerated cackling, but that didn't stop me from feeling deeply humiliated as she cackled uncontrollably right in my face.

To make matters worse, I happened to see that the cold room and the embarrassing situation had shrunk my penis into a tiny nub, making me feel even more humiliated.

I finally decided that enough was enough. I walked around Tara and marched toward the nursery door.

"Where do you think you're going?" I heard Tara say behind me just as my fingers touched the doorknob.

I froze. Her firm, domineering voice sent another chill down my spine.

I knew this was a moment of truth. I knew I needed to stand up to her.

But I was speechless. For some reason... I was paralyzed in absolute terror.

"Brandon, I just asked you a question," she said even louder.

"I dunno," I replied. For some reason, it was all I could muster in response.

"You don't know?" She asked. "Well I'll tell you what. You can either let go of that door handle, get back down on those hands and knees, and come crawling back to Mommy for your diaper change..."

Every word she spoke now seemed to strike more and more terror into my heart.

"Or," she continued, "You can get the spanking of a lifetime," she proclaimed.

For some reason I couldn't move. I desperately wanted to escape this humiliating nursery, but I was utterly terrified to make Tara angry again. I felt like my feet were glued to the floor.

“One...” she said, starting to count.

My knees started trembling.

“Two...” she said.

I felt like I was going to faint.

“Three!” She scolded.

I heard her marching toward me. In a wave of panic, I tried to turn the door knob to try and escape, but it was locked!

Before I knew what was happening, Tara had flipped me over, dropped me to the floor, and pinned me down with her knee.

THWACK THWACK THWACK THWACK

Her riding crop exploded upon my ass like a machine gun. I immediately began screaming for mercy.

“Wait! Please, stop it, Tara, stop it! It hurts!”

But Tara ignored my please as she held me by the hair and continued systematically engulfing my heinie in searing hot pain.

“Naughty, Naughty baby! Don't you ever disobey Mommy again!” She shouted as she set my ass alight with her switch.

Soon, tears were once again pouring down my cheeks.

She finally paused her assault on my bottom long enough for me to hear her ask me a question. “Now what do you have to say for yourself?”

“Please, Tara, I can't do this...” I pleaded.

THWACK—I screamed out from another single yet excruciating blow against my bottom.

“Try again,” she said.

“Tara please!” I shouted.

THWACK—I screamed again.

“That’s not what babies call their Mommy’s,” she replied.

“Okay, I’m sorry Mommy, I’m sorry!” I finally screamed, tears streaming down my cheeks.

THWACK—Another scream of agony.

“Sorry for what?” She scolded.

“I’m sorry I was bad, Mommy! I didn’t listen! I promise I’ll be good from now on! I promise!” I screamed through my tears.

Tara rolled her eyes and dropped me to the floor. I continued helplessly sobbing in a pathetic heap at her feet.

“My god, you’re not just a baby. You’re a sissy cry baby, aren’t you,” she said with a mean laugh. “Alright, come on cry baby, time to get you in a diaper before you make another mess on the floor.”

I slowly climbed to my knees. “Please Mommy. Please don’t make me wear a diaper,” I pleaded.

Even though Tara had put me in a world of pain, the thought of being forced to wear a *diaper* from now on... let alone *use* one... still made me sick to my stomach.

Tara frowned at me. “Uh oh. The naughty little baby *already* forgot the rules about talking,” she said.

THWACK

Her crop struck my ass the hardest it had struck me yet. I cried out in pain and collapsed back on the pink and blue carpet beneath me in another wave of pathetic sobbing.

Tara laughed and laughed as I wailed like a little baby at her feet.

Finally, Tara let out a long sigh, got down on her knees, and rubbed my back.

"Alright, alright little one. You really don't want to wear diapers, do you?" She said in a sweet voice.

"No," I said, shaking my head and burying my face.

"Alright, Brandon. You don't have to wear a diaper," she said.

I looked up, suddenly feeling hopeful. "Really?"

"No, at least not yet," she said. "If you don't want to wear a diaper, I'm not gonna make you," she said.

I sat up and began to dry my tears.

"But... only on the condition that you're a very good boy for Mommy. Which means following all the rules and do whatever Mommy tells you, no matter what," she explained.

I nodded my head. "I'll be good Mommy, I promise," I replied.

"Well alright, little one. Now it's time to get up and crawl over to your *learning bench*," she said.

I looked over to see her pointing at a strange piece of purple, leather furniture in the corner.

I nodded my head and began crawling toward it without too much thought. I was just thankful to not have to face the

humiliation of wearing a diaper. Anything seemed better than that.

She patted me on my blistering bottom as I crawled, ushering me along.

“Up, up, up! Up on the learning bench!” She said in a singsong voice as she helped me climb up. “Butt forward, legs down, there you go,” she coo’d as she helped me lay down on my belly.

I suddenly realized that the position I was in propped my naked bottom up into the air behind me. I felt a wave of uneasiness as I realized what the purpose of this bench was...

It was a spanking bench.

I tried to get back up, but before I knew what was happening, Tara had swiftly strapped my hands and ankles into cuffs below the bench.

I felt a wave of panic as I realized I was now strapped down.

Tara began giggling as she playfully patted my naked, sore bottom with her riding crop. “Do you know why this is called the learning bench, Brandon?” She asked.

I shook my head no.

“Because it’s how you *learn* to appreciate the padding a *diaper* would have given you for your spanking,” she said with a laugh.

My blood ran cold. I began frantically yanking at my cuffs in panic, but it was useless—any resistance I gave only made the cuffs tighter around my wrists and ankles.

"Please Mommy! Please no more spankings with your stick!" I pleaded.

"Oh Brandon, relax, I'm not going to spank you with my riding crop again," she said, gently patting my bottom.

I breathed a small sigh of relief.

"This little thing is just for minor behavioral correction," she said, putting her riding crop down.

"It's nothing compared to what a proper cane can do, which is little boys are spanked with when they're on the learning bench," she said.

My heart started pounding. To my utter shock and horror, Tara pulled an extra-long, wooden cane off the wall.

I yanked harder on my cuffs to no avail. I could tell Tara was relishing in my panic and desperation.

"Mommy, please no more spankings!" I desperately whined. "I'll be a good boy for Mommy! I promise!"

"Oh, I have no doubt you will be. Most are, after they receive a thorough caning. That is, after all, *also* why it's called the learning bench," she said with a sadistic laugh.

I was now trembling in raw terror. Sweat dripped from my brow and into my eyes.

"Now Brandon, the way a caning works with Mommy is that I expect you to count each strike and thank your Mommy for your punishment. Why don't we start with five, and depending on your behavior, we'll go from there," she said with an evil smile. "Am I understood?"

I teared up as I felt her tapping my bottom with her cane, cuing it up.

“Am I understood?” She said louder, tapping my bottom harder with the cane.

“Okay Mommy, I’ll wear my diapers! I’ll do whatever Mommy wants! Just please, don’t give me another spanking!” I squealed and pleaded. Anything seemed better than receiving another, even more painful spanking on my already blistering bottom.

Tara looked at me, then burst into hysterical laughter. “Sorry little one, that’s not how the learning bench works,” she said.

I wanted to break down into heaving, helpless sobs once again, but I watched Tara pull her cane back, and I tried to hold it together and brace myself...

THWAP

It felt like my ass had been struck by lightning— Every muscle in my body went rigid, frozen in shock— Then, a split second later, a hot, blistering pain exploded from my ass through the rest of my body.

“AAAAH!!!” I screamed involuntarily.

I frantically jerked my limbs against my restraints with every ounce of strength and adrenaline in my body, desperate to escape, but it was useless.

My terror and helplessness exploded into raw, full-throated, screaming sobs for mercy.

“Please Mommy, please!” I shouted.

Tara looked at me with an evil smile. “Uh oh, little boy. That’s not what you say, is it. It looks like that one doesn’t count,” she smirked.

SMACK

I screamed again at the top of my lungs— “Please Mommy, I can’t take it! I can’t take anymore!” I wailed.

She just smiled at me. “Aw, that’s too bad then, Brandon. Because until you start counting, you won’t be finishing your spanking anytime soon.”

THWAP

“AHHHHGHhhghgh....” I screamed and groaned. But some part of my brain finally owned up to what I had to do.

“One... thank you, Mommy,” I managed to grunt through my hoarse voice. The humiliating words almost felt worse than the blow itself.

“Thank you for what?” She asked.

“Thank you, Mommy, for my spanking!” I shouted.

“Good baby,” she replied.

THWAP

“AAHHH... Two... Thank you Mommy... for my spanking,” I heaved through my tears.

THWAP

“Three! Thank you for my spanking, Mommy!”

THWAP

My screams left me out of breath, but I still managed to summon breath for the refrain she wanted... “Four... Thank you for my spanking, Mommy...”

She pulled her arm up and prepared to land another swing...

I tensed up and screamed...

But she didn’t actually swing. “Uh oh! Faked you out,” she said with an evil giggle.

She wound up and feigned another swing, making me flinch yet again.

“Got you again!” She smirked.

She faked me out again. And again.

Tara began laughing hysterically as I writhed on the bench in front of her, involuntarily flinching over and over again from every one of her pretend blows.

