

THE DIAPER DUNGEON

THE SQUISHING PUNISHMENT



MY JOURNEY OF EXTREME DIAPER PUNISHMENT AND REGRESSION

FULL-LENGTH ABDL NOVEL

BY NANNY CHLOE

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REGRESSION

NANNY CHLOE

NOTICE

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

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

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

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LOSING CONTROL

She always waits for me to make a poopy in my diaper before giving me my punishment.

She calls it... *The Squishing Punishment*.

That is, not only is the punishment bad in of itself...

But she particularly enjoys punishing me in a smelly, squishy, poopy diaper, just to make my humiliation that much worse.

She knows I hate the diapers she makes me wear. And god, do I long for the days when I could use the toilet like an adult.

But no, those days are over.

Just like the days when *she* didn't have *any* say over what I wear...

Or what I eat...

Or if and where I go...

The days when *I* was just a normal 20 year old guy who needed a roommate...

And *she* just happened to be a woman I ended up splitting an apartment with...

A surprisingly attractive, strong, ten-years-older-than-me, woman named *Sally*.

The days when my secret crush on her still allowed me to naively hope I might someday have a chance with her...

That I could be her boyfriend and she my girlfriend...

That she might even be the girl I could finally lose my virginity too...

A foolish, naïve hope that led me to passively accept a growing list of rules that she began imposing on me...

Rules that ostensibly began for the purposes of governing our shared apartment, but seemingly grew to include the purposes of governing *me*—with demands suddenly pertaining to domains such as the cleanliness of my room, how I used the bathroom, how I now needed her permission to enter or leave any shared space...

My foolish crush and foolish hope peaked in the moments when I finally worked up the courage to ask her out on a date— Only to be met with her snickering reply, "Hmm, let me think about it, I'm not quite sure you're... *enough man* for a girl like me. No offense."

And any hope of mine remaining went up in flames just a few days after that, when our relationship took a decisive, unanticipated turn...

When I put up no fight as she permanently downgraded me from *roommate* to... *her diapered adult baby*.

Now I *know* that the odds of her ever seeing me in *that* way, as a *man*, are just as unlikely as me ever getting to do my 'business' behind the privacy of a closed door again...

She said the diapers were because I clearly couldn't control myself anymore, after I had had one accident too many.

She said that maybe I'd finally be ready for 'potty training' again after spending a good long time being forced to use diapers 24/7, with the bathroom totally off limits.

But despite her official reason, deep down, I suspect she continues to keep me in diapers because, well, because she *relishes the power*.

That is, the *absolute psychological control, authority and domination* she gains over me, by keeping me in diapers.

She loves the humiliation, disgust, and shame I feel from morning to night, knowing that I must wet and soil myself like an infant.

That I now depend on her completely for my most intimate and embarrassing needs...

After all, the rules she gave me were clear—I was never permitted to ever touch, remove, cover or otherwise tamper with my diaper... let alone change it.

"No," she said to me, "You lost that adult privilege when you messed in your pants like an infant. Like I said, from now on, I'm going to treat you exactly like the baby you are."

I still vividly remember the incident that finally pushed her over the edge like it was yesterday...

* * *

I HAD BEEN TAKING an afternoon nap on the couch and was woken by the sound of the front door opening.

I realized she was home early. And as I sat up, I also realized, to my horror, that my crotch was soaked.

I had done it again. I had wet myself while sleeping. This time, while just taking a nap.

I leapt to my feet and sprinted to the bathroom, desperate to hide the fact that, not only had I had another accident, but I wasn't wearing the pull-ups she had begun demanding I wear to bed, "So that the whole apartment stops reeking of your piss."

"Everything okay?" she asked from down the hall as she caught sight of me sprinting to the bathroom.

I slammed the door behind me and frantically began trying to change out of my pee-soaked trousers before she could discover what I had done...

"What are you doing in there?" She asked in a suspicious tone as she knocked on the bathroom door.

"Uhh... nothing!" I squeaked. I began urgently trying to dry the shameful stain in the crotch of my pants and down to my ankle with toilet paper.

Until suddenly...

BAM!

The door flew open—

She had kicked the meager lock right off the wall.

I jumped and turned in shock, still holding my pee-soaked tighty-whities and pathetic wet pants.

She looked me up and down in a mixture of anger and disgust.

I let out a quiet groan.

But my groan was not just from the embarrassment of having been discovered trying to cover up yet another humiliating bedwetting accident...

No, I groaned because I realized that, to my utter horror, she had *scared the shit out of me*.

Literally.

I suddenly felt a warm, thick mound of shit in the back of my undies, where I had apparently just pooped my pants in terror.

It didn't help matters that my tummy had already been a little upset that day, but this was still an act so incredibly embarrassing and infantile, I didn't know I was capable of it. (I suppose I had never faced terror before like the terror of facing *her* with evidence of an undisclosed accident in my pants.) "Unbelievable," she said from the doorway of the bathroom as she stared at my pee-soaked crotch. It was clear she was not yet aware of my 'rear' accident.

"It's bad enough that I apparently can't trust you to be adult enough to know when you need to wear your nighttime protection, but the fact that you tried to *hide* your accident from me so that the way I found out is by discovering the smelly stain you left on my couch..."

She trailed off...

And then, to my horror, she wrinkled her nose. She sniffed the air, then sniffed it again.

Suddenly her expression of anger turned to one of absolute revulsion.

"Oh my god, you didn't..." she seethed. "Turn around," she commanded.

"No," I whimpered.

“Turn around, right now!” She ordered.

I didn’t budge, frozen with terror.

She glared at me as I cowered before her.

“So help me...” she muttered as she marched toward me.

She yanked me by the hand, spun me on my feet and pinned me against the wall before I even knew what was happening.

I gasped, watching in the mirror as she inspected, with disgust, the brown load clearly visible in the seat of my previously white underpants.

“You dirty, dirty boy,” she muttered. “You are in big... big trouble.”

And in that moment, even that early on in the process, I knew that our relationship was about to fundamentally change.

* * *

THE FIRST THING SHE DID, after discovering the poop accident in my undies, was push my nose into the corner of the bathroom and order me to put my hands on my head.

I tearfully complied, too scared to further invoke her rage, even with the humiliating load still sitting in my undies.

I then realized she was taking pictures of me in my pathetic, humiliating state with her phone. But I was far too defeated to attempt to protest.

She told me not to move a muscle while she prepared some things, then left the bathroom and took the bathroom’s only

roll of toilet paper with her, presumably to prevent me from trying to clean myself up before she gave me permission.

She wanted me to stand there wallowing in my humiliating mess, forcing me to feel the full weight of my shameful accident.

I stood there, trembling with the pathetic mess in my pants, for what seemed like nearly an hour.

Every second that passed, I felt more desperate to disobey her, to leave the corner and clean myself up with what ever I could find.

And yet, the idea of her suddenly returning and catching me in the act of disobeying her yet again, terrified me into total compliance.

I breathed a small sigh of relief when I heard her finally return. I had been expecting that she would be holding the supplies necessary to help me clean myself up.

But instead, she suddenly yanked me by the ear and began pulling me out to the living room.

“Sit that dirty little bottom down!” she ordered, pointing to a towel she had laid out on the living room floor in front of the couch.

I felt little choice but to comply. I cringed with disgust and shame as I felt the filthy mess in my tighty-whities smear against my butt cheeks and crotch while I sat down before her.

When I raised my gaze to look at her while she took a seat on the couch, I couldn't help but feel in awe of her power.

She was wearing her leather mini-skirt, a low cut top, and tall black boots. Her breasts were plump and enticing. Her

lips were glistening and red. Her outfit seemed to foreshadow the dominatrix she was to become over me.

And just the act of being forced to witness her absolute beauty while sitting in my filthy, pathetic state, made my humiliation before her take on a sudden new intensity.

“First, it was you failing to keep up with basic adult chores such as doing the dishes or cleaning up your disgusting bedroom,” she began.

“Then, it became even more revolting juvenile behavior, such as me finding your piss on my toilet seat, or having to see disgusting brown skid marks in the underpants you put in our shared laundry.”

I shifted in discomfort as she spoke, which only made the disgusting load press and smear against my crotch even more, filling me with shame and disgust.

“Now, not only do you apparently wet the bed at your age, a shocking fact that I had to learn firsthand from smelling your disgusting pee-soaked bed-sheets from our hallway...

“But you continue to refuse to take even the barest level of responsibility for your pathetic shortcoming by wearing the pull-ups that *I already bought for you* with my *own damn money*! Instead, you’ve chosen to soil *my* furniture through either disrespect or stupidity, I can’t tell!”

I began tearing up, her words cutting through me and humiliating me to the core.

“And now, on top of all that, I find out that you don’t just *wet* yourself like a pathetic baby... you also *poop* your pants like one too?”

I blushed even hotter, the humiliating smell of my accident which now permeated the whole room made me want to

crawl into a hole and die.

“Well, it’s clear to me now that my patience with your pathetic, infantile behavior has been an absolute waste of my time,” she stated.

“Given that we are still only in the first months of a very long lease we must continue to maintain together, I have decided to solve the ongoing problem your behavior presents for me by taking things into my own hands.

“You have demonstrated the same level of responsibility, respect, and quite frankly mental aptitude, as a toddler going through his terrible-two’s. Therefore, from now on, I will be treating you in the way that you apparently want to be—and certainly *need to be*—treated.

“That is, I’ve decided that, from now on you will start being *treated* exactly like the baby you are *acting* like. And I am going to be... *your new Mommy*, whether you like it or not,” she said with a stern expression.

I looked up in shock from my humiliating position on the floor. I had never heard anything like this. I opened my mouth to try to protest. “But—”

“It’s not up for discussion, poopy pants,” she declared, cutting me off. “First of all, if you fail to respect my new position of authority, I will share the images of your pathetic poopy accident far and wide. Not to mention the other images I’ve been accumulating of you in your pull-ups at night as well as the other embarrassing messes I’ve come across.”

I was mortified, shuddering at the thought of my current humiliation now following me for the rest of my life on the internet.

“Second, you already know I am far stronger and far smarter than you. I feel that you’ve already given me every reason I need to exact my personal revenge for the hassles you’ve already put me through. Therefore, I will not hesitate to use all means at my disposal to both physically and psychologically subdue and overpower you, if necessary.”

My eyes widened at the sight of her powerful figure. I knew she was proficient in kickboxing from when she was younger, and it didn’t take much imagination to see her easily toppling my scrawny frame and pummeling me into submission if she really wanted to.

“And finally, you pathetic, naughty little stinker, it’s clear that however you were raised, it was without the most crucial skills necessary to being an adult, such as feeding yourself or not pissing your fucking pants. So the sad truth is, *you need this from me* far more than *I need this from you.*”

I was speechless. She leaned in and pinched my cheek.

“So that means your new ‘*Mommy*’ is going to take care of you from now on! Aren’t you lucky, you naughty, naughty little stinker!” She squealed in an over-the top, condescending voice.

I groaned. I couldn’t believe what she was saying to me.

And that was before she even began explaining my new rules...

THE NEW RULES

I still remember every rule she issued to me that day to the letter.

In fact, sometimes, just for fun, she'll make me recite the full list of my rules in front of guests, delivering a swift swat to my rear every time I stumble or forget one.

So as you can imagine, the rules she explained that day are, by now, etched firmly into my mind...

Rule #1:

You are always, without exception, to be wearing a diaper. That means 24 hours a day, 7 days a week. If at any time I discover you without a diaper on, unless of course in the middle of a diaper change or a supervised bath, you will be severely punished.

Rule #2:

You are never, under any circumstances, to remove, tamper with, adjust, untape or interfere with a diaper that you have been put in.

And you are absolutely forbidden from reaching your grubby little hands down the front or rear of your diaper

for any reason, especially for any attempts to play with your pathetic, teeny little pecker.

Rule #3:

You are forbidden, under any circumstances, from ever changing your own diaper. Diaper changes will be performed by me or a designated caregiver of my choosing, should I be unavailable.

Rule #4:

You are also forbidden, under any circumstances, from ever asking for a diaper change from me or any other designated caregiver.

Instead, you must wait until you are organically 'checked' and 'discovered' to be in need of a change.

Asking for a diaper change, or attempting to signal such a request in some other fashion, will be met not only with a mandatory minimum waiting time until your next diaper change, but likely additional punishments as well.

Both rules number 3 and 4 are for the purposes of giving you the authentic, full experience of what it's really like to pee and poop your pants like a baby.

The goal is for you to truly experience the helplessness and humiliation of both being forced to sit in a soiled diaper, waiting to be changed at your caregiver's discretion, as well as the intense shame of being forced to expose your mess entirely to your caregiver while she or he changes you.

This is because one of the primary purposes of your diaper punishment is to impress upon you a sincere, long-lasting, deep-seated motivation to actually become potty-trained,

should you be so lucky as to have that opportunity again at some point in the future.

Rule #5

Sex and romance for you is now strictly forbidden. You will henceforth be treated like the baby you are, and sex and romantic relationships are only for grown-ups who don't poop their pants.

Rule #6

And on that note, masturbation is especially forbidden. Any attempts to pleasure yourself in an 'adult way' in your diaper is not only truly pathetic, disgraceful, and unsanitary, it will likely be met with a sturdy, locking chastity device, along with a litany of other punishments to follow.

Rule #7

Adult words are now off the table for you.

To clarify, I don't just mean curse words, although you will be punished to the extreme should you ever be so unfortunate as to be caught uttering one of those.

No, adult language as a whole is now off the table for you. From now on, you are to speak like a two year old.

In general, that means mostly two to three word phrases, a highly limited vocabulary, and lisping when appropriate.

If you need more help learning the specifics of how you are to sound from now on, I'm happy to give you a nice long lesson over my knee, with a nice hard swat to your bum every time you speak in a way that's inappropriate for your age, so that you can learn as quickly as possible.

Rule #8

On that note, from now on, you are to address me as, 'Mommy'.

Even though I am not your Mother, you have treated me like I am for far too long, given the way you've forced me to deal with your infantile messes and accidents.

Therefore, it's time for you to finally at least start giving me the respect of the position by calling me by the title of 'Mommy' going forward.

Rule #9

You are to obey me, and anyone else I ever assign to your care, utterly and completely.

Any semblance of back-talk, disagreement, whining or fussing regarding any decision, rule or demand that I ever should make of you, no matter how unpleasant, humiliating, or degrading you find it, will swiftly be met with severe and unrelenting punishment until you learn and accept the nature of your new role.

Rule #10

And finally, at the end of every day, before you go to sleep, you are to sincerely express your heartfelt thanks to me for everything I do for you by reciting the following words to me with your thumb planted firmly in your mouth...

"Thank you, Mommy, for changing my poopy diapers every day. I'm sorry I'm such a pathetic, naughty, diaper-wearing stinker. And thank you, Mommy, for punishing me in all the ways that I deserve, as I know your punishments are the only way I can learn how to be less of a filthy, naughty, stinker going forward."

** * **

AS YOU CAN IMAGINE, by the time she had finished issuing all ten of her rules for the first time, my head was spinning.

At first, I doubted she would follow through with this insane plan. How could she? It all seemed so over the top.

But boy was I wrong...

"You're... kidding..." were the first words I stammered in disbelief as I sat before her, still in my pooppy undies.

"Uh-oh," she said, leaning in, "it looks like you forgot to talk like a good little baby. This is your first and final warning. Do you want to try that again?"

I shifted on my bottom, and the pooppy mess I was still sitting in, combined with everything else I was hearing, finally pushed me to my breaking point.

"Please, I can't do this right now," I blurted as I rose to my feet. "Just... let me go clean myself up first."

I started walking away, bow-legged, back toward the bathroom in my poop-smearred undies.

"Oh, you just made a big, big mistake, little boy," she said in a low voice.

A jolt of fear ran through me as I saw her reach for a pair of large, yellow rubber gloves and a wooden spoon...

I tried to run, but just seconds later...

WHAM!

I was suddenly over her knee, my hands pinned behind my back. "What the—"

SMACK SMACK SMACK

A torrent of painful blows began raining down upon my ass! I realized she was spanking me with a wooden spoon, right atop my stained, poopy underwear!

SMACK SMACK SMACK

The spoon began relentlessly cracking against my heinie, sending shockwaves of pain across my bum and making me scream at the top of my lungs.

“Eeeeeaaaahhhh!!!”

“You naughty little boy!” she screamed, a lifetime of frustration with boys like me seemingly pouring out from her with every blow. “Since you insist on continuing to act like a naughty infant, you are not leaving my lap until you are sobbing like the naughty baby that you are!”

SMACK SMACK SMACK!

“Stop it! Please! I’m sawwy, I’m sawwy!” I helplessly screamed.

SMACK SMACK SMACK!

“It’s too late for that!” She shouted, landing her blows even harder against my burning bottom. “You’re not leaving my lap until your bottom is so red, you never *even think* of willfully disobeying me *ever* again!”

And looking back at that moment, I realize now that it was true. She was right.

By the time she had finished landing smack after smack after smack upon every square inch of my cheeks, thighs and butt crack, I had reached and passed my psychological breaking point again and again and again.

I cried and sobbed and wailed for her mercy until my voice was hoarse, until my limbs went limp, until I had truly lost

all will to struggle.

And when she finally ceased her unholy torrent of blows upon my rear, I knew only one thing...

From now on, I was always to do exactly what she wanted, no matter what. For there was nothing on earth that I could imagine that would be worth another one of her spankings.

* * *

DESPITE HER TORRENT of blows finally coming to an end, I continued to helplessly wail and pathetically blubber over her knee.

But I was then surprised by an unexpectedly soothing touch—her gloved hand gently rubbing my blistering bottom.

“Aww, it’s okay to cry, little baby,” she cooed into my ear. “I know it hurts when Mommy has to spank your little bot-bot. Mommy doesn’t like it either, but she has no choice when you act so naughty.”

The adult part of me recognized the indignity that she was somehow blaming me for what had just happened. But the other part of me... the new part... was just glad my ‘Mommy’ was finally not angry with me anymore.

“Okay, Mommy,” I whimpered. “I’m sawwy I was so naughty.”

I couldn’t see her expression from my position over her knee, but I was sure she was smirking with glee at my eager, newfound obedience.

She spent a few more moments giving my blistering bottom a merciful light massage before helping me to my feet.

“How about Mommy helps you clean up that poopy little bottom?” she said.

“Okay, Mommy,” I whimpered as she took my hand as if guiding a toddler.

She led me down the hall toward my bedroom, and I realized how much I already felt like a docile, emasculated, husk of a man.

And this feeling only exploded as she showed me into my room...

I gasped in shock at what she had already managed to do to my bedroom. Or what *was* my bedroom. For it was clear it was now my *new nursery*.

She merely giggled at my horrified reaction.

She led me over to a diaper changing mat she had laid atop my waist-high dresser.

I realized she must have been planning to implement my imposed regression for at least some time, as she had already managed to install a full shelf of changing supplies, babyish posters on every wall, and a giant stack of large, puffy diapers next to my bed.

She guided me to sit and lay back upon my makeshift diaper changing table.

She then guided my hands above my head. “There you go, keep those handsies up high for Mommy,” she cooed.

In an act of pathetic, humiliating submission, I closed my eyes and didn’t utter a peep of protest as she began changing me for the first time.

First, she cut my filthy, soiled undies off with a pair of bandage scissors. It was a relief to have them removed, but

seeing her choose to *destroy* my 'big kid' undies, rather than *wash* them, sent an undeniably chilling message about my relationship to underwear going forward.

I then experienced the surreal feeling of having to put my legs up like a baby while she began using cool baby wipes to start cleaning my poopy bottom.

With every wipe she pressed against my bottom, I involuntarily whimpered from the shame of my utter defeat.

I was slowly beginning to process that, once I had actually been changed out of my poopy mess and into a diaper by my new 'Mommy', on my new diaper changing table, there was no way I would ever regain my dignity again.

No matter what happened after this moment, I knew I could never forget the extreme humiliation I was currently experiencing. And therefore, no matter what else happened, I would always forever be, on some level, a pathetic, diaper using adult baby. My life was already permanently changed.

And as I glanced up at my new 'Mommy', I knew she was relishing every second of my unbearable shame.

"Aww, there there, little stinker, Mommy is almost done cleaning up your messy, poopy bottom," she gleefully cooed. "Won't you feel better when Mommy puts you in your new, big, thick, puffy diapers, so that you can make poopoos in your pants without making such a naughty mess, huh?"

I knew she was enjoying the way I winced from her utterly humiliating words.

And I suspected that, as she continued methodically cleaning my crotch and bottom, she was taking a leisurely detour with my most sensitive bits...

“God, I knew you were juvenile, but I have to admit, I am amazed at how tiny your little peepee really is!” she said as she pinched and squeezed my tiny shaft with a baby wipe. “This itty-bitty weewee alone is reason enough to put you back in diapers,” she laughed, filling me with waves of dread and embarrassment.

She began squeezing and tugging at my balls, making me groan, which made her giggle.

And then she began slowly inserting her glove-covered finger into my sensitive hole. I let out a loud whimper as she confidently jammed her digit through my hole and deep into my passage.

I writhed and whimpered even louder as she began wriggling her finger around inside of me. But I remained obediently compliant while she gleefully subjected me to her violating ‘cleaning procedure.’

Finally, she removed her digit, making me groan with relief, and reached down to retrieve a massive, thick, white, puffy disposable adult-sized diaper from beneath the changing table.

“What do you think of your new diapers?” She asked as she unfurled it before my eyes. “I bought them last week in case your bed-wetting continued to worsen, which it clearly has.”

“I had them special ordered. They’re apparently the thickest adult disposable diapers on the market. The clerk said that they were strictly only for nighttime use for cases of extremely heavy wetting, as they are apparently far too bulky to comfortably wear during the day. But I think I’ll be having you wear them during the day anyway,” she giggled.

I cringed but remained speechless as she pushed the giant, soft, crinkly garment under my butt.

"After all," she continued, "if you're forced to waddle from now on... or if your crotch is unmistakably bulky... or you now have the sound of loud crinkling beneath your pants wherever you go... well, that won't be a problem for you! Because you're just a pathetic little diaper-pooing baby! And diaper-pooing babies don't get one bit of say about whether or not everyone knows they wear diapers!"

She secured the sturdy, heavy tapes of the fluffy garment, successfully sealing me into my new diaper-prison, and helped me sit up on the changing table.

I reached down to the large, puffy, humiliating garment around my waist in a state of shock. I couldn't believe this was happening. I wasn't ready to give up my adulthood! My dignity! My life! I didn't want to have to wear diapers!

I felt myself breathing faster... hyperventilating...

I then burst into a fresh new wave of hysterical sobs.

"Mommy, I don't wanna become a baby!" I wailed as I ironically plunged my thumb into my mouth for comfort.

"Awww, come on little stinker," she snickered as she lifted me up into her arms with a surprising level of ease.

She carried me across the room to my bed, which I realized now had tall, medical style rails installed around it.

"Don't worry little guy," she said as she set me down into my new crib. "You're not going to *become* a baby."

"I'm not?" I whimpered, taking my thumb out of my mouth.

"No, silly," she said, booping my nose with her finger. "You're not going to *become* a baby... because you already

are a baby!"

She laughed hysterically as I let out a whine of despair.

"Now, it's time for you to go to beddy-bye, but what do you need to say to Mommy before she leaves?" she asked, pinching my rosy cheeks.

I gave her a blank, confused stare, and she furrowed her brow in anger.

"Uh oh, do I need to give my little boy another spanking before beddy-bye to help him remember all the rules?" She asked.

I felt a jolt of panic at her threat, and then somehow mercifully managed to remembered what it was she wanted me to do.

"Oh... uh... thank you, Mommy—"

"Ah-hem," she interrupted, clearing her throat and then guiding my hand back up to my mouth.

"Oh... sawwy..." I said as I put my thumb in my mouth again. "*Fank you*, Mommy, for changing my poopy diapers. I'm sawwy I'm so naughty. And thank you for my spankings, cause it helps me be a good baby for Mommy," I said.

The words filled me with waves of shame and powerlessness as I said them. I realized it was an expression of my total and utter surrender to her control. And I also realized... that was exactly why she wanted me to say them.

