

THE DIAPER DUNGEON



MOLLY'S **EXTREME** DIAPER PUNISHMENT

AN ABDL NOVELLA

BY NANNY CHLOE

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

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Thank You for Reading!

PROLOGUE

Dr. Olivia's high heels clacked loudly on the tile as she confidently strode down the hospital corridor.

She was on the 12th floor of the city's largest public hospital, and as head of the newly developed Experimental Behavioral Corrections Department, the whole wing was hers.

For decades, the project was something Dr. Olivia thought would only be possible in her wildest dreams. But due to decades of an impeccable career, Dr. Olivia got her chance to make it all happen just a few weeks prior.

Dr. Olivia couldn't be prouder of her accomplishment, as evidenced by her confident smile as she walked past the twelve, individual patient rooms dedicated to the department.

Twelve rooms. Twelve Patients. Twelve novel and twisted forms of diaper punishment meted out to each unfortunate subject who had been provided to satisfy her experimental curiosity.

Some of the patients in the rooms around her had been there for weeks now. Others, mere hours.

All of the patients surely wished they could leave. But unfortunately for them, none of them could leave without Dr. Olivia's written permission. And Dr. Olivia had little desire to give that to anyone any time soon.

The twelve patients, all adults, had been submitted to her domain for various reasons. Some had gotten in trouble with the law. Some had been issued ultimatums from their caretakers. And some had even volunteered, clearly having not read the commitment contract they signed very carefully.

And now each one of them was being subject to some of the harshest, most humiliating, degrading, thorough, and transformative forms of diaper submission ever yet devised.

It was all part of what Dr. Olivia called her, "Diaper Domination Enhanced Regression Method."

Dr. Olivia had had a secret fascination with diaper discipline for many decades.

It started when Dr. Olivia had begun innocently experimenting with BDSM in the bedroom with her partners in her early adulthood. Then, during medical school, Dr. Olivia began moonlighting as a dominatrix to help pay her rent. After all, she found that she was not only fascinated with the topic, but quite good at the job of domination as well.

But it was a fateful encounter with a diaper fetishist at one point in her dominatrix job that put her on the trajectory of where she was standing today.

When a relatively wealthy, middle-aged male client (a description most of her clients at the time fit) approached her one day asking that she force him to wear a diaper and

treat him like a baby for their session, she was a bit surprised by the request.

After all, Dr. Olivia's conception of the BDSM world up until that point had been defined by her wearing tight black leather and carrying a bullwhip—not wearing an apron that said, 'Mommy', and carrying a tube of baby powder!

But to Dr. Olivia's surprise, she found the experience of diapering and forcefully regressing a client to the status of a baby absolutely invigorating!

It didn't take long for Dr. Olivia to understand that by forcing a bottom to wear (and use!) diapers, she was subjecting them to an act of domination that far surpassed what her bullwhip alone was capable of. She was *confiscating their very adulthood and all of the autonomy and power that went with it!*

She soon found this particular niche of the BDSM world the most intoxicating of all. It didn't take long for her to realize that all the other tricks of her BDSM trade—humiliation, sexual control, *spanking*—fit better than she realized into her newfound skill of *diaper domination*.

And what kept Dr. Olivia most fascinated with diaper fetishism—what kept her researching and privately writing about the topic long after she quit being a dominatrix—was the way that diaper domination had the unique power to psychologically *regress the subject to a previous, more malleable state of development*.

As Dr. Olivia began her medical psychology career, this was the piece that stayed with her and fascinated her the most.

It was the theoretical cornerstone to what became an extensive research paper and theoretical manual that she wrote in secret over a period of many years. She called her

document, "The Diaper Domination Enhanced Regression Method."

However, as transfixed as Dr. Olivia was by the potential inherent to diaper domination, she knew that her peers in the medical field would find the ideas outlandish on their face.

Therefore, Dr. Olivia committed herself to slowly working up the ladder of her career, demonstrating herself to be an able and responsible doctor and psychologist in every possible way, hoping that one day her chance would come.

After all, she thought, once they saw the results of successful diaper punishment themselves, they would have to take it seriously.

And to Dr. Olivia's immense delight, that day did one day come...

It was in a normal Wednesday afternoon meeting when Dr. Olivia discovered, along with the rest of the hospital's senior staff, that the hospital had been granted a special research grant from the city.

The purpose of the grant? Devise a pilot program capable of quickly and effectively modifying the behavior of potentially anti-social individuals.

The grant was an incidental outcome of the city mayor's campaign to reduce crime. The city's grant to the hospital was a token tribute to the idea of reforming troublesome individuals before they became full-blown criminals.

When Dr. Olivia heard about the grant and its purpose, her gears immediately started turning. She knew that this was her chance.

She cashed in her decades of patiently building credibility with her higher-ups in order to get the funding dedicated to a program she personally proposed.

Of course, in Dr. Olivia's proposal for the pilot program, she kept key specific details of the program concealed. After all, she knew that it was unlikely that anyone would willingly sign their name to approve experimental 'diaper discipline'.

...At least not until she showed them the results.

When her program was approved, Dr. Olivia got to work.

She carefully built the team she needed by handpicking the nurses she trusted most in the hospital.

She then diligently navigated the hospital's bureaucratic mandates until she attained the level of privacy and autonomy she knew she needed to carry out her plans.

Soon the new, 'Experimental Behavioral Corrections Department' began collecting its first patients. And in the weeks that followed, Dr. Olivia and her staff began the work of diligently 'correcting' their behavior.

Every second that she and her team worked, Dr. Olivia delighted in their progress.

And today, as Dr. Olivia walked down the corridor, she was even more thrilled.

Today, she knew, was a very special day. It was the first day that the wing would have a staff member visit who hadn't been there since day one. A person who had no idea what had been going on inside the wing over the last several weeks.

The incoming visitor's name was Miss Jenna. She was a doctor-in-training applying for a residency as Dr. Olivia's

personal second in command.

Dr. Olivia smiled as she approached the elevator for their meeting. *Time to finally demonstrate what we've accomplished*, she thought to herself.

* * *

THE ELEVATOR DOOR dinged just as Dr. Olivia arrived. Out stepped a young, intelligent and busty blonde.

"Hello, Miss Jenna," Dr. Olivia said with a coy smile. "It's a pleasure to meet you in person."

"Dr. Olivia?" Miss Jenna replied. "The pleasure is mine!" She said as they shook hands.

Dr. Olivia felt herself getting even more excited. She could tell from Miss Jenna's natural beauty, as well as the feminine strength she emanated, that she was the perfect candidate for Dr. Olivia's new second in command.

That is... if Miss Jenna was willing to embrace what she saw today.

Dr. Olivia guided Miss Jenna into the nearby break room. "Why don't we grab a seat and go over some things before I give you the tour."

Dr. Olivia and Miss Jenna sat down across from each other. Dr. Olivia could tell that Miss Jenna was highly professional, but clearly also nervous.

"Now, Miss Jenna," Dr. Olivia began. "I don't want to waste time by mincing words. I want you to know that the work we're doing in this ward might be described as... controversial. I wouldn't be surprised if it shocked even the most seasoned professionals."

Miss Jenna anxiously nodded.

“If you choose to turn this position down, I completely understand. All I ask is that everything you witness today stay completely confidential for clinical purposes,” Dr. Olivia explained.

“Of course,” Miss Jenna said.

“Now, before I begin... well actually, let me think about the best way... I mean... Miss Jenna...” Dr. Olivia hesitated.

“Dr. Olivia... stop. I already know,” Miss Jenna anxiously interjected.

“You do?” Dr. Olivia replied with suspicion.

“Dr. Olivia... please don’t be angry with me. But your paper... ‘The Diaper Domination Enhanced Regression Method’. It leaked in the research community last month,” Miss Jenna explained.

Dr. Olivia suddenly felt nervous.

“I’m sorry, but I read it,” Miss Jenna continue. “I couldn’t help myself. You’re one of the best research psychologist physicians in the country, and...” Miss Jenna said, hesitating.

Dr. Olivia was on the edge of her seat.

“And... Dr. Olivia... It’s beautiful,” Miss Jenna said. “It’s absolutely brilliant. Every bit of it. I had never thought about it before... but diaper discipline... I think your paper alone might be one of most important theoretical advancements for behavioral modification in a century,” Miss Jenna professed. “Let alone if it works in practice.”

Dr. Olivia smiled as Miss Jenna continued. “If that’s what this wing is dedicated to—Diaper discipline and regression?

I am dying to see it in practice, and I'm dying to be a part of it in any way I can help," Miss Jenna added emphatically.

"Miss Jenna," Dr. Olivia replied. "You've made me one, very happy doctor." Dr. Olivia leaned in. "I promise, by the end of today, you will have seen far more diaper discipline than you ever could have hoped for. And I promise, you will not be disappointed."

The two beautiful women smiled again. They both sensed this was the beginning of a beautiful friendship.

THE FIRST PATIENT

*H*enry groggily opened his eyes. He looked around and realized he had no idea where he was.

The small room he was in seemed to be a strange mix between a hospital room and bedroom. The pastel blue walls of the room were spotless. The bed he was laying in was twin sized—like a hospital bed. But unlike a hospital bed, the sheets were quite comfortable.

There was a large, floor to ceiling mirror on one side of the room, and on the other side, pleasant daylight was streaming in through translucent drapes on the window.

The door of the room, however, contrasted significantly with the rest of the room's decor. The door was large, metal, and had only a tiny, shatter-proof glass window near the top. It looked like it would better belong in a prison, rather than a bedroom or hospital room for that matter.

Henry wracked his brain trying to remember what led him here. He slowly started putting the pieces together...

He remembered getting in big trouble with his Mom for crashing her car...

Then he remembered his Mom saying she wouldn't pay for his college education if he didn't submit to some sort of, 'behavioral correction therapy program'...

And finally, the last thing he remembered was being dropped off at the hospital and given a few pills from a nurse to help him, 'relax'.

Henry finally put the pieces together enough to realized that the room he was in now was probably part of the 'behavior correction' program his Mom had signed him up for.

He realized he was fuzzy about how long he was supposed to be at this place, let alone what the program entailed. And as he sat up in bed, he also realized he was also no longer wearing a shirt or pants.

Henry was immediately concerned that he had been undressed without his knowledge while he was asleep, let alone that he had been put to sleep in the first place, but he hoped that somebody from the program would be in shortly to explain the situation.

Henry then felt his bladder twinge, and he realized he badly needed to pee. He figured he would go out to the hallway and find a bathroom himself, despite his lack of clothing.

Henry swung his legs over to the side of the bed to get up.

And that's when he felt it.

Something crinkly around his waist and crotch.

He instinctively reached his hands below his bedsheets to feel it. The cool plastic he felt with his fingers made his blood run cold.

Henry whipped his bedsheets off to finally see for himself.

He gasped in horror.

He was wearing a diaper.

Not just any diaper, either. Not a thin, 'protective brief' that he saw commercials for on daytime television. No, it was much worse than that.

The diaper he was wearing looked exactly like a baby diaper, but large enough to fit an adult. It was super thick from the crotch to the waist. It had distinct tapes holding it together. And it was bright white from top to bottom.

Henry was paralyzed by a wave of emotions. First, utter humiliation that he was in fact, currently wearing a diaper.

Not only that, somebody had presumably *put the diaper on him* while he slept.

He shuddered to think about the fact that somebody had given him what was effectively... a diaper change.

Next, he felt angry. He couldn't believe somebody had removed his clothes and put him in a diaper without his permission.

Finally, he felt terrified wondering who had seen him in his diapers. Surely a nurse had put him in the diaper. Had others in the hospital seen him? What about his Mom—had she returned since checking him in to see him wearing a diaper? What if pictures got out to his friends and high school?

Henry covered his crotch up again with his blanket and took a deep breath.

Slowly, he realized he was probably overreacting. It was most likely just a mistake on behalf of the staff, or maybe procedure for everyone who is given sleeping pills.

Henry looked down at the diaper again and tried to let out a small laugh.

Maybe it was actually kind of funny, he told himself. *And at least the diaper wasn't yellow*, he thought to himself, trying to make light of the situation.

Henry got to his feet and looked at his diapered reflection in the room's floor to ceiling mirror next to the metal door. The image of him wearing such an infantile garment sent a chill down his spine.

He hurriedly ripped the tapes of the diaper off and yanked the diaper off of his crotch with relief.

He balled the diaper up and prepared to chuck it in the corner...

But he hesitated, then began to unfold the diaper again. He had to be sure of something...

Henry opened the diaper up and carefully inspected the inside and crotch.

He sighed with relief. The inside of the diaper was completely dry and free of stains. *They may have put a diaper on me, but at least I didn't actually use it*, he mused.

Henry balled the diaper up and threw it in the corner, relieved to be rid of it.

But before he could celebrate, Henry looked at his naked body in the mirror and realized something was different...

All of his pubic hair was gone!

Henry rubbed his naked dick and balls in a mixture of surprise and confusion. He even turned to inspect his ass, which was also now completely hairless! His bottom and junk were now as smooth as a baby's!

While Henry had to admit it felt sort of good for his cock and balls to be so smooth and exposed, he was also perturbed, to say the least, that apparently who ever had diapered him, had also shaved all his pubes!

To make matters worse, Henry's bladder ached again, interrupting his train of thought. He realized he now faced another problem. He badly needed to leave his room to go find a bathroom, but was now buck naked.

Henry began frantically searching around the room for some sort of clothes. Unfortunately, the room was barren except for his bed and a couple empty pieces of furniture. The drawers on the cheap dresser in the corner were all completely empty.

Frustrated, Henry wandered to the door and tried to peer out the window into the hallway. The window didn't allow for much visibility. From what he could tell, it looked like a normal, fluorescent-lit hospital hallway. But unfortunately, it seemed to be empty, dashing his plan to try and flag down a staff member through the window.

Henry felt trapped. Even though he couldn't see anyone in the hallway, he still felt too embarrassed to start walking down the hallway buck naked.

Henry walked back to his bed and sat down. He crossed his legs and squeezed his eyes shut, hoping to delay his need to pee long enough for a staff member to come check on him (and presumably give him the clothes he needed to go use the bathroom.)

But Henry didn't last long, and he soon realized he couldn't hold it much longer.

Thinking quick, he decided to wrap the blanket from the bed around him to cover up his nudity and try to venture

out to go find a bathroom.