Similar to the way she made me count, the humiliation of toying with my helplessness and terror was almost worse than the blows themselves.

“Just do it-”

WHACK

The fifth blow took me by surprise—It was the *most painful of all*.

I screamed until I went limp, exhausted and out of breath.

“Five... thank you for my spanking, Mommy,” I managed to utter through my sobs.

Tara giggled. "Well, you did *ask* for that last one," she said with a smirk.

She then approached me, kneeled down, and looked into my teary, decimated eyes.

"My, my, we've learned a lot today, haven't we, my little cry baby?" She said with a smirk.

I stayed silent, too dazed to respond.

"Oh, you *haven't* learned anything?" She added. "Well then I guess we'll have to start over again," she said, stepping back.

"Wait, wait, Mommy! I learned! I learned!" I pleaded.

"Oh yeah? And what did you learn, little baby?" She asked me.

"I learned that I want to wear diapers!" I pleaded.

Tara laughed. "That's right, you're a little baby who needs his diapers, aren't you?" She asked.

"Yes, Mommy," I said through my tears. "Now please, Mommy, please let me up."

Tara gave me a concerned look, then wiped my tears off my cheek with her finger.

"Aww, little baby, you didn't think you were *finished* getting your spankings for the day, did you?" She asked I felt another wave of horror run through me.

"Oh, no no no. Brandon, those were just your new, daily maintenance spankings. We're yet to even begin your *punishment spankings* for all of the *naughtiness* you committed today," she explained.

My heart started pounding yet again. I couldn't imagine taking anymore abuse against my ass. "Please Mommy! I'll do anything! Please! Please!"

I began sobbing uncontrollably—harder than I had ever sobbed before in my life. I just wanted her mercy. I would have agreed to anything for it.

Through my tears, I could see Tara watching me with her cane in her hand, smiling, relishing in my abject subjugation.

Finally, after what felt like several minutes, I felt Tara gently patting my ass with her hand. I winced from her touching my stinging blisters.

"Aww, there there there, my little one. I didn't realize that I didn't just have a baby on my hands. I had a *sissy* baby on my hands," she teased.

"Brandon, out of curiosity, do you remember what you said to me this morning? And then you said it again just after Mommy brought you into the nursery?" She asked.

I shook my head no.

"You said, that you were *a man*. Do you still believe that, Brandon? That you're a man?" She asked.

"I dunno, Mommy," I replied.

"Oh, you don't know? Well then, since you might still think you're a man, I'd better continue your spanking, just to help you be sure either way," she said. "After all, men can take their spankings without turning into little sissy babies who cry and beg for their Mommies," she explained.

"No, no, no!" I screamed. "I'm not a man! I'm not a man! Please, Mommy, please!" I then descended into a new wave of sobbing.

Tara erupted in laughter as she re-approached me on the bench. "Aww, what's that little baby?"

"I'm not a man!" I pleaded.

"Oh yeah? And what are you then?"

"A baby!" I shouted.

"That's right, Brandon, but you're not *just* a little baby," she said, patting my blistering bottom and making me flinch. "You're a *sissy* little baby. You're a *sissy little baby bitch*, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mommy!" I pleaded.

"What's that?" She asked.

"I'm a sissy little baby bitch! I'm a sissy little baby bitch!" I pleaded.

"That's right," she said with a satisfied smile. "Well then, since you admit that you're too much of a pathetic, sissy little baby bitch for another spanking, maybe that means Mommy needs to let you up," she said.

"Yes, Mommy, please!"

"But! You're going to have to prove to me you're a *real sissy*, first," she said.

"Okay, Mommy, I'll do anything!" I pleaded.

"Good baby," she said, patting my head and walking away. I felt a twinge of dread in my stomach.

But after a few minutes of waiting for her to return, I closed my eyes from exhaustion and almost fell asleep on the bench.

I woke a few seconds later to Tara yanking my head up by the hair. A thick, large, strap-on dildo was right in front of my face. Tara was wearing it on her crotch.

“Prove to Mommy you’re a sissy little baby bitch by sucking her big juicy cock,” she said.

Before I could even wrap my head around this surprise, I felt Tara thrust her strap on right into my mouth.

I almost gagged as she started aggressively thrusting it into my lips.

“Suck it! Suck it, Brandon! Show Mommy you’re a sissy baby bitch, otherwise I’m getting my cane again!” She shouted.

I was disgusted but helpless. I widened my mouth and began to suck and twirl my tongue around the fat dildo.

I hoped it would just be over soon as Tara continued mercilessly throat-fucking me with her veiny, thick, silicone cock.

Finally, after several minutes, she pulled out. My slobber pooled in a puddle next to my mouth on the bench.

“Good baby. What do you say to Mommy for letting you taste her delicious cock?” She asked me.

“Thank you, Mommy,” I begrudgingly replied.

“Now, sissy bitch, did you slobber Mommy’s cock up good?” She asked.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied.

“Did you get it all nice and wet, all the way down to the balls?” She asked.

“I think so, Mommy,” I replied.

“Well good, because if you didn’t, you’re going to wish you did,” she said with an evil grin.

I lifted my head up in confusion as she climbed off the step stool she was standing on, walked around, and climbed up on the bench behind me.

I still felt confused... until I felt it...

My fragile rosebud being pried open as Tara began to force the dildo into my ass.

“Wait!” I screamed. “Wait Mommy, wait!”

“What is it, little sissy?” She asked, holding the tip of her cock to my anus.

“Mommy, I don’t wanna get fucked!” I pleaded.

Tara laughed. “Sorry, baby, but being a sissy baby bitch isn’t just about getting out of spankings. Sissy baby bitches also have to take it in the ass.”

“Mommy please!” I begged.

“Sorry, little sissy, but you just proved to Mommy you were a sissy little baby bitch by sucking her cock, so there’s no getting out of it now,” she said, patting my bottom for effect.

“Please Mommy, please!” I screamed.

But it was no use. All I could do was groan and grunt as I felt her massive strap-on dildo plunge deep into the recesses of my ass.

It was unlike anything I’d ever felt before. It was stinging pain, mixed with a strange and unwelcome pleasure.

Waves of intense humiliation washed over me as I felt Tara pull her cock out and then plunge it back in over and over

and over again.

I felt more vulnerable than I'd ever felt in my life—and with every thrust, it felt like Tara was exploiting that vulnerability to the fullest.

Manipulating me. Controlling me. *Dominating* me.

Soon I was moaning and groaning in humiliating orgasmic pleasure as Tara continued fucking me raw.

I knew that she knew that the transformation she desired of me was happening before her eyes.

She was *fucking* me into her docile, humiliated, *sissy little baby*.

DIAPERED



I was a puddle of blushy, submissive, sissy baby by the time I felt Tara finally pull her cock all the way out of my bottom.

As I felt her thick strap-on exit my hole, I also felt the distinct sensation of my anus remaining ‘gaping’ and open from her fucking. I felt utterly used, totally humiliated, and completely dominated.

And yet, for some reason, I couldn’t stop smiling.

Tara climbed off the bench and walked around. “Awww, did my little sissy baby enjoy her ass fucking?” She asked in a sweet tone.

“I dunno,” I replied with a giggle for some reason.

“I think she did, judging by the little mess she left for Mommy on her naughty bench,” Tara said with a laugh.

I looked down at where she was pointing, and to my shock, there was a small puddle of thick, white cum next to my penis! I must have had a prostate orgasm while she fucked me, and I didn’t even realize it!

I watched Tara retrieve a small jar and scoop my cum into it. “It’s okay, little one, this will come in handy later,” she

said.

I was in too much of a submissive daze to think about what that might mean.

Tara removed her strap on, stored the jar in a small fridge, and finally began unstrapping my wrists and ankles.

“Are you ready for your diaper change, little Brandy?” She asked me.

The irony was that now that I was finally being unstrapped from my bench, I was so exhausted from my ordeal of struggling and then getting fucked, I was too exhausted to even want to get up.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied in a docile tone as she helped me climb back onto the floor.

“That’s right,” she said as she lightly spanked my bottom, directing me to crawl toward the diaper changing table. “Because unlike before, you know you’re a sissy bitch who belongs in diapers, don’t you?” She asked.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied, blushing.

I crawled to the large diaper changing table, and Mommy helped lift me up and lay down on my back.

“Hands up for your rubber bands,” Tara said in a sweet voice.

I didn’t know what she was talking about, but I was so submissive at this point I complied without thought.

Tara removed a long, thick rubber band from a cabinet below the diaper changing table. She folded it to make the loop smaller, then proceeded to guide my hands through it and guide it down over my head and around my torso.

I squeaked a little bit as the tight rubber band pinched my nipples as she pulled it past them and let it stay wrapped around my chest.

She then grabbed another, smaller rubber band and wrapped it around my foot.

“Mommy, what are these for?” I asked.

“Well, my little one, when you’re still getting trained into diapers, Mommy needs a way to make sure you behave yourself on the diaper changing table,” she said.

“Mommy, I still don’t understand,” I said as I reached down to grab the rubber band.

