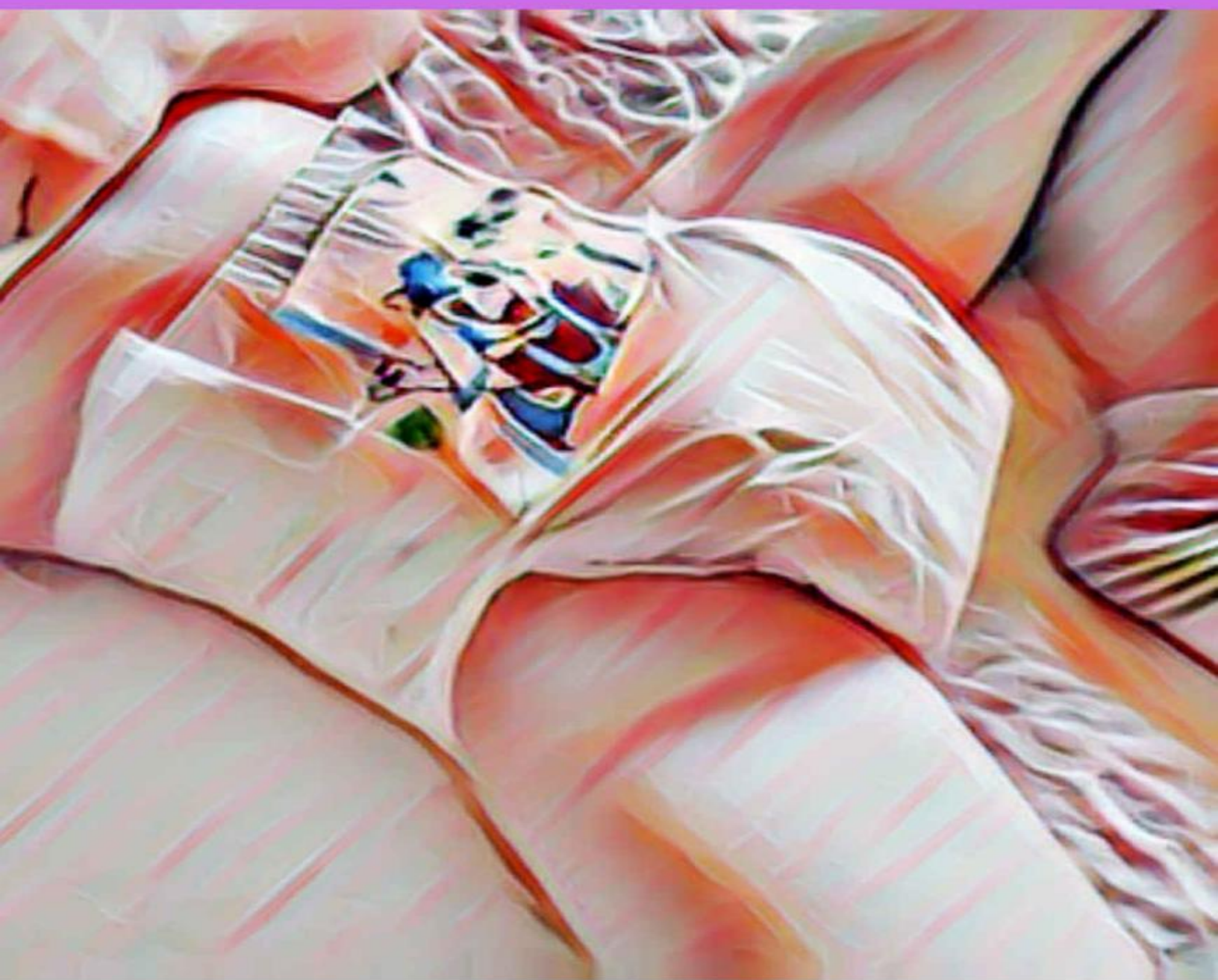


AN ABDL NOVELLA



REGRESSING TIMMY

NANNY CHLOE

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NOTICE

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

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

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THE FINAL STRAW

Debra sat at the kitchen table casually flipping through her paperback book. The clock had just struck eleven, and she was waiting for Timmy to get home. Timmy was the boy she looked after. He wasn't her son, but she cared for him just the same.

Timmy's curfew was ten o'clock, but Debra hardly ever enforced it. After all, she wasn't the 'rules' type — She just wanted to give Timmy guidelines to be safe. After all, it was the start of Timmy's Summer break from school, and she wanted to make sure he didn't get in trouble or up to no good right off the bat. She cared about him and wanted him to have a good Summer.

Tonight, Debra has specifically asked Timmy to come straight home after the concert he was seeing was finished. She felt like she was more than generous to Timmy by giving him money and letting him borrow her car. All she asked of him in return was that he not drink or do any drugs that could impair his driving abilities, and get home at a reasonable time.

Debra sighed as the clock struck midnight. She had texted Timmy three times now, but he still hadn't replied. She knew

better than to panic. After all, Timmy didn't check his phone very often, and she didn't want to ruin his good time.

Debra thought about how early she had to get up for work the next day, and started to get angry about the fact that Timmy was causing her to lose sleep because he couldn't bother to check in.

But then she calmed down and took a deep breath. She reassured herself that Timmy would have a good explanation for his lateness. Maybe his phone died at the concert. Or maybe he dropped it or lost it. She knew that Timmy was a good boy at heart. He wouldn't be this careless towards his caregiver on purposes.

Finally, 1 AM rolled around, and Debra heard the door open downstairs. She put her book down and sighed, secretly thankful she no longer had to think about whether to start calling Timmy's friends, or even more invasive – the Police.

She heard Timmy shuffle up the stairs and burp loudly. Then he staggered into the kitchen, where Debra was still waiting. He looked inebriated, to say the least. She just desperately hoped he didn't drive home in his current state – perhaps his friend drove her car for him.

"Timmy, you're home later than we agreed you would be," she said in a calm voice.

Timmy simply glared at Debra. "So?" He replied in a bratty tone as he ambled toward the cabinet and grabbed a box of crackers. He started chowing down.

"I was worried about you," Debra said.

Timmy just laughed. "Well that's your problem," he said sarcastically.

Debra was aghast that Timmy was treating her like this.

“So, you don’t even have a valid excuse or reason? You just decided to simply blow me off, not even bothering to respond to my text message asking you where you were?” She said, starting to get upset.

“I’m eighteen now! I don’t have to listen to you anymore!” Timmy suddenly shouted.

Debra was alarmed. Timmy had been getting more surly toward her in the past few years, a normal phenomenon for boys his age she told herself, but this seemed unusually aggressive.

“Timmy, as long as you’re living under my roof, using my car, and taking my money, yes, you do have to respect the rules I have. I don’t feel like I ask very much of you,” she said, trying to stand up for herself.

Timmy just looked up at Debra and growled. “Fuck you, bitch,” he said. Then he threw the box of crackers down and stumbled back toward his bedroom.

Debra sat at the table in silence, trying to process the interaction. Tears started coming to her eyes. Sure, Timmy seemed drunk, but he had never treated her that way. She was so good to Timmy all these years. How could he treat her this way and take her for granted like this?

Debra’s tears suddenly turned into sobs as she realized she was losing her little boy after dedicating her life to raising him without any help. Actually, worse than losing him, she thought, he was treating her like garbage. After all she’d done for him!

Debra continued to sob quietly at the table as she thought about what to do. It was clear Timmy was out of control, and she had no idea how to put him back in line. Debra dried her

tears, put her book down, and walked down the hallway to Timmy's room.

Debra peered into Timmy's bedroom and saw him passed out in his clothes on his bed. She couldn't help but approach him and pat his sleeping head.

It seemed like just yesterday that Timmy was still her little baby. Back then, he would play with her, love her, and let her care for him all day. Back when he was still in diapers, and needed her for his every last need. She missed that little Timmy so much. She would give anything to have him back.

Further, she couldn't help but think about the irony that Timmy also seemed so much less happy now as an adult than when he was her baby. Of course, he would never admit that, he was too proud of his independence from her. But she knew deep down that he missed being her little one as well.

Debra helped take Timmy's shirt off, then his pants, and rolled him under his blankets so he could have a good night sleep. After all, even though he mistreated her, he was still her little boy.

As Debra finished tucking Timmy into his bed, she heard a subtle hissing sound. Confused, she looked down and realized Timmy was peeing himself in his sleep!

She couldn't help but smile as she watched Timmy flood the bed he was sleeping in with his urine. That's when Debra got the idea. She would put Timmy back in diapers. It didn't matter how or by what methods she would have to resort to, the bottom line is that Timmy had crossed a line. It was time for Debra to step up and turn Timmy back into the little one she knew deep down they both wanted him to be.

She pressed her hand against Timmy's warm, pee-soaked blankets, and smiled. With a mess this big, it would be easier

than she thought.

THE WET BED

Debra sat at the breakfast table eating her toast and jam. She had gotten up early that morning to call into work to put in a request for her two weeks of vacation starting that day. As luck would have it, her boss granted it to her — the office had been slow in the past few weeks, making her timing perfect.

As Debra opened a notebook to start writing down the details of her plan, she couldn't help but chuckle about the nature of her 'vacation.' It was like a little maternity leave to care for her soon-to-be baby Timmy.

Debra surfed the web and was surprised and delighted to learn that adult baby and special needs diaper gear was highly available on the internet nowadays. All of this was going to be so much easier than she thought!

Well, there was still the issue of what Timmy thought about it, she snickered to herself. But she would be taking care of that very soon.

Just then, she heard a groan from down the hallway in Timmy's room. She knew it was time.

Debra put her notebook away and walked down to Timmy's room just as Timmy opened the door to his bedroom. Timmy

froze as he looked up at Debra standing in the hallway with her arms crossed. She looked down at the dark stain on Timmy's boxers and gasped.

"What happened here?" She asked in a stern voice.

Timmy ignored her and marched toward the bathroom. "Nothing!" He shouted back.

Debra followed Timmy as he hunched forward toward the bathroom. "It doesn't look like nothing, it looks like you peed in your underwear, Timmy!" She said dramatically.

Timmy covered the wet spot on his boxers and turned red as he ran to the hallway bathroom. He grabbed the handle of the bathroom and tried to turn it — But it was locked.

Timmy looked around in confusion — He and Debra lived alone, and unless Debra was having a guest, which seemed unlikely, he couldn't understand why the only bathroom in the house was locked.

He looked back at Debra, and saw Debra hold a key in her hand. "Looking for this?" Debra asked with a sinister smile on her face.

"Yes! Give it to me!" Timmy shouted angrily.

"No." Debra replied.

"What do you mean, 'no?'" Timmy asked, even more angry.

"You don't remember our conversation last night, do you?" She said.

Timmy paused to think. In fact, he had been black out drunk, and didn't remember anything at all. "Ummmm... I don't know," he replied.

"Well that makes sense, since you were apparently completely drunk, which I explicitly asked you not to do. But

that's okay, because I *do* remember our conversation. You said you didn't have to follow my rules. You said you didn't care that this is my house, that I pay for with my money. Well, I decided to take your words to heart, and lock the parts of the house I don't care to give you access to, like the bathroom. At least not until you decide to start treating me with respect," Debra said sternly, summoning all the authority she could muster.

Timmy looked up at Debra in shock. He desperately had to pee. And he had never seen her act this way before. He realized he must have screwed up big time to push her to this extreme.