But when Henry approached the door of his room and pulled on the handle, his heart sank.

The door was locked. He was locked in.

Henry began to panic. He started banging on the door. "Hello! Hello! Is anyone out there! I have to pee!" He shouted as loud as he could.

He realized as he frantically banged his fist against the metal door that it was so thick, it was doubtful any one on the other side could hear his cries.

Henry grimaced and crossed his legs again, feeling more and more desperate. His feeling of being trapped only intensified his intense need to pee.

He looked around the room for a somewhere to go. Maybe a jar, or a bottle. Even a trashcan would do. But there was no such object.

But then he saw it. The diaper he had confidently discarded earlier.

Should I just pee in that? Henry found himself wondering.

After all, he wouldn't have to *wear* it. Just hold it up to his cock and urinate in it...

Henry stared at the crumpled-up diaper on the floor for several minutes, until finally, he turned away, deciding that there was no way.

At this point, Henry thought, I'd rather pee on the carpet in the corner than pee in that damn diaper.

To Henry, the indignity of being denied a bathroom and forced to pee in a diaper was just too much to tolerate.

Even if he didn't actually wear it, he still felt like it would be humiliating to have to use it as his sole bathroom.

Besides, he thought, if I pee in that diaper, they might see it as evidence that I *actually do* need to wear diapers.

As the pain of his bladder continued to get worse and worse, the whole situation was making Henry more and more angry. Finally, he decided he would give banging on the door one last try.

Henry approached the door of his room again and started kicking it with everything he had. Then he started screaming at the top of his lungs.

"Hey assholes! Hey morons! I gotta piss! I gotta take a piss! Come get me out of here! I gotta use the fucking restroom you fuckwads!" Henry screamed.

Finally, after about five minutes of Henry slamming the door with everything he had, a nurse's face appeared in the small window.

Henry stood back, dripping with sweat, as he waited for her to open the door.

The heavy door slowly swung out, and to Henry's surprise, a flaming hot, young nurse with stark red hair and a pressed white nurse's outfit walked in. A sharp name tag on her blouse said, "Nurse Scarlet."

"Do we have a problem in here?" Nurse Scarlet asked Henry. She did not look happy.

In Henry's fit of rage, he had practically forgotten he was naked. It took him a second to cover his privates with his hands out of modesty.

"Ummm... Yes, I need to use the bathroom," Henry said in a meek voice. Something about this nurse was extremely

intimidating to him all of the sudden.

Nurse Scarlet folded her arms, looked down at Henry's crotch, then looked over at the discarded diaper in the corner of the room.

"You'll be taken to the restroom at your next scheduled restroom break. If you don't feel like you can hold it till then, perhaps you should have used the diaper we put you in, rather than rudely discarding it for someone else to clean up," Nurse Scarlet replied.

Henry was furious. "Scheduled bathroom break? When is that?"

Nurse Scarlet checked her watch. "Well, it was going to be in about five minutes, but since you decided to throw a tantrum loud enough to wake every patient on the floor, now I'm not so sure I can trust you in the hallways. So, why don't you put that diaper back on until you learn how to patiently behave yourself," Nurse Scarlet scolded.

Henry was flabbergasted.

"Wait... But... I mean... You can't force me to use a diaper! Take me to the bathroom! You *have* to let me use the bathroom!" Henry shouted.

Nurse Scarlet smiled. She folded her arms as she stood in front of the door, blocking it.

"Do I?" She asked.

"Well... yeah!" Henry said, exasperated. He couldn't believe he was being forced to have this conversation.

Part of Henry wanted to try and just barge past this woman and make a run for the bathroom, but something about her stance showed that she would not go down easy, that she might even be very well trained for such a move on his

part. Not to mention Henry was still naked, which made him feel even more vulnerable.

“And why is that?” Nurse Scarlet asked with a smirk.

“Because! Because I don’t need diapers! I’m a potty-trained adult, you bitch!” Henry shouted. It was unlike him to swear at a stranger, but he felt like he was about to start crying out of anger and frustration.

Nurse Scarlet stared at Henry for a second, clearly taking in the curse word he had just screamed. Henry suddenly got nervous that he had screwed up.

But then Nurse Scarlet nodded. “I see. Well Henry, since you seem to feel so strongly about this, why don’t I bring the doctor over and we can check up with them.”

Henry nodded. He still felt furious, but he also felt relieved to hear Nurse Scarlet saying she would bring her supervisor over. He figured this would clear things up immediately.

Henry watched Nurse Scarlet hit a button outside of his hospital room’s door, and then heard a consequent ‘ding’, down the hallway, presumably a page for the doctor.

Henry sat down on his bed, still naked, as he and Nurse Scarlet waited for the doctor.

Henry heard what sounded like high heels coming down the hallway.

“Dr. Olivia,” Nurse Scarlet said with a smile. “I believe our patient has an issue which you may be able to help resolve.”

Dr. Olivia turned the corner into Henry’s room, and Henry’s heart sank with dread. He hadn’t realized it till then, but

Henry had wrongfully assumed that Dr. Olivia would be a man.

Instead, Dr. Olivia was another smoking hot, busty woman. She looked about a decade or two older than Nurse Scarlet, but she was just as sexy, and seemed to be even more powerful.

Henry had only just begun to realize how significant it was that it was sexy women who were dominating him in this way. On top of everything else, they seemed to possess the unique ability to obliterate his masculinity with just a single look.

“What seems to be the problem?” Dr. Olivia asked as she stood across from Henry with her arms folded and a clipboard in her hand.

Henry did his best to cover his nakedness with the blankets on his bed. He could barely look up at Dr. Olivia as she stared down at him through her foxy eyeglasses.

“I uhh... I need to use the bathroom,” Henry said.

“Uh huh. And where is your diaper?” Dr. Olivia asked in a stern tone.

“I uhh... Took it off,” Henry confessed, staring into his lap.

“And why did you do that?” Dr. Olivia asked.

“I uhh...” Henry trailed off. He suddenly felt very embarrassed and didn’t know how to answer the doctor’s questions.

“He said he doesn’t need diapers,” Nurse Scarlet interjected.

“Ah, I see,” Dr. Olivia said. “Henry, is that true?”

“Yes,” Henry replied meekly.

"Hmmm," Dr. Olivia murmured as she flipped through the paperwork on her clipboard. "Well Henry, if that's the case, I'm very sorry we put you in a diaper. There must have been a mistake in our paperwork. Nurse Scarlet? Please take little Henry here to the bathroom," Dr. Olivia said.

"Right away, Dr. Olivia," Nurse Scarlet responded.

Henry immediately lit up. He was starting to worry that there was no way he was going to win this fight against these women.

But now he felt immensely relieved. He even felt a little embarrassed about getting so worked up earlier.

"But oh, Dr. Olivia, you should know that just before you arrived, our patient screamed a verbal curse word at me," Nurse Scarlet added.

Dr. Olivia stopped on her heels and spun back toward Henry. Henry's heart started pounding again.

"Is that true?" Dr. Olivia asked Henry.

"I uhhh..." Henry felt paralyzed. He didn't know whether it would be better to lie or tell the truth.

There was a long and uncomfortable silence as Henry stared at his lap.

"It appears the cat has stolen little Henry's tongue. Nurse Scarlet, what did Henry say?" Dr. Olivia asked.

"He said, and I quote, 'I don't need diapers, I'm a potty-trained adult, you bitch,'" Nurse Olivia explained in a straightforward tone.

"Is that true, Henry?" Dr. Olivia asked.

Henry felt Dr. Olivia staring at him, scrutinizing him. He immediately regretted saying the word to the Nurse.

“Yes, Dr. Olivia, it is,” Henry replied, his face still glued to his naked lap.

Dr. Olivia took a deep breath. “Ah, I see. Well, thank you for being honest with me, Henry. And thank you, Nurse Scarlet for letting me know.”

Dr. Olivia calmly took a seat on a chair across from the bed Henry was sitting on. “This may in fact be the perfect opportunity to explain to you why you’re here, Henry. Nurse Scarlet, please do me a favor and close the door and step in.”

“Yes, Dr. Olivia,” Nurse Scarlet said, swinging the large metal door shut behind her and standing guard in front of it with her arms folded.

Henry immediately grew nervous again. His aching bladder begged him to interject and ask to be led to the bathroom first, but his raw terror of the powerful women in front of him kept his lips sealed.

“Now Henry, the reason you were enrolled in our program is that we understand you to have poor judgement for a boy your age, as well as a severe problem with your temper,” Dr. Olivia began to explain.

“But the first thing you should know about your stay here, is that when you get to graduate our program and leave is up to you. All you have to do is show growth in the aforementioned area, and you’re free to go.

“But Henry, I’m going to be honest with you, you’re not off to a great start. After all, it’s only your first day, and you’ve already thrown what can only be described as a temper tantrum, and you’ve already verbally assaulted one of our staff members who was only trying to help you,” Dr. Olivia lectured.

"But—But—" Henry tried to argue back in vain. He felt like Dr. Olivia was exaggerating, to say the least!

Dr. Olivia put her hand up, easily silencing him. "The second thing, Henry, is that the principal way that your life in here will differ from your previous life is that your actions *will* have consequences.

"You won't be able to argue or talk your way out of them, either. We know that this is the best and only way for us to teach you the respect and obedience you so sorely lacked in your previous life."

Henry's head was spinning. He had no idea what this woman meant by 'consequences.'

"Henry, am I understood?" Dr. Olivia asked.

"Yes, Doctor," Henry muttered.

"Good," Dr. Olivia said. "Nurse Scarlet, will you issue Henry a spanking of twenty-five blows for his mouthing off?"

"Yes, Dr. Olivia. Bare handed?" Nurse Scarlet responded in a dry tone.

"Yes, Nurse Scarlet," Dr. Olivia responded in an equally clinical tone.

Henry's heart started to race as Nurse Scarlet calmly approached him on the bed. *Spanking??* Henry thought to himself. *They can't do that to me!*

"Stand up and place your hands upon your head," Nurse Scarlet said as she stood in front of Henry.

"What? No!" Henry shouted in horror. He looked over toward Dr. Olivia in disbelief as she casually stood back and watched from the corner of the room.

"This is your only warning, Henry. You can either submit to your discipline willingly, or we can use the mechanisms necessary to enforce compliance," Nurse Scarlet said.

"You can't do this to me! Doctor! You can't let her do this to me!" Henry pleaded and screamed.

Dr. Olivia removed her eye glasses, rubbed her eyes and sighed. "Henry, believe me when I say that I'm doing you a favor by letting you know that resisting discipline will always, always make your life much harder. The sooner you learn that, the easier it will be for you while you're with us."

Henry couldn't take it anymore. He jumped off his bed, shoved Nurse Scarlet back, and ran to the door of his room.

He frantically pulled and pounded on the locked door and screamed at the top of his lungs. Predictably, the door didn't budge.

Nurse Scarlet and Dr. Olivia calmly looked at each other and sighed as Henry threw a naked temper tantrum in the corner.

"I'm sorry, Nurse Scarlet. It looks like Henry it going to be more of a handful than I realized," Dr. Olivia said.

"Don't apologize, Dr. Olivia. It's all part of the job," Nurse Scarlet said as she calmly pulled a pair of medical wrist restraints out of her apron pocket.

"Well, the least I can do is help you," Dr. Olivia replied, taking one of the wrist restraints from Nurse Scarlet.

"Should we let him tire himself out some more, first?" Nurse Scarlet asked as she looked at Henry frantically and fruitlessly banging his wrists against the door.

“No,” Dr. Olivia replied. “I think subjects learn best from their punishments when their will to resist is broken mid-ritual.”

Henry finally looked over his shoulder to see Nurse Scarlet and Dr. Olivia steadily approaching him.

“No... wait... please...” Henry began to beg.

Before he knew what was happening, Nurse Scarlet had cuffed one of his wrists and spun his arm behind his back.

Dr. Olivia seamlessly cuffed his other wrist without skipping a beat, and suddenly Henry found himself being carried over to the chair in the room by the two women.

Suddenly, Henry was laying on top of Nurse Scarlet’s lap, face down. He tried to separate his wrists, but he realized that they had already bound them together behind his back.

WHAP. WHAP. WHAP.

Nurse Scarlet’s hand landed so fast and hard on Henry’s naked bottom that the stinging pain of her blows didn’t register to Henry for several seconds after they commenced.

When they finally did register, Henry was left to helpless gasp and scream and cry at the top of his lungs.

“OWWEEEEEE!!!! STOP ITTT!!!! IT HURTTSSS!!!!” Henry wailed as Nurse Scarlet unleashed a relentless and non-stop series of blows to his bottom.

Nurse Scarlet, for her part, was dispassionate as she gripped the wildly kicking and flailing boy in her lap and issued the extraordinary bare-handed spanking.

For Nurse Scarlet, the spanking was a rigorous physical activity, as demonstrated by the sweat on her forehead, but one she was very well practiced in.

And Dr. Olivia used the opportunity to carefully observe and take notes of the boy being disciplined in front of her. To Dr. Olivia, the breaking of a subject's will to disobedience was always a clinically rich and supremely fascinating thing to witness.

Finally, after what must have been a hundred blows delivered to each of Henry's bright red ass cheeks, Nurse Scarlet came to a pause.

The machine-gun like smacking noise that had loudly echoed across the whole room was now overtaken with Henry's pathetic and submissive wails for mercy.

Nurse Scarlet caught her breath in silence as Dr. Olivia waited for Henry to quiet down of his own accord.

Finally, Henry's whimpers became soft enough for him to hear Dr. Olivia speaking to him.

"Henry, look at me," she demanded.

Henry slowly turned his tear-filled eyes and snotty nose to Dr. Olivia sitting on his bed.

"Now Henry, do you have anything to say for yourself regarding your disrespect toward Nurse Scarlet earlier?"

"I'm sawwwyyy," Henry said through his tears. "I'll be good, I promise! Just please don't spank me anymore!"

"Very good," Dr. Olivia replied. "But Henry, do you remember when I explained to you earlier that when you put up resistance to your discipline, you only make it harder on yourself?"

“Yessss,” Henry whined. “I’m sorry! Just let me get up now, please,” he said as he fruitlessly flailed against Miss Scarlet’s iron grip.