SNAP

I squealed in shock as Tara instantaneously pulled back the rubber band around my chest and snapped it on my nipple.

“Hands stay over your head during diaper changes, baby. Now do you understand?” She said with a smirk.

“Yes, Mommy,” I replied, obediently raising my hands in sudden panic over this new method of control Tara had over me.

I watched Tara pull a large, fluffy adult diaper off the shelf and bring it towards me. I had never seen anything like it before.

“Feet up,” she instructed in a sing song voice. I obediently raised my legs straight up, just like an infant, as she placed the massive, thick, crinkly diaper below my bottom.

I then watched her put a huge gob of Vaseline on two of her fingers, then jam them into my bottom.

I flinched and dropped my feet in shock, only to be met by the stinging shock of the rubber band snapped on my nipple, causing me to yelp.

“Bad baby!” She screamed. “Feet up!”

I instinctively pulled my feet back up and focused all my energy on holding still as I felt her jam her fingers once again into my sensitive hole.

It occurred to me, that through her twisted, rubber band technique, Tara had already managed to train me to be just as still and submissive while she fingered me as if I were bound with dozens of restraints.

I continued to hold still and take it as I felt Tara tug and twist her fingers around in my already aching hole.

“Wow, Mommy’s cock really loosened you up. I think we can start you off with a size six,” she said with a smile.

I had no idea what she was talking about, but my Pavlovian fear of the rubber bands kept me docile and still as she rummaged through her drawers beneath the changing table.

I was taken by surprise a few seconds later as I felt something massive being shoved into my hole.

I began loudly grunting from the overwhelming sensation, but I still kept my legs obediently vertical and spread.

My buttohole was getting stretched wider and wider. I began to grunt and squeal. It felt like she was trying to work a football into my anus.

“Mommmyyyyyy,” I grunted and moaned.

“Hush now, almost there,” Tara said.

Finally, I felt it cross the barrier of my asshole and get sucked into my bottom, allowing me to recognize it as a buttplug.

I immediately began moaning from the extreme and inescapable feeling of 'fullness' in my colon.

The sensation of the butt plug continuing to stretch me out was so overwhelming, I barely noticed as Tara coated my crotch in baby oil and then baby powder.

"Now, little sissy, before I finish taping this diaper on, do you have to do a peepee?" She asked me.

I realized that I did, now that the butt plug was putting pressure on my bladder.

But I suddenly felt hopeful that she was going to let me use the bathroom after all. At least one last time.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied.

"Good," she said.

But then, to my disappointment, she proceeded to fold the diaper up and tape it around me anyway.

"Okay, little one, legs down," she said as she guided my feet back onto the diaper changing table. "All done!" She said in a sing song voice.

She slipped the rubber bands off my body, much to my relief, and helped me sit up.

I climbed off the diaper changing table and stood to inspect what I was now wearing. I squeezed the crinkly plastic with my hands in a state of bewildered awe.

I had to admit, I sort of enjoyed how soft, fluffy and warm it felt on my bottom and against my groin. I was also surprised by how snug it fit around my waist and crotch.

And at the same time, I felt deep waves of humiliation washing over me as I fully realized what I was now wearing...

The way the white, plastic waist reached so high, it nearly covered my belly-button...

The loud crinkly noise from every movement I made...

The thick padding between my legs that made it impossible to ignore what I was wearing...

I was now *wearing a diaper*.

And while I had known, intellectually, that diapers were what infants wore, it wasn't until I had been wrapped up in one that I realized how drastic of an effect wearing just one garment could have on someone's sense of self...

With the diaper, combined with the extremely submissive sensation of the butt plug still filling my ass, I suddenly felt different than I'd ever felt before...

Like I had suddenly been *transformed*.

I realized that now, I truly was what Tara said I was—a *big, pathetic baby*.

My cheeks burned bright red as I continued staring at my diapered reflection in a nearby full-length mirror.

"Alright, little one. Time to do your potties," Tara announced.

I looked over in surprise. "Huh? You're gonna take me to the toilet?" I asked, glancing toward the door of the nursery.

Tara burst out in laughter. "Babies don't use the toilet, little one, you know that," she said.

I continued to give her a confused, blank stare.

She clucked her tongue and then walked around behind me. "No wonder sissy baby is confused, she forgot that standing is for adults only," she said as she forcefully pushed me down to my knees.

"There, that should make it easier for you to do your peepees," Tara said as she took a seat on a stool in front of me.

I suddenly felt nervous as I looked up at Tara from my kneeling, diapered position. I was embarrassed enough being forced to *wear* a diaper. I couldn't imagine actually having to *use* it.

"You want me to... pee in my diaper?" I asked in a shy voice.

Tara giggled. "Yes, Brandy, that's where babies go peepee," she said.

"But Mommy, why do I have to go right now?" I asked.

Tara sighed. "Because, sissy baby, right now that diaper you're wearing is dry. But sissy babies don't get the privilege of wearing dry diapers. I want that diaper thick with warm peepee at all times, so you always know how much of a sissy baby you are," she explained.

My cheeks burned as I realized how intentional her desire to humiliate me was.

"But Mommy, I don't have to go right now," I whined.

"Nice try, Brandy, but right before I put that diaper on you, you said yourself you had to go pee," she replied.

I cringed as I realized how she had gotten me to admit it while I was on the diaper changing table just so she could

use it against me.

“So, you either lied then, or you’re either lying now. And you know what happens to fibbers in this house,” she added with an evil smirk.

I gulped, knowing that she probably meant a spanking.

I looked down at my diaper and sighed. I knew that I was out of options.

I was going to have to wet my diaper while Tara watched.

I pushed on my bladder and gave a small effort at ‘going’. But even though I did have to pee, nothing came out. The combination of my nervousness, Tara watching me, and my years of potty-training prevented me from actually peeing.

I pushed a little harder, but only succeeded in letting out a small fart into the back of my diaper. Tara giggled at me.

“Mommy, I’m trying, but I can’t go,” I whined.

“Well, my little sissy, you’d better figure it out. Because if you don’t wet that diaper with your own pee, I’ll be happy to supply my own to get you started,” she said with a firm look.

A chill went down my spine. *Was she really threatening to pee in the diaper that I was wearing?* It seemed like an insane and disgusting suggestion.

But then again, I would have said the same thing about her fucking me in the ass with a strap on, so at this point nothing seemed out of the question.

I closed my eyes, turned toward the corner of the room, and continued trying to relax.

I took deep breaths and tried to visualize that I was standing in front of a toilet. I thought about waterfalls and

ocean waves. I began gently tapping on my tummy to help relax my bladder.

Finally, after what must have been several minutes of me quietly trying to *go*, I felt it happen. My urethrae relaxed enough to spray a small stream of my hot urine into my diaper.

I let out a small gasp. The sensation of my hot pee hitting my absorbent diaper and pooling around my balls was unlike anything I'd felt before.

Well... not since getting potty trained, anyway. Because the funny thing was, I suddenly felt like I was being transported back in time to a long-ago memory of mine from toddler-hood.

I felt a distinct, memorable sensation of feeling extremely naughty and dirty from going pee in my diaper in the corner... combined with a secret excitement.

My bladder also welcomed the relief from me finally letting go.

But unfortunately, my penis clenched up again on instinct quickly after I started peeing, so not very much urine actually escaped into my diaper.

But still, I felt strangely... proud of myself for doing it. For finding a way to pee my diaper.

"Mommy, I did it!" I turned and shouted. "I went peepee in my diaper!"

Tara giggled as I crawled toward her. "Good sissy!" She said. For some reason, once again, I couldn't stop smiling.

"Let Mommy take a look," Tara said as I got to my knees for her.

She gave the crotch of my diaper a little squeeze, making me squirm from the sensation of my warm pee getting pressed against my groin.

Then she pulled the waistband of my diaper forward and stuck her hand down the front. I shivered as she brushed my peepee with her cold hands.

"Hmmm," she said, pulling her hand back out. "This diaper isn't very wet, little one."

I looked up at Tara and felt a sudden wave of sadness.

"But Mommy, I tried to be a good baby and make a peepee in my diaper for you," I said through pouty lips.

Tara giggled and wrapped her arms around me. "Aww, it's okay little one."

Tara grabbed a thick, babyish quilt from a shelf and laid it out on the floor. Then she took a seat and patted her lap.

"Come lay down on Mommy's lap. Mommy will help you do a peepee," she said with a smile.

I suddenly felt so overjoyed to be in Tara's good graces, I eagerly crawled over and laid my head on her lap.

Tara then began to coo, rub my belly, and softly sing.

"Hush little baby don't you cry.

Momma's gonna sing you a lullaby.

A lullaby that will help you pee.

Pee in that diaper for Mommy to see."

I suddenly felt like I was in heaven after such an exhausting and emotionally difficult day. I closed my eyes and felt my

bladder gently letting go as Tara rubbed my tummy.

I could feel my diaper getting heavier and heavier with my warm, yellow piss as Tara continued rubbing my tummy and singing.

The warmth of Tara's lap on my face combined with the warm of my soggy diaper around my crotch transported me into an incredible, cozy bliss.

After some minutes had passed, I felt Tara reach down and squeeze the front of my squishy diaper.