He sighed and realized he probably had gone too far. He realized he needed to at least try to get on her good side again. "I'm sorry, Debra, I didn't mean it." He said sincerely as he crossed his legs, trying to stifle his need to pee.

"Thank you, Timmy, I appreciate that, but actions speak louder than words. So, until you can prove to me you're willing to follow the rules under my roof, expect the freedom that you've been so used to around here to be severely curtailed for the time being," she explained.

Timmy looked up and nodded. He felt deeply embarrassed and humiliated to be standing nearly naked in the hallway with soaking wet boxers, doing the potty dance as he looked up at his caregiver.

"Can I please use the bathroom, Debra?" Timmy asked.

"Hmmm... why? It looks like you already went." Debra replied, laughing. Timmy burned with shame. Internally, Debra knew this was a good sign. She knew that shame would be her most effective tool to returning Timmy to the babyish state she desired him to return to again.

“I know, but I still have to go. Please, Debra,” Timmy began to beg, his head hung low.

“Well first things first, let’s inspect the damage,” she replied. She pointed Timmy back into his bedroom.

Debra walked behind Timmy as he walked into his bedroom and stood before his wet sheets and blankets. “Tell me what happened?” She said.

“I don’t know... I guess I was drinking last night... and I guess I wet the bed,” Timmy said, embarrassed.

Debra dramatically approached his bed, feeling the soaked sheets and the comforter. She even leaned forward, giving his urine a dramatic smell.

“Yes, you most certainly did. I’m going to have to spend all afternoon cleaning up this peepee mess you made,” she said to him.

“I’m sorry, I can clean it —” he tried to interject.

“No, I don’t trust that you can do it properly and it’s not healthy for you to sleep in your waste. I’ll be cleaning your peepee mess today, Timmy, don’t worry,” she said as she pulled his blankets and comforter off the bed and threw them into the corner of the room.

“Those too,” she said, pointing to Timmy’s boxers.

Timmy looked up at her, frozen in fear. He wanted her to leave so he could change.

“Come on, come on, I don’t have all day,” Debra said, then swiftly YANKED Timmy’s wet boxers down his legs.

Timmy immediately covered his groin from Debra’s view with his hands. Debra just laughed.

“Relax, Timmy, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before. I used to change your diapers, remember?” She said, humiliating Timmy even more.

“Can I go to the bathroom now, please?” Timmy asked again.

Debra turned to him and held the bathroom key up. “Yes, you can go use *my* bathroom to pee and then you can use *my* shower to get clean from your mess,” she replied.

Timmy grabbed for the key, but Debra snatched it away.

“But! Let me be clear. I’m very unhappy about the stinky mess you made in your bed last night that I now have to spend the whole day cleaning up. So tonight, I’m going to be introducing a new rule for you to follow so this doesn’t happen again. Am I understood?” She said, dangling the key before him.

Timmy’s bladder was aching unbearably bad at this point. “Yes!” He screamed, desperate to finally get the key.

Debra smiled and handed him the key. She watched Timmy grab it and then run off to the bathroom.

She couldn’t help but grin as she looked at the piss soaked sheets and blankets in the corner of the room, and Timmy’s potty dance to boot! Everything was going better than she expected.

NIGHT DIAPERS

Debra spent the day putting Timmy's blankets in the washer and dryer while he watched TV in the living room or played video games in his bedroom. It was clear he was hung over, and Debra was secretly glad to have him close by.

She made sure to wash each of Timmy's sheets and blankets in their own load, then she washed them all again just for effect! It was overkill, but she knew it was important that Timmy see how much work he had apparently foisted on her by having his accident.

Every time Debra walked past Timmy with his blankets, she was sure to make a comment like, "Yucky, this one really smells like peepee," or "I haven't had to wash this kind of laundry since you were still in diapers!" She loved seeing Timmy's face go red with embarrassment every time. She knew that this was just the beginning.

That night, around 9pm, Debra carefully made Timmy's bed with his newly clean sheets and blankets. That's when Timmy came strolling in. "Can I borrow your car to go over to Tony's?" He asked nonchalantly.

Debra simply turned to him and laughed. "Timmy, after last night, you don't be borrowing my car ever again. It's clear

you're not mature enough to handle it," she said sternly.

Timmy simply scoffed and rolled his eyes. "Fine, I'll just uber over to his place," he retorted, walking toward the door.

"Oh, no you won't!" Debra said loudly. Timmy froze, her tone scaring him. "Since you couldn't honor your curfew last night, I've decided to move it from 11pm to 9pm for the time being," Debra said.

Timmy's jaw dropped. She'd never been this strict within before. "Screw that! You can't do this to me!" He shouted.

"I can and I have. I've already confiscated your house key. If you walk out that front door, I'll be locking it behind you, and I won't be allowing you back in. Last night you said you were a legal adult now, which is true. That means I no longer have a legal obligation to let you sleep under my roof. If you want to continue living here, I suggest you start following my rules," she said sternly.

Timmy balked. He couldn't believe she was threatening to kick him out of the house.

Of course, internally, Debra knew she was bluffing. She wouldn't actually cause harm to Timmy by kicking him out to live on the streets. But she knew she needed to regain control over him somehow for his own good.

Timmy stared at Debra for a long time. "How long?" He said meekly.

"What's that?" Debra responded.

"How long do I have this new curfew?" Timmy asked again.

Debra smiled. She knew she had him beat.

"Until further notice. If you can behave yourself and stop giving me fuss, maybe not very long. But if you keep showing

me that you can't behave yourself, well then, you're going to have a very early curfew for a long time, buddy," she explained.

Timmy bowed his head and accepted defeat. He had never been grounded before in his life. He hoped that she would just forget about all of this soon if he just did what she asked.

"Fine," Timmy said, then walked back over to his Xbox in the corner of the room and turned it on.

"What do you think you're doing?" Debra asked.

"Playing Xbox," Timmy responded, annoyed.

Debra laughed again. "I think you're confused about what curfew means. Curfew means in bed at 9pm. Not playing Xbox at 9pm," she said.

Timmy's jaw dropped again. "In bed! I can't go to bed at 9pm! I'm not tired at all!" He shouted.

"Well then, you can lay in bed and think about what you did to end up in this position until you get tired then," Debra said calmly.

Timmy threw his Xbox controller on the ground and started stomping his feet. "You can't do this to me!!" He shouted, his face turning red. "It's not fair!" He continued to scream.

Debra calmly watched as Timmy threw a temper tantrum. She crossed her arms and stared him down, secretly smiling inside. She knew this temper tantrum was an exciting next step of his regression. It was, paradoxically, an indication that she was on the path to regaining control.

Finally, Timmy exhausted himself from yelling and began to calm down. "Are you done throwing your temper tantrum, Timmy? Because you're not doing yourself any favors." Debra said, mocking him with a smile.

Timmy looked up at Debra with his red and flustered face and realized he was helpless under her control. He sat down on his bed and crossed his arms. "It's not fair," he mumbled with a pouty face.

Debra ignored him and collected his Xbox, putting it in a bag in the hallway outside his door. "What are you doing?" Timmy asked.

"Well first of all, I think you just broke the expensive video game system I bought you with that little temper tantrum of yours," she said as she picked up Timmy's now broken controller. "Maybe you're not old enough to handle toys like this," she said. Timmy grew suddenly visibly embarrassed about his behavior.

Then Debra came and snatched Timmy's phone from his dresser. "Also, it's clear it's going to be hard for you to go to sleep at your new bedtime with all these distractions in your room. So, I'll hold on to this till morning as well," she said as she put Timmy's phone in her pocket.

Timmy groaned. His bedroom now felt like prison.

"Go ahead and get ready for bed, I'll be back in a minute," Debra said as she went to the door.

"You'll be back? Why?" Timmy asked.

"Didn't you see me washing your pee-soaked sheets all day today, young man? Did you think I forgot about you soaking your bed last night?" Debra asked sternly.

Timmy's face turned red as he remembered their conversation this morning. Something about how she was going to do something since he wet the bed. Timmy shut his mouth and nodded his head, having no idea what she had in store.

Debra continued standing in the doorway for a second, watching as Timmy reluctantly took his shirt and pants off and climbed onto his bed.

Debra exited and smiled as she walked back to her room. Excitement began coursing through her veins. The time had come.

Debra went into her closet and pulled out a large packet of boy's GoodNites diapers out of her closet. She grabbed one of them and it felt soft and diaper like in her fingers. The thought of forcing Timmy to wear one sent a surge of thrill and joy through her veins.

Debra headed back towards Timmy's room. She entered without knocking to see Timmy still sitting on his bed in apprehension.

Timmy looked up and saw the diaper in Debra's hand. His reaction was priceless. His eyes nearly popped out of his head. "What is that?" He asked nervously.

"This is a GoodNites pull-up diaper for boy's who wet the bed. You're going to wear it in case you have another accident tonight, Timmy," Debra said matter-of-factly.

"I don't need that! I'm not gonna have another accident! It was just because I was drunk!" He shouted back.

"Well I'm the one who paid the price for your bed-wetting by having to wash your peepee mess all day, so I think I get to decide whether or not I take that chance. And because you've been so rude to me tonight, I don't think I am going to risk it. So, you're gonna wear this pull up tonight. If you wake up dry, maybe I'll let you wear your big boy boxers again," she said back, sternly.

Timmy's face was bright red. He couldn't believe she wanted him to wear a diaper! He ripped the GoodNite out of her

hand. "Fine!" He mumbled. He stood with the diaper in his hand for a beat, then looked up and realized Debra was still standing there.

"Aren't you gonna leave so I can put it on?" He replied.

Debra laughed. "I need to make sure you put it on right. So, no, I'm going to stand here and supervise so I don't have to clean up your mess again tomorrow," she said back.

Timmy sighed, turned around, slipped his boxers off, and pulled the GoodNites diaper up his legs. It felt strangely soft and comforting, yet humiliating and infantile. It had babyish prints on it. He couldn't believe he had been reduced to this.

Timmy turned around to Debra watching him with eagle eyes. To his humiliation, Debra immediately kneeled down and began sticking her fingers into the side of his diapers. "What are you doing!" Timmy shouted.

"I'm checking to make sure nothing's sticking out so it doesn't leak in the night," she calmly explained. "Now lift up your hands so I can get a proper look."

Timmy reluctantly raised his hands as prodded and adjusted his diaper. He was mortified.

Finally, Debra stood up again and looked Timmy up and down in his new pull up. Internally, she couldn't help but gush about how cute her little boy was in his diapers again. She loved how rosy Timmy's cheeks got every time she mentioned them.

"Very good. Go ahead and climb into bed," she said, her inspection finished

"Can't I go to the kitchen and get something to drink first?" Timmy replied, annoyed at how controlling she was acting.

Debra smiled, then helped Timmy into his bed. “Aww, you’re thirsty little guy? I’ll go get you something,” she said as she tucked Timmy into his bed. Timmy bristled as he watched Debra leave the room. He couldn’t believe he was treating her like a little baby.

Debra walked into the kitchen with a surge of excitement. Not only did she successfully put the diapers on Timmy, but now the second part of her plan would be easier than she thought!

Debra pulled a bottle of milk from the fridge, poured a tall glass, and stuck it in the microwave. Then, she retrieved a special bottle of pills she had left over from medical procedure she got earlier that year. They were muscle relaxants, and she remembered that when she took them, she had involuntarily peed her pants in public. They would be perfect for her needs.