“Henry, what you need to understand is that what you just received was a *compliance spanking*. It was merely the result of you resisting your actual spanking sentence. The blows Nurse Scarlet just performed were merely to get you to the point of accepting the commencement of your punishment,” Dr. Olivia explained in a clinical tone.

“I don’t understand,” Henry whimpered.

“That’s okay, Henry. You don’t need to understand. But what you do need to understand is that Nurse Scarlet is about to begin your real spanking. And for every blow, I expect you to count the number out loud, thank Miss Scarlet for your discipline, and promise you will not disrespect her again,” Dr. Olivia explained.

“What?” Henry blurted.

SMACK.

Henry cried out in pain again as Nurse Scarlet delivered a mighty and concise blow to his butt cheek.

Dr. Olivia and Nurse Scarlet patiently waited as Henry flailed and squealed in her grasp.

“Wait... Wait... I need to get up... I need to get up...” he begged. “I have to go to the bathroom!”

The women ignored him.

“Should we start over then, Doctor?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“It looks like we have to. Henry, believe me when I say that Nurse Scarlet and I are more than capable to do this all

night with you if need be. I've done it before," she explained.

SMACK.

Henry screamed out in agony once again, but then realized what he needed to do.

Henry sniffled his snotty nose and summoned the energy to speak. "One... Thank you Nurse Scarlet. I will never disrespect you again," he belted out through gritted teeth.

SMACK.

"TWO! Thank you, Nurse Scarlet. I will never disrespect you again," Henry shrieked again.

The spankings continued in that fashion unabated. Henry's cries got louder after every blow, the stinging pain only getting more intense.

But about half-way through, Dr. Olivia noticed Henry's toes uncurling. She also noticed a dark patch beginning to form on Nurse Scarlet's skirt—right below Henry's lap.

Dr. Olivia smiled. She intentionally kept this observation to herself for now.

When Henry had finally reached twenty-five blows, his whole bottom was bright red from Nurse Scarlet's expert tanning.

Exhausted and morally destroyed, Henry was silent as Nurse Scarlet lifted him to his feet.

Dr. Olivia looked at the now giant wet spot on the lap of Nurse Scarlet's uniform. She then looked at the puddle of urine now on the floor next to the chair.

"My, my, what happened here?" Dr. Olivia asked with an evil smile.

Henry stared at his feet in defeated silence.

"Henry?" Dr. Olivia asked again.

Still no response.

"The patient lost control of his bladder on my lap," Nurse Scarlet interjected.

"Henry! Is that true?" Dr. Olivia asked, feigning shock.

Henry's eyes immediately welled up with tears. "I told you I had to go to the bathroom," he pleaded.

"So, you decided to just relieve yourself on Nurse Scarlet's lap?" Dr. Olivia asked.

"I couldn't help it," Henry said.

Dr. Olivia smiled. There was a long silence.

Dr. Olivia finally stood up. "Ah. I see. Well, Nurse Scarlet, it looks like the issue I was originally called in here to resolve has been clarified before our eyes. Henry may not *think* he needs to be in diapers, but it's the evidence clearly suggests the contrary," Dr. Olivia explained.

"Doctor, if I may," Nurse Scarlet interjected. "I would highly recommend classifying him as a diaper-only patient at all times until further notice. It's very unusual and alarming that he lacks enough basic control that he would urinate on a staff member."

Henry's whole body flushed red with shame and humiliation.

"Agreed," Dr. Olivia replied, relishing in Henry's look of utter shame.

"Well thank you Nurse Scarlet for your work here. Please do take Henry to the changing room to be put in a new

diaper. And this time, let's make sure he can't take it off," Dr. Olivia said with a laugh.

"Wait! Wait!" Henry said as Nurse Crimson unlocked the door and dragged Henry out to the hallway.

Henry still couldn't bear the idea of being forced to walk down the hallway naked with his hands bound behind his back.

"Henry!" Dr. Olivia called out. Nurse Crimson paused so that Henry could listen.

"Henry, I'm letting you know now, that what you just learned today was the first of many of the rules you will soon be living under, as well as many of the punishments that await you should you break them.

"It is in your best interest to begin treating the staff in charge here with the strictest of obedience at all times, no matter how harsh the punishment. Because believe me when I say that it can always get much... much worse," Dr. Olivia said with an evil smile.

Henry's blood ran cold as Nurse Crimson pushed him down the hallway toward the changing room.

Henry went quiet. He finally realized that resistance here was futile.

* * *

DR. OLIVIA FINISHED RECOUNTING the tale of Henry's first day in the clinic as she walked with Miss Jenna down the hallway and toward his room.

"So as our experience with our first patient from a few weeks ago demonstrates, it's more than possible to

motivate the subject's diaper compliance both out of medical necessity, and in the context of discipline," Dr. Olivia explained.

Miss Jenna nodded enthusiastically as she took notes on her own clipboard. "And have you had progress with the patient since?" Miss Jenna asked.

"Why don't you see for yourself?" Dr. Olivia said with a smile as they came to a stop in the hallway.

In front of them was a large, two-way mirror that pointed directly into Henry's patient room.

Of course, neither Henry or any of the other patients in the ward had any idea that the large mirrors in their rooms were so Dr. Olivia and her staff could easily observe them from the hallway.

Miss Jenna stared with wonder at Henry nonchalantly playing with his blocks on the floor of his room.

Around Henry's waist was a large, puffy, babyish disposable diaper. It was sagging between his legs and bright yellow, clearly soggy with his urine.

Henry seemed totally content with the state of the garment as he crawled around on all fours.

"Just a few mere weeks after his arrival, Henry is now a model of perfect behavior. He would now never even think of protesting a scheduled discipline-spanking—let alone a diaper change," Dr. Olivia explained with pride.

"Wow," Miss Jenna said. "That is a remarkable transformation. He seems to have accepted wearing his diaper completely, even in its yellow'd state."

"Oh yes. And that's no coincidence. As I theorized in my initial paper, maintaining a strict, 24/7 diaper-only regimen

is the key ingredient to achieving the deeply submissive state necessary for a substantial and lasting personality shift,” Dr. Olivia explained.

Miss Jenna nodded and continued writing down Dr. Olivia’s every word.

“But surely there’s more to it than simply enforcing diaper compliance,” Miss Jenna replied.

“Of course!” Dr. Olivia said. “And as you’ll see, we are experimenting with a myriad of different misbehavior punishment methods ranging from mild to extreme. But my point is simply that for all of them, mandatory diaper wearing is the cornerstone of our method, the unifying ingredient.

“That’s because a regimen of mandatory diaper wearing and use inherently connects the subject on a deep, subconscious level back to their most helpless state—infant-hood.

“Just about every, modern day human once wore diapers, and just about every modern-day human understood the shedding of those diapers as the cornerstone of their growth.

“By transforming their most basic, physiological need into an act of submission and humiliation, enormous control is reinforced over the subject every time they face the need to eliminate. Speaking of...” Dr. Olivia said, looking at her watch.

Miss Jenna watched as Henry suddenly stood up, walked over to the corner of the room, and began to do a little squat.

“Is he defecating in his diaper right now?” Miss Jenna asked.

“Indeed,” Dr. Olivia replied with a smile.

“I’m impressed that you achieved compliance with his diaper usage in regards to bowel movements as well then! I imagine many subjects resist defecation for some time,” Miss Jenna said as she watched Henry’s face start to go red as he continued to grunt and push.

“Indeed,” Dr. Olivia replied with a smile. “But you see, with Henry, all it took was one very simple adjustment. He was told that he would only get his diaper changed if he had made a ‘number two’ in it, so to speak. Further, he was informed that if he hadn’t had a morning bowel movement before his afternoon nap, or an evening bowel movement before his bedtime, the nurse would give him an enema before putting him to bed.”

“As you can imagine, it only took three instances of sleeping in the contents of an enema filled diaper to give Henry the motivation he needed to dutifully defecate after every meal,” Dr. Olivia said with a sadistic smirk.

“Just like a baby,” Miss Jenna added in admiration.

The both watched in fascination as the back of Henry’s soggy, yellow diaper bulged out as he dropped his morning mess into the back of his diaper.

Henry then wiped his brow, then went back to playing with his toys in his stinky diaper, as if nothing had even happened.

“Remarkable,” Miss Jenna said as she scribbled more notes.

“Any more questions?” Dr. Olivia asked Miss Jenna.

“So many, Doctor. I guess I just want to know the whole beginning of the process—how do you get diapers on a

subject who refuses? And how do you accomplish their submission in all these other ways?" Miss Jenna asked.

Just then, a door was loudly flung open down the corridor. Both women looked to see Nurse Scarlet and another nurse begin dragging a patient kicking and screaming out of her room.

"Let me go! Let me go!" The young woman shrieked as the nurses carried her by her arms and legs.

Miss Jenna noticed that the woman was wearing normal street clothes and figured it was safe to assume that she wasn't yet wearing a diaper.

"Well well, Miss Jenna, it's your lucky day. It looks like you're about to see that question answered for yourself," Dr. Olivia said with a sadistic smirk.

MOLLY'S UNFORTUNATE TANTRUM

“*L*et me go! Where are you taking me!?” The young female patient screamed as the nurses carried her kicking and screaming down the hall. The nurses ignored her shrieks as they dutifully transported her by holding her by her hands and feet.

The young woman's name was Molly, and she had arrived at the hospital just that morning on the order of a judge.

Molly had been arrested for shop lifting for the third time in her young life, and in lieu of being sent to jail on felony charges, the judge offered Molly a chance to submit to an experimental 'rehabilitative therapy' instead.

Molly reluctantly accepted the offer, for as rebellious as she was, she was terrified of going to prison. But as she rode in the back of a police car to the hospital, she could barely keep her eyes from rolling into the back of her head at the very thought of 'rehabilitative therapy.'

Molly was sure that whatever 'rehabilitation' the hospital planned to subject her too would be a 'total wank-fest'—the words she used in her last text message to her equally delinquent boyfriend.

She had no idea what was in store for her.

Soon after her arrival, Molly was escorted to the twelfth floor of the hospital and checked into a room in the Experimental Behavior Corrections wing.

It didn't take long for Molly to break out into a rage at the nurses getting her situated—when they confiscated her phone, she immediately started screaming and cursing at the top of her lungs.

In response, the two nurses in Molly's room picked her up and started carrying her down the hall. Her rehabilitation was about to begin.

* * *

"LET ME GO YOU BITCHES!" Molly screamed as the nurses continued carrying her down the corridor.

Molly managed to fling one of her feet loose from a nurse's grip, but before Molly could use it to kick one of her captors, two more medical staff appeared and joined in the task of her involuntary transportation—Dr. Olivia and Miss Jenna.

"Where are you taking me!" Molly screamed, her shrieks echoing down the hall.

"You'll see in just a second," Dr. Olivia replied with a calm smile.

Molly tilted her head back to see in front of her. A door to a room at the end of the corridor began to swing up. She just barely made out the words on the sign above it—*Diaper Changing Station*.

Molly was sure that she read the sign wrong, but as the staff carried her into the room, she realized in horror that she had read the sign exactly right...

Molly's senses were immediately overwhelmed with the overpowering stench of poopy diapers and baby powder—a smell she hadn't remembered smelling in decades. It was so distinct, she felt like she had been transported back in time to the diaper changing area from her childhood daycare.

The large room seemed to be a strange mix between a hospital room and a pre-school nursery.

She was suddenly surrounded by thick, large, disposable diapers stacked from floor to ceiling. There were also shelves and cabinets full of countless other babyish items—cloth diapers, plastic pants, onesies, bibs, various pacifiers.

In addition to the babyish items, there was an extensive store of medical supplies in the room—ranging from enema bags, to physical restraints, to all sorts of other implements Molly didn't recognize.

Finally, in the middle of the room, there was a large diaper changing table. It had a pink and blue plastic pad on top and was equipped with all sorts of straps, cuff and medical restraints.

Molly was suddenly trembling with terror. She had expected to be put in some sort of padded room as punishment, or something along those line, but she had no idea what to make of all this.

As if to confirm what Molly was beginning to fear, Dr. Olivia casually announced to her team, "Get this young lady undressed and ready for her first diaper change."

Molly felt her veins surge with adrenaline and panic. *There is absolutely no way I'm going to let them put me in a diaper! I'd rather go to jail at this point!*

The nurses dropped Molly's feet to the floor and she immediately took the opportunity to fight back. She heaved her body backward, then swung her leg forward in a powerful kick.

Bam! Her foot landed hard in the stomach of one of the nurses—Nurse Scarlet.

As Nurse Scarlet recoiled from the blow, the rest of the staff descended on Molly like lightning—including three additional nurses who had come running once they heard the commotion from down the hall.

Molly felt herself being pushed forward and bent across the diaper changing table, stomach down.

Before she could pull herself back up, a staff member pulled Molly's hands in front of her and strapped her wrists to the side of the table.

She instinctively began wildly kicking her feet, but it was fairly easy at this point for the staff to finish the job of subduing her by strapping her legs to the other side of the table. Molly's head was now dangling forward as she laid perpendicular over the table.

"I'm impressed by the diaper change table's dual function!" Molly heard one of the staff members.

"Yep! We put these straps on the side of the table for just this occasion!" Dr. Olivia replied.

Molly struggled against her restraints with all her might, but it was useless. She was now strapped belly down with her butt propped up behind her.

"Let me go you psychos!" Molly screamed. "Please!" She begged.

Unfortunately for Molly, the staff cared little about what she had to say at this point.

* * *

DR. OLIVIA CAUGHT her breath as she watched her staff finish the job of strapping the resistant Molly across the diaper changing table.

Dr. Olivia turned to Nurse Scarlet, who was still recovering from a pretty hard kick to the abdomen that the girl had given her. "Are you okay?" Dr. Olivia asked.

"I'm fine," Nurse Scarlet replied as she rubbed her stomach and regained her composure.

Nurse Scarlet approached the bound and helpless Molly and gently patted her propped-up bottom. "No struggle, no reward," Nurse Scarlet said with a devious smile.

"Stop it! You can't do this to me!" Molly started screaming again.

Dr. Olivia walked around the table and made eye contact with the bound, rebellious patient.

"Molly?" Dr. Olivia asked, checking her clipboard. "Are you aware that you assaulted one of our staff members just now?"

"Fuck you!" Molly shouted back.

Dr. Olivia gave a calm smile. "Ah, I see. Well, no worries, I'm sure Nurse Scarlet will make you pay for your transgression many times over in the weeks to come."