She then lifted up the front of my soggy diaper, reached her hand in to cup my penis and balls, then pulled her hand back out, letting the waist of my diaper fall down with a little splat.

"My, my," she said with a giggle. "That's much more soggy, isn't it sissy?" She said.

"Yes, Mommy," I replied.

"You really soaked that diaper for such a little sissy, didn't you?" She said, patting the front of my soggy diaper.

I blushed. "Yes, Mommy," I replied again.

"Well that's a good sissy. But before I put you back on that diaper changing table, I want to make sure we get that diaper you're in as wet as possible. So why don't we get some milk in you and see if that helps," she said.

I didn't want any milk, and I felt like my diaper was at capacity, but I knew Tara was the boss, so I started to sit up, figuring that she would be going to go get a milk bottle for me.

But to my surprise, she instead removed her shirt, unclipped her bra, and revealed her gorgeous, voluptuous

tits. Tits I hadn't been privy to in what felt like forever.

My jaw dropped. Not only was she showing me her beautiful breasts, but they seemed to be even larger and more luscious than I'd ever seen them before.

"Come get some milk from Mommy," she said, guiding my head down to her breast.

I immediately began hungrily lapping at her plump, engorged nipples, and her warm, delicious milk began flowing into my mouth.

I didn't know when or how Tara had accomplished the feat of lactating, nor did I have any idea how incredible it would feel to drink her milk.

But combined with her rubbing my cock through my warm, soggy, pee-soaked diaper, I was in a state of infantile bliss I never before would have even considered to aspire to.

I drank and drank and drank, until Tara pulled me away from her breast with a giggle, and I let out a little burp.

She then moved me to her other tit and I continued sucking and drinking her milk with renewed vigor.

As I drank, I could feel my tummy getting full, but that didn't stop me. I just gently spread my legs and let my bladder empty once again, making more room for Mommy's milk, and soaking my diaper to the point of leaking, just like Mommy wanted.

Finally, after what seemed like hours of blissful nursing, Tara pulled me up from her breast and patted me on my back. I let out a large burp and blushed, causing her to giggle.

I reached down to my diaper as Tara put her shirt and bra back on, and realized it was so saturated, it had even

begun to leak.

“Alright, little baby, back to the diaper changing table,” Tara said, standing up.

I went to stand up as well, but she gave me a look, and I remembered I wasn’t allowed. I obediently got back down on all fours and began to crawl.

“Good baby,” she said, giving my soggy bottom a little spank.

The bliss I felt from our breastfeeding session was beginning to fade to disgust and humiliation again.

My soaking diaper was practically dragging on the floor from being so wet from my pee, and I could now smell the stench of my stinky urine that I was carrying around on my bottom.

I was suddenly looking forward to getting changed out of my now cold, filthy mess. I was also hoping that she would remove the intrusive butt plug still in my bottom, as it reminded me of its presence again as I crawled.

When we got to the diaper changing table, Tara helped me climb up and lay back on my squishy diaper, causing it to squirt some of my pee up into my butt crack.

I wanted to reach down and take the disgusting diaper off right then and there, but she had also put the rubber band around my foot again, reminding me to obediently keep my hands over my head.

I watched as Tara pulled a super puffy diaper off the shelf and noticed it was even bigger than the one I was already wearing.

“Alright little baby, feet up,” she instructed.

I complied without too much thought and felt her place the new, larger diaper underneath the bottom of my soggy diaper.

“Okay, feet down and knees apart,” she said.

I complied, expecting to hear her untape the soaking, yellow diaper that was still wrapped around my waist.

But instead, I watched Tara grab a pair of bandage scissors and start to cut slices in the bottom of my soaking diaper.

When she was finished, she then folded the new, larger diaper *over* my soggy diaper.

“Mommy, what are you doing?” I said, reaching down.

SNAP!

She snapped the rubber band around my foot faster than a bullet, giving me a painful and stunning sting on my foot.

“Naughty baby! What did I tell you about hands!” She scolded.

I reluctantly raised my hands over my head again. “But Mommy, why aren’t you taking my icky diaper off?” I pleaded.

Tara laughed. “Because, sissy baby, I already told you. Naughty sissy babies don’t get to wear dry diapers. They wear wet diapers. Mommy is just putting a new diaper over your wet diaper so you don’t leak on Mommy’s carpet.”

I felt angry but helpless as I felt Tara tape me into my even larger diaper. If I thought one diaper was thick and humiliating, two was much worse!

“Hmmm...” Tara said as she looked at me laying on the changing table. “You really soaked your first diaper far beyond capacity. I don’t know if double diapers are going to

be enough for you. I think you're gonna have to be a triple-diapered baby," she said, getting a third, even *larger* disposable diaper off the shelf.

"Mommy, please!" I whined. "I don't want to wear so many thick diapers!"

"Sorry little sissy, but you don't get to decide what kind or how many diapers you wear. That's Mommy's job," she said, lightly snapping the rubber band on my food just to drive the point home.

I sobbed like a baby as Tara cut slits into the second diaper around my waist and wrapped me up in a third diaper.

Then, to seal my three diapers together around my waist, she retrieved a pair of thick, bright pink, rubber pants, and pulled my legs through them.

"Butt up," she ordered as she reached my super thick, diapered bottom with the rubber pants. I complied, despite my tears, and watched as Tara worked the rubber pants over my thick wad of disposable diapers.

It was quite a feat, given the thickness of the diapers, but when she was finished, the waistband of the rubber pants gave a satisfying snap over the top of my diapers, making it clear I was sealed in.

I looked down at the pink rubber pants, and to my horror, I saw that they said, "Mommy's Stinky Girl," on them.

Finally, as if my new, diapered prison wasn't difficult enough to escape as is, Tara pulled a large, pink, metal chastity device from the shelf and wrapped it around my waist and under my legs.

I didn't fully understand the device's purpose until she tightened it and locked it with a key, making it crystal clear

that I would not be escaping my bulky, wet, diaper-prison without her permission.

“Alright, little baby, let’s put you down so you can have some playtime before bed,” she said, pulling me off the diaper changing table and putting me down on the floor.

I immediately reached down and tried to tear my gross, bulky diapers off, but my fingers were useless against the locking device and thick rubber pants.

I tried to crawl, but the bulk of the diapers and rubber pants spread my legs so much that I couldn’t bear the humiliation and chafing.

And when I sat down, my squishy, pee-soaked diaper underneath everything rubbed and squished against my groin, making my already yucky diaper feel hot, stinky, and inescapable.

Suddenly it was all just so overwhelming. It felt like all I could do was roll over and start screaming and crying at the top of my lungs.

So that’s exactly what I did.

“Waaaaaahhhhaaaa!!!!” I squealed, laying on my tummy and pounding my fists against the floor.

Tears were streaming down my face. Snot was pouring down my nose. I was sobbing and screaming harder than I’d ever sobbed before.

I don’t know how long I was going for before suddenly I felt a rubber intruder shoved into my mouth from behind.

“Alright, alright little sissy. Here’s your binky,” I heard Tara say. I realized she had shoved a massive, rubber pacifier into my mouth, and was now sealing it behind my head with a pair of straps and buckles.

I immediately started screaming again—but now my screams were completely muffled. I felt gagged and humiliated.

I reached up with my hands to try to unbuckle the pacifier, but Tara quickly slipped my hands into some thick, rubber and cotton mittens, which she then strapped around my wrists.

“Alright, cranky little one, I think it’s time for a nap,” she said, dragging me over to the crib in the corner.

I was too preoccupied with the mittens and gag to fight back. And before I knew what was happening, Tara had placed me in the crib and begun to tie down my midsection, arms and legs with a host of expertly applied Segufix straps.

Tara patted my thickly diapered crotch, kissed me on the forehead, then raised the side of the crib.

I found the crib intimidating, but felt glad that at least the bars weren’t very high, and I could probably easily climb over them if I managed to get out of my straps.

But then I heard a large *CLANG*, and realized that Tara had brought down a set of rails over the *top* of the crib, just a foot above my face, sealing me into a sort of cage.

“Nighty, night, naughty sissy,” she said. “I would tell you to be good... but quite frankly, I’ve made sure you really don’t have a choice in the matter,” she said with a snicker.

Tara then shut out the lights of the nursery and closed the door, leaving me to helplessly panic, scream and cry into my pacifier gag, as I writhed in my thick, soaking diapers behind the bars of my new cage crib.

By the time I had finally exhausted myself enough to fall into a restless sleep, the narrow hold my fragile psyche still had on reality finally gave way, and my brain began to truly believe that I really now was... a helpless little baby.

TARA'S NEW BABY



SEVERAL DAYS LATER

Little Brandon opened his eyes as his Mommy opened the blinds of his nursery to the early morning sun.

Brandon had lost track of how many days it had been as his Mommy's new baby.

He figured it might be a week, but between his early bedtimes and afternoon naps, he had spent so many hours locked and diapered in his crib, it was impossible to tell.

"Mommy, Mommy, changey!" He said, lifting his head up as much as his confining cage crib allowed.

Some part of Brandon still knew his Mommy's name was 'Tara', the woman he was still, technically married to.

