

AN ABDL NOVELLA



FORCED TO WEAR DIAPERS BY THE
BRATTY BABYSITTER

BY NANNY CHLOE

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Also by Nanny Chloe

Thank you for Reading!

BIG TROUBLE

“*T* Tyler!!!” He heard his Mom scream from downstairs.

Uh-oh, Tyler thought. That did not sound good.

He had just gotten home from school and had no idea what his Mom could be yelling about. He was a bit tired from staying up late with his friends the night before (celebrating his 18th birthday), but other than that, everything had seemed like a normal Wednesday afternoon until now.

Tyler reluctantly put his Xbox headset down and wandered down the stairs.

“Tyler!! Get your butt down here!” He heard his Mom scream again.

“Mom, what?” He asked as he rounded the corner.

“What are these?” His Mom asked holding up a handful of cigarette butts in her palm.

“Uh...” Tyler mumbled, doing his best to mask his immediate recognition. “I don’t know,” he lied.

Tyler knew exactly what they were. They were the butts of the cigarettes he had bought and smoked with his friends yesterday. He couldn't believe he forgot about them.

"You don't know? You don't know why there would be five cigarette butts in the dirt of our back yard?" His Mom said.

"Why would I?" Tyler said, continuing to play dumb.

His Mom just glared at him. "Tyler, I'm giving you one more chance to tell me the truth," she warned.

At this point, Tyler felt a strong urge to come clean and admit that he had bought a pack of cigarettes yesterday on his eighteenth birthday, and that he and his friends had smoked them together in the back yard late last night.

But fear of his Mom's reaction still compelled him to keep his lips shut.

That's because for Tyler's whole life, his Mom had lectured him non-stop about how both of her parents and her brother died of lung cancer from smoking cigarettes. She always said that if she ever caught Tyler smoking, he would be grounded for the rest of his life.

In fact, Tyler had been sneaking a cigarette here or there for many months now. But paranoia of his Mom catching him always forced him to be obsessively secretive to the point of driving all his friends crazy.

But last night, when his friends Ray and Chuck came over to hang out for his birthday, and when they all went out to get snacks from the gas station around midnight, Tyler saw the cigarettes for sale and decided he was through being pushed around by his Mom.

Tyler bought the cigarettes with his friends (a new privilege as an eighteen year old) and they practically

smoked the whole pack on their walk home. They finished them in the back yard together.

But when Tyler woke up at five in the morning in a panic, remembering what he had done, he ran outside to pick up the cigarette butts from the back yard before his Mom woke up.

Tyler thought he got them all, but in his hurry, he realized he must have missed some of them. He felt like such an idiot.

“Mom, I’m telling the truth. I don’t know anything about them. What do you think, that they’re mine? That I smoke now and was dumb enough to just leave the evidence in the back yard?” Tyler said.

He averted his eyes, then carefully looked back up to gauge his Mom’s reaction. He knew it was a ballsy move he just made. He prayed to God it wouldn’t backfire.

His Mom stared at him, then let out a long sigh. Then, to Tyler’s surprise, his Mom started crying.

Tyler watched his Mom walk over to the kitchen table and wipe the tears out of her eyes.

“Mom? Are you okay?” Tyler asked, deeply uncomfortable at what he was witnessing.

“I tried so hard. I thought I did everything right. But apparently that means nothing to you,” she muttered through her tears.

Tyler walked closer. “Mom, I don’t understand. What’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong?” Tyler’s Mom echoed and looked up.

Suddenly there was a stern look on her face. Tyler suddenly felt nervous.

“What’s wrong is that today, not only did I find out my son is a smoker despite everything I taught him, he’s also a liar,” his Mom said in an angry voice.

“What? Mom, I’m not lying—“

“Hah!” His Mom shouted. “Keep going, Tyler. You’re only digging yourself in deeper at this point.”

“What are you talking about!” Tyler shouted.

“Megan saw you smoking behind the house last night, Tyler. I talked to her this morning.”

Tyler froze. *Shit* he thought to himself.

* * *

MEGAN WAS Tyler’s next door neighbor ever since he was in elementary school. She was only a couple years older than Tyler, and only two grades above him, and therefore one might reasonably assume they would be friends.

However, nothing could be further from the truth. While Tyler had always had a huge crush on Megan from the first day he laid eyes on her (their families had an awkward dinner together when Megan’s family moved in), Megan had always treated Tyler as if he was nothing. Worse than nothing.

When Tyler would walk near Megan to the bus stop or pass her in the hallway at school, she would turn her nose at him like putrid garbage that had fallen near her feet.

Or, god forbid, Tyler ever approach Megan and try to start a conversation while she was with her friends outside her

house. She would laugh in Tyler's face and send him away as if he were a lost, crying toddler walking around with a soiled diaper.

Tyler never understood why Megan hated him so much or what she had against him. And the more she pushed him away, the more alluring she was in his eyes. (Not to mention she was a near perfect ten with a gorgeous, springy bust, and was the captain of the cheerleading squad.)

But alas, Tyler soon resigned himself to the fact that Megan would always be one of the popular girls, and he, a video-game-playing, pimple-faced nerd, would have as much chance getting her affection if she were to live on Mars then next door.

So Tyler learned to put Megan out of his mind best he could. Especially since she had left for college a couple years ago.

That's why Tyler's Mom's revelation was so surprising. *What the hell did Megan have to do with any of this? She told on me?* Tyler wondered to himself.

Tyler *had* seen Megan a few times in the back yard of her family house over the previous week, and he figured she was back home from college for Spring break. (Tyler's Spring break wouldn't start until next week, and his break would only be a week long since he was still just a senior in high school.)

And even more disturbing, he had seen his Mom talking with Megan about her flower garden a couple times, which immediately made Tyler feel embarrassed (Tyler was still very much in awe of Megan's beauty and power, and the idea of his Mom blathering to her about flowers made him cringe.)

After staring at his Mom with a gaping mouth for a what seemed like a solid minute, Tyler formulated his defense.

“Oh—you know what? Ray and Chuck stepped out last night and they didn’t tell me what they were up to. They must have been smoking in our back yard! Those jerks. Megan must have seen them and mistook them for me,” Tyler said.

His Mom just stared at Tyler. A slow smile crossed her face. “Really Tyler? That’s your story?”

“Story? Mom, I’m just trying to explain to you what I think happened. Because I haven’t been smoking anything. I would never do that,” Tyler said.

“Okay Tyler. Well, as you remember, I’m going to Miami to see the cousins over your Spring break next week,” she explained.

Tyler slowly nodded. He more than *knew* about his Mom leaving. He had never been more excited in his life about anything. After all, he was going to have the whole house to himself while she was gone.

“How about we make a wager,” his Mom continued. “If you are, in fact, being honest about not smoking those cigarettes, I will apologize profusely to you and I promise you can do whatever you want during winter break. Hell, I’ll even give you a hundred bucks a day to have fun with your friends while we’re gone,” she said.

Tyler continued to listen and nod with wide eyes. Everything his Mom was saying sounded too good to be true coming from her mouth, to say the least.

“But!” She added. “If I find proof you lied to me, not only will you be grounded for the whole Spring break, but I’ll

hire a babysitter to look after you for the whole time," she said in a stern tone.

Tyler's heart started beating in his chest. He couldn't help but start to sweat. *Did she just say... babysitter? Is this woman insane?*

But Tyler felt trapped. Not only was his Mom dangling the possibility of the best week of his life in front of him, she was also calling his bluff. If he was telling the truth, why wouldn't he agree to such an incredible bargain?

Tyler shrugged, feigning indifference. "Sure, that sounds good, whatever, Mom."

His Mom stared at him. He could feel himself breaking out into a sweat. The stakes of his lie were increasing exponentially, and his mind was racing to think through any more evidence he might have forgotten.

His mom continued. "I want it in writing. I want to know that if I win my side of the wager, I will not hear a single word of protest nor a single act of resistance for the duration of your punishment," Tyler's Mom demanded in a stern tone.

"Or... what?" Tyler asked with a meek laugh. His Mom was starting to scare him.

Suddenly, his Mom pulled out an actual, one page contract and placed it on the table. Tyler glanced at it, but the font was so small, he could barely read the words without his glasses. His Mom still had a job as a part time paralegal, but even still, this was unlike anything Tyler had seen her do before.

"If you lose our wager and fail to obey the rules of your subsequent punishment, you will be effectively

emancipated and will no longer live under my roof," his Mom said.

Her words felt like a sucker punch in Tyler's gut. "You'll... kick me out?" He said, his voice suddenly hoarse.

"Tyler... no sweetie. I'm not kicking you out," she said as she rubbed his back. "That is, not except in the extreme circumstance in which you lose our wager and fail to abide by the subsequent rules of your punishment," she explained in a sweet voice. "This contract is just to make sure I can really, truly trust you when you say you weren't smoking."

Tyler looked at his Mom and suddenly felt angry she was being so over the top about this whole thing. "Whatever. I'll sign your stupid contract," he said, then grabbed a pen and scribbled his signature.

"You happy?" He asked, rolling his eyes. "Now, unless you need anything else, I'm in the middle of a game upstairs," he hissed, then stomped toward the exit of the kitchen.

"Tyler," he heard from his Mom, stopping him in his tracks.

He slowly turned around. "What?" He asked in an annoyed tone.

Tyler watched his Mom slowly pull out her smart phone and tilt the screen in his direction. He didn't know what she was doing, but her expression suggested Tyler was in big, big trouble.

Tyler stepped closer to see his Mom press play on a video on her phone. It was dark at first, then he could hear voices as she turned up the volume.

It didn't take long to figure out what it was. It was a video, taken from the window of the house next door, of three

teenagers smoking cigarettes outside their house late last night.

The video was dark and pixilated, but as it zoomed in, there was enough streetlight spilling onto their faces to reveal it was Tyler and his two friends. And the sound of Tyler's voice echoing across the lawn finally sealed his fate. "I'm sick of my Mom being such a bitch and treating me like a baby," Tyler said as he stamped his cigarette out in the dirt. "I'd rather die of cancer than live another day with her."

The video ended shortly after that.

Tyler felt the world starting to spin beneath his feet. He knew he was standing in the kitchen, talking to his Mom, but he suddenly felt like he was leaving his body.

The rational part of his brain was still trying to process what was plain in front of him. Someone—presumably Megan—not only filmed he and his friends smoking last night, but they ratted him out to his Mom.

And now his Mom had what she needed. The incontrovertible proof that he was lying. That he *had* smoked the cigarettes last night. And even worse, he was stupid enough to say the worst thing imaginable that his Mom could ever hear.

His words rang out in his head over and over again. "*I'm sick of my Mom being such a bitch and treating me like a baby, I'd rather die of cancer than live another day with her.*"

He wished he could go back in time and shove his fist in his own mouth just to keep him from saying them. He felt like he was in a dream. He felt disoriented and ashamed and embarrassed and had a knot in his stomach the size of a bowling ball.

"Tyler?" He heard his Mom say, bringing him out of his stupor. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

"I'm... I'm sorry Mom," Tyler said. Suddenly he felt tears in his eyes. "I didn't mean it. Please don't kick me out of the house."

His Mom got up from her chair, and to Tyler's surprise, she came to him and wrapped her arms around him and pat his head.

"Aw, Ty-ty, don't worry, everything's gonna be okay. I'm not gonna kick you out, don't worry. All you have to do is abide by the rules of your punishment," his Mom said.

Tyler then remembered the wager. He remembered that he was grounded for all of Spring break. That sucks, he thought, but he made peace with it rather quickly. He expected much worse, to be honest.

But then he remembered the other part... something about a... *babysitter*?

"Okay Mom. I understand," Tyler said.

"Okay, good. Well since it's already Wednesday, Megan will be coming over tomorrow night. I'll be leaving on Friday morning, and I want to make sure she has everything she needs to take care of you for the week," his Mom explained in a casual tone.

Tyler did a double take, sure he just misheard what his Mom had said. "Did you say Megan? Megan who?" He asked.

Tyler's Mom looked at him like he was a crazy person. "Megan from next door. She's going to be your babysitter," his Mom said in a matter-of-fact tone.

Tyler's head started to spin again. "I... I... don't understand. How can Megan babysit me? We're the same age," he stammered.

Tyler's Mom just looked at him and laughed. "Oh, Ty-ty, I think we've both seen from your behavior today, you are far from anywhere near as mature as Megan. But more importantly, Megan is studying early childhood education in college, so she volunteered to babysit you because she needs the college credit."

"What... Mom... are you serious? Early childhood education? Do I look like a fucking baby to you?" Tyler suddenly shouted.

SMACK—The sound of Tyler's Mom smacking the countertop rang out. Tyler went silent. He had never seen his Mom look so angry before.

"Tyler, that's it. You signed the contract, you made the bargain, so that's it. You either quit your whining right this second or you walk out that door," she said, pointing down the hallway.

Tyler's knees began to tremble. His Mom had never threatened him in such a way. And from the look in her eyes, he believed her one hundred percent.

