

Off the Rails and Into the Woods

Chapter Eleven

May 2023

He was out of the house – at last! Though if anything, he felt himself to be more trapped than ever.

Will gazed mutely through the window at the few cars scattered throughout the farm store parking lot. The summer sun was already beating down, and here in the car the heat was already swelling to uncomfortable levels – despite the cracked windows. Under ordinary circumstances he would have hopped out immediately with Hannah and fled into the air conditioned safety of the store. But the way he was dressed right now... well...

No way in hell would he have let anyone see him looking like *this*. Not his old coworkers. Not their old neighbors. Not even some random stranger unfortunate to happen by.

His eyes shifted focus to take in his reflection in the tinted window beside him, and he felt a sudden stab of gratitude for the tinting that helped to obscure him from any curious eyes. Grateful, too, he felt for the concealing mask around his face. No casual passersby would even more a moment have suspected that beneath its pleated blue surface rested an unnaturally large pacifier, working silently back and forth between this fully grown man's smooth-shaven lips.

But it was the rest of the outfit – and the very thought of someone seeing him in it – that really set him panicking.

The striped short-sleeve shirt with an embroidered elephant on it. The soft denim shortalls, replete with snaps up and down both inner legs. The patently obvious diaper bulge between his legs. The ankle socks and Velcro-strapped shoes. The now-familiar mittens locked into place around each hand. And of course, all this together with him being buckled tightly in by his ordinary seat belt... which, given his mittened hands, might as well have been secured behind a dozen padlocks.

Hannah had definitely gone all-in on this weird baby play. And there was still nothing he could do about it.

He squirmed silently in place, feeling the ever-present arousal building once again between his legs and reflecting silently on his current state. Over the past two weeks since she'd finally let him out of his impromptu prison, he'd fallen slowly into the rhythm of the new life she had for him. Waking

every morning in his babyish clothes and diaper – which, if it hadn't already become wet during the night, would be shortly. Hannah coming in and masturbating her "horny little baby" into orgasm while he blushing dry-nursed at her breasts. Getting breakfast and mid-morning snack and lunch, each comprising various kinds of gruel and juice and formula. Going down for another masturbation session and nap in the early afternoon. Waking for another snack and then supper, before bathtime and an evening cuddle and then going to bed to a third and final round of induced orgasms and suckling...

It was quite the infantile life. And yet... it was so rapidly becoming normal that it frankly scared him.

He squirmed anew, as much at that humiliating thought as at the audible gurgle from his belly reminding him that he had yet to make a mess today. Ugh, whatever. It would happen eventually, of course. He'd already learned just how futile it was to try to resist normal bodily functions. He just... couldn't let it happen while out and about like this. Not in this close atmosphere. Not in front of- of-

His gaze caught the swing of the store door. Here she was, at last! Out came Hannah in her long skirt and modest blouse, two large shopping bags in her arms. And before another minute had passed, she was settling into the car, sweetly smiling back at the mute stare from her trapped baby-fiancé.

"Aww, you were such a good boy, waiting for me like that!" She was beaming maternally as she flicked on the turn signal and maneuvered their little car out of the parking lot. "Mommy found so many good things in that store for our new pet!" Oh, yes – pet. She had been hinting mysteriously about getting some animal, though Will still didn't really know what kind she had in mind. A dog, maybe? Or maybe a cat?

But on she prattled, now on an increasingly worrisome topic. "Mommy even found you a fun new bottle, honey – a nice, big ba-ba that will keep you extra full and hydrated and happy! I mean, it says it's for baby goats, but I'm sure it will be great for a big baby like you. You're my little kiddo, after all!"

As she reached over and held up a massive, two-quart, hourglass-shaped feeding bottle, Will stared in rising apprehension. *Ugh, really?* Disturbing visions suddenly flitted before him: of lying on the floor of their little cabin in nothing but his diaper, gulping down formula from this veritable tank of a bottle while Mommy Hannah cooed and urged him on. Her hands, massaging his swollen

crotch and aching erection beneath, ordering him to keep drinking like a good baby...

Which, of course, he would.

He shook his head in mute frustration, suddenly aware once more of how horny he still has. All this was horrifying, to be sure. But for better or for worse, playing along and acting as Hannah's baby was now his only realistic way of achieving release. So really... well, there could be worse things than humoring her, right?

He was questioning that conclusion one short hour later.