But even after just a few days of living in the extreme environment of his enforced babyfication, the common knowledge and know-how that was so central to his adult identity was already beginning to fall away.

It was quickly being replaced with the infantile reflexes and desires that his Mommy was deliberately and efficiently training his brain to adopt.

Some part of Brandon recognized that he was psychologically morphing more and more into the baby that his diapers and his Mommy said he was.

And his baby-self and his adult-self battled as Brandon spent long hours rolling around in his wet diapers in his crib at night, thinking about how he *wished* he didn't have to be a baby. That he *wasn't* a baby. He was still a man. A man *trapped* in baby's diapers.

But with every day that passed, Brandon felt like he was more and more losing his grip with his adult self that craved the freedom and autonomy that he once took for granted (including toilets!).

It seemed like more and more that his only concern was crying loud enough for his Mommy to meet his basic needs.

This morning was no exception, as he whined the words, "changey, changey," through his pacifier and crib bars, desperately hoping his Mommy would free him from the sopping wet diapers draped around his waist.

"Awww, little one, not quite yet," he heard his Mommy say with a gentle smile. "First, let's get some breakfast in you," she said as she approached the crib.

Brandon sighed as he watched his Mommy open the top of his crib. He hated when she fed him in his crib instead of in the kitchen.

But he knew that since he had put up such a fuss during his high-chair feeding in the kitchen last night, Mommy was punishing him by moving him to a diet of only milk and mush until he was, "mature enough to eat in the kitchen again."

He watched his Mommy hang a large, rubber bag from a stand near his crib, then drape a rubber tube to his mouth.

She deftly replaced the pacifier strapped in his mouth with the bulky, rubber feeding nozzle, and used those same straps to fasten it into his mouth. She then turned the nozzle and started the flow.

Brandon hated the feeding tube his Mommy had begun to subject him to. If his hands weren't bound and mitten'd, he probably would have tried to reach up and tear the tube out on instinct.

But he knew there was nothing he could do but dutifully swallow every bit that his Mommy force-fed him, just like every other time.

He hated the taste of the mush that was slowly pouring in his mouth. By now he had come to the conclusion that the warm mush oozing into his mouth was probably a mixture of mashed peas, boiled carrots, and chicken meal. It smelled like poop and made him want to gag.

He hated how helpless he felt as the warm mash oozed into his mouth at a relentless pace.

And what he hated most was how full he got when the large, rubber bag of mush finally finished flowing into his tummy.

Not only did he feel incredibly weighed down and babyish from having such a full tummy, but his bowels ached and moaned from the fullness...

That's because, for several days now, Brandon had desperately needed to have a bowel movement.

At first, he was scared to poop in the diapers his Mommy locked him in 24/7, but it didn't take long for him to get over that fear out of his raw need to defecate...

But to Brandon's misery, his Mommy kept his bottom plugged up with extra thick butt plugs every single day, preventing him from having any sort of evacuation.

Of course, Brandon still tried very hard to expel his number two into his diaper despite the butt plug.

But the combination of extra thick diapers, rubber pants, and the chastity belt tightly fastening the plug into his bottom from outside his diaper, made pushing the plug out impossible.

Brandon would cry to his Mommy during diaper changes when she would change his butt plug. "Mommy, please don't do a pluggy, I gotta make a poopy!" He would whine.

But his Mommy always laughed dismissively as his pleas while quickly replacing his current butt plug for an even larger one. "Sorry little one, you don't get to decide what comes in and out of this bottom. That's Mommy's job," his Mommy would explain.

By time Brandon had finally finished sucking down the morning mush, his bowels were so loudly rumbling and begging for release, he was practically writhing in his wet diapers.

His Mommy checked that the bag was done, then retrieved a large bottle of warm milk, as well as a jar of additional, 'special' milk that she had been saving.

"Alright, Brandon, today's a special day, so you're going to get to drink your 'special' milk today!" Tara said, showing him the jar.

Brandon didn't know what to say, so he watched in silence as his Mommy poured the jar of his 'special' milk into his baby bottle of milk. The special milk was goopy and white.

Brandon's Mommy untethered his mitten-covered hands, allowing him to grasp the bottle and obediently begin to drink.

Of course, Brandon hated drinking milk from a bottle instead of his Mommy's breasts, and today's milk was especially bad. It was thick, viscous and sour. But he knew he didn't have a choice in the matter.

"Good boy, drinking all that special milk," his Mommy giggled as she patted his head while he gulped it down.

"Mommy, why is the milk special?" Brandon asked.

"Well Brandon, do you remember when you made a naughty sticky mess on the changing table with your peepee yesterday?"

"And do you remember the sticky mess I found in your diaper the day before that?"

"And the naughty mess you made on the learning bench while you were showing Mommy you're a good sissy?" She explained as Brandon continued gulping it down.

Brandon's adult brain finally realized that the 'special milk' was his cum that his Mommy had gathered. He immediately felt like he wanted to puke.

His Mommy immediately burst out laughing at Brandon's helpless look of disgust. Brandon tried to drop the bottle, but his Mommy just grabbed it herself and continued forcing the milk down his throat.

"Good baby," his Mommy coo'd as he swallowed down every last drop of his own cum. "What a good sissy baby."

For Brandon, this was just another one of his daily surprise humiliations that he had begun to grow used to.

* * *

TARA SMILED to herself as she finished feeding Brandon's cum to him.

She wished that she had been able to accumulate more before today, but she had decided that she was probably going to put him into chastity later that night, so she might as well give Brandon his special 'cum' milk while he still even remembered what cum was.

And like Tara said, it really was going to be a special day.

Tara brought her whiney adult baby over to the diaper changing table, and knew it was time to make an important transition.

She pulled Brandon's chastity belt and rubber pants off, then briskly unfolded all of his sopping wet diapers.

She couldn't help but cough and wave her nose in a teasing motion as she revealed the bright yellow, mushy insides of Brandon's diaper to daylight for the first time in days, causing Brandon to give a satisfying blush while he obediently kept his hands and feet in place for his change.

Of course, the 'always wet' technique Tara had decided to implement on Brandon wasn't without the risk of diaper rash.

But now that Brandon had spent several days and nights wallowing in his filth, Tara was pretty sure he had come to accept his humiliated, diapered position on a deep, psychological level, so it probably would no longer be necessary to impose it going forward.

Tara thoroughly scrubbed down Brandon's every crease and crevice with baby wipes, coated him in an enormous

layer of baby powder, and slipped a brand new, fresh diaper under his bottom.

And today, Brandon would only be wearing one diaper, instead of the usual three plus rubber pants.

Brandon was immediately thrilled and thankful that his Mommy was finally letting him wear a brand new, fresh diaper.

But for Tara, this wasn't an act of benevolence on her part. No, there was a very specific reason she wanted Brandon in just one diaper.

It was the same reason that she then, without giving Brandon any warning, pulled the massive butt plug out of Brandon's ass (not without some struggle from her and some serious grunting from him) and left his butt hole gaping open and without a plug for the first time since he was first diapered.

She then swiftly inserted four glycerin suppositories into Brandon's bottom, smirking to herself at how excessive they were for today's needs, and then taped Brandon up into his diaper without any explanation.

"Okay, Brandon, time to get you dressed for company. We have some very special visitors for you today," she said as she helped Brandon to the floor.

Tara removed the restrictive safety mittens from Brandon's hands and slipped a very short, adorable baby blue shirt over his top.

She took a step back and admired how the shirt not only didn't cover Brandon's diaper, it actually seemed to accentuate its babyishness.

She could also tell from the vacuous, babyish look on Brandon's face, that he had no idea what he was about to encounter.

Tara was practically grinning with excitement.

STRANGE REUNION



As Brandon felt his Mommy set him on the floor in a dry diaper, remove his confining mittens, and give him a shirt after days of near nudity, he felt a mixture of both relief and nervousness.

Even though he had craved freedom for days now from the thick wad of diapers his Mommy had locked him in, now that he was just wearing one, relatively thin diaper, he suddenly felt naked and vulnerable.

"Alright, Brandon, take my hand and let's walk out to the living room," his Mommy said.

Brandon reluctantly grabbed his Mommy's hand, but as soon as he stood up, he was afraid to take a step forward.

His Mommy had trained him too well that the only method of movement he was allowed was crawling on all fours.

"Come on, little baby," his Mommy said, pulling him forward by the hand.

But as he took a step forward, Brandon suddenly felt a deep pit of nervousness in his stomach about being so high up. He instinctively sat down on his knees to crawl instead.

Tara giggled. Even she was surprised by this demonstration of how effective her training regimen was.

"It's okay, Brandon, you can walk when Mommy holds your hands," she said.

Brandon's Mommy helped him up again, but before he could take another step, Brandon went back down on all fours and began to cry.

"I don't want to, Mommy!" He squealed. "Walking is scary."

Tara looked down at Brandon, rolled her eyes, and laughed.

She retrieved one of Brandon's large rubber pacifiers from the shelf and rubbed Brandon's back as she inserted it into his lips and clipped it to his shirt.

"There there, baby, it's okay," she coo'd.