"Mom, I—"

"Zip it!" She interrupted. "Now your babysitter is going to be Megan. You've proven you need a babysitter, she's willing to do it, and the truth is I owe her this favor of allowing her to complete her class credit this way since she did me the favor of showing me how my son really behaves when I turn my back."

"But I—"

“And Tyler! It doesn’t matter how you feel about it or what you think. It’s not up to you. It’s up to me. So not. Another. Word.”

Tyler went silent.

“Oh, and the same thing applies when Megan’s over here watching you,” his Mom continued. “Not a single word or act of disobedience. This is your punishment, and if you can’t handle behaving yourself for a babysitter one, measly weak, I will walk your butt out that front door and lock it behind you. Am I understood?” Tyler’s Mom growled.

Tyler stared up at his Mom with burning red cheeks. Her threat made him feel totally powerless. He nodded his head.

“Good. Because Tyler? Those cigarettes... the words you spoke... *wanting cancer*...”

Tyler immediately bristled with shame about what he said in the video again.

“I clearly made some serious mistakes in the way I raised you. And I see this next week as a last ditch effort to save you from yourself before you’re too old for me to fix it,” She explained.

Then her voice softened. “And of course, Tyler, kicking you out of my house would be the last thing I would ever, ever want. But sweetie, can you see why you left me no choice? I hope you understand, deep down, this is all just for your own good.”

Tyler gave another soft nod. He didn’t know how to argue with his Mom. Everything she was saying made sense in a certain sort of way. And besides, his head was still spinning too fast for him to formulate any sort of intelligent response.

“And finally, Tyler, in answer to your question... ‘Do you look like a baby?’ Yes, you do. Or at least, your behavior makes you indistinguishable from one. Whining as much as a fussy toddler. Lying to your Mommy’s face even when the evidence against you is literally in her pocket. Putting poisons in your body... just because they’re there,” she said.

Every word made Tyler feel more embarrassed and ashamed. He hated the idea of being seen as immature. In fact that’s part of why Megan treating him that way his whole life had always driven him crazy. And to hear his own Mom rattle off these list of reasons made him feel that much more humiliated.

“Anyway... Tyler, have I made my point? Or are we finished here,” she said.

“Yes Mom, you’re right. I’ll be good,” Tyler said, hanging his head.

“Thanks Ty-ty,” his Mom said, then kissed him on the head. “We’ll talk more about this when Megan gets here tomorrow night.”

Tyler trudged back up the stairs to his bedroom, totally defeated.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, Tyler laid wide awake in bed, far too anxious about Megan coming over to babysit him to possibly get any sleep.

He couldn’t help but wonder what the hell she was even going to do. Watch him as he played video games? Make him a sandwich like the nanny he used to have did when he got home from school?

The more he thought about it, the more the whole idea seemed pretty ridiculous, actually. *Babysit him?* For her *Early Childhood Education* Class?

Pshhh, what am I worried about, this is gonna be a breeze, Tyler decided. Megan probably just wanted an easy way to get someone to sign off on her class credit requirement. She probably wouldn't even come over again after the first night.

Tyler laughed to himself. He didn't know how Megan had talked his Mom into this, or why his Mom thought it was so important, but it was pretty funny, actually.

Two teenagers—one supposedly 'babysitting' the other. *Yeah right.* He had no idea what he was so worried about.

Tyler thought about Megan some more. He wondered what she thought of him. After all, they hadn't talked in years. He had learned to keep his distance from her, despite seeing her next door from time to time when she hadn't yet left for college.

Maybe, Tyler thought, she's into me. What if this is all just an excuse for her to have sex with me?

Tyler pictured Megan pulling her tight shirt off and her perky tits bouncing before him. His dick immediately got hard. He reached down and began stroking himself under his bed sheets.

Tyler pictured Megan's delicate pink pussy.

Then he pictured her kissing him.

Then giving him a blow job.

It didn't take long for Tyler to blow a massive, sticky load into his underwear. The afternoon and evening had been so

intense with the fight with his Mom. His orgasm was that much more blissful and served as a badly needed release.

Tyler rolled over and faded to sleep with pleasant fantasies of him and Megan naked together together in bed floating through his mind.

* * *

THE FOLLOWING day in school was uneventful for Tyler. He was hush-hush with his friends about his plans for Spring Break (He didn't want to admit he was officially grounded just in case Megan ended up letting him hang out with his friends after all.)

But since Tyler had concluded that Megan probably cared as much about babysitting Tyler over Spring Break as he did, which is to say she probably didn't care at all, he figured he didn't need to worry.

Part of Tyler still felt pissed at Megan for taking that video of him smoking and showing his Mom like that.

But at the same time, he rationalized it that Megan must have just concocted this whole plan so she could get easy credit for her 'babysitting' assignment in college.

So while Megan really put Tyler in some hot water with his Mom by ratting on him like that, Tyler had to admit it was pretty clever too.

Part of Tyler even concluded it was sort of sexy that Megan was watching him and his friends that night. Maybe she was recording because she thought he was cool. Or maybe even hot. He knew it was a bit of stretch, but he couldn't help but indulge the fantasy as he sat through his classes.

The school day ended and Tyler took the bus home and walked into his house through the front door as usual.

That's when he discovered that all his assumptions about what the next week with Megan would be like were dead, dead wrong.

MEETING MEGAN

Tyler walked into his house, kicked his shoes off and walked toward the kitchen to get a snack, just like he usually did.

But unlike most days, he could hear his Mom talking to someone in the kitchen. It didn't take long for Tyler to recognize it was Megan's voice.

Great, Tyler thought to himself. He took a deep breath. *Let's get this humiliation over with*. Tyler walked into the kitchen.

"There's the little guy!" Were the first words Tyler heard Megan say.

Tyler paused, his feet suddenly glued to the ground. He couldn't help but gawk at Megan as she casually sat at the kitchen table. Her skin was radiant. Her long hair was luscious. And she was wearing a mini-skirt that practically gave him a boner right then and there.

Then the other part of his brain came alive. *What did she just call me?* he thought to himself. *Little Guy?*

"Hi Tyler, Megan was gracious enough to come over early so I could help show her around the house for next week,"

his Mom said.

Tyler just gave a small nod, suddenly speechless and utterly bashful. He had dreamed about talking to Megan every day since he was a kid. Now that it was happening, he felt overwhelmed with nervousness.

“Well don’t be shy,” Megan said to Tyler with a smile. “Come take a seat with us.”

The kitchen table happened to have two normal chairs—which Megan and his Mom were sitting in. The third chair happened to be a mismatch. It was much shorter, almost like it was for a kid’s table. This shorter chair was the one Megan gestured to for Tyler to sit in.

Tyler carefully approached and sat down in the small chair in between Megan and his Mom. His stature immediately diminished due to the chair’s height, and he suddenly felt like a little kid looking up at Megan and his Mom sitting next to him.

“So, I think we were just going over diet. You said he likes scrambled eggs in the morning and sandwiches for lunch. What did you have in mind for dinner?” Megan asked Tyler’s Mom.

Tyler suddenly felt blindsided by the fact that Megan had asked his Mom, not him, about what he likes to eat! His cheeks started burning redder and redder with embarrassment.

“Well, he likes burgers and hot dogs and pizza. I try to get him to eat vegetables more, but he doesn’t like them very much,” his Mom answered.

“Aw, most little ones don’t,” Megan replied as she jotted the notes down.

It was finally too much for Tyler to be talked about like he was a baby by these women. "Mom, I'm right here!"

Megan and his Mom both looked down at Tyler, then shared a laugh. Megan reached over and patted Tyler's head. "We know you are, sweetie," she said in a soft voice. "Anyway, that's good to know about the vegetables. I can try and work some in. I just finished a class on how to cook veggies in a way to make them appetizing to fussy kids."

"Oh, that would be wonderful!" Tyler's Mom responded. "As you can see, he's still got a lot of baby fat on him. I'm sure a better diet would help him with that."

Tyler was flabbergasted. He couldn't believe that Megan just dismissed him like he was little toddler, right in front of his Mom. He also couldn't believe that she had patted his head! On the one hand, it was one of the most condescending things for her to do that he could imagine.

But on the other hand, Megan, the girl he'd been crushing on for almost his whole life, just willingly touched him!

Tyler's head was spinning. He had no idea what all this meant. He felt like all he could do was look back and forth between Megan and his Mom as they discussed him as if he wasn't there.

"And bed time?" Megan asked.

"Well normally it's ten, but since he's grounded, I think nine might be more appropriate," his Mom said.

"I think that makes a lot of sense," Megan said. "Oh, and I know you said no contact with friends, but how about video games?" She asked.

"Hmmm, well I guess in the past when I've sent Tyler to his room, I've still let him play Xbox. But maybe that's not such

a good idea. What do you think?" His Mom asked Megan.

"Hmm, yeah, I can understand how, as a caregiver, it can be hard to take away something you know Tyler enjoys playing with. But a lot of recent studies I've read about have shown that punishments that still allow for video game playing are practically ineffective," Megan explained.

"Oh wow, I had no idea! Well maybe that's why none of my punishments have ever worked before. Yes, please do take away his video games for the week as well then," his Mom said. "Oh, and his phone too, of course."

"Mom!" Tyler shouted in protest. "You can't do this!" He couldn't believe that Megan was collaborating with his Mom to make his punishment worse! He still didn't know how seriously to take any of this.

"Tyler!" His Mom said back. "What did we talk about you whining? What did we say would happen if you didn't follow through with your punishment and follow every single one of Megan's rules?" His Mom said in a stern voice.

"You'll... kick me out..." Tyler said in a practically a whisper.

"That's right," his Mom said. Megan just giggled as if Tyler were a toddler being sent to the corner.

"Megan has shown me all of the work she's been doing studying how to raise children properly, and I trust her completely to make the best decisions in my absence. She will be giving me a full report at the end of the week, and if I find out you were disobedient whatsoever, you know that's what's going to happen. Understood?" His Mom said.

"Yes," Tyler replied, staring into his lap.

“Okay, Ty-ty, hand it over,” Megan said, suddenly turning to Tyler.

“What?” Tyler replied.

“The phone, silly willy. Hand it over,” she added.

Tyler looked over at his Mom still staring daggers at him. He reluctantly dug into his pocket and pushed it toward Megan.

“The unlock code?” She asked as she placed his phone in a plastic bag.

“Do I have to?” He protested.

“Tyler!” His Mom shouted. “You give her that code or you’ll never have a phone again.”

Tyler sighed. “9-5-8-4-6-2,” he said as Megan wrote it down.

“This way I’ll be able to do that personal device inspection I was telling you about and report any troubling content to you,” Megan said to Tyler’s Mom.

“Oh, fantastic. Yes, I’ve always’s wanted to do a search of Ty-Ty’s phone ever since I bought it for him, but I just don’t have the tech know-how for it. I’m so glad to have someone young enough to be in the know who can take care of that for me, yet mature enough to act as his caretaker,” his Mom said.

“Oh yes, all the research shows that parents should absolutely scrutinize their little one’s phone from top to bottom. You’d be surprised how much a pinch of intervention can save a pound of discipline later on when it comes to these things. I actually just finished a class on investigative IT for just that reason,” Megan replied.

“Oh wow, your program sounds more and more impressive every time you describe it!” His Mom said, gushing over Megan as she spoke.

Tyler’s heart started to pound. He had never even considered the idea of his Mom looking through his phone before.

It wouldn’t take Megan long to discover not just his extensive pornographic search history, but nude and embarrassing pictures he had taken of himself and endlessly incriminating conversations with his friends via text.

It was then that Tyler realized how much he was suddenly at Megan’s complete and total mercy. He prayed that this was all just an elaborate prank Megan was playing on him. He clung for dear life to his only hope, which was that when his Mom finally left, Megan would just get a good laugh about the whole thing at Tyler’s expense and then take off for the week to leave him be.

“Alright, anything else?” Megan asked.

“I don’t think so. Tyler, do you want to say anything to Megan before she leaves for tonight?” His Mom asked.

“No,” Tyler said with a pouty face. He was just praying this would all be over soon.

“Actually, Miss Parker, if you don’t mind, it would be helpful for me to begin my babysitting tonight. I know you’re not leaving till the morning, but I find it’s helpful for little ones to get used to a new babysitter sleeping over by having the sitter stay over while their parent is still home,” Megan said.

“Of course! Why that’s very generous of you!” Tyler’s Mom said.

Tyler's eyes practically bulged out of his head. Not only did he just learn Megan would be 'sleeping over', but apparently this ridiculous exercise of Megan pretending to babysit him was going to begin tonight.

"Tyler, what do you say to Megan for her generous offer?"

"Thanks, I guess," Tyler said, pouting and staring into his lap.

Megan and his Mom just laughed at his expense. "Boy, he's a cranky one. I take it you normally make him an afternoon snack?" Megan asked as she got to her feet and started looking through their kitchen cabinets.

"Well, he usually makes himself one. Like I said, he's really into hot dogs and pizza. Maybe he would be better behaved if he did eat something healthier, like you suggested," his Mom replied.

"Can I go now?" Tyler interjected.