"Doctor—should we begin her diaper change?" Nurse Scarlet asked.

Molly started screaming again at the top of her lungs. "There's no way you're putting a diaper on me you psychopaths! Let me go!!!"

Her protests then descended into indiscernible shrieking. Dr. Olivia winced from the awful noise and calmly plugged her ears with her fingers.

"I suppose we should deal with her howling first, before we all sustain hearing damage from this little girl's never-ending tantrum," Dr. Olivia announced.

"Of course, Doctor," Nurse Scarlet replied.

Molly turned her head and watched in terror as Nurse Scarlet opened a nearby drawer and started looking through its contents. "Size ten?" Nurse Scarlet asked.

Molly felt a deep terror in her stomach about what the nurse might be planning to do. She took a deep breath, then started screaming even louder.

"Better make it a twelve!" Dr. Olivia calmly shouted over Molly's shrieks. "This one's got quite the mouth on her!"

"Of course, Doctor," Nurse Scarlet said.

Molly watched Nurse Scarlet reach into the drawer and pull out a large, rubber pacifier.

At first Molly was surprised. She expected something much more intimidating. The giant, brown rubber bulb on the device as well as the huge, pink plastic shield made it the biggest 'dummy' she had ever seen.

But when Nurse Scarlet grabbed Molly by the hair, yanked her head up, and shoved the massive rubber teat into her mouth, Molly realized immediately she was right to be scared.

The giant pacifier quickly triggered Molly's gag reflex and she tried to spit it out. But Nurse Scarlet tightly held it against her lips with her hand.

Nurse Scarlet then wrapped three different straps from the front of the pacifier around Molly's head, binding the pacifier tight against Molly's lips.

Molly began trying to scream again, but to her horror, the device completely stifled any noise she tried to make.

Furious, Molly began biting the rubber as hard as possible, then opening her mouth again in an effort to find some way to get her screams past the device.

But to Molly's horror, the device allowed her teeth to form a groove in the rubber. With Molly's mouth now molded to the device, the rubber teat seemed to expand and contract in a way that only better stifled her screams every time she moved her mouth.

Her stifled screams were reduced to pathetic moans as she realized she was rendered practically silent by the infantile device.

* * *

DR. OLIVIA STARED down at Molly, greatly enjoying the look on Molly's face as their patient realized they had taken away her ability to shriek.

"Aww, how cute! No wonder she was so noisy. She just wanted her dummy!" Dr. Olivia joked to the room.

All of the staff began laughing hysterically as Molly helplessly writhed and moaned in front of them.

Dr. Olivia then turned to Miss Jenna, who had been patiently taking notes in the corner. “Well, Miss Jenna, I’m sorry that the first diaper change you’ll be witnessing turned out to be one of our more difficult cases as of late!”

“Oh no, don’t be sorry,” Miss Jenna replied. “I stand to learn even more from the difficult cases than the easy ones, so it’s all for the better, really.”

Miss Jenna walked around the changing table and squatted down to get a better look at the gag in Molly’s mouth. “Can you tell me more about the pacifier device?”

Dr. Olivia smiled. “Great question, Miss Jenna. These pacifier-gags are a new product we developed in combination with the dentistry department. They combine the technology of a modern retainer with an old-fashioned rubber soother. By using a material that synergistically molds to the contours of the patient’s mouth, it allows for both enhanced silencing, as well as long term use.”

Miss Jenna nodded with sincere interest as Molly moaned and writhed in front of her. “Wow, I can see how effective it is! And when you say long-term, how long does that entail?”

“Well, permanently, if we like,” Dr. Olivia replied. “The front of the device has a releasable cover that opens a compartment leading to the back of the subject’s throat.

“It allows staff members to easily insert substances—such as milk or gruel—through a tube for the purposes of feeding, without requiring the device’s removal. Or even the patient’s cooperation for that matter.”

“Incredible,” Miss Jenna said as she furiously scribbled her notes.

“Yes, it’s totally possible that little Molly here will never speak another adult word in her life due to that pacifier,” Dr. Olivia joked. Everyone in the room laughed. Molly moaned even louder into her gag.

“Shall we begin the diapering, Doctor?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Yes, yes, of course. Thank you, Nurse Scarlet. Let’s stay focused on the task at hand,” Dr. Olivia replied.

“Scissors for the clothes?” Nurse Scarlet asked, holding a pair of bandage scissor in her hands.

“Yes, I believe little Naughty Molly has left us little choice,” Dr. Olivia replied.

* * *

MOLLY’S visceral panic about the pacifier-gag was beginning to subside—at least enough for her to regain awareness of what was happening in the room around her.

She heard a nurse say something about scissors. She wondered what they needed them for.

Then, as if answering her question, Molly felt a cold implement against her ankle. The implement slowly began working its way up her leg.

Molly felt a cool breeze against her leg and realized what was happening—they were cutting her pants right off of her body!

Molly moaned in futile protest as she felt the nurses swiftly cut her pant legs from bottom to top. They then pulled her pants right off without even undoing her restraints!

Then then did the same to her shirt, then her bra, and before she knew it, Molly was practically naked in this room full of sadistic strangers!

As if to add insult to injury, Molly turned her head to see Nurse Scarlet drop her pile of destroyed clothes—Molly's only personal possessions at this point—into the garbage right next to her.

Molly tried to calm down as she felt goosebumps crawling up and down her exposed body.

At least I still have my underwear, Molly thought to herself.

But then, as if on cue, she heard one of the nurses ask, "Should we cut the panties now, Doctor?"

"No," Dr. Olivia replied, giving Molly a small sense of relief.

"I want to do that myself in just a minute," Dr. Olivia added, quickly undoing Molly's perceived respite.

"Get her jacketed and flip her over," Dr. Olivia ordered.

Before Molly could even protest with another moan, two nurses gripped Molly's forearms and un-fastened the cuffs around her wrists.

The nurses then pushed Molly up so that she was suddenly standing. Her legs, however, were still strapped to the side of the table.

As the blood rushed back out of Molly's head, she watched in a daze as the nurses guided her arms into a thick, canvass long sleeve shirt. Or at least, that's what it seemed like.

Molly then felt her arms get crossed and pulled tightly to her chest. She realized they were putting her in a straitjacket!

Molly felt the strong hands of several staff members grip her from all sides as other nurses swiftly secured dozens of straps, fasteners and buckles that seemed to cover the jacket from top to bottom.

She felt someone yank a strap from behind her—she gasped as the jacket squeezed her mercilessly tight from waist to neck.

She felt the jerk of another strap—her arms were now pulled so tight against her torso that they felt utterly frozen.

Molly felt a familiar wave of panic as she succumbed to intense claustrophobia and helplessness in her new canvass prison.

Molly began twisting and shaking her upper body in protest—the only mobility she had left at this point. But it was a laughable act of resistance in the face of the well-trained staff surrounding her.

Molly felt the straps holding her legs to the side of the table unfastened, and before she knew what was happening, Molly was being lifted into the air and rotated.

She could just barely identify the verbal commands from the staff as they maneuvered her like an object. “Up up up... down... Right there. Nurse Betty on the legs... there we go.”

With a thud, Molly landed face-up on the diaper changing table.

Still wearing nothing but her panties and a straitjacket, Molly shuddered with helplessness as she watched the staff begin buckling her to the table.

A strap on each of her ankles, a strap on each of her shins, a strap on each of her thighs, a very wide strap against her abdomen, and then another across her chest...

Molly knew she didn't need to be a medical professional to feel that the number of restraints was overkill!

But each additional buckle filled her with an added sense of powerlessness and panic. She suspected that might have been precisely their primary purpose.

Gagged with a pacifier, confined in a straitjacket, buckled to a table on every conceivable limb, and surrounded by a sadistic staff all towering over her—Molly finally reached her breaking point.

Molly squeezed her eyes shut and began sobbing uncontrollably.

* * *

DR. OLIVIA TURNED to Miss Jenna as they stood over the sobbing and helpless Molly on the table before them.

"Are you going to begin the diapering?" Miss Jenna asked.

"Not quite yet. I want her to calm down first. I don't want her to be distracted. It's important she absorb every detail of the experience," Dr. Olivia explained with an evil smile.

"After all," Dr. Olivia added. "Every patient only gets one first diaper change."

MOLLY'S FIRST DIAPERING

*A*fter about twenty minutes of helplessly sobbing and writhing on the diaper changing table, Molly began to calm down.

At least, enough to open her eyes and recognize Dr. Olivia standing over her with a sadistic smirk on her face.

"Molly, do you know why you're here?" Dr. Olivia asked in a calm tone.

Molly stared up at Dr. Olivia in dumbfounded silence. Her gag prevented her from responding verbally, even if she wanted to, but she was too dazed to even shake her head no.

"Molly, the reason you're here is because you were a very, very naughty girl," Dr. Olivia explained.

Molly felt Dr. Olivia's cool, gloved fingers stroke her naked thighs and move beneath her panties. Molly shuddered.

"Your pattern of behavior, both outside these walls and within them, had demonstrated that you are not capable of handling the privilege of being an adult," Dr. Olivia added as she gently patted Molly's vulva through her thin cotton panties.

“In fact, the way you have chosen to act resembles much more that of an infant. So, Molly, from now on, that’s precisely how you’ll be treated. Like an infant,” Dr. Olivia explained.

“And The first rule of being an infant, Molly, is that you don’t get to use the bathroom like a big girl anymore. No, instead, you’ll be going in a disposable diaper,” Dr. Olivia explained.

Molly’s eyes went wide with disbelief and horror. Dr. Olivia snapped the waistband of Molly’s panties, causing her to wince. “Let’s get these big girl undies off you so we can get you changed into a disposable diaper.”

Molly watched in terrified silence as Dr. Olivia slipped the blade of her bandage scissors beneath the sides of Molly’s panties.

With two quick snips, Dr. Olivia swiftly destroyed the last of Molly’s dignity.

Molly cringed as she felt Dr. Olivia slide her pink panties out from under her butt, leaving her totally naked and strapped to the table for all the nurses to stare at.

Molly squeezed her eyes shut, too mortified to see the faces of the staff all scrutinizing her naked crotch.

“Uh oh!” She heard Dr. Olivia announce. “It’s a good thing we’re putting you in diapers, Molly. These are some very disgusting stains you’ve left for us to find!”

Molly opened her eyes, and to her horror, Dr. Olivia was holding her panties up and scrutinized their interior!

Molly immediately started blushing bright red with abject embarrassment.

“Doctor, would you like me to record the state of the patient’s soiled panties?” Nurse Scarlet asked as she approached with a pen and clipboard in her hand.

“Yes,” Dr. Olivia said. “As you can see here, there is a distinct feces streak in the rear of the garment,” Dr. Olivia said, showing Molly’s panties to the room.

“A skid mark?” Miss Jenna asked from the other side of the changing table.

“Precisely,” Dr. Olivia replied.

“Is it usual for a subject this old to have skid marks in their panties? After all, her file says that she’s an adult and that she’s not incontinent,” Miss Jenna added.

“Good question, Miss Jenna,” Dr. Olivia replied. “It is in fact highly unusual. Downright surprising, if I’m being honest. I think it’s safe to assume that Molly here was barely ever capable of adult toileting habits anyway, so it’s all the more appropriate we return her to diapers, isn’t it?”

“Agreed,” Miss Jenna said.

Molly continued to burn bright red as she helplessly listened to the staff loudly criticize her most intimate and embarrassing personal details.

“In fact,” Dr. Olivia continued. “Nurse Scarlet, would you hand me a wipe?”

“Temperature, doctor?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Oh, I think our naughty little girl has earned ice-cold wipes for the foreseeable future,” Dr. Olivia replied with a laugh.

Molly was confused about what they meant, but she understood soon enough as Nurse Scarlet opened a small

refrigerator to retrieve a container of baby wipes.

Molly watched as Dr. Olivia removed a wipe and pressed it against her crotch.

Molly gasped. It felt like ice was being pressed against her most sensitive area.

Dr. Olivia ignored Molly's helpless writhing as she pressed the wipe deep into the top of Molly's butt crack.

Molly jerked and moaned as she felt Dr. Olivia drag the freezing baby wipe down her butt crack and into her sensitive hole.

Once there, Dr. Olivia methodically pushed the wipe into Molly's butt hole and twisted.

Molly moaned even louder—the freezing temperature of the wipe in her back door only added to her sense of violation and helplessness.

Dr. Olivia removed the wipe and held it up for everyone to see. To Molly's great humiliation, there was a large brown spot on the wipe.

"Yes, just as I suspected," Dr. Olivia announced. "The patient's bottom is absolutely covered in feces. Were we not to put her in a diaper due to her misbehavior, we would surely have to do it for the purposes of basic patient hygiene."

Everyone in the room laughed as Molly burned with abject humiliation. She couldn't believe the casual way they were making fun of her most intimate recesses.

"And the status of the *front* of the patient's original garment?" Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Ah yes,” Dr. Olivia said, disposing of the wipe and picking up Molly’s soiled panties again. “I’m afraid the story isn’t much better on the other side. Simple observation reveals a distinct and large off-white stain.”

“Vaginal secretions, Doctor?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Indeed,” Dr. Olivia replied.

“Suspected cause?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Masturbation, no doubt,” Dr. Olivia replied.

“To be clear, Doctor, you’re saying that the patient masturbated in her poop stained panties?” Miss Jenna chimed in.

“I’m afraid so,” the doctor replied.

The room groaned in disgust. Molly squeezed her eyes shut in shame.

“Should we flag the patient for anti-masturbation restraints?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Yes, that would probably be best,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Molly felt Dr. Olivia’s hand land on her exposed pussy. “Yes, I’m usually of the mind that it’s unlikely that a patient would masturbate in diapers that they will also be defecating in. But it’s clear that our patient is far more disgusting and sexually perverse than we could have expected.”

Molly felt dizzy with shock as Dr. Olivia casually teased her exposed clitoris with her gloved hand.

“Anyway,” Dr. Olivia said, standing up. “Let’s go ahead and get that diaper on.”

Molly watched Nurse Scarlet hand a large, pink, disposable diaper to Dr. Olivia. "Let's get those legs in diaper position, please," Dr. Olivia announced.

Before Molly knew what was happening, she felt her legs starting to be lifted into the air.