"Awww, I suppose that's good enough for your first night as my baby boy," she said with a smirk and pinched my cheek. "You're welcome, little stinker. Have a good sleep in your new diapees."

I watched with wide eyes as she turned out the lights and locked me in my nursery, presumably for the night, which was a painful observation, given that it was only just after 5 P.M.

I sat back down in my crib, took a few breaths, and began loudly sobbing once again.

I sobbed out of regret, I sobbed out of embarrassment, and more than anything, I sobbed out of grief. Grief for my permanent loss of dignity.

I sobbed and sobbed as I tossed and turned for hours in my new, bulky, humiliating diaper, my new permanent badge of shame.

I stopped sobbing only to take a small enough break from my tears to sit up and wet my diaper like the infant I had become, followed by more helpless tears of humiliation.

But at some point that night, after many hours of sleepless rolling around in my soggy diaper, I arrived at a comforting thought.

At least I don't have to face anymore punishments, if I choose to try to be good for Mommy at all times going forward. Then, as horrible as it is to be forced to wear and use diapers, I can at least avoid making it worse on myself.

And that idea of having at least that small amount of control over my new life gave me comfort. Or at least enough comfort to finally fall asleep in my new nursery.

But oh, how naive I was then.

For what I didn't realize then was how much she *relished* in my torment and humiliation.

And soon I would learn that no matter how hard I worked to please her, she would always find a reason to subject me

to new depths of shame and humiliation for being the pathetic, naughty, stinky little diaper boy that I was.

And it always came back, one way or another, to her favorite implement of control...

The squishing punishment.

UNEXPECTED GUESTS

“*U*h-oh, stay where Mommy can see you, sweetheart,” she said to me from across the living room.

I winced. She had caught me trying to sneak out of the living room, out of her sight.

The ‘Stay Where Mommy Can See You’ rule was a new one. She had instituted it after catching me trying to sneak some ‘big kid’ food from the kitchen one evening last week, several weeks after the beginning of my diaper punishment.

“Oopsie-Daisy, looks like you’re even less trustworthy than I thought. It looks like Mommy’s going to have to keep you in her sight 24/7 from now on to make sure you don’t get up to any trouble,” she explained.

This was quickly followed by her installing a sturdy lock on the outside of my nursery door, as well as a sturdy top and lock on my crib to keep me ‘safe’ at night.

Of course I never sought to intentionally break Mommy’s rules if I could help it, anyway. But the reason I was trying to sneak away from her that late afternoon was because, well... I had to poop. Badly.

For the few weeks that I had been in diapers up until that point, going ‘number two’, had been a constant source of distress for me.

That is, as humiliating as everything was about my new condition... it was ‘messing’ myself, followed by a long, humiliating poopy diaper change, that I found truly unbearable.

I had started to get used to ‘holding it’—that is, only pooping once every few days. And typically when I did finally go, I could only truly relax enough to successfully ‘release’ in one place... by squatting behind the crib in my nursery.

After all, I had always been a shy pooper, even before being relegated to diapers. My whole life, I’d never been able to go ‘number two’ in a public bathroom out of fear of someone even just accidentally sneaking a glance at me in my vulnerable state through the stall door.

And now that I wasn’t allowed into *any* bathroom *at all*, forced to use a diaper instead for all my potty needs, I lived with the personal nightmare of lacking even the most basic privacy when I had to ‘do my deed.’

Hence, the corner of my room became my ‘spot,’ where I could at least hopefully avoid her seeing me while I was in the middle of such an unthinkably private and humiliating act...

And every time I *did* successfully finish dropping a hot, poopy load into the seat of my diaper, I would waddle around in my room, trying to distract myself from the terrible, stinky, mushy mess in my diaper, anxiously waiting for ‘Mommy’ to come change me out of my shameful naughty mess.

So it was to that spot—my ‘special corner’ in my nursery—that I was trying to escape to that afternoon when she caught me trying to leave the room, and consequently forcing me to stay in the living room, in her sight.

I groaned as she grabbed me by the wrist and walked me back to the infantile playpen she had set up for me in the living room. “Be a good boy and play with your toys,” she said as she deposited me back onto the multi-colored play mat.

As I took a seat, I let out another quiet, pained moan as I felt my stomach grumbling and churning. The big early dinner of oatmeal and prunes, and I suspect some other sinister ingredients, that she had fed me were quickly doing their work of stirring my bowels.

I had been resisting a movement for a couple days now, as had become my habit. But I knew from the quickly escalating pressure in my gut that I wouldn’t be able to hold on much longer...

I tried to focus in playing with my baby toys, wiggling and dancing my bottom to keep from losing control.

And even as she set the table on the other side of the room, I sensed Mommy was watching me from the corner of her eye. And I could sense her smirking, ever so slightly, in anticipation of watching me helplessly mess myself right in front of her...

No, I told myself, clenching my cheeks and fists, I won’t give her the satisfaction. I still have some control. I can at least hold it until I have some privacy later tonight.

“Aww, my little guy looks cranky,” she said, surprising me from over my shoulder a few minutes later, “this should help.”

I felt the sudden intrusion of a rubber teat into my mouth as she inserted a super large pacifier between my lips.

I found the pacifier extremely humiliating, and I hated every time she put it in my mouth, but I knew better than to resist by now. Especially because I knew she usually liked to give me my pacifier as a sort of 'warning,' indicating to me that if my 'fussy behavior' persisted I was in for a *real* punishment.

"Now listen up, little one," she said, kneeling down to look me in the eyes. "I've got some friends coming over tonight, so I need you to be on your best behavior, okay? I don't want to have to spank you in front of everyone, now do I?" She said with a subtle smirk.

My eyes went wide. I tried to process what I had just heard.

*Friends? She's having her **friends** over? While she's got me wearing diapers?*

I felt a shockwave of panic erupt from my head to my toes.

The idea of being seen in my new, infantile state by others was unthinkable. I just couldn't bear to face that humiliation.

Surely she'll put me back in my nursery before they come, right? I thought to myself as I anxiously sucked the teat of my dummy.

And then I heard it. The doorbell.

"Oh, right on time," she said with a smirk as she stood back up.

My heart started pounding. There was no way I could bear to face a stranger wearing a diaper like this.

“Mommy!” I suddenly whined through my dummy. “Can I go back to my nursery?”

I typically wouldn’t dare to ask such a thing, given how closely it verged on questioning her judgement, and inviting the wrath of a spanking. But as my stomach groaned, and my face burned hot and sweaty, I was becoming desperate for a chance to ‘do my deed’ somewhere private.

Mommy slowly kneeled down again and smiled. “I don’t think so, little guy,” she said, tussling my hair. “After all, I can’t wait for all my friends to meet you! You might even be the main event tonight,” she said with a sinister smirk.

I let out a soft, pathetic whimper as I watched her leave to answer the door.

I knew that my day was about to get a whole lot worse.

* * *

HER FIRST FRIEND TO come down the hall was her gorgeous blonde friend, Kelly.

I recognized her voice as she approached, and my blood immediately ran cold.

After all, Kelly was a ‘mean girl’ if there ever was one. A high school and college cheerleader. A 10/10 in the looks department on a bad day. And she was seemingly devoted to belittling and humiliating those she disliked—a fact I had learned from just my few interactions with her in the past when I was just ‘Mommy’s’ roommate.

I covered my face, trying to look away and hide behind the non-existent cover of my play pen gate as I heard them approaching.

(It didn't help matters that all I was wearing was a short T-shirt and a fully exposed diaper. I thought back to that morning with regret, when Mommy had offered me the option to wear a onesie, and I foolishly chose the T-shirt, thinking it was more the more 'adult' choice compared to the humiliation of a babyish onesie.)

As I burned crimson red, cowering in the corner, there was some part of me, embarrassingly enough, that genuinely hoped that I might be able to become inconspicuous enough as to avoid being noticed by Kelly as she came in.

Perhaps she wouldn't really see me... or care enough to comment... I foolishly prayed.

But within seconds, I learned how wrong I was.

"Oh... my... god..." Kelly said, dropping her bag in shock. "Is he wearing... a *diaper*? And sucking a *pacifier*?"

"Oh!" My Mommy said, feigning surprise, "I didn't tell you? He poops and pees his pants, so he has to wear diapers now."

"I... can't believe it. I mean... I knew he was always a dweeb, but this is unreal," Kelly said as she approached with her camera phone out.

I immediately burned redder than I ever had in my life while I heard the repeated 'clicks' of Kelly taking picture after picture, gawking at me in titillated disgust.

"I mean seriously," Kelly continued, "you said he was having some bathroom issues. Not that he has to wear diapers! I can't believe you put up with this."

"Well, to be honest," my Mommy said with a laugh, "after he pooped his pants and ruined his tighty-whities, I realized I'd rather just change his diapers than have to clean up his

ruined poopy undies every day. And ultimately it turns out that I'd rather just be his Mommy than let him run around peeing and pooping on my furniture because no one else is willing to give him boundaries and change his diapers."

I was mortified.

"Wait... you don't actually... *change* his diapers... do you?"

My Mommy gave a small, self-satisfied nod.

"Even when he goes..."

Mommy gave another nod.

"Oh my god!" Kelly shouted. She then erupted in the loudest cackling laughter I'd ever heard in my life. I felt like I wanted to die.

"What a pathetic little stinker! Yuck!" Kelly concluded when she was through taking photos of the freak show before her. "He's lucky to have you!"

"He certainly is," my Mommy said. She then kneeled down and beckoned to me. "Come here little guy. Let's check that diaper."

I was frozen in humiliation on the other side of my playpen.

"Young man," Mommy said again in a stern voice. "If I have to ask you again, you are going right over my knee right now. Remember what I said?"

Kelly erupted in another round of hysterical laughter.

I snapped out of my, remembering that was the last thing I wanted. I scrambled toward my Mommy and put my hands on my head for a diaper check.

I felt her squish the front of my diaper, then stick her fingers in my leg bands, making me blush.

“Dry enough for now,” she said to Kelly. “Come on, let’s get set up for dinner.”

I cringed and hung my head while my Mommy and her friend went into the kitchen.

I couldn’t believe what had just happened. Any sense of getting used to my daily degradation under my ‘Mommy’s’ control had just been obliterated, as the judgmental gaze of a stranger thoroughly and instantly reminded me just how truly pathetic I was.

I wanted to curl into a ball and cry right then and there...

But then, I felt my stomach painfully gurgling yet again. And I realized in horror that I was seconds away from losing control of my bowels into my diaper... with Mommy’s terrible friend Kelly just around the corner! I couldn’t bear to see her expression when she returned to the living room and found me with a poopy load in my diaper.

Maybe now is my chance to escape to my room, I thought to myself, looking over my shoulder.

As terrified as I was of being punished, more than anything, I was utterly desperate to relieve myself. And all I wanted was to do it in private.

I carefully climbed over my play pen and began tip-toeing toward the hallway.

I could hear Mommy and Kelly talking in the kitchen.

My stomach churned harder and harder. I knew it was now or never.

I started tip-toeing down the hall... toward my nursery...

I heard the front door open again. More people were suddenly coming in.

My heart started pounding. I took off running down the hall, my thick wet diaper making me waddle...

I reached the door of my nursery—

Put my hand on the doorknob—

I was so close—

WHOOSH!—I felt myself suddenly pulled backward and lifted into the air.

I realized I was being held by strange, strong, masculine arms.

“Uh-oh! Found ‘em!” A gruff voice said.

I looked up in shock. I realized I was in the arms of a large, muscle-bound, hunk of a man, being carried just like a helpless baby.

“The little guy was down here!” The man shouted back toward the kitchen. “I’ve got him!”

“Oh, thank god! Bring him back to the kitchen, please!” I heard my Mommy reply.

I was flabbergasted as this man effortlessly carried me back toward the kitchen.

I had always been skinny and small for my age... but never before had I felt so thoroughly emasculated as while being carried while diapered by a hyper-masculine, handsome, man.

“There he is! Oh my god, thank you so much, Brad! You’re a lifesaver! I worried he might have gotten out of the house!” My Mommy said as I was carried into the kitchen.

“Hey, no problem, Sal,” Brad replied. “Where do you want the little stinker?”

"You can just bring him over here," Mommy said as she put her spatula down and turned to me.

Brad put me down in the middle of the kitchen next to my Mommy. I stood frozen in shock as I realized that I was suddenly surrounded by half-a-dozen of my Mommy's friends, all standing around me, staring at me in my diaper and paci.

I glanced from face to face in terror, all of them staring back at me with expressions of fascination and disgust. I was mortified.

"Young man! What did I say about staying where Mommy can see you? What on earth did you think you were doing?" Mommy began to scold me.

"He calls her Mommy?" I heard someone standing around us ask.

"Yeah, I guess he's like... mentally a three-year-old."

"More like a two-year-old. Three year olds don't wear diapers."

"I... uh... uh..." I stammered. I felt my face growing hotter and hotter. Then tears were falling. My stomach suddenly spasmed and groaned harder than it ever had before. It was all too much.

All I could do was blurt through my paci, "I'm sorry Mommy! I just had to do a poopy in my diaper!"

Everyone cringed at my humiliating, pathetic outburst. And then, just seconds later...

It happened. I let out a massive fart, followed by a low, guttural grunt. I squeezed my eyes shut and began involuntarily bearing down...

“Unnnngggggg,” I moaned while everyone watched with wide eyes.

I felt my sphincter expand bigger than it’s ever been stretched before in my life as I started slowly pushing out the thickest, heaviest log I’d ever dropped into the seat of my puffy diaper.

I was helpless but to keep pushing with all my might as I felt the hot warmth of my thick mess begin to press and smear against the back of my diaper.

“Is... he...?” Someone asked.

“I think he is...” someone else murmured.

“Oh... my... god...” I heard Kelly snicker.

“Unhgg!” I grunted loudly as I bent forward and pinched off the first log into the seat of my diaper.

I took a breath and finally opened my eyes. Everyone staring at me in utter shock and disgust.

“Ooooh, I see. You had to do a poopy! I think we can *all* see that now,” Mommy teased.

I cringed in absolute horror as she reached behind me and squeezed the seat of my poopy mess.

There was a moment of silence...

Until finally, the whole kitchen erupted in simultaneous, uproarious laughter.

“Oh my god! I can’t believe he just *pooped* his diaper! Right in front of us! At his age!”

“Eww!! I can already smell it! What a stinker!”

“Awww, he really is a baby!”

“I’ve got a video of the whole thing!” Kelly said.

“Ugh, it smells like someone took a dump in here now!” Brad added. “I’m just glad he didn’t poop his pants while I was holding him.”

While they all screamed with disgust and laughter, I stood frozen, paralyzed by the worst humiliation of my life.

I felt utterly powerless and degraded beyond words.

All I could do was stand frozen before them as tears fell down my cheeks.

That is, until a few seconds later, I felt another wave...

I involuntarily and suddenly squatted down and grunted even louder than before.

And then I felt the horror of a wet torrent of mud suddenly pouring out of my rear end and pouring into my already poopy diaper.

“Ewwww! He’s going again!” They shouted.

“That is disgusting!”

“And pathetic! I can’t believe he has no control at all!”

Waves of shame washed over me, but all I could do was keep releasing.

And then I felt a stream of hot piss suddenly pouring from my front, splashing against my crotch and soaking into the already soggy mess in my diaper.

I gasped and moaned as I kept ‘going’ and ‘going’, a helpless victim to my bladder and bowels.

It didn’t take a detective to realized my Mommy must have put some sort of laxative in my meal.

Finally, when I felt like I could squeeze no more out, and that my involuntary evacuation was complete, I slowly raised my head and took a breath.

I was met by Mommy staring down at me, her arms folded, her expression stern.

"Poopy diaper or not, that's no excuse for your naughty behavior. Corner, now, young man," she scolded.

I said nothing as she grabbed me by the wrist and walked to the corner of the kitchen. My steps were bow-legged from the hot mess between my legs. I felt myself still squeezing out more mess as I was forced to face the wall.

"Brad, can you watch him?" I heard her ask. "I'll be right back. Don't let him out of your sight."

"Fine, but if I pass out from the fumes, you're taking me to the hospital," Brad joked, filling me with even more shame.

Mommy returned a minute later.

I could hear the crinkling, humiliating plastic pants she had brought as she unfolded them beneath my feet.

"Foot up... other one," she instructed as she pulled the plastic pants up my legs and around the top of my diaper.

I then felt her squeeze my filthy poopy bottom against my butt.

"Pee-ew! This naughty stinker is ripe!" She announced to all of her guests. "I do apologize for the stench, but these plastic pants will help contain it while he's in time-out. I would send him to his room, but he's made it very clear that I can't let him out of my sights for just a second. So I do apologize, but he's going to have to be in the dining room with us while we eat."

“Can’t you change him out of his poopy diaper first? He stinks!” Someone asked.

I heard my Mommy let out a cruel laugh. “Oh no, if I change him out of his poopy mess now, he’ll never learn his lesson. No, after we eat dinner, he’ll face his punishment in his poopy diaper. Just as a pathetic poopy baby like him should.”

Her words sent a shiver of terror, disgust and hopelessness down my spine.

She noticed and I felt her squeezing my mushy diaper again with a sinister laugh, gleefully smearing my mess against my crotch and bottom for the purposes of enhancing my shame.

“You hear that, naughty little guy? You’re in for a very... squishy... evening,” she said with an evil laugh before walking away.

I began quietly crying as I heard everyone else sitting down for dinner behind me.

I stood in the corner in my poopy mess, suckling my pacifier, the full gravity of my pathetic behavior washing over me.

And I knew my night of humiliation was just getting started.

THREE MESSY PUNISHMENTS

The first part of my night's 'squishing punishment' was my timeout.

Being forced to stand silently in the corner like a naughty child while the so called 'adults' all ate dinner behind me was mortifying enough.

But having to carry my sticky mound of shame between my legs made it all the worse.

Every time my legs shifted, or my nose sniffled, I was constantly reminded of my humiliating act, as I replayed the moment of my public voiding over and over again in my head. My only comfort was my oversized paci, which I suckled relentlessly in disgrace.

"Ugh... I can still smell his poopy load while I'm trying to eat..." I heard Brad remark while they ate.

"Brad... no need to embarrass him even worse with comments like that," an unseen sympathetic female voice chimed in.

"No, it's fine. I'd be surprised if his little baby brain can even understand we're talking about him right now. Besides, if he doesn't want to be embarrassed, maybe he

should learn how to use the toilet instead of pooping his diaper in front of everyone," I heard my Mommy chime in.

The last comment felt extra unfair, as it was clear she was telling her friends something different than the reality of the situation. Because, in fact, *she* was the one who had forbidden me from using the toilet. I had no choice but to poop in my diaper!

And yet, at the same time, deep down, I felt that she was right. That it was my pathetic inability to control my bowels that led me to debase myself by messing myself right in front of everyone.

Deep down... I knew that I deserved the shame and embarrassment she heaped on me. I was a pathetic pants-pooing baby, even before she had begun to keep me in diapers, and for that, I deserved to pay the price...

Mommy had never sentenced me to a time out so long before that night. In fact, when she did, it was typically only a ten to fifteen minute ordeal to help me 'calm down' when I had accidentally 'back talked her', much like you would sentence an actual toddler.

But even during those short time outs, when I didn't have a poopy bum, I found the ordeal trying, the sensory deprivation of facing the wall difficult to deal with, as well as the whole activity deeply humiliating.

But tonight it felt like my ordeal in the corner would never end, as I shifted from foot to foot, quietly sniffing, as all the dinner guests behind me laughed and ate and gawked at my expense.

But I remained obediently planted in the corner, too afraid to reap further punishment from my Mommy, knowing she

would likely delight in the opportunity if I gave her a reason.

In fact... a small part of me hoped that if I just tried hard enough to be good... to please her... to accept my new role as the pathetic diaper pooping baby that I was... she would go easy on me when my time out was over.

Unfortunately... I was soon to find out that would not be the case whatsoever...

* * *

AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE AN ETERNITY, I finally heard all of Mommy's guests finish eating dinner and leave to go to the living room.

Soon after that, I heard Mommy approach me from behind.

Splat—her hand landed on my squishy, poopy bottom and squeezed my mess, making me jump.

"How are you liking wearing your poopy diaper, you naughty little stinker?" She asked me.

Of course the truth was, I was disgusted by the mess in my diaper, and I was desperate for a diaper change. But I knew asking for a diaper change was against the rules, and she was likely attempting to lure me into the trap of asking for me.

"I dunno, Mommy," I mumbled, not knowing how else to respond.

Mommy laughed and squished my mess. "That's right, you don't know. Because you're just a silly, stupid baby, who makes peepee and poopy messes in his diapers, and is

totally reliant on his Mommy to clean him up when she decides to. Isn't that right, my little loser baby?"

"Yes, Mommy," I replied, my head bowed.

"Good boy. Now come on," she said, pulling me by the hand.

I felt a flutter of hope in my heart as we walked across the kitchen. Perhaps, I thought to myself, she was going to take me to my nursery for a diaper change now!

But my hope dissipated as she started pulling me in the opposite direction of my diaper changing table... toward the living room, where I could hear all of her friends still gathering...

"Where are you taking me, Mommy?" I whimpered.

But she didn't answer my question, just smiled and ignored me while pulling me into the middle of the living room too quickly for me to resist.

"There's our poopy boy!" I heard one of my Mommy's friends say as my Mommy walked me into the room.

The others all laughed and jeered. I suddenly realized that this situation was even worse than the situation during dinner, because at least then I could stare at the wall, avoiding looking at my humiliators in the eyes.

But now... I felt truly naked as I took in all their expressions of disgust, pity, shock and titillation while I stood before them in my poopy diaper.

I immediately tried to turn away and hide my face... but Mommy gripped my arms and turned me outward to face my jeering audience. I blushed bright red, stared at my feet, and even tried to fold my hands in front of my diaper in some pathetic gesture of attempting to hide my shame.

“Ugh, can’t you take him somewhere else? I can’t take the stench of his poopy diaper anymore and I’m trying to watch the game!” Brad said, turning up the basketball game on the TV.

“Sorry, Brad, but remember when I said I can’t let him out of my eyesight anymore? Don’t blame me, blame this poopy butt for making such a stinky load in his pants while I have all my friends over,” Mommy teased, squeezing my butt.

“Ugh, whatever, just open a window,” Brad said, pinching his nose and glaring at me in disgust.

I burned red hot from head to toe. Some part of me realized that my Mommy had successfully manipulated the situation to make me feel totally at blame for everyone being forced to smell my poopy diaper. But recognition of that didn’t change the overwhelming shame I felt in the eyes of all these strangers and guests.

Slowly, most of the room went back to mingling or watching TV. But one of the guests approached us with a beer in her hand. I happened to recognize her as Mommy’s friend Raven, who I remembered worked as a nurse at the local hospital.

I blushed as Raven kneeled down and patted the front of my soaking wet diaper, seemingly without any concern to how I felt about it.

“Oh wow, the front of his diaper is so yellow and soggy compared to before,” Raven remarked to my Mommy. “You weren’t kidding about him being diaper dependent. He must have almost no control at all to be soaking the front of his diaper like this so soon after taking a dump like that. Most incontinent folks at least have the self-control to avoid flooding themselves to this extent while waiting for a change.”

"Yep, the potty skills of a real baby, as I like to say," Mommy cheerfully concurred.

I blushed hotly and cringed. It was true, during my time in the corner, I did, shamefully enough, release my bladder yet again into my already poopy diaper, adding to my helpless feeling of soggy and warmth.

At the time, I told myself I might as well relieve my bladder since I had already filled the back of my diaper. But now, I wondered if I could have held it even if I had wanted... a thought that filled me with even more shame.

"That being said, it's probably a good idea to put him into the corner for a little while after he does a number two in his dipees like that anyway," Raven said. "That way he has time to 'get it all out', so to speak, so you don't have to change another poopy diaper right after you change him out of this one."

"Oh wow, that's a great point!" Mommy replied. "I hadn't even thought about that. Although, I have to admit, I don't know how much more of his mess this poor diaper he's wearing can hold after a dump like that."

