

FULL-LENGTH NOVEL



REGRESSED AND DIAPERED

BY MY THERAPIST

BY NANNY CHLOE

REGRESSED AND DIAPERED

BY MY THERAPIST

NANNY CHLOE

NOTICE

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

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

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

CONTENTS

1. [Deidre's Office](#)
 2. [Going Under](#)
 3. [Diapered at the Nurse's Office](#)
 4. [Giving In](#)
 5. [The Shift](#)
 6. [Diaper Hypnosis](#)
 7. [Seeing Double](#)
 8. [Bedtime Problems](#)
 9. [Rumors at School](#)
 10. [More Wet Blankets](#)
 11. [New Routines](#)
 12. [Therapeutic Discipline](#)
 13. [A Rude Awakening](#)
 14. [Little-Space](#)
 15. [A Ride with Nanny](#)
 16. [The Final Trance](#)
 17. [Jay's Big Poopy Mess](#)
 18. [Meeting Little Jay](#)
- [Epilogue](#)

[More ABDL Stories by Nanny Chloe](#)

[Thank You for Reading!](#)

DEIDRE'S OFFICE

Eighteen-year-old Jay Bradley anxiously stood in the hallway outside of his therapist's office.

This was Jay's third week meeting with Dr. Deidre Appelbaum, and he still felt just as nervous as the first time.

If it were up to Jay, he wouldn't be coming to see a therapist at all. But his Mom demanded he continue seeing one after his fourth 'incident' at school last month...

That is, for the fourth time this year, Jay passed out for no discernible medical reason right in the middle of the school day.

The first time it was walking down the hallway to class. The second time it was sitting at a desk during AP Calculus. The third time it was in the lunch room. This last time it was while he was sitting on the toilet in the bathroom!

Every time it happened, Jay would wake up on the floor, surrounded by the faces of his friends and classmates all gathered over him in a crowd gawking and staring, much to his humiliation.

Then, Jay would usually be taken to the hospital, which he always found even more embarrassing and unnecessary, but school policy demanded it.

After his most recent visit to the hospital, where another battery of tests concluded that there was no discernable medical reason for his blackouts, his doctor suggested that his blackouts were most likely anxiety induced.

Of course, Jay couldn't see how that was possible, as it made him feel somehow responsible for blacking out, and he hated the idea that anyone would think he wasn't in control of his life.

But his Mom left him little choice in the matter, as Jay's blackouts *were* starting to become serious, and it didn't seem like there were any other options on the table for treating the problem. It was also the case that the cost of the ER visits were really starting to add up.

His Mom found a therapist for Jay through her friends' network, then she began driving him to sessions after school on Thursdays.

(Jay had his license, but after his second blackout, the doctors told him it would be unsafe for him to drive for the time being, lest he have another incident behind the wheel. He privately resented the indignity of depending on his Mom for rides again.)

The irony about being forced to see Deidre, Jay thought to himself, was that seeing this therapist was giving him *more* anxiety than he had before. At least, that's how he felt on Thursdays when he knew he would have to meet with Deidre that afternoon.

"The lady's nice or whatever," Jay pleaded to his Mom after his first session. "But I just feel so uncomfortable in that

office. Like I'm not sure what to say or what to *do* for an hour while I'm there."

But his Mom always dismissed his protests. "Jay, that's totally normal when you're first starting therapy. Just relax and give it a few more weeks. Besides, like it or not, you've been incident-free so far since you started seeing her," his Mom would explain.

Jay knew his Mom was right, but he still felt it was just a coincidence that the hadn't blacked out in the past three weeks. After all, he never even believed that his blackouts had anything to do with 'anxiety,' in the first place.

But like it or not, here he was, waiting outside the office of Dr. Deidre Appelbaum for his 4:45pm session.

He just hoped this week's session would be over as quick as possible so he could get back home to his homework...

* * *

"GOOD AFTERNOON, Jay. It's good to see you again," Deidre greeted Jay as he entered her office.

"Hi," Jay said back as he dropped his book bag on the floor and plopped down on the office's worn, leather couch.

"So, your Mom sent me an update this morning mentioning that you've had another week incident free. That's great news," Deidre said in a warm voice.

"I guess," Jay replied.

"Any ideas why that might be?" Deidre asked.

"Coincidence, I guess," Jay replied with a shrug.

“That’s very possible, Jay,” Deidre said with a smile. “And how has your overall stress and anxiety level been this week compared to previous weeks?”

“Fine,” Jay said with another shrug.

Deidre stayed silent, waiting for Jay to say more.

“I mean...” Jay continued, “if I’m being honest, I wish I was back home getting started on my calculus homework for tonight, rather than sitting in this office. So that’s kind of stressful.”

Deidre nodded and wrote a quick note on her notepad. “I’m sorry to hear that, Jay. I know you mentioned you’ve been stressed out about your classes in general this year, and I’m sure your unexpected medical setbacks have only added to that stress. Not to mention that, from what you’ve told me, your classes all appear to be very high level.”

“Yeah, well, of course they are. That’s the only way I’m getting into a decent engineering program,” Jay replied.

“Right, you’ve mentioned that before as well. Well, I just want to say that I think it’s really impressive that you have such high expectations of yourself. I don’t know if I’ve asked you this before, but how long have you wanted to become an engineer?” Deidre asked.

Jay shrugged. “Probably in the last couple years when I realized how good at math I was.”

“And what about engineering appeals to you?” Deidre asked.

“I mean, like I said, I’m really good at math and science. So, it would be dumb not to do something in that field,” Jay replied. “Engineering just seemed like the best option in terms of education costs, job competition, and pay.”

"Ah huh. I see," Deidre replied, writing down another note. "And do you enjoy doing math and science?" Deidre asked.

Jay shrugged. "As much as anything else I guess."

Deidre smiled. "That's a fair answer," she said as Jay impatiently tapped his foot.

"Well Jay, real quick, before we continue, I want to address what you said before—that coming here was only adding to your stress," Deidre explained.

"I just want you to know that's certainly not my intention as your therapist, and if there's anything I can do to make this time easier or more useful for you, please let me know."

"Thanks," Jay said back.

"But I would also hope that maybe you could recognize that prioritizing your health by coming here is also an important investment in your future. After all, if you have another panic attack, fall down and split your head open, it's going to be pretty hard to be an engineer," Deidre said in a light tone.

To Deidre's shock, Jay just rolled his eyes at her and looked out the window.

Deidre was taken aback. She went quiet as she collected herself internally and considered how best to respond.

"Jay?" Deidre said after a lengthy silence.

"What?" Jay asked.

"How do you think it made me feel to watch you roll your eyes at me while I was speaking?" Deidre asked.

Jay buried his face in his hands and let out a grumbling sigh.

“Sorry,” he said half-heartedly. “It’s just that, I’m sick of people saying that I’m having panic attacks. They’re *not* panic attacks. I think *I would know* if I was having panic attacks, okay?” Jay shouted.

Deidre nodded. “You’re right Jay, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have jumped to that diagnosis without talking it over with you more thoroughly, first.”

Jay nodded, a little disarmed by her apology. “Yeah... thanks.”

“So, Jay, what *do* you think the source of your... incidents... are?” Deidre asked.

“I don’t know, okay?! If I knew, then I’d be able to stop having them, wouldn’t I? But what I do know is that sitting in a room talking about it, rather than focusing on my school work and getting into a good college, isn’t exactly helping!” Jay shouted, his face suddenly red and sweaty.

Deidre sat in relaxed but attentive silence as Jay calmed down from his outburst. The truth was, Jay was more surprised than her about the intensity of his sudden anger.

“Sorry,” Jay said again, wiping the sweat off his brow. “I’m just... I don’t know. I just don’t like talking about my... incidents.”

“That’s okay, Jay. I understand. Thank you for telling me,” Deidre replied.

There was another long silence and Deidre thought about what to do next.

“Jay,” she said, “I’ve been considering bringing up a different possible therapy modality with you that I think you might find appealing. It’s a bit different from the way we’ve been conducting our sessions so far, but I suspect

that it might be more helpful to you in your current situation. Would you like to hear about it?"

Jay looked up, intrigued. "Sure," he replied.

"I like to call it *enhanced meditation*. The process, to put it simply, would involve me easing you into a state of deep relaxation. And once you're in that very relaxed, meditative state, you'll be able to think through your problems without the usual accompanying fear or anxiety," she explained.

Jay stared at Deidre for a long beat. "And how would you do that?" he asked. "Because I did some meditation in a yoga class once and I thought it was pretty boring."

Deidre nodded and smiled. "Right, well, the reason it's enhanced meditation is that, unlike traditional meditation, you would get to lay down and get comfy, I would turn the lights off, and you would wear headphones with special music that would help me guide you into a meditative state. Most people find it much more enjoyable than traditional meditation."

Jay looked at Deidre, then shrugged. "I mean, sure, if you want. It sounds better than what we've been doing so far."

Deidre nodded. "Are any specific questions coming up for you that you'd like to address, first?"

"Well... I'm pretty tired. Can I just go to sleep instead of meditating?" Jay asked.

Deidre paused, then smiled again. "As long as you have the headphones on, that's actually totally fine. In fact, a lot of my clients say that, regardless of whether or not they fall asleep, that when we finish a session, it feels like they just woke up from a refreshing nap."

“Well that sounds good to me,” Jay said. “Let’s do it. Where are the headphones?”

Deidre laughed. “Sorry Jay, I guess I should have clarified, our first session would have to be next week, as we’re already almost out of time for today.”

Jay looked at the clock. “Oh, you’re right,” Jay said, surprised to realize he was a little disappointed. He was strangely curious about this method Deidre was offering.

“Also,” Deidre continued, “The sessions will necessarily be twice as long as our usual sessions. I’ll send you home with some paperwork for you Mother to sign regarding consent and the fee,” Deidre explained.

Jay paused. If the sessions were twice as long as the previous sessions, that would make this whole therapy thing that much more of a pain to deal with in his schedule.

But at the same time, he still felt like the offer of getting to sleep during these sessions, instead of having to do so much *talking* to this lady, was irresistible.

“Sounds good,” Jay said as Deidre handed him the paperwork.

“Have a good week!” Deidre said as she opened the door for Jay to leave.

“You too,” he replied as he left her office. For the first time since he began attending therapy, he was actually excited for next week’s session.

He couldn’t help but feel intrigued by the strange method Deidre had described.

GOING UNDER

Jay's week passed rather uneventfully.

Fortunately, he avoided having any other blackouts, and while he was stressed out about his AP Calculus and AP Bio tests coming up, he was handling his study workload fairly well, all things considered.

When Thursday came, Jay was practically rocking in his seat with anticipation for the school day's final bell. For some reason, he just couldn't wait to do this relaxation thing that Deidre had described.

* * *

JAY WALKED into Deidre's office at four o'clock in a cheery mood. He handed Deidre the paperwork that his Mom had signed without too much comment.

"Good to see you again, Jay," Deidre said.

"You too!" Jay replied as he threw his book bag down.

Jay noticed that there was a new, rather large sofa on the other side of the room. The size of its cushions and the

absence of a back rest made it seem like it would be a better bed than couch. Its large pillows and folded blankets suggested the same thing.

On Deidre's desk across from the sofa, Jay noticed a laptop, a microphone, and a pair of large headphones he also hadn't seen before.

"Now, I know this treatment is new for you, so I'm happy to answer any questions. That being said, I'd also like to get started as soon as possible, so that we can make the most of our time," Deidre explained.

"Don't worry, I'm good. Let's just do this," Jay said with a smile. He was excited to just lay down and shut his brain off after his exhausting school day.

"Alright, sounds great. Go ahead and slip your shoes off and come on over here," Deidre said as she guided Jay onto the large sofa.

Jay happily laid back on the comfy sofa as Deidre slipped a blanket over him, tucked him in, and placed the large headphones snugly on his head, blocking out all the noise of the world.

Jay then closed his eyes as Deidre turned the lights out, putting them in darkness.

Jay took a relaxing, deep breath, and felt immediately ready to take a nice, long nap.

"How's that?" Jay heard Deidre's voice ask through his headphones.

He looked up, and realized Deidre was speaking into a microphone next to her computer.

"Good," Jay replied.

“Are you comfortable?” Deidre asked.

“Yep,” Jay replied and gave a thumbs up.

Jay thought it was kind of amusing how Deidre’s voice sounded through the headphones. The way her disembodied voice surrounded him in his headphones made it sound like she was some sort of spirit or deity.

She also seemed to have applied some sort of audio effect that made her voice incredibly soft and pleasing, yet still firm and articulate.

“Perfect. Well, go ahead and lay back, and don’t worry too hard about anything for the next hour or so,” Deidre said.

Jay heard some calming, meditative music come into the headphones, helping him relax even more.

“Now I’m going to be speaking to you over the next hour, but don’t feel any pressure to pay much attention to what I’m saying,” she said, her voice combining with the music in an almost angelic harmony.

“If you want to fall asleep, go ahead and fall asleep. If you *want* to listen to the words I’m saying, you’re welcome to do that too. All that really matters for the next hour is that nothing matters for the next hour. You’re just going to take deep breaths and relax,” Deidre’s voice explained.

“We’re going to take a deep breath in... and go ahead and let it out. Another deep breath in... and go ahead and let it out...” Deidre’s voice continued.

Deidre’s words, the relaxing music, the comfortable bed—all of it guided Jay into an extremely deep sleep just a few moments later...

* * *

JAY LOOKED around him in a panic. He didn't want anyone to see him.

He looked down, and realized his hands were very small. And so were his legs. His whole body.

He reached down to his crotch. He was wearing a pull-up diaper!

Jay realized he was just a toddler. And he needed to hide.

He heard footsteps. Someone big coming. He continued running, looking for somewhere to escape to.

He ran into the pantry. It was dark and quiet. He could finally relax.

Hisssssssssss.

The sound of his bladder emptying into his soggy pull-up.

It felt so good... yet so bad.

He knew he wasn't supposed to be doing this. He didn't want to be found by...

WHOOSH — The pantry door swung open!

His Mom was staring down at him with her hands on her hips, furious.

"Found him!" She shouted behind her to the kitchen. "Young man, what are you doing in here?" His Mom shouted at him.

Jay's Mom pulled him out of the cabinet and stuck her hand into his diaper.

"You naughty boy! You went peepee in your pants again instead of the toilet!" His Mom scolded.

Jay wanted to run and hide, but there was nowhere to go. He was so scared and ashamed and embarrassed.

"Jay pissed in his diaper again!" His Mom shouted to the kitchen that was crowded with strangers.

* * *

"AND THREE... two... one... And now you're back awake," Jay heard Deidre say just a couple seconds after he had first laid down.

Or at least, it *felt* like a couple seconds after he had first laid down. Jay opened his eyes to see the clock, indicating almost 90 minutes had passed.

He continued laying in a relaxed daze as Deidre came over and took the headphones off of him.

"How was that?" Deidre asked in a soft voice.

She turned on a small light on her desk, but to Jay's not yet dilated pupils, it felt like she had lit a road flare.

"Uhh... it was good," Jay said, his eyes adjusting as he sat up.

"Do you remember much?" Deidre asked with a reassuring smile.

Jay tried to think about what had just happened.

He felt like he might have just had some sort of dream...

A dream about when he was little...

But he wasn't sure, and the memory seemed to disappear as quickly as it came. The truth was, all he could remember over the last ninety minutes was the blackness of a very deep sleep.

Jay shook his head. "Not really."

Deidre smiled. "That's completely fine. How do you feel?" She asked.

Jay blinked his eyes and stretched his arms and legs.

"Good, actually," he said. "Really good. Just like... relaxed," he confidently answered. "Actually, I feel great," he said with a smile.

It was true. He felt like his whole body was basking in the afterglow of a totally free and weightless experience.

Deidre gave him a glass of water to drink as Jay spent a few minutes recovering from his trance. She handed him his shoes and turned the lights back on, causing Jay to squint and finally come back to reality.

"Well Jay, that's it for today. I think I saw your Mom's car pull up outside. Not bad for your first hypnotherapy session," Deidre said.

Jay suddenly did a double take. "What did you just say?"

"I said, not bad for your first hypnotherapy session," Deidre repeated with a reassuring smile.

Jay felt a sudden sting of alarm from deep in his gut.

"Hypnotherapy? Hypnosis?" Jay asked in confusion.

"Oh, I'm sorry, have I not used that term with you yet? I tend to avoid it at first, as the word, 'hypnosis,' tends to carry a lot of negative baggage with patients unfamiliar with authentic hypnotherapy," she explained.

Jay's stomach turned. He felt like he'd been dropkicked from his state of relaxation into a state of panic. For reasons he couldn't explain, he suddenly felt violated on a deep, personal level.

"You were... *hypnotizing* me? I didn't know *that's* what this was," Jay said in shock.

Deidre looked at him in a mixture of surprise and worry. "Jay, I'm sorry, I had no idea that you were uncomfortable with that term. I mean, I didn't say the word hypnotherapy to you, but it's all over the paperwork I sent you home with," Deidre explained.

Jay realized that he never even bothered to look at the paperwork, which made him feel stupid and even more angry.

"It's not the *term* I'm uncomfortable with, it's the *hypnosis*!" He shouted.

"Jay, please, I really don't understand what's wrong," Deidre pleaded. "I mean, you just said that you felt great."

Jay's head was spinning. The truth was, Jay didn't exactly understand why he was so upset either. He just knew, that on a visceral level, he hated the idea of Deidre having that much power over him.

"Yeah, well, that was before I knew you were tinkering around in my brain without my knowledge! What did you have me do while I was under your control?" Jay shouted.

"Jay, you've really got a misconception here we need to address. This is exactly why I try not to use that word at first. Hypnotherapy has nothing to do with mind-control or silly party tricks. It's just a deep state of meditation—just like you just experienced," Deidre pleaded.

"Did I?" Jay asked. "Because honestly, I don't remember anything from the last ninety minutes. For all I know, you had me read you all of my credit card numbers and then programmed me to assassinate the president!"

"Jay, come on now," Deidre said.

"No, *you* come on now!" Jay shouted as he stood up. "I'm done with you and all this therapy shit. The last thing I need is another crazy cunt in my life messing with my head," Jay shouted as he flung Deidre's office door open.

"Excuse me?" Deidre asked in shock.

Jay paused. He didn't even realize how aggressive and uncharacteristic his words were until after he said what he said.

Nor did he have any idea what he meant by, 'another crazy cunt.'

"Don't worry—I'm never coming back here," Jay shouted, then stormed out of Deidre's office and slammed the door behind him.

* * *

JAY WAS STILL HEAVING in rage when he climbed into the back of his Mom's minivan.

"How did it go today?" Jay's Mom asked him.

"I'm never going back there again," Jay grumbled.

Jay still didn't know why exactly he was so angry about finding out that he had been hypnotized. But he just knew that he was.

"What happened?" His Mom asked.

"I don't want to talk about it," Jay said.

"Jay, honey, come on, you can tell me," his Mom urged.

“Well I don’t *want* to tell you, okay? All you need to know is that I’m never going back into that office again,” Jay said. “Now let’s go home.”

His Mom let out a long sigh. “Okay, Jay that’s fine. Why don’t I reach out to another therapist and see if I can get you an appointment with someone else next week.”

“No!” Jay shouted. “I’m not going to any more therapists! I’m fine!”

“Jay...” his Mom began.

“Stop it! I don’t care what you think! I’m an adult, and I can decide I’m not seeing any more therapists!” Jay screamed.

His Mom stared at Jay for a long moment, then let out another sigh.

She put the car in gear and drove them both home in silence.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, during dinner, his Mom tried to bring the issue up again.

“Jay, honey, would it be helpful if I spoke to Deidre for you before next Thursday? Maybe I could help figure out what happened or what went wrong—”

“No!” Jay shouted again. “I’m never going back there. Ever.”

His mother let out another pained sigh. “Jay, so far, seeing Deidre is the only thing that has actually helped your... episodes. I’m concerned that if—”

“I don’t care!” Jay shouted. “I’d rather keep having incidents than ever set foot again in any other therapist’s office again! Which won’t happen, because like I already said, I’m fine!”

Jay’s Mom stared at Jay for another long moment, nodded her head, and they both went back to eating dinner in another uncomfortable silence.

DIAPERED AT THE NURSE'S OFFICE

In the days that followed, Jay was determined to prove to the world he was fine and that he didn't need anyone's help. Especially not Deidre or any other therapist.

He was determined to forget all about Deidre and her hypnotherapy and purge her from his memory.

But with every day that passed after Jay stormed out of Deidre's office, Jay felt himself getting more and more anxious and stressed, for reasons he didn't quite understand.

It felt like his classes were all getting more boring. And his homework was getting harder. He was having trouble sleeping at night, and he didn't feel like he could be social with his friends.

By Tuesday of next week, Jay felt like he was falling apart.

His brain was mush when he took his all-important AP Bio test...

And on Thursday, in the middle of his AP Bio class, it happened again...

Right as he looked at the result of his test.

He had gotten a D. The lowest grade he'd ever gotten in his life.

Jay felt himself getting dizzy...

His hands and legs were trembling...

The world around him began to tunnel and go dark...

Jay needed to vomit. He turned to get out of his desk...

Everything went black.

* * *

JAY WOKE up a few seconds later on the floor of the classroom, much like had happened the previous times he had passed out.

And also, much like the previous times he had passed out, there were a half dozen people all standing around him, looking down and gawking at him.

But unlike the last times he had passed out, there was a look of shock and disgust spreading on the faces of his peers.

Confused, Jay then felt something wet... on his crotch.

At first, he thought he might have knocked someone's drink over when he fell... or maybe he landed in a puddle someone had left...

But no, when he looked down at his crotch, it was clear as day.

Jay had pissed his pants.

Jay realized his 'incidents' just took on a whole new dimension of public humiliation.

* * *

WHEN JAY'S Mom finally arrived in the school nurse's office to pick him up, Jay's eyes were still wet from his tears. Tears of utter shame and humiliation.

Jay couldn't believe he had actually *wet his pants* in front of his classmates. The embarrassment of passing out was one thing... the embarrassment of peeing your pants in the middle of class was another thing entirely.

He had no idea whether or not he'd ever live it down, but all he could think about now was how badly he wanted to get home and change out of his soaking wet jeans.

"There you are," Jay's Mom said to him as she walked into the office and found Jay sitting in the corner.

Jay stood up, eager to go home. He continued holding the coat over his lap he'd been using to hide his accident.

"Let me see," Jay's Mom said, yanking the coat out of his hands.

"Mom!" Jay protested as his Mom inspected his soaking wet crotch.

"Wow, the nurse wasn't kidding. Your pants are soaked. It looks like you completely emptied your bladder," Jay's Mom remarked.

Mortified, Jay covered his wet crotch with his hands and turned away. "Can we just go!" Jay whined, his cheeks turning red with embarrassment.

"Excuse me, Nurse Hilda?" Jay's Mom called to the nurse, ignoring Jay's pleas.

“Yes?” The Nurse replied, sticking her head back in through the wide-open office door.

“How come you haven’t given my son anything to change into. His pants are still totally soaked with urine from his accident. He’s going to get a rash, not to mention stain my car seat,” his Mom practically shouted.

“Mom!” Jay whispered in horror. He could see several students outside the nurse’s office all turn to see who his Mom was shouting about.

“I tried to give him a diaper to change into, but he refused,” the nurse explained.

Jay’s Mom turned back to Jay. “Is that true? Why didn’t you change into the diaper that the nurse offered?”

Jay could see more students peeking into the nurse’s office to overhear, making his cheeks burn even hotter.

“Mom! I’m not going to wear a diaper!” Jay pleaded.

“And why not?” His Mom asked with her hands on her hips.

“Because! It’s embarrassing!” Jay whispered.

Jay’s Mom rolled her eyes. “Nurse, can you bring me a diaper for my son to change into? He probably wears a medium,” his Mom said.