She looked down and realized that straps around her legs were secured to two metal side rails on the bed, and the metal side rails were lifting vertically into the air.

Molly cringed as she realized her already naked and vulnerable position was about to be made much worse as her legs were suddenly forced to go straight up and spread out.

If Molly had been in a revealing position in the eyes of the staff before, it was nothing compared to now, as her pussy and ass were spread out and held open for all to see.

Dr. Olivia gently patted Molly's exposed bottom as she crinkled the disposable diaper in front of Molly's face. "Back to diapers for you, little girl!" Dr. Olivia said with a smile.

Molly finally reached another breaking point. Despite everything that had happened thus far, she just couldn't fathom the idea of being forced to wear a diaper like a baby. Let alone use it!

Molly began to shriek and cry as loud as humanly possible through her pacifier gag. Her moans took on the tone of frantic pleas for mercy.

To Molly's surprise, Dr. Olivia paused and looked the sobbing and helpless Molly in the eyes.

"Uh oh, it looks like our naughty little patient has something to say," Dr. Olivia joked with the room. "What do

you think? Should we check in to hear what she has to say about getting changed into her first diaper?"

Nurse Scarlet cleared her throat and chimed in. "I see little point, Doctor. Even if she were not being returned to diapers as a punishment, she's already shown that she's incapable of not soiling adult undergarments, anyway."

"Good point, good point," Dr. Olivia replied as she gently patted Molly's naked butt. She leaned in close and whispered to the pained and frantic girl beneath her. "There's nothing you could say to us at this point, dear, to convince us you don't belong in diapers."

"May I offer a different suggestion?" Miss Jenna replied.

"Of course, Miss Jenna," Dr. Olivia said.

"Perhaps we should allow the patient to speak right now—if only to allow her the opportunity to politely ask us to put her in a diaper. It would give her the opportunity to show us that she's matured enough to at least know that she will always be wearing disposable diapers going forward," Miss Jenna offered.

Dr. Olivia nodded her head. "That's a great point, Miss Jenna."

Dr. Olivia looked back down into Molly's eyes. "Molly, is the reason you want to speak, is so that you can ask to be put in a diaper? Perhaps also thank the staff here for cleaning up after your disgusting and filthy behavior?"

Molly stared up in shock at Dr. Olivia. She felt utterly trapped. She knew she couldn't ask for them to put her in a diaper, but she was also desperate for the pacifier gag in her mouth to be removed.

Molly slowly nodded her head, 'yes'.

Dr. Olivia smiled. "Please, Nurse Scarlet, go ahead and remove the patient's binky."

Nurse Scarlet swiftly undid the straps around Molly's head, and to Molly's tremendous relief, she felt the pacifier get pulled out of her mouth.

Molly immediately heaved for air, immensely thankful to just be able to breathe through her mouth again.

"Now, you were saying?" Dr. Olivia asked.

Molly hesitated. She didn't know what to say. She desperately wanted to beg them not to put her in a diaper. But she was also terrified of the consequences of doing so.

Paralyzed with indecision, Molly stayed silent.

"I guess she didn't have anything to say after all," Dr. Olivia said with a laugh.

Molly then watched as Dr. Olivia unfolded the large, puffy diaper, and pushed it underneath Molly's bottom.

The second Molly felt the crinkly and cool sensation of the diaper's plastic, she was gripped with panic once again.

"Please!" Molly suddenly cried out. "Please! Please don't make me wear a diaper! I'll do anything! Even if that means I have to go to jail instead now!"

Dr. Olivia paused, then everyone around the diaper changing table erupted in laughter.

"Aww, she thinks she still has the option to go to jail instead of facing the consequences of her misbehavior here," Nurse Scarlet said.

"That's off the table now, sweetie," Dr. Olivia replied. "You're not getting out of here anytime soon."

Dr. Olivia began adjusting the diaper underneath Molly's waist.

"Please!" Molly began emphatically begging through her tears. "Please don't do this! I can't imagine wearing a diaper! Let alone using it! Please don't do this!"

"Aww, the little baby doesn't think she needs her diapers!" Dr. Olivia said to the crowd of staff.

Molly felt even more helpless as they all mocked and laughed at her anguished and helpless tears.

"Should I replace her gag, then?" Nurse Scarlet butted in.

"Yes, please do," Dr. Olivia replied. "It's clear that Molly is much further than we thought from the point of being able to handle speaking privileges."

Molly began shrieking like an infant as Nurse Scarlet approached her with the pacifier gag again. Unlike the first time, Molly was now far more terrified of it, as she knew how incredibly stifling the pacifier was.

But Molly's shrieks quickly went silent as Miss Scarlet pinched Molly's nose and jammed the pacifier through Molly's open lips.

Molly began to frantically sob as Nurse Scarlet fastened the humiliating pacifier to her lips once again.

* * *

"I'M SORRY, Doctor, that was my mistake," Miss Jenna said as Nurse Scarlet finished re-attaching Molly's pacifier gag. "I suppose I assumed the patient was much further along in her development than she was."

“Oh, it’s not your fault, Miss Jenna,” Dr. Olivia replied. “In fact, I think you make a very good point. Our first point of progress with such a horrifically disobedient patient should be get her to verbally express gratitude for her diapers.”

“Did you have a method of achieving that in mind?” Miss Jenna asked.

“Oh yes, a very simple one, actually. A very simple, and very devious one,” Dr. Olivia replied as she looked down at the helpless Molly.

Molly was trembling with absolute terror. Dr. Olivia brushed the hair out of Molly’s eyes and leaned in. “Did you hear that, naughty girl? Soon you’ll be *begging* just for the privilege of using your diapers.”

Suddenly, Molly’s paralyzing fright exacted its toll. Without any warning, Molly’s bladder lost control.

Molly began helplessly spraying her urine while lying on the diaper changing table. Molly was so stupefied with fright, she probably wouldn’t have noticed if the staff didn’t notice first.

“Uh oh!” Miss Jenna shouted. Miss Jenna dropped her clipboard, ran up to the diaper changing table, and lifted the diaper underneath Molly up to her crotch to catch the stream.

Hisssss.

It was clear to everyone that Miss Jenna had just barely prevented a terrible mess as Molly’s stream of hot urine continued to loudly flood the diaper Miss Jenna was holding against her pussy.

Dr. Olivia looked down at Molly’s crotch and immediately burst into laughter. Everyone in the room followed suit.

Molly's face burned bright red as she realized she was uncontrollably peeing in a diaper as everyone laughed and watched.

"Good catch, Miss Jenna!" Dr. Olivia said.

"Oh, it's no problem. I remember my baby nephew would do a peepee during diaper changes as well. I had to start putting a towel there just in case!" Miss Jenna replied.

"Well that's good thinking on your part, Miss Jenna. You have to admit though, there's no way a towel would do the job here. That diaper is turning stinky, soggy and yellow faster than any diaper I've seen before!" Dr. Olivia teased.

"I'll say," Miss Jenna said as she continued to push the soggy diaper against the seemingly endless stream of Molly's pee.

"Can you believe that this naughty one really tried to get us to believe she doesn't need to wear diapers? I mean, she's peeing herself before we can even put the darn thing on!" Dr. Olivia joked.

Molly closed her eyes and tried to tune out the horrific humiliation surrounding her. She tried to focus on the relief of emptying her bladder.

Molly hadn't even realized how badly she had to pee until now. She even began to involuntarily moan from the intense relief her bladder was feeling from finally getting to go.

Molly almost felt transported to another place as she felt Miss Jenna pushing and rubbing the hot, soggy diaper against her pussy. The whole experience was strangely orgasmic.

Finally, after what was surely the longest pee of her life, Molly gave her bladder one last push, took a deep breath, and sighed. She had no idea how much tension she was holding in her painfully full bladder until she finally released it!

But Molly's relief was short lived as she opened her eyes and looked up at the snickering faces of the nurses who were all laughing at what she had just done.

She had literally just lost control of her bladder and peed into a diaper while everyone watched!

Were they right about me? Is the truth that I really do need to wear diapers?

Molly shuddered at the thought.

"Alright, I think little tinkle-bell is done with her weewee. Should we toss this diaper and get a new one?" Miss Jenna asked.

"Oh, definitely not," Dr. Olivia replied. "Molly here needs to learn the value of respect for the hard-working nurses changing her stinky diapers. We'll be pressing that pee-soaked diaper right back up against her bottom so she can reflect on the importance of being changed out of her excrement," Dr. Olivia lectured.

"Very good, Doctor," Miss Jenna said. Molly cringed at this news.

"Nurse Scarlet, please retrieve an additional plus sized diaper and plastic pants for our heavy wetter here," Dr. Olivia said.

"Of course, Doctor," Nurse Scarlet replied.

"Oh, but first, go ahead and prepare the punishment enema," Dr. Olivia announced.

Molly came out of her daze enough to register the words, 'punishment enema.' She began trembling with panic and dread.

"Like I said, pretty doll," Dr. Olivia whispered to Molly with a sinister smile. "It won't be long before you'll be absolutely begging to use your diapers."

THE PUNISHMENT ENEMA

Molly trembled in terror as Nurse Scarlet walked over to the sink and began preparing some sort of concoction in a red enema bag.

Molly was starting to feel dizzy with fear. She had never received anything like an enema before. A normal enema sounded terrifying. Let alone a 'punishment enema'!

Dr. Olivia slid a drawer out from under the diaper changing table, next to Molly's head, and began carefully perusing the implements laid out within it.

"Hmmm, perhaps a number seven will do," Dr. Olivia mused.

Molly then felt Dr. Olivia reach over and stick her fingers into Molly's buttocks. Molly groaned as Dr. Olivia twisted her fingers in and out, assessing Molly's anus.

"Yes, a seven and a half will do well," Dr. Olivia pronounced.

Molly watched with dread as Dr. Olivia pulled a massive looking rubber butt plug from the drawer.

"Don't misunderstand, dearie, it will certainly still be quite painful for you. But I think we both know you deserve it,"

Dr. Olivia muttered with a smile.

Molly watched Nurse Scarlet walk back over with the enema bag filled with a mystery liquid and hung it from an IV stand.

While she was distracted, Dr. Olivia palmed Molly's bottom and pushed her index finger deep into Molly's anus.

Molly gasped. Dr. Olivia pulled her finger out, then plunged it in again even deeper.

Molly squealed and moaned as Dr. Olivia gyrated her hand and then forced a second finger into Molly's tight and delicate anus.

Molly groaned as she felt Dr. Olivia vigorously twisting and spreading her fingers, as if purposefully stretching Molly out.

SMACK.

Dr. Olivia slapped Molly hard on her naked butt with her free hand.

"Noisy! Trust me you naughty little thing, I'm doing you a favor by taking the time to stretch your filthy little stink hole out before your punishment."

Molly closed her eyes and tried to acquiesce to the vigorous finger fucking Dr. Olivia was giving her.

"Would you like me to record the state of her colon?" Molly heard Nurse Scarlet ask.

"Oh, quite full. From the feel of her colon, I would imagine she hasn't had a movement in days," Dr. Olivia replied.

"Her punishment enema will be quite unpleasant then," Nurse Scarlet said with a subtle smirk.

“Indeed, it will,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Molly’s stomach continued to summersault with nerves and dread, but there was nothing she could do about it.

Finally, Molly felt Dr. Olivia pull her fingers out of her worn out and exhausted anus. Molly sighed with relief.

Her relief was short lived though, as the tip of a much bulkier intruder quickly followed.

Molly groaned into her gag as she felt Dr. Olivia slowly but vigorously working the intruder into Molly’s ass.

Molly started crying and moaning with helpless agony as she felt her butthole being stretched open more than she had ever thought possible.

Dr. Olivia pulled the plug out, clearly frustrated at the time it was taking to insert it properly.

Dr. Olivia looked up at Molly staring back at her with desperate and pleading eyes.

“Nurse Scarlet,” Dr. Olivia asked. “Can you please mask our patient for the duration of the procedure? I suspect her prying eyeballs are making it harder for her to properly relax.”

“Of course, Doctor,” Nurse Scarlet replied.

Molly didn't know what that meant until Nurse Scarlet draped and secured a blindfold over Molly’s eyes, completely blinding her.

Molly’s panic and claustrophobia suddenly reached new heights as her basic ability to see the people tormenting her was stripped away.

She was now strapped down, naked and exposed, unable to even see or scream, as Dr. Olivia took her time tormenting

her most intimate orifice.

Now that her vision had been taken away, it was like every sense in Molly's body could tune in and feel the extremely humiliating and violating process of Dr. Olivia squeezing the rubber intruder into her ass.

Molly moaned and grunted and sweated and shook. It felt like Dr. Olivia was taking hours just to spread her hole wide enough to take the giant rubber plug.

Finally, Molly groaned as the girth of device pushed past her opening and into her already full colon.

Molly felt like she was being packed and spread from deep within her ass. Her whole colon started growling as everything shifted to accommodate the punishing intruder.

Molly immediately tried to push the intruder out by squeezing—just like she was taking a dump.

But Dr. Olivia kept the plug pushed into her ass, making Molly feel that much more helpless and subjugated.

As Molly took deep breaths to try and calm her panic and claustrophobia, she heard something being squeezed and pumped.

She then felt the plug in her ass ballooning while inside of her!

"Do you feel that, my naughty little stinker? I'm pumping the plug up that's inside of you right now. If you thought it was difficult to get in, just know it will not be impossible to get out without me deflating it with my special tool," Dr. Olivia whispered in Molly's ear.

Molly groaned as the device made her feel fuller and more bloated than she'd ever felt in her life. It was like she was experiencing the exquisite torture of severe constipation

purposefully imposed by an overlord, who also prevented her from accessing her most basic and primal need for relief.

Finally, Molly heard the pump stop squeezing, and the device stop inflating.

She groaned and writhed. She had never felt so full in her life.

She felt Dr. Olivia stroke her sweaty forehead. "What's wrong, naughty one? Do you have to do a poopoo?"

Even just minutes ago, Molly would have vigorously refused to indulge such a humiliating request. But she was now possessed by a craven desperation for release from the sensation in her colon.

Molly vigorously nodded her head, begging through her moans for some sort of mercy.

Dr. Olivia just laughed. "I bet you do. Well too bad, little stinker, because your punishment is yet to even begin."

Molly sobbed as she felt a hand fiddle with the plug in her butt, pushing it and pulling it, testing the seal.