Mommy turned me around, showing Raven my butt, while Raven laughed and patted my rear end. I squeezed my eyes shut and cringed as I felt the stranger inspecting my mess.

"Wow, you're not wrong," Raven replied. "Not only is the back of the diaper turning brown... but I can start to see some poopy gathering in his leg bands. It's a good thing you have those plastic pants on him, those should at least do the job for now."

"You seem to know a thing or two about this," Mommy said.

"Well, as a nurse, I've dealt with plenty of 'tough diapering' scenarios, so to speak, on the job. Hey, what kind of diapers

do you have him in?"

"So far I've got him in the thickest diapers I could find from my local medical supply store... 'Severe Colon and Bladder Incontinence Briefs.'"

"Those are decent, but honestly, I wouldn't trust them to hold up without plastic pants if he's going to keep dropping loads like this one," Raven said, patting my bottom for effect. "Have you tried double diapering him, or using soakers?"

"You know... not yet, to be honest."

"Oh, I think you'll find that helps a ton. Also, I'm happy to give you the names of some brands I trust to be battle worn with severely incontinent or non-toilet-capable, naughty patients like him."

"Oh, Raven, that would be fantastic, thank you."

"Also, I've got loads of tips and supplies if you need help keeping him restrained for feedings or bedtimes or things like that. I know you're probably already struggling to keep him from getting up to trouble," Raven said.

"Really? Yes, please and thank you! Give me all that you've got!" Mommy replied.

I felt a new surge of tears of humiliation begin falling down my cheeks. It was bad enough that they were talking about me like I couldn't hear them... like I was a child... but that these two women were so casually discussing the methods to restrain, control and dominate me in diapers filled me with a profound wave of pathetic helplessness.

"Anyway, shoot me a text anytime, I'm happy to come over and help out. Maybe I can even do some babysitting for you sometime so you can go catch a date some night instead of

spending all weekend with poopy diaper pants,” Raven said.

I sunk a little bit more from Raven’s suggestion. Both at the idea of being ‘babysat’... but also the suggestion that my Mommy go ‘dating’.

After all, despite everything Mommy had put me through so far... I still felt an unbearable crush on her. And even though I knew she would never see me as a man... it still killed me to think about her being with someone else romantically.

“Actually...” I heard my Mommy say to Raven in a coy tone.

I glanced up to see Mommy looking at Brad across the room. Raven grinned.

“You... and Brad? Are together?” Raven whispered in excitement.

“Well... not yet. We’ve been on a couple dates... but you know... we’ll see how things go. I just figured I’d let him see the little stinker of the house now rather than surprise him later, just so he knows what he’s in for if we want to go long term,” Mommy explained.

“Ooooh, girl! Let me know if there’s anything I can do to help,” Raven said with a huge grin, before giving her a hug and walking away.

I felt myself trembling as I processed what I had just learned. On a gut level, I had already suspected Brad and Mommy had something romantic going between them... but hearing it confirmed only made me all the more upset.

My emotions began to swirl, and I began to feel claustrophobic and trapped. Not knowing what else to do, I

fell to my knees, buried my face in my hands and began sobbing... just like a baby.

"Awww, little baby's throwing a fit? What a handful you got there," someone commented.

"What's wrong? Is he still crying about his poopy diapers?" Someone else asked.

"Babies just cry for no reason sometimes, I wouldn't worry about it," someone else added.

"Aww, there there, come on little stinker," I heard my Mommy say.

I then felt her bend down and pick me up in her arms. I was always stunned that she had the strength to do it when she did.

But despite the embarrassing circumstances, I buried my face in her chest, relishing in the comfort of her warmth.

She didn't take me far, just to a chair in the corner of the room, and sat me down in her lap.

"Shhhh... that's okay. Mommy's got you, poopy boy."

I continued crying as she patted my poopy butt, squishing my mess against me even more.

And then, something unexpected happened. Even though I had up until then found every moment of someone touching my poopy diaper repulsive, in the context of suddenly receiving her comfort, her massage against my warm sticky mess didn't feel so bad.

In fact... it kind of felt good.

"So what's the deal, are you going to put him to bed soon?" Someone asked.

“Yeah, I probably should. But not yet,” Mommy replied.

“Why not?”

“Well... I still need to give him his punishment,” I heard my Mommy say as she smushed my poop mess.

I felt a sting of fear in my gut and I raised my eyes.

“Punishment?” I whimpered, my paci falling right out of my mouth to the floor.

“That’s right, poop boy,” Mommy said, looking down into my eyes. “You ran off without permission, remember?”

“But... but... I already had a time out...” I whimpered in genuine confusion.

“Yes, you had a time out. But that doesn’t mean your punishment is over. Now come on, roll over my knee. It’s time for your spankings.”

“But... but.. but...” I continued to plead. I felt a new wave of tears start falling down my cheeks as Mommy effortlessly rolled me over her knee and pinned me down. “It’s not fair!” I wailed.

I felt stung by sudden waves of betrayal and confusion. I thought I had been a good little boy for Mommy in timeout. I couldn’t understand why I was still being punished.

I wriggled and flailed against her strong arms, but to no avail as she kept me held tight.

I could sense the whole room gathering around to watch my poop diaper spanking with hungry eyes.

“Do you need any help?” I heard Raven ask my Mommy.

“You know what? Yes, actually,” I heard my Mommy reply as she patted my poop diaper with her hand. “I think this

boy's got too much protection around his heinie right now to even feel an open hand spanking. Can you go to my room down the hall and pull one of the wooden paddles off the wall?"

"Of course!" Raven said, scurrying away to retrieve the paddle.

I cried even harder as I listened to this development.

"Shhh.. settle down, poopy boy, your spanking hasn't even started yet," Mommy teased as she patted my bottom with her hand.

"Wow, he is *quite* the cry baby, isn't he?" Someone in the audience commented.

"It's pretty non-stop with him, I'm not gonna lie," Mommy replied.

"Hey Sal, can you spank him a few extra times for me for making me smell his shitty diaper all night?" Brad chimed in.

"That seems fair to me," my Mommy replied. "Don't you think so, poopy diaper boy?"

Whap! — Mommy landed her hand on my poopy butt, making me hiccup, just for fun.

Raven returned a few minutes later and handed Mommy the terrifying looking paddle.

And then it began.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

The blows landed hard and fierce against my poopy butt, immediately sending me into hysterics.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

The spanking was surprisingly painful against my sensitive squishy bottom, which had already suffered the punishment of sitting in a poopy mess all night.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

And when the paddle went below the diaper, to my exposed thighs, I shrieked at the top of my lungs.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

“Mommy! Mommy! Pwease! I be a good boy, I pwomise!” I shrieked.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Her blows continued even more fiercely.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

By time she finally paused, tears and snot were pouring down my face as I screamed in babyish gibberish and kicked and wailed.

If the onlookers had any doubt up until this point about whether or not I was truly the baby my Mommy said I was, that doubt was put to rest as they watched me squeal and shriek and cry for my Mommy while she spanked me in my poopy diaper.

And to top it all off, I knew that she had likely been planning to spank me that night, and she no doubt secretly delighted in the fact that I had soiled myself like the pathetic baby I was, just to make it all the more humiliating for me, and all the more entertaining for her guests.

It was all just another phase of her *Squishing Punishment*.

Feeling my poopy mess slap against my rump and squish up to the front of my diaper while the paddle pressed my diapered behind, almost made me feel like I was messing

myself all over again. I was aghast at the feeling of infantile helplessness and disgust I felt as I was reminded yet again of my inability to control my most basic bodily functions.

And when the paddle came to rest, Mommy pinched and squeezed my poopy diapered butt with her hands, rubbing it around even more over my undoubtedly bright red, freshly paddle butt.

And that was just second part of the night's *Squishing Punishment*.

The final part that night was to be the most humiliating of all.

A DIAPER CHANGE TO REMEMBER

I felt Mommy's paddle finally come to rest on the floor beside her as she began massaging my poopy diaper, indicating the end of my spanking.

I sobbed and sobbed like a hysterical baby before the crowd of onlookers. I was utterly humiliated and broken. I felt any hope of ever regaining my dignity in the eyes of those around me disappear for good.

"Alright, poopy boy. What have we learned?" Mommy asked.

"Never disobey Mommy!" I shrieked.

"And what does that mean?" She asked.

"No more run aways! I stay where Mommy puts me," I whimpered.

"But what if you have to do a great big poopoo, huh?" She asked. "Do you run away then?"

I hesitated. The explicit, public condemnation of my simple desire for privacy when I 'do my business' felt deeply humiliating.

“Did you hear what I asked?” Mommy reiterated. “What if you have to do a poopoo, huh?”

“Then I do my poopoo in my diapees right in front of Mommy or whoever else is watching,” I answered, my cheeks burning.

“Good boy!” Mommy teased, patting my butt. “Because little babies like you don’t get to run away just to do a poopoo. Babies like you do your poopoo in your diapees wherever Mommy puts you.”

“I do my poopy in my diapees wherever Mommy puts me,” I repeated dumbly, blushing at the words.

“I don’t understand why you have to explain that to him,” someone in the crowd asked.

“Oh, well, he’s a special case,” Mommy replied to them. “You see he’s kind of trapped in a stage of development where he doesn’t have the skills to use the toilet, but he gets shy pooping in front of other people. So when he’s gotta go potty, he tries to run away where he’s not allowed to go.”

She turned back to me with a sing-song tone. “And we can’t have that, can we, little baby? Little baby will get hurt if he runs where his Mommy can’t keep an eye on him!”

“Oh, that makes sense,” the person in the audience replied.

I felt a deep sense of shame about being talked about like I was mentally handicapped or disabled or something... but at the same time... I realized it wasn’t far off, given my situation.

“Alright, little guy, let’s get you up so we can finally change that poopy diaper before bed,” she said, standing me up.

I felt a small sense of relief. At least... it was all finally about to be over.

But as I raised my eyes to the crowd of onlookers all still staring at me, I felt a new sense of shame rising up within me. The gravity of realizing what they had all just witnessed me submit to made me dizzy.

"Hey Raven, can you do me a favor and watch him for a sec while I go get his diaper changing supplies?" Mommy asked her friend.

"Oh, no problem. You're going to change his diaper out here in the living room?"

"Yeah, I think it will be good for him to start getting more comfortable getting changed in front of others. That way he won't fight me so much when I need to change him in public the future."

"Oh wow, I hadn't thought of that. That's a great idea," Raven replied, coming over to take my hand. "The sooner you can break him of any remaining sense of dignity or privacy when it comes to changing his diapers, the easier it will be to make him do whatever you need him to do for changes in the future."

My heart started pounding. I felt a renewed sense of intense panic and dread about everyone still standing around looking at me.

Mommy was really going to change my poopy diaper *in front of everyone*? I couldn't believe it.

After all, I found the embarrassment of raising my legs for a poopy diaper change almost unbearable when it was just my Mommy doing it. The idea of undergoing it while dozens of strangers watched seemed unthinkable. I felt like I was in a nightmare.

And I realized, out of every punishment Mommy exacted upon me in my messy diaper that night, the most heinous of them all would be the humiliation of experiencing a long, thorough public poopy diaper change.

I realized it was the final part of my night's *squishing punishment*.

I looked down the hallway to see Mommy coming back with a changing mat and baby wipes in her hands.

It was all too much.

"Noooo!" I screamed at the top of my lungs.

"Hey now... easy... it's okay..." Raven said, grabbing me.

"I don't want a diaper change!" I squealed again like a hysterical toddler, thrashing my arms.

I bolted out of Raven's arms in a mad dash...

Only to trip and fall on my poopy butt, splattering my mess against my bottom and thighs even more.

Everyone in the room burst into laughter while I continued frantically crawling on my hands and knees toward the doorway.

"Noooo!! I don't want changie! I don't want changie!" I screamed and cried.

But before I could even reach the hallway, I felt myself being lifted yet again and carried back into the room.

This time by Brad and Raven working together to carry me and hold me down.

"See Brad? It's not Sally's fault you have to smell his poopy diapers. Look at how hard he fights her over getting a diaper change!" Raven said to him.

“Ugh, you’re right! I can’t believe he likes his poopy diapers so much he doesn’t even want a change out of them. It’s disgusting,” Brad replied.

They pinned me down on my back by my arms and legs as my Mommy return to the room.

She looked down at me with disappointment and disgust in her eyes.

“First you whine because I *don’t* change your diaper, now your whining because I *am*! I just can’t win with you, can I?” She muttered under her breath.

“Pwease! No diapee change! No diapee change!” I shrieked and thrashed through my tears.

“Do you want us to keep holding him down while you change him?” Brad asked.

“Actually, yes, that would be amazing. Thank you so much you guys,” Mommy said as she set out the diaper changing supplies next to me.

“No worries, let’s just get this over with. I don’t know how much more time I can spend smelling his poopy diapers tonight,” Brad said, gripping my wrists and pinning them above my head.

“Happy to help,” Raven replied as she held my feet down. “And don’t worry, I know exactly what restraint system you need to keep him secure for his diaper changes going forward. I’ll help you order it as soon as we’re done here.”

“Oh, that would be perfect, thank you so much, Raven!” Mommy said as she put on a pair of latex gloves.

I felt a new surge of claustrophobia at being held down in the midst of so many people.

I squeezed my eyes shut and screamed and thrashed all to no avail.

“Aww, look at what fell out earlier. Here, this will help him calm down,” I heard my Mommy say.

I then felt the familiar rubber teat of my pacifier pressed and held into my mouth.

I began to involuntarily suckle on my humiliating paci.

I then heard Mommy whisper in my ear, “Shhhh... shhhh... It’s okay. Mommy just needs to change your poop diaper.”

I then felt her hand on my poop diapered crotch. She then began gently massaging it.

And like that moment earlier... I was struck by the suddenly pleasant sensation of her touch.

I felt myself calming down as she clipped my paci to my shirt and began sliding my plastic pants over my diaper and down to my feet.

I then felt her grabbing and squeezing the crotch of my exposed diaper, suddenly fondling my peepee and balls through my poop mess.

“Shhhh... relax baby... Mommy’s just gonna change your poop diapees, it’s okay...” she continued to coo while Brad and Raven held my arms and legs down.

For whatever reason, I relaxed even more.

And I suddenly felt a strange sensation in my loins.

“Oh... uh-oh... it looks like there’s some... activity going on down here...” Raven commented, looking at a subtle tent forming in the crotch of my diapers.

“Oh no, gross! I think he’s getting a boner!” Brad said.

Mommy giggled as she continued fondling and squeezing my poop balls through my soggy diaper.

“Yes, it appears that’s the case,” Mommy said.

“I don’t understand... how is he getting a boner in his poop diaper?” Brad asked. “It’s disgusting.”

“Well...” Raven chimed in. “I think he’s got a little crush on his ‘Mommy’, so she’s using that to her advantage to get him calmed down and on her side while she changes his poop diapers.”

“Oh... I guess you gotta do what you gotta do...” Brad said, cringing in disgust.

I realized what was happening enough to feel my sense of shame return, and I suddenly felt mortified about the boner I was popping. In fact, I was rock hard, much to my shock.

But as much as I wanted my boner to go away, I was helpless to prevent it as Mommy continued to fondle me through my messy diaper.

I groaned and put my head back, relishing in the incredible sensation. The truth was... it felt amazing.

“Hey, don’t worry Brad, I wouldn’t get worried about him taking Sally from you,” Raven chimed in. “It looks like he’s rocking about two inches at full stiffness,” she said, flicking my small penis through my diaper for effect.

Mommy laughed. “Yep, just a baby through and through.”

I was mortified... but I was helpless to stop the incredible surge of horniness flooding my loins.

“Ohhhh... Mommy... don’t stop...” I moaned.

Everyone burst into laughter, making me burn red hot.

“Okay, let’s get this poopy diaper off before he creams in it,” Mommy said.

I watched with helpless awe as Mommy undid the tapes of my diaper and lifted my legs, just like she was changing a baby...

I felt the whole room suddenly watching, even gathering, to watch the unveiling of my shameful mess...

Mommy pulled the front of the diaper back...

And everyone in the room groaned at once, “Ewwwww!!”

I burned with shame as I felt the cool air hit my poopy butt. I felt so helpless and vulnerable as everyone stared at my pathetic mess.

The stench hit everyone seconds later, and people held their noses, fanned the air, and joked with each other in disgust.

“Yuck!”

“What are you feeding him?”

“That is disgusting!”

“That is the biggest poopy diaper I’ve ever seen!”

“I’m gonna snap a few pictures for instagram!”

“Pee-ew, what a stinky boy!” My Mommy said with a laugh.

I closed my eyes and tried to dissociate as I felt my Mommy use the first cool wipe to wipe away the poopy mess spread about my butt and crotch.

“See, this isn’t so bad, Mommy’s just trying to clean up your poopy mess,” she cooed at me.

“Aw, gross, I can’t believe he’s still got a boner while she does that,” Brad said.

“Yeah, be careful wiping his poopy weewee and balls,” Raven said. “He might spurt right in front of us.”

I began tearing up with renewed shame. Not just because their comment was humiliating... but it was also 100% true.

As my Mommy reached her wipe-covered hand to my tiny, hardened peepee, and began wiping away my mess... despite the utter disgust and humiliation I felt... I realized I had never been hornier in my life.

And in a moment of revelation of just how truly pathetic I was... I realized that this was the closest I would ever get to a hand job from a member of the opposite sex.

“Who’s Mommy’s good little stinker? Being good while Mommy changes his poopy diapers? Huh? Huh?” She asked me as she gripped and brusquely scrubbed my stiffy and balls.

It was all too much—

My boner grew harder and harder while she moved her wipe covered hand up and down my shaft—

My eyes locked on her gorgeous face while she stared down at me, a glint of sadism sparkling in her eyes—

The overwhelming humiliation, the intense shame, the icky naughty smells and feels and touches—

I felt myself finally hit the point of no return—

“Unghhhh!” I grunted.

My wiener twitched and jerked—

And a juicy load of cum suddenly squirted out of my tiny cock and into my messy diaper while everyone watched.

It was the most incredible, powerful orgasm of my life!

I took several breaths, opened my eyes—

I smelled the stench of my poopy mess...

I looked into the shocked and disgusted faces of nearly a dozen people standing over me...

And I was hurled from my orgasmic bliss into a pit of indescribable embarrassment and regret.

“Ugh, that is disgusting,” Brad said. “I’m going to hurl.”

“Told you he would spurt,” Raven said with a smirk.

Mommy just shrugged. “At least I’m already changing his diaper,” she said, as she wiped up my cum with a baby wipe. “Of course babies aren’t allowed to have naughty squirties like that though, so I’m still going to have to give him a good spanking for it later, don’t you worry.”

I squeezed my eyes shut and succumbed to a new wave of tears while my Mommy continued cleaning up my poopy mess.

This time, my tears were because I realized that the first and only orgasm I had ever had in my life with a woman...

Was because she was changing my poopy diaper.

THE LONG WALK OF SHAME

When Mommy finally finished cleaning the filthy poop off of my bum, she rolled up my poop diaper and placed it next to me.

She then deftly slipped her (slightly pooppy) latex gloves off into a plastic trash bag, equipped a new pair, and gleefully fluffed a fresh new diaper up and slipped it underneath me.

She then covered my crotch, thighs and butt with a heavy heaping of baby powder, which she rubbed in with her hands.

"Aww, look at how much she cares about you by using all that powder," Raven snickered, pinching my cheek. "She doesn't want her little stinker getting a *rashy*."

"If it were me, I'd *let* him get a rash for stinking up the whole damn house," Brad said, still holding my hands above my head.

"That's not nice," Raven said to Brad, "he can't help but poop his diapers. Look at him. He's totally pathetic and dependent on his Mommy," Raven said, making me blush.

My Mommy sighed. "It's true. I guess you're right. I can't be mad at him for pooping his diapees in front of everyone

like a little baby. I just need to accept that potty-training is just going to be forever out of reach for this permanent-little-stinker,” she said, pinching my cheek. “Speaking of which.”

I winced as I watched Mommy pull the top off of a jar of vaseline and dip her gloved fingers in it. I had suffered enough diaper changes by this point to know what that meant.

She lifted one of my legs up high while Raven held the other one down, splitting my legs apart and giving my Mommy wide open access to my bottom.

She then deftly jammed her lube-covered index and middle finger deep into my anus, making me grunt.

“Hmmm...” she remarked as she casually twisted her digits inside my bottom, making me squirm and gasp. “He’s still holding some poop in his colon.”

“Oh no, the poor little guy’s impacted?” Raven asked.

“It looks like it. Apparently he’s not only incapable of using the toilet... but he’s not even able to manage successfully voiding in his diapers properly,” Mommy replied, her fingers still twisting and spreading deep within my bottom.

It was driving me crazy the way they were having such a casual conversation while Mommy was fingering and spreading my asshole out, but I was far too debased at this point to even think of raising my voice in protest.

“Aww, do you want me to help you give him an enema before we put him to bed?” Raven asked.

I quietly gasped in exasperation at the suggestion—both because I’d never had an enema and the idea of one scared me, and because my poor little bottom had already been

through enough punishment that night without being filled and made to evacuate into my diaper yet again.

“Hmmm...” my Mommy said, considering it with an evil glint in her eye.

“Oh come on, can’t you do that another night?” Brad grunted in frustration. “I don’t want to have to be holding this little retard down for his diaper changes all night.”

Mommy nodded and finally slipped her fingers out of my bum, making me gasp. “Fair enough. We’ll do your enema tomorrow night, okay little stinker?” She said, rubbing my hair as I blushed.

Finally, she pointed my little shrinking wiener down, folded my thick, fluffy diaper up, and taped it all extra tight.

“Aww, isn’t he so cute in his fresh new diapee,” Raven said as she and Brad released my limbs and Mommy helped me sit up.

“Aww, he’s like a whole new man now that he’s not carrying that poopy load around with him,” one of the other party guests commented, making me blush.

(It was true, getting changed out of my poopy diaper into a fresh clean one made me feel about 1000 times better. The fact that I was now at all times dependent on my ‘Mommy’ for allowing me the privilege of escaping my poopy mess at her discretion was always a deeply humbling fact to remember.)

I suddenly grabbed my Mommy’s sleeve and whimpered through my paci, “Mommy? Now that my poopy diapee is changey, can I go to beddy-bye?”

They were the first coherent words I had uttered in a while, and I hoped that by uttering them in such a humiliating,

babyish way, she would be more willing to grant my request.

“Awww,” my Mommy said, rubbing my head again, “of course, sweetie. You must be tired after such a long night.”

“Heck, *I’m tired* after holding the little stinker down for what was definitely the longest, poopiest diaper change I’ve ever seen,” Brad said as he left the room to go wash his hands.

“I just need you to do one more thing for me before your beddy-bye time,” my Mommy said to me with an evil smirk.

I winced. I knew this wasn’t going to be good.

“Do you see this big, stinky, poopy diaper you made that’s still sitting on the floor?” She asked me, patting the folded up diaper for effect.

I nodded my head, yes.

“Go ahead and pick it up,” she ordered.

I apprehensively lifted the soiled diaper up.

“It’s pretty heavy, huh?” She said.

I nodded, genuinely surprised by the weight of my soiled diaper as I held it in my hands.

“And it’s pretty stinky, isn’t it?” She asked loudly, gesturing her hand and waving in front of her nose as if explaining the concept of ‘stinky’ to a two-year-old.

I could feel the other party patrons watching us again, no doubt suddenly curious to see if another spectacle of my humiliation was about to be presented to them.

I reluctantly lifted my disgusting soiled diaper up to my face, and against my better judgement, took a whiff. I

recoiled in disgust, then nodded my head, yes, again.

“And do you see how the back of the diapee is brown with icky poopos?” She asked, loud enough for the whole room to hear.

I looked down and could see that even from the outside, the diaper had been discolored by the mess within. I cringed a little bit as I thought about how apparently visible the evidence of my mess was to the world as I wore it earlier. But I nodded, yes, again.

“And do you feel how the poopy diapee is *squishy* in your handsies?” She asked.

I gave the diaper a little squeeze and shuddered at the gross, squishy sensation of the soggy mess within. I nodded yes.

“And how about the yucky, squishy *noise* it makes?” She asked.