She ground up the muscle relaxants and stirred them into the warm milk, certain that this mixture would produce the desired effects.

Debra walked back into Timmy’s room with the tall glass of warm milk. “Milk? Gross!” Timmy shouted. “I wanted to get a Gatorade!”

“Well too bad, Mister. I’ve read that bedwetting at your age can be attributed to a lack of vitamins, so as far as I’m concerned, you won’t be drinking anymore sugary Gatorade in this house. Only healthy milk from your Nana,” She said as she handed him the glass.

Timmy looked up at Debra with a side eye. He hated when she referred to herself as ‘Nana’ because she wasn’t his actual relative. It was so babyish.

“I don’t want it,” Timmy replied.

“But you just said you were thirsty,” Debra fired back.

“Well I’m not now,” he replied, pouting.

“Oh, so you were lying to me? You made me get up and go to the kitchen for you for nothing?” Debra replied again.

Timmy didn’t know how to answer.

“Timmy, I’ve been more than lenient with you today as you adjust to new rules after not having any boundaries for far too long. But if you don’t drink this milk that I took the time to prepare for you because you *asked for it*, I’m going to be very, very upset. And if I get upset, I don’t think your curfew will be lifted for a very, very long time,” Debra said in a serious tone.

Timmy looked up at Debra in fear. He had to admit, she made a good point. And he *was* thirsty. Timmy sighed, then decided to just grab the glass of milk and drink it down.

Debra smiled as she watched Timmy guzzle the large glass of milk. She figured that the warm milk and the medicine would help Timmy fall asleep as well, a merciful action given how early it was for him.

Timmy finished guzzling the milk and belched. Debra took the glass from him and patted his head. “Good boy,” she said as she walked to the door of his bedroom. Timmy bristled at the comment. He couldn’t believe he just drank warm milk in his diaper at 9pm, and now had to roll over and go to sleep.

Debra looked back at Timmy one last time before she closed his bedroom door. Her heart sang knowing that Timmy was on the path to being her little one once again.

The next morning, Debra got up early, more excited than she'd been in a long time. She made her way down to Timmy's room, opened the door, and looked inside to see Timmy still in a deep sleep on his bed.

She helped herself in, lifted up Timmy's blanket, and stuck her hand into his diaper — A maneuver she hadn't been able to do with him for more than a decade in a half.

Debra's face immediately lit up with a smile. Timmy's pull up diaper was absolutely soaked.

She knew the coming weeks were going to be the most exciting weeks of her and Timmy's life together. Soon he was going to be back to diapers, and back to being the little baby boy she always wanted.

THE FIRST CHANGE

Timmy woke up to Debra's fingers feeling the inside of his pull-up diaper. "What are you doing!" He screamed.

Debra continued feeling his diaper, undeterred. "What am I doing? I'm checking the pull-up you soaked last night."

Timmy's face turned pale. He suddenly felt the wetness around his penis and balls. He realized in horror that he had wet the bed again. At least this time it was contained in his GoodNites pull-up. "I don't know... I don't know how this happened..." Timmy stammered.

"I know how it happened. You lost control of your bladder while you were sleeping. That's why I put this pull-up diaper on you," Debra replied coldly. Timmy continued to stammer in humiliation.

When Debra was finished checking Timmy's diaper, he watched her take out a monthly calendar and hang it on his wall. The calendar was pink and blue and featured different pictures of babyish nurseries.

"What's that?" Timmy asked.

“This is your wet diaper calendar. Every time you wet you’re your GoodNites, I’m going to make a note of it. That way you won’t give me so much trouble at night when I ask you to put your pull-ups on. We can both just look at the evidence of you needing your diapers hanging right on your wall,” she replied.

Timmy watched in horror as Debra marked the day’s date on the colander in a yellow marker, *Peepee Accident — Night Time*. “Maybe if you get enough of a dry streak going, I’ll give you your big boy pants back,” she explained.

Burning with shame, Timmy got out of bed and started walking toward the bathroom.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Debra asked sharply.

“To go clean up in the bathroom,” Timmy responded.

Debra simply clucked her tongue and pulled out a container of baby wipes.

“No, I don’t trust you to clean up properly and I don’t want you getting a diaper rash.” She said authoritatively. “Go ahead and lie down on your bed.”

Timmy couldn’t believe his ears. He stared at her, frozen in terror. Was she really going to attempt to *wipe him... down there??*

“Come on, Timmy, I need to get a better look inside your diaper as well so I can keep track of how much you’re wetting at night,” she said as she continued to motion at his bed.

“I can do it myself!” Timmy shouted back.

“Timmy! If you don’t let me clean you up right now, I’ll keep you in your pee soaked diaper all day, do you hear me?” She barked back. Inside, Debra was starting to enjoy ramping up

the dominating tone she used with Timmy. She knew that at moments like this, when Timmy was humiliated, wearing a wet diaper of a shame, he would be especially responsive to such appeals.

Timmy felt overpowered by Debra's forceful demands. Finally, he reluctantly sat down on his bed and laid back. He closed his eyes as he felt Debra undo the straps of his soaking pull up and peel it off of him. The cool air of his bedroom hit his penis and balls, causing them to shrivel up.

Debra giggled. "My, your penis isn't much bigger than when I used to change your diapers as a toddler!" She said. Timmy was mortified and speechless. His caretaker had just looked directly at his penis and told him it was as big as when he was a baby!

He then felt Debra take a cool wipe and stroke his thighs, his groin and his genitals. The smell of the wipes, the cool wet feeling, and the sensation of her touching him so intimately down there was too much for him to take. Timmy began to cry. He couldn't believe he had been reduced to a baby like this. He felt so helpless and small.

Debra was in a state of ecstasy as she wiped Timmy's penis, balls and rosebud with the wipes. She loved this access to his genitals and the way he was now completely dependent on her. She took great joy in wiping him up and down, carefully caressing and massaging his most intimate parts.

When she noticed Timmy had started to cry, she became momentarily alarmed. But then she recognized that this was an important stage of his regression. It was good for Timmy to be able to cry in front of her while she took care of him. He was, after all, her baby.

"There, there," Debra coo'd. "I know you didn't mean to have an accident, little guy. It's not your fault. I just need

you to be a good boy for Mama so I can take care of you. I don't want you to get a diaper rash or have any other problems with your peepee, understand?" She said in a gentle tone as she continued wiping his bottom.

"Okay," Timmy said as he gave a small nod and tried to dry his tears.

As Debra wiped Timmy's rosebud, she saw him flinch. She desperately wanted to spend more time down there, making sure his bottom was truly clean like she used to. But she thought that Timmy had had enough for today. She would save that fun for later on.

Finally, she threw the wipes out in the trashcan next to Timmy's bed with his soaking pull-up. "All done!" She said in a cheery tone as she helped Timmy sit up.

Timmy dried his tears and wiped his nose. He felt embarrassed about the diaper, embarrassed about being wiped, and embarrassed about crying. But he also strangely felt close to Debra in a way he hadn't in a long, long time. Debra suddenly leaned in and gave Timmy a big hug. And Timmy, for the first time in years, seemed to accept it without a fight.

"Now go take your shower, peepee pants," Debra teased as she lightly spanked Timmy on the tushie. Timmy blushed as he went off to the bathroom. Debra smiled as she watched him go. She was loving every moment of this.

THE SPANKING

Debra and Timmy went about the rest of that day like normal. That afternoon, Timmy cautiously asked to go hang out with a friend again, and to Timmy's surprise, Debra let him go. All she asked was that Timmy be back by his new 9pm bedtime.

And to Debra's pleasant surprise, Timmy returned at 8:30pm. Debra watched Timmy change into his GoodNites diaper, and to her delight, he didn't even put up a fuss this time. She brought Timmy another glass of milk, again secretly laced with the muscle relaxers, and watched him down the whole thing and fall asleep shortly after.

The next morning, Debra walked in on a zonked-out Timmy, felt his soaking pull up, marked his accident on his 'potty' calendar, changed him and sent him to the bathroom to finish getting cleaned up for the day.

The routine continued for the rest of the week, Timmy seemingly growing more and more comfortable with the whole thing, or at least privately deciding that the easiest way to get through this was to keep his mouth shut. Part of Timmy was growing more and more anxious about the fact that he seemed to be wetting the bed every night. But another part of him figured it was just a phase.

On the sixth morning, Debra walked into Timmy's room and found that not only was his pull up soaking wet, but his pee had spilled out of his pull up and gotten his sheets and blankets thoroughly wet as well. She knew this was a positive sign of his regression.

Debra tsk'd as she changed him a few minutes later. "You know, Timmy, I got you these GoodNites as a temporary solution, but if you're going to be peeing your pants every night now, I'm going to have to put you in real diapers," she said as she caressed his bottom with the baby wipes.

Timmy balked. "I'm not doing that! It's not my fault!" Timmy shouted back, despite being in a very compromised position.

"Whose fault is it then, peepee pants?" Debra teased.

Tears started to well up in Timmy's eyes. "Oh stop, it's not that big of a deal," she said as she wiped his tears with a tissue. "They'll give you more protection at night and keep you from making a mess in your bed. Besides, I'm the one who now has to spend the whole day doing laundry, after all," she said in her deliberately self-pitying tone.

"Okay..." Timmy grumbled, trying to put it out of his mind. Debra's heart sang. Tonight, she would finally get to put Timmy back into *real* diaper. She had secretly bought the most perfect, babyish, white, puffy diapers, and couldn't wait to see Timmy wearing them like a real baby.

When nightfall came, Debra sat at the kitchen table waiting for Timmy to return. The clock struck nine. She continued to wait. The clock struck eleven. Timmy didn't answer his phone. Debra started to fume. Had all of this disciplining

been for nothing? Now he was back to disrespecting her all over again like this?

Finally, at 11:15, Timmy strolled through the door. It was clear he was inebriated.

“Young man!” Debra scolded. “It’s two hours past your curfew.”

Timmy looked up at Debra and shrugged. “I guess I forgot.”

Debra began to boil with anger. She couldn’t believe he was back to his disrespectful self. She marched toward Timmy and grabbed his ear. Timmy immediately started yelping.

“You forgot? You forgot? I’ll give you something you’ll never forget, then,” she said angrily as she dragged Timmy over to the couch in the living room.

Timmy flailed and yelled. “Let me go! Let me go!” He screamed. She had never done anything like this to him before. Timmy felt Debra bend him over her knee and pull his pants down. He tried to resist, but he was too drunk, and Debra’s strength was surprising.

He watched her remove the belt from his pants and hold it above his bottom. “Timmy, I’ve been very lenient with you this past week despite your new infantile bed-wetting problem, but if you’re going to act like an infant during the day now as well, I’m going to have to punish you like one. Which means a good hard spanking,” she said in fury.

Timmy pleaded and wriggled helplessly. Then it happened — WHAP! Debra’s belt came down like a lightning bolt on Timmy’s ass, causing him to scream at the top of his lungs.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! The sensation of the spanking sent shockwaves of stinging pain into Timmy’s ass. He flailed and cried.

Debra looked down at Timmy flailing in her lap. She knew this was her chance to make an impression. She funneled all her rage about him mistreating and disrespecting her over the years into the blows she landed on his ass.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Even after Timmy was full on sobbing, both from the pain and deep sense of helplessness and humiliation in Debra's matronly grasp, Debra kept on going. She wanted to make sure she didn't have to spank Timmy again. She would rather leave an impression so strong that the threat of a spanking alone would do what she needed it to do.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Thirty more blows landed on Timmy's ass. Finally, heaving for breath, Debra let him go.