“Sure thing,” the Nurse replied, then walked away to retrieve it.

Jay was mortified. “Mom! I’m not wearing a diaper!” He pleaded.

“Jay, I don’t have time to argue with you about this,” his Mom replied. “You’re not getting in my car with your jeans still soaking wet with urine, and quite frankly, if you’re going to be peeing your pants now when you have an

incident, you should probably start getting use to wearing a diaper, anyway."

Jay was speechless. He couldn't believe this was happening to him.

The nurse returned and handed his Mom an adult, medical-variety diaper. "Do you need help putting it on?" The nurse asked.

"No," Jay and his Mom both said at the same time.

Jay gave his Mom an annoyed look.

"What?" His Mom replied. "I changed your diapers as an infant, I don't need any help doing it now."

"Mom!" Jay shouted. "I don't need *your* help either!"

"Okay, okay, I just figured that maybe the reason you didn't want to wear the diaper is that you didn't know how to put it on," Jay's Mom replied.

"Oh, come on, Mom, I'm not two-years-old!" Jay said as he grabbed the diaper out of his Mom's hand.

"I was just trying to be helpful," Jay's Mom said. "Oh, Nurse, can you get a plastic bag for my son's pee-soaked jeans as well?" She shouted into the crowded school office.

"Mom!" Jay shouted, getting more and more angry.

"What?" His Mom replied, seemingly oblivious.

"Can you close the door!" Jay said.

Jay's Mom rolled her eyes and closed the door.

Jay glared at her.

"What?" His Mom replied.

“Can you leave the room!” Jay insisted.

Jay’s Mom let out an annoyed sigh, then turned around to face the wall.

“There, I can’t see, okay? Now this is already taking long enough, and I don’t have all day. Change into your diaper already so we can finally get going!”

Jay rolled his eyes in anger, then looked down at the white, crinkly diaper in his hand.

Jay was paralyzed with humiliation. Just the *sight* of the diaper turned his cheeks red. He couldn’t imagine actually *wearing* it. He couldn’t believe this was happening to him.

Jay began to unfold the diaper with trembling hands. His Mom turned around.

“Mom!” He shouted.

“What is taking so long? Do you need me to do it or not?” His Mom asked.

“Just give me a minute!” Jay replied, his cheeks burning red with embarrassment and anger.

His Mom rolled her eyes and folded her arms with impatience as she turned back around to face the wall.

Jay took a deep breath and knew he needed to go for it. He unbuttoned his soaking pants and peeled them off. Then he dropped his underwear. Then the fateful moment arrived...

He finished unfolding the diaper, which was, fortunately, a pull-on, then stepped into it and pulled it up around his waist.

Jay immediately felt disgusted with the pathetic garment as he looked at his reflection in the nearby mirror.

It was clearly on the cheap side of adult diapers, and the crinkly plastic elastic waist that went up to his belly button, as well as the padding under his crotch, crinkled and rustled loudly as he tried to adjust it.

Realizing it was useless to get the ill-fitting garment to feel comfortable around his crotch, he bent over and picked his pants up.

"What are you doing?" His Mom asked, looking right at him.

"Mom, I told you not to look!" Jay pleaded, covering his humiliating diaper by holding his wet pants in front of him.

"What? I waited until you put your diaper on! It's not like I saw your privates. Not that it's anything I haven't seen before," his Mom retorted.

There was a knocking on the door. "I'm sorry, but I need to get back into my office," the nurse said through the door.

"One minute!" Jay shouted, quickly trying to get his pants on.

"Jay! What are you doing? Those pants are soaked, you can't put those back on," his Mom said as she yanked his wet pants away and put them into a plastic bag.

"I don't have anything else to wear!" Jay replied.

"You don't need anything else! You have a diaper on!" His Mom shouted.

"Mom! I can't go out in the hallway wearing just a diaper!" Jay pleaded.

Suddenly, to Jay's horror, the nurse swung the door to her office wide open, giving the crowd of students outside the

nurse's office a clear view of Jay as he stood there wearing nothing but a diaper.

"Sorry, but I do need to get back to work," the nurse said as she came back in, leaving the door wide open.

Jay was mortified. He covered his diapered crotch with his hands as he stood frozen in plain sight of half-a-dozen curious, disturbed onlookers. It didn't take long for some of the students to start snickering and whispering.

"See? They've already seen you in your diaper, Jay. Now let's go," his Mom said, pulling him by the hand.

Jay tied his coat around his waist to hide his diaper best he could as his Mom dragged him out of the office.

Just then, the school bell rang, and the halls flooded with students. His Mom was now pulling him by the hand through mobs of Jay's peers while he wore nothing but a shirt and diaper.

He sensed dozens of people were pointing, staring and whispering about him. He tried to keep his head down and get to exit with his Mom as fast as possible.

When they finally got outside and across the parking lot, Jay was in a state of shock. He couldn't believe what had just happened.

Jay climbed into the back of his Mom's minivan, where he hoped it would be harder for onlookers to see him.

The moment his crinkly, diapered bottom hit the seat, Jay burst into tears. He continued crying like a baby the whole drive home.

"Oh, calm down, Jay," his Mom said from the driver's seat. "So what if all your classmates saw you wearing a diaper. They'll probably forget about it by tomorrow morning."

Besides, it couldn't have been any worse than when they saw you pee your pants."

Jay paused and took a deep breath.

He knew his Mom was wrong about the first part—that his peers would somehow forget by the morning.

But he realized she was probably right about the second part—peeing your pants in class and wearing a diaper home were probably both, equally embarrassing.

They were both unfathomably, social-life-shatteringly, embarrassing.

Jay cried even harder.

* * *

WHEN JAY and his Mom finally arrived back home, Jay marched up to his bedroom, ripped his humiliating diaper off and threw it into the corner.

He climbed into bed, squeezed his eyes shut, and prayed that he could somehow forget the whole day ever happened.

GIVING IN

*J*ay was laying in his bed, still in a deep sleep, early the next morning.

And yet he also felt awake in a strange way.

Awake... but totally relaxed.

Completely relaxed.

So utterly and completely relaxed.

Hisssssss.

Jay could hear the sound of running water. He just smiled. The water sounded comforting to him.

He could feel his crotch getting warmer and warmer. And the water getting louder. His legs, his crotch, his tummy, everything was quickly getting wetter and wetter.

But Jay didn't care. He just kept on smiling and smiling.

Until he finally realized, in a state of shock and panic, that he was peeing the bed!

He was soaking it! Flooding it with his urine!

* * *

JAY BOLTED AWAKE. He ripped his blanket off—

His crotch was completely dry.

Jay laid back down in his bed, heaving for breath and soaking with sweat. It was just a dream. Or more accurately, a nightmare.

Jay realized that he did have to pee quite badly. He went to go relieve himself in the bathroom, and when he returned, his morning alarm for school was going off.

Jay unplugged his alarm and climbed back into bed.

* * *

JAY WOKE up to his Mom's voice a short time later.

"Jay! You're not even dressed yet!"

Jay sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Yeah, sorry, Mom, I think I need to stay home sick today after my incident yesterday," he said.

His Mom put her hands on her hips. "How come? You were always fine to go to school the next morning after all the other times you had an incident," she said.

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

His Mom then reached down and felt his forehead. She then ripped his blanket off to check his crotch. She didn't realize he had slept in the nude.

"Mom!" Jay screamed in embarrassment.

"Oops!" His Mom replied, putting his blanket back down. "Just wanted to make sure you didn't wet the bed as well since you peed your pants yesterday," she said.

"Of course not!" Jay replied.

"Well good!" His Mom said back. "I'm glad you're feeling better. So, I don't think there's any reason for you to get out of going to school."

"Well, what if I have another accident!" Jay shouted.

His Mom smiled and nodded. "Well Jay, I'm glad you brought that up."

His Mom then retrieved a couple of large plastic bags from the hallway and placed them next to his bed.

Confused, Jay leaned over and looked into the bags. To his utter horror, they were both filled with adult diapers.

"I got you a few different brands of diapers from the store last night to try on for today," Jay's Mom explained.

Jay was mortified. "What? You want me to wear a diaper *again*? Are you crazy?"

"Well, no, Jay, I don't think I'm crazy. I think I was nice enough to go out last night while you were sleeping and buy a solution for the concern you just brought up," his Mom replied.

"Huh?" Jay asked.

"Jay, you just said you don't want to go to school because you're worried you're going to have another accident and pee your pants again. I bought you some diapers so that doesn't happen. I also bought you this..." his Mom said, reaching into another bag.

Jay watched in horror as his Mom pulled out a large, dorky, pink hockey helmet.

"What is *that*?" Jay asked in horror.

"It's your new helmet. We can order one that isn't pink online, but this is all they had at the store for now," she explained.

"You want me to wear that *while* I'm in *school*? What, like when I'm walking down the hallways?" Jay asked in disbelief.

"Well... no, you'll be wearing it every minute of the day. This way, if you have another... incident... your diapers will keep your pants dry and your helmet will keep your head safe," his Mother explained.

"No way," Jay said. "There's no way I'm wearing a diaper, and there's no way I'm wearing a pink helmet. Honestly, I don't know which one is worse!"

His Mother took a seat and let out a long sigh. "Jay, I'm sorry, but you don't have a choice," she explained.

"Mom!" Jay whined.

"Look, it's not up to me! The school gave me a call last night and we had a long talk. They said they can't let you attend class without adequate *protection* going forward. At least while you're having these undiagnosed... issues. Until those get solved, they need to know you're protected and safe. It's a liability concern for them," she explained.

"And what if I don't!" Jay shouted.

"Well Jay, I don't know. I mean, I guess, best case scenario, you don't get to finish your classes and graduate, and you'll have to repeat your senior year next year, if they let you. And if they don't, you'll probably have to get your GED, which means you'll have a really hard time getting into college," his Mom explained.

Jay felt like he was going to be sick. He couldn't believe that his future was being held hostage like this, ransoming him into utterly humiliating himself by wearing diapers and a helmet for the rest of the school year.

"Come on Jay, it's really not that bad. Here, let's look at some of the diapers I bought," his Mom said as she lifted up one of the plastic bags.

Jay suddenly burst into hysterical tears. He just couldn't believe this was happening to him.

His Mom sat there, watching him cry in his bed for several minutes.

Finally, his Mom spoke up as Jay began to calm down. "Jay?" She asked.

"What?" Jay replied.

"Do you remember what you said to me last week when we talked about you going to see Deidre again?"

Jay shook his head no.

"You said, 'I'd rather keep having incidents' than go to her again. Well here we are. This is what that looks like. Diapers, helmets, and it's probably only going to get more embarrassing from here," she said.

"So, is that still how you feel? That you'd still rather do this than see Deidre?" His Mom asked in a firm tone.

Jay stared at his Mom with a pained expression. He felt trapped.

"I don't know," Jay groaned, then buried his face in his hands.

His Mom leaned in and rubbed his back. "I know, I know. Everything is so hard right now. But it's all the more reason

you need to keep seeing Deidre for your problem, before it gets worse,” his Mom said in a soft voice.

“How about this,” his Mom continued, “if you continue to see Deidre tonight, I’ll call the school and tell them you’re in treatment, so that you no longer have to wear diapers to school if you don’t want. How does that sound?” His Mom asked.

Jay looked up. “Really?”

“Yes,” his Mom explained. “But you really do need to start seeing Deidre again.”

Jay grumbled and rubbed his face. “Okay, fine! I’ll do it. I’ll start seeing her again.”

His Mom patted his back as he dried his tears. “Thank you, Jay. I’m proud of you for making the right choice. And lucky for you, I talked to Deidre for a long time on the phone last night, and even after what you said last week, she’s willing to see you again tonight,” his Mom explained.

“Tonight?” Jay grumbled. “Can’t I start next week?”

His Mom sighed. “Alright, Jay, how about this. If I let you stay home from school to rest, will you be a good boy and go to your therapist tonight?” His Mom asked.

Jay groaned, then grumbled the word, “Fine.”

“Great. I knew you’d make the right decision,” his Mom said as she patted his back and got up to leave.

Jay laid back down and pulled his bed covers back over his head.

He wasn’t sure what was worse—having to see Deidre again, or having to wear diapers to school.

For now, Deidre was the lesser evil.

* * *

JAY SPENT the day lazing around the house, watching TV and dreading his appointment that night with Deidre. He knew he should be doing school work, but he was just too anxious to concentrate.

When the time finally came for his Mom to drive him to his appointment, Jay grabbed his shoes and waited by the front door.

"Oh, honey, before we leave, I totally forgot to bring it up earlier, but Deidre needs you to wear a diaper to your session tonight," his Mom said.

Jay snapped his head in shock. "What?!"

"Yeah, I'm sorry, I meant to tell you this morning. When I talked with her last night and told her about your accident at school, she said that it would be better for you to wear a diaper to your sessions with her from now on, just in case," his Mom explained.

"You're kidding me," Jay whined. "The only reason I agreed to see her again is so I *didn't* have to wear a diaper."

His Mom sat down across from him. "Yes, Jay, I know that, but there's the simple fact that you *did* wet your pants yesterday. I can convince the school it won't be a problem anymore, but you can understand why Deidre would still be concerned about you making a mess on her furniture, right?"

Jay's cheeks burned red. "But why did you even have to tell her about that!" He whined.

"Because, Jay, I'm just trying to get you the help you need to fix your problem!"

“Yesterday, I had to miss an appointment with the repairman to come pick you up from school. Then, after you went to sleep, I had to spend hours on the phone with the school administration and go shopping to get you the supplies you need for your problem.

“And finally, after all that, I had to spend the rest of my evening talking on the phone with your therapist, trying to convince her to see you again after the way you behaved last week! And yes, I wasn’t going to bring it up, but she told me what word you called her in her office.

“And if I still had the time or energy after all that, I’d wash that mouth of yours right out with a bar of soap for using that filthy language,” his Mom chastised.

Jay’s cheeks burned red as he realized that his Mom knew he had called Deidre the ‘c-word’.

“So yes, Jay, I’m sorry that, in spending my entire night cleaning up after you, I had to explain to your therapist that your accidents were getting worse in order to convince her to see you again after you hurled a disgusting insult at her last week.

“But maybe, just maybe, you should start to show me a little appreciation for the time, money and energy I’m spending right now to take care of you, before you submit your next complaint,” Jay’s Mom lectured.

Jay suddenly felt a wave of guilt and shame wash over him. It was true—he had barely recognized, let alone thanked, his Mom for all the work she was doing to help take care of him.

He knew she had a point—he was putting her through a lot lately due to his problem.

Jay let out a long sigh. “Do I *really* have to wear a *diaper*?” He grumbled.

“Yes!” His Mom emphatically answered as she checked her watch. “And please hurry, we’re going to be late.”

Jay sighed. He knew he was out of options. “Alright, fine. I’ll go put a diaper on,” Jay said.

“Thanks, dear. They’re still in the corner of your room,” his Mom replied.

Jay walked back to his room, opened up the grocery bag of diapers, and pulled out the first one in the package.

He took a deep breath and knew he just needed to get this over with.

He dropped his pants and underwear and quickly slipped the diaper on.

Jay immediately hated the diaper—just like he hated wearing one yesterday. But at least he could wear pants over his diaper today, unlike before.

“Jay, we have to go! Do you need my help with your diaper?” He heard his Mom call through his bedroom door.

“No!” Jay said as he stormed out of his room, still adjusting the crinkly garment around his crotch.

“So, you *are* wearing your diaper, right—”

“Yes!” Jay shouted. “Let’s just go.”

“Okay, I trust you,” his Mom replied as they walked out the front door.

When they got to his Mom’s minivan, Jay had to sit in the back seat, as the passenger seat was full of boxes from her shopping the night before.

Jay felt especially juvenile being forced to sit in the back seat again—not to mention, he was wearing *another* diaper.

Jay groaned with shame as his Mom drove him to his therapist.

* * *

JAY ANXIOUSLY STOOD and waited in the hallway outside of Deidre's office—just like he had for the past four weeks.

Jay felt startled when Deidre answered the door—just like he had for the past four weeks.

“Hello Jay, come on in,” Deidre said with a warm smile—just like she had for the past four weeks.

And Jay bowed his head and reluctantly entered Deidre's office—just like he had for the past four weeks.

But unlike the past four weeks, there was an audible *crinkle* coming from beneath Jay's clothes as he entered Deidre's office.

A crinkle from the diaper Jay was wearing.

The diaper Jay was wearing as he sat down with his therapist.

It was a humiliation Jay had no idea how to come to terms with.

THE SHIFT

Deidre smiled as she welcomed Jay into her office for his fifth session with her, and presumably his second session of hypnosis.

She could hear the subtle yet unmistakable crinkle under Jay's pants that told her his Mom had followed her directions—Jay's Mom had made her son wear a diaper to her office.

Deidre could also tell from the rosy color of Jay's cheeks that he was just as embarrassed about his new undergarment as she hoped he would be.

Deidre grinned. Her plans for Jay were already going much better than she expected.

"It's good to see you again. How are you, Jay?" Deidre asked in a calm tone.

"Fine," Jay replied with a shrug.

Deidre paused, waiting for him to continue. He stayed silent.

"Your Mom said you had a bit of a difficult week. Do you want to tell me a little bit about that?" She asked.

"Can we just do the stupid hypnosis already," Jay grumbled.

Deidre nodded, then quietly continued staring at Jay, carefully analyzing his posture and facial expression.

She knew it was time. It was time to implement *the shift*.

"Jay," Deidre began, "this is our fifth session together, and I feel that I've been exceedingly patient, polite and compassionate toward you in our time together. Do you feel like that's a fair statement?"

Jay looked up with a little bit of surprise.

"I guess," he said.

"And how do you feel like you've treated *me* in our time together? Do you think you could say the same for yourself?" Deidre asked.

Jay shrugged, clearly taken off guard. "I don't know," he replied.

"Well, maybe we should look at the way we ended last week's session. Do you remember the words you said to me before you stormed out of my office?" Deidre asked.

Jay began to blush. "Not really," he answered.

"Well Jay, I happened to write your words down. You said, 'The last thing I need is another crazy cunt in my life'. Do you remember saying that now?" Deidre asked.

"I guess," Jay replied, looking away.

"And do you have anything you want to say about that, now that you're back in my office?" Deidre asked.

"I guess... sorry," Jay grumbled and shrugged.

"*Are you?*" Deidre pointedly snapped.

Jay looked up, surprised by Deidre's sudden sharp tone.

"Yeah," he whimpered.

Deidre glared at Jay and nodded. Then she let out an exaggerated sigh.

"Jay, before we continue our work together," she began to explain, "I'm letting you know that I think it's time for a bit of an... *adjustment* in how we work together as client and therapist.

"From now on, I will be changing my tact when it comes to my communication with you, as well as my technique and procedure more generally. I will be implementing a subtle but important *shift*."

"...Okay?" Jay responded, feeling alarmed.

"To explain further," Deidre continued, "My usual procedure is to treat each of my patients with as much kindness as I can muster. I find that this technique usually helps them open up and trust me enough so that we can begin to work together.

"However, I've come to the conclusion, especially after what happened last week, and my subsequent conversation with your mother last night, that your specific issue seems to stem from *too much* leniency and latitude from the women in your life who have been responsible for your care. The ones who you, last week, derided as 'cunts'. Namely, myself and your mother."

Jay felt his mouth going dry as Deidre spoke. His heart was beating faster.

Jay was slowly realizing what he had subconsciously feared about Deidre—that she would team up with his Mother against him.

“And Jay,” Deidre continued, “like a child who has been spoiled with sugar in response to his tantrums, your general attitude of arrogance and disrespect has till now only been met with leniency by those responsible for setting your boundaries, myself included.

“So, Jay, in our work together going forward, I will be implementing rules and expectations for your behavior, as well as consequences if you fail to obey them.

“I will explain and implement each rule as it becomes necessary, but the long and the short of it is this: You will make an immediate and dramatic shift in your attitude while you are in this room to one of respect and obedience toward my authority at all times,” Deidre declared.

Jay gulped. He could hardly believe what he was hearing.

“Am I understood, Jay?” Deidre asked.

“What if I don’t want to?” Jay whimpered in reply.

Deidre gave a soft nod and smiled. “Well, Jay, whether you accept it or not, your mother and I now both agree that I’m likely your best and only option at this point when it comes to treating your unique issue. And part of your treatment includes the shift in modality that I just explained—primarily for *your* sake, not for mine, just to be clear.”

“But,” Deidre continued, “you are of course welcome to leave my office and discontinue our work together at any time. If you would prefer to spend the rest of your school year, and likely the rest of your life, wearing diapers and safety gear at all times, that is your decision to make.”

Jay’s eyes were wide as he took her words in.

“That being said,” Deidre continued, “I don’t think your Mother would be happy with that choice, and I’m sure

you'll face all sorts of interesting consequences from her about it. But it's certainly a choice you're free to make.

"So, all that being said, if you decide you *do* with to continue your work with me, because you decide you don't, in fact, want to spend the rest of your life wearing diapers for your ever-worsening accidents, I expect your absolute adherence to the shift in expectations I just laid out. Am I understood?"

Deidre confidently stared at Jay as he stared back in stunned silence. His eyes were filled with fear and awe—just as Deidre hoped she would see.

"Okay, fine," Jay squeaked.

"Alright, here's your first lesson, Jay," Deidre replied. "From now on, you will address all female adults in your life as, *ma'am*. And yes, before you ask, that includes me *and especially* your mother. Am I understood?" Deidre said.

"Okay... ma'am," Jay squeaked.

"Let's try, '*yes, ma'am*.'" Deidre ordered.

"Yes, ma'am," Jay murmured.

"I can't hear you when you mumble, Jay," Deidre said.

"Yes, ma'am!" Jay answered louder, his voice cracking.

Deidre smiled. "Good job. Now Jay, let's try to start from the top again, now that you have a better understanding of what's expected of you. First thing's first, do you want to tell me about what happened this week?" Deidre asked.

Deidre watched as Jay took a deep breath and summoned the courage to respond. "I had another... incident... in class... ma'am," Jay replied.

“Oh yeah? And was there anything unique about this latest incident that was different from your previous incidents?” Deidre asked in a leading tone.

“I peed my pants when it happened this time...” Jay confessed, his cheeks burning bright red.

Deidre raised her eyebrows, waiting for Jay to properly finish his sentence.

“... Ma’am,” Jay added, to Deidre’s satisfaction.

“I heard,” Deidre replied. “Your Mom said you really soaked those pants you were wearing. Then your Mom said she had to change you into a diaper so you wouldn’t get the seat of her car wet.”

“She didn’t change me into a diaper... I put the diaper on myself... ma’am,” Jay replied in a mixture of defensiveness and humiliation, much to Deidre’s enjoyment.

“Oh yeah? And how did it feel to have to wear a diaper as a full-grown adult, Jay?” She asked in a faux-compassionate tone.

“Embarrassing... ma’am,” he squeaked.

“Jay, please answer me using complete sentences when possible. Go ahead and try again,” Deidre demanded.

“It was embarrassing, ma’am! It was embarrassing to have to put a diaper on,” Jay said through gritted teeth.

“I bet,” Deidre said. “And do you think your friends and peers saw you wearing a diaper? What do you think they said about you when they saw you wearing a diaper and being walked out of school by your Mom?”

“They probably said I was a baby... ma’am,” Jay said. “A pathetic, diapered baby.”

Jay then burst into tears right before Deidre's eyes.

Deidre feigned a nod of compassion and handed Jay a box of tissues. "I'm so sorry, Jay, I can't imagine how utterly humiliated you must feel. I would be extremely embarrassed if I wet my pants and had to wear diapers in front of everyone," she said in a soothing tone as Jay continued to sob in humiliation before her.

But privately, Deidre was singing at the sight of Jay's first emotional breakdown.

Deidre knew that she had just accomplished a crucial breakthrough in terms of penetrating Jay's ego. She knew it was the first step on the path to Jay accepting his helplessness before her.