It was the first time Tara had inserted the pacifier into Brandon's mouth without the straps to keep it in place, so she wasn't totally sure what would happen when she inserted it.

But to her surprise and satisfaction, Brandon immediately began hungrily sucking his Paci and calming down. He had become so used to it belonging in his mouth, the idea of removing it by himself seemed to be beyond comprehension.

"Alright, Brandon, come on, let's go out to the living room. It's okay," Tara said, helping Brandon to his wobbly feet again and guiding him down the hallway by the hand.

* * *

BRANDON WOBbled down the hallway of their apartment, vigorously sucking his paci while his Mommy held his hand.

He had yet to even consider who these ‘guests’ were that his Mommy had mentioned. His brain was too preoccupied by the focus it took from him to perform every single step forward. After all, his Mommy had successfully trained him to viscerally fear ever walking again.

There was also something else that was taking up Brandon’s concentration... His rumbling and churning bowels.

The poop he had been forced to withhold for days now was churning and rolling deep in his colon. He almost felt like he was about to take a dump into his diaper right next to his Mommy while they walked down the hallway together.

But some remaining modicum of his former potty training told him to keep his bottom clenched, at least until he had a moment of privacy.

“There’s the little guy!” Brandon heard someone say as his Mommy guided him into the middle of the living room.

Brandon looked over in total surprise—there was a familiar man and a familiar woman sitting on the couch, staring at him.

“Woah... Brandon... Jesus...” The man said as he looked Brandon up and down.

Brandon stared back at the two visitors with a blank expression for several seconds, his little baby brain struggling to make sense of what was going on.

But then finally, in a flash, what remained of Brandon’s adult mind came back online, and he recognized who these people were— It was his friend Tony, and Tony’s friend Miranda.

Brandon hadn't seen, heard or even thought about either of them since Tony's Vegas bachelor party, where Brandon destroyed Tara's life-savings and cheated on Tara with Miranda—which were the primary reasons Tara commenced his diaper punishment.

Brandon was suddenly struck by a shockwave of extreme humiliation.

He looked down at the diaper he was wearing, then over at the way he was clutching his 'Mommy's' hand, then to the pacifier he was vigorously sucking.

For the first time since Tara had initially locked him in diapers and began his process of psychological regression, Brandon saw himself through Tony's eyes, through Miranda's eyes, through the eyes of his former, adult self.

He was mortified. He couldn't believe that he was actually wearing a diaper in front of his former adult friends. Let alone all the insane, humiliating treatments Tara had subjected him too for the past several days.

Brandon looked up at Tony, who continued to stare at Brandon with a mixture of disgust, revulsion, and vicarious embarrassment on his face.

Then Brandon looked back at Miranda, who was just as drop-dead young and sexy as the night he regretfully cheated on Tara with her, and Miranda's expression of shock and condescending pity.

"Come on, Brandon, you remember Tony and Miranda, don't you?" Brandon's Mommy said in an encouraging voice.

But for Brandon, his little brain was short-circuiting with information and emotional overload. And as much as he dreaded to his core the way his former friends were staring

at him for his babyish look and demeanor, he felt so overwhelmed, he resorted to doing the only thing he could think of...

Brandon quickly fell to his knees and crawled behind his Mommy's legs for protection, just like a toddler.

There was a moment of stunned silence from the room as Brandon peered through his Mommy's legs at the visitors...

Then everyone, including Tony, burst into hysterical laughter.

"Oh my god, he's so cute!" Miranda shouted.

"Jesus, you weren't kidding when you said he's got the brain of a one-year-old now," Tony added.

"Sorry guys, it looks like little Brandon is a lot more shy than I expected," Tara said as Brandon stayed crouched behind her knees.

"It's fine," Tony said. "Can we just... talk about whatever we're gonna talk about," he added in an impatient tone.

"Tony..." Miranda chastised under her breath.

"What?" Tony replied. "I'm sorry, it's just that... this is really hard to look at. Seeing Brandon in a fuckin' *diaper*..."

"Tony!" Miranda chastised again.

"It's okay," Tara interjected in a lighthearted tone. "I know it can be kind of... affronting to see Brandon like this. I'm still getting used to it myself, if I'm being honest," Tara said.

"Oh my god, Tara, yes, I'm so sorry you're going through this. To go from having a former husband to suddenly having to *change diapers* over night... I can't imagine how difficult that must be," Miranda said.

As Brandon continued squatting behind his Mommy in his diaper, listening to his friends talk about him as if he wasn't there, he felt his embarrassment and shame getting deeper and deeper.

His face grew bright red, and he almost wanted to start crying.

Brandon recognized that if there was ever a time to stand up and say something, to get Tony and Miranda's help to escape, to at least defend himself from Tara's narrative, now was that time.

But he couldn't do it. His mind and body wouldn't let him. He was just too intimidated. Just too embarrassed. Just too overwhelmed and... babyish.

Instead, he continued to kneel and cower behind his Mommy as the 'adults' talked.

"Jesus Christ," Tony muttered. "Are you fucking serious? She *changes* his fuckin' *diapers*?"

"Tony!" Miranda shouted again. "You really think Tara *wants* to change her former husband's poopy diapers? Do you think Brandon, if he hadn't suffered that accident, would *want* to be wearing diapers?"

"No, I don't think he would," Miranda continued. "I think Brandon would be pretty humiliated and ashamed of having to wear diapers. But guess what, Tony, this is partially our fault! If we wouldn't have taken Brandon to Vegas, he wouldn't have been binge-drinking so hard he woke up with brain damage!" Miranda shouted.

Miranda then broke down into sobbing tears.

"Shit..." Tony muttered as he rubbed his forehead. "Miranda, I'm sorry..."

“Hey now, it’s okay,” Brandon’s Mommy interjected. “It’s not anyone else’s fault. Brandon made his own decisions, and now the situation is what it is. What really matters is that you guys still came over to help out. That’s what really matters now,” Tara said.

Miranda wiped away her tears as Tony rubbed her shoulder.

“You’re right, you’re right,” Miranda said. “It’s just... it’s just been hard. Especially since Brandon and I... well... in Vegas...”

“Shhhh,” Tony whispered.

“It’s okay, Tony,” Tara said. “I know Miranda and Brandon... well... like I said, it’s okay. I think it’s just important that we all focus on the present and the future. Not the past.”

“You’re right,” Miranda said again, drying her tears.

Tara turned around to Brandon, who was still crouched behind her legs. “Alright, let’s go take a seat on the sofa, my shy little diaper boy,” she coo’d.

To Brandon’s surprise, Miranda managed to swoop Brandon up in her arms and carry him over to the sofa.

“Impressive,” Miranda said as she watched Tara heave Brandon up and across the room.

“Well, I can’t carry him far, but at least I can carry him across the room in situations like this,” Tara joked as she plopped down on the other living room couch.

Brandon instinctively curled into a ball and buried his head in his Mommy’s lap.

“Awww, he still really loves you, doesn’t he,” Miranda said.

“Something like that,” Tara said with a coy smile as she ran her fingers through her boy’s hair.

As Brandon continued hiding his face in his Mommy’s lap, his head was spinning from the pieces he was putting together from what he was overhearing.

He realized that Tara had convinced his former friends that Brandon had gotten brain-damage from over-drinking. She told them *that* was the reason Brandon was wearing a diaper—not because Tara was *forcing* him to.

Brandon was beginning to feel more and more angry as he realized how brilliantly manipulative and deceptive Tara was.

And yet, at the same time, the more Brandon thought about it, some part of him wondered if maybe... maybe Tara was actually telling the truth.

After all, Brandon’s memory of his former self seemed to be disappearing faster and faster.

His reflexes and desires were all becoming unapologetically more babyish every day—like hiding behind Tara’s legs and burying his face in her lap.

And finally, the fact that Brandon was now so freely wearing and using diapers without a second thought, was surely a sign something serious really did change within him.

But as soon as he entertained those thoughts, he just as quickly remembered the contract, the whippings, the cruel manipulation and punishment.

Brandon couldn’t make sense of any of it. And that, more than anything, was what was most frustrating of all. He felt

like more and more that his brain was getting smaller. Simpler. Like he was *turning into a baby*.

Brandon let out a loud groan of anger and frustration.

"Uh oh," his Mommy said as she continued rubbing Brandon's head. Miranda and Tony both watched in uncomfortable silence as Tara pulled the waistband of Brandon's diaper back and checked the contents inside.

"Oh good, I thought he'd made a poopy," Tara said with a smile.

Miranda and Tony each gave an uncomfortable laugh.

Brandon, when he realized what Tara had just done in front of his former friends, burned even hotter in his face.

Even more concerning to Brandon was that he actually *was* in a dire, private struggle with his bowels to avoid doing exactly that...

"Anyway," Miranda said, picking up the conversation. "What's the best way for us to help?"

"Well," Tara said. "I guess I could use some help baby-sitting here and there. You know, just well I catch up on some housework," she replied.

"Oh god, yes, of course!" Miranda said. "Of course, I'll come help take care of him. It's the least I can do."

"Anything else besides *changing diapers*?" Tony said with a scowl. "Because I don't think that's gonna work for me."