I gave it another squeeze, cringing at the squelching sound it made, the noise instantly reminding me of the sensation of wearing it and having it mushed against me all night.

I nodded yes.

“That’s a *yucky poopy diapee*, isn’t it?” She asked.

I nodded yes.

“Who’s poopy diapee is that?” She asked.

“Mine,” I mumbled.

“Tell Mommy who made that yucky poopy diapee,” she said.

“I did, Mommy,” I replied.

“What’s that?” She asked.

“*I made this yucky dirty diapee, Mommy!*” I said louder.

“And why did you do that?” She asked.

“Because I couldn’t help but make a great big stinky poop in my diapees, Mommy!” I answered.

I felt my eyes growing wet with tears again. For some reason, I had hoped that after my diaper change, she would finally let me escape the humiliation of my messy ordeal. But it was clear that was not the case.

“That’s right! *You* made that great, big, yucky stinky diapee by going poopoo! And when you did, the whole room had to *see it* and *smell it* and *hear it* allllll night. Isn’t that right?” She asked.

Some of the nearby guests laughed and waved their hands and pinched their noses again for effect.

“Yeth, Mommy,” I said, tears rolling down my cheeks as I sucked my dummy even harder.

“Now, *I* know that you’re just a pathetic, non-potty-trained baby who can’t help but poop in your diapers. But just because you can’t learn how to use the potty, doesn’t mean you can’t learn manners.

“Therefore, before I put you in your crib for the night, you’re going to approach every guest of my party and apologize for making them put up with your stinky, poop diaper all night. You’re going to carry that stinky soiled diaper in your hands until we get back to your nursery to help you understand the consequences for others whenever you make a poop mess for Mommy to clean up. And I won’t be satisfied until I see you convey the appropriate

amount of regret and embarrassment you feel to each guest for your actions. Is that understood?"

"Yes, Mommy," I said.

Tears were now streaming down my cheeks as I realized the humiliation I was about to endure.

* * *

"EXCUSE ME... UH... MISS... MISS..." I stammered as I stood before Kelly, Mommy's hot cheerleader friend, while I continued to hold my poopy diaper in my hands before me. Mommy was standing right behind me, her hand on my shoulder.

"What is it, little stinker?" Kelly asked, clearly annoyed by my presence.

"I'm uh... sorry I had an accident tonight..." I murmured.

"*Yee—ouch!*"

I jumped as I felt Mommy painfully pinch me from behind. "Only toilet trained little ones have *accidents*. Try again!" she scolded in my ear.

"I mean... I'm sorry I made a *poopy mess* in my diapees! I can't help where I make poopies, but I'm sorry you had to smell my stinkies all night while you were here," I bellowed.

Kelly looked down at me in utter disgust, filling me with shame and self-loathing.

"*Oof!*"

I gasped from another painful pinch. "Keep going! What else do you have to apologize for?" Mommy seethed in my

ear.

"I'm sorry I'm such a pathetic, stinky, poopy baby and that you had to witness me in my pathetic, babyish, diapered state at all!" I bellowed.

Kelly just cringed. "Ew, just get away from me you pathetic loser," she hissed.

I hung my head in shame. But Mommy smiled while she walked me to the next guest. It was Raven.

"I'm sorry you had to help Mommy change my poopy diapees by holding me down because I was so fussy earlier! And thank you for agreeing to help Mommy get the tools she needs to better *contwol* me when I'm naughty in the future," I said.

Raven looked down at me, smiled, patted my head. "Aww, it's okay, baby, I know you can't help being such a naughty little stinker."

Pinch!

"What else do you have to say?" My Mommy said in my ear.

"I ummm... uh..."

Ouch!—she pinched me even harder, bringing tears to my already wet eyes.

I knew Mommy wouldn't be happy until I thoroughly humiliated myself, but I felt too bashful to speak.

"Eep!"

Another pinch! "We can start this process all over again with a long spanking if you can't do this right," my Mom hissed.

"I'm uhhh... sawwy I got a boner and made a naughty cummy mess while Mommy was changing my stinky pooppy diaper," I said to Raven, my cheeks burning red. "I know it was very naughty for me to do that, but... I'm a virgin... so I can't help but make naughty creamies when Mommy touches me, even if it's while she's changing my pooppy diapees," I bellowed.

Raven's eyes went wide—even after everything she had seen that night, she was still shocked and embarrassed by such an utterly pathetic confession spoken out loud.

I immediately blushed red hot. Even *I* was shocked by how humiliating my confession was. I had been so prodded by Mommy toward the task of humiliating myself, I didn't even realize what I had said until I had said it.

Mommy snickered and patted me on the back as she walked me away from Raven, who was undoubtedly still cringing.

"Good boy, I'm glad you understand how naughty you were being by getting a hard weewee and making stickies during your pooppy diaper change. Maybe now it will be easier for you to understand when Mommy puts you in a chastity cage," she said to me.

The suggestion of a chastity cage sent a chill down my spine. I hoped that she was just making an idle threat. After all, as horrifically humiliating as my orgasm that night was... the idea of losing the chance to *ever* orgasm again was... unthinkable.

Mommy then walked me up to the third most prominent guest of the evening... and as we approached, my knees started to tremble.

"Ummm... Hi *Bwad*," I said to the hunky man, my pacifier still in my mouth, my cheeks rosy and red.

"Ugh, what is it? Don't tell me you pooped your diaper again already," Brad replied.

I blushed from the suggestion.

"No," I said. "It's just... my Mommy wanted me to apologize to you for making a stinky in my diapees earlier that you had to smell tonight. I'm sorry I'm such a stinky poopy baby," I muttered.

"It's fine," Brad grumbled. "Just get that shitty diaper out of my face already."

The couple people Brad was with all started laughing at me.

I tried to turn to leave, but Mommy pinched me hard. "*You're not done yet!*" she hissed.

I reluctantly turned back to Brad, my lip quivering. "I'm uhhh... also sorry you had to see my tiny peepee make a squirty during my diaper changie. I know it must have been weally gwoss for you to watch me squirt on myself like that in front of you while still sitting on my poopy diapee."

Brad looked down at me in utter disgust. I started crying again and turned to leave, but Mommy pinched me even harder. "*Keep going, little stinker! I don't think Brad knows just how ashamed you truly are yet!*" She hissed.

I didn't know what else to say. I already felt like I had debased myself as much as I could possibly imagine before this alpha-male, whose very presence exposed what an absolute pathetic sissy baby I was in comparison.

"I dunno what else to say, Mommy!" I whined.

“Well you better try something or I will put you right over my knee again!” She ordered.

I looked up at Brad, and voice quivering, I finally let the dam break.

“And *Bwad...* I’m sorry you had to smell my pooppy diapees tonight, because my Mommy weally likes you. And even though I have a crush on my Mommy, I know I’m too pathetic and my little weewee is too small to ever be more than a pooppy baby to her. Instead, she deserves a real man, like you. And I’m sawwy you had to deal with the distraction of my Mommy changing my pooppy diapees, when that’s time you two could be spending together. And also, *Bwad*, if you and my Mommy end up together, maybe you could help change my pooppy diapees with Mommy again forever and ever, because I’m a naughty pooppy baby who’s gonna need his ‘Mommy’ and a ‘Daddy’ to change his stinkies for the rest of his life!” I blurted.

Brad was quiet, his eyes looked like they were about to pop out of his head.

I felt myself burning crimson, equally as shocked by my unbearably humiliating, seemingly unprompted diatribe.

He looked down at me in disgust, then looked up at my Mommy standing behind me, then looked down at me again.

Finally, he looked down at my pooppy diaper in my hands, then up at my humiliated face again, and erupted in hysterical laughter.

“I don’t know, little baby. As much as I’d love to finally get a chance to pound your sexy Mommy’s pussy, changing your pooppy diapers was a lot of work. I’m not sure if putting up with your stinky diapers in the house is worth it. You might

still have to rely on your Mommy for changing your poopy diapees for now. Okay, little stinker?" He asked, pinching my cheek.

"Okay," I muttered, trembling with shame and self loathing.

Mommy laughed and laughed and laughed at me while she guided me away.

I could see her and Brad exchange a wink of affection as we left the room, which made me feel even more insecure, as it seemed that Mommy and Brad were now seemingly attracted to each other by their newfound shared desire to humiliate me.

I couldn't believe that I had just asked Brad to... change my poopy diapers. It was the most humiliating, emasculating thing I could have imagined doing before another man. I knew that it was the final straw in ensuring that Brad never saw me as anything resembling a man, instead of a baby, ever again.

As Mommy walked me away, I wondered if that was *also* part of her greater plan. Perhaps she wanted to make sure Brad never felt threatened by me being in her life, that he always knew without a doubt I was just her pathetic, sissy poopy diaper baby plaything.

Because if seeing Mommy *change* my poopy diapers firsthand wasn't enough, hearing me ask him to be my 'new Daddy' so he can 'change my poopy diapers next time' surely was.

I blushed hotly as I reflected on just how low I had sunk.

Mommy continued walking me from guest to guest for the remaining individuals at the party, and I apologized to all of them, explaining how pathetic I was, while continuing to hold my poopy, soiled diaper in my hands.

And at some point, my bladder involuntarily released, and I felt the new diaper between my legs grow hot, soggy and yellow, adding another diaper to my burden on my long walk of stinky shame.

* * *

FINALLY, after I had exhausted myself from seemingly hours of self-debasement, to the point of my voice going hoarse, Mommy walked me back to my nursery for the night.

As she tucked me into my locking crib, she gave me a warm bottle of milk, which I eagerly sucked down from genuine hunger and thirst.

I expected her to throw my poop diaper that I had carried for so long that night into my diaper pail.

But instead, she placed the soiled diaper on the plastic dresser next to my crib and opened the diaper up, exposing my mess to the open air.

"I want you to smell your stinky, poop mess all night tonight so you don't forget for one second that you're a stinky poop diaper boy, okay?" She said.

"Yeth, Mommy," I answered.

The scent of my poop mess mixed with baby powder made me wince, and yet, at the same time, it strangely comforted me.

It was a reminder that my poop diapers were now an inescapable part of my identity. But the comfort came from being forced to accept what a totally pathetic widdle baby I was and that Mommy was in complete control of me. And with that acceptance came a strange sense of relief.

And even more surprising... the stark odor put me back to the floor of the living room earlier... when Mommy was jerking me off in my poopy mess while everyone watched...

And as utterly humiliated as I was by the experience... it was undeniable that my peepee was starting to harden once again as I replayed it in my mind while laying back in my crib.

"Ahem!" I heard my Mommy say, clearing her throat. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

I looked up from the bed of my crib, snapping out of my daydream, and remembered.

"Oh yeah, I'm sawwy, Mommy," I said, pulling my bottle from my mouth and sticking my thumb in.

"Thank you, Mommy, for changing my poopy diapers every day. I'm sawwy I'm such a pathetic, naughty, diaper-wearing stinker. And thank you, Mommy, for punishing and humiliating me in all the ways that I deserve, as I know your punishments are the only way I can learn how to be less of a filthy, naughty, stinker going forward," I said, reciting the pledge my rules demanded I say to her every night.

My Mommy smiled, kissed me on the forehead and shut out the lights. She locked my nursery door behind her and returned to her party, where she would no doubt be flirting with Brad... at the very least.

But as I breathed in the scent of my poopy mess now permeating my nursery... and I replayed the words I had just spoken in my head... I felt my little peepee getting harder and harder in my soft, crinkly diaper.

I began to stroke myself in my crib, replaying my humiliating poopy diaper change in my head. And I

realized, that for the first time, the words I had just spoken to my Mommy were true.

I was thankful to Mommy for putting me in my diapees and changing my poopy messes and punishing me. For I was a worthless, stinky, baby, and the only thing I could ever expect to get in terms of sexual gratification from a woman was to be when my Mommy wiped my poopy mess off my peepee and balls during my poopy diaper changes.

I let out a loud gasp as I spurted a nearly endless stream of hot, sticky cum into my wet diaper.

I then rolled over and let out another long, satisfying, warm piss into my diaper immediately after.

I sighed with relief, happily squishing my warm little wet mess against the front of my crotch as I closed my eyes, the scent of my poopy diaper and memories of being publicly spanked and changed giving me strange naughty comfort as I drifted off to sleep.

THE MESSY DIAPER TRAP

After the fateful night of the humiliating party featuring my poopy, squishy diaper punishment, Mommy's cruel dominion over my new, adult-baby life only accelerated.

Her friend Raven, the nurse who had so nonchalantly participated in my humiliation that night, made good on her offer to help my Mommy outfit my nursery with everything she needed to secure my total bondage at all times necessary.

This included professional, medical restraints on my brand new, specialized diaper changing table that secured my wrists above my head with cuffs, my back flat on the table with a large strap across my chest, and my ankles to an elevated adjustable bar, keeping my legs up and wide apart for Mommy's easy access to my diapered bum.

It included a professional medical crib, that was both big enough for me to sleep in, but had rails and a locking top cover that were seemingly unbreakable.

And despite the crib's sinister purpose as effectively my cage, it was still decorated in flowing baby pinks and blues and cartoon rattles, dinosaurs, and block letters. It even had, insultingly enough, a baby toy built into the side of the

crib consisting of brightly colored rings, ostensibly designed for me to mindlessly slide them back and forth for entertainment during my sleepless hours following my 6pm bedtime.

Raven also supplied my Mommy with my new bountiful supply of extra-extra-thick disposable diapers, doublers and plastic pants, all available in a myriad of designs, from 'newborn white' to colorful patterns featuring childish cartoons like teddy bears and monkeys, or simply featuring words like 'Baby' and 'Mommy's Stinker'.

The extra poofiness now always between my legs due to my new diapers ensured I could never walk like an adult again... instead I was forced to toddle... especially when my diapers were soaked, which Mommy always ensured they were before even considering changing me.

Even when Mommy let me wear anything approaching clothes that might let me resemble an adult... like a T-shirt and pants... the extra-large bulge around my waist and the high reach of the crinkly plastic above my waist always ensured it was obvious I was diapered.

Raven also supplied Mommy with a myriad of other tools and supplies that guaranteed my new, totally regressed lifestyle, such as a highchair with appropriate restraints for my feedings, a leash and harness for when Mommy wished to allow me time outside, locking plastic pants, thick rubber diaper covers, hand-locking mittens, feet spreaders, punishment time-out chairs, pacifier gags, blindfolds, spanking paddles, enema kits, jumbo-sized milk bottles, rattles, bibs, and every other conceivable tool she might ever need to ensure my total humiliation and compliance.

Of course, part of me was curious how Raven managed to have access to such a wide assembly of tools which I can only imagine were designed for the unique task of diaper

punishment. After all, from what I knew, Raven worked in a hospital, where no doubt they would have standard medical diapers... but unlikely things like paddles and blindfolds...

But my curiosity was partially answered one evening, when I overheard through the door of my nursery, Raven explaining to my Mommy that she now worked in a special section of the hospital... under someone by the name of Dr. Olivia... that apparently specialized in pioneering research and methods to help women like my Mommy do things like what she was doing to 'naughty diapered little ones' like me.

But this information, while revealing, gave me little comfort. In fact, it only reinforced my sensation of helplessness, that there was no escape from my new, diapered life under Mommy's complete domination. After all, she apparently now even had institutional support for my treatment.

The questions of me paying rent... or our lease eventually ending... or the myriad of other adult concerns I once entertained while still living with her as merely my roommate, seemed to fade into distant memory.

Instead, she had made it repeatedly very clear to me that all 'adult' concerns like those were to be for *her* to worry about, and I was only to worry myself at all times with my absolute and total obedience under her domain.

And so it seemed that all I could do was passively accept my new, seemingly never-ending, regressed, diapered life.

And the only control I *could* exert over my fate under my new existence was merely to attempt to obey Mommy's every rule to the fullest, no matter the humiliation and shame my compliance inevitably bestowed upon me, for it was my only method of avoiding her punishments.

Of course, there were two wrinkles in this plan.

The first wrinkle was that I always underestimated how much Mommy *enjoyed* punishing me.

This was, of course, despite her frequently expressing the contrary, with statements like, “I cannot believe I have to give you another spanking, young man, you never cease to need more of my time and energy to keep you punished enough to stay under control.”

Or when she was feeling strangely charitable, and soothing me after a particularly blistering, painful and vindictive spanking session, she would express without a hint of irony, “Aww, I’m sorry little baby, you know it hurts Mommy more than it hurts you to punish you like this.”

But the bottom line was, no matter how hard I tried to *avoid* breaking any of Mommy’s rules, it seemed inevitable that I would eventually be cornered into a position that would guarantee my supposed ‘disobedience’.

Sometimes these manipulative plots of hers were fairly straightforward in design... such as the time she administered me an enormous, soapy enema, and ordered me to hold it for, “the full duration needed to cleanse my colon”—i.e. until she gave me explicit permission to expel.

Of course, after just five minutes, I was dancing on both feet in the corner of my room in my diaper, sucking my thumb, and begging my Mommy for “permission to go poopies in my diapees.”

And of course, I helplessly involuntarily released the entire contents of my poopy, soapy enema into my diaper just seconds later, despite Mommy not yet giving me permission.

“You are a naughty, naughty boy. I gave you one clear, easy thing to do, which was avoid making a poopy in your diaper for just five minutes, and you couldn’t even do that!” She scolded as she bent me over her knee for a particularly messy, squishy spanking, which left me in tears, as they always did.

But sometimes her schemes would be more devious, artfully crafting scenarios of humiliation that would push my trained, submissive obedience in the face of my never-ending humiliation to the limits.

* * *

FOR EXAMPLE, one week Mommy decided to bring me to a special babysitter’s house to look after me during the day times.

However, after our arrival, this babysitter was apparently surprised to discover the nature of my diapered condition at my age. (Apparently my Mommy omitted this information over the phone.)

I felt a renewed sense of shame as this attractive female stranger took in the sight of me wearing diapers in a mixture of genuine pity and discomfort.

(After all, at home, I could start to get used to my babyish condition in a certain sort of way, but whenever I was exposed to the gaze of an unwitting stranger, I was reminded all over again just how truly pathetic I was for being a diaper-dependent baby at my age.)

The babysitter looked me up and down with an uneasy expression as I stood there in the doorway, quietly suckling on my oversized milk bottle.

“How often does he need his diaper changed?” She asked my Mommy.

I felt my Mommy reach over and stick her fingers down the front of my diaper for a ‘diaper check’—an act that never felt less humiliating.

“Oh, he’s just a little wet now, but his diaper will last until at least after lunch. So he should only need one change a day,” my Mommy explained.

“And he doesn’t poop in them, right?” The babysitter asked. “Because like I said on my website, I’m happy to change wet diapers for special needs, but changing poopy diapers on someone his age is just a hard no for me.”

“Oh, of course he doesn’t poop his diapers!” My Mommy said, much to my confusion and surprise. “No, he just has trouble holding his peepee sometimes. But trust me, he goes poopoo on the potty. There’s no way *I* could deal with changing poopy diapers for a boy his age either,” she joked.

“Well okay,” the babysitter replied.

I realized my Mommy was lying to this woman... but I had no idea why.

“But just so we’re clear,” the babysitter added, “if he *does* make a poopy diaper while here at my house, he’s going to be sitting in that poopy diaper in the corner all day until you come back to pick him up.”

“Understood,” My Mommy confidently replied.

“Well then, would you like a tour?” The babysitter asked us.

My Mommy pulled me along as the babysitter gave us a cheery tour of her home day care.

As we walked, I thought about why my Mommy would have lied like that. Perhaps, I wondered, she just intended me to not do poopies in my diapees while under this woman's care. If that was the case, it would also mean I might get to use the big kid potty again, perhaps just while being babysat. The realization filled me with a sudden, unexpected hope.

But just as we all walked outside to the back yard to see the babysitter's jungle gym, I felt a sudden, powerful gurgle in my gut.

I realized that I badly needed to unleash my morning poo—an act that had become routine in my diaper after my fiber-filled baby-mush breakfast every morning, yet I hadn't had the chance to do yet.

And this time, the churning I felt in my bowels felt especially powerful, leading me to suspect that my Mommy had likely included an extra dose of 'poopy-helper' in my breakfast that morning.

So as the attractive babysitter cheerily pointed out the wonderful slides and toys she had for me to play with for me and my Mommy, I remained helplessly quiet and withdrawn, my focus taken almost entirely with the task of holding back the mess I needed to make.

After all, I didn't know what to do in the situation. I had just heard my Mommy tell this woman that I didn't use my diaper for pooping. Surely she didn't wish me to do exactly that right now.

But at the same time, I was too scared to ask my Mommy to use the bathroom, an act I was expressly forbidden from doing. The few times that I had even gotten close to asking were always met with the most severe and long-lasting punishments, such as being sent to bed in a poopy diaper

every night for a full week, “To help me remember that I go potty in a diaper, not on a toilet.”

It seemed like my only option in the situation was to keep attempting to hold it, until my Mommy left the babysitter’s house, where I could then hopefully safely use the toilet to relieve myself while under the babysitter’s care.

“Awww, he’s just shy, probably because he thinks his new babysitter is cute,” my Mommy teased at my withdrawn behavior.

The babysitter just laughed, apparently warming up to my babyish appearance, and we followed her back inside.

My Mommy and the babysitter put me in front of some toys in the living room to play with while my Mommy and the babysitter sat down to go over some paperwork involved with the babysitting agreement.

Of course, the whole time, I was in silent agony as I pretended to play with the babyish blocks and trucks while I quietly twisted and grunted, desperately trying to avoid pooping my pants before my Mommy left.

It seemed like they were taking forever, but finally, as I found myself on the verge of losing control, I heard my Mommy and the babysitter end their conversation in the kitchen and get to their feet.

Finally, I grunted to myself with relief.

“Alright, little one, come give your Mommy a hug goodbye. She’s gonna be away on job interviews alllll dayyy,” my Mommy said, beckoning me from the kitchen.

I knew better than to disobey, so I carefully climbed to my feet and toddled toward my Mommy, every step feeling like

I was about to lose control of my bowels. But I managed to successfully make it to her arms... just barely.

But then, my Mommy leaned in, wrapped her arms around me, and gave me an extra tight hug, squeezing my tummy and bladder. She also gave me a covert, painful pinch on my backside and ordered me to, "be good."

The squeeze and pinch was the last straw...

I suddenly felt myself spasm and lose control right in my Mommy's arms.

First the telltale warmth of my emptying bladder enveloped the diaper around my crotch.

Then, I let out a quiet grunt as I felt my sphincter pressed open by a solid, weighty log. I reflexively began pushing the warm mess into the seat of my diaper as I subtly crouched and bit my upper lip.

A predictable second wave and third wave came, and when I finally caught my breath, I realized I had just filled my diaper with a massive poopy load in a matter of seconds.

At first, I felt a deep wave of embarrassment and panic at my unexpected, incontinent voiding.

After all, I had seemingly been presented with an opportunity to regain the dignity of being allowed to use the toilet, if only for a short time... but I still ended up messing myself on accident anyway.

I blushed with the painful thought that Mommy was right about me after all... she isn't *choosing* to keep me in diapers. I *need* to be kept in diapers because I'm not *capable* of using the potty like an adult.

I then felt a sting of worry about what would happen next, due to my poopy accident. After all, Mommy had told the

babysitter I *didn't* go poop in my diapers... but I just did. Was I going to be in trouble?

But I also felt an immediate sense of relief—not only the special relief that everyone experiences after taking a large, satisfying morning poop (even if it's in a diaper)—but also the relief that at least the matter at hand I was so anxious about before would now be settled.

Clearly the babysitter would now learn that I don't just go number one, I also need my diapers for number two. And she and my Mommy could find a solution that worked for both of them.

But as all this information crossed my mind, I finally then realized, to my horror... that my Mommy was already down the hallway and almost out of the house. She didn't notice that I had just pooped my diaper!

I looked around for the babysitter, wondering if *she* would notice, and perhaps stop my Mommy before she left in order to address the situation. But the babysitter had stepped into the other room to answer the phone!

I felt a sting of panic, not sure what to do. After all, I badly needed a diaper change, but my Mommy was about to leave for the day, and the babysitter made it very clear she wouldn't be changing my poopy diaper if I made one.