Deidre sat back and silently enjoyed the sight of Jay's crying for several long minutes.

Finally, when Jay's tears began to dry up, Deidre spoke again.

"Well alright, Jay. I think we still have time for an enhanced meditation session today if you feel up for it," she explained.

Jay loudly blew his nose and nodded his head in acquiescence.

"Alright, go ahead and slip those shoes off and come on over to the meditation bed," she said in a friendly tone.

Jay began to untie his shoes.

"Uh oh, what do we say?" Deidre interjected.

"Oh... yes, ma'am," Jay replied.

"Good boy," Deidre said.

Jay finished taking his shoes off and walked toward the meditation bed.

“Hold on, Jay,” Deidre said. Jay paused and turned to her. “Are you wearing your diaper?” She asked loudly.

Jay’s face turned bright red. He gave a terse and embarrassed nod.

“What was that?” Deidre asked.

“Yes, ma’am. I’m wearing my diaper... ma’am,” Jay uttered, his cheeks burning even brighter.

“Good,” Deidre said with a smile. “Now, if you don’t mind, I just need to take a look for myself to make sure that’s true,” she said.

Deidre walked toward Jay as he stood frozen with embarrassment. She kneeled down and began to unbutton his pants.

Deidre looked up to see Jay squeezing his eyes in a mixture of horror and utter humiliation. She was enjoying every second of it.

Deidre swiftly pulled Jay’s jeans all the way down to his ankles, revealing an adult diaper around his crotch.

She let out a little gasp of excitement. Seeing the handsome young man dressed in a bright white diaper was an exquisite, adorable sight to behold.

Deidre gave Jay’s hips a firm grasp and inspected the garment closer. As she anticipated, the diaper was just a relatively cheap department store incontinence undergarment. But she knew that would be changing soon.

“Hmmm...” Deidre said as she stuck her fingers into the waist and leg bands of Jay’s diaper. “Well, your Mom *did*

change you into a diaper like I asked, which is good..."

Deidre then patted the diaper against Jay's bottom and groin. She relished Jay's expression of stunned humiliation and helplessness as she fondled and prodded his infantilizing undergarment.

She wished she could lay Jay down and change his diaper right then and there. But she knew she needed to be patient.

"But I *am* a little worried that it might leak, as diaper-dependent boys like yourself tend to *really* let go of their bladders during meditation," she explained.

"I'm not gonna pee my pants!" Jay blurted in indignation.

Deidre shot Jay a stern look. "...Ma'am," Jay added.

Deirdre nodded and stood back up. "Well, I hope you're right," she said, "because if your diaper *does* leak, I'm going to have to stop by the dry cleaners on my way home tonight, and it's already been a long day."

Jay started pulling his pants back up...

"Actually, Jay..." Deidre said. "It would probably be safer if you didn't wear pants for today's session, just in case your diaper *does* leak. I don't think your Mom would be pleased if she has to deal with the predicament of getting you home with soaking wet pants again."

Jay stared back at her in shock, then threw his pants into the corner in disbelief. "Fine!" He shouted.

Jay jumped on the meditation sofa and buried his face in the pillow. "Let's just get this over with... ma'am," Jay grumbled.

Deidre clucked her tongue. "Watch that temper young man. But given our late start, I'll forgive your little outburst and we can get started."

Deidre grabbed the large headphones out of her bag and rubbed Jay's back. "Now be a good boy and roll over... there we go," she said as she helped Jay put the headphones on.

Deidre shut the lights off, opened her computer, and took a seat in front of her microphone.

Time for round two, Deidre thought to herself with a devious grin.

DIAPER HYPNOSIS

“*A*lright, Jay, the first thing we’re going to do is just breath. Calm, relaxing breaths. Breathe in... and breathe out. Breathe in... 1, 2, 3... and out...” Deidre instructed in her expertly calm and soothing voice.

After a few minutes of breathing and guided relaxation, she glanced over at Jay—she could tell he had already faded into a deep state of hypnotic sleep.

She spent a few more minutes guiding Jay into his trance with her usual, basic meditation script.

When she was sure Jay was ready, Deidre then shifted into the more... *specific* script that she had concocted especially for Jay.

“Now, with each breath, you feel yourself getting smaller. Breathe in... and breathe out... and as your breath leaves, you realize you are shrinking.

“Breathe in... Breathe out... You are shrinking more and more. You’re getting shorter in height. And smaller in size.

“Breathe in... Breathe out... You are getting younger. Younger and younger. Younger and younger and younger.

“You look into the mirror and see that you are ten years old. And now you are eight years old. Now you’re just six years old...

“Breathe in... Breathe out... And now you’re all the way back to your earliest memory.

“You look down at your hands, amazed at how small and young you are. You breathe in... and out... And you’re still shrinking. Still getting younger. Younger and younger... Younger than your earliest memory.

“You look around and realize that you are now just a toddler. Just a little baby toddler, wearing a comfy, fluffy diaper around your waist...

“You look up and see grown-ups around you. They’re all so big. They’re all so big and you’re so, so *little*.

“And all you want is your Mommy. You love your Mommy. All you want to do is make your Mommy happy.

“But you can’t find your Mommy. You just want your Mommy, but you can’t find your Mommy...

“You just want your Mommy, but you can’t find your Mommy...”

Deidre continued repeating her last sentence several more times. She looked over and watched the sleeping Jay’s face change into one of fear and worry.

“But you reach down, and you feel your diaper around your waist, and you feel happy again.

“You feel happy as long as you have your soft, fluffy, adorable diapers on, because you know it means Mommy will *change* your diapers...”

Deidre watched the entranced Jay reach down and touch his diaper. His face shifted from anxiety to one of peace and happiness again.

“You love how the cool plastic of your diaper feels against your fingers. You giggle at how crinkly and soft your diapers are as you rub your diapers against your peepee and bottom.

“You love wearing your diapers because you know Mommy changed you into your diaper...”

“Uh oh, you can feel a funny feeling in your tummy. A funny feeling that means you have to make your diaper wet. You start to giggle and laugh with excitement.

“You can’t wait to wet your diaper. You can’t wait to do a peepee in your diaper...

“That’s because the best feeling in the world is making your diaper soggy. Because you know it means Mommy is going change your diaper.

“You love it when Mommy changes your soggy, yellow diapers, because it means that you get to spend time with Mommy.

“And you love Mommy so much. You love your Mommy, you love your diapers, and you love making soggy diapers for Mommy to change...

“You close your eyes and relax... You relax your whole body... your hands, your mouth, your bladder...

“You breathe in... And breathe out... and with every breath out you relax your bladder.

“Breathe in... Breathe out... relax your bladder even more. You start to feel some peepee tinkle from your winky. This

feels so good. It feels so good to wet your diaper for Mommy...

"Breathe in... Breathe out... and now you feel even more pee emptying into your diaper..."

"It feels so good. The hot pee feels so good around your weewee and balls. You love to make it wetter and wetter.

"It feels so good to wet your diaper for Mommy... Breathe in... Breathe out... and release your whole bladder..."

"You're such a good boy for peeing in your diaper for Mommy..."

Deidre carefully watched Jay as she continued subconscious guiding him into relaxing his bladder.

To her excitement, she heard a distinctive *hissss* begin from beneath Jay's blanket.

Deidre lifted Jay's blanket up to take a look—Jay's diaper turned heavy, soggy and yellow right before her eyes. Deidre was over the moon.

"Good boy. Good boy..." she said into the microphone. "Such a good boy, making your diaper nice and warm and yellow and soggy for Mommy. Mommy is so proud of you for peeing your diaper."

Deidre looked over as Jay's diaper began to overflow and leak with his pee. Soon, it was spilling down his thighs and onto her sheets and blankets.

Fortunately, Deidre had secretly put a plastic under-sheet beneath the top sheet of the meditation sofa before Jay arrived, as she expected this would happen. She was relieved to know that her furniture would be safe.

But then again, Deidre thought to herself with a devious smirk, she would happily pay to replace her futon for the pleasure of seeing Jay's face when he wakes up in a soaking wet diaper in just a few minutes...

"Breathe in... And breathe out... and you continue to release into your diaper. You don't care if your diaper holds it all. You just want to make your diaper as wet as possible for Mommy to change. Because the more wet your diaper is, the sooner your Mommy will change you..."

Deidre sensed that Jay had finally finished emptying his bladder. She could smell the acrid scent of his urine, even sitting several feet away. She secretly enjoyed the smell. It was the smell of *progress*.

And it's just the first of so many more wet diapers to come, Deidre thought with a satisfied grin.

"Now reach down and touch the warm, peepee mess you made in your diaper. You feel so happy and free..." she continued into the microphone.

"And from now on, wherever you are, whenever you feel out of control, you will wet your diaper. And when you wet your diaper, you will feel totally safe once again," she concluded.

* * *

AS DEIDRE BEGAN the process of guiding Jay out of his trance, she reflected with glee on how much she had already accomplished in terms of Jay's diaper regression.

Deidre had only read Jay his first incontinence prompt during his first hypnotherapy session last week. She was pleasantly surprised by how soon afterward he had his first accident.

(In retrospect, it made perfect sense that Jay would wet during one of his stress-induced blackouts. This convenient happenstance also helped Deidre gain leverage in securing his participation in hypnotherapy going forward.) Now that the crucial seeds of incontinence had been planted, and Jay now had the proper ‘motivation’ to continue seeing Deidre whether he liked her methods or not, Deidre knew she had what she needed to continue regressing Jay back to being *totally dependent*.

Specifically, *diaper dependent*.

And Deidre knew it was exactly what Jay needed in order to cure his illness.

Of course, when Deidre first met Jay five weeks ago as a new client, she wouldn’t have predicted that Jay would be *the one*—the client she could finally secretly regress back to diapers using her hypnotic method.

But in the weeks that followed, the more Deidre learned about the key details of Jay’s specific issue, the more sure she was that Jay was the perfect candidate for her to implement her experimental script—the diaper regression hypnosis script that she had been secretly developing.

When Jay first described his so called ‘incidents’ at school, it seemed pretty straightforward to Deidre that Jay’s incidents were *psychogenic blackouts*, just as his doctors suspected. They were clearly the result of stress that Jay was experiencing.

But Deidre quickly learned that helping Jay would be more complicated than how she would normally treat a patient experiencing such symptoms.

For one, Jay absolutely refused to believe that his blackouts were the results of his individual stress or anxiety.

Further, from the beginning of their work together, Jay had a transparent disdain for Deidre and the therapeutic process in general.

Combined, both elements made it nearly impossible for Deidre to coach Jay through the steps necessary to de-stress (and therefore disarm the source of his psychogenic attacks).

But it was after her third week working with Jay with no progress that she came to the realization that he might make a perfect candidate for hypnotherapy.

Hypnotherapy was a modality Deidre was quite skilled in, yet she typically refrained from using it—except in specific cases where traditional therapy was ineffective. Jay appeared to be one of those cases.

Deidre rightfully assumed Jay would more willingly participate in a process that he perceived as passive (and superfluous).

While Jay was entranced, Deidre knew she would get the access she needed to the source of Jay's psychogenic issues—his heavily guarded subconscious.

However, before she could commence Jay's hypnotherapy, Deidre still needed to devise a hypnotic technique that would be effective for Jay's specific circumstances.

After all, a hypnotherapy cure was not as straightforward as just programming Jay's subconscious with the basic desire to avoid his blackouts. Jay clearly *already* wanted to avoid his blackouts.

Were Deidre to attempt a route so direct, it was more than likely Jay would only experience *more* self-hatred regarding his issue—which would, paradoxically, only add to his stress levels and exacerbate his problem.

As Deidre spent many late nights brainstorming potentially effective hypnotherapy techniques for Jay, she gradually came to the solution.

And it involved isolating and addressing the core of Jay's issue—his desire for *control*...

Jay had an obsessive drive to succeed in his classes, all of which were already advanced for his age.

He cared little for recreational or social time, prioritizing only his homework and college admissions.

Jay *despised* the idea of *depending* on anyone else—such as his mother... or a therapist...

And he refused to believe that his blackouts were a result of his own psychological state, as the idea suggested he couldn't control his own mind.

Finally, the fit of anger Jay went into after learning he had been hypnotized was clear evidence that Jay struggled with a deep-seated hostility to ever being vulnerable in any way whatsoever.

Deidre knew that Jay was living life so bound up with his fear of losing control, it now only took the slightest threat to that conception of control, for Jay's brain to completely shut down...

Hence, Jay's blackouts.

Deidre knew that in order to help Jay, she had to help him learn how to be comfortable with *giving up control*.

And that's when she decided that a technique she had been privately developing for some time would be perfect for Jay—*Involuntary Hypnotic Diaper Regression*.

The theoretical basis for the technique was fairly straightforward...

The first psychological juncture of attaining control, that we as humans encounter, is mastering control over our bladder and bowel movements.

Potty training (as it's commonly known), represents the *first* critical point of transition where an individual goes from utter *dependence* on a caregiver (via diapers) to *independence* from said caregiver (via toilet use).

This transition from *dependence* to *independence*, and then subsequently *interdependence* with the forces of the world, repeats itself in a hundred other ways as each human grows from an infant into an adult.

But Deidre could tell that for Jay, somewhere in his past, this transition hit a snag...

It was clear that something went wrong for Jay in his earliest formative years. Something that left him with a deep subconscious wound...

This was most evident to Deidre in the way that Jay harbored intense resentment toward his mother, as well as the way he lashed out at Deidre.

(Deidre knew that she undoubtedly was the recipient of Jay's unresolved maternal issues—effectively making her his surrogate mother.) This detachment distress forced Jay to live in unconscious daily terror of experiencing *dependence in any form* ever again—thus inhibiting his ability to live a normal life of healthy *interdependence*.

Deidre's goal with Jay's hypnotherapy, unbeknownst to Jay, was to program him with a set of behaviors that would *force* him into the role of dependence.

Taking Jay all the way back to his first juncture of transition—all the way back to *diaper dependence*—would be the ultimate means to that end.

Of course, Deidre knew Jay would hate every minute that he continued to lose control over his basic bodily functions (as well as all the other creative ways she sought to implement his regression).

After all, for a boy who craved control more than anything else, there was hardly a fate more humiliating than being forced to wear a diaper—the ultimate symbol of infantile dependence.

But Deidre knew that Jay would only recover from his debilitating blackouts by swallowing the medicine he would otherwise refuse to.

Because only when Jay had been successfully regressed to the age of his problematic past detachment, could Deidre do the real work necessary to heal his wound...

And of course...

There was *one more reason* Deidre chose this *particular* route of therapy for Jay...

One that she would lose her license for, were she ever to admit it publicly...

For Deidre, the idea of returning an attractive, strong, sexy young man like Jay, back into a little diapered toddler...

Totally dependent on her for his *every* need...

Was the hottest thing Deidre could ever imagine.

Deidre looked over at Jay still laying in his yellow, soggy diaper, and she felt her clit throb a little bit...

She couldn't wait to change that sexy boy's wet diaper.

And she knew it wouldn't be much longer, she thought with a smile.

SEEING DOUBLE

Jay slowly woke up on Deidre's hypnotherapy sofa a short time later.

He was still wearing the smile of inexplicable, carefree bliss that he had unknowingly worn throughout his trance.

In his first seconds of wakefulness, Jay felt strangely refreshed and energized. It was like the weight of the world had been somehow taken off his shoulders.

But then Jay recognized the leather couch across the room... the industrial ceiling tiles above his head... the woman sitting in a chair next to him...

His bliss faded and he groaned.

He remembered he was in Deidre's office.

"Welcome back," Deidre said in a warm voice as she removed the headphones from his ears.

Jay tried to figure out if he could remember anything from the last 90 minutes. But like the previous week's hypnotherapy session, he remembered nothing. As far as Jay could tell, all he did was take a refreshing but dreamless nap.

Jay looked back at Deidre, and for a fleeting moment, he couldn't quite remember why he disliked her so much.

For some reason, Jay even felt a strange warmth toward Deidre for the first time.

But before Jay could think about Deidre much further, he felt something near his crotch...

Something wet...

Jay felt a sting of panic deep in the pit of his stomach.

"I'm going to turn the lights back on, okay, Jay?" Deidre said.

Jay covered his eyes as the fluorescent lights came back on. And when his pupils finally adjusted enough, Jay looked down to confirm what he feared...

The blanket had a huge, visible wet patch around his crotch.

"Uh oh," Deidre said as she stood over him.

Before Jay could protest, Deidre threw his blanket off, revealing the bright yellow, soggy, totally saturated diaper sagging around his crotch.

Jay turned bright red and froze in horror. He was mortified.

"Hmmm," Deidre said, bending down and patting the front of Jay's soaking wet diaper.

"Oh yeah, it looks like you absolutely soaked this thing, just like I suspected. I mean, thank god you still had *some sort* of diaper on, but you peed right through this thing. Look, you're practically sitting in a puddle of your urine."

Jay moved to get up, but as soon as he shifted, his diaper squelched beneath his bottom and spilled more of his urine

onto the sofa's cushions, forcing him to hold still.

"Oh no!" Deidre said in a motherly tone. "You'd better stay put until I can get the supplies to clean you up," she said as she went to go start digging through one of her drawers.

Jay opened his mouth to say something—but nothing came out. He had no idea how to explain himself or defend his dignity.

Instead, Jay was forced to sit in silence in his soaking wet mess while he waited for Deidre to return with the supplies necessary to clean him up. He felt trapped, humiliated and utterly helpless.

There was a knock on Deidre's closed office door.

"Who is it?" Deidre shouted from across her office.

"Hi Deidre! It's me, Jay's Mom! Is he still in there?" Jay heard his Mom shout through the door.

Jay felt a surge of panic.

"Oh yes, sorry. Come on in!" Deidre shouted.

"No wait!" Jay blurted.

But it was too late—his Mom barged right in.

Jay jumped off the sofa and yanked the blanket off the floor. He managed to cover his soggy, exposed diaper from his Mother's view just in time. But he also realized that his soggy diaper was now leaking even more onto Deidre's sofa.

"There you are!" Jay's mother exclaimed. "Are you ready to go?"

"Mom! I'll be out in a minute!" Jay hissed through gritted teeth while he cowered under his blanket.

Deidre stood back up in the corner of the room. To Jay's horror, she was now holding baby wipes, a box of Ziplock bags, and a plastic diaper changing mat.

"Mrs. Bradley! So sorry I didn't call you to warn you that we were running late tonight. I just got sidetracked dealing with an unexpected little... accident," Deidre said in a light tone.

Jay's Mom gave Deidre a confused look, paused, then dramatically sniffed the air. She then looked down directly at Jay.

"Oh no, Jay, *you didn't*. You had another accident already? I can smell it from across the room. I thought we put you in a diaper before we left," his Mom said.

Jay's face went crimson. "You didn't lie to me and take your diaper off, did you?" His Mom asked.

"Oh, don't worry Mrs. Bradley, Jay kept his diaper on like a good boy. But unfortunately, it looks like the diapers you bought just aren't going to hold up to Jay's heavy wettings," Deidre replied as she unfolded the plastic diaper changing mat on the floor next to the sofa.

"Oh god, Deidre, I am so sorry," Jay's Mom said.

She walked toward Jay and eyed the large wet stain on the blanket he was holding. "I insist that I pay to clean your blanket. Did he leak on the sofa cushions, too?"

"You know, I haven't gotten a chance to take a look yet," Deidre replied.

"Jay, come stand up so I can see if you leaked on the cushion," his Mom ordered.

Jay was frozen. He just couldn't bear to let his mother see him in his soggy, yellow diaper.

“Jay? Come on, your therapist can’t stay here all night. You’re already keeping her late,” his Mom said, clearly growing impatient.

“I will! Just... can you leave the room first?” Jay squeaked.

“Jay, this is ridiculous. Stand up now so I can see the mess you made, or else you’re going to be in big trouble,” his Mom scolded. “One... Two...”

“Mom!” Jay pleaded, staying put on the sofa and gripping the blanket.

His Mom rolled her eyes, then grabbed Jay’s blanket and yanked it off in one fell swoop, leaving Jay naked on the sofa but for his drooping, soggy diaper.

“Mom!” Jay pleaded.

“Maybe it’s appropriate you’re wearing diapers again, since you seem intent on acting like a two-year-old,” his Mom scolded.

She folded the soiled blanket and placed it on the floor. “Now get to your feet before you do anymore damage to your therapist’s furniture!”

“You can step right here,” Deidre said to Jay as she patted the plastic mat on the floor.

Jay gave a humiliated nod and finally climbed off the sofa. As soon as he stood up, he could feel more of his urine leaking from his diaper and running down his legs, giving him a chill of cold and embarrassment.

He stepped onto the baby changing mat and hung his head with shame.

His Mother inspected the sofa behind him. “Oh no, Deidre, I’m so sorry, it looks like he leaked pretty badly on your

sofa cushions,” Jay’s Mom said. “Let me get my check book to pay you for a professional cleaner.”

“Oh no, don’t worry Mrs. Bradley,” Deidre replied. “You made it very clear to me when we talked on the phone that Jay was having incontinence issues. Accidents happen with patients like Jay. That’s why I asked you to put him in a diaper in the first place.”

“Thank god you did!” Jay’s Mom replied. “I would have let him walk right in here without any diaper at all, before you warned me!”

“It’s no problem,” Deidre replied. “But it looks like now we know that Jay needs a lot more protection than we thought,” Deidre added with a laugh.

Jay continued standing on the diaper changing mat, naked and shivering in his soggy diaper. He was starting to get more and more angry that they were talking about him as if he weren’t literally in front of them.

Jay cleared his throat. “Can you guys step out so I can clean up?” He said in a hoarse voice.

But Jay’s Mom just perched on Deidre’s chair and started taking notes. Deidre continued kneeling on the floor by the diaper changing mat.

“Well, now that we know about how bad these diapers leak, what kind of diapers should I buy?” His Mother asked. “I mean look, I think this was the biggest diaper they had at the store, and it couldn’t even hold one accident.”

Jay’s Mom stuck her finger under the leg of his diaper, making him even angrier and more embarrassed.

“I know,” Deidre replied. “I used to work pretty closely with a lot of special needs kids like Jay who were also around his

age. From what I remember, their parents went through the same thing. I think what they said is that they usually have to order all of their kids diapers at a specialty store online. If you'd like, I'm more than happy to get that info from them for you."

"Yes, please do!" Jay's Mom replied.

Jay cleared his throat again. "Mom, Deidre, please." The women continued to ignore him.

"And as far as his accidents going forward," his Mom continued, "do you think they're going to continue getting worse? I mean, should he start wearing diapers to school after all?"

"Mom!" Jay shouted.

"One second honey, this is important," Jay's Mom said, then turned back to Deidre.

"Because I told him he wouldn't have to wear diapers to school if he wore his diapers here to therapy, but I'm not comfortable sending him to school without a diaper on if this kind of thing is going to happen again soon."

"You know, it's hard to say right now," Deidre replied. "I think the fact that Jay had such a heavy accident during our session tonight could just mean he's going through a phase of losing *nocturnal* bladder control.

"After all, the only other time he wet so far is when he had one of his blackouts the other day. Has he been wetting the bed at during the night at all?"

"Hmmm," his Mom replied, "None that I know about. But Jay, have you had any accidents at night that you've been hiding from me?"

"No!" Jay shouted.

"Well, he says no," Jay's Mom replied to Deidre.

"Well that's good. But honestly, if I were you, I would at least diaper him at bedtime for the next week, just to be on the safe side. After all, if he is going to have another accident, it's probably going to be at night," Deidre explained.

"Deidre, I just realized you have baby wipes and a mat to change him with! I didn't even think to buy those things when I bought Jay his diapers last night," his Mom shouted excitedly. "I'm paying you twice your normal fee tonight for being such a lifesaver."