"Well honestly, the other big thing is mostly financial," Tara explained. "Brandon didn't have a real job, so he couldn't get worker's comp.

"And I'm already taking all my sick and vacation days just to be home with him over the past week... And

unfortunately, Brandon *did* gamble away our whole savings account while in Vegas...”

“Oh god, of course,” Miranda replied. “I’m going to set up a GoFundMe right when I get back home. Trust me, I promise will raise a ton of money. Enough to replenish the savings account Brandon wrecked, as well as enough for you to take the time off you need to be Brandon’s full-time caregiver...”

“Especially since Tony is going to be a *life-long contributor* to that fund,” Miranda said, elbowing Tony in the ribs.

“Alright, alright,” Tony grumbled. “I’ll send you a check for what Brandon blew in Vegas. It’s the least I can do since I’m the one who took him there without realizing what a dipshit he was...”

“Tony...” Miranda chastised under her breath.

Tara just laughed. “I mean, I can’t argue with you, Tony. Sure, Brandon’s wearing a diaper now, but it’s not like he ever had a *whole lot more* going on for besides his toilet training.”

Everyone in the room laughed, making Brandon cringe from the ruthless humiliation.

“But anyway, seriously, thank you both,” Tara said. “Any money you could give to help out would really make all the difference.”

Brandon wanted to just get up and leave the room, but for some reason, the idea of drawing attention to himself by getting up, let alone having to look Miranda and Tony in the eyes again as he got to his feet, was so terrifying, he felt like he couldn’t summon the courage to do it.

Instead, he just continued squeezing his eyes shut, pretending he was asleep as the adults talked.

Soon, his bowels were rumbling so loudly, he began praying that Tony and Miranda would finally leave so he could go to the corner and do his business. But instead they just kept chatting and chatting.

Soon, Brandon knew he was at a breaking point. He had to do something.

And coincidentally, Tony had just interjected into a conversation Tara and Miranda were having on some specifics around Brandon's care.

"Hey, hey, hey, just one more thing before I go. Before I write you this massive check, how do I know you're not just like, *scamming* us out of money?" Tony said.

"Tony!" Miranda shouted, more pissed than ever.

"What? It's just a question!" Tony replied. "Don't I have a right to ask for like, some sort of *proof*?"

"What kind of proof do you want?" Miranda shouted. "Your former best friend is laying on his wife's lap in a diaper and calling her 'Mommy'! Does that seem like a healthy adult who *doesn't* have brain damage??"

Brandon then happened to let out a huge, wet fart into his diaper, causing everyone to turn and look. Tony had to let out a small laugh.

Brandon knew he had finally reached the point of no return. He quickly rolled off the couch and began crawling down the hallway.

"Uh oh, pee-ew," Brandon heard his Mommy say behind him. "I think someone's gonna need a diaper change here in a minute."

Tony watched in disgust as Brandon hurriedly waddled out of the room on his hands and knees—Tony's anger effectively subverted.

"Are you happy now?" Miranda asked Tony. "I think you're about to get a whole lot more *proof* than you ever wanted about Brandon's disability."

Tara got up and began walking after Brandon. "Sorry, I'd better keep an eye on him," she said. "He can really get up to trouble in a hurry."

"Of course, I'll come with," Miranda said, following Tara down the hallway.

"Maybe I should go, you know, if he's about to crap his diaper..." Tony said.

Miranda turned back to him. "No way. You said you wanted proof. You come smell the proof for yourself before you ever give that woman a hard time again," she scolded.

Tony rolled his eyes, groaned and reluctantly followed.

* * *

BRANDON FELT his BM begin to turtle as he desperately crawled toward his bedroom.

All he wanted was a little privacy, but to his deep frustration, he could hear his Mommy and the others following him!

He didn't have time to think about that now though as he climbed up to his knees, opened his bedroom door, and crawled inside.

He let out another loud series of farts, and he knew he didn't have long. He just wanted to get away from

everyone's scrutinizing eyes for just a second well he did what he had to do.

"Brandy? Sissy?" He could hear his Mommy calling from outside the door.

Brandon spotted a small gap behind his crib in the corner. He quickly crawled over and kept his head down as the others entered the room.

"Brandy, sissy?" His Mommy called again. "Sorry, I call him sissy to calm him down sometimes when he's nervous," Brandon heard his Mommy explain to Miranda.

"Aww, that's so cute," Miranda replied. "He does look like a pretty sissy baby, now that you mention it."

"You should see the dresses I just bought him, actually," his Mommy replied. "I mean, I know he's a boy, but it's so much easier to check for poopy diapers when he's wearing a dress... and they're so darn cute!"

"Girl stop," Tara said back. "You don't have to apologize to me. He's not going to know the difference, and in my book, if you're the one who has to change his poopy diapers, you should get to play a little dress up with him, if it makes you happy," she replied.

Brandon tensed up as he heard both women laughing. Again, he didn't want to do it in the same room as Miranda... but at this point, his body didn't care what he thought.

He let out an involuntary grunt as his stretched out and weak sphincter muscles lost the battle against the massive, bulky turd that his Mommy had been building up inside of him for days now.

A large log of wet mud pressed into the back of his diaper and then immediately pushed all the way down to his scrotum.

Brandon took a deep breath and pushed down even harder. He couldn't help but feel surprised at the length and girth of the massive load he was continuing to push into his now thin-feeling diaper.

Before long, the massive dump he was pushing halted from the resistance of his diaper, and he had to stand up, squat, and hold the butt of his diaper out with his hands in order to keep pushing.

He began grunting louder and louder, forgetting all about his Mommy and Miranda. Soon his whole effort was focused just on relieving his bowels into his diaper.

With a final push, Brandon squeezed the last of his heavy load into his suddenly drooping diaper.

His bladder then relaxed, and he began letting out a hot stream of pee into the front of his diaper, adding to its droopiness and discoloration.

Brandon finally took a deep breath, glad to have finally relieved his desperate bowels, and opened his eyes, only to see Miranda and his Mommy standing over him and smiling.

"Uh oh," his Mommy said. "I'd recognize that scrunched up face anywhere," she joked.

Brandon's whole face went bright red with a wave of sudden embarrassment, just as the smell of his massive, poopy load began to permeate the room.

"Pee-ew!" Miranda said, waving her hand in front of her nose. "That has got to be one of the *biggest* poopy diapers

I've ever smelled," she said.

Brandon was mortified with shame. He just wanted to crawl away and hide.

He immediately got back down on all fours, and as he did so, the contents of his poopy diaper shifted, forcing him to feel his hot load against his balls.

Brandon tried to start crawling under his crib to hide from his Mommy and Tara, but to his horror, his Mommy grabbed his ankle and pulled him out.

"I don't think so, little guy. You're not hiding anywhere in my house with that huge stinky, mess in your diaper," his Mommy said with a laugh.

Brandon rolled over on his back and covered his face with his hands as Miranda and his Mommy both stood over him and discussed his stinky mess.

"Hey Tara, you know what? I just realized, we probably want to get some photos of Brandon in his diaper for the GoFundMe. Just so people understand what you're going through as his full-time caretaker," Miranda suggested.

"That's a great idea," Tara replied.

"We should actually do it now and get some shots of his poopy diaper. Because I think that's what's going to help people understand how much work it is to have to take care of what amounts to a 150-pound infant," Miranda explained.

"Well, if you think so, yeah, that would be great. Please, take your time," Tara said as Miranda pulled her phone out.

Brandon then heard Tony walk into the room. "Ugh, disgusting. It smells like someone just took a dump in

here," Tony shouted.

"Well, Tony, someone *did* just take a dump in here," Miranda said with a laugh as she patted Brandon's brown and loaded diaper with her hand, mashing it into Brandon's bottom.

"Ugh, I think I'm gonna puke," Tony replied.

"Oh, calm down," Miranda said. "It's not *that* bad. Besides, I think you finally have the proof you need. But maybe if you need more, you can help us change Brandon's poop diaper before you go," she said.

Miranda and Tara erupted in laughter as Brandon continued burning with humiliation.

He felt like he just wanted to die as Miranda took her time taking pictures of him as he continued laying down in his poop diaper.

"Well anyway, I'm gonna go. I'll write you that check," Tony said before walking out the door.

Just as Miranda was almost finished taking her pictures, Brandon let out another fart, and another wave of liquid poop started pouring out of his ass and leaking into his diaper. He now wished his Mommy had triple diapered him like she did before.

"Oh, yuck! This little poop machine just keeps on going!" Miranda said.

"Oh god, Miranda, I've got it from here. You've done enough. Thank you so much," Tara said as she pushed Miranda aside.

"No, wait, Tara. Let me change him," Miranda said.

"Huh?" Tara replied.

“Look... I know you said you forgive me for sleeping with Brandon in Vegas, but I still can’t get over what I did.

“Even though he had manipulated and lied to me to get me to do it, I still shouldn’t have aided him in betraying you like that.

“So please, let me make it up to you by changing Brandon’s overflowing, disgusting poopy diaper,” Miranda said.

Brandon burned red hot with embarrassment as Tara burst into laughter.