Megan suddenly turned to Tyler and looked him straight in the eyes. He felt strangely paralyzed whenever her gaze landed on him. He was still so attracted to her.

"Tyler, weren't you listening? I was about to make you an afternoon snack," she said.

"I can make my own snack!" Tyler said back.

Megan and his Mom looked at each other and laughed. "Oh Tyler, you really weren't listening. Sit down while I make you something nutritious to eat," Megan said dismissively.

"I'm good," Tyler said and stood up.

"Tyler!" His Mom shouted, stopping him in his tracks. This time, Tyler didn't protest. He knew how the conversation would go if he did.

Tyler sighed, resigned to the fact that this was apparently how this was going to be, and trudged back over to the chair Megan was sitting in. The normal, taller chair.

"What are you doing?" Tyler's Mom asked.

"Sitting down?" He said back.

"Tyler, Megan was just sitting there. It's really quite rude to steal someone's seat," his Mom said, then motioned back to the shorter chair.

"Thank you Miss Parker," Megan added.

Tyler rolled his eyes, sighed, and moved over to the seat that made him feel juvenile again.

He felt like a prisoner with his Mom and Megan as his warden as he felt basically required to sit down and wait while Megan made him a sandwich.

"Oh, and since we were just on the topic of his diet," Megan said, continuing her conversation with Tyler's Mom. "How are Tyler's bowel movements?"

Tyler's ears immediately perked up and his whole face burned bright red. He couldn't believe Megan would bring that up like it was casual conversation.

"You know Megan, I wish I could tell you for certain, but I imagine from his diet he gets pretty backed up," his Mom explained.

"That's probably why he's been acting up lately," Megan replied. "You'd be surprised how many behavior problems can be solved by getting your little one to regularly poop," Megan said casually.

Megan and Tyler's Mom both laughed hysterically while Tyler buried his face in his hands. He felt like he wanted to

die.

"Anyway, the fiber in these vegetables should help out, and I also put in some psyllium husk as well that I brought over, just in case," she said as she put a jar of a strange white powder back in her purse.

"My god, Megan, you are the babysitter of every mother's dreams," Tyler's Mom said.

Megan finished making the sandwich and put it on the table in front of Tyler. Tyler stared at the sandwich of broccoli, carrots and lunch meat and hesitated. He suddenly felt Megan and his Mom staring at him. Rather than force another embarrassing conversation, he decided to take a bite. To Tyler's surprise, it was quite good.

Tyler took another few bites and a bit of bright yellow mustard fell out of the sandwich and landed on his shirt.

"Oh no!" Megan said. "Is he always a messy eater?" She asked Tyler's Mom. Tyler froze in embarrassment at the question.

"Well... now that you mention it, yeah, it certainly couldn't hurt to keep an eye on Tyler in that department as well," Tyler's Mom said.

Tyler quietly watched Megan get to her feet, pull a wash cloth from her bag, wet it in the kitchen sink, then start wiping the spilled mustard off Tyler's shirt.

"What are you doing!" Tyler said, pulling away.

"Sorry Ty-ty, if I don't clean this off it will stain," she said as she grabbed and dabbed the stain on his shirt.

"Jeez, Tyler, maybe if you don't want Megan cleaning up your messes, you should let her put a bin on you first," his Mom said with a smirk.

Tyler burned bright red with embarrassment as Megan continued cleaning his shirt.

Megan stood back and sighed. "I'm sorry Miss Parker, but it looks like we should get that shirt in the wash if we don't want it to stain. Is it okay if I take it off him?" She asked.

"Yes, please do," his Mom chimed in.

Megan took the sandwich from Tyler's hand and put it back on the table. And before he even knew what was happening, Tyler felt Megan reaching down and pulling his shirt straight off.

Tyler immediately covered his cold nipples with his hands. He felt so embarrassed to be exposed in even this small way in front of Megan and his mother.

Megan looked down at the stain on his shirt and tsk'd. "I'm so sorry Miss Parker, I really should have asked you beforehand if he could handle messy foods before I made him that sandwich. Let me go put this in the wash," she said.

"Please do, Megan!" His Mom said. "And actually, if you're so inclined, would you put the rest of his laundry in as well? I was planning on doing it tonight as he's almost out of clothes."

"Of course, might as well!" Megan said. Tyler watched in stunned silence as Megan casually walked out of the kitchen. Before she left his sight, Megan turned and made eye contact with him, and Tyler couldn't help but detect an evil smirk behind her eyes.

"Alright Tyler, finish your sandwich while I take care of these dishes," his Mom said as she got to her feet.

Tyler quietly sat at the table, bare chested as a baby, and ate his sandwich in silence. He hoped that this was the worst of his humiliation with Megan.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he had no idea that she was just getting started.

WARM MILK

Tyler finished his sandwich and quickly excused himself. He hustled back upstairs to his bedroom.

He prayed he would avoid seeing Megan, and fortunately he got back upstairs and closed and locked his bedroom door without running into her.

Tyler walked over to his wardrobe to get a new shirt to wear, but to his surprise, all his shirts were gone.

He thought this was a bit strange because he swore he still had a few clean shirts this morning, but he shrugged it off, figuring that he was misremembering.

Tyler sat down in his gaming chair and prepared to turn his Xbox on in hopes of getting a few games in before Megan took it away for the week—that is, if she was actually going to go through with what she said she was going to do. Tyler still had no idea at this point.

He grabbed his Xbox controller and heard a knock at his door, followed by a jiggling of the handle on his door, which he had locked.

“What?” He shouted.

“Tyler, open up!” He heard his Mom shout.

Tyler rolled his eyes and unlocked and opened the door. “What?” He asked.

“Megan told me she wants to put the pants you’re wearing in the wash as well,” his Mom said.

“What? Why?” Tyler protested.

“Because she’s smart enough to realize you don’t have a lot of pants and she doesn’t want to have to do laundry more than once over the next week! So quit whining and give me your pants,” his Mom said.

Tyler rolled his eyes, pushed the door closed, slipped his pants off, and handed them to his Mom through the cracked door.

“Now was that so hard?” His Mom asked and left.

Tyler was now standing in his bedroom in his whitey-tighties. He walked over to his dresser to find a pair of pants to put on. But when he opened it, the dresser drawer was also empty, which he found strange.

Whatever, I’ll just put my PJ’s on early, Tyler said as he went to his closet to find his pajama pants. But again to his surprise, they were gone!

Tyler started frantically looking around his room for any sort of pants to wear. He happened to notice that all his other pairs of underwear were gone too!

Tyler walked to his bedroom door, opened it a crack, and stuck his head out. “Mom!” He shouted. “Mom!!!”

He heard his Mom walk back up the stairs and down the hallway. “What Tyler?”

“Megan took all my clothes!” He said through the crack in the door, hiding his nakedness.

“Yes, Tyler, I already told you, she’s doing your laundry. Were you mature enough to do your own laundry, this wouldn’t be a problem,” she said.

Tyler bristled at his Mom’s dig. It was true, his Mom still did his laundry for him. He never thought twice about it till now.

“What, am I just supposed to run around in my underwear until Megan finishes the laundry?” He shouted.

His Mom just shrugged. “Honey, quit being so dramatic. You’re just sitting around in your bedroom, anyway,” his Mom said, then turned and walked off.

Tyler suddenly felt trapped in his bedroom. It’s not like he could leave and risk Megan seeing him practically naked in his whitey-tighties.

Whatever, Tyler said to himself. He figured he would just hang out and play Xbox until Megan returned with his laundry.

He turned his console on and started playing games in just his undies, doing his best to forget the humiliation he had already begun to endure with Megan’s visit.

* * *

TYLER HAD ONLY PLAYED a couple rounds of his game before he suddenly heard a loud CLANG behind him.

Tyler snapped his head back and realized that the door handle to his bedroom had fallen straight off!

He jumped to his feet and went to investigate. He could hear Megan and his Mom talking on the other side of the door. "What are you doing!" Tyler shouted through his bedroom door.

Suddenly the door swung wide open, revealing Tyler standing in his underwear to Megan and his mother. Tyler immediately went bright red with embarrassment as one of the most gorgeous women he'd ever known looked him up and down.

"Mooom!!!" Tyler whined as he instinctively covered the bulge in his undies with his hands. "Close the door!"

Megan and Tyler's Mom just looked at him and laughed as if he were a toddler whining about nap time.

"Anyway, so Miss Parker, it's that easy to take the door knob off and remove the lock," Megan explained as she finished unscrewing the knob to his bedroom.

"I should have done that years ago. Who knows what he's been up to while he's been keeping his door locked," Tyler's Mom replied.

Realizing that Megan and his Mom didn't care one bit about his request, Tyler quickly ran over to his bed and climbed under the bedsheets to hide from Megan's gaze. He felt totally humiliated.

"But Miss Parker, there's one more idea I had for you. It's up to you, but it's actually fairly easy to turn the door knob the other way, reversing the lock mechanism," she explained.

"I'm not sure I understand?" Tyler's Mom replied.

"Basically, instead of Tyler being able to lock you out, now you can lock him in," Megan explained.

“Oh! Well that sounds like a wonderful idea! I mean, if you think it will make it easier to watch over him while he’s grounded this week,” Tyler’s Mom said.

“I think so. I mean, we have an expression in my program. ‘You can’t try too many things when it comes to keeping a naughty one under control,” Megan replied.

His Mom laughed. Tyler watched from the cover his blankets, utterly mortified. “What are you doing!” He shouted again. “Stop! You can’t take away my right to lock my door!”

Megan and his Mom both looked at him, then burst out into hysterical laughter. Tyler felt powerless and humiliated to the point of tears as they just continued their project of locking him in his room. He would have gotten out of bed and continued to confront them, but he felt so vulnerable and helpless being practically naked in front of them.

He finally gave up and let them finish their task as he laid in bed and faced the wall. He tried to ignore their small talk about his ‘behavior,’ as it made him feel even more helpless and juvenile.

Finally, around 8:30pm, he heard them finish swapping the door knob and finish their conversation.

“Okay Megan, you can put him to bed. I’m going to go finish packing,” Tyler heard his Mom say. “Let me know if he gives you any trouble.”

“You got it,” Megan said. “I’m sure that won’t be the case.”

Tyler wanted to vomit hearing them talk about him in that way.

“Alright, Ty-ty,” He heard Megan say as she walked toward his bed. Tyler turned and sat up. He realized his Mom had

left.

“What?” He said, scowling at her.

“Are you ready to get ready for bed?” Megan asked.

“I’m in bed,” Tyler growled.

“Sure. But we gotta brush those teeth and wash those hands before you go to sleep, don’t we?” She said in a patronizing voice.

“Megan, why are you doing this to me?” Tyler finally asked. He realized it was the first time he got to talk to Megan without his Mom also being in the room.

Megan stared at him, carefully considering her answer. “Doing what, sweetie? Were you not paying attention when we talked about me babysitting you downstairs?”

“Stop with the bullshit!” Tyler shouted.

“Tyler!” He suddenly heard his Mom shout from around the corner. “I leave you with Megan for one second and already you’re treating her like this?” His Mom said as she came barging in. “I ought to put you over my knee for a spanking right now!” His mom said as she grabbed Tyler by the wrist.

Tyler was shaking as he cowered in the corner of his bed. His Mom had never spanked him in his life.

“No no, it’s okay Miss Parker!” Megan interjected, causing Tyler’s Mom to pause. “This is normal for a child to be resistant to a new caretaker. Don’t worry, I’m sure he didn’t mean it,” Megan added, looking at Tyler.

“It’s true Mom, I didn’t mean it, I’m sorry. I’ll be a good boy,” Tyler said.

Tyler's Mom looked at him, then looked at Megan. "Okay Megan, if you say so. I trust you."

Tyler's Mom backed off and Megan looked back to Tyler. "Alright, shall we get ready for bed?" She asked in thickly sweet voice.

"Okay..." Tyler said. He swung his legs to the side of his bed and hesitated.

Megan extended her hand. "Come on, little one, let's go get ready for bed!"

Tyler sighed, took Megan's hand, and she pulled him out of bed.

Tyler immediately felt extremely embarrassed having Megan hold his hand like a baby. To make matter worse, the sight and smell and touch of Megan immediately started to give him a boner in his tight underwear as they walked out of his room and down the hall.

He prayed that Megan wouldn't notice his boner growing inside his underwear. But as they approached the staircase, Megan looked down and looked straight at it. And to Tyler's utter horror and humiliation, she let out a loud laugh! And didn't say anything else!

Tyler's whole body burned red hot with humiliation. He racked his brain trying to figure out what exactly was funny. Was she laughing because he had a boner for her? Or the small size of his penis? He couldn't think of anything else. It was the worst possible outcome imaginable.

Megan walked Tyler to the bathroom, then followed him inside.

"What are you doing?" He asked as she entered the bathroom with him.

“Making sure you wash your hands properly, silly,” she said.

“Well I have to use the bathroom,” Tyler replied.

“Do you have to do a peepee or a poopoo?” She asked him.

Tyler was mortified by the question. “Why do you care?”