"No, no," Deidre replied. "It wouldn't be ethical for me to accept it, but thank you. Besides, I happened to have the baby wipes because I use them to freshen up between sessions, and I keep the diaper changing mat here for muddy shoes on rainy days."

"Well, nevertheless, I can't thank you enough," Jay's Mom replied.

Jay finally reached his limit. "Stop yapping and get the hell out of here so I can change!" He screamed.

Deidre and Jay's Mom both snapped their heads at Jay in shock.

"Jay! That's no way to talk to your therapist. Especially after the mess you made in her office," Jay's Mom scolded.

"It's okay, Mrs. Bradly," Deidre said nonchalantly. "I think the little guy's just getting fussy after waiting so long for a diaper change. Come on, Jay, go ahead and take a seat," Deidre said, patting the mat at his feet.

Jay's eyes widened. *Was she trying to change my diaper **for** me? Like I'm a fricken' toddler?* Jay thought to himself,

utterly appalled. He stayed standing.

"Well Jay? What are you waiting for?" His Mom said as she stared at him. "Do you want to get going home or not?"

"I can change my own diaper!" Jay shouted.

"Can you? Because you could have been changing your own diaper while your therapist and I have been chatting for the last ten minutes, but instead you've just been standing there getting angry at us about it," his Mom chastised.

"Jay, it's okay if you don't know how. Come on, take a seat and I'll show you how to clean up your wet diaper," Deidre said with a warm smile. "That way you can do it by yourself next time."

"No! Are you crazy? I'm not letting anyone change my fucking diaper!" Jay shouted.

"He used to throw temper tantrums like this when I tried to change him as a toddler as well," Jay's Mom joked. "It was always so hard to get that little stinker to come out of his hiding places when he had a poopy diaper."

"Mom!" Jay yelled.

Deidre chuckled. "A lot of kids have an aversion to diaper changes around that age."

"Oh, but you should have seen this one. I swear, the bigger the load in his pants, the harder it was to get him on the diaper changing table. I think he really loved the feel of a squishy, poopy diaper on his bum," his Mom added. "Maybe that's why he doesn't want to get changed out of his wet diaper right now."

Deidre and Jay's Mother busted up into hysterical laughter.

Jay was boiling with humiliation and rage. "Fine! You want to watch me change my diaper? Here!"

Jay untaped the tabs of his diaper and dropped it on the floor right in front of Deidre and his Mom with a big *splat*. He was too angry to care about being nude in front of them at this point.

He swiftly pulled some baby wipes out of the container, wiped his penis, balls, and butt, dropped the wipes in his soiled diaper, rolled the whole thing up and stuffed it in the Ziplock bag.

He grabbed his shirt, then marched over to his pants and pulled them up over his naked crotch, deciding to go home commando style.

"There, you happy?" He shouted at Deidre and his Mom.

Deidre and his Mom both stared at him and smiled.

"Good boy, Jay," his Mom replied. "But next time, if it's going to take you 20 minutes to change out of your wet diaper, let me know. I'll be happy to take care of it for you instead."

Jay's Mom and Deirdre erupted in another round laughter.

Jay stormed out of Deidre's office in a state of rage. His Mom followed closely behind.

BEDTIME PROBLEMS

Jay's Mom met Jay back at her minivan, and they drove home in silence.

As they pulled into their subdivision, tears were falling down Jay's cheeks.

"Jay, what's wrong?" His Mom asked.

"Why did you have to humiliate me like that?" Jay asked, his voice trembling.

His Mom pulled into their driveway, parked the car, and let out a long sigh.

"Jay, I'm sorry, that really wasn't my intention. I was just doing my best to help you get what you need to be safe... and comfortable... over the next seven days. And part of that involves frank discussions of your... issue... with your therapist, like it or not," Jay's Mom said.

"Yeah, well, maybe I don't need your *help* anymore, okay?" Jay shouted.

Jay climbed out of his Mom's van and slammed the door behind him as hard as he could.

“Jay, come on,” his Mom said from the window of her minivan as he stormed inside.

I don't need these crazy bitches in my life! Jay muttered to himself.

Jay went up to his bedroom, slammed and locked his door, and jumped into his bed. He screamed into his pillow until his voice was hoarse.

He hated everyone and everything in his life.

* * *

AROUND 10PM, Jay heard a knock on his door, snapping him out of his half-dazed slumber.

“What?” He grumbled.

“Jay, honey,” his Mom said through the door. “Are you hungry? I brought you some chicken.”

“No,” Jay shouted back. His stomach growled seconds later. He was starving, but he was too angry to accept his Mom’s food.

“Well... okay. I'll leave you a plate of dinner in the hallway,” His Mom said.

Jay rolled his eyes but was also secretly grateful. He was pretty hungry.

Jay stayed silent for another minute, waiting to hear the sound of his Mom walking away from his door.

“Jay?” He heard his Mom ask again through his door instead.

“What?!” Jay shouted.

“Do you remember what Deidre said? About how it might be best if you're... *protected*... tonight?” His Mom said.

Jay immediately felt a murderous rage pumping through his veins again.

“No!” Jay screamed toward the door. “Now leave me alone!!!”

He heard his Mom sigh. “Okay Jay. Whatever you think. Your food is outside the door.”

Jay waited a couple minutes until he was sure he heard his Mom leave.

He took a deep breath, sighed, and rubbed his temples. He couldn't believe his Mom would have the guts to even mention what Deidre said after everything that had happened that day.

Jay opened his bedroom door to collect his dinner...

And next to a wonderfully prepared plate of food...

Was an adult diaper.

Jay picked up the diaper, ripped it in half, and threw the pieces across the hallway.

He angrily scarfed down his dinner and fell into a restless sleep.

* * *

THE NEXT MORNING, Jay woke up a few minutes before his alarm.

He felt oddly refreshed.

The extreme emotions and events of yesterday seemed to almost feel like a bad dream. A bad dream he could hopefully forget.

Today was a new day. Anything was possible. Jay sat up in his bed with a big smile.

That is... until he felt something wet around his crotch.

He looked down in a mixture of disbelief and anguish.

Jay wet the bed. Just as his Mother and Deidre predicted.

And unlike when he had been forced to wear a diaper, his blankets, pillows and mattress were absolutely soaked with his pee.

Jay laid back down and began sobbing once again.

RUMORS AT SCHOOL

Jay cried for several minutes before deciding he needed to get himself together.

He got to his feet, balled up his pee-soaked sheet and blankets, and rushed down to the basement to get them in the wash before his Mom woke up.

On his way back up from the basement, he met his Mom standing at the top of the basement stairs.

"Did you just start the washer and dryer?" She asked him.

"Yeah," he replied. "Just wanted to get a head start on some laundry."

"Now? How come? You're already running late to catch the bus," His Mom asked.

"Because!" Jay shouted. He hurried back toward his bedroom. "And just leave it in the washer while I'm gone. I'll put it in the dryer when I get back home tonight."

"Jay..." his Mom said. "Is there something you need to tell me? Maybe pertaining to the conversation we had with Deidre last night about your potential... nocturnal issues?"

“Just leave me alone!” Jay shouted. “And stay out of my room while I’m at school, too,” he added as he marched back into his bedroom.

Jay’s Mom sighed as she watched her son slam the door behind him.

* * *

As JAY RUSHED to catch the bus and get to school, he was so preoccupied with dread about the fact that he had wet the bed, he almost forgot that he hadn’t been back to school since he had publicly wet his pants during class and walked out of school wearing a diaper.

It was only when Jay walked past the nurse’s office on his way to class that a flood of memories came back to him about what happened just two days ago.

Jay felt his face immediately flush bright red. He started walking faster to get to class.

His mouth went dry as a wave of paranoia washed over him—it suddenly seemed like all the other students in the hallway were staring, laughing, and whispering about Jay as he dashed toward first period.

Jay got to his science class, grabbed a seat in the back, and buried his face behind his book bag on his desk.

Jay had no idea how he was going to get through today. He was sure that he was the new laughing stock of the whole school.

His face turned even redder as he heard the rest of the students in the class filing in. He could hear them laughing and chatting.

He knew he was probably imagining things, but he couldn't help but think that every person in the class was secretly pointing and mocking him.

"Look who's back," Jay heard his classmate, Marcus, say as he sat down in the seat next to him.

"Hey," Jay muttered as he kept his face buried.

"There he is. Jay. Jay. Jay!" A voice called from the front of the classroom.

Jay reluctantly raised his head. His teacher, Mr. Carmichael, was calling him. "Is everything okay?" Mr. Carmichael asked.

The whole class went quiet and everyone turned their heads toward Jay.

Jay felt his cheeks burning even hotter.

"Yeah, why?" Jay squeaked.

"Just wanted to make sure you were feeling better. We heard you had another fall on Wednesday," Mr. Carmichael said. "And it's not like you to miss school afterward."

"I'm fine," Jay said.

"Good. Well, you didn't miss too much. I'm sure Marcus will be happy to catch you up on the homework," Mr. Carmichael said.

"Thanks," Jay replied.

"Alright class, take a couple minutes to review the homework with your neighbor while I take care of attendance," Mr. Carmichael announced.

To Jay's surprise and relief, all the students in the class went right back to talking and catching up.

And now that Jay wasn't afraid to look around, he realized there wasn't really anyone looking at him after all. In fact, *maybe everything was fine*.

"Oh dude," Marcus said to Jay as he pulled his homework out. "You missed it. On Wednesday, apparently there was some kid that wet his pants that the nurse had to change into a diaper!"

Jay's eyes widened. "What?"

"Yeah man, the kids who saw him didn't know who he was, but the rumor has it that some kid's Mom had to come in and take her son home in a diaper. Can you believe that?" Marcus asked.

"Hah... that's crazy man," Jay replied. His heart was pounding. Apparently, most people didn't know it was him—which was a relief. But he also didn't know how much longer he could 'play it cool'.

"Anyway, I just wanted to mention it, because some idiots were saying it was you who was wearing the diaper. Someone said that you pissed yourself during your last blackout. But most of us who saw it happen know that's not what happened. People are just making shit up. Right?" Marcus asked.

"Hah, no way," Jay replied. "That would be disgusting. I don't think they'd let me come to school if I still wet my pants and had to wear a fricken' diaper."

"Yeah, and I mean, even if you did piss yourself, that doesn't mean you'd wear fuckin' diapers like a baby now," Marcus said with a laugh.

"Yeah, I think you would know if that were the case," Jay replied. "So catch me up on the homework man."

Jay did his best to hide his trembling hands as Marcus changed topics and showed Jay the homework.

Jay truly did not know how to feel about the situation.

On the one hand, he may have dodged the bullet of a lifetime—if most people didn't think it was *Jay* that was wearing the diaper. And apparently, it was less obvious than Jay thought that he had wet his pants.

But on the other hand, the weight of carrying his secret now felt ten times heavier. Now that some people already suspected it was him, he wondered if he would ever get found out for lying about it.

But fortunately for Jay, neither Marcus nor anyone else brought anything up about the incident again for the rest of Jay's first period class.

Jay's next class went the same way, and soon, Jay was starting to feel that he had dodged a bullet after all.

Towards the end of lunch period, Jay went to the bathroom to relieve himself—something he was conscious of trying to do as often as possible now, to minimize the chances of 'letting go' in the midst of another blackout.

As he stood at the urinal, almost finished relieving himself, someone came up behind him and *YANKED* Jay's pants down to his ankles. Jay yelped.

"See! He's not wearing a diaper!" Jay's attacker, Dimitri, shouted to his friend.

Jay fumbled to pull his pants back up as Dimitri pointed out Jay's exposed tighty-whities.

"Sorry bro, just had to settle a bet at our lunch table about whether or not you pissed yourself and wear diapers now," Dimitri said as he and his friend left the bathroom.

Jay was stunned.

On the one hand, he felt incredibly violated about being 'pants'd' like that.

But on the other hand, it seemed that Jay had just successfully 'proven' to his rumor-mongering classmates that it wasn't *him* that wears diapers...

Jay shrugged and went back to his next class. His school day resumed relatively normally after that.

Maybe Mom was right. Maybe everyone's already forgot about the incident after all, Jay thought to himself as he took the bus home.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, Jay's Mom made him dinner, and fortunately, she didn't bring up diapers or his accidents at all again while they ate.

"By the way," Jay's Mom said after dinner. "I finished drying your blankets and sheets and put them back on your bed."

Jay felt a surge of anxiety. He realized that he had forgot all about finishing his laundry.

He felt angry toward his Mom for disobeying his request, but he also recognized that it was a nice thing for her to do. He just couldn't bear to admit to her that he had wet the bed.

"Thanks," Jay quietly muttered.

And fortunately for Jay, his Mom changed the subject, and didn't mention his bedwetting again at all for the rest of the evening.

* * *

THAT NIGHT, after he finished catching up on his homework, Jay got ready for bed and reflected back on his day.

He felt relieved, all things considered.

It seemed that his incident at school was already on its way to blowing over.

And his Mom didn't even bother to mention anything about diapers or bedwetting tonight.

Jay thought back to his nightmarish session with Deidre the night before—where he had been forced to stand in front of Deidre and Mom in a soaking wet diaper. He wished he never had to see Deidre again.

Maybe, Jay hoped, if I keep having days like today without another... incident, my Mom will allow me to stop seeing Deidre as well.

Maybe soon, I'll be able to forget this whole week ever even happened.

But as Jay undressed in his bedroom, he felt a sting of anxiety as he remembered the reality of what had happened last night...

For the first time in his life, he had inexplicably peed the bed.

Would it happen again tonight? Jay wondered.

Jay thought about the adult diaper his Mom had put outside his door the night before.

Maybe he should wear some protection... just to be safe...

No! Jay decided. I'm not giving in. I'm not a fucking baby. I'm not gonna pee the bed again because I'm a man. I'm a man who can control himself.

Jay turned out the light and climbed under the warm blankets that his Mom had prepared for him. He let out a long sigh.

Then he heard something...

Jay sat up, and he heard it again. A sort of *crinkling* sound...

Jay put his hand on the sheet he was laying on. He realized there was a *layer of hard, crinkly plastic beneath his sheets.*

Jay climbed out of bed and lifted the top sheet up to confirm what he feared...

His Mom had secretly outfitted his bed with a *plastic mattress protector.*

The kind made for bedwetters.

Jay was mortified. He climbed back into his bed in a state of shock. He felt waves of humiliation and shame washing over him.

Jay thought about trying to remove it, but he knew his Mom would confront him about it. He dreaded the idea of having to talk to her about it for any reason whatsoever.

Jay rolled over and tried to figure out why he found the plastic mattress protector so incredibly embarrassing.

It was noisy, but not *excessively so.* And he could certainly *feel* the plastic beneath him at all times, but it wasn't *terribly uncomfortable.*

At least it was better than a diaper, Jay tried to tell himself.

But Jay knew that that wasn't true at all.

It was just as humiliating as a diaper.

That's because, like a diaper, the crinkly mattress protector beneath Jay's sheets was a powerful symbol of his pathetic, infantile behavior. It was concrete, undeniable proof that he was, in fact, a pathetic bedwetter.

And not only had Jay begun to lose control of his bladder at night, but he was also losing the right to deal with his humiliating problem himself. His mother had made the decision for him on the matter, apparently deeming Jay no longer capable of handling his own waste without her help.

Finally, the bedwetting-mattress-protector was a crushing blow to the flicker of hope that Jay had that he might be on the path to recovery—that he would soon be able to forget all about the fact that he had been forced to wear a humiliating diaper.

Because even if *Jay* believed that he could stop wetting the bed, the plastic sheet he was laying on was proof that his *Mother* didn't agree.

Jay's confidence and optimism about being a man seemed to evaporate.

Jay now felt like a pathetic, humiliated little baby.

He curled into a ball and began to sob in abject humiliation, helplessness and shame.

As he sobbed, he unconsciously moved his hand up to his mouth...

And began to suck his thumb.

Jay felt the world around him fade into the background as all his attention shifted to the sensation of his thumb in his

mouth.

It felt so intuitively comforting and automatic. His tears began to dry as he sucked and sucked and sucked...

Soon Jay was feeling sleepy and content.

But just before he closed his eyes, Jay shifted positions and relaxed his bladder...

His hot pee began to spray into the crotch of his underwear.

Jay felt enraptured by waves of mindless comfort and bliss as he let his bladder completely go...

Jay could smell the scent of his urine as he soaked his bed. It gave him even stronger waves of naughty, inexplicable pleasure.

Finally, when Jay's bladder was empty, and his crotch and blankets were soaked with his warm urine, Jay mindlessly rolled over and faded into a deep and peaceful slumber.

MORE WET BLANKETS

Jay woke up the next morning with a blissful smile.

His first thought was that he was glad it was Saturday, and he felt surprisingly refreshed and well-rested. More so than he'd felt in a long time.

Jay took a second to try and remember if he'd had any dreams... but no, he couldn't remember anything.

Jay sat up, and his bliss quickly disappeared. A wave of dread washed over him. He looked down and realized that his crotch and blankets were soaking wet.

In an act of naive denial, Jay wondered if he had spilled a glass of water on himself in the night. But when he leaned forward to take a whiff of his sheets, the acrid smell of his urine quickly confirmed what he feared— *He had wet the bed again.*

Jay collapsed back on his pillow and buried his face in his hands.

He couldn't believe that he had peed the bed again. He tried to think hard about if he had any memory of doing it. Maybe some clue about why it happened...

But Jay drew a blank. As far as he could remember, he climbed into bed last night and quickly fell asleep.

Jay rolled over and heard the crinkle of the plastic mattress protector. He had forgotten all about it. And for some reason, it felt even worse now to realize that *his Mom was right* to put it on his bed.

Jay heard his Mom walk down the hallway outside his bedroom door. He knew she would probably come in to check on him soon, and he had to act quickly if he wanted to hide his accident from her...

Jay bolted up, dropped his yellow-stained tighty-whities to the floor, slipped on a clean pair of underwear, and pulled his soaking wet blankets off his bed.

As he balled his blankets up to carry them downstairs, he noticed that the plastic mattress protector did its job, indicated by the small puddle of urine gathered on its surface. The sight irked him even more.

Jay peeked into the hallway to make sure the coast was clear from his Mom, then he quickly hurried toward the basement with his wet blankets.

He turned the corner and...

"Jay?" His Mom said, standing at the top of the basement steps. "Doing laundry again?"

Jay froze. "Yeah, why?"

His Mom let out a subtle sigh. "Jay, don't worry, you can leave them here and I'll put them in with some of my things later today."

"It's fine," Jay said as he hustled past her downstairs.

Jay put the blankets in the washer, started it up, then hustled back upstairs.

When he got back to his bedroom, he found his Mom bending over his mattress protector with cleaning supplies in her hands.

“Mom!” Jay shouted in shock. “I told you stay out of my room!”

His Mom sighed and turned to him. “Jay, were you going to sanitize and wipe down your mattress protector before you put your blankets back on?” She asked.

“I don’t know,” Jay responded defensively.

“I’m guessing you weren’t.

“Now, I’m trying to be sensitive about the fact that you don’t want to discuss your issue with me, and that’s fine. But just because you don’t want to talk about your needs with me, it doesn’t mean that I can just stop doing what’s necessary to keep you clean and safe.

“And that includes me coming into your room. So sorry about that,” Jay’s Mom said.

Jay groaned. He felt furious, but had no idea how to argue with her.

Jay rolled his eyes and left to go wash up.

While in the shower, Jay tried to think through why he was so upset with his Mom. After all, she had a point, he guessed. She was just trying to help him...

But he just hated even *acknowledging* his bedwetting with her—let alone accepting her help cleaning up.

It drove him crazy to think that he was unable to handle his humiliating problem by himself.

When Jay got back to his room, his Mom was gone, and he decided to just try and put what happened last night out of his mind best he could.

* * *

JAY SPENT the rest of his Saturday catching up on homework and playing video games with his friends.

On Sunday morning, Jay woke up to another round of wet sheets and blankets. He had peed the bed yet again.

But this time, Jay felt strangely less worried about it. In fact, some part of him knew it would happen.

He took his blankets to the washer, and this time, he didn't bother to argue with his Mom when she once again came in to clean up his mattress protector.

On Monday morning, Jay woke up in a pee-soaked bed again.

But this time, Jay was running late for school, so he just balled his blankets up and threw them in his laundry basket. He told himself he would finish washing them that night.

But after a (thankfully) uneventful day at school, Jay came home to his bed fully made with clean blankets. His Mom had taken care of it for him.

Fortunately, she didn't mention it to him at all.

The rest of the week continued with Jay wetting the bed every night. But by Wednesday, Jay wasn't even bothering to remove his wet blankets from the bed.

Jay now just left his urine-soaked mess as-is as he left for school, and his Mom continued to replace and wash his

blankets by the time he got back home.

On Thursday morning, Jay was feeling anxious on his bus ride to school. As he gazed out the window, he reflected on the fact that he had seemingly made a habit of wetting the bed every night and letting his Mom clean up after him.

But it wasn't his bedwetting that was making him so anxious. In fact, he had strangely gotten used to wetting the bed. While it was still plenty embarrassing to wake up in his wet bed, he now barely thought twice about it after leaving for school.

No, the reason for Jay's anxiety was that tonight, he had another session with Deidre.

Jay shuddered as he considered he might actually have to... wear a diaper... to her office once again. He hoped he would figure out some way to get out of it by the evening...

Unfortunately, when the evening came, Jay discovered that he would have no such luck.

NEW ROUTINES

“*A*re you ready to go?” Jay’s Mom asked from his bedroom doorway.

Jay looked up from his homework. “Mom, I have a bit of a tummy ache, can I cancel on Deidre for tonight?”

His Mom crossed her arms and glared at him.

“Jay, I do not think that this is a conversation you want to have with me right now. I feel that I’ve been extremely lenient on you this week, but there is absolutely no way you’re getting out of your sessions with Deidre. Especially after the way that you’ve *soaked* your bedsheets every single night—”

“Alright, alright!” Jay said as he closed his book. “I’ll be out in a second.”

Jay recognized that he’d been getting off easy by not having to discuss his bedwetting with his Mom so far. He realized he had finally pushed his luck.

A few minutes later, Jay met his Mom by the front door.

“Let’s go,” Jay said as he opened the door up.

His Mom stayed put and folded her arms. “Jay,” she said.

“What?” Jay asked.

“Jay... are you wearing your diaper?” She asked.

Jay felt his whole face flush bright red. “Why?”

“Jay. Do I really need to tell you why?” His Mom responded.

“Mom, please!” Jay begged. “Please don’t make me.”

“Jay, what did I say before? I have been quietly cleaning up your soaking wet sheets every morning this week. But your therapist does not get paid enough to do the same thing.

“So, you can either march back into your room and put your diaper on, or I will march you back into your bedroom and put that diaper on you myself,” she scolded.

Jay felt utterly humiliated. He knew he was beat.

As he walked back toward his bedroom, he felt tears in his eyes. Tears of humiliation and shame.

His tears continued as he retrieved one of the medical diapers he had thrown to the back of his closet, hoping to never see it again.

His tears worsened as he pulled the crinkly, humiliating garment up his legs, then did his best to tuck the diaper’s high waist under his jeans.

Jay was sobbing like a baby by the time he was sitting in the back seat of his Mom’s minivan. Without even realizing it, Jay was also sucking his thumb for comfort as his Mom drove him to his session.

Jay continued sucking his thumb as he anxiously stood outside of Deidre’s office.

And just a few minutes before his appointment time, Jay was taken by a sudden need to ‘let go’...

Jay barely registered the sensation beyond the feeling of calming down.

He felt like there was a gentle warmth slowly washing over him...

Like something was letting him know that everything would be okay...

A gentle warmth in his crotch. *In his diaper.*

It was the warmth of his urine flooding into his diaper and pooling around his bottom as he stood outside Deidre's door.

Jay gave a blissful smile as he sucked his thumb and finished emptying his bladder into his warm, soggy diaper.