Then she felt them connect something to it—seemingly a hose.

Molly's incessant moans suddenly ceased as she went paralyzed from shock from the sensation that followed.

She felt a hard stream of warm pressure push deep into her colon and continue to relentlessly build.

Blindfolded, gagged, and secured on every limb, it felt like her whole experience was suddenly reduced to the sensation of desperately needing to poop quickly escalating faster and faster.

She took a breath and tried to do exactly that—expel the fluid filling her up so relentlessly. But with her sphincter pried open and gravity working against her, all she could do was moan and writhe as her bowels begged for relief.

Molly felt herself flashing back to every time she'd ever had to poop but was forced to hold it. She felt like her previous life was fading away. She felt like her dignity had been evaporated, and her mind now only craved one thing—release.

The enema flow continued unabated, denying and taunting her in its relentlessness.

* * *

DR. OLIVIA STARED down at the rebellious Molly now helplessly strapped down with her legs up, taking the punishment enema before her.

Miss Jenna continued casually taking her notes on the clipboard as the liquid in the bag Nurse Scarlet hung continued to empty into the patient.

Dr. Olivia smiled as Miss Jenna leaned in to carefully observe the details of Molly's blindfolded face and seemed to be taking extensive notes on the position and tightness of her binds. Dr. Olivia sensed that Miss Jenna was becoming the perfect candidate for the team's second doctor.

"I admire how effective the blindfold is, doctor. I imagine with such a physical sense driven punishment, it greatly enhanced the patient's immersion in it," Miss Jenna said.

"Oh, precisely," Dr. Olivia replied.

“And the formula in the punishment enema?” Miss Jenna asked.

Dr. Olivia looked over to Nurse Scarlet. “Nurse, I don't wish our patient to be distracted by our discussion of the clinical details. Will you please muff her?”

“Of course, Doctor,” Nurse Scarlet said.

Nurse Scarlet retrieved a large pair of fuzzy, pink, babyish ear muffs from a metal cabinet. She then expertly applied them Molly's head, strapping them tight by fitting them underneath the restraints holding Molly's pacifier in.

“Nifty things,” Dr. Olivia explained as Miss Jenna admired the ear muffs now on Molly's head. “Another medical device prototype—this time developed with the help of the audiology department. The muffs instantaneously reduce all perceptible noise to zero decibels, putting the patient in a state of near-total deafness while wearing them.”

Everyone looked down as Molly suddenly began to moan even louder than before. They knew that Molly had just figured out that she was now *totally blind and deaf!*

“To answer your original question, Miss Jenna,” Dr. Olivia continued. “The punishment enema is actually just a mixture of soap and water. Of course, we prefer that patients only know it as ‘the punishment enema’ because it allows their imaginations to run wild about what might be inside.

“That being said, don't let the simple ingredients deceive you. Soap has a way of irritating the lining of the patient's bowels in a way that triggers tremendous desperation to void just seconds after its entrance,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Miss Jenna nodded with fascination as she watched Molly's bottom writhe from the enema's entrance.

“The enema has concluded,” Nurse Scarlet announced as she felt the empty bag with her hands.

“Great. Let’s remove the tube and continue with the diapering,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Nurse Scarlet carefully unscrewed the hose of the enema bag and closed the plug’s hole as she removed it, keeping Molly totally plugged.

Dr. Olivia prepared the large, thick, disposable diaper and slid it beneath the unfolded soggy diaper that Molly had already yellowed.

“And the procedure is to just fold up the urinated diaper underneath a new diaper?” Miss Jenna asked.

“Close, but not quite. Nurse Scarlet will make the necessary modification,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Miss Jenna watched Nurse Scarlet use a scalpel to cut several slits lengthwise down the back of the soiled diaper.

“If we were to just put the previous diaper within a new diaper, the new diaper’s absorption capacity would be highly limited. But by creating slits like these, it allows us to add bulk and absorbency with a new and larger diaper, while also keeping the wet diaper pushed against the patient’s crotch. This allows us to better humiliate the patient by means of prolonged exposure to their mess,” Dr. Olivia explained.

Dr. Olivia then began to pour copious amounts of talcum powder along Molly’s thighs, crotch and bottom.

“In case you’re curious, we have had some discussion about withholding talcum powder in order to enhance the uncomfortable sensation of a mess for our patients.

“But we’ve found that copious powdering emits such a unique and inescapable scent, it triggers a deep and embedded psychological regression response in the patient that transports them back to the smell of their first, actual diapers. Especially when those diapers become poopy,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Miss Jenna nodded in appreciation. “Yes, poopy diapers and baby powder is certainly an unforgettable fragrance,” Miss Jenna joked.

Dr. Olivia folded up the pee-soaked diaper on to Molly’s crotch, then folded the much larger, pink disposable diaper over it. She expertly taped the diaper tight around Molly’s waist, then checked it for snugness by prodding her fingers beneath the waist and around the thighs.

Dr. Olivia gave Molly’s plugged, enema-filled and padded butt a little spank, and Molly moaned. Everyone around the table laughed.

Nurse Scarlet hit a button and lowered Molly’s legs back down to the table.

Then a team of nurses carefully undid the straps around Molly’s legs one at a time, enough so that they could slide a very thick pair of plastic pants up Molly’s legs.

When Dr. Olivia reached Molly’s crotch with the plastic pants, she had to work in order to successfully get them over Molly’s new diapers, as her diapers were now so thick.

“And as far as the plastic pants, do you always use them?” Miss Jenna asked.

“Well,” Dr. Olivia responded. “In cases like Molly’s here, they do help to contain the leaking, and we did give her a very, very big enema,” she joked.

“And even though Molly will have her hands confined for the foreseeable future, locking the plastic pants around her waist adds an extra psychological message of confinement and lack of control over the diapers we put on her,” Dr. Olivia explained as she fastened a hard plastic locking mechanism around the waist of the diapers, securing them tightly.

“They are also, as you can see, very noisy and uncomfortable, which is a nice touch,” Dr. Olivia replied as she lightly spanked Molly’s crotch, causing the plastic pants to crinkle and Molly to groan.

“That being said, after a patient has been regressed enough to be psychologically dependent on their diapers, it can be more useful to use less restraints and coverage. Knowing that the only thing one is wearing is a highly visible diaper that they truly believe they need and would not want to take off is also an important point of psychological regression. And a blow out from a very messy disposable diaper can be a tremendously humiliating experience for a subject, especially if they know the only way they’ll be cleaned is on the nurse’s diaper changing table,” Dr. Olivia explained.

“That's great to know,” Miss Jenna said.

She then reached down and playfully patted Molly’s diapered bottom herself.

* * *

DESPITE BEING BLIND, deaf, gagged and utterly strapped down, Molly continued to protest through the duration of her enema with whatever moans and movement she could make within her restraints.

But when she felt the flow of the cruel enema finally cease, she started to quiet down.

When she felt the staff push her soggy diaper against her pussy, then seal it against her with an even larger disposable diaper and plastic pants over that, she went silent.

She prayed that the time had come for her relief.

Of course, part of Molly still remember how she was appalled by the idea of being forced to wear a diaper less than a full hour ago (let alone use one!) But even in the brief amount of time she had spent on the diaper changing table so far, Molly had already been transformed.

She now felt like she had one purpose in her life...

One need she desperately craved to satisfy...

She needed to take a dump.

Every second since her punishment enema began, Molly's bowels only roared and raged with more intensity, begging for release.

The ever-increasing cramps in her bottom were as humiliating as they were paralyzing.

And her sore, abused asshole was begging to be free of the intruder keeping it pried open.

As utterly humiliating as it was for Molly just to imagine *wearing* a disposable diaper, she was now at the point of praying she could publicly mess herself in a diaper just for any relief.

As soon as she felt her legs get lowered to the table, Molly took a deep breath and began to 'push.'

To her frustration, she found that the plug continued to seal her bottom tightly shut.

She pushed even harder, loudly grunting in the process like a constipated little one.

No success.

She even continued to lift her bottom and push as she felt someone's hand playfully squeezing and patting her diapered butt.

But nothing worked.

After one last try, Molly surrendered and laid back. She took deep breaths, desperate to at least somewhat calm her churning, cramping bowels.

Molly prayed that her chance for release would come soon, even if it meant pooping in her already soggy diaper.

Unfortunately for Molly, the staff were far from ready to give her that privilege any time soon.

* * *

MISS JENNA HEARD a faint grunting from Molly as she finished writing her notes on her clipboard.

"I know what those grunts are! She's already trying to use her diaper!" Miss Jenna said with wonder.

"Oh yes, that's no surprise," Dr. Olivia replied.

"Are you going to remove the plug then?" Miss Jenna asked.

"Not yet," Dr. Olivia replied with a smile as she stroked the girl's red and sweaty face.

"What now, then?" Miss Jenna asked.

“Now the fun begins,” Dr. Olivia said with an evil smile.

WAKING UP IN THE PLAY ROOM

Molly's failed struggle to release her bowels into her diaper (due to her butt plug) left her exhausted and numb.

She soon stopped all forms of her struggle and began to accept that she was absolutely helpless.

Still blind and deaf, the only thing she could observe in the outside world was that the prodding touch of the staff members ceased. She assumed she'd been left to wait upon the table.

With no senses available to detect any indicators of passing time, the minutes began to stretch into infinity.

Unable to see, hear, or speak, Molly fell into a sort of partial conscious slumber as she laid strapped and helpless on the diaper changing table.

She gradually relaxed into a sort of dissociated fugue state.

As the indiscernibly long minutes continued to pass, her body even began to numb to the aching cramps in her tummy. Her aching bowels and tortured ass relaxed into a non-conscious rhythmic and futile pushing.

When the little that remained of Molly's awareness detected hands undoing her restraints and lifting her into the air, it felt closer to a dream than reality.

Still deaf and blind, she remained similarly docile as she felt several hands stand her up and replace her straitjacket with some sort of fuzzy, full body garment.

But before she could try to move her limbs, Molly felt the hands guide her backwards onto what felt like a blanket.

Molly felt an implement get dragged across her head that seemed to be buzzing. But it didn't last long, and she didn't have time to give it much thought.

She then felt herself pushed backward and her knees were guided to her chest. Molly instinctively wrapped her arms around her knees in response, putting her in the fetal position.

With her body in a new position, Molly's bowels rumbled again, and she instinctively tried to push. But just like before, it was fruitless, and she quickly gave up.

She felt something soft being pulled over the top of her and secured around her. She tried to extend her legs and move her arms, but she realized she was now somehow confined again in this new fetal position.

But Molly hardly cared at this point. As she felt herself being picked up and moved again, she sucked the teat of her pacifier gag and let her mind fade into another waking-sleep state.

* * *

THE NOISE WAS DEAFENING

It sounded like a roaring freight train just a few feet away from her.

Molly's mind snapped awake from her hypnotic-slumber. She still couldn't see anything. But she tried to stretch her limbs out again—this time enjoying slightly more success. She had more mobility than before, but she still seemed to be confined by something.

As her brain continued to adjust to sound after her prolonged imposed deafness, the roaring noise that woke her became more and more discernible.

She realized it wasn't as loud as a freight-train, her ears were just extra sensitive. She finally realized the noise was music.

Molly began to recognize lyrics.

Clap our hands and potty dance,

Clap our hands and potty dance!

Clap our hands and potty dance,

Mommy change my diaper!

Molly realized that she was hearing obnoxious, childish nursery rhymes! They sounded like they were coming from a nearby stereo.

Molly tried to speak, but it only came out as muffled moans. She had almost forgotten about the pacifier gag in her mouth.

In another effort to get up, Molly rolled over and sat up. As soon as she landed on her butt, her aching bowels sent another jolt of suffering up her spine and she involuntarily

tipped forward onto her hands and knees and pushed as hard as she could.

But just like before, her plug prevented any successful evacuation.

Then, like a flash of lightning, an explosion of light overwhelmed her eyes.

She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to stand up. But instead she just fell backwards onto her back again.

As Molly carefully blinked each of her eyes, she realized that what had happened was that someone had removed her blindfold.

Like the music she was exposed to, the fluorescent lights of the room seemed brighter than the sun until her vision adjusted to seeing again.

“Awww, look at how cute she is. She’s like a little newborn, barely able to even open her eyes,” a feminine voice said from nearby.

Molly continued to blink, waiting for her eyes to adjust. She tried to stretch her limbs out and stand up, but just like before, she promptly fell over again.

“Nor is she able to walk,” another feminine voice chimed in.

Molly’s eyes began to adjust enough to understand why she couldn’t get up.

She was wearing a soft, tight-fitting, babyish pajama onesie/body suit that covered her feet and hands. It was bright pink with drawings of rattles and diapers from top to bottom.

As stunned as Molly was by how babyish the garment looked on her, that was secondary to how babyish it made her feel by virtue of its movement-limiting design.

The onesie was sewn in such a way that Molly was unable to extend her legs all the way, hence her falling over when she tried to stand.

As Molly tried to feel the onesie with her hands, she realized that the sleeves of the onesie ended with thick, confining mittens that rendered her fingers useless. The mobility of her arms was also severely curtailed.

Molly still felt deeply disoriented and confused, and almost forgot where she was and why entirely. She finally started looking around the room she was in.

She realized she was sitting on a thick carpet and penned in by a large, pink and blue, child-proof gate.

The pen was full of children's toys such as wooden blocks, stuffed animals, and large, colorful rattles.

Outside the pen, Molly saw the two women who she just heard talking. They were both wearing very maternal floral dresses and aprons. They seemed to be smiling and laughing at Molly, then they both turned and walked away.

Part of Molly just barely recognized the women as the doctors who had put Molly in a diaper earlier.

As the memory of being changed into a diaper flashed through Molly's mind, she felt a wave of panic.

She rolled onto her back and instinctively reached down to her crotch with her padded hands.

The padding of her bulky mittens prevented her from feeling anything useful with her hands, but the sticky, wet sensation of her pressing her pee-soaked diaper against her

pussy and butt, not to mention the loud crinkly sound, made it abundantly clear that she was still wearing a diaper.

As Molly continued to regain control of her senses, her bowels churned again, forcing her to roll over onto her hands and knees squeal into her pacifier as she tried to poop.

She kept pushing and pushing, but the only thing she could accomplish was getting red in the face.