Megan suddenly shifted in her posture. “Because according to your mother, making regular pottys is something you have trouble with. So you can either tell me with your words, or I can watch you use the toilet every time instead so I can make sure I see for myself!” She scolded.

Tyler was mortified by Megan’s suggestion of watching him use the bathroom. “I have to pee! Jesus!”

“Well okay then. Let me know when you’re finished so I can make sure you wash your hands properly afterward,” she said.

“Fine,” Tyler said, rolling his eyes and closing the door on her.

Megan put her hand in the door, preventing it from fully closing. “Oh, and Tyler, please don’t lock the door. I need to be able to get in if something happens in there,” she said.

“Fine, whatever!” Tyler said, slamming the door and locking it anyway.

He walked to the toilet, unzipped his pants, and took a good, long leak. He couldn’t believe how controlling Megan was being over him.

He finished, flushed the toilet, and ran his hands under the faucet for a second before re-entering the hallway.

Megan was staring at him with a furious expression. “What did I say?” She asked.

“What?” Tyler replied.

“I said to keep that door unlocked, and to let me in to see you wash those hands, mister.”

“What’s the big deal?” Tyler replied.

Megan stared at him. He could tell she was carefully formulating her response.

“Okay, have it your way. But don’t say I didn’t warn you or give you a chance,” she said, rolling her eyes.

“What are you talking about?” Tyler asked.

“You’ll see,” she said with a devious smile. “Now, it’s your bedtime. Would you like to go to bed or have a warm glass of milk at the table with me first?” She asked.

Tyler looked at the clock down the hall. “Milk... I guess.” It was undoubtedly a strange offer, but anything was better than going to bed at this hour, he thought to himself “Good,” she replied. Tyler felt Megan grab his hand and pull him toward the kitchen.

She sat him at the table, still practically naked and in the ‘kids’ seat, and returned a few minutes later with a tall glass of warm milk.

Tyler felt Megan staring at him as he slowly drank the large glass of milk. Then, to his surprise, Megan walked over and began patting his back. Tyler let out a loud belch.

“Good baby,” she said with a smile.

Tyler was mortified. He couldn’t believe she had just ‘burped’ him like an infant.

She grabbed Tyler by the wrist and lead him back toward his room. While they walked, Tyler felt a twinge in his bladder and he had to pee again. But given how dramatic

Megan just was about him using the bathroom, he figured he would hold it.

Megan walked Tyler into his room and tucked him into bed. Then Tyler watched as Megan confiscated all the cords from his Xbox and TV, rendering them useless. He knew better than to argue at this point.

“Nighty-night, little one,” Megan said with a wink.

Then Tyler watched Megan shut his bedroom door, then to his horror, he heard her lock it from outside, locking him in.

Shit, Tyler said under his breath. He was locked in. He felt another twinge in his bladder and his need to pee suddenly got worse. *This is not good*, he said to himself.

Tyler closed his eyes, rolled over, and tried in vain to forget about Megan, his Mom, and his aching bladder. He hoped he could just ignore his bladder enough to fall asleep.

He surprisingly faded into a deep sleep shortly thereafter.

* * *

TYLER WOKE up around midnight with a bladder that felt like it was about to burst.

He rolled out of bed and stood up. He felt strangely woozy and disoriented, as if he were drunk.

He stumbled toward the door of his bedroom and tried to open it. The handle wouldn't turn. He had no idea why.

Tyler kept twisting and twisting but it wouldn't open. He felt disoriented and lost.

Some part of Tyler remembered something had been done to the door knob earlier, but he couldn't remember what. In

fact, he couldn't remember anything about what was going on.

"Mom! Mom!" He frantically shouted as he crossed his legs. He felt like he was about to lose control and pee himself at any moment.

Tyler wanted to cry with frustration about the door not opening. Then he began to get even more dizzy, and decided the only thing he cared about was laying down in bed again.

Tyler stumbled back to his bed and climbed in.

Then, for the first time in his adult life, Tyler let his bladder empty while he laid in his bed.

Tyler grunted in blissful relief as he sprayed his hot stream of urine straight into his underwear. The warm liquid quickly soaked his underwear, his sheets, and his comforter in warm, golden piss.

For whatever reason, Tyler was too disoriented to care about the mess he was making. The only thing he cared about was the immense pleasure and relief he felt from emptying his bladder. It was practically orgasmic. He even got a massive boner in his soaking wet underwear as he felt his urine warm his balls and pool around his bottom.

Tyler smiled like a baby and faded back to sleep as quickly as he had woke up.

He would never know that it was secret medicine in the milk Megan had given him that made his wetting practically an inevitability that night.

PULL-UPS FOR TY-TY

Tyler slowly came-to the next morning to see his Mom and Megan standing over him and staring down. His Mom had a stern expression.

He then felt a strange, wet feeling in his crotch. And he smelled a funny odor.

He looked down and saw that his blankets and sheets were dark with wetness. He lifted his blanket off his crotch, and to his horror, his underwear were soaking wet and stained bright yellow. He looked back at Megan and his Mom, totally horrified.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” Tyler’s Mom asked him.

“What... I... I don’t know what happened...” Tyler struggled to remember what had happened last night. It felt like a dream.

“I’ll tell you what happened! You pissed the bed!” His Mom said. “I can’t believe it. It’s like you’re turning more and more into a toddler every day,” his Mom scolded.

Tyler’s cheeks went bright red. He felt utterly ashamed. He looked up at Megan who was staring at him with an evil

smirk.

“Wait... it’s because Megan locked me in my room last night!” Tyler said. “I couldn’t get out to use the bathroom.”

Tyler’s Mom looked over to Megan. “I was sure to keep it unlocked, Miss Parker. Remember, it was unlocked when you came in this morning?” Megan said to Tyler’s Mom in an innocent voice.

Tyler’s Mom nodded, then turned back to Tyler. “Nice try. But you’re not blaming this on Megan. Besides, you could have called for one of us if that was true,” his Mom said.

Tyler was speechless. He thought back to what happened last night. He swore he tried his hardest to open the door, and then call for his Mom. Did he just imagine it?

Tyler’s Mom buried her face in her hands. “I’m so sorry Megan. I swear he’s never peed the bed before. I don’t know what’s gotten into him,” she said, clearly stressed out. “I can’t believe this. An eighteen year old wetting the bed like a toddler.”

Tyler felt like he wanted to die as he sat in his wet blankets and silently watched their conversation.

Megan grabbed Tyler’s Mom arm and reassured her. “Miss Parker, don’t worry. This isn’t your fault. These sorts of acts of regression can be really common in kids who are immature for their age like Ty-ty. Especially when going through a stressful change. It can be a way to try and get attention from a caregiver, a way of expressing anxiety, even a subconscious act of rebellion against a parent’s discipline,” she explained.

Tyler’s Mom nodded. “But still, I didn’t know that you were going to have to be changing pee-soaked bed sheets while I was gone,” Tyler’s Mom said.

“Really Miss Parker, it’s no problem. I’ve dealt with plenty of bed wetters as a babysitter. I actually have some pull-ups at my house for just this occasion that Tyler can wear,” she said.

Tyler’s Mom immediately wrapped Megan in a hug. “God Megan, you’re a lifesaver. I wish you had been able to help me out starting fifteen years ago,” Tyler’s Mom said.

Megan laughed. “I get that a lot.”

Tyler decided it was time for him to finally interject in this madness. “What?! Mom! I don’t need to wear diapers!”

Tyler’s Mom and Megan both paused, looked down at Tyler, and burst out into simultaneous laughter.

To Tyler’s horror, his Mom approached his bed and patted his urine soaked crotch through his wet blankets. “I think the big peepee mess you just made tells a different story, Tyler.”

Tyler felt speechless and utterly humiliated. “Now I have to go catch my flight,” his Mom continued. “Megan is going to clean you up and send you to school. Like I said before, you better behave yourself... or else!” She said, wagging her finger.

“Okay Mom, I will,” Tyler said, resigned to his fate.

He watched Megan and his Mom walk back toward the bedroom door. Megan turned back toward him from the doorway. “Now Tyler, you stay put, I need to go get some supplies to clean you up,” she said with an evil smirk.

Tyler then watched Megan shut the door and the he heard her lock it.

Tyler sat his pee soaked bed, utterly defeated and humiliated as he listened to Megan help his Mom carry her

bags for her trip to the front door.

* * *

TYLER ROLLED over in his pee soaked bed and wanted to cry. He couldn't believe he had wet the bed in front of Megan and his Mom like this. He badly just wanted to go get in the shower, but Megan had locked him in his bedroom.

Even worse, when he got up to check his clothing drawers to at least change underwear, Megan still hadn't returned his clothes from last night.

He climbed back into bed, hoping Megan would return soon. He wished he could check the time, but Megan happened to take his alarm clock with his Xbox, and he of course still no longer had a phone.

After what seemed like an hour, Tyler heard his bedroom door opening. He sat up to see Megan walking in with a large plastic bag in her hands.

"What's that?" Tyler asked with skepticism.

"The things I need to clean your peepee accident up," she said as she placed the bag next to his bed.

"And where are my clothes?" Tyler asked.

"Oh, I had to put them back in the dryer because they weren't finished drying yet this morning," she explained as she casually pulled out a bin of baby wipes and placed them on his end table.

Before Tyler could ask about the wipes, Megan pulled his blankets off in one, fell swoop.

Tyler immediately covered his bulge with his hands, terribly embarrassed about being in his underwear in front

of Megan, let alone underwear that was still stained yellow from his accident.

“What are you doing!” He shouted.

“Tyler, how many times do I have to explain? I’m getting you cleaned up so I can get you to school!” She scolded.

“Can’t I just go hop in the shower?” Tyler whined.

“I’m sorry, but you’re out of time for that at this point,” Megan said, checking her watch. “Now you’ve already missed the bus, so I’m going to have to drive you. If you continue delaying this process, I’m going to tell the school secretary you were late due to misbehavior and you’ll likely get a detention,” she said in a stern voice.

Tyler didn’t know how to argue with her. He was still so intimidated by Megan. He couldn’t believe she was infantilizing him in this way, but he was still so taken aback by everything that had happened thus far he didn’t know how to confront her.

“Now, undies off,” she said, standing over him.

“Wha-what?” Tyler stammered.

Megan just rolled her eyes at him as if he was a moron, then reached down, grabbed his underwear, and pulled them down his legs before he knew what was happening.

“See, was that so hard?” She said, holding up his yellow stained underwear.

Tyler was mortified. He immediately covered his penis as he cowered on his mattress underneath Megan’s gaze. “Give ‘em back!” He whined.

Megan just rolled her eyes and laughed. “You want to wear your pee-soaked undies again? Jeez, no wonder you need

someone to take care of you,” she said as she dropped his underwear in the nearby trash can.

She came back and sat down next to Tyler as he cowered and covered his crotch with shame. Megan grabbed the baby wipes. “Alright, enough with that. Put those hands above your head so I can clean you,” she said.

“I can clean myself,” Tyler stammered.

Megan laughed at him. “Sorry Tyler, but the stains your Mom and I found in your underwear last night say otherwise. Besides, the rule with all the kids I babysit is that if you pee the bed, Nanny cleans you in the morning. I need to make sure you don’t get a rash, and you need to know that when you pee in your bed instead of the toilet, you lose the privilege of cleaning yourself,” she lectured.

“But...” Tyler whined.

Megan calmly grabbed his wrists and placed his hands one at a time above his head. Tyler felt powerless to stop her.

“There you go, that wasn’t so hard. Now be a good baby for nanny and keep those hands on your head while Nanny cleans you,” she said.

Tyler shuddered as his penis and balls were now on full display to Megan’s view. Megan pulled a baby wipe out and looked down at Tyler’s crotch. “Oh! You’re very small down here,” she said casually.

Tyler burned bright red on every square inch of his body. He always feared he had a small penis for his age. It just so happened that Megan was now the first woman to see it, and she had casually confirmed one of his most humiliating fears. Tyler felt like he wanted to die.

Tyler closed his eyes and tried to pretend this wasn't happening as he felt Megan reach down and begin thoroughly wiping his penis, balls and thighs.

"Leg's up!" She said in a sing-song voice. Tyler complied, too terrified to resist at this point, and lifted his legs like a toddler during a diaper change to reveal his bottom to Megan.

He felt Megan start to wipe his butt cheeks down, then his butt crack. He even felt her stop at his butt hole and twist the wipe around in his rosebud with her finger.

To Tyler's shock, his dick immediately grew rock hard as Megan casually teased his bottom.

He opened his eyes enough to see Megan look down at his boner, then let out another dismissive laugh. Tyler wanted to die.

Megan finally put his feet back down on the bed and waved the wipe she was using in front of his face. It was covered in brown stains.

"You see this?" She said. "This is why you have poop stains in your underwear, Tyler. Apparently don't know how to wipe your bottom properly," she lectured.

As Megan threw the wipe away, Tyler squeezed his eyes shut in utter shame and humiliation.

He then heard something start buzzing, and he felt something going across his crotch. He opened his eyes to realize Megan was shaving his pubic hair!