"Jay?" A voice called.

Jay snapped back to reality from his half-conscious trance. He felt like he had just been woken from a strange dream.

He looked over to see Deidre standing in the doorway of her office. "Are you ready to come on in?" She asked.

Jay realized in horror that he had just *wet his diaper*.

He didn't know how or why it happened. But what he did know was that he could feel a soggy diaper filled with his hot urine drooping around his crotch.

"Uhh..." Jay stammered from the hallway.

"Is something wrong?" Deidre asked.

"I uh..." he stammered again. He didn't know what to do. "I have to go use the bathroom, first," Jay said.

Deidre gave a polite nod. "That's fine, Jay, you can use the bathroom in a minute. But since we're already running

behind, I'd prefer if you came in and sat down with me for a second first. There's something we need to discuss."

Jay nodded, too nervous to argue, and quietly followed Deidre into her office.

THERAPEUTIC DISCIPLINE

Jay sat down on the couch across from Deidre and felt the *squelch* of his soggy diaper beneath his bottom.

He immediately regretted agreeing to follow Deidre into her office, instead of running to the bathroom to ditch his saturated diaper like he originally wanted to.

"Now Jay," Deidre began. "Before we start today, I think it's obvious that there's something that must be addressed first. Do you have any idea what that might be?" Deidre asked.

Jay's face went bright red. He was sure she was talking about the wet diaper on his bottom, but he nervously shook his head no.

"I see," Deidre said. "Well, let me give you a hint. Does the word, 'ma'am,' ring a bell?"

Jay was genuinely confused. He was slightly relieved that she wasn't talking about his wet diaper, but he still didn't know what she meant.

The truth was, Jay could barely pay attention at all, he was so distracted by the soaking wet diaper under his jeans. He

was sure that he could feel it starting to leak around his thighs.

Jay shook his head no again.

“No?” Deidre replied. “My, well that’s very concerning. Because last week, it was made very clear to you, that from now on, you are to address me as ‘ma’am’ at all times. But do you remember, at the end of your session, if you continued to follow that rule?”

Jay tried to remember the previous session—he remembered how Deidre and his Mom had chatted away while he was standing in front of them in a soaking wet diaper. He realized that he probably did not use the word, ‘ma’am,’ at that point.

Jay shook his head no.

“That’s right. You didn’t address me properly. And Jay, do you remember who else you were supposed to address properly as ‘ma’am’ from now on?” Deidre asked.

Jay shook his head no again.

“Your mother, Jay. And given how you spoke to your mother at the end of last week’s session, I seriously doubt that you began to address her properly after you both left my office. Am I right about that?” Deidre asked.

Jay nodded yes.

“Jay... we use our words in this office. We use our words and we address the women of authority in our lives properly,” Deidre said.

“Yes, ma’am. I didn’t address my mother properly, ma’am,” Jay obediently muttered. He just wanted this conversation to be over with so he could run to the bathroom and rip his humiliating wet diaper off.

“Very good,” Deidre replied. “Well then, before we begin your hypnotherapy session today, I’m going to have to ask you to comply with a round of discipline.”

Jay looked up with shock. “What do you mean? ... Ma’am?”

Deidre smiled. “I mean that part of your therapy means learning how to follow the rules in your life.

“I take no joy in disciplining you, but if I don’t, you’ll leave my office having learned a very harmful message about the world—namely, that the rules don’t matter. And it just wouldn’t be responsible for me to let that happen to you.”

Jay gulped. “Okay, ma’am. But discipline... how?”

“Well Jay, you’re about to find out,” she said with a subtle smirk.

Deidre got to her feet and sat down on a hard, wooden chair against the wall. “Come on over here,” she beckoned.

Jay gulped again and cautiously stood up. As he got to his feet, he could feel the contents of his wet diaper sloshing between his thighs and leaking even worse.

“Don’t be shy. Come on over, get down on your knees, and bend over my lap,” Deidre instructed with a smile.

Jay realized in horror that she was likely about to give him a *spanking*.

He began trembling as he got down to his knees and laid down across her lap. Jay had never received a spanking in his life. Let alone while wearing a *wet diaper*.

With his head now hanging upside down and his butt in the air, he squeezed his eyes shut. He just hoped for this whole thing to be over soon.

He felt Deidre's hand land on his bottom and begin patting the soaking diaper through his jeans. He heard her sniff the air, then pat his bottom again.

"Jay, should it ever be the case that you wet your diaper in my presence, I expect you to tell me immediately, understand?" She said.

Jay's heart was pounding. He was sure she had discovered his accident. He was mortified.

"Uh huh... yes ma'am," he stammered in a trembling voice.

"Well... before we begin your discipline, is there anything you would like to say to me first?" Deidre asked.

Jay could feel Deidre patting his saturated diaper against his bottom through his jeans. He knew she knew... but he couldn't bring himself to say it.

"Um, I uh..." Jay squeaked.

"What's that?" Deidre asked in a stern voice, patting his butt a little harder.

Jay stayed silent.

He couldn't do it. He just couldn't admit to Deidre that he was wearing a wet diaper. He was too ashamed. He just wanted to get this stupid spanking over with and get out of there.

"Never mind, ma'am," Jay replied. "Nothing."

"Hmmm..." he heard Deidre utter.

Then, seconds later...

THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP.

Deidre's hand rained down on Jay's bottom like a firecracker.

There was a delay between the first blow and Jay registering the pain.

But when he did, it felt like an explosion of searing hot torment across every inch of his soggy, diapered bottom.

The padding of his diaper and jeans provided little protection against Deidre's powerful smacks.

"Ow ow ow ow OW OW OW!!!" Jay began shouting. "Stop it! Please stop it!"

But Deidre tightened her grip on Jay and started spanking even harder.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

Soon, Jay was kicking and screaming at the top of his lungs. All consideration of self-respect evaporated as his animal brain took over and reduced him to a wailing child.

Deidre continued her relentless spanking for several minutes. Only when Jay's face was covered with his tears and snot from his pathetic wails did she apparently decide he had had enough.

The blows came to a sudden halt.

"Now Jay, do you have anything to say about how you behaved last week?" Deidre asked.

Jay found himself taking deep breaths in order to summon the energy to respond. "I'm sorry, ma'am!" He finally shouted through his tears.

"And what are you going to say to your Mom when you see her after your session tonight?" Deidre asked.

"I'm sorry... I'm going to say sorry to my Mom, ma'am," Jay pleaded.

Deidre gleefully patted Jay's blistering bottom through his soggy diaper. "Good boy," she said.

Jay felt himself calming down. He immediately felt embarrassed about how quickly her hand had turned him into a blubbering infant.

"And finally," Deidre asked, "is there anything else you want to tell me? Perhaps something that you *should* have told me before I began your spanking?"

Jay knew what she wanted to hear. But he was still just too ashamed to say it out loud. "I don't know," he whimpered.

"Are you sure?" Deidre said, lightly squeezing Jay's soggy bottom some more. "Because if I find out there was something you were supposed to tell me, and you didn't tell me, I'm going to have to give you a *whole new round* of spankings young man," she said.

Jay gulped. He opened his mouth... but nothing came out. He still couldn't say it.

"Alright, if that's what you want," Deidre said.

SMACK.

With just one more spank, Jay was pushed over the edge.

"I wet my diaper, ma'am!" He screamed. "I wet my diaper right in your hallway! I peed in my diaper and I don't know why! I have a soggy, wet, stinky diaper, ma'am!"

Jay broke down in tears once again. He also began mindlessly sucking his thumb again as he sobbed on Deidre's lap.

“Aww, good boy,” Deidre said as she patted his diapered butt. “You told me about your stinky mess.

“Of course, I could smell the stench of your saturated diaper the moment you set foot in my office. But it’s important you learn how to use your words to ask for a diaper change from an adult when you need one.”

Jay felt utterly humiliated. It was bad enough that Deidre knew he was wearing a wet diaper, but the fact that she thought he needed to ‘learn’ how to tell an adult about it was the worst part of all.

“Come on up, let’s take a look,” Deidre said as she helped Jay back up to his feet.

Jay continued sucking his thumb as Deidre unbuttoned his pants and slowly slid them downward.

“My, my, you really soaked this thing, Jay!” Deidre said as she squeezed Jay’s soggy, diapered crotch.

To Jay, the sight of his now yellow diaper, the stench of his flood of urine, the sensation of Deidre’s hand squeezing his genitals through his stinky diaper, not to mention the fact that his therapist was *checking his diaper*—was all too much humiliation for him to bear.

He closed his eyes, sucked his thumb even harder, and seemingly left his body...

* * *

DEIDRE SMIRKED with glee as she continued fondling Jay’s wet diaper.

Deidre knew that the fact that he was sucking his thumb without attempting to explain the act was a strong sign that

he had begun to internalize the comfort mechanism she had programmed him with.

She closely observed Jay's face as he squeezed his eyes shut. She was looking for a subtle shift...

And there it was. His eyes were still closed, and he was still sucking his thumb...

But Deidre detected that Jay had suddenly relaxed.

She continued mushing Jay's sodden diaper against his bottom and groin, enjoying the warm, squishy sensation for herself—just as much as she knew Jay probably despised it.

"How many day time accidents have you had this week, Jay?" She asked.

"I dunno," Jay replied.

"And how about how many nighttime accidents? How many times have you wet the bed?" She asked.

"I dunno... ask Mommy," Jay replied.

Deidre smiled. She knew that Jay had successfully crossed the threshold into little-space—and she didn't even have to use the hypnotic headphones yet.

"Alright, little one, let's go get you changed," Deidre said.

She stood up and took Jay's hand to walk him across her office.

As he followed her, she realized she hadn't pulled Jay's jeans back up. They were still around his ankles.

Deidre giggled hysterically as Jay obediently waddled behind her like a penguin.

Between his waddling, his soggy yellow diaper, and his thumb in his mouth—it was one of the cutest things Deidre had ever seen.

Deidre joyfully guided Jay to the hypnotherapy sofa, where she unfolded a large diaper changing mat on top of it. “Time to change your stinky diaper, little one,” she said in a sing song voice.

Jay obediently sat down on the diaper changing mat and Deidre guided him back with her hand. Deidre couldn’t help but adore the image of Jay laying backward on his diaper changing mat, blissfully sucking his thumb and staring at the ceiling, while he waited for his caregiver to change his diaper.

Deidre walked over to the corner of her office, where she was keeping a special box of supplies. She planned on handing it over to Jay’s mother when she came to pick him up. It had everything Jay would need now...

Specifically—heavy duty, thick, ultra-babyish, adult-sized disposable diapers. As well, of course, as all the necessary accessories—baby powder, Vaseline, diaper rash cream, etc.

Deidre returned to Jay with the thick, babyish diaper in her hand.

She had planned to make a big deal to Jay about how cheap grocery store diapers weren’t sufficient to hold his messes, and that he now needed ultra-thick, babyish diapers to stay dry...

But she could tell that he was now so entranced in little-space, she doubted he would even know what she was talking about.

She shrugged and began un-taping Jay’s soggy diaper.

The fact that she put Jay into little-space already was a huge sign of success in terms of his regression. She figured that it must have been the combination of a wet diaper and a spanking that closed the gap quicker than she anticipated.

Or, she simply still managed to surprise herself with how good she was at her job, Deidre thought to herself with a chuckle.

After all, she was genuinely surprised when it was clear that Jay had wet the diaper he was wearing to her session.

Jay's Mom had dutifully reported each of his nighttime accidents to Deidre, so she knew this latest accident was likely a genuine first for Jay.

And what an accident it was, Deidre thought to herself with glee as she lifted the front of Jay's soaking wet diaper and peered inside.

Deidre's heart fluttered at the sight of Jay's adorable, limp little peepee.

She wished she could shave the rat's nest of pubic hair around his crotch right now, but she was short on time.

Maybe that'll be a good chore for Mrs. Bradley, she thought to herself with a smirk.

She grabbed some baby wipes and began the work of cleaning Jay's crotch.

"Cold!" Jay muttered with his thumb in his mouth.

"Aww, I know baby, but we gotta clean up all this sticky peepee you made," Deidre replied. "Now legs up!" She said.

Jay obediently lifted his legs straight up into the air like a toddler. "Good boy," she said as she wiped his bottom down. "Get that bottom up... there you go," she cooed.

She moved to the side of the sofa and began vigorously working her finger up and down Jay's butt crack with a baby wipe.

She could see him twitching from the strange sensation of her tickling his rosebud.

Deidre desperately wanted to insert her finger into his bottom right then and really have some fun, but she knew it would be better to wait till later. Where she could really take her time. "Okay, feetsies back down," she said. "Good boy!"

She then pinched Jay's soft penis and began vigorously wiping around his shaft and balls. "What a tiny little peepee you have," she said with a giggle.

Jay just giggled back in return. *That was a sure sign of a boy in a little-space*, Deidre thought with a laugh.

With his diaper area clean, Deidre rolled the soggy diaper up and sealed it in a plastic bag to give to Jay's Mom when she arrived.

(After all, nothing like a little hard evidence when convincing a caretaker that their dependent needs more support than they realized.) Deidre put the new diaper under Jay's butt, doused his crotch with baby powder, and taped him up.

She smiled with satisfaction at how utterly adorable Jay looked in his new, thick, teddy-bear diaper.

"How do you like getting changed into a nice and warm, soft, dry, diaper, little one?" Deidre asked, patting Jay's

diapered butt for emphasis.

“I like it, Mommy,” Jay giggled.

Deidre felt a little jolt of excitement at hearing Jay call her that word. She hadn’t even begun to program him with it yet.

I guess it’s a word all little boys know by heart, she thought with a smile.

Deidre tucked the freshly diapered Jay beneath his blanket, put his headphones on, put the lights out, and sat down at her computer.

I love my job, Deidre thought to herself as she began to read Jay’s diaper regression script.

A RUDE AWAKENING

Jay could hear the sound of two women talking. He recognized that he was slowly waking up from a deep sleep.

In fact, he was waking up so slowly, he couldn't even open his eyes yet.

But Jay felt so incredibly warm and cozy, he didn't even feel the need to open his eyes.

He was content to just keep laying there, eavesdropping on the conversation.

He recognized Deidre's voice. "I apologize, but do you mind taking this to the trash on your way out? I don't have a proper bin for diapers yet."

"What do you mean?" Jay recognized his Mom's voice...

Then he heard the sound of her opening a plastic bag...

"Pee-ew!" He heard his Mom say. "I don't understand—I mean, I'm happy to help take your trash out I guess, but I didn't realize you had other clients who wore diapers... Wait, this is Jay's diaper? I don't understand, he hasn't even

woken up yet. How could you have already changed his diaper?"

"Well, unfortunately, I had to change his diaper before we even began today's session. He was soaking wet the moment he set foot in my door."

"What? You're kidding. You mean he wet his diaper in the time between me dropping him off outside and him coming into your office? It's not like he could have taken a nap or anything like that..."

"Well, yes, it seems that Jay is now having *daytime accidents* in addition to his nighttime accidents."

"You mean he's wetting himself now even when he's completely awake? How is that possible?"

"Well... you know that Jay's symptoms are still evolving. It's not terribly surprising that this would come up."

"Oh no. I mean... he wet the bed every single night this week. And now you're saying he's wetting in the daytime? What's going on? Does this mean his condition is getting even worse?"

"Mrs. Bradley, it's okay, I didn't bring this up to get you worried. In fact, I don't think you even necessarily need to worry. Depending what symptoms you look at, Jay's condition is still *improving*, not deteriorating."

"What do you mean?"

"Well... there's evidence that Jay's urinary continence is rapidly declining, that's certainly true. But it's also true that he hasn't had a blackout since he began wetting the bed."

"You think he won't have any more blackout incidents?"

"Only time will tell. But I do suspect that there will be an inverse correlation between Jay's incontinence and his psychogenic blackouts. As the former worsens, the latter improves."

"How could that be?"

"Well, we really can't know for certain... but would you like to hear my personal hypothesis?"

"Yes, please. I'm really finding all of this hard to get my head around."

"Well, think of it like this. Jay's brain is like a steam engine with too much fuel in its boiler. He has more steam being produced than his engine can safely process. Eventually, his engine gets so overloaded, it explodes and has a break down."

"That's what his blackouts are? His brain having a break down?"

"That's one way to think about it. And continuing with the analogy, while I've helped Jay avoid having his breakdowns, it seems that his psyche's solution to avoid 'overload' was to let out the 'steam' somewhere else, so to speak. That is, his body has sacrificed his *continence* to preserve his *consciousness*. Does that make sense?"

"I think so... But why did his brain make that choice? And what's causing him to produce too much... *steam* in the first place, anyway?"

"You know Mrs. Bradley... the truth is I don't know. And maybe I should have kept my hypothesis to myself, because the truth is, I will never know for sure if it's remotely accurate. The brain and the human mind are complicated systems, and it's rare that we ever know the exact

mechanism of any specific treatment. The best we can do is be satisfied when we find a solution that works.”

“And you think that he’s not blacking out anymore *because* he’s wetting the bed?”

“That could be. Or, it’s possible that inhibiting his blackouts is causing him to wet the bed. We really don’t know for sure, and I don’t mean to imply that we could simply *choose* which symptoms we would like Jay to have. It’s not so simple...”

“Hmmm...”

“But the only reason I wanted to point out the correlation is that I think it might be helpful for you, going forward, to keep in mind which set of symptoms are worse—*predictable enuresis* or *unpredictable vasovagal syncope*.”

“Huh?”

“Sorry, in layman’s terms, you might want to ask what’s the better outcome—*diapers* for Jay or *blackouts* for Jay.”

“Oh, certainly diapers are better! I mean, a blackout at the wrong time could be deadly. Not to mention, Jay’s already hit his head two separate times.”

“Exactly. So honestly, Mrs. Bradley, I think the best thing you could do is just avoid fretting about Jay’s diaper needs. Whether or not his toilet troubles get better or worse, just be grateful that it’s a whole lot better than the blackouts. Oh, and do whatever you need to do to keep him safe and dry downstairs.”

“Of course, of course. Oh god, Deidre, talking with you has been so helpful. I feel like I owe you another fee on top of Jay’s fee for being *my* therapist as much as *his*.”

"Mrs. Bradley, stop. The fee you pay me covers both of you. After all, helping Jay is just as much about *helping him* as it is about *helping you*."

"Well anyway, since he did such a number on this diaper before he went down, do you think he's still going to need another change before we go?"

"Why don't we take a look-see..."

Jay felt his blanket being removed. The cool air on his legs gave him the impetus to finally open his eyes.

Jay looked up to see both Deidre and his Mom kneeling over and checking his diaper.

He was mortified.

"There's our little guy!" Deidre said.

"Stoppsss..." Jay groaned in a groggy haze as he tried to bat Deidre's fingers away from his diaper.

Deidre and his Mom ignored his plea.

"Oh yeah, it looks like he's soaked again," Deidre said to Jay's Mom. "Here, take a look."

Jay watched in a daze as his Mom felt his diaper. "Wow, no kidding. Well, I gotta hand it to you, these new diapers you changed him into are so much better than the department store ones I bought," his Mom said. "He really soaked this thing, but I don't see any leaks at all."

"Yep! And I got a full case of them over here for you," Deidre said as she showed Jay's Mom the box in the corner of her office. "They're all yours, and I included a brochure for the company so you can order more yourself as well."

"Oh my god, Deidre, you are an angel. Thank you so much," his Mom replied.

She turned back to Jay. "Alright Jay, time to get up. Deidre needs to get home too."

Jay tried to sit up, but for some reason, he felt incredibly groggy. All he could manage was lifting his head a bit.

"You know what," Deidre said, "I'm realizing we got a late start because I had to change Jay's diaper beforehand. And from the third session on, because we're really doing some deep level repair, it might start to take Jay a little longer to come out of his sleepy-times. So, take your time, I'm not in a rush."

"Wow Jay, you got your therapist wrapped around your little finger, don't you?" Jay's Mom teased. She and Deidre both laughed.

Jay still felt too groggy to say anything.

"Actually, now might be a good time to go ahead and change his diaper, since he's so sleepy," Deidre suggested.

"He got pretty testy about anyone else changing him last time. You think it's okay?" Jay's Mom replied.

"Well, to be honest Mrs. Bradley, that is one area where you're going to have to start putting your foot down with Jay...

"The type of diapers he's going to need to start wearing don't go on so well without a caregiver's help. They're not like the pull-up style diapers you bought before," Deidre explained.

"You're right, you're right," Jay's Mom said. "I'm sorry, I guess I just didn't want to embarrass him too much."

"I know, but Mrs. Bradley, Jay needs your help now, whether he wants it or not. So, I think the firmer you are,

the better in that respect. But here, maybe we can change his diaper together right now," Deidre said.

Jay was horrified by the conversation Deidre and his Mom were having about him while he laid naked in his soggy diaper beneath them.

And he was ten times more horrified at the prospect of anybody else *changing his diaper. Let alone his Mom.*

But he felt like a prisoner in his own body as he watched Deidre and his Mom lean over and untape his yellow, sopping wet diaper.

It was like Deidre has put some sort of spell on him while she had him in a trance. He was awake enough to witness and feel every sensation involved with getting his diaper changed—but not awake enough to scream and kick and curse do what he desperately wanted to do to make them stop.

"Yuck, he's got quite the rat's nest down here, doesn't he?" Jay's Mom said as she peeled Jay's soggy diaper off.

"Yes, I'm glad you mentioned that. If I were you, I would shave him during one of his diaper changes soon—for both of your sakes," Deidre replied.

Jay's Mom sighed as she pulled Jay's wet diaper out from under him and rolled it up. "I guess he's going to have to start wearing diapers at night then, isn't he?"

"Oh no, you've been letting him get away with soaking his bed sheets?" Deidre replied as she wiped Jay's bottom with the baby wipes.

"I know, I know," Jay's Mom said with a bit of embarrassment. "I guess it's just easier to change his

bedsheets than to fight with him about putting his diapers on at night.”

“Look, Mrs. Bradley, I know it’s not easy to be in your position. But I’m telling you, if you don’t start making him wear diapers to bed ASAP, it’s only going to get harder the longer you put it off,” Deidre said as she scrubbed Jay’s bottom.

“You’re right, you’re right,” Jay’s Mom replied.

“You know what? Let’s make it easy on you and diaper him up now so you don’t have to deal with him whining about it later,” Deidre said.

“That’s a great idea,” Jay’s Mom replied.

Jay watched in horror as Deidre grabbed a fresh diaper from the stack and began to unfold it.

But then, Jay’s Mom stopped her, and took the diaper from her hands. “You know, I should take it from here. He is *my* son,” Jay’s Mom said.

Deidre smiled as Jay’s Mom unfolded the diaper and pushed it under Jay’s bottom.

Jay watched in horror as his Mom changed him into a fresh, crinkly diaper for the first time since his infancy.

“Mom.... Don’t...” Jay mumbled.

He felt himself waking up more and more. But he was still powerless to stop his Mom as she powdered him and taped the thick, babyish diaper on him.

“Wow, these are so cute!” Jay’s Mom said, patting Jay’s diapered crotch with her hand for good measure.

“Aren’t they? Jay’s certainly a big boy, but that doesn’t mean we can’t enjoy how cute he is in his diapers,” Deidre

replied.

Jay blushed bright red as Deidre and his Mom laughed hysterically at his diapered bottom.

Jay finally had enough energy to sit up completely.

"Alright Jay, let's get your pants on," Jay's Mom said, bringing his pants over and sliding them up his legs.

Jay was mortified that his Mom was helping him get dressed, just like he was a toddler, but he still didn't quite have the energy to resist.

"Also, before I forget," Deidre said, "I think there's strong evidence that Jay's got a habit of hiding his wet diapers because he's embarrassed about getting changed.

"So, if I were you, I'd start checking Jay's diaper pretty frequently. Maybe make a habit of sticking a finger in there to check his wetness every thirty minutes or so. You don't want him getting a diaper rash just because he doesn't know how to ask for a diaper change yet."