The thought of being forced to sit in the corner in my poopy mess all day waiting for my Mommy to return filled me with disgust and dread.

Also, I just couldn't bare the look of genuine disgust I would see on this young woman's face as she smelled... then discovered... that I had pooped in my diaper, something she explicitly said she would have no tolerance for.

I knew I was out of options. I had to make a run for it.

“Mommy! Mommy!” I shouted as I ran down the hallway, my poopy mess squishing and squelching between my legs in my sagging yellow and brown diaper.

My Mommy kept walking, out the door, toward her car in the driveway.

“Mommy! Mommy, wait!” I shouted, running outside in my poopy diaper.

My Mommy finally stopped near her car, turned around toward me, and feigned surprise at the sight of me running after her.

Seconds later, the babysitter came running out of the house after me. “Oh no, I’m so sorry! I stepped away for just a second and I didn’t lock the front door yet! I didn’t know he could run like that!” The babysitter said apologetically and clearly embarrassed as she approached us to catch me.

“Well, what is it, young man?” My Mommy asked me, staring down with her hands on her hips. The babysitter was now next to me as well, equally interested in why I had run after my Mommy.

“I uh... need a diaper change...” I muttered in a meek, embarrassed voice.

“You know better than to ask Mommy for changies,” she scolded. “Your babysitter will change your soggy diaper when you need it. Now Mommy really needs to go,” she said, climbing into her car.

“But wait Mommy!” I shouted, resisting the babysitter as she grabbed my wrist, attempting to bring me back inside. “I uh... I did a stinky!”

My Mommy and the babysitter both froze and turned toward me in shock.

“What was that?” My Mommy asked.

“I uh... did a poopy in my diaper...” I said, my face suddenly burning red hot under the scrutiny of the babysitter now standing next to me.

“Oh, he must just be fibbing because he doesn’t want his Mommy to leave,” my Mommy said to the babysitter. “There’s no way he actually *pooped his diapers* like a *baby*. But can you quickly check him to make extra sure? I really need to go.”

To my horror, the babysitter then turned me around, pulled the waistband of my diaper out, and let out a groan of utter disgust as she peered into the seat of my poopy diaper. “Ugh... oh no, he’s not lying! He dropped a massive brown load into his diaper,” the babysitter said. “Yuck!”

“You’re kidding! No way,” My Mommy said, reluctantly getting out of her car.

The babysitter squeezed the butt of my poopy diaper and gagged as she felt the mushy contents squish against my butt cheeks. “Oh my god, that is definitely a hot smelly load. Come take a look for yourself.”

I stood there in a state of unspeakable humiliation as my Mommy marched toward me, turned me around, squeezed my mess against my bottom and scolded me in front of this attractive stranger.

“Young man! Why didn’t you tell Mommy you had to do a poopy! You know better than to go poopy in your diapers!”

I was dumbfounded and speechless. I didn’t know what to say, I didn’t understand what was going on, I didn’t know

what I was supposed to do!

And more than anything, I felt suffocated by the hot humiliation of feeling a warm sticky, smelly load squishing in my diaper, while this attractive would-be babysitter stared at me in absolute disgust, while my Mommy scolded me about my poopy mess in front of her.

"I'm so sorry, Miss, but I hope you can understand why it doesn't look like I can babysit him after all," the babysitter said to my Mommy pinching her nose in disgust.

"I understand," my Mommy said. "I'm so sorry about this, I can't believe he would embarrass himself by pooping his pants like this. Especially in front of such a cute babysitter. Now alright, come on, little stinker, I'm taking you home. Mommy's going to have to cancel all of her interviews. You are in big, big trouble," she scolded as she pulled me toward the car.

I began crying as my Mommy put me in my car seat, my stinky humiliation enhanced from the squelch of my poopy load being pressed into my bottom while my Mommy strapped me into my car seat.

And as we drove off, I got one last look into the babysitter's eyes as she watched us drive away, her honest expression of raw pity and genuine disgust toward me serving as a powerful, lasting mental image for me of just how truly pathetic and babyish I really was.

* * *

WHEN WE FINALLY RETURNED HOME, Mommy put me in timeout by making me sit in my poopy diaper on my hard naughty stool so that I could, "Think about what a rotten little stinker I've been."

When she returned some time later, she asked me the question she usually did when preparing to commence one of my more severe punishments.

“Now, little stinker, do you know why you deserve a very nasty punishment?”

“I’m sawwy, Mommy, weally! I didn’t mean to go poopy in my diapee, I tried to hold it, but I couldn’t help it!” I said, groveling in the humiliating way that I hoped would persuade her to grant me mercy.

But instead she just laughed.

“Oh no, little boy, you’re not being punished because you pooped your pants. We both know that’s why you’re in diapers, because you can’t control that. You never have been and you never will be able to, which is why Mommy puts you in diapers and keeps you in diapers,” she said.

I nodded vigorously, her words utterly degrading, but I was still hoping against hope to avoid a painful punishment.

“No, little poopy pants, you’re about to be punished because you broke one of your most important rules. You *asked for a diaper change*, when you know little babies aren’t allowed to do that.”

I began tearing up again. I felt the full weight of the unfairness of the situation... how she had trapped me... how I had no choice...

“But... but... you told the babysitter I didn’t do poopies in my diaper! So I needed to tell you before you left...”

“Shhhh...” Mommy said, stuffing my dummy-gag in my mouth and silencing me. “You should know better than to try and concern yourself with big-boy and big-girl conversations. Your little baby brain is far too small and

stupid to understand what us adults were talking about, and that shows because you clearly completely misunderstood what was going on, and that made you act out in extremely inappropriate ways. The only thing you need to ever be concerned with is following Mommy's rules. Because if you don't, you get punished. Understood?"

Mommy's words felt like a slap in the face. I suddenly questioned my own version of reality from earlier that day and wondered if I *had* actually misunderstood what was going on after all.

But no! I told myself. *That couldn't be the case. Or could it?*

I felt confused and embarrassed and stupid. Like I apparently couldn't keep track of basic facts of the reality around me. And the utter unfairness of it all still felt utterly suffocating. After all, I was just trying to be good for Mommy but now I was being punished!

But it didn't matter. There was nothing I could do but quietly sob helpless tears as Mommy walked me to my room in my sagging, humiliating poopy diaper.

She then quickly and wordlessly secured me into one of my 'punishment straitjackets'.

"Now, it seems like what you need help understanding, little naughty stinker, is that Mommy *always* knows what's best for you, no matter what. So for the next week, you're going to be restrained to the maximum extent every second of the day, so you understand how to be good. That means you'll be wearing your punishment straitjacket at all times, full segufix straps head to toe for bed, and full wheelchair with extra tight, head to toe restraints if ever leaving the house. Okay?"

I sobbed hysterically as she explained the nightmarish punishment she would apparently be subjecting me to for the next seven days.

After all, just one hour in any of those restraint systems had always been enough to drive me to the point of near insanity.

But if she cared at all about my hysterical distress, she didn't show it as she calmly put me into my crib and began tying me down with the copious number of medical straps involved in my segufix restraining system.

Strap after strap, from my wrists, down to my soggy diapered crotch, across my ankles, and up to my forehead, until eventually I had been rendered completely and utterly immobile while laying in my stinky soggy diaper in my locking crib.

"Now, I'm gonna let you spend some time in this pooppy diaper," she said, squishing my mess against my balls and bottom with her hand, "since you were such an eager-beaver about getting a change, you should learn the value of patience. If you're good, we'll see about changing you after dinner."

My Mommy left me sobbing and helplessly writhing against the army of restraints she had bound me with, and she didn't even so much as check on me until many, many hours later.

That week of my extreme restraints diaper punishment was even more debasing and humiliating than I ever could have imagined.

By the end of the ordeal, I had learned two things I would never forget.

One, that Mommy's cunning when it came to trapping and humiliating me in a web of my own pathetic inadequacy was not to be underestimated. It was her favorite method of tormenting me.

I was slowly learning that any attempt I ever made, no matter how minor, to preserve whatever shred of dignity I still had, would always be used against me to further humiliate and degrade me.

The only acceptable way for me to now live my pathetic life was absolute and total submission to her maternal dominance over me in every possible conceivable way, no matter how utterly humiliating and degrading it was.

Any instinct I had to preserve any sense of my dignity, autonomy, adulthood, or any semblance of self-respect would always earn me punishments of unimaginable humiliation and suffering.

My only choice from now on was to totally forsake any hope of ever having dignity or self respect ever again. I needed to totally accept that I was now, and would always forever be, Mommy's pathetic little poopy diaper boy.

And the second thing I learned that week, was that Mommy's sadism, like her cunning, knew no bounds.

By the time the week of my 24/7 extreme diaper bondage and restraints was over, I felt profoundly mentally warped by the experience—a lasting psychological handicap that left me in a state of extreme emotional and psychological dependence on my Mommy, further permanently reducing me to a helpless, pathetic diaper baby, long after I had been physically freed from the humiliation and helplessness of my 'punishment straitjacket'.

And what was even more significant, was that by learning firsthand the full extent of the horrors Mommy could unleash upon me at any second should I ever even consider disobeying her, kept me in a state of severe, terrified, total and utter babyish compliance to her every whim and desire going forward.

My Mommy now had absolute and total power over me in every possible way imaginable.

And the crinkly, humiliating diapers she forced me to wear, use and wait for her to change everyday were the ultimate symbol of that power she continued to exert over me.

* * *

I HAD SAID EARLIER that there were *two* obstacles in the way of my desire to always obey my 'Mommy'.

The first, as I elaborated above, was that Mommy frequently intentionally sought to 'test' my obedience with tricks or plots that were designed for me to fail, which she could happily use as an excuse to exact punishments against me—punishments which she no doubt greatly enjoyed implementing.

But the second obstacle was that one of her rules—the rule that I was never, under any circumstances, *permitted to masturbate*—was one that I found truly impossible to obey, no matter how badly I wished I could.

You see, it started with the night of the party—the night she gave me my first handjob in my poopy diaper while everyone watched.

The act was so unbearably shameful and pathetic... and yet... it was the most transformative orgasm of my life.

For the truth was, I was now a slave to my raging horniness, which I now always felt while wearing wet, even messy, diapers. Even more so than I already practically was a slave to *her* at this point.

And of course, she would frequently make a big deal of catching me in the naughty act and punishing me for weeks on end for the deed when she needed an excuse to do so.

But we seemed to be in a sort of tacit game. She would punish me, threaten me with chastity, give me every reason to stop my filthy solo-pleasure.

But I think she secretly enjoyed finding repeated evidence of my masturbation. She must have known how filthy and naughty I felt every time I did it. The fact that I was, in a small way, embracing my infantile, shameful, punishment in the most perverted of ways.

And I suspected she might even have watched me through a hidden video baby monitor as I finished spraying cum in my diaper every night possible, only to consequently succumb to waves of absolute shame and regret post-climax. (Hell, sometimes even multiple times a night.)

Had you asked me before I met this woman if I ever would have *masturbated* in a *wet...* even *messy...* *diaper*, I would have felt sick at the idea. But now... my wires had been cross. My boner had become depraved, reprogrammed from the sensation of being diapered, spanked, prodded, checked, massaged, wiped, fingered, and changed by the only woman who would now ever be in my life long-term.

I think she knew what she was doing to me. Turning me into a pathetic, diaper pooping, peeing, masturbating little toy.

And with the 'carrot' of just getting time alone with my hard, diapered peepee, combined with the 'stick' of every single other thing she did to me, she knew she had a powerful lever of complete and total control over my psyche.

And it was my absolute, drooling, slavish need to pump my cock in my dirty diapers every night that made me absolutely chilled to the bone when I first saw it...

The chastity device.

The thing she had been threatening me with from the start, but never followed through on.

It was right there, on the kitchen table.

"Oh, I see you spotted your new toy?" She asked with an evil grin while I stared at it, dumbfounded. "Maybe if you're a good little boy during breakfast, I'll let you try it on before lunch."

CHASTITY, BUTT-PLUGS, AND OTHER CRUEL SURPRISES

I quietly suspected she had been seeing someone. The way she would get dressed up on the weekends. Casual references to 'him'. Fragments of overheard girl chat with passing babysitters or housekeepers involving topics such as cock size that I knew, judging from the number of inches referenced, were not pertaining to me.

Of course, it was patently obvious she was getting her 'needs' met while away from changing my poop diapers.

But ever since the party, where I learned of her open fling with Brad, I'd only grown more horrified by the idea of her seeing a man, *a real man*, while tending to my... *unique needs*.

That's because, despite my captivity, the 24/7 forced diaper bondage, the endless litany of humiliations, punishments, and degradation she foisted upon me while I continued to exist under her unique brand of 'care'... the truth was...

I was still in love with her.

It was an embarrassing, shameful, yet undeniable truth.

I was still totally and utterly helplessly in love—romantically, physically, sexually—with my 'mommy', even while she spanked me, strapped me down, and changed my soiled diapers daily.

Of course, I knew she would never reciprocate such feelings. In fact, she frequently reminded me so, such as while she changed my dirty diapers, with remarks to anyone nearby enough to listen such as, “Oh my, what a teeny weenie my little baby has! There's not a woman on earth he could please sexually with it. It's a good thing no woman would ever be remotely romantically interested in a boy wearing poopy diapers anyway.”

Or even more stinging...

“Awww, look who's got a stiff widdle peepee while his Mommy changes his stinky diapees! Is it because you have a widdle cwush on Mommy? Aww, sorry little guy, Mommy's not interested in poopy diaper babies like you.”

But no matter how much she mocked me for it, no matter how much I hated the power it gave her over me, the truth was, every night, well I furiously masturbated in my wet, soggy, sometimes even messy diapers, it was *always to thoughts of her*.

Her incredible breasts. Her shimmering smile. Her long legs. Her scent when she held me close to check my diaper. The feel of her feminine hand as it caressed my balls and cock daily during my diaper changes.

I fantasized endlessly about the chance to finally see her pussy, to taste it, to feel it by penetrating it with my hard cock, the soggy diaper she changed me into squishing intoxicatingly against my balls while I finally lost my virginity to the only woman in the world I now desired... My 'Mommy'.

But as rapturously as my fantasies about 'being' with her would begin, they would always end the same way—with me spraying my hot load of cum into the front of my crinkly, soggy yellow diaper...

Followed by an unbearable sinking shame as I opened my eyes and returned to the sight of my diapers and nursery visible through my crib-cage bars.

And I would remember how pathetic I was for not just *wearing diapers*, but *peeing and pooping* in them *every day*, forced to sit in my mess until my Mommy decided to change me.

And if that wasn't bad enough, I apparently *needed to cum* in them too.

And yet, despite my cycle of insatiable horniness followed by insatiable shame, my absolute and total infatuation with my Mommy never diminished, not even for a moment.

In fact, as her tendrils of humiliation and domination continued encircling and ensnaring me tighter within her control, my aching, unrequited romantic desire for her only grew ever more intense.

Therefore, just the *thought* of picturing her with *another man*, a *real man*, who got to do all the things to her I only *dreamed of* every night, sent shockwaves of unimaginable, torturous jealousy from my head to my toes.

So, when she first told me that she was not only seeing a man, but that he was coming over that very night, I couldn't help but erupt in a wave of spontaneous, pathetic, helpless tears.

And cruelly enough, it happened to be the same exact morning she showed me the chastity cage for the first time.

* * *

THAT MORNING, I happened to have been wearing a butt plug that Mommy had inserted into me the day before.

The butt plug was a punishment she had issued me that previous morning after she discovered a 'suspicious sticky mess' in my diaper during my morning change.

The thing was, when I usually jerked off in my crib at night, I was always careful to try and smear my yucky cummies evenly throughout my diaper, so that by time I had finished flooding my diaper with my yellow pee throughout the night, evidence of my forbidden self-pleasure was hardly capable of being seen with the naked eye.

But that morning, I woke up with such an intense stiffy, and my soggy, squishy, wet diaper felt so incredibly good on my raging tiny boner, that against my better judgement, I couldn't help but reach into my diaper and squeeze one out before Mommy came in to retrieve me for breakfast.

I knew it was risky to jerk off in my diapers in the best of circumstances, and to do it that morning was downright foolish.

But the truth was, as I smelled my stinky, wet, sweaty diaper wrapped around my waist, as I rubbed the outside of my squishy diaper against my boner, carefully at first, then harder and faster—

The idea of squeezing one out, while knowing Mommy could walk in on me at any second, only made me hornier.

And the shameful truth was... I even *fantasized* about her discovering me...

Punishing and humiliating me until I squealed for mercy...

But predictably, as I finished squirting my hot, sticky cum into my soggy diaper that morning, I was slammed by a wave of embarrassment and regret...

And that regret was magnified a hundredfold when my Mommy entered my room just seconds later.

"Young man," she said from the doorway as I pulled my hand from my diaper, sending a jolt through my body like a bucket of cold water. "That hand better not have been where it shouldn't have been."

My heart started pounding and I burned bright red. "No, Mommy, of course not," I whimpered.

Fortunately, she seemed to believe me and changed the subject. But unfortunately, the timing of my morning deed prevented me from hiding the obvious semen puddle I had just squirted into my diaper, as I usually made sure to do.

She quickly retrieved me from my crib and put me on my diaper changing table for my morning change.

Then, as she opened my diaper, she frowned. I cringed as I realized she had likely just discovered the evidence of my forbidden mess.

"Young man, there is a very naughty stain in here. Have you been masturbating in your diaper?" She tsk'd with a stern tone.

"N-n-no, Mommy, I didn't, I pwomise," I pleaded, thumb in my mouth.

My disobedient acts of masturbation were one of the only things I felt brave enough to lie to her about—even when seemingly caught 'sticky-handed'.

Part of that was because I had come to sense that there was an unwritten agreement between us regarding my

naughty habit...

Mommy would seemingly refrain from decisively removing my masturbation capabilities with permanent restraints or a chastity device, should I at least conceal my naughty behavior well enough to avoid her notice.

As I mentioned above, I believe Mommy had a few reasons to maintain this perverted 'don't-ask-don't-tell' policy between us...

But a key one, I suspected, was that she would always have a ready reason to shame and punish me, should she need one, when she inevitably discovered the evidence of my pathetic, irresistible habit.

"Hmmm," she said as she inspected the sticky substance in my diaper by rubbing it between her gloved fingers. "Well, if what you're saying is the truth, you won't mind me keeping your hands in your naughty-mittens for a little while, just to be safe."

"Yes, Mommy, thank you, Mommy," I said in a pathetic voice.

I *hated* the humiliation of being forced to wear my 'naughty-mittens'.

Being forced to wear them meant removing the most basic level of dignity and autonomy that the dexterity of my fingers provided, unavoidably demoting me to the degradation of needing to be totally spoon-fed by Mommy for my meals, being capable of playing with only the simplest of baby toys, and not even do perform tasks as simple as turn a door knob without a caretaker's help.

Worst of all, the days she kept me in locking mittens, were days I couldn't achieve the relief of orgasm, instead being doomed to the hopeless task of humping my mattress in my

soggy wet diaper for hours on end, aching for the relief of an orgasm that never arrived.

But all that being said... I knew it could be much worse...

And yet, that 'much worse' became reality a mere seconds later.

"Hmmm, yes, let's get those handsies in your naughty mittens, and let's get your little botty plugged up too, just so you're super-duper sure that you won't do any naughty peepee touching going forward," she said.

I let out a helpless groan of anguish.

I hated the humiliation of my naughty-mittens...

But I found the sensations resulting from a prolonged butt plug punishment *nearly unbearable* by comparison.

I despised *everything* about the butt plug.

I hated its *insertion*, the way the oversized plugs made me squeal when she unexpectedly penetrated me with them during my diaper change, the thick rubber jamming my tiny sphincter open wider than I ever thought possible, until it finally pushed through and made me moan as I felt it fill my whole ass.

I hated when she *removed* them, the sensation of the rubber intruder being pulled out making me moan while I experienced the humiliation and relief of what could only be described as taking the largest dump of my life. Not to mention the humiliating comments she would make while inspecting the inevitably dirty plug about my 'endlessly poopy bottom.'

I hated how *while I was plugged*, I felt the intrusion into my sensitive butthole every second of the day—with every step,

every sit, any and every shift in my posture making me embarrassingly aware of my penetrated bottom.

I hated how every time she plugged me, she used a bigger plug than last time, ensuring my bottom never got 'used' to the sensation. In fact, every 'plugging' seemed to stretch me out a little more, making me even less capable of controlling my poopy messes going forward.

And most of all, I hated that when I was plugged, I was ironically unable to do exactly what I hated doing most in my diapered state—take a dump. The cruel irony of the punishment being that it left me begging for the chance to humiliate myself by finally getting the chance to go 'number two' in my diapers.

And so, that fateful morning, I was still waddling in my diapers with thick mittens around my fingers, and an even thicker plug up my ass, when my Mommy took me to my nursery for a diaper change after breakfast...

* * *

"MMMM!" I groaned through my extra thick pacifier gag while Mommy lifted the front of my soggy yellow diaper.

"Aww, what's wrong little baby?" She teased.

She then reached down and gave the base of the butt plug I had been stuffed with for the last 24 hours a subtle jerk and twist—not enough to pull the plug out of my bottom, but enough to make me squirm and writhe.

Of course, she knew exactly why I was whining in discomfort. I hadn't been able to drop my 'morning mess' into the seat of my diaper the morning before, on account of the butt plug shoved firmly into my ass.

And this morning, my after-breakfast 'need to go' felt about ten times more urgent... both because I hadn't gone yesterday... and because I suspected Mommy had slipped a few spoons of castor oil into my oatmeal and baby bottle, making my need for relief that much more dire.

"Awww, what's wrong, little guy? Do you have a tummy ache?" She asked, rubbing and tickling my tummy, making me writhe in desperation while strapped to my diaper changing table.

"Mmmm!!!" I wailed through my extra-thick gag.

She just giggled even harder. "Aww, what's that? You have to do a poopoo? Is that what's wrong?"

I desperately nodded my head yes. She began tickling me even harder, a huge grin on her face.

And in a helpless spasm, I lost control of my bladder while laying with an open diaper.

A spray of my pee went straight up and splashed on my belly and the nursery floor.

"Oh no!" Mommy said, cracking up as she urgently reached for the front of my soggy diaper to contain the spray. "Yucky! Well, I guess I should have known better than to leave your little baby peepee uncovered. After all, we both know by now you have zero control over it."

I dropped my head back in shame, blushing, still embarrassed to experience such a humiliating loss of control, even after everything else I had already been put through.

I sighed as I felt the stream of urine from my bladder come to an end as it puddled around my bottom in my already-saturated diaper.

“Well then,” My Mommy said, “I’m glad to see you were just whining because you had to make a peepee. Because it would be tough luck if you had to do a poopoo, because you’ve got this big ol’ butt plug in you making sure you can’t.”

She spanked my wet bottom, hitting the plug, forcing me to emit a helpless groan.

Apparently done having had her fun at my expense, she pulled the wet diaper away, dropped it in my diaper pail, and began the task of vigorously scrubbing my thighs, butt, and privates with baby wipes.

As she unfolded a fresh new diaper under my bottom, I began meekly whimpering once again. I had really hoped she would remove the plug during that diaper change, as 24 hours was the longest she had ever left me plugged before, and I really, really had to ‘go’.

“Aww, still fussy? I wonder what’s wrong...” She mused while she powdered my bottom and rubbed it in with her hands.

Then, she stopped and looked at me in a moment of exaggerated realization. “Oh! I know what it is! You must be eager to try out your new toy!”

I paused, confused for a moment while she walked out of the room.

But when she returned, I felt dizzy with sudden dread.

She was holding the chastity device that she had casually showed me that morning.

Somehow, I had already forgotten all about it.

In a flash of panic, I began shrieking and writhing while gagged and strapped down on my diaper changing table.

Part of me had assumed she was still just teasing me when she showed it to me earlier—keeping me in a state of perpetual fear of having my ability to nut completely removed.

But now that I was laying down with my shriveled privates exposed, and she was approaching me with the device unwrapped in her hands, the chastity device no longer seemed like an idle threat.