"What are you doing!" He shouted.

"Getting rid of this little rat's nest you have growing down here," Megan said. "Calm down, it's not much, anyway," she added.

Tyler knew she was right. He had always been embarrassed by his lack of pubic hair. It always made him feel like less of a man. Now Megan was swiftly removing that without his permission as well.

Megan finished shaving his pubes, leaving him smooth and bare, and wiped his hair into the trashcan.

He then heard Megan fishing something crinkly out of the bag. "Alright, let's get you dressed," she said.

Tyler opened his eyes, and to his horror, Megan was holding a pink, pull-up diaper in her hands.

"Wh—what's that?" Tyler stammered.

"A pull-up, Tyler. Did you hear my conversation with your Mom or not? Now come on, you're already running late for school," she said.

"You said I would have to wear them at night so I don't wet the bed. Why would I need to wear one now?" Tyler asked.

"Well, first of all, Tyler, that's not what I said. My standard practice for children who are sudden wetters like yourself—that is children who are suddenly wetting at an abnormally mature age due to possible emotional issues—is to put them in pull-ups 24/7 until we can be sure that their regressive wetting is only a night time problem," she lectured.

"Second, Tyler, is the fact that those brown stains in your underwear are *not* normal for a boy your age. They show that you lack rudimentary potty skills, and quite frankly, I would feel more comfortable keeping you in pull-ups until I know you won't be soiling your underwear anymore," she explained.

Tyler was horrified. He still couldn't believe that Megan had found the skid marks in his underwear, let alone that she was using them against him like this.

"And finally, Tyler, it doesn't matter what you think about what you'd like to wear for underwear. You've demonstrated you're not ready to make those decisions for yourself yet, so as long as you're under my care, I don't want to hear one more word from you about the undergarments I put you in. Otherwise I will be immediately reporting to your Mom that you refused to obey me after all," she said with a stern expression.

Tyler's heart sank. He knew he was beat.

"Come on, Tyler, sit up," Megan said. Tyler watched Megan hold the pull-up out for him with the leg holes open, as if she was dressing a toddler.

Tyler reluctantly stood up and put one leg in the pull up at a time. Megan then slid the pull-up all the way up his legs and finally covered his naked crotch.

Tyler immediately reached down and felt the pull-up with his hand. It was a bit too small, but it did, surprisingly, fit. The warm, cotton padding felt really strange around his balls and penis.

"Aw, look how cute you look," she said with a laugh. He looked up at Megan and immediately felt the humiliation of wearing a pink pull-up diaper in front of her.

"Why do I have to wear a pink girl's pull-up?" Tyler whined.

"Because that's what I had at my house, Tyler. Sorry, what can I say, I had no idea you had this many potty issues, so I didn't get a chance to plan ahead," she said dismissively. Tyler bristled at her words, 'potty issues.'

“Now let’s get you dressed,” she said as she pulled out a pair of sweatpants and a small, baby blue shirt.

“What is that!” Tyler protested. “Where are *my* clothes?”

“Tyler, I told you, your clothes are still in the dryer and you don’t have time to wait around for them to finish. Fortunately I found these next door. Come on,” she said in a stern voice.

Tyler sighed and reluctantly stepped into the sweat pants. They were surprisingly small, and despite their ability to stretch, the top of his pull-up was visible over the sweat pants waistband.

Then Megan slipped the shirt over his head. Tyler looked into his mirror in horror. Not only was the shirt too short to reach his waist, making his pull up visible, but the shirt had a tell-a-tubby on it!

“I can’t wear this!” He shouted.

Megan just rolled her eyes and pulled Tyler by the wrist out the door. “You already are, Ty-ty. Now I don’t want to hear one more peep out of you while I drive you to school.”

“But—”

“Not one. More. Peep!” She barked.

Tyler went silent. He felt totally defeated.

SENT TO SCHOOL IN DIAPERS

Tyler quietly ate the bowl of oatmeal Megan had prepared for him at the kitchen table as she stood over his shoulder and watched with folded arms.

He then submitted as Megan dragged him out the door to her mini-van parked in the driveway. Tyler approached the passenger side door and opened it.

“Nuh-uh, sorry Tyler,” Megan said as she pushed the passenger door closed. “Little ones sit in the back. It’s safer that way,” she said matter-of-factly as she opened the rear door of the van.

Tyler rolled his eyes and sighed as he climbed into the back. He noticed the seat nearest to the door had a strange, multi-colored harness on it. He climbed over it to sit in the normal seat next to it.

“Wrong seat buddy,” Megan said, patting the seat with the strange harness with her hand.

Tyler stared at her in disbelief, then reluctantly moved over to the seat with the harness. He felt Megan swiftly pull the harness over his shoulders and start buckling him in.

“What is this?” Tyler protested.

"It's a car seat. Sorry, but when I baby sit, I take safety seriously," she said as she strapped him in. She even reached down and pulled up a strap between Tyler's legs and buckled it upward, putting pressure on his padded crotch.

Tyler immediately felt humiliated and claustrophobic as Megan finished thoroughly strapping him down, then closed the van's door. Tyler tried to struggle and wriggle free from the humiliating and confining car seat, but it was no use.

The car seat, combined with the crinkly pull up and juvenile clothes, made Tyler want to cry as Megan pulled out of the driveway. He couldn't believe he was on his way to school like this.

* * *

TYLER STAYED silent for most of the car ride.

Soon, Megan pulled into the parking lot of his high school. She stopped at the curb right in front of the main office, then walked to the back of the mini-van and opened Tyler's door.

Tyler began to panic that other students would see him as he sat in his car seat in plain view of the school's front doors. Fortunately, the morning bell had already rung, so almost all of the students were already in class.

Megan finished unbuckling Tyler's harness. He quickly jumped out of the van and walked toward the front office as fast as possible. "Bye!" He shouted over his shoulder, eager to finally escape her grasp.

"Tyler!" She shouted, stopping Tyler in his track. "You forgot your lunch!" She said, holding up a lunch box. To

Tyler's horror, the lunch box was bright pink and said, 'My Little Pony.'

Tyler snatched the lunch box and tried to hustle away again. "Tyler?" Megan called again, once again stopping him. "What are you doing, silly? We missed the bell. I need to talk to the secretary to get you a pass," Megan said.

Tyler sighed. He knew she was right.

Megan grabbed Tyler by the hand and walked him into the school's front office like she was dropping off a five year old to day care.

* * *

WHEN MEGAN and Tyler walked into the school's front office, Megan confidently approached the old woman sitting behind the desk.

"Hi, I need to get a late pass for this little guy," she said, patting Tyler on the head. Tyler already felt like he wanted to die of embarrassment yet again. He checked over his shoulder to make sure none of his peers were around.

The old woman behind the desk looked at Megan, then at Tyler. "Are you his guardian?" She asked in a grumpy tone.

"I'm his babysitter while his Mommy's out of town," she said, then pulled out a typed note from her back pocket and showed it to the secretary. "This is a note from his mother explaining that he has special needs and that I'm his caregiver over the next week," she said matter-of-factly.

Tyler kept his gaze glued to the floor as his cheeks burned right red. He noticed another student walking through the office and staring at Tyler as they left for class.

The secretary grumbled something, then looked back up. "Why was he late?" She asked.

"Oh, Tyler, come here," she said, grabbing Tyler's hand and forcing him to step forward. "He wet the bed this morning and it took me longer that I expected to clean him up," she explained.

Then, to Tyler's horror, Megan grabbed the front of his sweatpants and pulled them down, revealing his pull-up to the secretary. "See? He's even wearing a pull-up diaper now to make sure he doesn't have any more accidents at school today."

Tyler was paralyzed in utter humiliation as the secretary looked him up and down and stared at his diaper in a mixture of disgust and pity. He couldn't believe this was happening.

The secretary grumbled something again, and Megan pulled Tyler's sweat pants back up and signed a permission slip for him.

Finally, Megan turned back to Tyler and walked him toward hallway of the school. "Alright Ty-ty, have the nurse call me if you have another accident and I'll bring you another pull-up to change into!" She said loud enough for everyone in the office to hear.

Tyler nodded and tried to scurry away as fast as possible. "Wait, Tyler, hold on!" She said.

Tyler paused again as Megan approached. Then, to his disbelief, she pulled the front of his sweatpants back and stuck her hand in the front of his diaper right in the middle of the school office.

"Oh good, just wanted to make sure you didn't have any peepee messes in there already," she said, then let his

sweatpants snap back into place.

She patted him on the butt and giggled as Tyler raced down the hallway, eager to finally escape Megan's never-ending humiliation. At least temporarily.

* * *

TYLER HURRIED DOWN THE HALL, terrified one of his friend's would see him in his tell-a-tubby shirt and carrying his 'my little pony' lunch box. Let alone notice he was wearing a pull-up diaper.

Tyler stopped by his locker, took out the sandwich and apple that Megan had prepared, then kicked the embarrassing lunch box underneath someone else's locker.

He then continued to the men's rest room. Fortunately, he didn't run into anyone he knew as he turned into the bathroom. Also, to his relief, the bathroom seemed to be empty.

Tyler ran into the bathroom stall, reached down, and gleefully ripped his pull-up diaper off. There was no way he was going to wear that all day, he said to himself.

Then, to deal with the tell-a-tubby on his juvenile shirt, he turned his shirt inside out, masking the embarrassing cartoon.

Tyler walked out of the bathroom stall just as the bell rang for the end of first period. He dropped the unused, pink pull-up into the trash can and looked at himself in the bathroom mirror.

Tyler felt like he now looked passable in terms of his inside out shirt and sweat pants. He figured his friends would just

assume it was laundry day. At least was no longer wearing a pull-up that they could discover.

A mob of students came rushing into the bathroom as Tyler left to go to class, relieved to have somehow escaped what would have been unbearable humiliation.

* * *

TYLER SAT down for his second period science class and saw his friends Ray and Chuck.

“Yo Tyler, where were you this morning?” His friend Ray said, coming over to say hi.

“I overslept,” Tyler said sheepishly, eager to avoid all the details of what’s really been going on with him.

As the bell for the end of passing period rang out, one of the jocks charged into the class waving something in the air and laughing hysterically.

Tyler turned his head to get a closer look. His eyes went wide with horror.

The jock was waving around a pink, pull-up diaper.

“Hey look what I found in the men’s room trash! Somebody in our grade wears diapers!” The jock shouted to the classroom. The entire class erupted in uncontrollable laughter. Tyler feigned laughter so as to not stick out.

“Oh my god!” “Ewww!” “A boy who wears pink diapers!” Students shouted and hollered. Tyler felt like he wanted to die.

“Oh my god, who do you think it is?” Tyler’s friend Ray said to him and Chuck.

"I have no idea. I would just die if I got caught wearing diapers in high school," Chuck said back.

"Hah, yeah," Tyler said, trying to hide his panic.

"Hey Tyler, is that why you were late? You had an accident and needed to change your diaper?" His friend Chuck teased.

Tyler burned bright red. "What? No way," he said, trying to play it cool. He couldn't believe this was happening.

"I'm just kidding Tyler, jeez, don't look so freaked out," Chuck replied.

"Yeah Tyler, the way you're acting makes me think you really *do* poop your pants," Ray added with laughter.

"Shut up," Tyler replied, doing his best to try and force laughter and play it cool. Tyler knew Ray and Chuck were just teasing him, yet he couldn't help feel extremely embarrassed knowing it was in fact the truth.

Fortunately, the teacher entered after a minute or so, yelled at the jock to throw the diaper away, and class resumed like normal.

Tyler did his best to focus during class, but the whole time he couldn't help but feel like somehow his friends and maybe everyone else knew that it was him who was wearing the diaper.

* * *

WHEN THE BELL rang for the end of second period, Tyler ran out of the room and hustled to third period, eager to avoid any more conversation with his friends. He felt like they

could already sense he was covering something up, and he didn't want to have to dodge their questions any longer.

In the hallways, he felt like students were whispering about him, calling him 'diaper boy' and 'pink diapers' behind his back. He knew he was probably imagining it, but he still could hear it just the same.

During lunch, Tyler quickly ate the sandwich Megan had prepared and continued avoiding his friends. He noticed that the sandwich Megan had made for him had a particular taste—similar to the one Megan had prepared the day before. But he didn't think too much of it.

After lunch, the rest of Tyler's classes resumed as normal, and as the day went on, Tyler was able to relax and soon dismiss his fear about others knowing about his pull-up. He figured he was just being paranoid.

By the end of the day, Tyler was just looking forward to the final bell so he could get home and get away from the threat of humiliation constantly hanging over his head. He prayed that Megan would give him his underwear back when he got home since he went the day without an accident, as she had suggested might happen.

As the final bell rang, Tyler ran outside for the bus and ran into Chuck again. "Yo Tyler, why didn't you text me back yet? Do you want to hang out this week or what?" Chuck asked.

"Uh.... Sorry... yeah, maybe, I might be busy," Tyler replied, avoiding eye contact and walking toward his bus. He didn't want to explain that Megan had taken his phone.