Timmy immediately fell to the floor and started sobbing like a little baby. Debra enjoyed watching him in this state – his bottom red, tears and snot pouring down his face. The sudden realization that she had this power over him sent shockwaves of pleasure through her body.

Debra let him continue to sob in his pity pile for a few more minutes, then she decided it was time for Timmy to go to bed. She helped the sobbing, drunk boy up and started walking him to his room.

She gently placed Timmy on his bed, then she walked back to her room to retrieve the object of her eager anticipation — A big, puffy, large white disposable diaper. She couldn't wait to see Timmy wearing diapers that made him look like a real baby.

When she returned with the diaper and a tube of baby powder, Timmy was half-asleep. She decided to undress him and change him into his white diaper nonetheless.

About half way through the process, Timmy woke up. “Hey, what are you doing, what is that,” he grumbled.

“This is your diaper, Timmy. This is what you wear because you pee your pants at night like a baby, remember?” She said sternly as she continued positioning the diaper underneath him.

Timmy tried to wriggle free and stop her. “I don’t want to wear diapers! I’m not a baby!” He grumbled. Debra slapped Timmy’s hands away as he tried to interfere.

“If you don’t be a good boy and let me put you in your diaper young man, I’ll put you right back over me knee for another spanking!” She barked.

Timmy suddenly stopped and went pale. The threat of another spanking terrified him. Debra smiled at his reaction, knowing that she had successfully dished out a tool of control that would have long lasting impact on his regression.

Debra casually finished preparing the diaper, then started dumping loads of white baby powder on Timmy’s balls and penis. The smell of the baby powder made Timmy shudder.

“Do you have to do that?” He whined.

“Yes! You’re such a heavy wetter, Timmy, it would be irresponsible to let you pee yourself every night without protecting you from diaper rash,” she scolded.

Of course, Debra knew this was only half of the reason she was dumping baby powder on Timmy. She knew the olfactory experience of the sweet baby powder had the power to psychologically transport Timmy back to his infancy. She loved that she would now get to mark him in this way.

Finally, she taped Timmy's diaper up and admired it on him. He looked like an adorable big baby! Debra's heart sang as she patted Timmy's diaper, sticking her fingers underneath the fold to check its fit.

At this point, Timmy had dozed off into his drunken stupor. Debra tucked Timmy into bed with his big, warm diaper on, happy as a clam about her job well done. She thought about the fact that she didn't give Timmy his 'special milk' tonight. But then again, she realized, she didn't need to. He was so drunk, he'd probably pee his bed anyway, just like the baby he was.

BUSTED

*I*t was around 1am when Timmy woke up in his bed with a dreadful need to pee. He slowly rolled over in his bed and stood up. He looked down, and to his horror, he was wrapped in a large, white, babyish diaper. The memory of his diapering, as well as the spanking Debra gave him, came back to him like a nightmare.

Timmy ripped the diaper off in drunken fit and threw it into the corner of the room. Then he ambled to the hallway bathroom and took a long pee. Finally, Timmy went back to his bed and fell asleep buck naked. Unfortunately for Timmy, he had drunk quite a lot that night, and he would soon have to pee again a short time later. And while his body woke him up to pee the first time, the second time that night he wasn't so lucky...

THE NEXT MORNING, Debra walked toward Timmy's room with an irrepressible smile. She just couldn't help but feel excited to go and see Timmy in the big white diaper she had put him in. She hoped it was soaking wet, because she thought

Timmy was adorable when he was in yellow, soaking diapers. And she loved the look on Timmy's face when she felt and squeezed his mushy, soaking diaper.

But when Debra walked in on Timmy early that morning, she was shocked to find Timmy was no longer in his diaper. And his bed was soaking wet with his pee.

Debra put her hands on her hips and looked down at Timmy, still passed out in his bed. She was furious that Timmy had selfishly discarded the diaper she put on him the night before, making a big mess she was now going to have to clean up!

But she also knew that this was a crucial opportunity for her to advance her dominance over Timmy. She had to play it right.

Debra paced and thought about what she was going to do. She realized she was going to have to get some more supplies. She looked back at Timmy, still totally passed out, and left him in his wet bed to go make a run to the medical supply store.

Debra couldn't help but smile as she got in her car. If Timmy thought his punishment last night was bad, compared to what Debra had in store for him today, it would soon look like a cake walk.

THE DIAPER PILLORY

Timmy woke up late in the morning. The first thing he saw when he opened his eyes was Debra standing over him with her arms crossed and a scowl on her face.

“Are you proud of yourself?” She asked.

Timmy, confused, suddenly felt it. His crotch and his bedsheets were soaking wet with his pee, and he wasn’t wearing any protection. In fact, he was buck naked.

Timmy looked over to the corner of his bedroom to see the diaper he had discarded the previous night in his drunken stupor. He quickly realized what he had done — he had discarded the diaper Debra had put him in an act of frustration and rebellion, yet still wet the bed afterward. He immediately began to panic.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” She asked again.

Timmy began to stammer. He was speechless. He felt like a total fool. A dummy. A *baby*.

“I don’t know why I... or how I... I’m sorry,” he said, still trying to regain his cognitive faculties from his heavy drinking the previous night.

Debra merely laughed in his face. "Sorry. Yes, you will be sorry. You will be so, so sorry, because Timmy, this..." Debra held up the discarded diaper and pointed to Timmy's soaking wet bed sheets. "This was the last straw."

"What do you mean?" Timmy stammered.

"I mean I did my best raising you, but apparently I must have really screwed up. You're an adult, yet you're incapable of keeping your bed dry, let alone following basic rules. You're acting like an infant again. Therefore, I'm going to have to treat you like an infant again. We'll start over, and maybe this time I'll raise you properly," she said sternly, towering over him.

Timmy's head was spinning. *Treat him like an infant? Start over?* What did any of this mean?

Debra grabbed Timmy's elbow and pulled him out of bed. His morning wood sprang to attention as he stood up, much to his embarrassment. Debra pretended not to notice.

"First thing's first, let's get you in a diaper before you make another peepee mess for Nana to clean up," Debra said angrily.

Timmy bristled. There was that word again. Debra wasn't related to him, and he hated when she called herself Nana. Then the other thing she said hit him.

"D-D-Diaper?" Timmy stammered. "But it's morning!"

"And you've shown yourself to be a total infant, incapable of even keeping your diapers on at night. So, I'll be keeping you in diapers during the daytime now, too, as long as you're staying under my roof. I'm sick of cleaning up your messes," she said sternly.

Timmy watched as Debra spread out a diaper changing mat on the floor.

“Get your butt on the floor. I’m gonna have to change you here until I get you a proper diaper changing station for your room,” she chastised.

Timmy reluctantly submitted, carefully climbing down on to the mat. “Can I go to the bathroom, first?” He asked timidly.

Debra just laughed in his face. “You’ll be wearing your bathroom in just a second,” she said back. Timmy hoped that she was joking, and that she would let him use the bathroom after he had his diaper on.

He watched as Debra prepared another large, crinkly diaper, and placed it under his bottom. She then doused him with baby powder, taped it up and gave him a little spank.

Then, Debra held up a pair of footy pajamas with a zipper on the back.

“What are those?” Timmy asked.

“Your new pajamas,” Debra replied. “Come on, climb in.”

“But it’s almost noon. I should put real clothes on” Timmy pleaded.

“Timmy, you lost the right to decide what you wear in my house when you came home drunk last night, ripped your diaper off, and pissed all over the bed,” she replied coldly.

“Now I have a lot of work to do to clean up your mess, so if I hear one more complaint out of your mouth, I will put you over my knee for another spanking, just like last night. Do you remember your spanking? Do you remember sobbing like a little baby?” She asked.

Timmy nodded, humiliated and scared as he remembered the terrible spanking. He climbed into the footy pajamas as Debra zipped them up behind him. As he pushed his hands through the arms, he realized that there were special mittens sewed on at the end of the pajama arms. As he slid his fingers into the thick, medical mittens, he realized they gave him no control over his fingers or thumbs.

Then he felt Debra snap a button and click a lock at the top of the zipper behind his back.

Panicking, Timmy reached behind him and tried to reach for the zipper himself. He realized that the mittens made it impossible to grasp the zipper. And the zipper appeared to be locked to boot!

“What did you do? What are these?” Timmy asked in exasperation.

“These are special locking Pajamas. They make them for kids with special needs so they can’t wriggle out of their diapers at night and make a big mess, just like you did!”

“I’m not special needs!” Timmy shouted back.

“Says the boy wetting the bed and wearing diapers,” Debra responded, laughing at him.

Timmy’s face turned redder. He suddenly felt hot and trapped in his new PJ’s. He couldn’t get out of them, no matter how hard he tried, and his big, puffy diaper now felt extremely intrusive and itchy around his crotch. On top of all that, he really had to pee.

Debra watched Timmy’s fit of humiliation and panic in joy. She couldn’t help but feel heartened to watch him struggle and get red in the face as he realized how helpless he now was. It almost made all the disrespect she suffered from him worth it.

“Come on, you can play while I make us lunch,” Debra said as she dragged Timmy down the hallway.

“But I have to pee!” Timmy shouted. Debra just laughed and pretended like she didn’t hear him.

When they got to the living room, to Timmy’s horror, the TV was gone. Instead, there were a bunch of childish toys from when he was a kid laying out on the floor.

“I found these in the attic. They were the toys you used to love to play with as a kid. I figured since you’re acting like an infant again, I’d better get some baby toys for you play with again,” she explained.

Timmy looked at the wooden blocks, the toy trains, and the stuffed animals in horror. He couldn’t believe she was asking him to *play with these*.

“This is ridiculous! I’m not playing with these fucking toys!” Timmy shouted. “And let me out of this damn thing so I can take a piss!” He added, scrambling and trying to remove his PJ’s once again.

Debra scowled at Timmy, and knew it was time for his next punishment. She grabbed Timmy’s wrist and twisted it around, making him writhe in helplessness.

“Naughty boy. Using fowl words and trying to remove your PJ’s. You need a time out,” she shouted.

Debra squeezed and twisted Timmy’s wrist, marching him forward down the hallway as he squalled. She couldn’t help but feel excited. After all, what she was about to show Timmy, she had bought on a whim when she was buying his diapers on an ABDL website last week. She thought that it might come in handy when Timmy was being especially naughty.

Debra pushed Timmy into the guest bedroom of the house. When Timmy looked up, he gasped in shock.

Sitting in the middle of the room was now a medieval pillory. It had three holes — one for a subject's head, two for their hands. But unlike a traditional medieval pillory, this one was bright white, and covered with pink butterflies and rainbows. It was strangely adorable, despite its cruel purpose.

Debra pushed Timmy towards his new 'time out' pillory, deftly lifted its top, and stuck Timmy's head through the main hole and dropped the top piece to trap his head in place. Then, holding his hands behind him, she unlocked Timmy's onesie, unzipped it, and slid it off his body, leaving him naked except for his diaper.

"Little boys don't get their onesies in time-out. They have to stand nakey in their diapers," she explained.

Then she pushed both of Timmy's hands into their respective holes and locked Timmy's hands and head into place. Timmy immediately started screaming. "Let me out! Let me out you bitch!"