It seemed like a horrifying reality.

“Hmmm, let’s see,” she said, lifting, pinching, and squeezing my shriveled weewee.

“Yes, it shouldn’t be too hard to get on. And the good news with this model, is that it’s specially made to allow for while-attached cleaning. So once I put it on, it never, ever needs to come off. I can... literally... lock your weewee up and throw away the key,” she said with a giggle. “Which I’m going to do, by the way, just so you don’t ever get the false impression of thinking it will ever be removed.”

I writhed even harder, moaning and crying, horrified to the core by the thought of being permanently caged. I was desperate for even just the chance to plead my case. I literally would have done anything to prevent that fate.

“But then again,” she muttered loud enough for me to hear, “I suppose it is fun watching your tiny little peepee get hard during diaper changes.”

She flashed me a mischievous look and I quieted down, suddenly listening closer.

“Especially poopy diaper changes,” she said, suddenly fondling my cock and balls. “Aww, is that why you’re so upset about the plug in your bottom, little stinker? Is it

because you love going poopy in your diapees and having your Mommy change you?"

She was suddenly gently stroking my tiny, hairless cock, with a dollop of baby oil, and it only took seconds for me to go from utterly shriveled to rock hard.

"Aww, yeah, that must be it," she teased as she gently stroked me harder. "I mean, look at how hard your little weewee just got from your Mommy just mentioning the idea of changing your poopy diapers."

Then, while she stroked my cock, she began gently, skillfully teasing my butt plug again.

I let my head fall back to the table while I succumbed to an incredible surge of horniness. Having not been able to orgasm just one night had already left my balls heavy, swollen, and desperate for relief.

I began to moan and writhe yet again... but this time from pleasure.

I hadn't been so deliberately jerked off by my Mommy since the night of the party, where she changed by poopy diaper and jerked me off with everyone watching.

"Oh yes, you *like* humping in your soggy diapers, and getting your poopy bottom wiped by your Mommy. And you *love* making naughty stickies while still sitting in your filthy messies, don't you?" She cooed.

"*Yeth Mommy*," I groaned indiscernibly into my paci.

"Yes you do, my poopy little boy," she cooed.

I felt my balls and cock twitching, a tingling in my lower tummy telling me I was getting closer and closer...

“And I bet I know what you *really* want. You want to see and suck on Mommy’s naked tits, instead of suckling from a bottle, huh?”

I grew about ten times harder. She had never mentioned anything like that to me before.

“And I bet when you make your *naughty stickies*, you think about Mommy’s *naked legs*? You probably think about seeing my gorgeous, wet, *pink pussy*... and *licking it*... *tasting it*... and finally getting to *stick your hard little weewee* into *Mommy’s sex*,” she said in a seductive voice.

I grunted loudly, felt a shockwave of pleasure—

Her words were what I had fantasized about in secret for so long—

But just as I was about to cum—

WHAP!—she yanked her hand away and slapped me hard on my exposed ass.

“Naughty boy!” She scolded. “Having dirty fantasies about your tiny little weewee going into Mommy? While she *changes your diapers*? That is absolutely filthy, shameful, and unacceptable under my roof!”

I whimpered like a wounded puppy as my rock hard weewee throbbed, still standing high at attention, left on the very edge of orgasm, denied at the last second.

“No sir,” she said, wiping her hands off in disgust. “This was exactly the proof I needed to see that you belong in chastity for good. You are far too much of a dirty little pervert to ever trust with access to your naughty little weewee again.”

I was flabbergasted, too shocked by the sudden, cruel turn of events to whimper and wail as I had been before.

Instead, I watched in a state of stunned disbelief as my Mommy opened a 'special' container of baby wipes she had brought in with the chastity device.

"I've been keeping these in the freezer just in case you turned out to be the pervert you are... getting a great big stiffy for your Mommy while she changes your diapers..." she tsk'd.

I gasped as I felt her press the freezing baby wipes to my balls. It felt like I had been dropped in a sudden ice pond from the waist down.

She used another, and another, squeezing my peepee and balls with the freezing baby wipes until my little weewee finally shrunk down to the smallest it could possibly go... which happened to be practically microscopic as far as peepees go...

Click. Clack. Zip.

"Ah, there we go!" My Mommy said with a triumphant grin.

And just like that, my itty-bitty wiener was secured and locked up into an even tinier, hyper-restricting cock cage.

I watched with shocked, wide eyes as my Mommy laughed and laughed, dropping the key to the cage in her pocket, flicking my cock cage and twisting the base of my butt plug for amusement.

She then sealed my shriveled wiener up in an extra tight, disposable diaper. "There we go, little tiny baby's weewee is all sealed up in his cagey and diapees, and now the little tiny baby never needs to worry about getting any naughty stiffy peepees for his Mommy ever again."

And just like a baby, I began weeping uncontrollably, utterly beside myself over the fact that I would apparently never

again experience the relief of an orgasm, one of the only acts of adult pleasure I had left in my life.

“Aww, there there, little stinker,” my Mommy said, helping me sit up on my diaper changing table. “It’s not all bad. After all, you’re going to meet a special visitor tonight, remember? Mommy’s new boyfriend!” She said, wiping the tears from my cheeks.

I looked up with wide eyes.

“That’s right!” She said. “And between you and me, Mommy’s pretty excited, because Mommy and her new boyfriend might even get to fuck for the first time tonight. So you should be thrilled! If all goes well, you might even get a new Daddy!”

I stared at her in shock. I was truly dumbfounded by her cruelty.

And she looked down at me in my pathetic, plugged, chaste, diapered state, and laughed and laughed and laughed at my expression of futile anguish and pathetic diapered despair.

MEETING MOMMY'S NEW MAN

I was in my highchair—locking bib, locking onesie, and locking mittens on—while Mommy finished spoon-feeding me my mushy dinner.

She stuffed me quite full of baby food that night, which made me squirm even more than usual as I felt my colon growing even more desperate for release, the thick rubber plug stuffing my bottom continuing to make that impossible.

Mommy was scrubbing the mess I had made off my face with a wet towel when the doorbell rang.

“Oh, he’s here early! I’m not even dressed yet!” My Mommy said.

I felt a sting of dread as I watched her leave to go answer the door. If being locked in chastity wasn’t emasculating and humiliating enough, I was now going to have to look the man who *could* satisfy her in the face.

“Sorry I’m here a little early,” I heard a manly voice say from down the hall.

“It’s no problem, but I just got finished feeding the little guy, and I still need to change his diaper before I clean up

and get changed,” I heard my Mommy reply as she led him in.

“Where is the little stinker? In the kitchen?” He asked.

“Yep! Still in his highchair. I’ll be back in a sec if you want to go say hi.”

I braced myself as I heard him approach. Then my eyes widened.

It was Brad—the man from the party that held me down during my diaper change.

I let out a small groan of despair—I realized that any hope I had had of maintaining any level of dignity or privacy before Mommy’s new boyfriend was now utterly squashed.

For even though it would have been humiliating to meet *any* new man in my diapered state, it was *Brad* who had already seen me utterly debase myself—not just pooping my diaper in front of him, but spurting my cum in my dirty diaper while he helped Mommy change me.

I felt myself already involuntarily reliving the humiliation of that horrifying night as he approached.

“Hey there, little stinker! Remember me?” Brad said with a condescending grin.

I blushed and stared down at my highchair tray in embarrassment and dread.

“Aww, what’s wrong, little guy?” He said. “You don’t need to be shy around me. I already helped your Mommy change your poopy diaper last time we met, remember?”

I continued to stay silent.

“Oh, I know, maybe you’re just shy because you’ve got another poopy diaper. Here, let me check,” Brad said.

To my horror, I felt him suddenly unbuckle one of the straps holding me in my highchair and bend me forward in order to look down the back of my diaper.

"Hmmm, no poopies back here yet," he said as he held me tight in his muscle-bound arms.

I cringed with utter embarrassment. I had sort of gotten used to Mommy's 'diaper checks', but having another man, let alone one so much stronger and more masculine than me, do it so casually, felt deeply humiliating.

"Everything okay in here?" My Mommy said as she walked back into the kitchen.

"Oh yeah," Brad said as he let me go. "I was just checking the back of his diaper to see if he was poopy. Just wanted to make sure nothing was wrong, because he hadn't said anything to me yet."

"Young man!" My Mommy scolded. "You have better manners than that. Give Mommy's boyfriend a proper greeting right now before I put you right over my knee."

I blushed and reluctantly raised my head. "H-h-h-hi, *Bwad*," I squeaked.

"And what do we say to adults after they do what Brad just did?" Mommy asked in a stern tone.

"*Ahem...* thank you, *Bwad*, for checking my diaper," I said with burning cheeks.

"Checking you *for what?*" My Mommy asked.

I blushed even hotter. "Thank you, *Bwad*, for *checking my diaper for poopies.*"

"There we go," My Mommy said, giving my cheek an affectionate yet condescending pinch.

“You’re welcome, little stinker,” Brad said with a smile. “Sal, I was just reminding him that I didn’t mind because I’d already helped you change his poopy diaper last time I was here.”

Mommy laughed as she started unbuckling me from my highchair. “Oh that’s right! And from what I remember, he didn’t just drop a load in the *back* of his diaper, but squirted one *into the front* as well while we changed him.”

I was mortified.

“Believe me, I remember,” Brad said, cracking up. “I don’t think I could ever forget something as disgusting and pathetic as that.”

I blushed red hot from head to toe as Mommy helped me out of my highchair and to my feet.

“Anyway, it turns out that both of those things happen to be impossible for the little stinker right at the second,” my Mommy explained. “I’ve got his bottom plugged up tight, and as far as his little overactive weewee... well, you’ll see for yourself in a second when I change his diaper,” my Mommy said as she walked me out of the kitchen.

“Oh, cool. I’ll meet you in his nursery in a sec, I just gotta take a piss first,” Brad replied.

The news that Brad would be coming into my nursery during my diaper change quickly made me upset yet again.

I quietly cried like a fussy baby as Mommy walked me, bow-legged, back to my nursery.

* * *

AS MY MOMMY lifted me up onto my change table, I finally summoned the courage to verbalize my feelings. "I don't want Bwad watching my diapee change."

Mommy just laughed as she helped me lay back and undid the tapes of my diaper. "Aww, why not, little guy? Don't you remember what you said to Brad at the end of the night the last time you saw him?"

I shook my head no.

"You asked him to be your Daddy and help change your poopy diapees, remember?" she said with a grin.

I felt a sting of horror as I remembered. I realized I had forgotten all about that moment. My subconscious had likely blocked it from my memory in an act of self-preservation.

"Either way, you know little babies don't get to decide who changes their diapees," she said as she pulled the front of my yellow, soggy diaper forward.

I instinctively looked down at my naked crotch, and another sting of dread shot through me as I laid eyes on my locked, diminutive cock-cage poking up from between my legs.

I had almost forgotten I was wearing it over the course of the day, the cage tucked safely out of sight beneath my diaper, and playing with my peepee impossible anyway while under Mommy's watchful eye.

But laying eyes on it again, while my naked crotch was revealed due to the opening of my soggy diaper, felt like a shock just as upsetting as when Mommy first locked it up.

I had now been wearing my cage for a full day without so much as a hint from her of it ever even possibly being

removed—a fact that seemed to prove that the cage was indeed now a permanent feature of my diapered existence.

But if Mommy sensed the emotional tumult I felt at seeing my cock cage again, she showed no sign of it as she continued her casual musing.

“And by the way, it also happens to be the case that a big reason I’m seeing Brad again now, is that he’s finally gotten comfortable with the role he’s going to need to play in *your life* as well, which of course involves helping change your stinky diapers.”

I looked at Mommy, surprised by the information. She giggled as she pulled some baby wipes from their container.

“That’s right, most of the guys I’ve been seeing in the past several weeks have all ran screaming after I show them the pictures of my home... *situation*,” she said as she began casually wiping me down. “And by that, I mean pictures of you waddling through the house in your soggy yellow or brown diapees,” she giggled.

“And in fact, Brad did the same thing after the night he watched me change your poopy diapers. He texted me the next morning saying he wasn’t sure he still wanted to see me after what he saw that night.

“And the truth is, I don’t blame any of them. After all, it is genuinely upsetting to have to witness the reality of you—a supposedly full grown adult—not only wearing diapers, but peeing and pooping in them as well.

“But the thing is, over the previous weeks, Brad and I have been keeping in touch while I’ve continued to be your Mommy. I started casually texting him more and more pictures and videos of you in your diapees. Pictures of you

falling fast asleep in your crib at your six o'clock bedtime. Videos of you running around the playground in your yellowed diaper, giggling and happy-as-could-be, playing with toys designed for preschoolers. And even a few adorable snapchats of you meekly raising your hands and obediently turning after your Mommy announced a 'diaper check'.

"And you see, after seeing all that over a period of several weeks, Brad finally began to understand that you *weren't an adult* in diapers. No, you were in fact *mentally a totally dependent, pathetic, helpless, true little baby* in diapers, who needed his Mommy—a fact that was far more comfortable for him to live with and much easier to understand."

My mouth was agape as I tried to process the deeply humiliating information she was sharing with me.

"And by the way, I'm pretty sure the final thing for Brad—the final piece of evidence that proved to him that you were certainly no adult man and that you never, ever would be—was when I finally sent him a picture of your teeny-tiny little weewee on the diaper change table.

"For even though Brad had glimpsed your pathetic little peepee once before, seeing a picture of your teeny-tiny little weewee up close again was the last thing he needed to see to fully reassure him that you would never, ever, be anything more than Mommy's pathetic little diapered baby."

She flashed an evil grin and gave my caged pecker a playful flick.

"And now that you have your brand new, special widdle peepee cage locked on for good, I think we can all agree that's now more true than ever. Which is why I wanted to

celebrate Brad coming over tonight by locking you up nice and tight, for good, so he could enjoy the sight of your new, permanently caged little weewee for himself.”

Mommy finished her speech...

And I burst into hysterical tears.

I was too humiliated, overwhelmed and defeated to do anything but sob on my diaper changing table.

“Aww, what’s wrong with him?” I heard Brad ask from the doorway of my nursery.

“Oh nothing,” Mommy giggled. “I think he’s just upset because the sight of his widdle peepee cage reminded him he can’t do anymore naughty cummies in his poopy diapees at night.”

“Ugh, wait, you’re joking, right? He doesn’t actually *still* jerk off in his messy diapers, does he?” Brad asked in disgust as he approached the changing table.

“Not anymore he doesn’t,” Mommy laughed as she pointed at my cock cage.

I instinctively lowered my mitten-covered hands to try and block Brad’s view of my embarrassing tiny little caged wiener. But Mommy snatched my hands and clipped them above my head in a flash.

“Naughty boy!” She scolded.

She gave my exposed bottom a painful *SMACK!*

“You know better than to try to touch your naughty area while Mommy changes your diapees. I should put you over my knee for a triple-long spanking for that,” she scolded.

“I’m sawwy, Mommy,” I wailed through my pathetic tears.

"You'd better be," she said as she pulled my soggy diaper away. "Hey hon, would you mind grabbing a new diaper for him off the shelf for me?" She asked Brad.

"Of course," Brad said, awkwardly pulling a big white diaper off the shelf and handing it to Mommy.

"Also, could you pick out some plastic pants for him too?" Mommy added. "I think I'm gonna pull his pluggy out and I don't want him staining his bed sheets if he rolls around in his sleep after dropping an extra heavy poopy."

Her words made me cringe.

First, because seeing Brad voluntarily play such an active part in my diaper changes was a bad sign of things to come.

Second, because Mommy was apparently about to remove my butt plug, which I ultimately wanted, but always hated the actual moment of removal, let alone being forced to endure the sensation before an audience.

And third, because I had just learned that Mommy apparently didn't intend to change me out of my poopy mess before I went to sleep that night, despite me inevitably dropping my long-awaited number two into my diaper before falling asleep. I would know doubt be forced to sleep all night in my poopy mess, a fate I always abhorred.

"Any particular color?" Brad called from across the room as he opened the closet and inspected my wardrobe of hanging plastic pants.

"Whatever you'd like, honey," Mommy replied.

Brad came back a second later holding bright pink ones with 'Mommy's Naughty stinker' written on them. "Do

these work?"

"Oh, good choice," Mommy replied. "I actually typically only use *that* pair for punishment with him, as they're extra thick and lined with rubber, making them not only uncomfortably tight on a poopy bottom, but also uncomfortably hot, especially when worn all night. But he's already been a bit of a fussy, naughty stinker tonight anyway, so we might as well."

I let out an involuntary whimper, which was met with another hard *SMACK* against my butt.

"Hush now! You've done enough whining already tonight, and if you don't start behaving, I'll let Brad put you over *his* knee instead of going over mine. And believe me, judging from the muscles on his arms, his hand is gonna sting a lot more than Mommy's."

I looked at Brad, who was giving a supportive nod and smile, and then I looked down to his hulking biceps. I immediately winced from both the humiliation of the threat from this new man in my life, as well as from imagining such a punishment.

Mommy then unfolded my new diaper beneath my butt, raised one of my legs, and began gently tugging and twisting my butt plug.

Despite having just been warned, I let out another loud whine of, "Owwweeee."

"Naughty boy!" She screamed, smacking my bottom again. "Brad, can you grab a paci for him? The bigger the better, otherwise we're probably going to have to keep listening to him squeal and wail all night about any and everything."

I helplessly watched Brad pull a bright pink paci from the cabinet and shove it into my mouth. "Aww, that's better,

baby just needed his binky,” Brad teased as he tied the gag around the back of my head.

“Hey, you’re already getting good at this,” Mommy said to Brad with a smile. “Seeing you take charge of him so easily... it’s actually... pretty fucking hot.”

I then watched my Mommy reach toward his crotch and give his clearly hardening, clearly very large cock, a seductive squeeze through his pants.

They then began to kiss while I lay helplessly strapped on the changing table beneath them.

The sight immediately sent me into a new wave of involuntary, pathetic whimpering.

Mommy and Brad finished their sensual make out session, looked down at me in my teary-eyed state, and shared a loud laugh together.

“Aww, I guess he doesn’t like me kissing his Mommy. That’s kind of surprising, given that he asked me to start dating you so I could be his Daddy last time I was here,” Brad said.

“I know,” Mommy replied, flicking my caged wiener. “But the funny thing is, I happened to find out what exactly he was thinking about when he tugged his little weewee in his poopy diapers at night.”

“What?” Brad asked.

“Believe it or not, he was jerking off to me, his Mommy!”

“Ugh, now that’s too much,” Brad said in disgust. “I mean, I know you said last time he had a little crush on his Mommy, but I didn’t think you were *serious*. I mean, I can’t believe that out of anyone, the girl giving him a boner is the one who’s changing his poopy diapers. You would think that at

least the shame of laying on a diaper changing table while you wipe his poopy bottom was enough to keep him from lusting after you."

"I know, it was pretty unbelievably pathetic. But hey, that's why Mommy locked his little weewee away, so the little baby can't be naughty in his yucky diapers anymore," she said while she playfully patted my teased cock.

I was mortified beyond comprehension.

"Hey, you know what, I have an idea," Brad said, leaning into Mommy's ear. He then whispered something to her, which made her immediately erupt in hysterical laughter.

"I think that's a fantastic idea," she said. "Why don't I finish changing his diaper first, and then we'll get to it."

I had no idea what they could have been scheming, but I didn't have too much time to ponder it before I was distracted by Mommy suddenly grabbing and yanking on the base of my inserted butt plug.

"Ungggghhhhhh!" I grunted and screamed into my pacifier gag. It felt like I was being forced to pass an enormous, rock hard poop through my asshole while Mommy and Brad watched me writhe with amusement.

"Unnngh!" I gasped in a mixture of pain and relief as I felt the plug finally passed through my sphincter and removed.

"Phew!" Mommy said as she wiped the dirty plug off with a baby wipe. "I'm having *you* pull his plug out next time," she said to Brad. "You're stronger than me."

Brad shrugged. "Sure, if it helps. I can probably jam it in him, too, if you want."

"Oh, well that's perfect! That means I can start using the super wide plugs on him that I don't normally have the

strength to fit into his rectum,” Mommy giggled.

I cringed and let out another wave of noisy whimpers while Mommy finished powdering me, diapering me, and dressing me in my thick rubber-plastic pants.

Brad’s involvement in my life was already far worse and more humiliating than I could have ever anticipated.

And I had no idea that what was coming next was about to be far, far worse.

MOMMY'S BEDROOM

Mommy picked me up off the changing table and put me on the floor of my nursery.

“Play with your toys, little guy, Mommy and her man need to prepare a couple things before your bedtime.”

Before leaving, she replaced the pacifier gag strapped into my mouth with one of my more standard, non-fastened pacis—an act of mercy I normally would appreciate, but in this case, it did little to calm by anxiety about what might be going on.

I anxiously pushed some of my colored blocks around on the floor of my nursery with my mittened-hands, trying to distract myself.

I heard Mommy and Brad seemingly moving something heavy down the hall... but that didn't provide me any clues about what was going on.

I happened to also feel my bowels rumbling, the removal of my butt plug reawakening them. But I decided I would try to hold it till morning, as I *really* didn't want to sleep in my mess all night.

Mommy returned a few minutes later and picked me up like a baby. "Where are we going, Mommy?" I asked as she carried me out of my nursery.

"Tonight you're gonna sleep in Mommy's room, okay little guy?"

I found the statement deeply confusing, but also potentially tremendously exciting.

What did this mean? That I was finally going to cuddle with Mommy and sleep in her bed, instead of alone in my humiliating crib?

The idea alone sent a jolt of unexpected hope through me.

Maybe, for some reason, I was finally being granted the special gift of being allowed to sleep in the same bed with the woman I so deeply lusted after!

Sleeping in Mommy's bed happened to be an experience I had long dreamed about. I had only dared to ask her for the chance to do so once, and was promptly met with an eruption of her derisive laughter, followed by a long, hard spanking, just to, "Remind me that diapered babies sleep in their nursery."

But as high as my hopes were, they were instantly shattered as soon as Mommy carried me through the door of her bedroom and I saw what was now there...

Waiting for me was a small, white, wooden crib in the corner of her bedroom. It was decorated with pink ponies and rainbows, it had a baby-sized poofy pink waterproof mattress, and an even more babyish blankie laying on top of it.

I was too caught off guard by the situation to question it as she set me down in the crib. "Go ahead and lay down for

Mommy," she cooed as she guided me back with her hand.

As I tried to lay down, I immediately realized that, unlike the large, adult-sized crib in my nursery, this crib was intended for an actual baby. It was far too small for me to comfortably extend my legs while laying back. Instead, I had to curl into the fetal position to fit—an act that immediately intensified by feelings of confinement.

"Does he fit?" Brad asked as he walked into the bedroom.

Obviously not! I thought to myself as I quietly sucked my dummy.

"Yep!" my Mommy answered Brad. "I mean, he has to curl into the fetal position, but that *just seems appropriate*, given the diaper he's wearing and the dummy he's suckling," she teased.

"Well good, I'm glad I didn't haul that crib up here from the basement for nothing," Brad replied.

Mommy stepped back and admired the sight of me in the cutesy crib. "I'm so glad I thought to buy it at as a backup for him at that yard sale! It's perfect for this situation."

"Well, now that he's tucked away for the night, I just put that movie on if you want to go back out to the living room," Brad said.

For the Night?! I thought to myself with quiet dread.

They then leaned into each other and exchanged another deep kiss, which made my tummy turn.

"Perfect, let's go," she said to Brad. She then turned back to me, "Alright little one, time to go to sleepy-bye. And don't even think about setting foot outside this crib tonight. If I catch you even trying to climb out for even just one second, I will immediately give you a double dose of castor

oil and strap you right back in it till late morning,” she threatened.

“*Yeth*, Mommy,” I muttered obediently through my paci, knowing her comment was no idle threat.

I then watched through the wooden bars of my new crib as she and Brad turned out the lights and left the bedroom.

I rolled over, trying in vain to get comfortable, while I stared at the ceiling and anxiously sucked my paci.

I still had no idea why she had decided to move me into this even more demeaning crib in her bedroom for the night.