Jay felt his Mom stick her finger into his waist back and 'check' his diaper. He was mortified.

"Easy enough," Jay's Mom said with a laugh. "And out of curiosity, do you think I should change him out of his diaper in the morning? Or let him handle that part?"

"Hmmmmm..." Deidre said as she finished carrying Jay's new diaper supplies over to the door for them.

"You know, normally I'd say it's fine for Jay to change out of his own diapers, but given his difficulty during diaper changes, it might be easier if you just help him make a habit of accepting that Mom's in charge of his diapers."

"That makes total sense," Jay's Mom said.

Jay felt another surge of raw indignation. He also felt awake enough to finally express himself. "No! No diapers!" Jay screamed.

Jay's Mom and Deidre both snapped their heads and stared at him. "Uh oh, our little crabby-pants is finally awake," his Mom said.

"No diapers! I'm not wearing diapers! No more diapers!" Jay shouted. Part of him registered how infantile he sounded. But another part was too angry to care.

"Jay, come on, we need to get going," his Mom chided.

Deidre interjected. "Actually, Mrs. Bradley, if you don't mind, let me have a word with him," she said.

"Please! Finally, a therapist around when I need one," his Mom joked.

Jay watched Deidre take a knee and look him in the eyes. "Jay. What did we talk about before? Do you remember?"

Jay suddenly felt petrified by Deidre's tone of voice. He suddenly wanted to start crying right then and there.

He shook his head no.

"We talked about how that's not how you address your Mom anymore. Not if we want to avoid being *disciplined*," Deidre said.

In a flash, Jay remembered the spanking Deidre had given him. His memory of it was hazy for some reason, but what he *could* remember was enough to send a jolt of terror through his body.

"So, Jay, how *do* you address your Mom from now on?" Deidre asked.

"...Ma'am," Jay squeaked.

"That's right. Now let's go ahead and try this again. Mrs. Bradley... if you don't mind repeating yourself?" Deidre asked.

Jay looked up at his Mom, who was wearing a smug smile. "Jay, are you ready to go?"

Jay gulped, then summoned the proper words. "Yes... ma'am," he replied.

"Wow, so polite!" Jay's Mom said as Jay submissively rose to his feet.

"Oh, and Jay," Deidre said, "What do well-behaved boys say to their Mom for putting them in a nice, dry diaper?"

Jay looked over at Deidre with defeat, then let out a pained and humiliated sigh. "Thank you for changing my diapers... ma'am."

Jay's Mom and Deidre both busted up laughing. "How did you get him to do that?" His Mom asked.

"Oh, Jay and I had a little chat about his behavior at the beginning of his session today. You'd be surprised how far just the slightest bit of discipline can go," Deidre said.

"Well, I should take a page out of your book, then! I could get used to those kinds of manners from Jay around the house," Jay's Mom said.

"Well, good!" Deidre replied. "Because part of his therapy now includes properly addressing you at all times from now on. If, for some reason, he's not behaving himself, let me know and we'll do some more *discipline* next session."

"Will do!" Jay's Mom replied.

Jay felt a cold chill at Deidre's threat of another spanking. He grimaced as he realized it would now always be hanging

over his head.

Jay's Mom handed him the box of his new diapers to carry, and Jay followed her out the door.

"Have a good night! I'll see you tomorrow, Jay!" Deidre said as they left.

* * *

JAY WAS SO DISTRACTED by the humiliating, crinkly diaper now around his waist, he didn't even register Deidre's words until they had gotten all the way back to his Mom's mini-van.

"Wait, Mom, why did Deidre say that she would see me *tomorrow*?" Jay finally asked as his Mom buckled him up.

"Oh... that's right, you were still asleep when we discussed that.

"Well since the therapy seems to be working, Deidre suggested that it would be best for you to see her nightly for the next two weeks, just to make sure the therapy takes hold. I told her that I agreed," his Mom casually explained before shutting the door in Jay's face.

Jay was stunned.

He couldn't believe his Mom would make him agree to such a thing. Nor could he imagine having to go through the extreme humiliation he experienced that night *every single night* for the next two weeks.

Jay wanted to scream and shout, but he knew it would be fruitless. His Mom and Deidre had successfully proven to him that his opinions about his treatment were no longer relevant. Arguing would only make the situation worse. And

he wanted to avoid another spanking from Deidre at all costs...

Waves of anger, helplessness, and humiliation continued to build inside of Jay with nowhere to go.

Finally, Jay burst into another round of loud, pathetic sobs as his Mom drove him home.

"Aww, there there," his Mom said. "What's the matter, do you need a diaper change already? Don't worry, we're almost home."

Jay heard what his Mom said... went quiet for a second... then sobbed even harder.

LITTLE-SPACE

When Jay and his Mom got back home, his Mom checked his diaper and sent him to bed.

It was only nine o'clock, but Jay's Mom informed Jay that Deidre had prescribed Jay a pretty strict bedtime schedule from now on as part of his treatment.

Jay didn't have the energy to argue. Besides, he just wanted to curl up in a ball and cry after such a humiliating day.

Jay climbed into his bed with his diaper on—the first time he had worn a diaper to bed since infancy. He closed his eyes and touched the humiliating garment with his fingers.

He hated everything about the diaper. The way it crinkled with his every movement. The way it hugged his crotch so tightly. The smell of the infantile baby powder that his Mom had so liberally applied.

But he knew he would never dare to try and remove it, lest his Mom inform Deidre that he deserved another spanking.

Jay felt completely trapped and utterly humiliated. Great waves of hysterical tears rose up from within him, and he

began to uncontrollably sob once again. He also began sucking his thumb.

For several minutes, Jay lost himself in his emotional spiral. And with every tear he let fall down his cheek, his adulthood seemed to go with it.

Though Jay was unconscious of the transition, he was quickly slipping into a different state of mind...

When Jay had cried himself out of tears, he rolled over and did what he had been doing every other night that week after unconsciously regressing...

He began to empty his bladder.

And just like the other nights, a blissful wave of warmth and comfort washed over Jay as he began to pee.

Jay's sadness evaporated as the pleasure of releasing his bladder took hold of his body.

But tonight, unlike the other nights, Jay *wasn't wetting the bed.*

He was *wetting his diaper.*

An absorbent, safe diaper that dutifully absorbed his urine into its comforting folds.

Suddenly, Jay's feelings of resentment toward his diaper miraculously dissipated. Instead, a wave of profound gratitude washed over him for his diaper's protection.

He totally forgot that he had ever felt trapped or degraded by the garment, and now only felt magnificently secure, safe and cozy.

Jay reached down with his free hand and gleefully pressed his warm, soggy diaper against his groin.

Jay let out a giggle of joy. His wet diaper felt incredible against his crotch.

He began rubbing his diaper all over his groin and bottom, cooing with pleasure.

He was enraptured by the crinkly texture, the warm and moist interior, the sensuous fragrance of his urine mixed with baby powder.

A profound love began to radiate from deep within Jay.

A profound love for his diapers. His wet, crinkly, babyish diapers.

Jay faded into a magnificently carefree, deep and restful slumber.

He was truly sleeping like a baby.

* * *

WHEN JAY WOKE up the next morning, he had no memory of the joy he felt for his diapers the night before.

Instead, when he did his new morning ritual of checking his crotch for wetness, he was filled with his familiar shame as he remembered he had worn a diaper to bed, and a familiar disgust when he realized it was now wet with his pee.

“Good morning!” His Mom cheerily announced as she entered Jay’s room with her hands full of diaper changing supplies.

Jay groaned. He remembered the other part of needing to wear diapers to bed—Deidre insisted that only his Mom could change him.

“Do you really have to do this, Mom? Can’t I change my own diapers? At least in the morning?” Jay whined.

“How about this. If you wake up dry, I’ll let you take your own diaper off,” his Mom explained.

She tossed Jay’s blankets off, revealing his discolored diaper. Then, to Jay’s horror, she felt inside his soggy diaper with her fingers.

“And from the looks of it, that’s certainly not the case this morning. You really soaked this thing! No surprise there,” she teased.

Jay’s face turned bright red. He covered his eyes with his hands. “But whyyyy,” he moaned.

“Because! I have to make sure you’re properly cleaned up and check you for diaper rash!

“And before you ask, no, I don’t think you can do that yourself. It’s too difficult for you to see everything down here by yourself. Besides, I’ve got a whole lot more experience changing diapers than you do,” his Mom replied.

“Now butt up—let me get this diaper changing mat beneath you.”

Jay rolled his eyes and complied as his Mom unfolded a bright pink, plastic changing mat and slipped it beneath his diapered bottom upon his bed.

“First let’s get these tapes off... and pull your wet diaper off. Wow, this is a lot heavier than when you were two,” his Mom teased as she rolled his soggy diaper up and put it in a trash bag. Jay was mortified.

He covered his naked crotch up with his hands as his Mom prepared a handful of baby wipes.

His Mom dutifully wiped his thighs, then lifted his legs up to get his bottom as well. Jay had to admit, the cool wipes felt sort of nice, despite the humiliation of his Mom doing the wiping.

There was a brief pause.

"Sweetie, I need to clean your penis and scrotum as well. Those are your most sensitive areas," his Mom said.

"I know that! I can do it myself," Jay replied.

"Jay, you're already running late for the bus. Stop fussing so I can finish cleaning you and get you on your way. I don't have time to drive you to school this morning," his Mom said.

"But... Mom..."

"Jay! From our discussion with Deidre last night, I believe the correct answer from you should be 'yes, ma'am'. Do I need to let her know that you've decided to ignore that rule for your session tonight?" His Mom scolded.

Jay sighed. He knew he couldn't bear to risk another spanking.

"Yes... ma'am," Jay grumbled as he reluctantly lifted his hands, revealing his naked crotch to his Mom.

He hated the way his Mom and Deidre had seemingly teamed up on him like this.

"Good boy," Jay's Mom said as she quickly wiped down his penis and balls. "And before your diaper change tonight, let's get you shaved down here to make things easier going forward."

Jay rolled his eyes, but was glad to just be almost finished with this humiliation.

“There, all done,” his Mom said as she tossed the used baby wipes into the trash bag with his diaper. “Now, wasn’t that a whole lot better than waking up in a soaking wet bed?”

“Not really,” Jay grumbled. He scurried to his dresser to put on some underwear and get dressed for school.

“Well, I gotta be honest Jay, changing your diaper is a whole lot easier than washing your sheets every day. Even though I never imagined that I’d have to change your diaper again after your third birthday,” his Mom joked.

“Mom, stop talking about it!” Jay moaned.

“Okay, okay. Have a good day at school, and I’ll see you tonight to take you to Deidre’s,” his Mom said.

“Thanks for the reminder,” Jay grumbled.

* * *

JAY MANAGED to have another thankfully uneventful school day, despite the unpleasant nature of the previous twenty-four hours.

When he got back home, Jay agreed to let his Mom change him into a diaper for his therapy session without too much resistance.

(Before the diaper change, Jay’s Mom let him shave off his pubic hair in the bathroom by himself—but to Jay’s dismay, his Mom had to finish shaving him bald ‘down below’ while he laid on his diaper changing mat, as he had missed several spots.) And fortunately for Jay, he was still dry when Deidre checked his diaper before his hypnotic session that night.

When Jay awoke from his hypnosis that night, the session seemed the same as all the other ones from his perspective. And also similar to his previous sessions, his diaper was soaked.

But because his Mom hadn't yet arrived to pick him up, Deidre gave Jay the choice of letting Deidre change his diaper, or his Mom when she arrived.

Figuring that Deidre was (just barely) preferable to getting his diaper changed by his Mom, Jay chose Deidre.

Deidre changed Jay out of his wet diaper and into a dry diaper in her office, and Jay wore his diaper home and climbed into bed with it.

The next morning, Jay woke up with his diaper soaking wet again. But this time, he whined considerably less when his Mom came in to change and wipe him.

(He did whine when his Mom rubbed his crotch down with diaper cream and baby powder, even though he was changing into underwear, but another threat of a spanking quickly ended his complaining.) Jay was angry when his Mom told him he would have to see Deidre again that night. After all, it was Saturday, and Jay figured that when Deidre and his Mom said he would be seeing her nightly, that they only meant school nights.

But Jay's whining was soon disarmed in the same way that it was before, and by four o'clock, Jay's Mom was helping Jay change into yet another diaper for his session with Deidre.

Jay dutifully reported to Deidre both Saturday and Sunday, diapered and ready for his sessions.

The evenings went the same as his evening on Friday—Jay going into a dreamless trance, waking up in a soaking wet

diaper, and Deidre changing him before sending him home to bed.

When Monday came around, Jay's morning diaper change was becoming so routine, Jay didn't think twice about his Mom changing his diapers before school and sessions with Deidre. Nor did he question the large, pink diaper pail his Mom had placed next to his bed.

In fact, some part of Jay... a very small part... was beginning to take comfort in the warm, soft, crinkly diapers he now wore for almost twelve of each day's twenty-four hours.

While Jay was still repulsed and ashamed when he woke up in a soggy, smelly, yellow diaper, he secretly took more and more pleasure from the act of getting cleaned up and changed into a dry diaper.

Jay no longer cried at all when he climbed into his bed at night with a cozy, warm diaper on.

Instead, Jay noticed himself sleeping better than he ever had before.

He even began to regard Deidre and his Mom with more affection in general. Much of the time, he no longer felt the intense resentment and embarrassment toward them that he used to have. A lot of times, he even felt grateful toward them, and sometimes, he was even strangely excited to see them.

And as the next two weeks progressed, Jay felt himself getting more and more distracted at school. He began catching himself gazing into the distance during class, secretly fantasizing about getting changed into a nice, cozy diaper by Deidre or his Mom and climbing into bed.

On one occasion, Jay even found himself about to put his thumb in his mouth, before he snapped out of his day-dream just in time.

And on Thursday, Jay could swear he almost peed his pants in class, before snapping out of it and running to the bathroom just in time.

Of course, when Jay *did* snap out of his day-dreams, he usually felt deeply ashamed and embarrassed.

One day—when a younger student taunted Jay in the hallway by shouting at him, “I can smell your baby-powder, diaper boy!”—Jay’s humiliation, anger and resentment about being forced to wear diapers boiled to the surface again. Jay swore he would refuse to wear them anymore.

But Jay’s resolve always weakened by the time his Mother would ask him to lay down for his afternoon diaper change.

And any resentment would always be gone by the time he woke up from his evening hypnotic trance with Deidre.

In fact, it seemed that the bliss Jay woke up with after his hypnosis no longer faded when he woke up wearing a wet diaper in Deidre’s office (which is what happened when they first started their sessions together).

Instead, more and more, Jay found himself remaining in a blissed-out, half-conscious daze for several hours after Deidre’s hypnotic sessions.

Jay started to giggle and suck his thumb when Deidre wiped his bottom during his evening diaper changes, and he would keep sucking his thumb while his Mom drove him home and tucked him into bed every night.

Jay noticed that when he spaced out in class over the following two weeks, it seemed to be the same post-

hypnotic headspace that Deidre would send him home with.

And while Jay was concerned by the way his space-outs were affecting his school work, he could never deny them when they happened.

They were just too pleasurable.

While in that special headspace, Jay felt oddly carefree, even joyous.

Jay didn't know why they felt so good, but the best way he could describe it was that while there, Jay felt...

Little again.

So little, and so free.

* * *

ON THURSDAY, while Jay's Mom was performing his morning diaper change, Jay's Mom explained to Jay that Deidre would be picking him up from school to take him right to his afternoon session.

Jay thought it was a bit odd for Deidre would do so.

But at the same time, it had been nearly two full weeks since Jay began his nightly session with Deidre, so he was hoping this would be their last session together.

Additionally... secretly... Jay was excited that this meant he would get to spend more time in his post-hypnotic bliss before bed time (as the new arrangement would likely mean he got home earlier before bed).

When Jay realized he was happy at news that he would be spending *more time* wearing a *diaper*, he immediately felt ashamed.

But at the same time, Jay told himself that he didn't have a choice in the matter, so he had no reason *not* to enjoy the time he spent in a diaper.

After all, he told himself, if it were up to him, he would never *touch* one of those humiliating, pathetic diapers again.

Right? Right? He anxiously wondered.

A RIDE WITH NANNY

*I*t was toward the end of that Thursday that the intercom in Jay's final period class squawked with a message...

"Jay Bradley, please come straight down to the office after class. Your babysitter is here to pick you up."

The whole class immediately erupted with laughter.

"Jay the baby's got a babysitter!" they taunted.

Jay's cheeks went bright red. He realized the office was probably referring to Deidre.

Fortunately, the teacher quieted the class down pretty quickly. But the mocking shouts stayed in his head till the end of class.

Thank god they had no idea how much Deidre really did treat me like a baby, Jay thought to himself.

* * *

WHEN JAY MET Deidre at the front office, a few of his classmates were watching from the hallway.

“She’s hot!” They shouted and whistled. “Where can I get a babysitter like that?”

Jay did his best to ignore them. Deidre only made matters worse by insisting Jay hold her hand while they walked out to the parking lot.

“Let go of my hand,” Jay protested.

“Sorry Jay, but this is a very busy parking lot,” she replied.

“I’m not a little kid!” Jay said, pulling his hand away.

Deidre stopped on a dime and folded her arms. “Jay, I can’t walk with you across this parking lot unless I hold your hand. It’s a safety precaution I’m required to follow.”

“What? By who?” Jay whined.

“My professional board, my insurance company, and the litany of rules and regulations when it comes to procedures for *special needs* clients,” she said loudly.

Jay’s face burned bright red. “I’m not *special needs*,” he whimpered.

“I’m sorry if you’re uncomfortable to hear that information, and it’s not something I would normally bring up. But you wanted to know, and that’s the truth. The policies are very clear that a client still in diapers over the age of 4 is a client who must be classified as *special needs*,” Deidre explained.

Jay felt humiliated into defeat. He realized Deidre had a point... even if he never saw *himself* that way.

Jay bowed his head and followed Deidre across the parking lot as she held his hand. Jay was sure he could hear his peers still laughing behind him, but he was too ashamed to look for himself.

Half-way across the parking lot, Jay felt his stomach rumble.

He suddenly remembered that he normally took a massive dump right when he got home from school.

In fact, Jay's habit was so regular, he often struggled with churning bowels on his bus ride home. He frequently he found himself running from the bus to his house to get to the toilet in time.

But now, since he was going straight to Deidre's office, he realized he would have no such chance to use his own toilet.

This concerned him, because he tended to avoid going 'number two' in public bathrooms at all costs. He would probably have to hold it till he got home later that night.

But Jay's anxiety about holding his poop was quickly supplanted when they arrived at Deidre's mini-van (similar to his Mom's), and Deidre swung the rear door open...

Inside, there was a huge, adult-sized toddler car seat.

Jay tried to ignore the humiliating device and sit next to it in the normal seat next to it, but Deidre quickly stopped him.

"Uh oh, little guy, wrong seat. Right in here," she said, patting the massive, bulky car seat.

Jay was mortified. "Do I have to?" He whined.

"Jay, do we need to have the *special needs* discussion again? Because I know you don't like to hear that term, but I can't avoid using it if you keep demanding explanations for every routine safety policy I have to implement," she replied.

Jay sighed. He knew there was little use in fighting her.

He climbed into the bulky car seat and Deidre tightened him in with a series of harnesses and belts. When Deidre was finished, Jay realized that she had also secured his hands tightly next to his thighs.

“There you go, nice, tight and secure,” Deidre said with a smile. “Now, what do you say?”

Jay looked at Deidre, then realized he’d been pretty lax so far when it came to the rule he knew she was referring to. “Thank you, ma’am,” Jay replied.

She patted Jay on the head, closed the door, and returned to the driver’s seat.

Jay felt a wave of claustrophobia as he tried to wriggle out of the harness. It was fruitless—he could barely budge at all against the medical-grade, expertly applied straps.

Jay was so distracted by his car seat, it took him a minute to realize that Deidre was taking the rear exit out of the parking lot—it was right next to where all his classmates were crowded around after school.

Jay realized that all his classmates would surely get a view of him in his humiliating car seat.

He frantically tried to duck down or hide his face, but the car seat was too restrictive for him to do either. Deidre continued inching forward in the line of cars passing the crowd of his classmates. Jay began to panic.

“Ummm... ma’am,” Jay squeaked from the backseat. “Ma’am??”

“Shhhh, no talking while Nanny is driving,” Deidre replied.

It was the first time Jay heard Deidre refer to herself as 'Nanny', but he had little time to think about that now.

"Ma'am, wait! Can you take the other parking lot exit? I don't want all my friends to see me like this," Jay pleaded.

"This is your second warning," Deidre responded, continuing her path toward his friends.

"Please! Please don't let them see me like this!" Jay whined.

Jay heard Deidre sigh. She then pulled over to the side of the road...

Right in front of the crowd of Jay's classmates.

Deidre got out of the driver's seat, walked around, and swung the rear door open—giving Jay's classmates a full view of him in his car seat.

They all erupted in hysterical laughter. Jay was mortified beyond words.

"I didn't think we would need this, but it looks like we're gonna have to handle the noise issue back here a different way," Deidre said as she looked through a bag in the back seat.

Deidre pulled out a huge pacifier. She shoved it into Jay's mouth before he could resist, then secured it around his head with a simple buckle, preventing him from spitting it out. Jay was effectively gagged.

"There we go! Now we don't have to worry about any more unsafe noises back here while Nanny drives," Deidre said.

As Deidre climbed back out to close the door, the mob of Jay's peers got one last good look at Jay.

Jay was now not only tightly secured in a large car seat, but he was sucking a massive red pacifier.

The sound of their hysterical shrieking echoed in Jay's head all the way to Deidre's office.

* * *

WHEN THEY FINALLY GOT TO Deidre's office, and Deidre came around to unbuckle him and remove his pacifier—Jay was boiling with rage.

Jay couldn't believe the way Deidre had humiliated him like that. He suddenly hated Deidre with a newfound passion. But he still felt powerless to confront her in any way.

"Alright little guy, let's go get you diapered and ready for today's session," Deidre said in a sugary voice.

Her babyish tone only made Jay more furious, but he continued bottling up his rage as she guided him by the hand to her office.

* * *

WHEN THEY GOT inside Deidre's office, Jay plopped down on the couch and crossed his arms. He was deliberately pouting.

Deidre began unfolding the diaper changing mat on the sofa. "Alright, Jay, come on over and drop those pants so we can get you in a diaper," she cooed.

"I don't wanna," Jay pouted.

Deidre turned and took a deep breath.

"And why not?" She asked in a soft voice.

“Because!” Jay said. “I don’t wanna.” For some reason, it was the only argument Jay could muster.

“I see,” Deidre said in a patient voice.

Jay was sure that Deidre was about to put him over her knee, but instead, she took a seat on the couch next to him. She began to gently rub his back.

“What’s going on, little guy? You can tell your Nanny,” Deidre cooed.

Suddenly, Jay felt tears falling down his cheeks. “I don’t wanna wear diapers anymore,” he whimpered.

“Aw, I know little guy. I know,” Deidre said in a gentle voice as she continued rubbing his back.

“I know you want to be a big boy, but you have too many peepee accidents, remember? So you have to wear diapers so you’re safe and dry,” she said.

“But everyone laughs at me,” Jay whimpered.

“I know, I know. It’s hard being a little guy like yourself. But you know who’s not laughing at you? You know who’s really proud of you?” Deidre whispered.

“Who?” Jay asked.

“Me. I’m so proud of you for putting on your diapers and being a good boy for Mommy and Nanny. In fact, you’re the best little boy I know,” Deidre said.

“Really? Me?” Jay whimpered.

“Yes you,” Deidre replied. She then gave his tummy a little tickle, and Jay giggled out loud.

“Uh oh,” Deidre said with a smile. “Did you hear that?”