Debra stepped back and admired her handiwork. Watching Timmy flail helplessly as his, thick, padded, diapered bottom wiggled around filled her heart with joy. She couldn't wait for Timmy to make a proper mess so she could change his diapers again like she used to.

Another string of curses came out of Timmy's mouth, breaking the mood. Debra realized she still had work to do on him.

She began to walk around Timmy to his front to explain his punishment to him. But then she stopped. She realized that she had no reason to subject herself to his verbal abuse.

Instead, she decided that a more fitting punishment would be to simply leave the room, leaving Timmy to whine and scream until he exhausted himself. Then she would return, knowing he would be more prepared to be a good boy.

As Debra shrugged and left the room, she couldn't help but smile at the exquisite psychological domination Timmy was about to undergo. Left to stand in his pillory, facing the corner with no indication about when he would let out, the pressure in his bladder building, she knew the following hours would leave quite the impression. And this was just the start.

Debra skipped back into the kitchen to continue preparing her lunch with a smile of sheer joy surfacing on her face.

LESSON LEARNED

Timmy continued to shout and yell, helplessly bound in the pillory.

Soon he realized Debra wasn't even in the room anymore. This only amplified his feelings of anxiety and helplessness. *How could she do this to him?* He thought. *When would she let him out?*

Timmy's rage quickly turned to sorrow and self-pity. As he continued to stay bent forward in his exposed position, tears started to roll down his cheeks. *How could she be this cruel? Did he really deserve this?*

A long time seemed to pass as Timmy struggle and sobbed in vein. Soon he realized he was in for another humiliation, as his aching bladder desperately begged for release.

Timmy tried to hold it for as long as he could, hopeful that Debra would return and let him use the bathroom. But his physical stamina began to wane with every minute in his special 'time out.' As his knees trembled, he couldn't help but feel a squirt of his pee shoot into his diaper. He relaxed a little more, and the floodgates opened quickly thereafter.

Timmy groaned with relief as he felt the hot urine flow out of his penis into his thirsty diaper, and drip down and settle

next to his testicles. The intense feelings of pleasure from releasing his pee, the warm sensation of his balls being caressed by his soggy diaper, and the humiliation of the act all swirled around in his head.

Timmy began to sob once again. Even though he had peed in his diaper several times over the past week while he was sleeping, this time he was fully awake, and he couldn't help but feel like this was a new stage of humiliation.

As his soggy diaper grew cold, and his arms, legs and back ached, he couldn't help but start to regret what he did to end up here. He thought about how stupid it was to rip his diaper off the previous night, and how rude he was to Debra that morning. The shame of his wet diaper now mixed with his shame of regret and self-blame, and he sunk lower into his own world of wallowing self-pity.

Hours passed by, but Timmy had no way of knowing, as a clock was nowhere in sight. To him it felt like eternity.

What Timmy didn't know is that during his stockade bondage, Debra frequently walked back into the room to silently watch him struggle and writhe. She listened to his helpless wails and sobs, knowing that each time he cried he was becoming more psychologically helpless. A part of her wanted to free him right then and there, caress him, and gently change his soggy diaper. But she also knew that if she was too lenient on him, she would be denying Timmy the potential of his full transformation. She would be denying him the real opportunity to become her little boy again.

FINALLY, after a seemingly interminable amount of time, Timmy felt a soft pat on his bottom.

“What happened here?” He heard Debra ask behind him.

“Please! Please let me out,” he shouted and begged.

Debra calmly walked around and faced him. “I asked you a question, little boy. It’s very rude of you to not answer questions from grown ups. Now I’ll ask again. What happened in your diaper?”

Timmy relented. “I had an accident. I couldn’t hold it.”

“You had an accident?” Debra replied. “You mean you peed in your diaper?”

“Yes.” Timmy replied.

“I thought you said you didn’t need diapers,” she replied, forcing him into a corner.

“I don’t,” Timmy instinctively retorted. “You just didn’t give me a chance to use the bathroom!”

Debra simply shook her head like Timmy was a disappointing toddler. “Wrong answer, my little boy.” She said, then began to walk away again.

Timmy immediately panicked. “Wait! Please don’t go! I need diapers. I need diapers because I can’t control my bladder. I’m a little baby who wet his diapers,” he shouted. “Now please, please, let me out of here,” he squealed through his tears.

Debra secretly smiled, then walked back around to face him again.

“I don’t know, you were awfully rude to me earlier after I went through the effort of giving you a fun little playroom to

play with,” she said sternly. “It’s clear you’d rather be in time out than your play room.”

Timmy swallowed his pride. “I’m sorry.”

“You are?” Debra asked.

“Yes, I’m sorry,” Timmy pleaded again. His face was red with runny snot and tears.

“Well Timmy, I feel like I’ve given you chance after chance, and every time, you seem to misbehave again the first moment you can. How do I know you’re not just saying that to get out of time out? How can I be sure that if I let you out, you’re actually going to be a good boy from now on and follow Nana’s rules?” Debra asked with her arms crossed.

“I’ll be a good boy!” Timmy pleaded again.

“Call me ‘Nana’ from now on, Timmy. It’s appropriate given your infantile state,” she replied.

“I’ll be a good boy, Nana. I pwomise!” He said in reply.

“Now if I let you out, Timmy, I need to know you’re going to follow my rules from now on. The first rule is no more back talk under any circumstances. Any back talk of any kind will immediately earn you three more hours in the time out pillory and a heavy spanking. Am I understood?” Debra lectured.

“Yes, Nana.” Timmy timidly replied, terrified of returning to ‘time out’.

“Okay, good. Well now that you’ve finally calmed down from your temper tantrum, I can give you your time out punishment. Would you like to know what your time out punishment is, Timmy?” Debra asked.

Timmy's heart started to beat faster. *Another punishment?* He thought the last three hours *was* his punishment.

"Yes, Nana." He replied.

THUNK. Suddenly Timmy felt a bar of soap shoved into his mouth. He tried to spit it out, but Debra held it there as he slobbered and gagged.

"Timmy, since your language was so foul this morning, and so inappropriate for a boy your age, you'll be keeping this soap in your mouth until I tell you otherwise. If I return and I find this bar of soap on the floor because you spit it out, I'll double your time in here. Am I understood?" Debra lectured sternly.

Timmy looked up with pleading and shocked eyes. He couldn't believe he had to endure even more punishment and humiliation after he was already physically exhausted.

But remembering what Debra said about back talk, and terrified by the threat of more time in the pillory, Timmy simply nodded his head and bit down on the bar of soap to keep it in his mouth. It tasted awful, and made him drool and gag. He couldn't believe he was in such a state of mental and physical humiliation.

As Debra let go of the bar of soap, she watched as Timmy kept it in his mouth. She knew a threshold of submission had been crossed. She knew that he would not be back-talking her again anytime soon.

And with that, Debra left the room once more. She really liked the thrill of leaving Timmy locked up with no indication about when she would be back. She loved that he had gone from seeing her as someone who he could dismiss and mistreat, to now someone who had total and crushing control over his psychological state.

Debra sat down on the couch and smiled. As she continued to think about Timmy's wiggling, soggy, yellow, diapered bottom, and the sounds of him moaning as he struggled with the soap in his mouth, her clit began to get engorged. She sat back and reached her hand in her pants to find her pussy suddenly soaking wet.

Debra hadn't masturbated in years, but she suddenly felt more turned on and sexually awakened than any other moment in her life. The feeling of dominating Timmy like this and turning him back into her little baby sent shockwaves of titillation through her body.

Soon Debra was masturbating furiously as she thought about all the things she was going to get to do to Timmy going forward. Her toes curled as she thought about keeping her little boy in diapers for the rest of his life. She wanted to feed him. To bathe him. She couldn't wait to clean his genitals after a dirty diaper.

Finally, Debra exploded into an orgasm that sent shockwaves through her clit, her pussy, and through the rest of her body. She couldn't help but scream and moan at the top of her lungs as she experienced the most amazing release of her life.

Her body shuddered as she collapsed in a heap on the couch. She closed her eyes and took deep breaths, relaxing for a few more minutes while she thought about what to make for dinner.

Then the doorbell rang.

Debra sat up and gave a naughty smile. She knew it was the delivery for everything she needed for Timmy's new nursery. She couldn't wait to set it up.

LESSON LEARNED AGAIN

Timmy continued to clamp his teeth down on the bar of soap in his mouth as he stood in the stockade Debra had locked him in. By now his arms, legs and back all ached terribly. The diaper he had involuntarily wet in was now cold and chafing in between his thighs. And the soap in his mouth that he was terrified of dropping left him drooling and gagging like an infant.

Then, Timmy heard the sound of people entering the house down the hallway. Timmy's heart started to race. Would they see him like this? It sounded like they were carrying furniture into his bedroom next door. And taking things out of his bedroom as well. *What was going on?* He thought to himself

Then he overheard Debra talking to one of the burly moving men just outside the door to the room he was in.

"When are you expecting the new baby?" The moving man asked.

"Most likely by tonight," Debra replied nonchalantly.

"And you want all this other stuff in here taken out, right? Huh, your teenager left and now you'll have a baby to replace him with," the moving man replied in jest.

“I couldn’t have put it better myself,” Debra said back, laughing.

As Timmy listened, he couldn’t help but panic. *What was she doing in his room? Didn’t he have a say in the matter?*

Timmy desperately wanted to yell out to try and stop them, but the combined fear of dropping the soap in his mouth and getting seen by a bunch of men in his pathetic diapered state made him keep his mouth shut and wait.

After the moving men had finished and left, Debra spent the next hour setting everything up in Timmy’s room. She couldn’t wait to see the look on his face when she showed it all to him.

Feeling satisfied, Debra closed Timmy’s door and wandered back to the time out room she had left Timmy in.

She entered to see Timmy’s soggy yellow diaper still sagging around his waist. It was clear he had wet several more times throughout the day.

The first thing Debra did was put her hands on Timmy’s back, and gently massage his cold, pale skin. The poor boy was so exhausted and fatigued. She heard Timmy moan as she caressed him with her hands, his mouth still gagged with the bar of soap.

Then she slid her hands down further and began to massage and feel his soaking wet diaper. As she pressed the cold, soggy diaper up against his genitals, she couldn’t help but notice his penis becoming erect in the diaper’s folds.

Finally, she walked to Timmy’s front and held out her hand in front of his mouth.

“You may return the soap to me now, Timmy,” she said. Timmy opened his mouth and the soap dropped in Debra’s hands. She admired the deep bite marks he had left in the bar of soap as he continued to spit and drool, happy to finally be free of the soap’s terrible taste.

“Good boy,” she said as she rubbed Timmy’s head. “You didn’t let the soap fall the whole time. Nana’s so proud of you.”

Timmy looked up in tears. “Thank you, Nana,” he replied.

“You’re not going to use any more naughty, big words from now on, are you little Timmy? From now on you’re only going to talk like the little baby you are, right?” She asked.

“Yes Nanna. I pwomise,” Timmy replied, clearly in a deep state of psychological submission. Debra couldn’t help but be thrilled that he lisped and called her Nana without asking this time. It was a clear sign he was internalizing his new infant role.

“Would you like me to let you out of time out?” She asked, curious to see what his reaction would be.

“Yes, Nana,” Timmy replied. Tears began rolling down his cheeks.

Debra smiled and carefully unlocked the pillory Timmy was standing in. She helped him pull his head and hands out and stand up. He groaned from the feeling of his sore back finally getting to stretch.

