**Danny Get’s Punished**

**By Elfy**

Rebecca was turned in her seat and looking back at the most unusual scene behind her. She felt nothing but contempt for the eighteen-year-old Danny and his childish fantasy which he had made reality. He was sitting in his toddler seat red-faced and crying like a baby for his Mommy. His bottle rolled along the backseat as the car turned and the clear diaper bulge between his legs was more obvious than ever. She could only shake her head and laugh at the pathetic sight.

“I want my Mommy!” Danny wailed from his ultra-secure baby seat.

The most surprising thing to Rebecca was that this stupid baby that had so disrupted her life and forced her to change schools was actually in a higher grade than her. When her mother had told her that she had taken on an unusual job Rebecca hadn’t batted an eyelid. She was used to her mom having new jobs, as a nanny she went wherever parents required some help. It was the first time Rebecca would be required to change school for it though, and that DID make her mad.

Rebecca had been forced to bid her friends tearful goodbyes as she moved with her mom all the way across to the far side of the city. It wasn’t until that very morning, her first day at her new school that her mom let her in on some of the details of her new job.

“An eighteen-year-old?” Rebecca had frowned.

“Yes.” Rebecca’s mom, Lily, had replied.

“Does he have…” Rebecca searched for the correct words, “Learning difficulties?”

“Not that I’m aware of.” Lily had replied cheerily.

Rebecca didn’t know what to make of it. She could hardly believe her mom was being serious until she had seen Danny. The young man was pathetic. She had seen actual toddlers behaving with more decorum than this supposed adult that was wailing away and flailing his arms and legs like an infant. The sight was equal parts shocking and amusing.

When Rebecca had walked into the nurse’s office that morning and seen Danny she had immediately known that he was the “baby” her mother was supposed to take care of. For the rest of the day it was like they couldn’t stop bumping in to one another. Rebecca was sure this freak now sat on the backseat was following her deliberately, probably to try and beg her to keep quiet about what she saw in the medical room.

Did Danny expect sympathy? If he was then he was out of luck because Rebecca didn’t have any for him. The freak had actually asked for this treatment. He probably loved sitting in his wet and messy diapers. The thought made Rebecca ill but this had been Danny’s choice. She didn’t understand it at all and she understood even less why he was now complaining about it.

“You asked for this!” Rebecca wanted to shout at him, “So shut up!”

It was like watching a car crash. Rebecca couldn’t keep her eyes off the man having a tantrum. She turned in her seat yet again and stared at Danny. He was right where he deserved to be. A pacifier bobbing in his mouth, a wet diaper between his legs and strapped tight into a toddler seat. She stared as Danny turned his red face away from her and kept sniffling. How he could sit there looking like the perfect image of a small baby and complain about his treatment was beyond her. She looked down at the obviously bulging diaper and sneered.

“It’s rude to stare, dear.” Nanny Lily said to her daughter with a little smile.

“Yeah but… look at him.” Rebecca replied. She didn’t even try to keep her voice down or her contempt hidden. In her view he deserved being made fun of.

“Be nice.” Nanny Lily warned her daughter.

Rebecca just rolled her eyes and turned to face forwards again. She knew she wouldn’t be able to keep her mouth shut if she kept looking at the embarrassing spectacle behind her. Even as she looked out the window she felt a couple of kicks in the back of her seat. She quickly grew annoyed as she jerked forwards slightly. Rebecca had always wanted a little brother or sister but now she was quickly learning to be careful of what you wish for.

“Mom, he’s having a tantrum for crying out loud!” Rebecca exclaimed as she felt the kicks.

“Well, he wants to be a baby.” Nanny Lily replied, “It’s my job to look after him like a little baby.”

“I’m not a baby!” Danny cried out as he hit his fists against the seat around him, “I don’t wanna be a baby!”

Rebecca saw a glint in her mother’s eyes. It was a look she recognised well, it was the look she got when she was in “Nanny mode” and it usually came out when a baby was having a tantrum or needed to be disciplined. Rebecca was normally nonplussed when her mom was looking after children but in this case she thought it might be a lot more interesting.

It wasn’t long until the car pulled up outside a house and stopped. Rebecca looked out at the house and then at her mother who was checking an address. Seemingly satisfied that they were in the right place the engine was shut off and Rebecca joined her mother in getting out of the car.

It seemed like a nice neighbourhood. It was quiet a quiet cul-de-sac of semi-detached houses with perfectly manicured lawns and flowerbeds. The kind of area that wouldn’t put up with any kind of disruption to their perfect idyll, Rebecca wondered then how these residents felt about the big baby. She snorted at the thought of these middle-class people seeing such an embarrassing spectacle.

Rebecca stood next to her door with her bag slung over her shoulder as she watched her mom walk round and open the door next to Danny. She crouched down and gave him her patented Nanny look for a couple of seconds. To Rebecca’s amazement she saw Danny seemingly calm down right before her eyes. She had to admit that her mother was very good at what she did.

“Danny, your mother sent me some examples of those adult baby stories you like so much.” Nanny Lily said as she kept up eye contact, “I saw the common thread running through all of them. You like stern caretakers, right? Well, I can be exactly that. A Nanny to keep you in line, the strict disciplinarian you so clearly need. Are you going to be a good baby for Nanny?”

Even outside the car Rebecca’s senses were assaulted by Danny. All she could hear from him was his sniffing back tears and sobbing with the occasional crinkle from when he moved his legs. All she could smell was the clear scent of a wet diaper along with baby powder. He even smelt like a baby!