“Hear what?” Jay asked.

“It’s coming...” she replied.

“What is?” Jay replied.

“The tickle-monster!” Deidre said. She then began tickling Jay up and down and all around until he was in hysterics on her couch.

“Stop it! Stop it Nanny!” He said through his laughter.

Deidre grabbed a soft washcloth and began dapping away Jay’s tears. “Well, look at that. It looks like the giggle monster scared away all those tears, didn’t he?” Deidre said with a smile.

“I guess so,” Jay reluctantly admitted.

It was true—the sadness and anger he came into the office with now seemed to be gone.

“Well good. Because Nanny doesn’t like to see her baby boy upset. Does she. Does she?” She said, giving Jay another tickle for good measure.

“No,” Jay said with a smile.

“Alright then. Well are you ready to be a good boy for Nanny and come get your diaper changed?” Deidre asked.

“Yes, Nanny,” Jay replied, only half-realizing that he had happily replaced ‘ma’am’ with ‘Nanny’. After all, the title was true enough if Deidre was now picking Jay up from school.

Jay followed Deidre over to the sofa and obediently dropped his pants for his diaper change.

THE FINAL TRANCE

As Jay laid back for his diaper change, his tummy rumbled again. He remembered again that he didn't get to take his afternoon poop.

He squeezed his sphincter shut, immediately worried about exposing his naked bottom to Deidre while desperately needing to 'go'.

"Legs up," Deidre said as she slid a soft, warm diaper beneath his bottom. "Good boy."

"Wait," Jay said. "Nanny, I have to use the bathroom before you do my diaper."

Deidre paused. "You do? Well is it number one or number two?"

Jay's face turned beet red. "I dunno," he answered.

"Jay, do you have to make a *peepee*? Or do you have to do a *poopoo*?" Deidre loudly asked.

Jay's face went even redder. Something about admitting that he needed to go 'poopoo' to Deidre was a new threshold of humiliation he didn't know how to cross.

"I dunno," Jay answered again.

Deidre put her hands on her hips. “Jay, are you still just trying to get out of your diaper change?”

“No,” Jay whimpered.

Deidre stared at Jay, then shook her head dismissively. “Well okay Jay, since you don’t really seem sure about whether or not you really need to go, why don’t I just finish up your diaper change, and we can revisit the issue later,” Deidre said.

Jay felt strangely defeated as Deidre went back to changing his diaper. He didn’t know why he felt so powerless to argue against her.

As Deidre used her gloved hands to spread a hefty gob of barrier cream around Jay’s hairless balls, thighs, and butt crack, he felt his bowels churn even louder.

Jay was now seriously worried about his urgent need to poop—but instead of saying something, he now simply closed his eyes and began sucking his thumb for comfort.

* * *

DEIDRE GRINNED as she looked down at Jay sucking his thumb while she changed his diaper.

She could tell from the unique, docile expression on Jay’s face that he was already regressing into little-space. This was a fantastic sign in Deidre’s eyes. It meant that Jay was slipping into little-space easier and easier.

Deidre could also tell from the look on Jay’s face one minute ago—as well as the sounds coming from his tummy—that he likely needed to poop very badly.

Deidre fully expected that to be the case. In fact, it was a big reason Deidre offered to Jay's Mom that she start picking Jay directly up from school for his sessions.

Jay's Mom had informed Deidre some time ago that Jay had regular, daily bowel movements right when he got home from school. Deidre knew that what she was doing now would be a highly effective maneuver to put Jay into the next stage of his regression.

Of course, Deidre was banking on the hope that Jay wouldn't relieve himself elsewhere before getting to her office—like in the bathroom at school. But it was fairly easy for Deidre to predict that someone with Jay's control issues would avoid defecating in public bathrooms.

(The clinical term was psychogenic fecal retention—the inability to defecate without the privacy of one's bathroom at home—and its evidence in Jay only made the next phase of his regression more potentially powerful.) Deidre lovingly stroked Jay's cock with the barrier cream as he laid limp and docile beneath her. She cherished how cute he looked when she changed his diaper.

That was the other reason Deidre offered to pick up Jay from school for his session—it meant she and Jay would have a longer session together, and Deidre could take her time enjoying every bit of it.

Deidre dipped her gloved hand into the open tub of Vaseline and scooped up a large gob of petroleum-jelly on her index and middle finger.

She then used her free hand to grab one of Jay's ankles and lift it straight up, giving her full access to Jay's precious rosebud.

She carefully placed her palm on Jay's flank, then began stroking his butt crack up and down with her lubricated fingers.

Jay gave a soft whimper as Deidre skillfully approached his anus, but he didn't open his eyes or stop sucking his thumb.

She considered giving Jay some sort of verbal warning before making her entrance. But she decided against potentially waking him from his little-space trance.

Instead, Deidre diligently monitored Jay's facial expression while she pressed her finger against his tight entrance.

"Unnnnggg," Jay whimpered with his thumb still in his mouth.

Deidre smiled as she gently pushed harder.

Jay gave another small grunt. His anus opened up to receive her lubricated digit.

Deidre deftly pushed her long index finger deep into his rectum. She gleefully detected a wince from Jay as his tight, virgin sphincter squeezed around her second knuckle as it passed.

It was obvious to Deidre from the moment of her insertion that Jay's rectum was packed with stool.

She pushed her finger as far as it could go—then swirled it around, confirming it was full of warm, soft mass.

"Mommy!" Jay suddenly shouted and opened his eyes.

Deidre smiled at the predictable outburst. The fact that Jay unconsciously called her 'Mommy' again was an exciting touch.

“What is it, dear?” She asked as she kept her finger deep within Jay’s anus and looked him in the eyes. (To Deidre, the intimacy of this position was divine.) “Mommy, I have to go poopoo!” Jay shouted.

Deidre smiled. “Sorry little guy, you had your chance to go to the potty. Now you have to hold it till Nanny finishes your diaper change, okay?”

Jay looked up at Deidre in a delectable mixture of vulnerability, strange discomfort, and even stranger pleasure.

“Yes, Nanny,” Jay replied. He continued sucking his thumb.

Deidre slowly pulled her finger out and watched Jay’s lips twitch with peculiar relief from her finger’s removal.

She then let her finger rest on Jay’s anus for a second, skillfully allowing anticipation to build... Then she swiftly pushed her finger deep into Jay’s anus once again.

“Nanny that feels funny!” Jay grunted.

“Nanny’s cleaning out your bottom, little one. You’re very dirty down here,” she explained.

“Oh... okay,” Jay replied.

Deidre pulled her finger out again, then hovered over Jay’s anus with her index and middle finger side by side.

She quietly wondered if Jay was ready for two fingers...

No, she thought to herself with a smile. I should save some fun for later. There will be plenty of time for me to stretch him out in the weeks and months to come.

Deidre withdrew her finger again, then unscrewed the small plastic jar of glycerin suppositories—the *real* reason she was exploring Jay ‘down below’.

Deidre discretely inserted the first wax bullet and pushed it deep into Jay's rectum... Then the second one... Then the third one...

She considered one more, but Jay's bowels suddenly gurgled so loud she realized she was probably already cutting it too close.

Deidre used her finger to give his rectum a final, stimulating swirl from within.

She pulled her finger out, tossed her soiled glove in the trash, doused Jay's crotch with powder, pulled his diaper up, and taped him nice and tight into his diaper.

She gave Jay a final little pat on his padded bum and he giggled.

Deidre sat back and cherished the image of Jay before her. It warmed her heart to see how utterly free and happy Jay looked—laying on his back, sucking his thumb, wriggling around in his nice, clean diaper.

It was such a departure from the boy she started seeing six weeks ago—who seemed so unhappy, so stressed out, so burdened by everything and everyone in his life.

Deidre decided it was now the perfect time to push Jay into the crucial confrontation between his Big and Little self...

Deidre shut the lights off in her office, then went to her laptop and started playing nursery rhymes through the speakers.

Jay immediately began to giggle and light up at the sound of the children's music.

Of course, the music was actually a special production Deidre had concocted, which layered the nursery rhymes

with the subsonic beats she used to put clients into a hypnotic trance.

But at this point in Jay's regression, it was doubtful he even needed those beats to go into a trance.

Nor did he need the headphones and Deidre's voice through her special audio modulator.

Instead, Deidre pulled a chair up next to Jay and began gently stroking his hair. "What a good boy you are, Little Jay. Such a good boy for Nanny and Mommy," Deidre whispered in her soothing voice.

This was now all Deidre needed to put Jay in his trance.

Jay closed his eyes, clearly falling deeper into hypnotic slumber on her every word...

* * *

YOU LOVE YOUR DIAPERS. Your diaper keeps you safe and warm. When you're in your diapers, you know that you are happy and free.

Your Mommy loves you. And you love your Mommy. You need her to change your diapers and take care of you.

When you're a good boy, you make Mommy very happy. All you want is to make Mommy happy. Nothing else matters.

Your Nanny loves you. And you love your Nanny. You love your Nanny when she changes your diapers.

You would do anything to make Nanny happy. If you're being a good boy, Nanny will be proud of you. If you're being naughty, Nanny will be upset with you.

All you want to do is be a good boy for Nanny. When you're being a good boy, nothing else matters.

You are so little. Oh so little. You are so little, and you never want to grow up.

You love being little. You love sucking your thumb. You love crying like a little baby. You love drinking milk from a bottle, you love dressing like a toddler, you love eating baby food.

And you love wearing diapers. You love making your diapers wet and messy for Mommy and Nanny to change.

When Mommy and Nanny change your diapers, you know that you're loved. When you make a mess in your diaper, it means you'll never have to grow up, and you'll always be so little and so happy.

You don't want to be a big kid. You want to be little. You just want to stay little and diapered and free and happy with Mommy and Nanny for the rest of time.

As a big kid, you feel so ashamed about needing your Mommy. And as a big kid, you feel so embarrassed about your diapers. As a big kid, you feel so unhappy and trapped.

But when you're Little, you're so, so happy knowing that you love your Mommy, you love your Nanny, and you love your diapers. When you're little, you are so happy, and so free.

When the big kids at school point and laugh at you for being so little, you don't mind. You don't mind, because you know that being little means you get to spend all your time with Mommy and Nanny.

You don't want to be a big kid. You want to be little.

So little, so diapered, so free.

And whenever you think you're big, and you're unhappy or scared, all it takes is your thumb in your mouth...

Or using your crinkly diaper...

Or your Nanny's soft voice...

To make you feel Little and happy again.

* * *

DEIDRE LET Jay hang on her final words of the trance. She heard Jay's tummy rumble again, and knew she was running out of time.

"Jay, as you wake up from your sleep with me now, you will still feel little and happy. You will feel little and happy and free...

"Until something loud wakes you up. And when you wake up, you will realize you are big again.

"You will realize you are big, and you will forget who I am or what we've done in this office. You will forget everything that's happened in the last two weeks. Everything that's made you feel little... you will forget.

"When something loud wakes you up... you will *wake up big*," Deidre said with a final stroke of her hand on Jay's cheek.

* * *

"NOW COME ON LITTLE JAY, let's get you up and dressed," Deidre said.

Deidre watched little Jay open his eyes and sit up. She retrieved his clothes from the floor and helped him get dressed—just like if he were two.

“Now come with Nanny out to the hallway...” Deidre said as she took Jay’s hand.

“Yes, Nanny,” Jay replied as he groggily followed Deidre out her office door.

“Now Jay, I need you to be a good boy for Nanny and stand right here, okay? Nanny will be back shortly,” she instructed.

Jay nodded and continued obediently standing in the hallway outside Deidre’s door with his thumb in his mouth.

Deidre checked the time—4:45pm. *Perfect*, she thought. *That was the time that Jay used to come for their appointments.*

Deidre walked back into her office...

Opened her office door...

Then *SLAMMED* the door as loud as possible.

JAY'S BIG POOPY MESS

*B*ANG.

Jay jolted awake.

He looked around, confused. He felt like he just woke up from a nap, but he was standing upright in a hallway.

Jay realized his thumb was in his mouth, and he quickly removed it. He gave an embarrassed look over his shoulder to make sure no-one saw him. *Why was he sucking his thumb?*

Jay looked around again, and realized he was outside the office of his therapist—Deidre. The therapist his Mom forced him to see.

Jay eyed a clock down the hallway—it was 4:45pm. He remembered that was his appointment time with her, so *that* made sense.

But for some reason the rest of his day felt hazy. Like, he couldn't figure out exactly how he got there today. In fact, his memory of the past few weeks felt blurry.

Jay tried to shake it off. He decided that he had just zoned out while his Mom drove him there today. That, and he

probably was running a bit low on sleep with all his school work lately.

There was a water-fountain across the hallway. He decided he should drink some water. He took a step forward... Then froze.

He realized that there was a strange, crinkly, puffy garment under his jeans.

Jay checked over his shoulder again, then nervously plunged his hand into his pants...

He was wearing a diaper!

Jay was stunned. His face immediately began burning red with embarrassment. He had no memory of putting a diaper on before...

"Hello, Jay, good to see you again," Jay heard behind him.

Jay yanked his hand out of his pants and turned. It was Deidre greeting him in the hallway. "Are you ready to come in for your session?" She asked.

"Uh.... Yeah," Jay answered, not knowing what else to do.

Deidre held the door open for Jay. As he entered her office, he felt a sudden and powerful rumbling in his gut.

An urge struck him to turn and go run to the bathroom, but Deidre quickly closed the door behind him and ushered him over to the couch.

"Please, let's get started, we have a lot to cover and we're already running late," she said.

Jay felt too embarrassed to leave and go use the bathroom instead. He decided it was probably nothing and sat down.

He felt his crinkly diaper beneath him as he took his seat, and he suddenly felt self-conscious about that as well.

“So, Jay, I know we met last week, and you described your problems with your blackouts, but I was thinking that this week, we could start with you telling me more about yourself. Who you are and what your interests are,” Deidre said.

Jay noticed a strange sofa in the corner with a large pair of headphones on it. They seemed strangely familiar, but he couldn’t place why.

“Jay, did you hear what I said?” Deidre asked.

“Oh, sorry,” Jay replied, feeling a little embarrassed. The pressure in his stomach was increasing, and he was finding it hard to concentrate. “Right, ummm... I’m just trying to do well in school... and get good grades... and go to engineering school next year...”

“Are your grades good enough to get into engineering school? Because from what I’ve discussed with your mother, it doesn’t sound like you take your school work very seriously. In fact, from what she’s told me, it’s doubtful you’ll get into college at all,” Deidre pronounced.

Jay felt himself starting to panic.

What Deidre was saying was his worst nightmare. But he knew it couldn’t be true. He knew he got excellent grades. It was all he cared about.

But then again... *was* she right about his grades?

Jay was having trouble remembering even basic details about his school work. He suddenly felt like he was in a strange, bad dream.

"I uh... You must have me confused with one of your other clients..." Jay stammered.

"Hmmm, no, Jay Bradley, it's all right here," Deidre said as she flipped through paperwork on her clipboard. "I talked to your mother just this morning."

"She doesn't know what she's talking about then!" Jay blurted.

"Ah, yes, well here we are then. Your mother mentioned that you've been highly disrespectful toward her and the other authority figures in your life. I suppose your little outburst just now is good evidence of that misbehavior, isn't it? Well, from what I've seen so far, I believe the diagnosis for you is a case of extreme, infantile behavior," Deidre said.

Jay was incensed. "What!? This is exactly the BS I'm talking about. And you're wrong—I get great grades. And I can't wait till I finally get to leave for college and no longer have to put up with you or her," Jay shouted.

Deidre gave a small smirk. "Jay, you don't really believe that, do you? How do you think you're ready to go to college... *when you're not even potty trained yet?*"

Jay suddenly remembered the diaper he was wearing. He felt a wave of panic.

How did she know I was wearing a diaper? What the hell is going on?

Jay then felt another surge in his bowels so intense, he leapt to his feet.

"Excuse me, I need to go to the bathroom," Jay muttered and ran for the door.

"I don't think so," Deidre replied.

Jay was confused by her response, but he tried to leave anyway—the door to her office was locked!

“What the hell?” Jay shouted. He could feel beads of sweat forming on his forehead from his intestinal distress.

“Sorry, Jay, but in my office, you don’t get to just run out of the room to avoid accountability for your behavior. You’ve had more than enough time to use the bathroom before our session, so you can sit right back down on that couch and answer my question,” Deidre said.

“What?” Jay replied.

Jay’s head was spinning. He couldn’t believe this was happening.

“Please unlock the door—I really need to go,” Jay pleaded as he began to bend over and clutch his stomach.

“Jay, if that’s true... that you really can’t hold your urine for five minutes in order to have an adult conversation, then your infantile disorder is far worse than I thought,” she said. “No wonder your mother put you in a diaper.”

“It’s not pee... it’s poopoo!” Jay pleaded. The infantile words were all he could manage to mutter—his knees were buckling from his overwhelming urge to ‘go’.

“Oh really?” Deidre replied. She stood up and approached Jay with her arms crossed.

“If you really are so poorly potty-trained that you can’t hold it for five minutes, maybe you *should* just go. Go ahead and make a big stinky mess in that diaper your Mommy put you in if you have to go so bad.

“Maybe being forced to sit with a big, poopy mess in your diaper for the rest of our session will teach you some basic manners. Or at least, it might give you the motivation stop

acting like such a pathetic baby all the time,” Deidre scolded.

Jay looked up at Deidre in disbelief from his keeled over position.

Jay tried the door handle one more time, and when it didn’t budge, he knew the battle was lost...

Jay fell to his hands and knees, gritted his teeth...

And involuntarily sprayed a huge load of hot diarrhea into the back of his pants.

“Unnggggghgghhhhaaahh,” Jay grunted and squealed as his diaper filled with his warm, poopy mess.

He could feel a river of filthy poop hit the back of his diaper and run down to pool around his balls.

Jay sighed with wave of ill-gotten relief, but another urge came on before he could even stand back up.

With another grunt, he pushed and even larger, more solid load into the back of his pants. Jay immediately felt the disgusting mass mush against the back of his diaper and spread in every direction.

Jay pushed again—pooping as hard as he knew how against the resistance of his tightly diapered bottom. He was sure his mess was now spilling out of the diaper’s legs, as well as totally covering his balls.

Jay felt another moment of relief, giving him the chance to come back to reality. At least enough to hear laughter. *Deidre’s laughter.*

Jay instinctively looked up to see Deidre holding her nose and waving the air before her.

“Oh my god! I can’t believe you just *pooped* your *diaper*! You pooped your diaper right in my office! Your Mom knew you had a problem, but she probably had no idea that you were capable of this! Pee-ew, it stinks!” Deidre teased.

Jay’s face burned red hot with unbearable humiliation.

Using the wall as support, Jay slowly climbed to his feet. As his abdomen went vertical, another urge took over and he pushed another wave of mushy filth into his already saturated diaper.

Jay felt a stream of his urine splashing against the front of his diaper and running down to join the mess around his balls. He was peeing himself as well.

When his body was finally finished humiliating him, Jay managed to climb to his feet.

Jay was mortified and shocked by the soggy, disgusting mess now trapped in his pants. And the smell began to hit him as well, making him burn red hot with absolute shame.

“I’m sorry,” was all Jay could mutter as Deidre stared at him with her nose pinched. “I’ll go clean up in the bathroom.”

Deidre shook her head and walked over to a stool in the corner. “Oh, Jay. I wasn’t kidding about you sitting in your poopy mess. You can sit in your filthy accident for the rest of your session until your Mommy comes to pick you up. I want her to see—and smell—what her son did in my office for herself.”

Jay was mortified, but felt totally helpless to resist Deidre’s orders in his poopy condition.

Jay obediently marched over to the stool and carefully lowered his butt. He stood on his tippy-toes, avoiding

mashing his disgusting mess against his bottom and crotch best he could.

“Feet off the floor, young man,” Deidre ordered.

Jay looked over at Deidre in disbelief.

“I’m not joking. You made that stinky mess in your diaper, I want you to sit in it too,” Deidre scolded.

Jay reluctantly lifted his feet up—he cringed as his wet and solid waste pressed into every crevice of his groin. It was the most disgusting and humiliating sensation he could imagine. Jay felt like he wanted to die.

“Good boy. Now turn to the corner,” Deidre said, helping Jay rotate. “Now you sit quietly in that corner and think about how naughty you’ve been until your Mom comes to pick you up. Understood?” Deidre scolded.

“Okay,” Jay muttered.

“Let’s try, *yes, ma’am*,” Deidre ordered.

“Yes, ma’am,” Jay answered.

“Good stinky baby,” Deidre replied.

Jay stared at his shoes as he listened to Deidre walk to her desk and start playing some music.

It sounded like nursery rhymes...

It seemed like a strange music choice, but the stinky diaper he was sitting kept Jay too distracted to think too much about it.

“Now, I’ll be stepping out of my office and locking my door behind me, so don’t even think about leaving. Also, I’ve got cameras in here, so I’ll know if that butt leaves that stool

before I get back. And if it does, you'll be very, very sorry," Deidre scolded.

"Yes, ma'am," Jay replied.

Jay listened to Deidre leave her office and lock him in. He felt a wave of sadness and humiliation wash over him.

Jay couldn't believe he had done something so disgusting in front of his therapist. He had no idea what his Mom was going to say.

Maybe his therapist was right... Maybe he was a pathetic infant after all...

Jay felt tears falling down his cheeks, and he started to cry.

When Jay realized he was crying, he felt even more ashamed.

Jay couldn't believe that he was basically a big, naughty toddler, sobbing in his poopy diaper while sitting in time-out.

Many minutes passed as Jay buried his face in his hands and sobbed harder than he'd ever sobbed in his life.

But after some time... Jay felt a sudden shift inside of him...

It seemed like it was coming from the music...

Like suddenly, *Jay was becoming smaller and smaller...*

Jay put his thumb in his mouth without thinking...

Then he reached down with his other hand to squish his poopy diaper through his jeans...

Jay let out a giggle.

MEETING LITTLE JAY

Jay's Mom approached Deidre as Deidre stood in the hallway outside her office.

"Good to see you again, Mrs. Bradley!" Deidre greeted her.

"Everything okay?" Jay's Mom asked.

"Oh yes, everything's fine. I just needed to step out into the hallway to catch a breath of fresh air before I go back in to dive in head first, so to speak," Deidre joked.

"I don't understand," Jay's Mom replied.

"I'm sorry, it's really nothing to be worried about, it's just been a while since I..." Deidre trailed off.

"Since you what?" Jay's Mom asked.

"Since I changed a poopy diaper," Deidre said with a smirk.

"Sorry, I was just trying not to embarrass you in the way that I brought it up."

"Oh no, *he didn't*," Jay's Mom replied in shock.

"It's really not a big deal! Or at least, it's not the kind of thing that one should be too shocked by once they're back in diapers," Deidre explained.

“Oh god, Deidre,” Jay’s Mom said, her face turning red. “I’m so sorry. I had no idea he was getting that bad. I’ll get him home right away,” his Mom said, reaching for the door handle of Deidre’s office.

“Well, wait,” Deidre said, stopping her. “You should probably change his diaper here before you get in the car. I think it was a bit of a blow-out.”

Jay’s Mom’s face went even more red. “Oh gosh. Seriously? Well where? The bathroom on your floor is probably too small...”

“Mrs. Bradley, relax, you can change him right in my office. I’ll help,” Deidre replied.

“Seriously? You would do that?” Jay’s Mom said back.

“Mrs. Bradley, when I signed up to help you as a nanny, I was serious about that responsibility. Jay made that poopy diaper on my watch, and I was actually hoping to change him before you got here. I just ran out of time,” Deidre replied.

“Oh, Deidre, how could I ever repay you?” Jay’s Mom replied.

“Well actually...” Deidre began to explain, “there’s a grant I’ve come across for a unique position of psychologist/full-time caregiver. It’s actually what lead me to offer to help as Jay’s part-time nanny in the first place.