“Nana, I’m cold,” Timmy said, holding himself for warmth and shivering.

“Aw, poor little boy. Do you want your PJs back?” She replied.

Timmy gave a shy nod. Debra swiftly grabbed Timmy's locking PJs and helped him slide them on. As she zipped him up and locked him into his restrictive onesie, she couldn't help but feel thrilled that he had *asked* to put them on this time instead of fighting her.

As Debra helped Timmy slide his hands into the bondage mittens on the end of the onesie arms, Timmy looked up with pathetic eyes.

"Nana, will you change my diaper? I made lots of peepee in it," he said with a pouty face.

Debra patted his head and smiled. "Aww, poor little boy."

Then she leaned in and looked him in the eyes. "Timmy, little babies aren't allowed to ask for diaper changes in this house. Nana changes little babies when she decided they need to be changed. If you *ever* ask for a diaper change again, I will give you another time out. Am I understood?" She said in a deadly serious tone.

Timmy's cheeks immediately went flush as he panicked about accidentally breaking another one of Debra's rules. He burst into tears. "I'm sorry Nana! I didn't mean it!"

Debra simply wrapped her arms around Timmy and held him close as he sobbed. She patted his diaper bottom and smiled as he broke down in tears in her arms.

"Shhh. Shhhh. That's okay. You didn't know. How about this. Why don't we eat lunch, and if you promise to be a really good boy while Nana feeds you, I'll change your diaper right afterward. How does that sound?" She said in his ear.

Timmy looked up at Debra like she was an angel sent from heaven. He vigorously nodded his head.

"I be good, Nana, I pwomise," he said.

Debra smiled and patted Timmy on the head. Then she walked him down the hallway toward the kitchen.

ADULT BABY FOOD

In truth, Debra felt bad about Timmy's soggy diaper. She desperately did want to change him ASAP. But she also wanted to wait until after Timmy had lunch for his first real diaper change in his brand-new room. She knew it was going to be a very special occasion.

She also appreciated the extra bit of leverage she had over his behavior for his first baby meal. It was going to be enough work feeding her new little boy in the way that she needed to. She didn't need any more fuss from him.

As Debra walked Timmy into the kitchen, Timmy saw an adult baby high chair sitting next to the kitchen table. He froze as he stared at it, noticing the ankle and wrist cuffs hanging below the tray. He found the object highly intimidating, but his new, submissive state only made him freeze and go quiet.

Debra looked down at Timmy's shy behavior and smiled. "Aww, it's okay little boy. It's just a high chair to help me feed you," she coo'd.

She pulled Timmy up to the high chair and sat him down on his soaking diaper. Then she grabbed his arms and buckled his wrists underneath the tray and his legs to the feet of the

chair. Then she dropped an infantile bib on him that said, "Little Stinker."

Part of Timmy was reeling at being bound this way for something as routine as lunch, but his terror about questioning Debra now reduced him to a passive passenger to the experience.

Next, Debra retrieved the food she had prepared for Timmy from the fridge. It was all adult, healthy food, but blended up to make it look like baby food. She figured this would be a fun way to make sure Timmy got all his vital nutrients, but that she could feed him in a way that reinforced his submission to her.

As Debra uncapped the giant jar of 'adult baby food', she clocked the nervous look in Timmy's eyes. She prepared for him to object, but to her surprise and delight, he stayed quiet.

Debra dipped a giant, babyish spoon into the mush and pushed it toward Timmy's mouth. "Open up for the airplane, Timmy!" She said in a sing-song voice. Timmy simply opened his mouth up and took the food that Debra shoveled into it quietly.

As Timmy chewed and swallowed, he couldn't help but scrunch his face up in disgust. Even though he was starving from not eating all day, the food tasted terrible, and the mushy texture made it all the worse. But he didn't dare protest. He was too desperate for his promised diaper change.

As Debra watched Timmy scrunch up his face in disgust, she smiled. She had tasted the terrible concoction herself, and knew that even though it was completely nutritious, it tasted very bad. Baby food was supposed to taste bad. And, she thought, the fact that Timmy was taking his force-feeding

without complaint, even though the food tasted horrible, was a powerful sign of his new regressed state. She loved the fact that she now decided what he ate, and he had no choice but accept it.

As Timmy continued swallowing the terrible mixture, he felt his stomach begin to rumble. He realized that he hadn't had a bowel movement that morning... or the day prior from what he could remember. In fact, he had been backed up for a couple days now.

But his gut was suddenly giving signs that it would need release soon. He figured it was probably the drinking he did last night, combined with the disgusting baby food he was now swallowing.

However, locked in his high chair, sitting right in front of Debrah, and wearing a diaper that was already uncomfortably soaked, the part of him that was still hanging on to his adulthood knew he was going to have to hold it. As Debra shoveled another spoonful of mush into Timmy's mouth, he clenched his butt cheeks and tried to ignore his rumbling bowel, hoping that Debra would maybe let him use the bathroom after lunch.

Timmy tried to slow down the pace of Debra's spoonful's, but when he didn't swallow fast enough, Debra simply pushed another spoonful into his mouth anyway. Soon the mush was spilling out of Timmy's mouth along with his drool onto his bib and shirt.

His mouth full and his bowel groaning, Timmy looked down at the jar of baby food and realized he was only half way through. He couldn't help but groan.

Debra, however, couldn't help but happily giggle as she watched Timmy squirm in his high chair and make a big, babyish mess on his face and bib. "Aww, what a messy little

baby you are doing lunch with Nana,” she said as she continue shoveling food into his mouth.

She loved the feeling of knowing exactly what was going into Timmy, and soon enough, what was coming out into his diaper. The feeling of control she had over her little boy made her utterly ecstatic.

Finally, after seeing Timmy squirm and moan for a good amount of time, Debra decided to take mercy on him. She put the rest of his baby food away into the fridge, vigorously cleaned his face with a wet washcloth, and then helped him climb down off the high chair.

“Are you ready for your diaper change little boy?” She said in a cheery tone. Timmy nodded enthusiastically, a development Debra cherished.

As she guided Timmy down the hall, Timmy’s stomach groaned again.

“Nana?” Timmy suddenly said. Debra stopped, turned to him, and looked him directly in the eyes. “Yes, Timmy? What is it?” She said intently.

Timmy hesitated. He wanted to ask her if he could run to the bathroom that was now in the corner of his eye because the pressure in his bowels was building and building. But as he looked Debra in the eyes, he suddenly became far too scared. If he would be punished for asking for a diaper change, surely he would suffer greatly for outright asking to use the bathroom.

“Nothing.” Timmy said, then looked back down.

Debra heard Timmy’s stomach gurgle and smiled. She intuited that he wanted to ask to use the bathroom. That’s because she had also mixed a heavy dose of castor oil into Timmy’s food, encouraging a BM and adding to the

experience of the food's unpleasant taste. She knew that he probably had to poop very badly, but she was happy to see that he chose to obey the rules in spite of his churning bowels.

At the same time, she recognized that Timmy was going to be reluctant about making his first BM in his diaper. She wasn't worried. She was going to give him some more help with that soon enough.

Hearing Timmy's response, Debra patted his head, grabbed his hand, and continued walking him down the hall to his bedroom. This was the moment she had been eagerly anticipating.

THE NEW NURSERY

When they got to Timmy's bedroom, Debra opened up the door. Timmy stepped inside and his jaw dropped. In what used to be a teenage boy's bedroom was now a full-blown baby nursery.

Timmy's bed was gone, and in its place was a large babyish crib with rails up to the ceiling. Instead of a TV in the corner, he now had a large diaper changing station filled to the brim with diaper changing supplies. And where his clothes dresser used to be, there was now just stacks and stacks of adult baby diapers. It looked like enough diapers to last a year or more.

Debra let Timmy wander into his old room and take it in. She knew this was a powerful moment of transformation for him – seeing his old life disappear and be replaced with his new life as her baby. She sought to savor every second of it.

“Where did my room go?” He couldn't help but utter in a babyish voice.

“This is your room, Timmy. I threw out all that old stuff you don't need any more to make room for the things you do need as my baby,” she said in a sweet and soothing tone from the doorway.

As Timmy looked around, he felt a swirl of emotions bubbling up inside of him. He felt outrage that all his old possessions appeared to be gone forever. Those possessions – his clothes, his video games, his bed – were the manifestation of his identity as an adult. It felt like suddenly that identity had been ripped away from him, leaving him feeling lonely and adrift.

But at the same time, another feeling started to rise in him. As he looked at the adorable baby change table, as he touched the smooth wooden bars of his new crib, as he brushed his hand against the stacks and stacks of diapers, he couldn't help but feel a sense of profound innocence and infantile joy rising up inside of him.

He looked back at Debra, who was smiling at him with wide eyes, and he was suddenly overwhelmed with a wave of love for her. He suddenly saw everything around him as powerful symbols of how much she cared about him and what she was going to do to care for him going forward. He suddenly felt like he was her total baby boy.

"It's all mine, Nana?" Timmy asked in a babyish voice.

"That's right!" She said back to him in a sweet voice. Then she walked up behind him and gave him a tour.

"This is the crib you'll be sleeping in so Nana knows your safe. This is your diaper changing table, so I can change your diaper every morning, every evening and every night before bed. And these are all your diapers!" She said as she touched his hand to them.

"Really puffy ones for when you make your big wets at night. Bright pink and blue ones are when you want to look extra cute! And these bright white ones are so Nana can see your diaper turn yellow or brown when you make your peepees or poopies!" She explained into his ear in a cute voice. Then she

blew a raspberry on Timmy's cheek and they both started giggling together.

"Alright little guy, let's get that peepee diaper changed," she said. She took Timmy over to his diaper change table and turned him around so she could unlock his zipper and have him step out of his PJs.

She then helped Timmy sit up on his new diaper changing table. She noticed him make a subtle wince as his soaking diaper squished as his butt hit the cool diaper changing mat.

Timmy instinctively and obediently laid back on the table, and Debra grabbed his hands and guided them above Timmy's head. She effortlessly slid them into the special restraints she had put on the top of the diaper changing table. Then she pulled a wide strap from the middle of the changing table and pulled it over Timmy's waist.

As she watched Timmy squirm in his restraints, she knew it wasn't totally necessary. But she knew that a big part of being a baby is being restrained and secured, and she wanted to maximize the impact of Timmy's diaper changes by making him feel as helpless as possible during them.

"Leg's up!" She coo'd gently as she lifted Timmy's legs like a toddler. Then, using a special bar she had installed in the wall, she rested Timmy's legs up above him and strapped them down. Now Timmy was splayed out completely for his diaper change.

Debra undid the tapes on Timmy's diaper and slowly pulled the front forward. The feeling of pulling his diaper off and revealing his tiny peepee under his soaking diaper filled her with warmth and happiness.

She then began to wipe his groin with baby wipes and sing to him. "Hush little baby don't you cry. Momma's gonna sing

you a lullaby,” she hummed. She admired the profoundly passive, spaced out expression on Timmy’s face – the face of total submission. He now depended on her for his most basic needs.

As she rubbed Timmy’s small penis and balls with the wipes, she watched him get an erection in her hands. She pretended not to notice, and secretly relished the sensation of now having more access to his most intimate parts than he did.

Then she took another wipe and felt between Timmy’s butt cheeks. She watched his face as she slowly probed his anus with the wipe wrapped around her finger.