My bowels were starting to uncomfortably gurgle and rumble again. But despite the ever increasing pressure in my gut, I was still committed to holding it till morning.

After all, not only did I not want to sleep in my mess, but I now desperately wished to avoid letting Brad see me in a poopy diaper yet again, a fate I hoped I could avoid if I held it till he (hopefully) left in the morning.

So, I closed my eyes and tried to ignore my rumbling gut, hoping the pressure would soon ease on its own.

After what must have been an hour or so of uncomfortably tossing and turning, I finally faded into a light sleep.

* * *

I AWOKE SOMETIME LATER to the distinct sound of clothes coming off—jangling belts and shirts falling to the floor.

It was still dark in Mommy’s room, but I recognized her voice near her bed. “*Shhh... you’ll wake the baby*,” she giggled.

I felt a surge of panic. I realized Mommy and Brad had come back to her bedroom. And they were clearly getting undressed.

I realized in horror, that this only meant one thing...

"I can't help it, I want you so fucking bad," I heard Brad utter to her in a husky whisper.

My stomach started doing summersaults. I didn't know what to do! I was trapped!

I couldn't dare leave my crib, but the idea of being forced to lay there, helplessly listening while they *did it* just a few feet away from me made me want to explode.

After all, just *seeing* Brad in the house drove me nearly insane with jealousy and humiliation, knowing that he was getting to be with the woman I dreamed night and day about. But the idea of listening to him *actually fuck her*...

"Oh my god... your pussy is already soaking wet..." I heard him whisper next.

"It's been soaking wet for you for weeks now!"

"Do you want my tongue first? Or my cock?"

"I want your fucking cock, Brad! I've wanted you to pound me with your massive fucking cock since the first fucking day we met! I want you to make me fucking moan and shriek like a fucking animal as you pound me!"

I threw my mitten-covered hands over my ears in abject horror. I started frantically sucking my pacifier louder than I ever had before, desperately trying to block out their sounds.

But it was useless. I continued to hear *every... single... detail...*

"I've got the tip pressed right against the lips of your warm, wet pussy."

"I know!"

"I'm moving it around on your clit, getting you juicier and juicier, until I finally decide to ram it in..."

"Please, god! I haven't even felt you inside of me yet and I already feel like I'm about to cum!"

"Here it comes..."

"Aaaaaooooooooowwwwwaaaaaaahhh... Ohhhh my gooddddd.... FUCK YES! FUCK ME, BRAD!" My Mommy moaned and screamed.

Their bed began squeaking loudly. The sounds of flesh on flesh echoed across the room.

I wanted to scream at the top of my lungs...

I wanted to dive from my crib and bolt for the door...

I wanted to just *explode* in a fit of monstrous rage, jealousy and horror...

But instead, all I could do was pull my knees to my chest, frantically suck my paci, and begin quietly sobbing like the pathetic baby that I had become, while their sounds continued to penetrate every fiber of my being...

The squelching of her pussy being pounded harder and faster...

Brad grunting as he gripped her with his massive, powerful arms, holding and manipulating her like a toy...

Her moaning more intensely than I even imagined was possible...

The rocking of the bed while he rammed his giant cock deeper and deeper into her hot pussy over and over and over...

And as I emitted my pathetic whimpers in the darkness, I couldn't help but reach my mittened hand down to my crotch in a futile attempt to feel my itty bitty, locked up little weewee...

And as I listened to Brad's cock making my Mommy gasp and squeal at the top of her lungs, I held my thickly diapered crotch and confronted the painful reality that I would never, ever, ever get the chance to do the same.

Their fuck session went harder, faster, longer—

I cried harder, louder, with wet tears of self-loathing and shame—

After what seemed like eternity, I finally heard Brad suddenly grunting and gasping— And my Mommy moaning and shrieking and squealing the loudest yet—

And I listened with wide eyes as they both shared a final, screaming orgasm— While Brad undoubtedly squirted his massive, hot, thick load into my Mommy's pussy for several long seconds— Finally, I heard them both give one last sigh of pleasure and release.

They collapsed into one another's arms with audible relief and exhaustion.

And even then, I knew that the memory of the sounds I had just heard, would now certainly be haunting me for the rest of my days on earth.

* * *

THERE WAS a brief silence in the darkness.

Then I heard my Mommy's voice. "Wait, do you hear that? Aww, I think the baby is crying."

A light came on. I opened my eyes and realized that Mommy and Brad were both sitting up in bed and looking at me in my crib.

I had been so distressed by the sound of them fucking, I didn't even realize how loud I was sobbing—a noise they probably also didn't hear until their rapturously loud fucking came to an end.

I suddenly felt strangely embarrassed as they each climbed out of bed to attend to me.

I looked over to see Brad, still completely naked, standing up. And in the moments before he pulled his underwear on, I beheld the fleeting sight of his thick, quickly softening cock, from across the room.

His cock was still glistening from the moisture of my Mommy's pussy and his cum. And it was still shockingly large, despite being in a state of post-coitus retreat.

I then glanced over to see my naked Mommy climbing out of bed on the opposite side.

My eyes widened and I tried to get a closer look. The sight of my Mommy's naked body was one I had obsessively fantasized about for as long as I could remember, and I could barely believe I was getting the chance to behold it.

But in an act that only enhanced my sense of humiliation, she quickly turned her back to me as she slid her panties up and put on a nightshirt, depriving me the sight of her long-lusted-for pussy and breasts after all.

I did get a brief sight of her gorgeous, naked ass, which made my heart flutter.

But the feeling of my cock awakening was quickly met by the sensation of it choking in its tiny cage, reminding me of my pathetic, sissy diapered state.

"Aww, what's wrong, little guy?" My Mommy cooed as she approached my crib.

She then pulled me up to my knees and into a hug so she could check the back of my diaper, an act that always felt humiliating.

"He's not poopy," she declared. She then stuck her fingers into my leg bands. "And he's only a little wet. Can you watch him while I go get him a bottle?" My Mommy said to Brad.

"Of course," Brad replied, coming over to the crib and patting my head.

I flushed bright red as the man I just listened to fuck my Mommy began playfully patting the seat of my diaper. "Don't worry, baby, Mommy's coming back with your baba."

I turned away in a mixture of resentment and humiliation, a gesture that Brad recognized. He responded with a condescending, hearty laugh, and patted my diapered butt even more firmly.

A minute later, Mommy returned with a large bottle of milk. She put the large, warm bottle to my lips and helped me hold it with my mittened hands as the milk began flowing into my thirsty mouth.

And pathetically enough, the warm milk and attention did start to calm me down. I was now no longer crying.

"Aww, there we go," My Mommy cooed as she rubbed my head while I laid back down in my crib and nursed the bottle.

She then turned to Brad. "By the way, did that end up being how you wanted it?"

"Huh?" He asked.

"You said you wanted him to sleep in the corner of our bedroom tonight, because the idea of having to be quiet enough not to wake him while we fucked, really turned you on. Did you like it?"

"Fuck yeah, of course!" Brad answered in a breathy tone. "You and your pussy are fucking amazing."

He put his hand over my Mommy's crotch and gave her a deep kiss.

I couldn't help but let out a painful whine. I just wanted this torture of being forced to witness their intimacy to finally end.

Brad looked down at me whining again and laughed. "Do you think he heard us doing it?"

Mommy shrugged. "It doesn't really matter, to be honest. I mean... he can't really process much more than trying to stay still during a diaper change, and even that's a challenge for his little tiny baby brain."

"Good point," Brad laughed.

I cringed from the humiliating comment, but closed my eyes and tried to concentrate on drinking my milk.

A few seconds passed.

When I opened my eyes, to my surprise, I saw Brad sitting on the corner of the bed, looking away.

"Everything okay?" My Mommy asked as she approached him. He seemed strangely pensive.

"Yeah, yeah, it's just..."

Brad looked back at me as I continued suckling my bottle in my crib.

"What if... what if he *isn't* just a total baby. What if... you know... the little stinker... what if he has... *needs*," Brad asked.

I listened closer, shocked by the unexpected comment.

"*Needs?* like what?" My Mommy asked, seemingly equally surprised.

"I dunno... *male needs*. Like... to get his rocks off, I guess."

She gave a derisive laugh. "*Get his rocks off?* You mean like how he likes to jerk off in his poopy diapers? Yes, I know all about them. And it's exactly why I have him in a chastity cage, remember?"

"I know, I know. And yeah, that's disgusting and unsanitary. But what if... maybe he has real needs like any male... and if he just had the chance to get his rocks off like a proper man, he wouldn't need to play with himself in his poopy diapers after all. And then maybe, he wouldn't need that chastity cage he's wearing after all..."

"What are you getting at?" My Mommy asked, starting to look a little annoyed.

"All I'm saying is that maybe he deserves a chance... maybe just one chance... to get to be with a real woman. Before you lock away his wiener for good," Brad said.

I felt my heart suddenly pounding. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. I wanted to scream for joy in support of

Brad's idea. But of course, I just continued quietly suckling my ba-ba like a good baby as I listened.

But Mommy just laughed harder than ever at Brad's suggestion.

"A *real woman*? What woman would ever want to fuck a boy wearing poopy diapers?"

"I know, I know. But what if... I mean... what if you gave him a chance... just a *chance*, to be *with you*. After all, you said he was fantasizing about it."

My eyes widened. Again, I couldn't believe what I was hearing!

But my Mommy just glanced at me and dismissively shook her head toward Brad. "Look, honey, it's a nice thought. But believe me, even if I *wanted to*, that little wink of his could never pull off *real sex* with a *real woman*... even if I unlocked that chastity belt he's wearing."

Brad looked up at her, seemingly annoyed at being dismissed, then looked away again. "Hmmm..." he muttered.

I could tell Mommy was annoyed about the way this unexpected conversation was suddenly ruining the mood between them.

She then let out a long sigh.

"Alright, Brad, I'll tell you what. How about this. I unlock the little stinker's chastity cage, take off his mittens, let him out of his crib, and give him full access to my naked wet pussy."

"Huh?" Brad replied in surprise.

“You heard me. How about right now, I take his cage off and finally let him get a good hard look between Mommy’s legs. And if you’re right... if he’s actually a man... well, he’ll get to fuck me, I suppose. And if he’s not a man, like I explained, well, we’ll find out what happens, won’t we?” Mommy said with a devious smile.

Brad suddenly looked back and forth between her and me. And we both seemed to share an expression of genuine shock.

“Fine, works for me,” Brad said with an uncertain shrug.

My heart started pounding. I began trembling as I felt a surge of incredible excitement and sheer disbelief. And my cock, for its part, started painfully throbbing in its cage in a futile attempt to become engorged.

I couldn’t help but start squealing in excitement behind the nipple of my bottle.

“Ohhh—Mmm!!”

Mommy and Brad both turned their heads and looked at me.

“Well, it seems like *he’s* onboard for the idea,” My Mommy laughed. “I guess tonight we’ll settle this question for good.”

“Okay, works for me,” Brad said with a reluctant smile.

I wondered for a second if I was dreaming as my Mommy approached my crib.

And I realized that I was apparently about to experience one of the most important moments of my pathetic little diapered life.

THE FINAL TEST

“*W*hy don’t you take him back to his nursery and freshen him up with a clean diaper, while I freshen myself up in here,” Mommy said to Brad, nodding toward the hall.

“You’re gonna let him take his cock cage off for this, but you’re still going to keep him in a diaper?” Brad asked.

Mommy laughed. “Trust me, *nothing* is worth the mess he’ll make if we take *that* off.”

“You don’t think he can even go just five minutes without messing himself? Not even for the chance at... *actual sex*?” Brad asked.

Mommy just laughed even harder. “Oh boy, you really just don’t understand. Trust me on this one.”

I blushed as Brad effortlessly lifted me from my crib and carried me in his arms across the hall to my nursery.

Brad’s unexpected words in my defense felt like the first semblance of dignity I had experienced in well... a long, long time.

I felt a sudden, strange, newfound desire to make Brad proud, to prove to him that I wasn’t the baby Mommy said I

was. The fact that Mommy so derisively dismissed the notion of me going without a diaper for even a few minutes felt extra humiliating.

But I tried to brush it off and told myself that I could at least make Brad proud by not *using* my diaper in the minutes to come, right?

That would be easy, *right*? Because of course I wasn't *actually* the non-potty-trained, pathetic little diapered brat that Mommy said I was... *right*?

Brad laid me on a blanket on the floor of my nursery for my diaper change. I was a little surprised he didn't use the diaper changing table, but I realized that even this small act was one of him attempting to grant me a modicum of dignity. On some level, he knew that being placed on a designated diaper changing table full of restraints was itself a humiliating experience for me.

As Brad un-taped and opened the front of my soggy, yellow diaper, Mommy stepped back in. "Oh, you're gonna need this," she said, handing him a small key. "Good thing I didn't throw it away... yet," she added, giving me a small wink before walking out of my nursery.

It felt deeply embarrassing to have Brad changing my diaper. He was the first man to change me, and when his strong, manly hands began massaging and cleaning my genitals and bottom with baby wipes, I was filled with strange feelings that, for the first time in my life, made me question my sexuality.

These deeply confusing and intrusive feelings only continued as he massaged lotion into my thighs, asshole and crotch, and finally added a thick layer of powder across my entire diaper area.

But as uncomfortable as those thoughts were, I was distracted when I finally witnessed with wide eyes, Brad inserting the key into my chastity cage and turning the lock.

With a sudden *click*, followed by a gentle, lotioned tug, I watched in amazement as the chastity device left my cock and granted my precious little wiener glorious freedom.

I reflexively reached down to grab my cock with my hands—a move my Mommy long made clear was forbidden during diaper changes, but my eagerness to feel my liberated cock once again with my hands was too great to ignore.

However, my hands were still secured in my naughty-mittens, so the best I could do was ineffectually rub my wiener between the wads of thick cotton material.

Brad laughed. “Aw, here, let me help you with that, buddy,” he said, reaching down to unfasten my mittens.

I looked up at Brad with glowing eyes as he mercifully removed my naughty-mittens, giving me free access to touch myself once again.

And without a moment of hesitation, I immediately started stroking myself, making myself rock hard, despite still sitting on my soggy yellow diaper.

“Woah, slow down there, little guy,” Brad laughed again. “Let’s get you into a fresh diaper first, at least.”

Brad guided my hands above my head and I blushed, deeply embarrassed by my apparent uncontrollable horniness, even in front of another male and while still sitting on a soggy diaper.

Brad pulled my soggy diaper away, laid out a fresh one, and taped me up. My cock, although tiny, was still rock hard enough to make a distinct tent in the front of my fresh new diaper.

“Well, there you go, little guy,” Brad said, patting my cock through my diaper. “If you really don’t need these diapers, now’s your chance to prove it.”

I felt deeply grateful to Brad for freeing me, and I suddenly wanted more than anything just to make him proud.

So much so, I had almost forgotten what the purpose of this whole thing was, anyway.

That is, until Brad took me by my hand and walked me back to my Mommy’s bedroom...

* * *

THE ROOM WAS DARK, except for a dim, red lamp in the corner.

“M-M-M-Mommy?” I squeaked as Brad led me into the room, my pacifier in my mouth.

Brad laughed and took away my pacifier, another unexpected moment of him expressing confidence in me.

“Hi, little guy,” I heard my Mommy’s voice from the corner.

I turned to see her standing next to the bed wearing nothing but a drop dead sexy black silk robe. “Mommy’s right here.”

My jaw dropped. My diaper immediately tented yet again.

“Would you like to see me without my robe on?” She asked me in a seductive voice.

I blushed red hot. I suddenly felt put on the spot, deeply unprepared for this highly adult situation. After all, I was still, by all accounts, a virgin.

"I uh... I dunno..." I muttered, frozen in place.

Mommy laughed. "How about my titties? Do you want to see Mommy's titties, little guy?"

"Yes," I squeaked.

"Come a little closer and I'll show you," she gestured.

I took one step toward her. She dropped the top of her robe.

I gasped.

Her tits were absolutely gorgeous, everything I could have ever dreamed about and more. Big, plump, with perfect pink nipples begging to be touched.

She giggled. "So, do you like Mommy's titties?"

"Yes, Mommy!" I whimpered.

I felt so overwhelmed that I began sucking my thumb for comfort without thinking.

Brad was now standing back and watching from the other side of the room. But had I been able to see his look of disappointment in me upon seeing my uncoerced, infantile act, I might have become self conscious enough to take my thumb out.

But Mommy just giggled again.

She leaned back against the waist high dresser behind her and began sensually rubbing, squeezing, and pinching her tits. "Well, what else do you want to see on Mommy?" She asked me.

“Ummm...” I said, sucking my thumb even harder, suddenly hating myself for succumbing to this bout of incredible shyness.

But my cock was still throbbing harder than ever against the folds of my crinkly, fresh, disposable diaper, while I trembled with irrepressible nervousness.

Mommy laughed again. “Well how about *Mommy’s pussy*, huh? Would baby like to see that?”

“*Yeth, Mommy,*” I squeaked, thumb in my mouth.

“Then take a step closer, baby,” she said as she began to gently massage her pussy through her robe.

I took a trembling step closer, now standing just a few feet away, as she elegantly dropped her robe to her feet, revealing her entirely naked body.

My penis jerked and pulsed with overwhelming horniness. I slowly lowered my gaze to see with my very own eyes...

Mommy’s gorgeous wet pussy. It was hairless, glistening, and evidently tight and warm.

“Mommmyyyy....” I moaned as I bit down on my thumb.

“Come here, little baby. Come taste Mommy’s pussy. I know you’ve been dreaming about it since the day we met,” she said, beckoning me with one hand while sensuously circling her clit with her other.

I took another trembling step.

And another trembling step.

As I approached, I felt something funny happening in my guts. On some level, I remembered how badly I had needed

to poop earlier that night... and the adrenaline I was experiencing was no doubt kicking my colon into high gear.

But of course, this was not the time to think about that...

I took another step and was now standing right in front of Mommy's gorgeous naked figure.

"Do you want to taste Mommy's pussy, baby?" She asked as she leaned back and sat on the dresser.

She then opened up her legs, giving me total access to her mouthwatering pink lips.

"*Yeth, Mommy!*" I squeaked again.

"Well good. Because Mommy wants you to taste her pussy. But first, Mommy needs to pull the front of your diaper down, so you can jam your hard little peepee into her pussy."

A shockwave of indescribable excitement shot through me.

I watched her fold the front of my disposable diaper down, allowing my tiny, rock hard cock to stick out the top.

And as my Mommy pushed my head down with her hand, causing me to kneel, I let out an ear-piercing squeal— I involuntarily squeezed my eyes shut as my whole body quaked—

And I felt the utterly distinct sensation of overpowering waves of physical pleasure—

Followed by that pleasure rapidly disappearing.

I opened my eyes and looked down.

A thick gob of cum was splattered on the dresser drawer in front of my crotch.

And as my suddenly sticky penis began to rapidly deflate, quickly falling back into my diaper, I finally realized what I had just done...

I had blown my load.

I had just blown my load before I even got a chance to lay a finger on her... let alone fuck her.

"Well, that was predictable," my Mommy loudly announced in a tone that conveyed she was absolutely done being sexy.

"What happened?" I heard Brad ask from across the room.

"He squirted on the dresser drawers before he even touched me," Mommy said as she unceremoniously hopped off the dresser and began getting dressed again.

I was horrified beyond words.

"Wait, Mommy!" I shouted in a helpless panic.

But as I jumped to my feet, the bowels I had been so heroically holding back for hours, finally lost control...

Fffftttttt! Ffttt! Fffftttttttt!

I doubled over and suddenly erupted in a massive series of long, wet farts.

I recovered and looked up just long enough to see that the lights had been turned on. Mommy and Brad were both now staring at me.

Fffftttttt!

Another massive hot fart erupted from my ass...

But this time it was followed by a sudden explosion of hot mud into the seat of my diaper.

"You're kidding me... he isn't..." Brad said as he watched me in shock from across the room.

Mommy rolled her eyes. "Oh, he is, and let me tell you, *this* was utterly predictable too," she said as she continued getting dressed.

"Wait, Mommy..." I tried to plead again.

But I was quickly overtaken by my own grunting. I keeled forward and felt another powerful surge in my bottom.

"Ugghrrrrhhh," I bellowed, grabbing the edge of the bed for support as I pushed an oversized, hot log into the seat of my diaper.

And this time, before I could even try to recover and stand up, I was taken by another wave, and another...

"Oh yuck! He's really doing it! He's taking a dump! Right next to our bed! I can't believe it... oh my god, it stinks!" Brad shouted as he pinched his nose. "Our whole bedroom is gonna smell like his poopy diapers now!"

Mommy just rolled her eyes. "This was *your* idea, remember?"

"Ugh, you're right. Lesson fucking learned. I don't know what I was thinking," Brad said as he shot me a look of disgust.

I felt my heart sink as I finally realized that, my once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to, not only escape diapers, but to fuck the woman of my absolute dreams, had just been obliterated.

And it was all my fault.

I tried to stand up yet again, to plead with Brad, but the weight of the massive, hot poopy load in my diaper

rendered me speechless with embarrassment.

Brad continued holding his nose and staring at me in disgust from across the room.

Mommy, for her part, just walked behind me, held me by the shoulder, and forcefully grabbed and mushed the seat of my pooppy diaper against my crotch.

"Just remember *this*, the next time you think he's *not* a pathetic pooppy baby," she said, squeezing and spanking my mess through my diaper for Brad to see. The shock of having my disgusting hot mess rubbed into my bottom and crotch left me speechless.

"The worst part is," Mommy continued, "that if I don't get that chastity cage back on him ASAP, he'll be wanking his little pecker again, right in his pooppy mess."

"Ugh, I feel like I'm gonna throw up. You're right, he is absolutely disgusting. Please, do what you have to do, just change his pooppy diaper and get him out of here already," Brad said, too revolted by me to even look me in the eyes.

I broke into a powerful wave of shameful, embarrassed, humiliated sobs as Mommy began walking me out of her bedroom.

"Come on, pooppy pants, let's get you out of that pooppy diaper and into your peepee cage before bed," she said, a firm hand still squishing the filthy, shameful mess in the seat of my diaper as she walked me back to my nursery.

* * *

MY EYES WERE TOO blurry with tears, and my sobs were too hysterical, for me to notice many more details in the moments after that.

But before I knew it, I was on my changing table, and Mommy was finishing the long, filthy job of wiping my poopy naughty mess off my bottom.

But before she pulled my poopy diaper away, she snapped her fingers to get my attention.

She made me watch as she locked my shriveled little peepee up tight in its tiny little cage again.

Then she locked it, and made sure I watched her drop the one and only key to the chastity cage... right into the poopy mess in my open, soiled diaper.

"See this, little stinker?" She said as she rolled the disgusting soiled diaper up, the key now lost inside.

"The key to your peepee lock is going bye-bye forever. It's getting sent to the landfill with your poopy diaper. You had your chance tonight, and you proved to your Mommy and your new Daddy that you aren't an adult, you're a complete and utter pathetic, diaper-pooping baby, and you will be for forever and ever," she said as she dropped the poopy diaper into my diaper pail.

Her words rang in my ears as I went into a sort of daze while she finished cleaning me up and wrapping me in a fresh diaper and jammies for bed.

And after she locked me in my crib for the night, she cleared her throat and gave my diapered butt a light spank. I realized it was a reminder that I had forgotten my nightly duty.

I looked up at her with wide eyes and cleared my throat.

"Ahem, *fank* you, Mommy, for keeping me in diapers... *and in chastity*. Because I know I'm a naughty, poopy diaper boy

who will only make a mess if you don't," I whimpered with my thumb in my mouth.

"Good boy," she replied. "You can expect a long, hard, morning spanking from Daddy before breakfast tomorrow, as he was not pleased with you lying to him about your capabilities and humiliating him like that in front of Mommy.

"But maybe he'll go easy on you if you thank him for choosing to keep you in diapers after all beforehand, and ask him to promise never to remove you from diapers or chastity ever again," she said with a smile.

"Okay, *fank* you Mommy, night-night," I said with a submissive whimper, tears slowly rolling down my cheeks.

She turned out the lights and locked me into my nursery for the night.