Once again gripped by her desperate need for relief, Molly began frantically reaching around the perimeter of her onesie in a panic, praying she could find a way to unzip the garment and remove the intruder in her ass inflicting her with so much suffering.

But of course, the garment was tightly locked up to prevent its wearer from tampering with their diaper.

What resulted was Molly simply writhing and moaning in her play pen, desperately trying to fight her un-removable onesie as she grunted and strained in a hopeless endeavor to fill her soggy diapers.

After several minutes, Molly collapsed back into the fetal position out of exhaustion. She looked past the baby gate and saw the two women watching TV on a couch across the room.

Molly rolled over and crawled toward the baby gate. She wanted to climb over it, but because she couldn't stand, it was just barely too tall for her to reach, and her thick mittens prevented her from using her hands to help.

Not seeing any clear gate mechanism and feeling utterly trapped, Molly felt like she only had one option left.

Molly put her hands on the rails of the baby gate and began crying as loud as she could through her pacifier gag. It didn't take long for tears to follow.

Soon, Molly was sobbing through her dummy like a baby, desperately screaming for someone to help her go poopy in her diaper.

* * *

DR. OLIVIA and Miss Jenna continued sitting on the couch and watching TV as they heard their subject crying for help behind them.

"Should we go and get her yet?" Miss Jenna asked.

"No, not yet," Dr. Olivia replied. "This is an important moment of transformative helplessness for the patient. She needs to really soak in the desperation of calling for her Mommy, so to speak."

Miss Jenna smiled. "This is fun," she said. "Thanks for letting me borrow this dress."

"Of course!" Dr. Olivia replied. "I think it's really helpful to change into more nurturing attire when exposing a subject to the playroom for the first time."

After about fifteen more minutes of TV watching, Dr. Olivia signaled to Miss Jenna that it was time. They both got up and walked over to Molly, who was still crying at the gate of her play pen.

"Aww, what's wrong little baby?" Dr. Olivia asked rhetorically.

Miss Jenna unlocked the gate to the pen and both women walked in. Dr. Olivia pulled out a babyish washcloth and

squatted down to wipe the tears from Molly's face.

"Do you have to make a poopy in your diaper?" She asked in a maternal tone.

Molly fiercely nodded her head yes. Both Dr. Olivia and Miss Jenna laughed hysterically at the desperate little adult toddler.

"Well before we let you go poopy in your diaper, we need to explain some things to you, first," Dr. Olivia replied. "So why don't you come crawl over to the couch so we can have a little conversation."

Dr. Olivia stood up and both women walked out of the pen. Molly started vigorously crawling after them as they held the gate open for her and laughed at her adorable waddling.

The way her hips and knees moved made it abundantly clear that she was thickly diapered, enema'd, and plugged.

Dr. Olivia and Miss Jenna continued leading Molly all the way across the large room. Molly felt utterly humiliated by how difficult, tedious, and painful it was to crawl such a long distance, but she had little will to object to anything they did to her at this point.

About half-way toward the couch, Molly passed a mirror against the wall.

Molly saw her reflection and was utterly flabbergasted.

Not only did she look shockingly infantile with her massive binky and fleecy onesie...

Her hair was completely gone.

Molly realized they had shaved her head at some point while she was blindfolded. She was practically bald.

Molly wanted to collapse in tears right then and there, but just as she began trembling with shock, she heard Dr. Olivia's voice...

"Uh oh, looks like our baby doesn't want to come out of the play pen after all. Let's go ahead and put her back in."

Molly snapped out of her humiliation and a surge of adrenaline pushed her forward, helping her forget the status of her shaved head for now.

Fortunately, Dr. Olivia dropped her threat and continued leading Molly toward the couch.

INSTRUCTION BY PADDLE

Finally, Molly crawled around to the floor in front of the couch as Dr. Olivia and Miss Jenna took a seat in front of her.

“Go ahead and sit on your bottom, little one,” Dr. Olivia ordered.

Molly rolled over and sat down on her butt, but the pressure on the plug immediately caused her to roll off of it again.

Dr. Olivia loudly tsk’d. “Uh oh, little one. You see, this is exactly the naughtiness that put that plug in your bottom in the first place. It certainly won’t be coming out until you can show us that you’re ready to start behaving, which means following directions,” Dr. Olivia lectured.

Molly felt deeply frustrated at how cruel they were being, but she knew that there was nothing she could do about it.

So, Molly slowly rolled over and sat her butt down on her protruding butt plug, making her grown and her bowels roar.

“Good girl,” Miss Jenna coo’d as she walked behind Molly and pressed her shoulders to the floor. “Good little baby,”

she said again as she rubbed Molly's stomach, making the sensation of needing to go even worse.

"Now, here's the thing, little one. What you need to understand is that during your stay here, you will be expected to start behaving yourself. When you show us that you don't know how to behave, you will experience consequences appropriate enough for us to know you won't misbehave that way again. Am I understood?" Dr. Olivia lectured.

Molly nodded her head.

"Now, earlier today, you claimed that you didn't need diapers. Given your deeply infantile behavior in the past, as well as the way you soiled the panties you came in here with, we both know that's not true. Lying to your nannies is a very extreme form of misbehavior," Dr. Olivia explained.

Molly turned a deep shade of red out of equal parts frustration and humiliation.

"Naughty girl! Very naughty girl!" Miss Jenna added from over Molly's shoulder, adding to the effect.

"Now, before we grant you the privilege of soiling your diapers like the baby you are, we need know that you will never, ever, *ever*, complain, argue, whine, avoid or ask not to be put in diapers again. Am I understood?" Dr. Olivia asked.

Molly's head was spinning. She felt deeply disoriented and lost. She had no idea why she was being punished just for not wanting to wear diapers, but she was so desperate to relieve her aching bowels, she vigorously nodded her head yes.

"Good. Well then I expect your complete cooperation with Nurse Scarlet for today's training session," Dr. Olivia

replied with a smile.

Molly didn't know what that meant, but she knew better than to question any aspect of her treatment at this point.

Dr. Olivia hit a button on the table next to the couch, and soon Nurse Scarlet came walking into the room.

Molly began to suddenly tremble in terror. Not just because Nurse Scarlet had come in, although that was terrifying in of itself, but because Nurse Scarlet was holding a large, thick, heavy spanking paddle in her hand.

Molly stomach turned, and out of an instinct of pure fear, she flopped over and began to crawl away from Nurse Scarlet and her spanking paddle.

Dr. Olivia and Miss Jenna just laughed as Miss Jenna effortlessly stopped Molly in her tracks, picked her up, and carried her back over toward the front of the couch.

Nurse Scarlet seemed unfazed as she grabbed a stool from the corner and brought it over. "Doctor, I feel that the patient's lesson today would be enhanced if she were given wrist and ankle restraints in addition to her mobility-onesie," Miss Scarlet said.

Molly's heart started pounding at Nurse Scarlet's suggestion.

"Why that's quite reasonable, Nurse Scarlet," Dr. Olivia said.

Dr. Olivia then turned to Molly, who was being gripped in Miss Jenna's lap. "You remember Nurse Scarlet, don't you?" Dr. Olivia asked.

"She's the staff member you kicked in the stomach earlier today. I'd say that it's downright benevolent that she's still willing to help teach you how to behave after experiencing

such severe disrespect from you. And all she asks is that you your hands and ankles be restrained. I think you owe her a mighty thank you,” Dr. Olivia said with an evil smile.

Molly was wide eyed with terror but helpless to stop Miss Jenna from binding her wrists behind her back and her ankles and knees together.

Miss Jenna then carried Molly over to Nurse Scarlet and placed her over Nurse Scarlet’s lap.

Nurse Scarlet gently patted Molly’s diapered butt with her wooden paddle.

“Molly, look at me,” Dr. Olivia ordered.

Molly slowly turned her head, her heart pounding with terror.

“The way this is going to work is that after every five paddles, you will have a chance to convince us that you understand that you need diapers and that you will never, under any circumstances, ever try to protest, argue, or attempt to remove your diapers again. Am I understood?” Dr. Olivia said.

Molly nodded her head. The truth was, she had no idea what Dr. Olivia was talking about. She was just terrified and praying to be put back down on the floor soon.

“And then, Molly, you will have another chance to ask Nurse Scarlet to let you go potty in your diapers. However, it will be up to her about whether or not to remove your plug and let you go. Am I understood?” Dr. Olivia said.

Again, Molly nodded her head.

“Nurse Scarlet, let today’s training session begin,” Dr. Olivia ordered.

Miss Jenna sat down on the couch and they both gleefully watched.

THWAP.

The paddle landed hard against Molly's ass, causing a stinging sensation to explode in her ass and spread throughout her entire body.

Molly immediately shrieked into her pacifier. She was shocked that despite her thick diaper, the pain was still so much worse than she expected.

SMACK.

Molly bit down on her rubber binky in a state of paralyzing distress. Not only did Nurse Scarlet's blow cause her flanks to burn with stinging pain, but they smacked the plug in her bottom, causing Molly's tortured butthole to twinge in discomfort and the soapy enema in her bowels to churn and scream.

SMACK. SMACK.

Every blow felt like a waking nightmare.

SMACK.

Molly was moaning and squealing for mercy through her rubber pacifier.

"That was five, Doctor," Nurse Scarlet announced.

"You may remove her pacifier gag," Dr. Olivia replied.

Molly felt Nurse Scarlet undo the straps on the back of her head. She then felt the surprising sensation of the giant rubber teat being pulled out of her mouth.

The pacifier's removal was so startling, Molly felt her gag reflex triggered simply from its absence.

Everyone stared at Molly as she stretched her jaw and caught her breath. The room was silent.

After a minute, Dr. Olivia spoke up. "I suppose she hasn't learned her lesson yet, then. Nurse Scarlet, please recommence her spanking."

Molly was in such a daze, she had totally forgotten what she was supposed to do after the five blows. But as Dr. Olivia ordered her to be spanked again, she suddenly remembered.

But it was too late.

SMACK!

Nurse Scarlet delivered another spank—this time much harder than the previous ones.

Molly burst out into tears and shrieking—this time she no longer had her gag. "Wait! Wait! Please stop! I'll be good! I'll be good and wear my diapers!"

"Molly!" Dr. Olivia shouted. Molly turned her head to see Dr. Olivia standing up with her hands on her hips.

"How dare you! How dare you disobey us right in the middle of a spanking! You know that you have time to speak between your spankings and you neglected that chance. You are *not* to *ever* interrupt Nurse Scarlet while receiving your paddles. Furthermore, you are never, *ever* to speak to an adult unless spoken to first. Am I understood?"

Molly gulped and summoned the energy to nod her head in acquiescence.

"Good," Dr. Olivia replied. "Because otherwise we can put that pacifier right back in and put you back in your playpen with that butt plug until tomorrow."

Molly shuddered at the prospect of being forced to endure another 24 hours of holding her enema.

“Doctor, should I give her extra blows for disobeying the rules?” Nurse Scarlet asked.

“Yes, good point. Go ahead and give her ten more, then we’ll hear what she has to say again.”

Molly felt utterly defeated as each blow rang out. She couldn’t help but scream in humiliation and agony and her butt burned hotter and hotter with every blow. But she knew better now than to speak again unless spoken to.

By time Nurse Scarlet was done with the tenth blow, Molly was sobbing uncontrollably.

“Molly, do you have anything you want to say,” Dr. Olivia asked.

Molly turned her head and realized that there were now dozens of nurses and other staff members all standing around the couch and watching her punishment. She realized they must have come in while Nurse Scarlet was paddling her just now.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry I was bad! I need diapers! Please keep me in diapers, miss! I need to wear diapers!” Molly begged and pleaded.

Dr. Olivia crossed her arms and audibly hummed and hawed. “Molly?” She said.

“Yes?” Molly responded.

“While you continue to wear diapers in our clinic, I expect you to speak like a child who still wears diapers. That is, a toddler. I want you to know that adult words are off the menu for you, and that the best way for you to be

convincing is to sound like the diapered toddler you are. Am I understood?" Dr. Olivia asked.

Molly tried to process this demand. "Yeth... Mommy," she said, trying to give Dr. Olivia what she wanted.

Dr. Olivia smiled. "Nurse Scarlet?"

"Yes, Doctor?" Nurse Scarlet replied.

"Let's give the little one another chance, now that she understands how to speak in an age appropriate way. Please issue her five more blows," Dr. Olivia ordered.

"Yes, Doctor," Nurse Scarlet replied.

SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK.

The blows were so intense that Molly felt like she had been transported to another dimension. She barely noticed the hiss in her diaper of her losing bladder control.

Nurse Scarlet, however, did not, and put her hand on Molly's warm, diapered crotch to confirm what she suspected.

"Dr. Olivia," Nurse Scarlet said. "I just wish to inform you that the patient has emptied her bladder," she announced to the room.

"Awww, the little baby made a tinkle in her diapee's while getting a widdle spanking," Dr. Olivia chided. The whole room giggled as Molly accepted the humiliation in resigned silence.

"Now, Molly, is there anything you would like to say?" Dr. Olivia asked.

Molly turned and looked out at the crowd as Nurse Scarlet squeezed and patted her soaking diaper against her pussy.

“Mommy, I need diapers! I need diapers ‘cause I do peepees and poopies in my pants! And if I don’t have diapers, I’ll make a messy! Please don’t let anyone put me in anything but diapers! I need to be diapered all the time, Mommy!” Molly pleaded to the room in her best babyish voice.

Dr. Olivia sat back and smiled. “Molly, if for some reason you ever forget you need diapers, or you ever think you don’t belong in diapers, what should we do?”

“Ummm....” Molly racked her brain for the right response. “I want you to spank me until I remember I need diapers all the time no matter what!”

The whole room burst into laughter again.

“Well that, little girl, sounds like a plan,” Dr. Olivia announced to the room. “I think we can safely say that you’ve learned your lesson in that respect.”

Molly’s bowels churned again and she jerked in agony so hard she almost fell off Nurse Scarlet’s lap.

“Pwease, Mommy, let me do a poopoo in my diapers! Pwease! I gotta make a stinky diaper weally bad!” Molly pleaded. The whole room burst into even louder laughter.

Dr. Olivia leaned in. “Sorry little one, if it were up to me, I would, but this one is up to Nurse Scarlet.”