TIMMY SUDDENLY SNAPPED out of the little space he had dazed off into as he felt Debra pushing her finger into his bottom. Timmy had never felt anything enter his anus before, only exit. It felt like he was suddenly taking a very hard poop, but in reverse. The fact that his limbs were all tightly bound to the diaper change table made the sensation that much more intense.

He felt her pull her finger out and he sighed with relief. Then he suddenly felt her stick her finger in again – this time her whole finger. His eyes bulged as he felt her digit slide deep into his bottom.

“Nana!” He couldn’t help but shout. But Debra simply put her other finger to his lips. “Shhhh, little boy. Don’t make a fuss during your diaper change,” She said back.

AS DEBRA FINISHED SLIPPING her index finger deep into Timmy's bum, she relished the sensation of feeling him expand for her. The ostensible reason for her fingering him was to check to see if Timmy was constipated – a merciful act of any responsible caregiver. But she also wanted to start the process of stretching his tiny bottom hole out during diaper changes to make his poopy-times easier. She also wanted to give him another dose of medicine to help him with the movement she knew he needed.

Debra took her finger out, letting his bottom rest, dipped her finger in some Vaseline, then pushed two of her fingers into his bottom this time. Timmy squirmed and moaned. But to Debra's delight, he knew better than to question her again.

Debra pushed her fingers deep into Timmy and moved them around in a scissor fashion, knowing that churning his bowels for him like this would only help him in the near term future. Then, to help even more, she clandestinely pulled three wax bullet suppositories from her nearby tray and shoved them deep into Timmy's bottom while she continued to finger and spread his bottom.

When Debra was finally done 'treating' Timmy's bottom, she couldn't help but notice his penis was fully erect and pointing straight up to the sky. She laughed to herself, grabbed a fresh, big, puffy diaper from the shelf, powdered Timmy heavily, and wrapped him up in a new diaper.

TIMMY WOKE from his semi-hypnotic state as he felt Debra unstrap his arms and legs. He didn't know exactly what happened during his diaper change, but whatever happened, the sensations of it all seemed to transport him to another world. It felt like Debra was now in charge of his most basic functions, and as such, he was now in her complete and total control.

"Alright little boy, you ready for your visit to the park?" Timmy heard Debra say. He looked up at her in a state of awe in his new, fresh diaper, and watched her hold up an infantile onesie for him to wear.

"Yes Nana," he obediently replied.

A MESSY DIAPER IN THE PARK

Timmy sat in the back seat of Debra's minivan in a thick diaper and a large car seat. As they drove through the neighborhood, some part of Timmy woke up enough to realize he was now going to be seen in his diaper in public. He suddenly got scared.

"Nana, I don't want to go to the park!" He suddenly shouted from the back.

To his frustration, Debra simply ignored him. He repeated his complaint in an even more whiney tone. Then he said it a third time. Then a fourth time. He began to scream obnoxiously like a toddler.

Part of Debra appreciated how infantile Timmy was now sounding, but she also had had enough. She swiftly pulled the van over to the side of the road and turned around. Timmy got quiet in fear as she approached him with a large pacifier in her hand.

"Shush! Little babies don't get to decide where Nana takes them," She said as she pushed the large pacifier in Timmy's mouth and secured it behind his head.

Timmy tried to yell back at her, but the pacifier was so large it sufficiently gagged him. He then got tired and bored of

whining and reverted to just passively sucking his pacifier gag instead, much to Debra's relief.

As they drove, Timmy noticed his tummy rumbling more and more. He really had to poo, but he didn't know how or where. It was like his brain had regressed to that of a petulant toddler. The only thing he knew how to do was hold it.

Even more alarming, Timmy realized Debra was pulling the minivan into the parking lot for the park right across the street from his friend Tony's house. Tony and all of Timmy's other friends all hung out near there, and he was sure they would see him. Humiliated and terrified, Timmy began to cry and wail like a baby.

Debra simply parked the van and then walked back to help Timmy out of his car seat. "There, there, it's okay Timmy, Nana's gonna hold your hand. There's nothing to be scared of," she said as she pulled Timmy out of his car seat.

Sucking his dummy and walking bow legged in his exposed diaper, Timmy reluctantly let Debra pull him by the hand through the park.

Then, Timmy's worst nightmare came true. He saw all his friends that were his age hanging out across the street. He immediately got red in the face as Debra spread out a picnic blanket on the grass and put out some story books for him to play with.

Timmy tried to distract himself by flipping through one of the babyish story books when he heard it. "That is Timmy! Look, he's wearing a diaper!"

Timmy looked around in a daze as Debra greeted a half dozen of Timmy's former friends. They all circled around as Timmy tried to form words, but was reduced to babyish babbling due to his thick pacifier.

“Aww, he’s so cute,” one girl from his class said.

“What... like... happened?” Asked Timmy’s former best friend Tony.

Debra happily explained to all of Timmy’s friend as she patted his head and his diapered bottom.

“You see, Timmy’s been having some problems for a little while now that he’s been keeping from you all. Things finally kept building, until little Timmy had a breakdown, and now this is his new life,” she explained.

One of Timmy’s friends stood above Timmy and stared down at him. “So, he’s just like, a baby now? There’s nothing you can do about it?” He asked incredulously.

Timmy was too petrified with shame and humiliation to possibly try to defend himself or explain. All he did was shy away from their gaze, confirming Debra’s narrative.

That’s when Timmy’s stomach really started to rumble, and he knew he needed to go number two... badly.

Suddenly he jumped up and started waddling away. Debra quickly jumped up after him and stopped him.

“No, no, baby! Stay close to Nana!” She chastised him in front of all his friends. Then she got out a babyish green harness and wrapped it around his shoulders and waist. Suddenly Timmy realized that Debra had put a leash on him! He watched her go sit down on the blanket again and continue her conversation while she held the leash connected to his harness

Timmy now felt especially trapped. He had to poop so bad he felt like he was going to lose control any second. But he was in full view of all of his friends. He couldn’t think about how

to escape Debra's leash. All he could do was start pacing back and forth, grip his stomach and close his eyes.

DEBRA WATCHED Timmy squat at the end of her leash. She smiled, knowing that the laxatives had finally succeeded. "What's he doing?" Someone asked.

"Oh, that's why he wanted to walk away. He had to go poopy," someone else chimed in.

"Eww! He's really crapping his diaper!" Someone else exclaimed.

"I told you all you would see for yourself," Debra joked with Timmy's friends.

TIMMY UNCONTROLLABLY PUSHED THE WARM, hot, poopy load into his diaper right in front of Debra and all his friends. Part of him registered the humiliation of performing the infantile act in front of everyone as well as the strange sensation of his warm load dropping into the seat of his diaper and pushing up against his bottom.

But another part of him was just glad to be able to finally relieve himself. He took a breath as he finished dropping the massive load, then he felt the floodgates of his bladder open, drenching the front of his diaper with his hot piss.

“Eww, look, you can see the front of his diaper turning yellow now, too, from his pee,” he heard someone say around him.

Then he stood up straight again and wiggled his butt, trying to get the poopy load stuck to his bottom to finish dropping. He briefly took stock of the crowd of people all gathered around him, laughing at him, but then another wave of needing to defecate came over him, and he squatted down again, farting and pooping loudly in front of all his old friends.

This continued for a few minutes as people gawked at the spectacle that was the diapered boy on a leash messing his pants like a baby. Debra smiled with joy. She knew this was the final, crucial turning point in the humiliation that would transform Timmy permanently into her baby.

When Timmy was finally done, he looked up and his face burned red hot. The relief of emptying his bladder and bowels so thoroughly, mixed with the novel and intense sensation of the warm mess now sloshing around in his diaper, mixed with the inescapable and embarrassing odor of his mess, mixed with the waves of humiliation he now felt knowing what he had just done in front of all of his old friend, created an overwhelming moment for him. All he could do was stare, totally frozen and utterly shy, as Debra approached him and guided him back to the blanket.

“Come on, poopy boy, let’s get that diaper changed before you get a rash,” she said.

Timmy felt Debra guide him like an infant back to the center of his friends. Then she sat him down, and he felt the huge, warm mess in his diaper squish up against his bottom.

“Come on, lay back. Hands above your head. Good baby boy,” she coo’d as she laid Timmy back.

Timmy couldn't help but realize all of his friends were still standing around him watching this happen. Timmy then felt Debra unsnap the bottom of his onesie and reveal the outside of his fully sodden diaper.

"My, you are one poopy boy, aren't you, little Timmy?" She asked in a teasing tone.

"I'm a poopy baby, Nana. I need my poopy diaper changed," Timmy replied in a shy voice. He barely noticed all his friends burst out laughing.

Then he felt Debra undo the tabs on his diaper and open it as she raised his legs. "Ewww!" Timmy heard the half dozen people all standing around him shout. "That is so gross!" "Look at how poopy that diaper is!"

Timmy burned in humiliation and shame as Debra methodically cleaned his poopy bum with wipe after wipe as everyone stared and gawked.

Any self-respect Timmy had retained up to that point had finally melted away under their gaze. The sensation of having his poopy diaper bottom wiped by Debra in front of all his old friends made him feel so babyish and small, it ended up being the final act needed for Timmy's total transformation.

WHEN DEBRA FINISHED WIPING Timmy's bottom, she threw his remarkably soiled diaper away, applied new powder, and wrapped him up in a clean, puffy diaper.

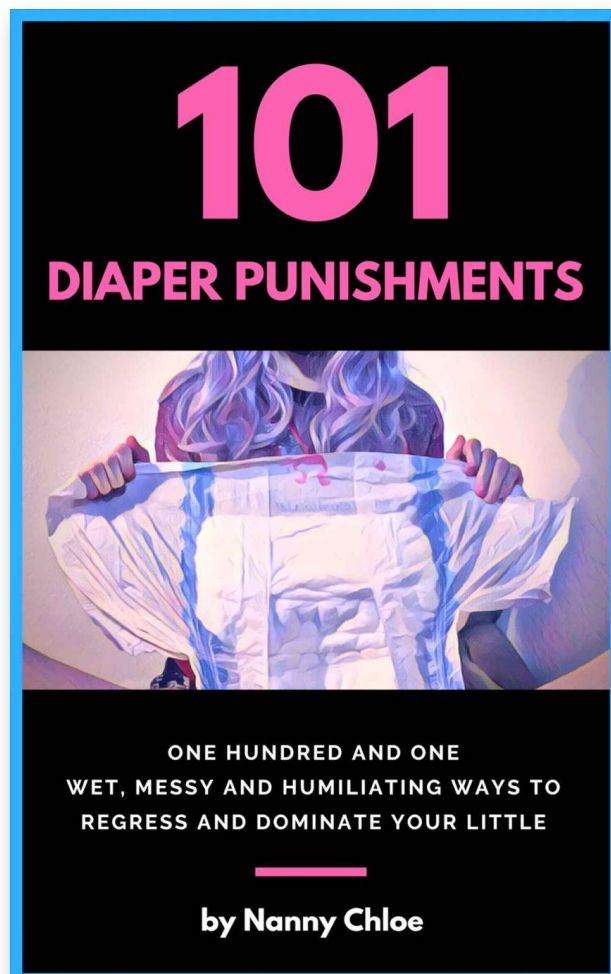
She then made Timmy waddle up to all his friends and say, "Bye, bye, I'm sorry I made a stinky," much to their combined disgust and amusement. She then secured him in her minivan to take him back home.