It had been a goat farm, of all places: replete with shady trees and weathered outbuildings and the pungent scent of livestock. Hannah had giggled and exulted over everything, clearly more tickled than anyone at the prospect of acquiring such a beast. A goat would be so useful, after all! It would eat the weeds growing around the cabin. They could pet it and play with it. And if they got one that had been bred, she could even milk it! Her hungry baby really did need more milk...

And so, Will had sat there in the back seat once more, looking passively on as she'd gotten out and toured the farm yard, explaining handily to the overalled farmer woman that her fiancé wasn't well and needed to stay quarantined in the car. While all the while, he'd felt the simultaneous ache of arousal and the churning of his gut intensify. Even his mind was caught between the two primal needs. For in one minute, he was staring out the window, mouth working on his pacifier, musing silently on the mental image of naked breasts... erect nipples... the ecstasy of feeling that soft, yielding warmth filling his mouth...

And the next minute, a fresh stab of cramps sent his mind spinning uncomfortably into a whole range of differing directions. Vain wishing for the toilet. Desperate calculations of how long the trip back would be. The grudging, desperate release of his bladder once more, the irrational idea being that relieving pressure there might help elsewhere. And all of it punctuated by impotent glances out the window, anxious eyes filling with longing for Hannah to finally return.

Which she finally did, of course. And even though the saccharine smile and baby-talk she bestowed was itself demeaning, it undeniably did distract him from his growing need for the toilet. For a time.

"They're gonna drop her off next week, baby! Ooh, isn't that exciting?" Hannah was practically giggling like a schoolgirl as she steered the car back toward the highway. "She's so soft and cute, honey – you're gonna love her! Her name is Charlotte, which I really think is an awesome name for a goat. And she's just had twin kids, which are *super* adorable! The one is brown and white, and the..."

Will gave a muffled grunt that might have easily been mistaken for one of assent. But as his squirming and evident discomfort showed, it was a grunt of pained anxiety. A grunt that practically begged for mercy. A grunt that wordlessly, desperately pleaded for someone to let him up and allow him the dignity of a simple visit to the toilet.

But of course, if Hannah noticed, she didn't care to show it. Even when it finally happened – when Will's limbs stiffened and his eyes glazed and from his crotch arose the sounds of a gassy mess being expelled into his pants – well, she babbled on. It was only once his surreptitious groans had ceased and the sharp odor of his freshly-filled diaper wafted through the car's interior that she caught herself and threw a knowing glance and a wry shake of her head back into the rear-view mirror.

"Oh, sweetie... You really had to make a boom-boom in your dipie now, huh? Right in the middle of our car ride? You're such a silly little stinker!"

God, why? Why did something so disgusting feel so- so- humiliatingly good? Will wriggled disconsolately in place, the scent of his own poo strong in his nose and the sound of Hannah's mocking laughter in his ears. His diaper was already warm and soggy around his trapped cock, drawn tight by the denim shorts clenching around his bum and crotch. But now... now with the addition of a gooey mass of poo in his seat, every movement working it further backward and forward along his crack...

Well, revolting as it might have sounded mere months ago, that erection of his was clearly enjoying it far more than he'd have ever thought possible.

Will's mittened hands slipped furtively down to his lap. His eyes clouded in shame and dropped. And even as Hannah laughed and cranked down the window for fresh air, he was silently pawing at his bulgy crotch, his initial disgust quickly eroding under the mindnumbing swell of sexual desperation. He's messed himself before, after all. Poo washed off. All that mattered right now was his freakishly strong need to cum. *Hannah- Mommy- boobs. Boobies. Nipples. Warm, filling mouth. Suck- suckle- suck- Please, please, I need it-*

Hannah might not have been able to see exactly what his hands were doing. But as she glanced back

and caught a glimpse of the screwed-up eyes and red face of her babied fiancé, she suppressed a satisfied smile. Oh, yes. He was becoming so incredibly dependent on her. So beautifully, satisfyingly close to her... so needy... so sweet...

And so what if the world was going up in flames? The two of them didn't need to care. They could stay safe here in the countryside, living the simple, idyllic country life that she now loved so much. Just her and her sweet, needy fiancé.

Oh, and of course a goat. Because once she finally had weaned Will off solids altogether – and even if and when her own milk came in – they'd still be going through a *lot* of milk.

(To be continued!)