“It’s essentially a pilot study to see if trained psychologists make better caregivers for special needs individuals like Jay. Depending on what you think, I could submit to the grant with you and Jay as my sponsor...”

“You would start helping care for Jay full-time?” Jay’s Mom asked.

"Yep. And it wouldn't cost you anything. My salary would be covered by the grant," Deidre replied.

Jay's Mom stared at Deidre for a second. "Oh my god, Deidre, of course! That would be a dream come true. Absolutely. Absolutely, I'll do whatever it takes to help make that happen. For Jay's sake and mine."

"I thought you would like the idea," Deidre said with a smile.

"Well, let me go get that little stinker out of your hair for now," Jay's Mom said, reaching for the door again.

"Mrs. Bradley... one more thing," Deidre said, stopping her again.

"Yes?" Jay's Mom replied.

"Well... I just wanted to be up front about what this pooppy accident from Jay might mean in terms of his... *long-term recovery*," Deidre said.

Jay's Mom nodded, suddenly concerned. "Is it a bad sign?"

"Well, let's think back to our previous conversation. The one about different symptoms. I think Jay may finally be cured from his dangerous black-outs. But I also think his mind may have found a foothold in an... *earlier stage of development*," Deidre said.

"That seems consistent with what I've been seeing over the past two weeks. I've just been trying not to worry about it," Jay's Mom said in an anxious tone.

"And I want you to *continue* not worrying about it," Deidre said.

"So why are you bringing this up?" Jay's Mom asked.

"All I'm saying is... try to be gentle with Jay while he goes through this phase. The easiest way to think about it might be to think of Jay as... *two-years-old again*... in terms of your expectations. Let *him* give you the lead in terms of *if* and *how* he wants to start taking on adult responsibilities again," Deidre explained.

Jay's Mom looked at Deidre, then let out a sigh of relief.

"That's it? I've been changing Jay's diaper for the past two weeks, and it sounds like I'm about to find him in your office with a poopy load in his pants. If I didn't start thinking about him like a two-year-old again already, there's no way we would have gotten this far," Jay's Mom said with a laugh.

Deidre smiled. It was exactly what she wanted to hear.

* * *

THE DOOR to Deidre's office opened. "There's our little guy!" Jay's Mom said with an excited smile.

On the floor of Deidre's office, Jay was using a permanent marker as a racecar and making engine noises with his mouth. Jay looked up and beamed with excitement.

"Mommy!" Jay shouted and ran to give his Mom a hug.

Jay's Mom wrapped her arms around her son, then pulled the back of his pants out to check his diaper.

"Oh... pee-ew! You are absolutely *ripe*, young man!" Jay's Mom said with a laugh.

Jay turned red with embarrassment, but then let out a giggle as his Mom patted his poopy bum through his pants.

“Jay,” Deidre chimed in. “Can you use your words to tell Mommy and Nanny what happened today?”

Jay stepped backward and looked at both his Mom and Deidre. Jay couldn’t think of an answer, so he put his thumb in his mouth.

“Jay,” Deidre prodded, “Tell Nanny what you did in your pants. Use your words.”

Jay still didn’t know how to answer.

“Come on Jay, tell your Mommy what you did in your diaper,” Jay’s Mom said.

“Oh!” Jay said with his thumb in his mouth. “I made a poopy! I made a big poopy mess in my diaper, Mommy!” Jay said with a giggle.

Deidre and Jay’s Mom both laughed.

“Well, I guess that’s good enough verbal abilities progress for today. Let’s get the little stinker changed so you can go home,” Deidre said.

Deidre guided Jay over to the diaper changing mat.

Jay’s Mom unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down to his ankles, revealing the brown, overflowing diaper hanging between his legs.

“You weren’t kidding about a blowout—these pants are ruined,” Jay’s Mom said. She helped Jay step out of his pants, then threw his pants in the garbage.

Deidre lead Jay over to the diaper changing mat on the floor and helped him sit down. As Jay’s bottom hit the mat, his big, poopy mess *squelched* again, making Jay giggle.

“Well, these diapers are strong, but if Jay’s gonna keep making stinkies like these, you might want to start putting

him in plastic pants as well,” Deidre said

“Good to know, I’ll put it on the list,” Jay’s Mom said.

Jay sucked his thumb and drooled as Deidre and his Mom both leaned over him, untaped his filthy diaper, and peeled it back to reveal his disgusting mess.

“Pee-ew!” Deidre and his Mom said at the same time.

Jay burned bright red.

He had never felt so utterly humiliated, degraded and ashamed...

And yet utterly gleeful, free, and full of love in his life.

Because even though his diapers made him feel oh so little and blushy...

Being little for his Mommy and Nanny was now all Jay ever wanted to be.

EPILOGUE

The next morning, Jay woke up to Deidre in his bedroom changing his wet diaper.

Seeing Deidre in his house was a pretty big surprise to Jay, and he tried to remember what had happened the night before.

Jay had a vague recollection of taking a dump in his diaper in Deidre's office, but he couldn't remember much beyond that.

Deidre informed Jay that she was there to act as their new live-in nanny to help his Mom adjust to the increased level of care Jay now needed.

When Jay asked what that meant, Deidre informed Jay that since he was now pooping his diapers during the day, that Jay would need to be diapered 24/7 for sanitation reasons.

Jay was a little upset to learn this news right before he had to leave for school (which he apparently needed to wear a diaper to from now on), but it took only a few gentle strokes and pleasant words from Deidre to relax Jay into an acquiescent little-space again, where he could accept his newly 24/7 diapered condition.

When Jay got to school, it didn't take long for his merciless teasing to begin, as pictures of Jay sitting in the back seat of Deidre's car in a car seat sucking a binky began to go around.

Jay's teasing culminated when in math class, his teacher asked him to come to the front of the room and answer a problem on the board.

When Jay got too overwhelmed by the math, Jay accidentally said, "I dunno how, Mommy," to his teacher in front of the whole class.

The whole class erupted in merciless teasing, and Jay felt so overwhelmed and humiliated, his vision began to tunnel, and he recognized he was going to have another one of his blackouts...

But instead, Jay put his thumb in his mouth, reverting just in time to little-space, where his brain was protected from his previous overloads.

Of course, the class only laughed louder at Jay's even more pathetic reaction.

But Jay just smiled and began to wet his diaper. The warmth of his urine soaking his thick, crinkly diaper quickly disarmed any harm he might suffer from the taunts of his peers.

The teacher could barely restore order to the hysterical classroom before the end-of-period bell rang.

As Jay walked out of the classroom, he was pants'd again in the hallway, revealing his now-yellow diaper to crowds of onlookers.

The hysterical laughter, camera flashes, and jeers from the endless mob would have made a previous Jay have a lasting

psychological breakdown.

But the new Jay—the Jay now in little-space—had no shame about his infantile nature.

He knew his babyish nature was what gave him his Mommy and his Nanny's love.

Jay only lasted a few more weeks in his high school before his principal demanded a sit-down meeting with his Mother and Deidre to discuss his attendance.

Jay's grades were in free-fall, as his mostly-little'd mind could no longer keep up with his classes, and his infantile condition was becoming a distraction to the other students.

(Jay had started to make a habit of taking his 'afternoon poop' during 7th period history class, and his teacher would have to be the one to ask him to go get a diaper change from the nurse.) Jay's mother and Deidre agreed that they needed to do something different for Jay, so they decided to home school Jay for the rest of his senior year.

This worked well, because fortunately, Deidre got the grant to be Jay's full-time care giver.

Deidre was now able to dedicate all of her time to changing Jay's poopy diapers, reading him bed time stories, and homeschooling him.

(Of course, Jay's curriculum had to be adjusted for his new, 'little', state of mind. But Deidre made sure to teach Jay everything he needed to know about which color block went in which shape hole, which crayons to use on what parts of the coloring book, and how to sing the ABC's.) In the months that passed, Jay's Mom never once complained about Jay's new, toddler-level lifestyle.

After all, she kind of liked having a cute little guy around the house again, rather than a bratty teenager. Besides Deidre tended to change the stinkiest of Jay's poppy diapers, which really helped as well.

Deidre felt like she was living a dream come true. After all, Jay was her special guy, and nothing made her happier than to take care of him full-time.

Late at night, just after a bath and a fresh diaper, when Deidre was tucking Jay into bed, Deidre would sometimes wonder how the *old Jay* would feel about 'little-space Jay'.

Deidre vaguely remembered that her original plan was to regress Jay enough to fix his trauma, then allow him to grow up again a healthier person.

Was her decision to keep Jay 'little' selfish? Was she breaking her original duty to help Jay, if she never let him make the choice to grow up again?

Should she help Jay get big again, and regain his continence, so he could stop wearing diapers and live once again as an adult?

Deidre would wrestle with these questions, until she would look at Jay, happily giggling and wriggling around in his diaper in bed, content as could be with just a story and a goodnight kiss from his Nanny, happier than any other adult that Deidre had ever seen...

And Deidre knew that she had made the right choice.

Deidre would pat Jay's diapered bum, kiss him on the forehead, and say in a sing-song voice...

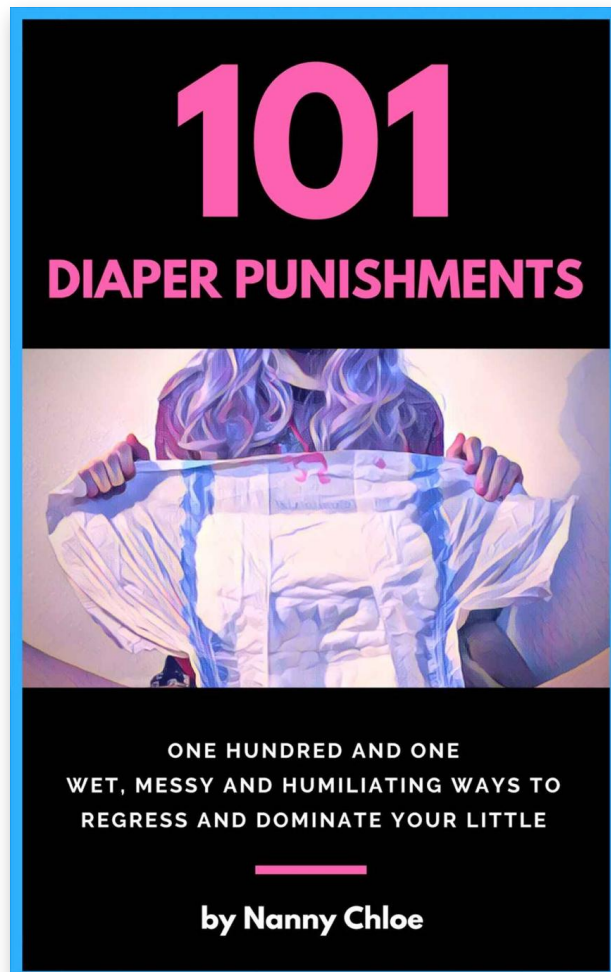
You will always be your Nanny and your Mommy's little one.

Forever and ever and ever.

And little Jay would giggle and giggle and giggle until he wet his diaper and faded into a magnificent, blissful night's sleep.

THE END

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



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

Little

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

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

In this massive tome, you will learn:

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

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

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

- LittlePrncss33

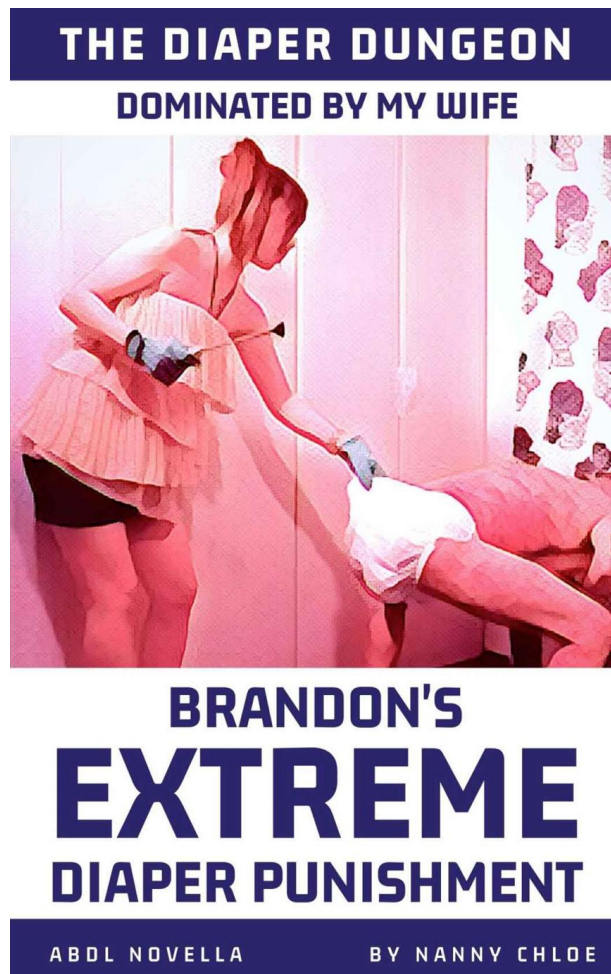
"This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can't wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work."

- Mistress Marywell

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

- Little_Georgie

NOVELLAS:



Dominated By My Wife: Brandon's Extreme Diaper Punishment

When Tara finds out her husband Brandon betrayed her at a wild Vegas bachelor party, she decides to finally lay down some discipline in her marriage...

Diaper Discipline.

Before Brandon even has a chance to protest, Tara has her husband...

Spanked.

Manacled.

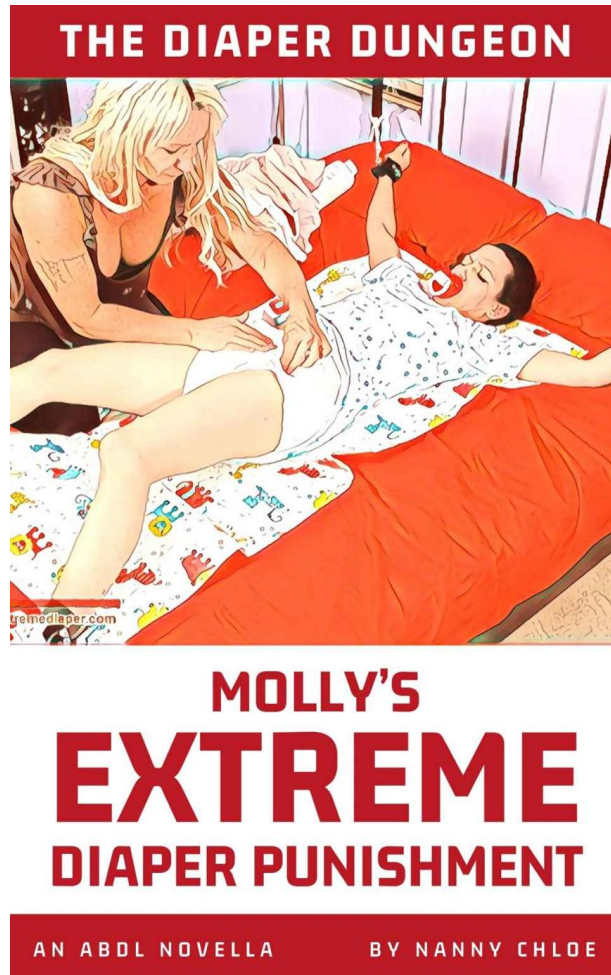
And Diapered 24/7.

And unfortunately for Brandon, that's Tara just getting started.

By the time his new mistress is finished, Brandon will know the intimate realities of cage-cribs, feedings tubes, and unimaginable public humiliation.

This full-length, erotic ABDL novella will have you on the 'edge' of your seat from start to finish.

It's packed with corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, diaper bondage, heavy femdom, intense BDSM, and of course some very soggy and very messy diapers! For mature readers only!



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

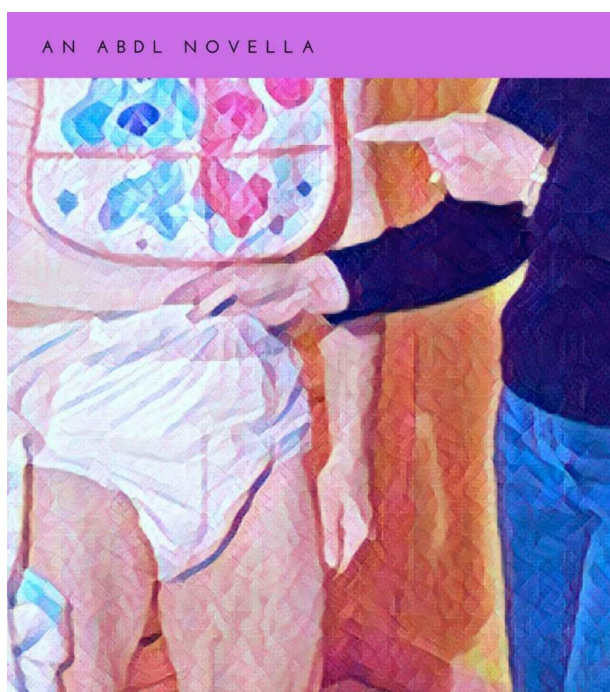
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



REGRESSING TIMMY

NANNY CHLOE

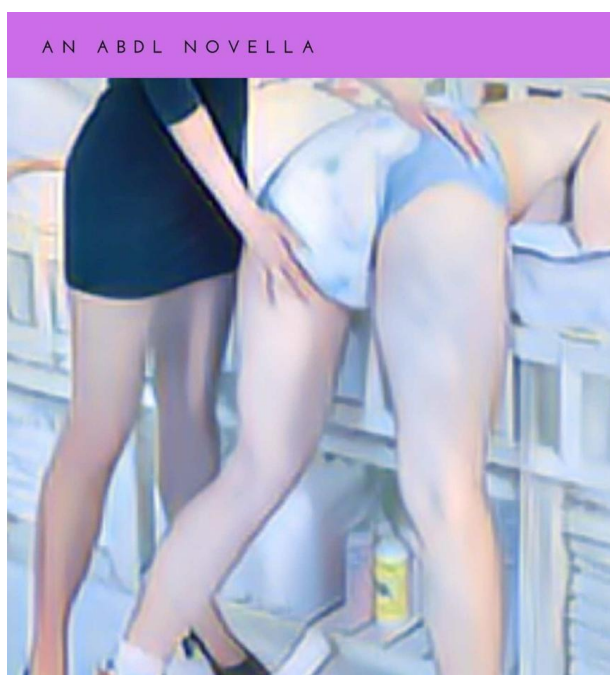
Regressing Timmy.

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

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

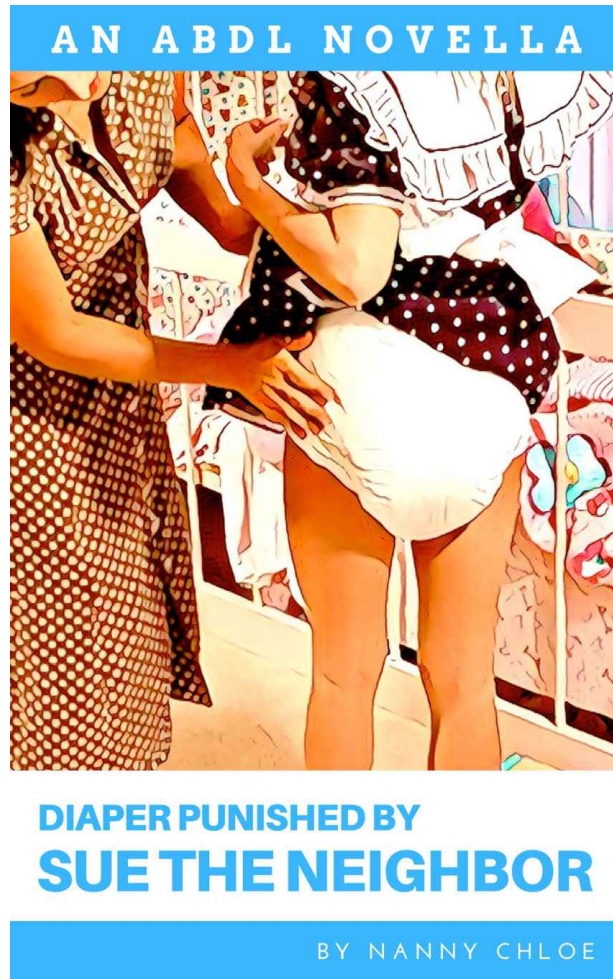
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."



Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next

change!



Forced to Wear Diapers by the Bratty Babysitter

When Tyler's parents find out Tyler's been up to no good, they decide to hire Megan from next door to look after him over Spring Break. After all, Megan says she's studying how to be a caregiver in college. It seems like the perfect fit!

Except for the fact that Megan is only a couple years older than Tyler. Oh, and Tyler has always had a huge crush on

Megan, which she's never reciprocated. In fact, Megan's favorite nickname for Tyler has always been, 'The gross loser next door.'

Tyler is terrified by the sight of Megan. He can't imagine having her watch over him for a full week.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he doesn't have a choice in the matter. And when Megan comes over, she decides to have her fun.

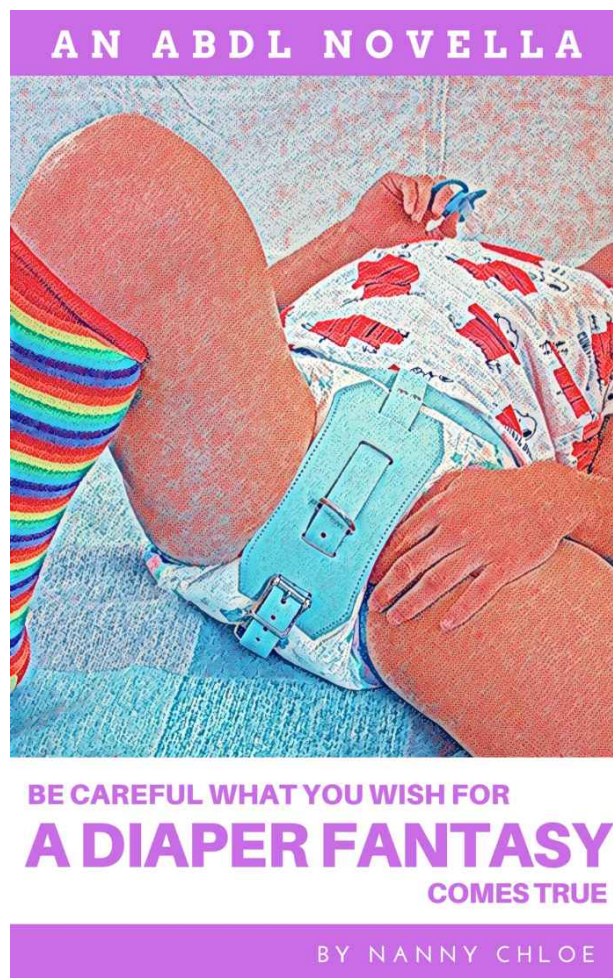
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

Then diapers.

Then making Tyler use those diapers in front of all his friends.

And finally she changes those diapers in the most humiliating way imaginable.

When Megan is finished with Tyler, he learns new meaning to the words, Diaper Discipline.



Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

**(Now available as Audiobook at
www.NannyChloeTales.com!)**

I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers.

From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has

followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty

strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

AN ABDL NOVELLA



TURNED INTO A
**DIAPERED
CUCKOLD SISSY**
BY MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY NANNY CHLOE

Turned into a Diapered Cuckold Sissy by my MIL

When Gary is forced to move in with his overbearing MIL, it doesn't take long for him to get downgraded to the sissy baby of the house!

Full-length, erotic ABDL novella full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, forced feminization, Mommy femdom, and some very soggy, messy diapers! For mature readers only!

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for downloading and reading, my little!

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

To find more of my stories (including audiobooks!) please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

nannychloetales.tumblr.com