* * *

As I TOSSED and turned in my locked crib, and ran my hands along the outside of my locking jammies, I thought about everything that had happened that night and tried to make sense of it.

It seemed that Brad was now my new official Daddy, and that any opportunity I might have had to use his influence in the house to lesson by daily humiliations was now permanently decimated.

And I thought about Brad changing my diapers again... maybe even a poopy one next time... and I shuddered in shame.

But then... the thought of Brad changing me suddenly, strangely, filled me with a sense of comfort... and even

naughty excitement... despite the chastity belt stifling any sexual pleasure I might have derived from the idea.

And I thought back to the crucial moment earlier that night... where I had seemingly been on the verge of changing my life, of turning it around, of escaping diapers, and chastity, and Mommy's utter domination...

If only I had held it together, if I had not spurted my cum, or at the very least, not took a giant dump in my diapers right then...

But as deeply ashamed as I felt about the situation as I replayed it in my head over and over and over again that night... a small, unexpected thought did occur to me.

Perhaps... I wondered... just maybe...

I lost control on purpose.

Perhaps I could have held my load... and my rear load... if only I *really* wanted to...

But maybe the truth was, whether I cared to admit it or not, was that I *didn't really want to*.

Perhaps I *didn't* want things to change.

Maybe... just maybe... deep down... I knew I had the perfect life.

And perhaps the truth was, that my irrepressible love for my Mommy, was already best expressed in all the ways she already gave me her unique affections—from locking me in a crib, feeding me in a highchair, and changing my poop diapers while she humiliates me every day.

I reached my hands down to my diapered covered chastity cage and felt a sting of sadness. I would never experience the pleasure of an orgasm in my diapers ever again.

But at the same time, perhaps all the other little joys of babyhood, such as being rocked to sleep, such as waddling around in a soggy diaper, of being held by my new Daddy... made it all worth it.

And even though my life was one of firm discipline, of unending humiliations, and punishments, and embarrassing infantilization...

There was also the secret pleasure from those pains as well—the endorphin rush that resulted from entering into a state of total, unmitigated submission to a dominant force infinitely more powerful than one's self.

It was a powerful sensation Mommy could engender with her squishy diaper spankings better than anything else on planet earth.

The truth was, my *squishing punishment...* was also the source of my undeniable, naughty, *squishing pleasure*.

And maybe, in the end, *it didn't matter how I felt about it*.

For it seemed that the truth was... that I always would now be Mommy's... and Daddy's... diapered little baby, whether I liked it or not.

And my only choice was to totally accept it.

My last thought was whether or not Mommy and Daddy were fucking again in their bedroom while I laid helplessly locked in diapers and chastity across the hall.

But strangely, the thought no longer bothered me, not like it did before.

For now I truly understood why Daddy fucked Mommy, and why I would never be able to, even if she allowed me to try.

For *I* was the poopy, diapered baby—and *they* were the adults.

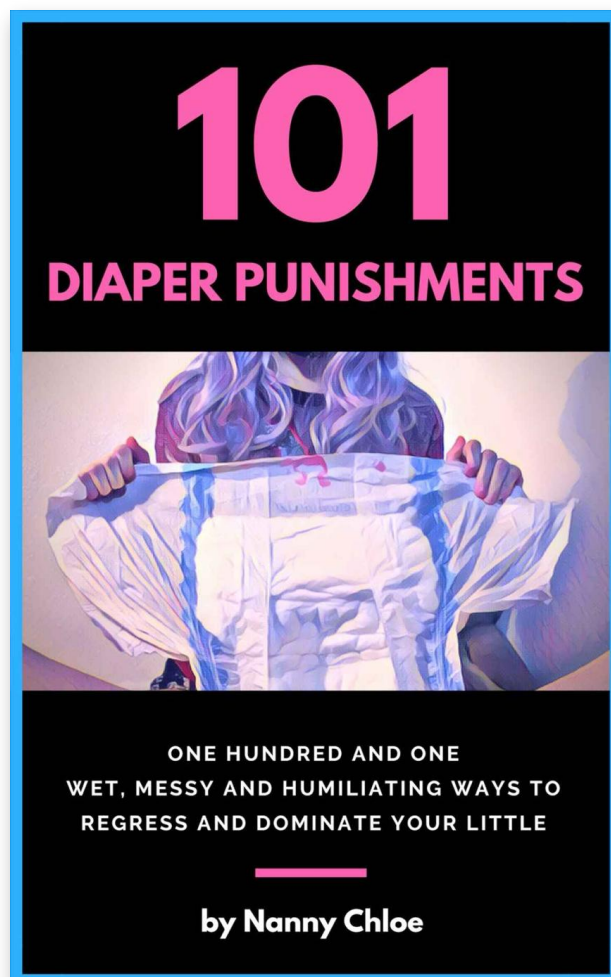
I sucked my thumb and faded into a deep, restful sleep.

And I smiled, truly at peace, for it seemed that I had finally accepted who I really was.

THE END.

MORE ABDL STORIES BY NANNY CHLOE

Guides:



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*

Full-length Novels:

FULL-LENGTH NOVEL



REGRESSED AND DIAPERED

BY MY THERAPIST

BY NANNY CHLOE

Regressed and Diapered by My Therapist

When Jay starts having mysterious fainting spells at school, he's sent to see a therapist...

Jay has no idea that his therapist has a very special type of 'therapy' planned for him...

Diaper regression therapy.

That's because Jay's therapist knows that only by making Jay **regressed**, **diapered**, and **under her complete control**, that she can successfully cure him of his ailment.

Will Jay's **new life of diapers** turn into his **personal nightmare**?

Or will he soon be living the **ultimate diapered dream?**

This full-length erotic ABDL novel will have you on the 'edge' of your seat from start to finish.

It's packed full of regression, corporal punishment, diaper discipline, public humiliation, femdom, and of course some very soggy and very messy diapers! For mature readers only!

NOVELLAS:

THE DIAPER DUNGEON

BABY FOOD & CASTOR OIL



GEORGIE'S EXTREME DIAPER PUNISHMENT

ABDL NOVELLA

BY NANNY CHLOE

Baby Food & Castor Oil: Georgie's Extreme Diaper Punishment

"Young man! It's time for you to finally learn that if you act like a bed-wetting, tantrum-throwing, overgrown baby, you'll be treated like one, diapers and all!"

Little Georgie's stay with Miss Hazel was going swimmingly... until the night Vicky came over for dinner.

That's because Vicky had some different ideas about what it takes to keep naughty ones like Georgie in line...

Before Georgie knows it, he finds himself over Vicky's knee getting the spanking of a lifetime...

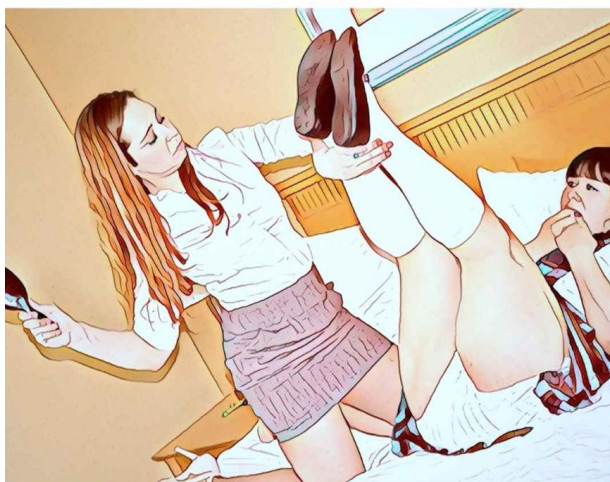
He is then humiliated to tears with a never-ending highchair feeding...

And finally, Georgie is dominated with diaper punishment after diaper punishment, until he finally submits to Vicky's complete and utter control.

Will Georgie soon escape this humiliating ordeal and return to his life of dignity?

Or, is this just the first night of Georgie's new life of never-ending diaper punishment...

A DIAPER DOMINATION ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY THE SADISTIC NANNY

BY NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by the Sadistic Nanny: Part I

Diaper Punished by the Sadistic Nanny: Part II

"You naughty, filthy, little thing. Having dirty thoughts while over your Nanny's knee? You ought to be ashamed of yourself..."

When Anna gets busted at the wildest party of the year, her punishment is to spend her spring break living with...

Nanny Rose.

Some may call Nanny Rose's disciplinary techniques unconventional...

Even **extreme...**

But Nanny Rose doesn't see it that way. After all, Nanny Rose thinks is perfectly reasonable to use bold forms of...

Spanking

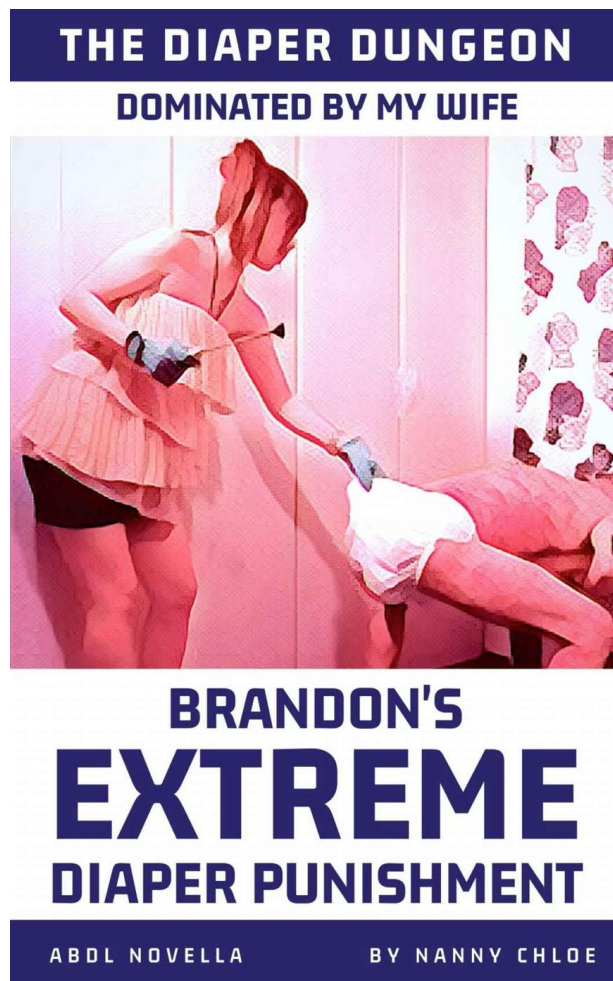
Humiliation

And Diapering

To ensure the **good behavior** of guests like Anna.

Will Anna get through her week and **return home unscathed?**

Or will she end up **permanently trapped** as a **regressed and diapered play-thing?**



Dominated By My Wife: Brandon's Extreme Diaper Punishment

When Tara finds out her husband Brandon betrayed her at a wild Vegas bachelor party, she decides to finally lay down some discipline in her marriage...

Diaper Discipline.

Before Brandon even has a chance to protest, Tara has her husband...

Spanked.

Manacled.

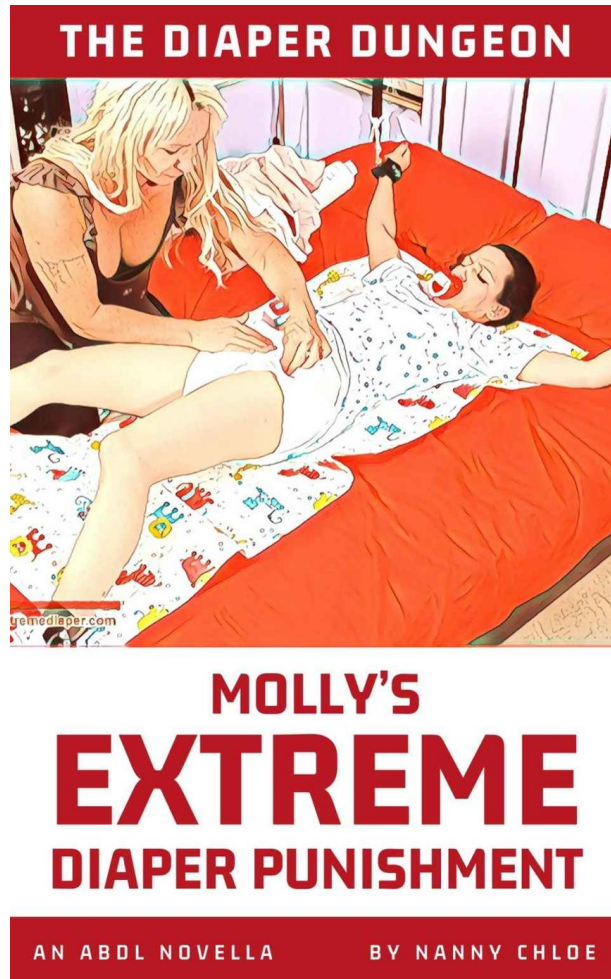
And Diapered 24/7.

And unfortunately for Brandon, that's Tara just getting started.

By the time his new mistress is finished, Brandon will know the intimate realities of cage-cribs, feedings tubes, and unimaginable public humiliation.

This full-length, erotic ABDL novella will have you on the 'edge' of your seat from start to finish.

It's packed with corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, diaper bondage, heavy femdom, intense BDSM, and of course some very soggy and very messy diapers! For mature readers only!



The Diaper Dungeon: Molly's Extreme Diaper Punishment

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

Diaper Discipline.

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

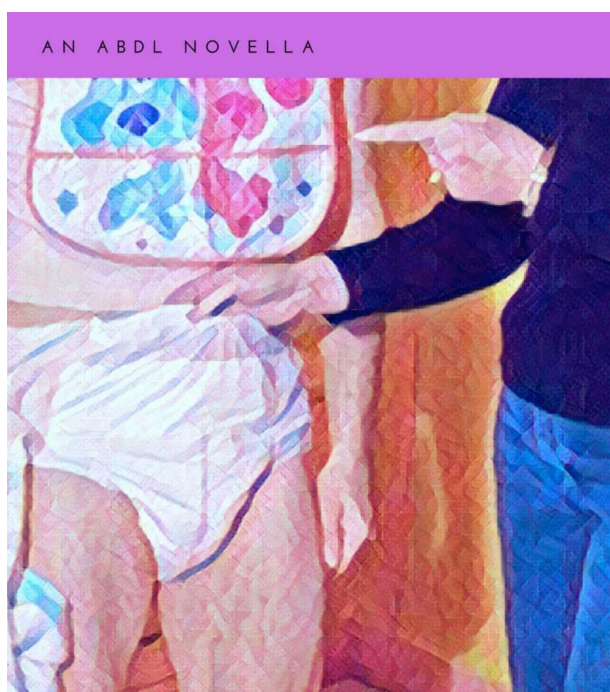
But the domination doesn't stop there. No, it's just getting started.

Spankings.

Punishment enemas.

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

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



DIAPER PUNISHED BY MOM'S FRIEND CAROL

NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Mom's Friend Carol

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

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

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

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

AN ABDL NOVELLA



REGRESSING TIMMY

NANNY CHLOE

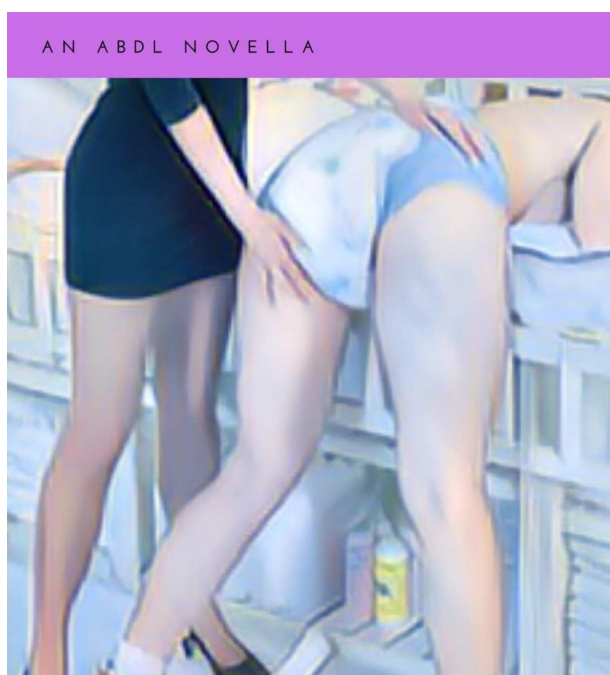
Regressing Timmy.

After Timmy comes home drunk, Debra decides it's the last straw. She misses the Timmy that loved her and appreciated her. The Timmy that still wore diapers.

Debra decides to take matters into her own hands and hatches a plan to get her Timmy back by any means necessary.

When Timmy wakes up after a night time accident, she enforces a policy of night-diapers in the house. And shortly later -- real diapers.

When Timmy decides he's had enough with Debra treating him like a baby, he acts out. But unfortunately for Timmy, Debra has all the tools she needs to ensure his total diaper transformation.



DIAPERED AT BOARDING SCHOOL

NANNY CHLOE

Diapered at Boarding School

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

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

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

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

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SANDY & THE DIAPER ASYLUM

NANNY CHLOE

Sandy & The Diaper Asylum

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

AN ABDL NOVELLA



DIAPER PUNISHED BY
SUE THE NEIGHBOR

BY NANNY CHLOE

Diaper Punished by Sue the Neighbor

When Aiden finds out the old lady next door—Sue—is going to be looking after him while his parent goes out of town, he is not happy.

After all, Sue is totally overbearing and treats Aiden like he's still in kindergarten!

But when Sue comes over, Aiden finds out she has very little patience for his bad attitude.

One punishment leads to the next, and before Aiden knows it, Sue has him back in diapers and begging for his next

change!



Forced to Wear Diapers by the Bratty Babysitter

When Tyler's parents find out Tyler's been up to no good, they decide to hire Megan from next door to look after him over Spring Break. After all, Megan says she's studying how to be a caregiver in college. It seems like the perfect fit!

Except for the fact that Megan is only a couple years older than Tyler. Oh, and Tyler has always had a huge crush on

Megan, which she's never reciprocated. In fact, Megan's favorite nickname for Tyler has always been, 'The gross loser next door.'

Tyler is terrified by the sight of Megan. He can't imagine having her watch over him for a full week.

Unfortunately for Tyler, he doesn't have a choice in the matter. And when Megan comes over, she decides to have her fun.

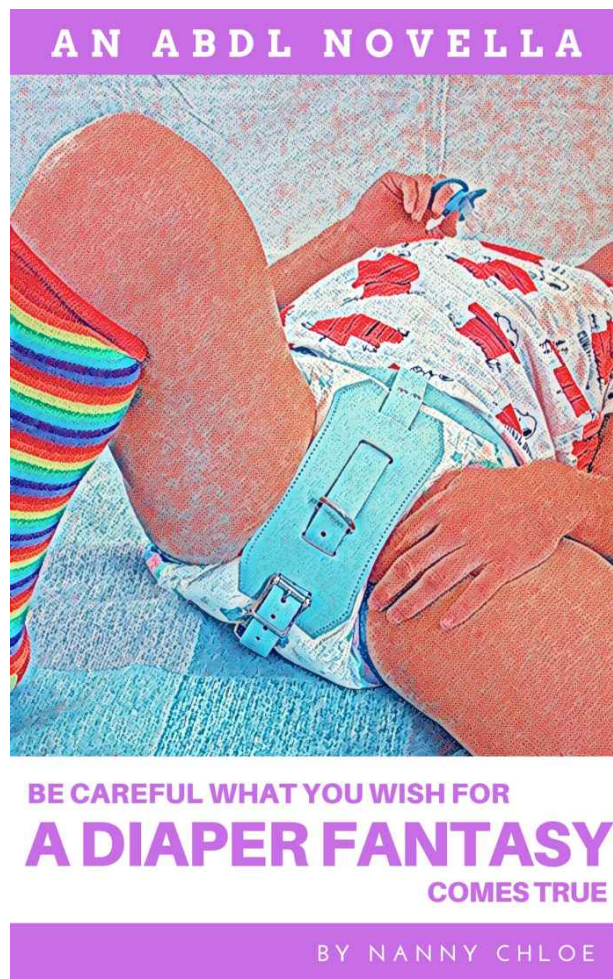
First, by making Tyler wear pull-ups.

Then diapers.

Then making Tyler use those diapers in front of all his friends.

And finally she changes those diapers in the most humiliating way imaginable.

When Megan is finished with Tyler, he learns new meaning to the words, Diaper Discipline.



Be Careful What You Wish For: A Diaper Fantasy Comes True

**(Now available as Audiobook at
www.NannyChloeTales.com!)**

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

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

followed me my whole life. And it's a fantasy I've kept totally secret.

That is, until the day I met her.

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

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

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

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

AN ABDL NOVELLA



SUSIE'S
**REVERSE POTTY
TRAINING**

BY NANNY CHLOE

Susie's Reverse Potty Training

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

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

Madame Lola seemed incredibly sweet at the start. But soon she started to demonstrate that she had some pretty

strict expectations regarding 'proper manners' under her roof.

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

And limiting my use of the bathroom!

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

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

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

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

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

AN ABDL NOVELLA



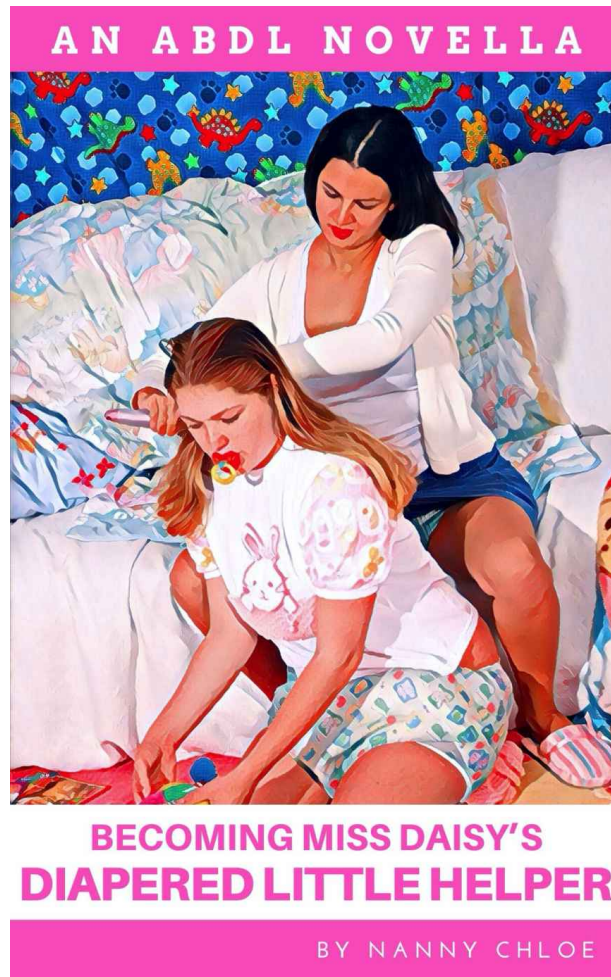
TURNED INTO A
**DIAPERED
CUCKOLD SISSY**
BY MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

BY NANNY CHLOE

Turned into a Diapered Cuckold Sissy by my MIL

When Gary is forced to move in with his overbearing MIL, it doesn't take long for him to get downgraded to the sissy baby of the house!

Full-length, erotic ABDL novella full of corporal punishment, diaper discipline, humiliation, forced feminization, Mommy femdom, and some very soggy, messy diapers! For mature readers only!



Becoming Miss Daisy's Diapered Little Helper

After Kelly finds herself unemployed and homeless in a new city, she quickly becomes desperate for a job and place to stay.

So you can imagine how lucky Kelly felt when she finds both in the form of a job offer from a former daycare owner... Miss Daisy. And all she asks in return is a little help around the house.

But it's not long before Miss Daisy's maternal instincts begin to kick in... especially after Kelly has a little 'accident' in the guest bedroom.

Before Kelly even knows what's happened, she's soon being...

Diapered

Disciplined

And Totally Regressed!

Will Kelly ever regain her adulthood?

Or is she doomed to be humiliated as Miss Daisy's Diapered Little Helper for the rest of her life?

THANK YOU FOR READING!

Thank you for reading, my little!

As always, your positive reviews and support are greatly appreciated, as they help Nanny Chloe write you more of your favorite ABDL content! :)

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