Tyler climbed onto his bus and walked to the back, hiding from anyone else that might ask him more questions.

As Tyler looked out the window on the bus ride home, he felt his stomach let out a loud gurgle. He had had to go number two ever since lunch period. That being said, there was nothing unusual about him needing to poop after lunch, nor the fact that he was still holding it.

After all, Tyler always waited to get home to take a poop. Not only was it pretty embarrassing to have to poop in the stalls of the crowded bathrooms of his school, but today Tyler felt like he just couldn't chance any more humiliating situations.

But today his bowels were rumbling particularly loud, and the pressure was unusually intense. That's okay, Tyler told himself as he clenched his butt cheeks closed. He was almost home, where he could relieve himself in private.

IN TROUBLE WITH THE BABYSITTER

Tyler practically ran off the school bus as it came to a stop near his house.

He hustled back to his home as fast as he could—his urge to go number two was getting stronger by the second. He was starting to feel as though he had never had to poop so bad in his life.

Tyler flung the front door of his house open, ran down the hallway, and finally reached the house's lone bathroom.

Tyler turned the handle to the bathroom and pushed. To his horror, it wouldn't budge.

He tried again, knocking and shoving on the door. He finally looked up and noticed, to his horror, a padlock keeping the bathroom door shut.

Tyler immediately felt a wave of helplessness and frustration wash over him.

He turned and continued down the hall, knowing he had to find Megan. He wanted to scream at her. As he approached the living room, he heard Megan chatting with someone.

He entered the living room and found Megan sitting on the couch with two of her friends.

Tyler was immediately intimidated. Megan's friends seems to be about her age, and both were just as gorgeous as Megan. One was a red-head with a tight-sweater showing off her large breasts. The other was an African-American woman in a leather mini-skirt.

The angry words Tyler was about to unleash on Megan quickly evaporated as the three women all turned their eyes toward him. He went speechless, utterly intimidated by their womanly presence.

"There you are, Ty-ty!" Megan said with a cheery smile. "How was your day at school? Anymore peepee accidents?"

Tyler's cheeks immediately went rosy red. "No!" He grumbled.

Megan's friends's both erupted in laughter at him. "Aww, is he still potty training?" One of them teased.

"Well I was told he was potty trained by his Mom, but he soaked the bed last night, so I put him in a pull-up just to be safe," Megan replied.

"Aww, how cute," the other one added.

Megan then noticed Tyler's shirt. "Aww, Ty-ty, your shirt is inside out. How did that happen?"

Megan approached Tyler, and to his horror, Megan lifted his shirt straight off, revealing his naked chest to Megan's friends. She turned the shirt right side out and dropped it back over his head.

"That's better," she said, patting the tell-a-tubby logo on his tummy. "Apparently he has more trouble dressing himself than I realized," she said.

"Aww, that shirt is so adorable on him!" Megan's other friend added.

Tyler felt his bowels groan again. He knew he needed to speak up. "Megan, why is the bathroom locked?" He tried to ask in a quiet voice.

Megan flashed him an evil smile. "Oh, you don't know why the bathroom is locked? I'm surprised to hear you ask that Tyler. After all, I'm sure you remember what happened yesterday when you very rudely locked me out of the bathroom instead of washing your hands," she said in a loud voice so her friends could hear.

"Ummm... I guess?" Tyler replied.

"Well I figured that since you apparently can't handle the responsibility of using the bathroom by yourself, and you think locking the bathroom is so funny, I figured I would do the same to you. So from now on, Tyler, the bathroom will remain locked, and if you need to use the bathroom, you will have to ask me for permission to unlock it for you," she announced.

Tyler was mortified. Megan's friends snickered. "Uh oh, he doesn't look too happy about that," one of Megan's friends teased.

"Fine. Well I need to use it now," he mumbled.

"Oh yeah? You need to use the bathroom?" Megan replied in a loud, patronizing tone.

"Yes!" Tyler hissed back. He felt so humiliated to have to ask in front of her friends like this.

"Do you have to go peepee or poopoo?" She said with an evil smile.

Tyler's cheeks turned bright red. "Number two..." he reluctantly muttered. He just wanted to get this over with. He felt like he was going to poop his pants at any second.

“What’s that?” Megan said.

“Number two!” Tyler shouted.

“What does that mean?” Megan asked, playing dumb.

“Come on! You know it means poop! I gotta go poop!” Tyler shouted, crossing his legs as his bowels gurgled.

Megan’s friends erupted in another wave of laughter. “Aw, Megan, the little boy has to go doodie.”

“Alright,” Megan said, holding her hand out. “Let’s take you to the potty to do a poopy. I’ll bring the wipes and make sure you’re nice and clean when you’re done.”

Tyler backed up, mortified. “What?” He stammered.

“Oh Ty-ty. You’ve made it clear that wiping your bottom is something you really need help with, so I’ll be supervising you as you use the toilet, then cleaning you afterward to make sure you don’t leave any crusty messes back there anymore,” she explained in a patronizing tone.

Megan’s friends were practically dying as they laughed hysterically on the couch. “He really was quite a mess back there. You should have seen the stains on his underwear,” she commented to her friends.

Tyler wanted to curl into a ball and disappear. Instead Megan grabbed Tyler’s hand and pulled him toward the bathroom.

“Never mind,” Tyler said, planting his feet.

“What do you mean never mind? You just said you have to do a poopy?” Megan replied.

“I don’t anymore!” Tyler shouted, pulling his hand away. Even though he had never had to poop so bad in his life, he would still rather hold it than deal with the unbearable

humiliation of sitting on the toilet and pooping in front of Megan as she watched him go, then wipe him afterward.

Megan put her hands on her waist and stared down at Tyler with a stern expression. Then she turned back to her friends. "No wonder the little guy's so grumpy. He's probably pretty backed up back there if he can't even tell whether or not he needs to do a poopy," she said, shaking her head.

Megan's friends laughed again as Tyler's face burned red hot with humiliation. He turned away to go back to his bedroom.

"Hold it right there, Ty-ty," she said. "Where do you think you're going?"

"To my bedroom," he said back.

"Let's check that diaper, first," Megan said, walking toward him. "After all, it's clear assessing your own potty needs can be quite the challenge for you," she added.

Tyler immediately began backing up in horror as she swiftly reached down and pulled the waist of his sweat pants back. Megan gasped.

"Tyler! What happened to your pull-up?" She shouted.

Tyler was silent. He didn't know what to say.

"I don't know," he replied.

"You don't know?" Megan shouted, a sudden fury in her voice. "How could you not know? I can't even trust you to keep your pull-ups on after I let you out of my sight?" She scolded.

Tyler didn't know what to say. He looked up at Megan staring down at him in disbelief and fury. Then he glanced

at her friends scrutinizing him in a mixture of pity and shock.

"I mean seriously Tyler, what are you, a toddler?" Megan scolded again. Tyler felt tears coming to his eyes. Tears of helplessness and shame.

"Well to be fair, Megan, most toddlers don't have trouble keeping their pull-ups on," one of Megan's friends added.

"Good point," Megan replied. "Yeah, little Ty-ty here is more like a naughty baby. A baby who needs diapers he can't wriggle out of," she added.

Tyler felt waves of shame and regret about taking the pull-up off was over him. "I'm sorry, I didn't realize..."

"Enough!" Megan said, grabbing Tyler's wrist and dragging him down the hallway. "You're gonna spend some time in your room thinking about what you've done while I figure out what to do with you. It's clear we need to find another solution for all these potty problems and behavior problems you seem to be having," she scolded.

"I'm sorry," Tyler whined as she dragged him up the stairs.

"Yes Tyler, I heard you the first time. Trust me, you will be sorry. You will be very, very sorry about your naughty behavior when you see what I have in store for you," she scolded.

Tyler felt Megan push him into his room and slam the door behind him, locking him in.

Tyler took a deep breath and tried to process what had just happened. He shuddered to think what further punishment Megan sought to enact upon him.

His bowels grumbled again, and he realized he now had no idea when he was going to get to relieve himself. His only

option seemed to be to continue to hold it.

He sat down on his bed, crossed his legs, and prayed Megan would let him use the bathroom again soon.

TY-TY'S POOPY DIAPERS

Tyler continued laying in his bed, crossing his legs and clenching his bottom, praying Megan would be back soon.

At some point he thought he heard more people coming over. But he couldn't be sure, and suppressing his need to use the bathroom took too much of his attention to try and investigate further.

Finally, after what seemed like about an hour, Tyler heard the door to his bedroom open. He looked up to see Megan walking in with a cardboard box.

"Megan, I'm sorry I took my pull-up off," Tyler said, quickly sitting up. "Can I please use the bathroom now?"

Megan just laughed and didn't answer. Instead she reached down into her cardboard box and unfurled a plastic pad with pink and blue pacifier patterns. Tyler sat up and recognized it as a baby changing pad as Megan laid it down on his bedroom floor.

She then approached Tyler and reached for his shirt. "What are you doing?" Tyler asked, pulling away.

Megan laughed dismissively again. "Undressing you for your diaper change, silly," she said.

Tyler then noticed that the box Megan brought in was full of large, fluffy white diapers. He was mortified. "I'm not letting you put me in diapers!" Tyler shouted, standing up and backing into the corner.

Part of Tyler remembered the consequences he faced by disobeying Megan, but the other part was just too viscerally horrified by the idea of being infantilized and humiliated with actual diapers.

Megan just put her hands on her hips and shook her head. "Silly little baby. That's okay, a lot of babies don't like getting their diapers changed. But Ty-ty, I know you probably have to do a poopy real bad, don't you?" She asked with a knowing smile.

Tyler crossed his legs and felt his gut with his hands. At this point, not only did his bowels ache from his ever-more pressing need to go, but his bladder was also full.

"That's because I've been putting some special medicines in your food and your milk to help you make your poopies," she explained.

Tyler cringed as he thought about the fact that Megan had been preparing all of his food, and this humiliating pain he was now in was by her design.

"Now if you want me to let you go poopoo, you're gonna have to be a good little baby and let me change you into your diaper," she explained.

Tyler's stomach gurgled again. The excitement of jumping to his feet had made his bowels ache all the more.

He looked back at Megan as she pulled out a large, babyish, adult diaper out of the box and unfolded it. "Come on, Ty-ty, it's not so bad. Let Nanny Megan put your diapee's on, and then I'll let you do your poopoos," she said in a soft voice.

Tyler was still paralyzed. As desperate as he was to finally get to use the bathroom, he still felt mortified by the idea of letting Megan, who was just a couple years older than him and always made him feel so small and immature, put him in a literal diaper.

"Alright Tyler, this is your last chance. You can either drop those pants and come let me put you in your diaper, or I can drag you out to the living room and give you a good, hard spanking in front of my friends," she threatened. "And maybe I'll get them to help me hold you down so we can get your diaper on," she added in a stern voice.

For Tyler, that was it. As reluctant as he was to submit to Megan's insistence he wear a diaper, the idea of getting spanked and changed with her smoking hot friends watching as well was just too much.

"Alright, fine," Tyler grumbled, then walked up to Megan.

"Good boy," Megan said as she lifted Tyler's shirt off, then dropped his pants.

Tyler immediately felt self conscious of his exposed privates and covered them with his hands.

Megan patted the changing mat. "Come on, little one, let's get you in a nice, dry diaper so we don't have to worry about anymore icky messes," she said as though Tyler were an infant.

Tyler slowly sat down on the mat and looked up at Megan towering over him. He continued to cover his privates with

his hands.

Megan 'tsk'd'. "Not this again. Silly baby, you need to remember that Nanny needs to touch your privates when she changes your diapers. If you can't keep those hands above your head like a good baby, I might have to get a changing table to cuff your hands to instead," she lectured as she gracefully grabbed Tyler's hands and lifted them over his head.

Tyler closed his eyes and tried to forget that this was happening. He heard Megan fluff the diaper and pull his legs up like an infant. He felt her push the diaper underneath him, then he experienced the strong scent of baby powder as he realized she was pouring heaps of it over his crotch.

Tyler realized that he hadn't smelled baby powder since... well... he was a baby. The smell immediately transported him back to a distant memory of getting his diaper changed as a toddler.

He then felt Megan pull the diaper up and tape it around his waist. He felt her fingers prod around his waist and the legs, confirming the fit. She then gave his crotch a pat, right on his soft penis.

"All done!" She said in a sing-song voice. Tyler reluctantly opened his eyes to inspect the damage.

He sat up and felt how thick and soft the diaper was on his bare penis and balls. He reluctantly stood up and felt the puffy diaper between his legs. He looked at himself in the mirror and felt like a one year old was staring back at him. He immediately wished he could take the diaper, or at least hide from Megan.

“Can I have my normal clothes back now?” Tyler said as Megan balled up the tell-a-tubby shirt and sweatpants he was wearing and put them away in her box.

Megan laughed. “Oh, we’re not done yet, little one.”

He then watched Megan pull out a strange garment that looked like large, pink underwear made of plastic and canvass. “Come on back,” she said as she unfolded it and held the leg holes open.

“What’s that,” Tyler said, worried by the sight of it.