Nurse Scarlet gently patted her paddle against Molly’s aching bottom. “Doctor, I would remove her butt plug and let her soil her diapers, but I do believe that it’s better to be safe than sorry. I feel that I should issue her twenty more paddlings, just so that she fully appreciates the privilege of pooping in her diapers for the rest of her stay here.”

Dr. Olivia smiled and nodded. "I trust your judgement, Nurse Scarlet."

Molly began to involuntarily break down and sob as the blows commenced.

THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP. THWAP.

By time Nurse Scarlet was done, Molly was hoarse from her involuntary wailing and screaming.

"Let me go poopy, nurse! Pwease let me make a stinky diaper! I'm a naughty baby and I badly need to do a poopoos!" Molly belted out.

Nurse Scarlet caressed Molly's soggy diaper as she considered her response.

Finally, apparently satisfied that she had left her mark, Nurse Scarlet put her paddle down and unfastened the drop seat on Molly's trousers.

She reached beneath the waist of Molly's plastic pants, and unscrewed the valve inflating the butt plug in Molly's bottom.

Molly groaned with relief as she felt the butt plug deflate inside of her. Then she yelped uncontrollably as Nurse Scarlet began pulling it out of her bottom. "Owee owee owee!!!!"

The butt plug finally emerged from Molly's rectum with a wet fart, much to all of the spectator's amusement.

Nurse Scarlet pulled the butt plug out and quickly refastened her diapers and locked the drop-seat of Molly's onesie.

Molly felt her bowels loudly gurgling as everything began to rapidly shift downward.

Nurse Scarlet quickly stood Molly up and held her by the arm pits to the crowd.

“Ladies and gentlemen, our newest patient of the clinic, please welcome stinky baby Molly,” Dr. Olivia announced to the small crowd.

Molly groaned with orgasmic relief as she finally got the opportunity to poop in her diapers.

“Unnnnggghhhhh,” Molly moaned and squealed, possessed by her animal desire for relief.

She squeezed her eyes shut and pushed the sloppiest mess of her life into the seat of her already wet disposable diapers.

As the first mound of wet, warm filth settled beneath her crotch, Molly felt dizzy as waves of intense relief combined with abject disgust and embarrassment.

She opened her eyes to see the crowd of nurses all gathered around laughing, pointing and aww’ing at her display.

Molly instinctively tried to turn to run and hide, But Nurse Scarlet kept her standing in plain view.

A series of loud farts echoed from Molly’s diapered bottom, and she fell victim to another wave.

Her evacuation was downright painful due to her chapped and tortured butthole, and she was expelling her mess with such force that the noise of loud splashing could be heard by everyone in the room.

Molly moaned and groaned and called out for her Mommy as Nurse Scarlet lifted Molly up again, put her on her knee, and playfully patted and squeezed Molly's poopy diaper bottom as Molly continued to expel her seemingly never-ending diarrhea.

Molly was soon moaning and groaning and calling out for 'Mommy make it stop,' as everyone marveled at her helplessly soiling her diapers on Nurse Scarlet's lap.

Various nurses in the room soon began to take turns squeezing or gently spanking the filthy mess in Molly's brown diapers as she helplessly continued empty herself into them.

"Pee-ew!" "Yucky!" "Someone needs changies, doesn't she?" "What a filthy, stinky mess for a little girl!" "What have you been feeding her!" "That's the dirtiest diaper I've ever seen in my life!" Were all refrains the staff enjoyed taunting Molly with.

Nurse Scarlet placed Molly on the floor, and finally, after about thirty minutes of agonizing emptying of her bowels and bladder, Molly felt like she had finally pushed out every bit that she possibly could.

All that was left was the rapidly cooling, stinky mess that had now slopped around to cover every last bit of her diaper—from her thighs, to her back, to the very top of her front.

She smelled like a sewer, and she felt utterly trapped in her humiliating filth. As much as she had prayed for the chance to relieve herself, she almost now regretted that she had made such a disgusting mess of herself in front of all these strangers. Waves of shame began to take over as she stared down at the floor.

“Who’s a stinky baby. Who’s a stinky baby!” Dr. Olivia said as she lifted Molly up, held her in her lap, and patted her swampy mess of a diaper.

Finally, Molly spoke up. “Miss? May I have a diaper change?”

Miss Jenna, Nurse Scarlet, and Dr. Olivia looked down at her in shock. Molly realized she must have said something wrong.

“Uh oh!” Dr. Olivia said. “Miss Jenna—have you ever heard a little baby ask for a diaper change?”

“No, I haven’t,” Miss Jenna replied with a snide smirk.

“I haven’t either,” Dr. Olivia replied. “You know what that means?”

“No, I don’t, Doctor, please do tell me,” Miss Jenna replied.

“That means little baby Molly here is gonna get her paci again, and then she’s gonna spend alllll night in her stinky squishy diaper to teach her a lesson about what it means to be a stinky baby who doesn’t get to decide when her diaper is changed,” Dr. Olivia replied.

Molly began to cry in utter resignation and dread and Nurse Scarlet gagged her with the pacifier again and strapped it to her head.

Molly groaned and sobbed as Dr. Olivia picked her up and carried her down the hallway to the patient room she was in earlier that morning.

Except when they walked in, Molly realized that the bed had been replaced with a crib with very high rails.

Dr. Olivia placed Molly in her crib and brought the rails of her crib up, locking her in her filthy, poopy diaper for the

night.

“Nighty night, little one,” Dr. Olivia said in a sweet voice. “Have fun in the stinky, poopy mess you begged to make so bad,” she said with an evil grin as she gave Molly’s filthy butt one final pat.

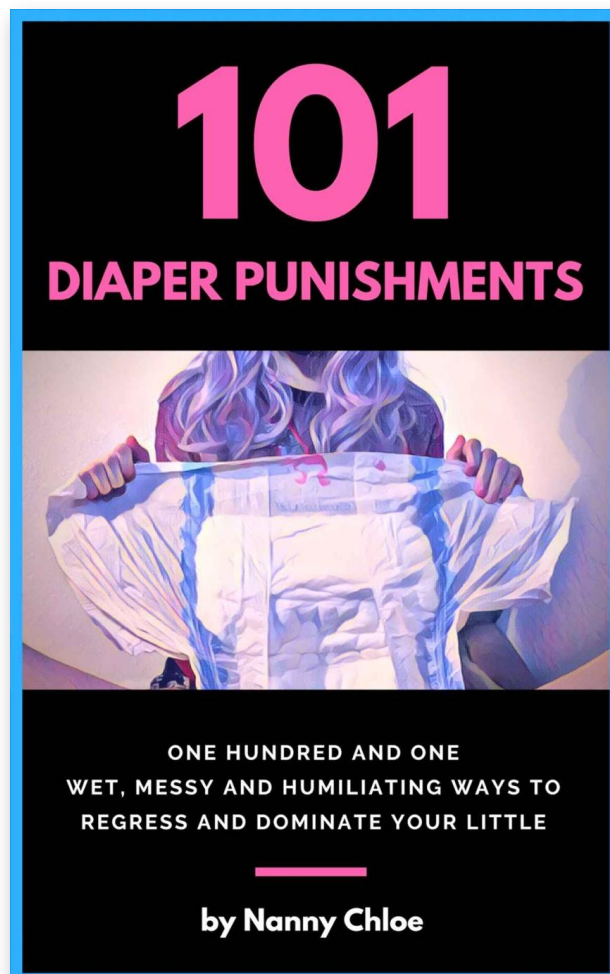
Molly watched Dr. Olivia shut the door to her room and turn off the lights, basking her in darkness.

Molly squished the filthy diaper between her legs and began to helplessly cry for a diaper change.

Molly’s transformation from a rebellious teen into a helpless, stinky, poopy diaper baby was complete.

THE END.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE



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

Little

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

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

In this massive tome, you will learn:

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

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

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

- LittlePrncss33

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

- Mistress Marywell

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

- Little_Georgie

* * *

NOVELLAS:



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

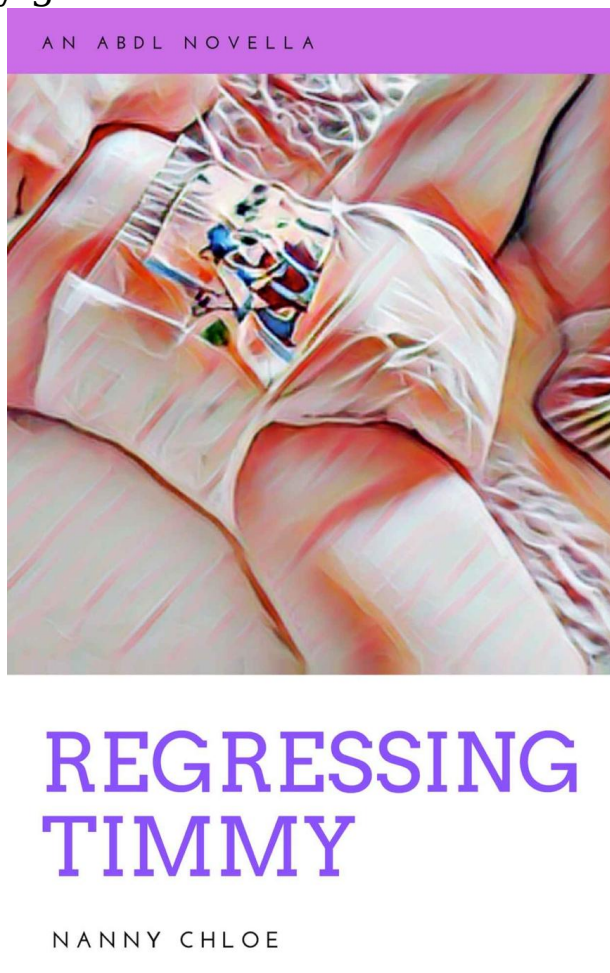
Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

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

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

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

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



Regressing Timmy

After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy,

Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

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

When her teacher doesn't allow her to leave to use the bathroom, instead calling her up for a spanking, Sarah discovers new meaning to the words 'classroom discipline.' After losing control in front of the whole class during her spanking, Sarah is forced to pay the price. Marched through the school hallway with soap in her mouth, Sarah

is then personally diapered by the headmistress -- And it's even more humiliating than she could have imagined. Sarah is then sent back to class. Unfortunately for Sarah, she then loses control in a much bigger way than ever before...



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

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

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

Then, as punishment for her misbehavior, they lock Sandy in a straightjacket and deny her a bathroom. Soon Sandy

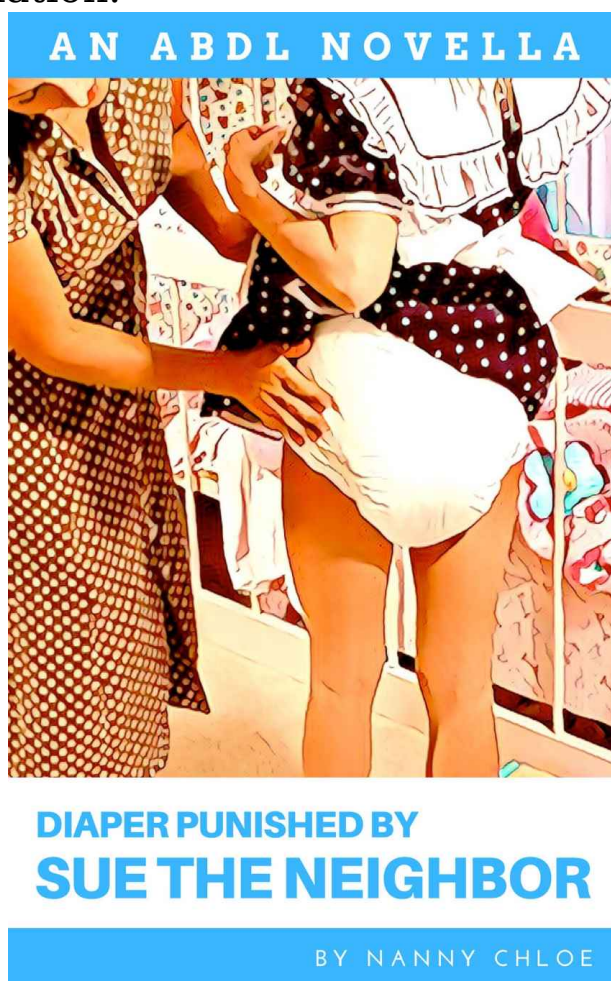
has no choice but to lose control... And for that she'll pay a very hefty price.

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

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

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

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



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.

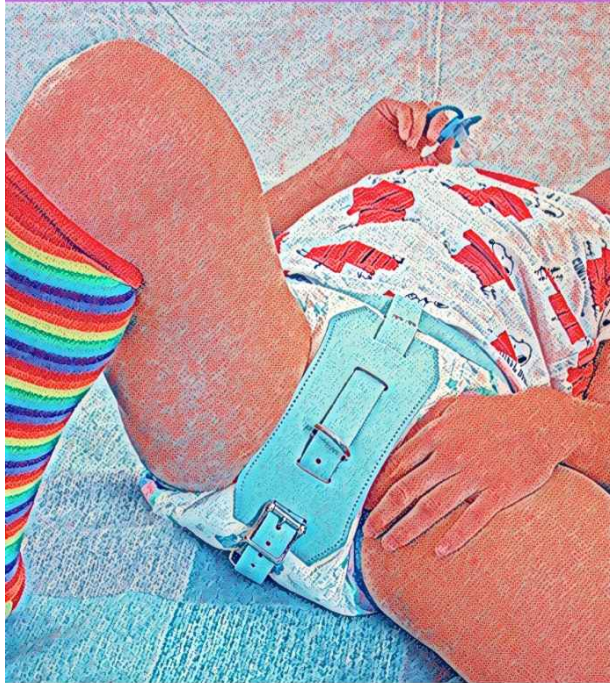
Then diapers.

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.

AN ABDL NOVELLA



BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR
A DIAPER FANTASY
COMES TRUE

BY NANNY CHLOE

Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

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

That is, until the day I met her.

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

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

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

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



Susie's Reverse Potty Training

When I found an apartment posting online from a woman offering to let someone stay with her in exchange for help

around the house and 'proper manners', I couldn't turn it down.

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

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

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

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

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

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

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

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

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

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for downloading and reading, my little!

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

To read more of my stories, please visit:

www.nannychloetales.com

Also, follow me on Tumblr and stay in touch!

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