“I guess it would be a fitting punishment. If you sleep with a big baby, you eventually have to clean up his mess,” Brandon’s Mommy joked. “In all seriousness, if you’re willing to change *that* stinky mess... we’ll be more than even.”

“Deal,” Miranda said with a smile. “Should I bring him over to the changing table...”

“You know what, he’s leaking poopy so bad through his leg holes right now, we’d better just change him right here.”

To Brandon’s utter humiliation, he watched Miranda grab a plastic diaper changing mat and unroll it beneath him on the floor.

“And don’t worry, he’s well trained for diaper changes by now,” Brandon’s Mommy said. “Sissy, arms and legs up,” his Mommy ordered.

Brandon reluctantly complied, his face burning with shame as he revealed his poopy, sopping brown diaper to the second woman in his life whom he once had sex with.

The humiliation of remembering that he used to be a full-grown man who could seduce a woman for his sexual pleasure... but was now helplessly dependent on that

woman to change his poopy diaper was just too much for him to bear.

He began to quietly sob as Miranda untaped the front of his poopy diaper, exposing his mess to the whole room.

“Oh... oh my god. Woweeeeee. Peee-ew! Tara, you are doing god’s work changing this little animal’s poopy diapers,” Miranda said with a laugh as she started scooping the warm, brown chunks of mess off of Brandon’s ass and genitals.

“Tell me one thing,” Brandon’s Mommy said as she watched from the corner with amusement. “When you slept with Brandon a week ago... did you ever picture yourself changing his poopy diaper?” Tara asked.

Miranda busted up into loud laughter. “No, no, I didn’t. Life is funny that way. But if I’m being honest with you Tara...” she said as she squeezed and wiped Brandon’s tiny little cock with her baby wipes. “When he first pulled his pants off, I did think to myself, wow, that’s really more of a baby penis than a man’s penis!”

“Me too!” Brandon’s Mommy replied.

Brandon closed his eyes in abject misery as the women laughed and laughed and laughed at his tiny little penis and his poopy diaper.

When Miranda was finally done cleaning him up, Tara helped Miranda put Brandon into a new diaper, dress him in his fleecy sleeper, and put him in his crib for his afternoon nap.

“You know what, Tara,” Brandon heard Miranda say to his Mommy as the women walked out of the nursery together.

“It’s horrible what happened to your husband, and I’m so sorry that it did. But at the same time... maybe having such a cute, stinky little baby running around the house will be sort of fun too, in its own way.”

“You know, Miranda,” Brandon’s Mommy replied. “I think you may be on to something. And any help you can give babysitting in the future would be more than greatly appreciated.”

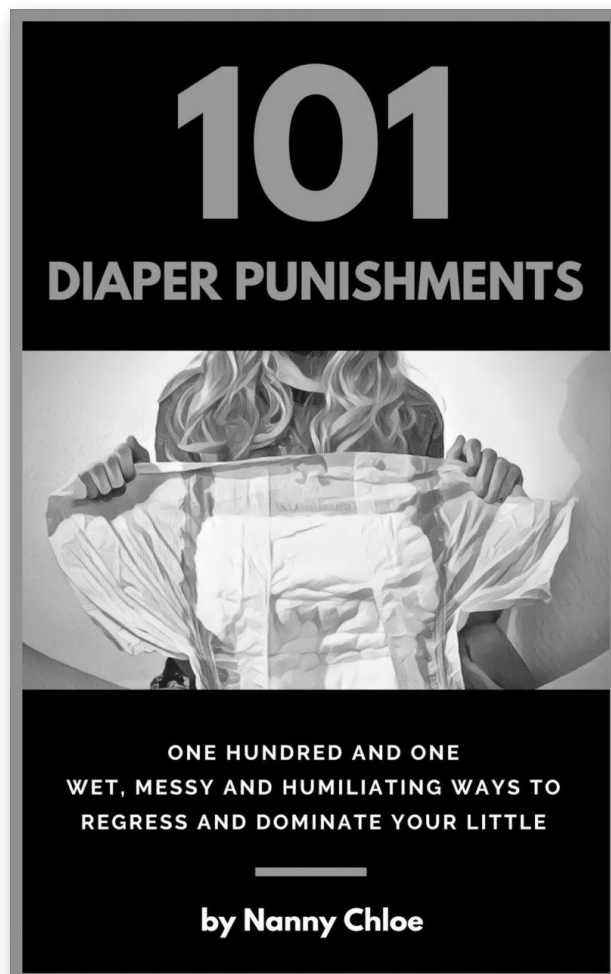
The women shut the lights out in Brandon’s nursery and closed the door.

Brandon rolled over in his crib, thankful for his dry, clean diaper, and for the first time since this whole thing started, he considered that maybe, just maybe, his Mommy and Miranda had a point...

Maybe being a baby wouldn’t be so bad after all.

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

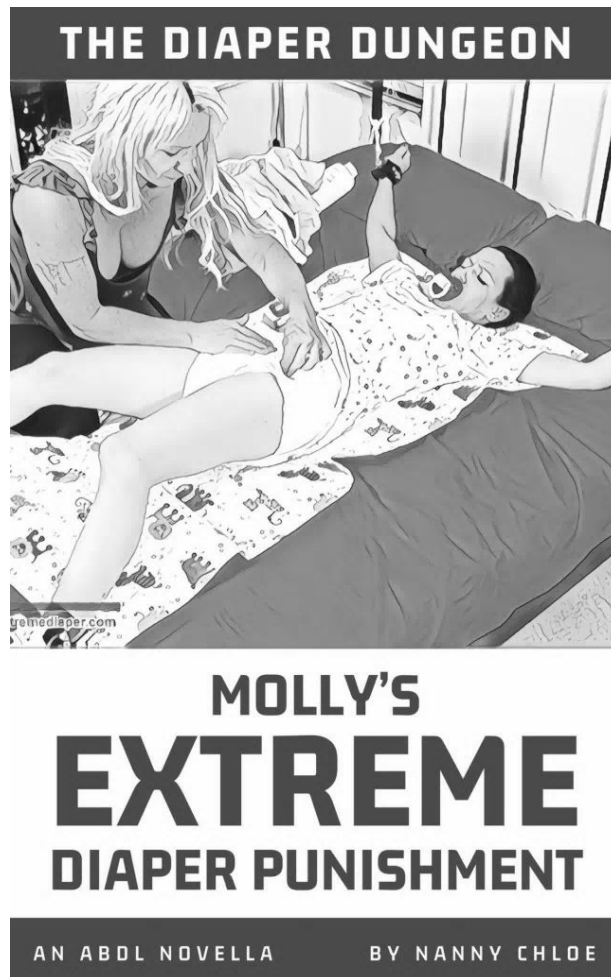
“This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can’t wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work.”

- 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.

AN ABDL NOVELLA



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

NANNY CHLOE

Regressing Timmy.

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

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

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

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."



Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next change!

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.



Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

(Now available as Audiobook at www.NannyChloeTales.com!) I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers.

From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

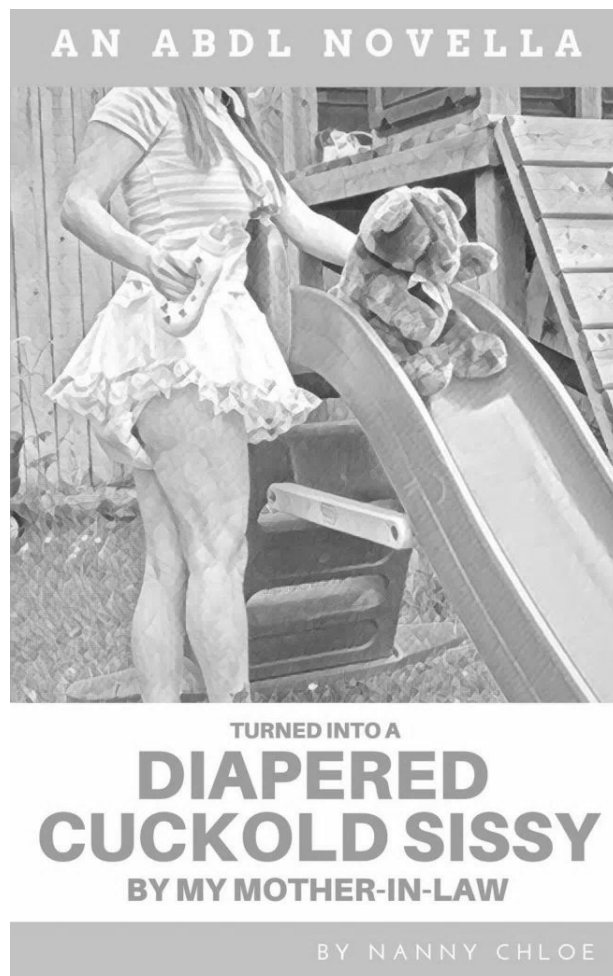
It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?



Turned into a Diapered Cuckold Sissy by my MIL

When Gary is forced to move in with his overbearing MIL, it doesn't take long for him to get downgraded to the sissy baby of the house!

Full-length, erotic ABDL novella full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, forced feminization, Mommy femdom, and some very soggy, messy diapers! For mature readers only!

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 find more of my stories (including audiobooks!)
please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

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