“Be a good little boy and help Nanny finish getting you dressed, and I’ll explain it to you afterward,” Megan said.

Tyler hesitated again.

“Tyler! One... Two...” Megan began counting.

Tyler finally lurched forward, terrified to make Megan even angrier than she was now. Besides, he thought, she already put me in a diaper. What could be worse.

Megan helped Tyler step into the garment, and as she pulled it up and over his diaper, he realized it was like a pair of thick, see-through plastic pants.

Megan then grabbed the canvass straps and began looping them around the garment and tying them down. The garment was already a snug fit. As Megan pulled the straps and buckled them, Tyler groaned from the pressure on his bladder and tummy.

Finally she finished, patted Tyler on the bottom, then turned him around to inspect her work. Then Tyler heard a click.

Tyler reached down, and to his horror, he realized that not only could he not slide the garment off, but Megan had

locked it on him with a built-in, small combo lock.

“What is this!” Tyler whined as he struggled in vain to get the humiliating garment off of him. His diaper was still fully visible through its pink, plastic confines.

Megan just laughed again. “This is a special device made for little ones with special needs, like yourself. It prevents you from taking your diaper off between diaper changes,” she explained.

As Tyler tugged and pulled, he realized he was truly trapped in the device. He felt a wave of panic and claustrophobia wash over him again, especially as his tummy groaned again, begging to use the bathroom.

“Megan, please,” Tyler pleaded. “Take this off. You said I could use the bathroom and I really have to go.”

Megan laughed as Tyler helplessly squirmed in the diaper he was now locked in. His whole face was red and sweaty. Megan could tell he was at a breaking point. She couldn’t be more thrilled.

“Okay, little one, come with me,” she said and grabbed Tyler by the hand.

Tyler reluctantly followed Megan out of his bedroom. He was terrified about letting Megan’s friends see him in his diaper, should they still be over, but at this point he was feeling like he would do anything to get a chance to use the toilet.

As Megan pulled Tyler down the hallway, they walked right past the bathroom.

“Megan, what are you doing? You said I could use the bathroom,” he pleaded as he tried to stop.

“I didn’t say you could go to the bathroom, little one. I said you could do your poopies. And now that you’re in a proper diaper, you can,” she said with an evil grin.

Tyler was mortified as he realized what she intended him to do. Pooping in a diaper was one of the most humiliating acts he could have imagined. There was no way he could do that, he thought to himself.

He then heard the sound of what sounded like a lot of people in the living room. Before he could listen close enough to figure out what was going on, Megan yanked Tyler forward and Tyler let out a loud fart. Megan giggled and Tyler burned bright red.

Megan continued pulling Tyler toward the living room and the sound of strangers got louder. It almost sounded like a party.

Finally, to Tyler’s utter horror and shock, Megan pulled Tyler into the living room, where he suddenly realized it was full of a dozen of Megan’s college friends drinking beer and having a party.

“Look he just got up from his nap!” She announced as she continued pulling Tyler out into the middle of the living room.

Everyone turned and stared at Tyler and his diaper.

Tyler looked around in utter shock. The crowd was mixed group of men and women, everyone was older than him, and they were all very attractive and cool looking.

Tyler burned bright red on every inch of his body as dozens of these college-aged adults stared at him in his humiliating, puffy diaper.

"Awww, he's so cute in his diapee's!" Tyler heard Megan's friend from earlier shout.

Tyler turned his head to look at her, and to his absolute horror, on the couch next to Megan's friends were Tyler's friends Chuck and Ray. They appeared to be cuddling close to Megan's friends, even kissing them before they looked up at the sight before them.

"Tyler!?" Chuck shouted, practically spitting his drink out.

"Dude! What the hell happened?" Ray replied.

"Oh, I'm sorry guys, I forget to let you know," Megan explained to Chuck and Ray before the whole room. "I used Tyler's phone to text you and invite you over because Tyler had told me so many great things about you. But I forgot to mention that Tyler here's been having some peepee and poopy accidents, so his Mom and I decided to put him back in diapers," Megan explained.

Chuck and Ray were speechless. They seemed to be mortified by a mixture of disgust and pity. Tyler never felt so embarrassed in his life.

"Wait a second... Tyler, was that *your* pull-up that someone found this morning?" Chuck asked.

"Dude, how long have you been wearing diapers!?" Ray added.

Tyler tried to run back toward his room, but Megan grabbed his hands and held him. "Careful, naughty boy! I didn't give you permission to be excused. If you lash out one more time, I will spank you and put you in the corner," she threatened.

Tyler stared at the ground, utterly humiliated. He felt tears well up in his eyes, and start falling down his cheeks.

“Aww, I think our little baby’s a little upset now that everyone knows he wears diapers. Here, this will help,” Megan said. Tyler then felt Megan stick a large binky into his mouth. The crowd around him all erupted in laughter once again.

Tyler felt utterly defeated as Megan held the binky in his mouth, preventing him from spitting it out.

“Dude, I think we’d better go, this is pretty weird,” Tyler heard Chuck say to Ray.

“Yeah, I agree. Sorry Tyler, good luck. I guess I’m just a little freaked out learning you piss and poop yourself like an infant,” Ray added.

“Wait, don’t go!” Megan’s hot friend said to Chuck, grabbing his hand. Tyler then watched Megan’s hot friend pull Chuck back down next to her and they started immediately making out on the couch.

Megan’s other friend did the same exact thing to Ray. Tyler stared in awe as his friends made out with these attractive women right in front of him while Megan forced him to stand there in a diaper and suck on a pacifier.

Tyler had never felt so humiliated in his life. He felt like his chances of ever being a man and having a real girlfriend were now forever obliterated, and watching his friends start making out with hot girls in front of him made it ten times worse.

Tyler buried his face in his hands and sobbed. He just wanted to die.

His stomach grumbled and he let out a huge fart. Megan laughed hysterically. Tyler knew that soon he would no longer be capable of controlling himself.

He pushed Megan away and slipped out of her grasp.

“Uh oh!” He heard Megan shout as Tyler sprinted down the hallway.

As Tyler ran, the diaper crinkled and made him practically waddle. He spit his binky out and tried to think of a plan to escape. Really, all he really wanted at this point was figure out a way to use the bathroom.

Tyler got to his bedroom door as he heard Megan coming after him from down the hall. He tried to push his bedroom door open, but realized that it was now locked with a padlock, just like the bathroom.

He turned and tried the other doors in the hallway. They were all locked.

He got to the end of the hallway and turned around just as Megan reached him. He was cornered and backed against the wall. “Naughty, naughty,” Megan said with an evil grin.

Tyler ran back toward Megan, pushed past her, and ran around the corner. “Hey, there’s the little guy!” He heard some of the party guests shout.

Tyler ran and tried the front door. It was also locked and he couldn’t figure out how to get it open. He heard Megan and a few of her friends coming after him from down the hallway.

Tyler turned and ran down the stairs into the dark basement. Barely able to see, he ran to the lone cellar window and tried to open it. It wouldn’t budge.

Tyler let out another huge fart, and he knew it was too late. He looked around for a place to hide as he heard Megan coming down the stairs with her friends.

Tyler desperately grabbed and pulled at every strap of his diaper cover, but none of it would budge at all. Finally, Tyler waddled behind the furnace in the corner, closed his eyes, and squatted down.

Tyler heard a loud fart, then went into auto-pilot as his body took over. He felt himself push out a large, heavy log of poop into the seat of his diaper. But unlike falling into the toilet like usual, it hit the back of his diaper and smeared between his butt cheeks.

Tyler took a breath, then squatted down again as another wave of cramps took over. He grunted as he pushed out another thick log into his fairly tight diaper. Then he pushed again and again. He squatted his knees up and down, desperate to void his bowels despite the difficulty of it mushing against the seat of his diaper.

Every time he pushed more of his excrement into the already warm, poopy mess accumulating around his butt cheeks, he felt a deep sense of shame. Yet his urgent need to void his bowel kept him pushing as hard as he could between breaks to breathe and grunt.

A loud hiss then erupted in the front of his diaper, and Tyler felt his full bladder emptying into his crotch. The warm liquid sprayed up his diaper and dribbled down his shaft, accumulating around his balls.

He felt so dirty yet relieved as his bladder soaked the front of his thirsty diaper, soon draping his penis and balls with warm, wet, yellow diaper.

As he finished peeing, he felt his bowels twinge again, and he squatted down to push out a wave of wet diarrhea into his already brown mess (The common effect of high doses of laxatives.)

Tyler couldn't help but groan and sweat as he continued squirting his pee and wet poop into his diaper, making the diaper squelch and sag. Even standing still, he felt like he could feel the wet mess slosh and gather around his balls and anus.

Finally, after one last push, Tyler finally felt like he was finished pooping his diapers. He gasped for breath, feeling like he had just completed a marathon, and regained his senses. For a minute, he had totally forgotten where he was.

Tyler turned around, and to his horror, Megan was standing there, along with her two girl friends, Tyler's friends, Ray and Chuck, and about half a dozen other onlookers.

Tyler smelled the overpowering stench of his poopy diaper just as he looked into the faces of the crowd.

"Ewwwww!" Was the first thing Tyler heard. "Oh my god, he just shit his diaper right in front of us!" Someone else said. "Oh, pee-ew! Megan, I didn't know he came down here to poop!" Someone else added.

Tyler saw Ray and Chuck turn their noses and stare at Tyler in disgust as they stood with Megan's sexy girl friends. And Tyler realized Megan was pointing her phone at him, taking a video of his entire accident!

Tyler felt like he was spinning as the wave of incredible relief from pooping his pants was mixed with the filthy sensation of the mess he had made in his diaper, mixed with the overpowering stench that transported him back to the age of being a toddler, mixed with the utter humiliation of his friends and Megan's friends all staring at him, mortified and disgusted by him.

Tyler knew he was trapped. Not just physically, as in there was no longer any place to run, but socially and psychologically, as well.

He knew after what everyone had just seen, he would never gain back the adulthood he once longed for. He would never live this down in the eyes of his friends and peers. There was no way to explain this, or justify this. And the video he knew Megan took would act as concrete proof to everyone in the world that he was, in fact a diaper wearing, diaper-pooing, peepee-pants, filthy, pathetic, needy, little baby.

And at that moment, something in Tyler's mind snapped. And he began to sob. Really sob. He began to cry louder and more desperate than he had cried since his infancy. They were wails coming from a deep well of authentic helplessness that he had rarely ever before experienced.

Tyler's wails were deep and long and loud and pitiful. And as he squatted in his soaked and messy diaper in front of everyone, truly crying like an infant, in everyone's eyes he was all the more pathetic.

"Aw, there there, little baby," he heard Megan say as she came up behind him and gently patted his poopy bottom. "It's okay to make a poopy diaper. That's what diaper are for," she said in a consoling tone.

Then, like magic, Tyler felt Megan pick him up in her arms and carry him. He felt her press her hand against his mushy, soaked diaper, spreading his mess and making it squelch against his bottom and balls. He felt totally helpless in her arms, like she had total control over him. Yet, for the first time, he felt grateful that she was taking care of him.

Tyler closed his eyes and nuzzled against Megan as she carried him back up stairs. "Sorry everyone, I thought he was trying to run out of the house, it looks like he was just looking for a place to do a poopoo," Megan said to her friends as they followed her back up stairs.

"No worries, Megan. From what you've told us, it sounds like the little tyke can be a real handful," her friends replied.

Tyler went into a daze as he felt Megan carry him upstairs and sit down on the couch with him. He buried his head in her chest as she patted his poopy bottom and the rest of the party resumed.

"Jeez, Megan, that little stinker is making the whole place reek like diaper," somebody said to her.

"I know, I know, it's just important he stay in his poopy mess for at least an hour so he can learn what it feels like and has an easier time going next time he has to poop," she said as she patted and sloshed Tyler's wet and messy diaper against his bottom and balls.

Part of Tyler felt his dignity return and he wanted to escape again, but then Megan placed his pacifier back into his mouth, and he instinctively began sucking.

Then, instead of resisting, Tyler gave into the sensations of Megan holding him like a baby in his poopy diaper as the adults around him all laughed and joked at his expense.

As Tyler nuzzled up to Megan, feeling her love and comfort after such a difficult day, it was like the part of his brain that was an adult, that cared about things such as the dignity of not wearing a poopy diaper, shut off, and he zoned out into a 'little space' that put him completely under her control.

After Megan held him for some time, Tyler fell asleep in her arms.

He awoke not too long after as Megan rolled him off her lap and stood up. Tyler looked up at Megan leaving and instinctively whined and reached out his hands for her.

“Aww, little baby! He wants his nanny!” Megan’s friend’s laughed.

“Don’t worry, Ty-ty, I’m just getting you a bottle,” Megan coo’d as she patted Tyler on the head.

“I’m sure he’s got room in his tummy after filling his diaper up like that,” Tyler’s friend Ray joked.

Part of Tyler registered that his previous friends had now all completely abandoned him and were now on Megan’s side of treating him like a total baby. But the part of Tyler’s mind that had taken over, the infant side he had regressed too, didn’t care one bit.