As she looked in her rearview mirror at Timmy, she noticed that the flush in his cheeks he got when he was extra humiliated was still there. It was like the expression of his humiliation had decided to stay on his face permanently now, blending in as the rosy flush cheeks of an adorable baby boy.

When they got home, Debra fed Timmy dinner in his highchair, gave him his bottle of milk, and read him a story as he fell asleep in his new crib.

Debra smiled to herself as she watched him doze off in his puffy night time diapers. She finally had her baby boy back. And this time, she would never let him go.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



101 Diaper Punishments: 101 Wet, Messy and Humiliating Ways to Regress and Dominate your Little

In the first comprehensive manual of its kind, Mistress Chloe shares with you why she loves to use diapers to dominate and regress her submissives.

Then, she gives you a full 101 tools, techniques, tricks and tips to help you regress your Little and keep them in line!

In this massive tome, you will learn:

- How to regress your submissive back to diapers through various techniques and tricks.
- How to do all the activities needed for your new Little, including diaper changes, feeding and play time.
- A long list of rules for you to implement for your Little.
- Dozens and dozens of punishments for breaking those rules.
- And countless techniques and methods you can use to restrain, humiliate, punish and dominate your Little completely.

“101 Diaper Punishments,” is a fictional ABDL guide full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation and soggy and messy diapers! It’s for mature audiences only!

“This book is huge! It’s the kamasutra of diaper discipline!”

- LittlePrncss33

“This book is awesome and so full of insights! I can’t wait to start implementing some of these techniques in my own work.”

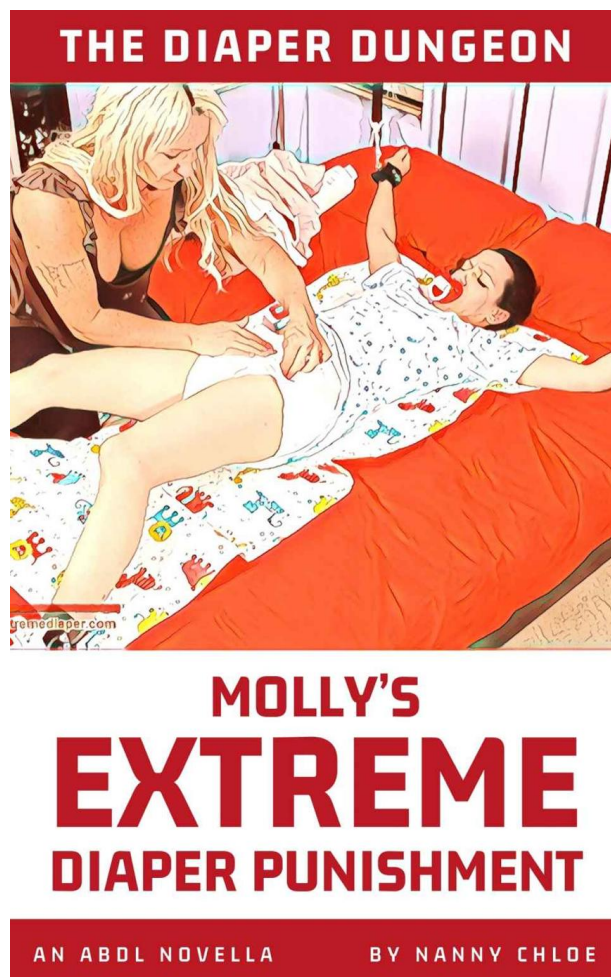
- Mistress Marywell

“As an ABDL Little and FemDom fan, I loved reading this because it gave me tons of ideas for ways to have fun with my Big. Especially when I’ve been naughty, hehe.”

- Little_Georgie

* * *

NOVELLAS:



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

Dr. Katherine Olivia is head of the brand new Experimental Behavior Corrections Wing of her hospital, and she has a very special method of discipline she plans to mete out...

Diaper Discipline.

Why? Because Dr. Olivia knows that forcing her naughty subjects to wear and use diapers is the ultimate act of humiliating submission.

But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

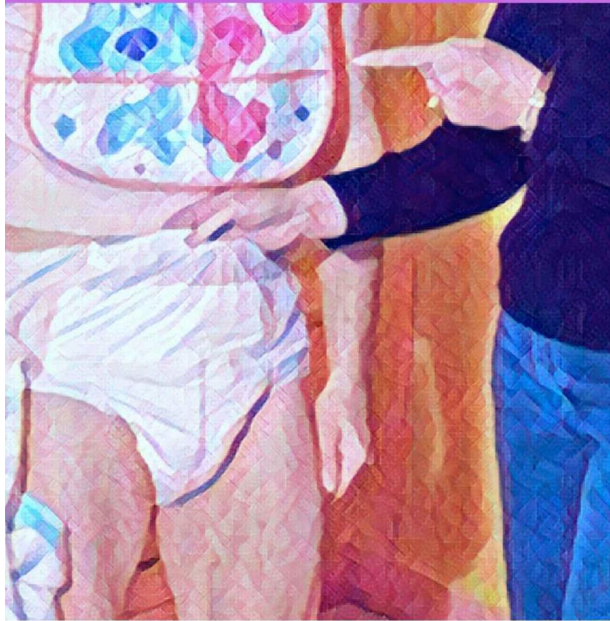
Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

And public messing are all in store for the naughty ones who end up subject to her rule.

And Molly, the department's newest unsuspecting patient, is about to get it worst of all.

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

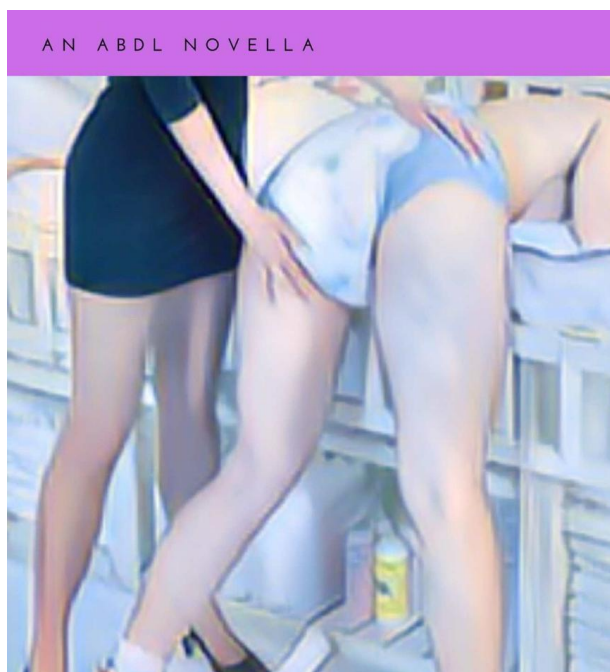
Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

After Dillon is caught doing drugs in his bedroom, his Mom decides to drop him off at her friend Carol's house for the Summer to keep watch over him. Unfortunately for Dillon, Carol is very strict.

Dillon finds this out for himself when he discovers that Carol keeps her adult son, Patrick, in diapers and treats him like a baby! It's not long until Dillon starts to feel like he's being treated like an adult baby himself.

When Dillon is sent to bed early with a full bladder, Carol's strict rules about leaving the bedroom after bedtime result in a very wet accident.

That's when Carol decides to return Dillon to diapers. And everything only gets worse for Dillon from there...



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

On the first day of school back from Summer break, Sarah is expecting it to start like every other year. But to Sarah's surprise, her parents drop her off at a special boarding school that is far more strict than she can imagine.

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.'

After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined.

Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

It's the end of Summer, and Sandy is hoping to be on her way to Summer Camp. But instead, she's dropped off at a very special institution...

When she tries to escape, the head nurse makes short work of her bottom with a heavy spanking.

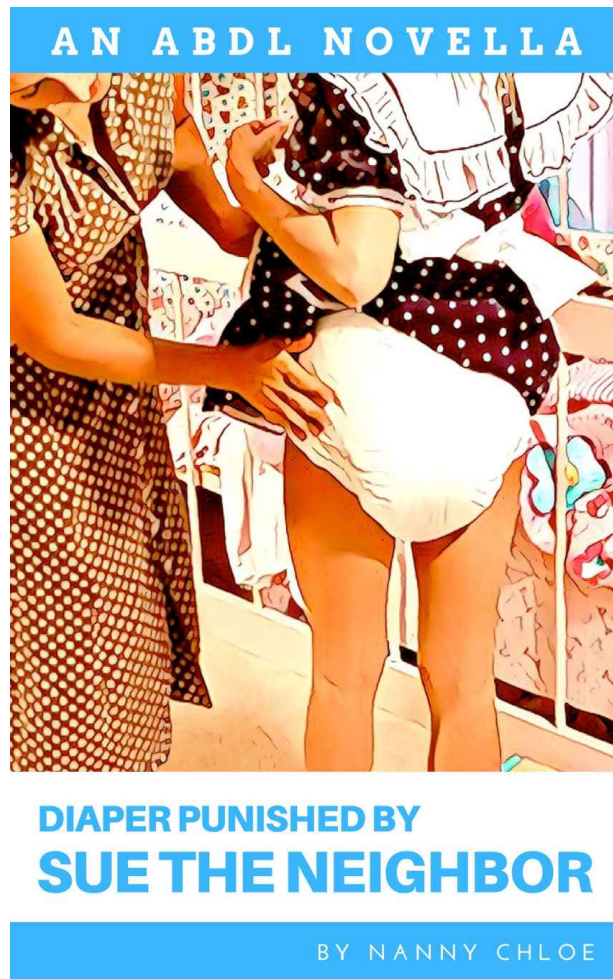
Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

When Sandy's accident is discovered, she's given a very special, humiliating diapering by the ward nurse herself. The straightjacket makes it all that much worse.

Then Sandy is transferred to the asylum nursery and locked in a small crib. Unfortunately for Sandy, that's when her need to use the bathroom again becomes overwhelming.

When Sandy finally lets go, her Nurse ensures this soggy bottom will be one she never forgets.

Finally, the nurse then decides its time for Sandy's ultimate punishment, and Sandy learns new meaning to the phrase, "Diaper Domination."



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

I've always fantasized about being put back in diapers.

From my earliest memory, I've longed to be forced to wear diapers by a domineering woman. It's a part of myself I've tried for so long to repress or ignore, all to no avail. My overwhelming desire to be regressed and diapered has followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

She spotted me buying diapers at the grocery store. She called me out immediately for being the naughty diaper lover that I am.

I had no idea at the time, but she was looking for someone like me. A diaper lover. That's because her fantasy has always been to transform someone like me into her full-time Little.

But I soon discovered that she wasn't interested in half-measures. And when my fantasy became reality, I learned there was a whole lot more to it than I expected! Especially when it came to spankings, discipline, and messy diapers!

Am I finally living my diaper dream? Or have I been caught in a diaper nightmare!



Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

After all, I was a broke, 18-year-old woman in a strange city, about to be homeless if I didn't find a place quick!

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

For example, forcing me to wear a humiliating, girly pink dress.

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

It didn't take long until she decided I had never been properly potty-trained...

And began subjecting me to nightly enemas next to the potty chair!

Before I knew it, Madame Lola was threatening to put me right back into diapers again...

How the heck did my 'potty-training' turn into my 'un-potty training'?!

And why does it feel like I'm losing more and more control every day!?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for downloading and reading, my little!

As always, your reviews and feedback are greatly appreciated, as they let Nanny Chloe know what you want to read in your ABDL stories. :)

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