Megan soon returned and scooped Tyler into her arms and began to feed him a warm bottle. Tyler noticed that his messy diaper was starting to get cold and itch around his crotch—not to mention make him smell like a sewer—but the comfort of the bottle and Megan’s touch sent him back to sleep as Megan continued to pat and massage Tyler’s poopy, squishy load into his bottom.

Tyler even felt himself release his bladder, sending more warm pee into his filthy mess. At this point he no longer had any sense of dignity to resist it.

Tyler woke up again sometime later as he realized Megan was helping him up. “Come on, little guy, time to get you out of that poopy mess and into a fresh diaper,” Megan coo’d as she helped Tyler up.

Tyler stood up and immediately felt his thick, heavy diaper droop inside his plastic pants and shift around his balls. It was a deeply humiliating and infantile feeling, but any shame he might have had before was gone now as he sucked his binky and followed Megan to the center of the living room.

Megan had laid out Tyler's diaper changing mat and the rest of his diaper changing supplies in the middle of the living room floor. Part of Tyler registered how humiliating it would be to have his poopy diaper changed in front of everyone like this, but that part was too quiet to interfere with him obediently sitting down on his brown and yellow diaper in the middle of the room.

"Aw, what a poopy stinky boy," Megan coo'd as she helped Tyler lay back and put his hands above his head.

Tyler then felt Megan unlock and undo the straps on his plastic pants and gently pull them down, revealing his very yellow and very brown diaper.

"Good thing for these plastic pants," Megan said to her friends who were standing around, watching out of curiosity. "You can see his diaper was already starting to leak. That was one poopy mess are little Ty-ty made for Nanny. Look," Megan said, pointing to the leg areas of Tyler's diaper. Brown mush was starting to leak out.

"Ick! Have you ever even changed a diaper that messy?" One of her friends asked. "I mean, the whole diaper isn't even white anymore. It's yellow and brown now," she laughed.

"To be honest, no I haven't. But don't worry, I'm sure he'll cooperate. After all, boys are all the same. They all love having their stinky diapers changed by nanny," she said

with a wink. "You'll see," she said as she patted the front of Tyler's diaper.

Tyler grinned as he felt Megan pat his squishy mess against his peepee.

He then heard the distinctive sound of diaper tapes coming undone, and felt a cool breeze sweep in and touch his genitals as Megan lifted the front of his diaper up.

"Ewwww!" The crowd around him all said as they stared at Tyler's pooppy mess. The smell was so strong everyone in the room cringed, even Tyler. Tyler felt helpless under the control of his Nanny, but he still went rosy in the cheeks as some part of him detected how humiliating this was.

Tyler then closed his eyes and smiled as Megan lifted his legs up and used the front of his soggy diaper to wipe off chunks of his mess from his groin. He felt so soothed and taken care of as Megan lovingly cleaned his stinky, pooppy mess that had been smeared against his bottom.

"Oh my, what a pooppy boy you are. Yes sir. Such a little stinker. Nanny's little stinker," she cooed as she got to work wiping Tyler's bottom with wet wipes.

"Maybe you should get in there and help her wipe Tyler's pooppy butt," Megan's friend said to Tyler's friend Ray. "After all, Tyler's your friend."

"No way!" Ray joked. "That's disgusting! I don't know how you do it, Meg," Ray added.

"It's just part of the job," Megan replied with a smirk as she finished getting most of the poop off of Tyler's butt.

Tyler then felt something funny going on as Megan cleaned out the inner reaches of his butt. His dick was starting to get hard.

Megan let out a laugh. "Remember what I said about boy's enjoying it when their nanny's change their poopy diapers?" She joked.

"That is so sick," Tyler's friend Chuck said as he stared in fascination. "His dick is so tiny, too. I never knew Tyler had such a little dick."

"Yeah, but I'll tell you, ask a Nanny changing diapers and she prefers a little peepee like Tyler's any day of the week. It's much easier to clean," Megan said as she wiped Tyler's erect shaft up and down.

Tyler suddenly felt himself getting harder and harder as Megan stroked him. He opened his eyes and began to pant. As Megan stopped rubbing his shaft, Tyler reached down and grabbed it himself.

SLAP. Megan slapped Tyler's hand, sending it back up. "Naughty boy! Only Nanny touches that!" She chastised.

Tyler obliged and pulled his hand back in shame. Everyone around him laughed. "Yeah, it looks like he's enjoying his poopy diaper change a little too much," Tyler's friend Ray joked.

Megan finished cleaning Tyler's crotch, pulled the dirty diaper away, and double bagged it.

"Do you want me to take this out to the trash?" Megan's friend asked.

"Actually, no you can put it next to Tyler's bed. I find that it helps boys like Tyler get used to poopy diapers faster if they can smell the aftermath over night. It's a good reminder to them to use their diaper. Especially for boys like Ty-ty hear who have trouble making poopies," she explained.

“You got it, Meg,” Megan’s friend replied.

Finally, Megan put a new diaper under Tyler, covered him in baby powder, and wrapped him in a new, clean, thick white diaper.

“Are you gonna put plastic pants on him again?” Megan’s friend asked.

“No, I think he’s learned his lesson about trying to take his diapees off at this point. Beside, I think he looks a lot cuter in just a plain white diaper,” Megan said as she patted Tyler’s diaper.

“Yeah, he looks just like a little baby,” Megan’s friend replied.

“Alright, I think it’s time for this one to get back to beddie-bye,” she said as she picked Tyler up and put him over her shoulder, supporting him by placing her warm hand on his diapered bottom.

“Say goodbye to all your friend, Ty-ty,” Megan said as she carried Tyler toward his bedroom.

Tyler gave a goofy, babyish smile as he waved goodbye to his friends, Megan’s friends, and everyone else who had watch him transform into a helpless baby that evening.

He closed his eyes and nuzzled against Megan’s shoulder, breathing in her scent and feeling a profound sense of relaxation and bliss.

SENT TO BED

As Tyler felt Megan put him down to bed and tuck him in, some part of him came out of his daze. It was like spell that Megan had put on him to make him Little was slowly breaking, and a blur of images from the night's party began to flash in Tyler's mind and sent him into a panic.

Tyler sat up before Megan reached his door his door to leave. "Megan!" Tyler shouted. "Wait!"

Megan turned back. "What is it, sweetpea?" She asked in a sing-song voice.

Tyler reached down and felt his thick diaper. He immediately felt his old feelings of humiliation and shame about the diaper rise up inside of him. He desperately wanted to rip the diaper off.

"Okay, you've made your point. Now please, can I take this diaper off and have my regular clothes back?" Tyler pleaded.

Megan stared at Tyler, then laughed. "And why would you ever think that I would do something like that?" She said with an evil grin.

"Come on, Megan, this is ridiculous! You had your fun tormenting me, but please, let it be over. I'll do anything you want, but I can't do this anymore," Tyler said, tears suddenly in his eyes. "I'm not a baby!"

"Tyler, I don't know what you're talking about," Megan replied with an artificial smile.

"Come on! Putting me in diapers! Denying me a bathroom! Humiliating me in front of everyone out there! It's not fair!" Tyler shouted, suddenly surprised at the rage pouring out of him that had been building since Megan had arrived. "You can't treat me like this!" He cried through his tears.

Megan stared at Tyler for a moment. She closed his bedroom door, then sat down next to him on his bed.

"Aw, Ty-Ty, don't cry little baby," she said as she started rubbing his back. Even though Tyler had never been so angry and upset in his life, her touch was strangely comforting. "I'm just giving you the care required for a boy with your... special needs," she said with a patronizing smile.

Tyler looked up at her. "Megan, please. Just... tell me the truth. I mean, I get that you ratted me out for smoking to my Mom so you could get your school credit. But why are you taking it this far? What is this really all about?" Tyler pleaded. "What could I possibly have ever done to deserve this? Please, just tell me the truth! Why are you tormenting me like this?"

Megan paused, then began to laugh hysterically. Tyler suddenly felt scared. "Oh Tyler. You silly, silly, silly boy. You naive, little baby brat. You have no idea," she said, stroking his hair. Then Megan let out a long sigh. "Well since you asked for the truth, I'm going to tell you the truth."

Tyler felt the hair on his arms stand on end. Something gave him a bad feeling about this.

“Tyler, it’s true, your Mom thinks I’m doing this for class credit. Well guess what, there is no class, nor class credit,” she said in a low voice. “That was just the clever excuse I needed to get her to put me in charge of you,” Megan explained with an evil grin.

“What?” Tyler asked.

“Tyler, the reason I’m doing this to you is... well, to put it simply... revenge,” she explained, her eyes revealing smoldering flames.

Tyler was speechless. “Wh—what?” He stammered. “I don’t understand.”

“Tyler, ever since you came into my life as the boy next door, I’ve been absolutely disgusted by your filthy, male presence. You’ve been a great humiliation to me my whole school career. Everyone’s always made fun of me for living next to such a complete and total loser. And ever since then, I’ve dreamed of humiliating you to the extent that your existence has humiliated me. I decided, long ago, that the perfect way to exact my revenge is to turn you into my little baby,” she explained.

Tyler looked up at her with terrified, wide eyes. “Tyler, there’s nothing you can do to escape it now,” she continued. “You’re already wearing a diaper and crying in my arms. I have video evidence of you pooping your pants in front of all your friends and peers. I even changed your poopy diaper in front of everyone. Do you think anyone will ever believe you when you tell them you don’t have special needs? That you don’t need to be in diapers and that you you don’t need to be taken care of by a special baby sitter,” Megan explained with a vindictive grin.

Tyler was stunned and horrified. He had no idea Megan was capable of this.

“And Tyler, let me tell you, tonight was just the beginning. We have all week together of poopy diapers, humiliating diaper changes, and all sorts of punishments for naughty boys who don’t want to behave. And every day you’ll become more and more my infant. And every day I’ll accumulate more of the evidence I’ll need to explain to your mother why you belong in my care full time,” she said as she stroked Tyler’s cheek.

Tyler was horrified to the point of paralysis. “That’s right, little Tyler, soon you will be under my complete and total control, 24/7. For all intents and purposes, you will belong to me as my adorable, humiliated plaything,” she said with a grin.

“Please, don’t do this...” Tyler managed to plead. “I’ll do anything. But please. Please, Megan, please...”

Megan shh’d Tyler and put her finger to his lips. “Oh Tyler, silly boy. There’s no point in begging. There’s nothing you can do that will change your fate at this point. You know why? Because more than any other reason, I’m doing this for my pleasure. Your humiliation and helplessness is the most satisfying thing I could ever witness. I’ve been dreaming of this night my whole life. And I promise you, I’m going to enjoy every second I have with you under my control to the fullest,” she said, practically in a whisper.

“And I know what you’re thinking,” she added. “You’ll tell your Mother. Trust me, it’s me she’ll believe over you. And I’ll have all the video evidence I need to back it up.”

Tyler’s heart sank. He knew Megan was right. He began to shake with terror.

Megan coo'd Tyler as she rubbed his head, then moved her hand down and began to rub Tyler's tummy, then she moved her hand down to pat the front of Tyler's diaper.

To Tyler's surprise, he felt his dick starting to become rock hard inside of his diaper. It was as if all the shame, desperation, humiliation, and now terror of tonight needed an outlet, and that outlet was Tyler suddenly becoming extremely horny.

Tyler whimpered as Megan reached down and gently stroked his cock through his diaper. Then she patted it again and laughed. "Maybe you're looking forward to being my little diaper boy more than you realize," she said with a wink.

Megan then got up and went to Tyler's bedroom door. "Rest up, Ty-ty. This is the beginning of a long, long time we'll be spending together. Tonight... was just the beginning."

Megan then shut the lights off and closed Tyler's bedroom door, basking him in darkness as he laid trapped in his diaper.

Tyler laid down on his bed, his head still spinning with everything Megan had just said to him. He had no idea what to do.

Then, almost on instinct, he reached his hand down and began to stroke his hard cock nestled in the confines of his diaper.

He started to moan and groan as he played back the tape in his head of everything that had happened that night.

Being laughed at by the crowd. Being locked in a diaper and not being able to get out. Exploding with a poopy mess into his diaper. Having his poopy mess massaged by Megan as everyone laughed at him. Getting his poopy diaper

changed in front of everyone. The smell of his poopy diaper still lingering in his room. Megan smiling at him and touching his cock, telling him he was going to be her baby forever.

Tyler grunted and squealed as he felt himself shake with the most epic orgasm of his life. He sprayed his clean diaper with what felt like gallons of sticky jizz. He kept stroking until his whole body was trembling with pleasure.

Tyler pulled his hand out of his diaper and took a deep breath. Waves of pleasure and satisfaction continued to wash over his body as he rolled over, closed his eyes and smiled.

Tyler faded off to sleep in the sticky mess he made in diaper, suddenly realizing that maybe, just maybe, being Megan's baby wouldn't be so bad after all.

Maybe, just maybe, it was exactly what he had been dreaming about ever since they first met.

THE END.

ALSO BY NANNY CHLOE

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