The red-faced, underdeveloped form of Danny was helped out of the car. His cheeks were streaked with tears as he took a few tentative, waddling steps away from the car. Rebecca could see nothing more than an overgrown toddler. She knew Danny was eighteen-years-old and yet all her senses screamed that he was nothing but a baby. He even held her mother’s hand almost instinctively. Rebecca had to hide her derision.

“What a big baby.” Nanny Lily said as she crouched down with a wet tissue and wiped Danny’s face clean.

“No…” Danny whined like a fussy infant. His every action inadvertently making him seem even smaller.

Rebecca laughed. Daniel was clearly embarrassed to be treated like this in public where all the neighbours could see him. She could see the tantrum that had only been temporarily quelled was still blazing beneath the surface. As Nanny Lily stood up and started emptying the boot of some things she had brought Rebecca walked over to Danny’s cringing form. His distinctly babyish smell only grew stronger. It was like he had a sign above his head that screamed “I’M A PATHETIC BABY!” with an arrow pointing down at him.

“You really are nothing but a baby.” Rebecca whispered into his ear, “And you wait till you see how mom keeps little babies in line.”

Rebecca smiled wolfishly as Danny looked at her in fear. It was less of a threat and more of a portent of things to come. Rebecca had watched her mother babysitting all ages of children and she didn’t put up with nonsense, certainly not from children old enough to know better. If there was one good thing about this whole freakish situation it was that Rebecca would get a lot of free entertainment from it.

“You wait till everyone at school hears about all this.” Rebecca added. She quickly stepped back so her mother didn’t see anything whilst Danny remained frozen to the spot. She hummed lightly and skipped towards the front door of the house knowing she was leaving chaos behind her.

As Danny started wailing again Rebecca couldn’t help but smirk. She knew what her mother meant when she talked about being strict. Rebecca herself had never needed to be disciplined by her mother, she had seen enough of her in action to know better from a very young age. Watching this big cry-baby get exactly what he thought he wanted though, now that might be fun!

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Danny couldn’t honestly say if he had ever had a worse time. He certainly didn’t remember ever being more miserable. He was wailing and knew he was making a scene as he was pulled down the garden path to his house. His neighbours could well be looking out of their windows and staring at him, the big baby, the curiosity of the neighbourhood.

Rebecca’s words were ringing in Danny’s ears as he stumbled after Nanny towards the safety of his home. He had always made every attempt to keep everyone at school ignorant of his “lifestyle” but now Rebecca was threatening to blow that all up. It didn’t bear thinking about the reaction his friends would have.

“Honestly, I don’t know why you’re making such a fuss.” Nanny said with a sigh of impatience, “This is YOUR fantasy after all. You should be very grateful how far your Mommy is willing to go for you.”

Danny couldn’t stop his crying. This was once his fantasy but now it was a nightmare. He had indeed asked for this treatment but that had been a rash decision that he had regretted ever since. Regardless, he felt humiliated and uncomfortable, crying just seemed like the automatic thing to do. The only thing to do. It was more than just a reaction to that day though, it was a reaction to all the little indignities that had built up.

“I… I don’t need a Nanny…” Danny said breathlessly between giant sobs, “I don’t WANT a Nanny!”

“Nanny knows how to deal with tantrums.” Nanny replied simply, “Don’t you worry about that.”

Danny heard a loud bark of a laugh and looked over his shoulder to see Rebecca following the odd pair into the house. She was certainly enjoying the show. Danny hated that he was providing her entertainment, he hated that no matter what he did it was sure to earn Rebecca’s derision.

As soon as everyone was inside the house Nanny pulled Danny into the living room. Rebecca was the last in and dropped down on to the couch, she sat back and put one leg over the other as she watched the show. Danny watched her resentfully as he stumbled to a halt in the middle of the room. His diaper was very wet and he really needed a change, if not because he might leak than because he was getting uncomfortable in this one. The once warm padding was now a lot cooler.

“Get in the corner.” Nanny demanded as she pointed to the corner furthest from the door.

“Nanny… Listen to me!” Danny stomped his foot as he sniffed and rubbed his tear-filled eyes, “Why doesn’t anyone listen to me!?”

“Corner!” Nanny reiterated.

“No!” Danny replied. His bottom lip stuck out in a ridiculous pout.

“I know what you want and, more importantly, I know what you need.” Nanny said as she took Danny’s upper arm and started pulling him towards the corner, “I’ve read all about adult babies. They need discipline and guidance. I know you are just testing your boundaries and I’m telling you that I’m not going to budge.”

Danny looked up at the Nanny resentfully. He didn’t want a strict Nanny at all!

“Get. In. The. Corner.” Nanny growled warningly.

Danny didn’t say anything but he was still refusing to do as he was told. He stood his ground and folded his arms across his chest. He turned to look away from the older woman and saw Rebecca with raised eyebrows. She might as well have been holding a bucket of popcorn.

“You don’t want to do that.” Rebecca said through a huge grin, “Mom doesn’t suffer insubordination lightly.”

“Rebecca, let me handle this.” Nanny said without looking around.

Rebecca shrugged her shoulders and sat back on the couch. Danny looked away from her and felt an intense jealousy. It was easy for Rebecca to say what Danny should and shouldn’t do, she wasn’t the one that was trapped in this situation. She wasn’t the one in thick wet diapers!

“I’m counting down from five and if you aren’t in the corner you’ll be sorry.” Nanny warned, “Five.”

Danny remained where he was watching as Rebecca smiled at him knowingly. He wondered what the girl knew. He wondered if Nanny really was going to punish or if she was all talk. One thing he knew for sure was that he didn’t want to be in the corner.

“Four.” Nanny said.

Danny was still sobbing. He had certainly cried since his new diapered life started but he had never had a tantrum like this. He was crying because he’d had enough of being disrespected by everyone around him. He didn’t want to be a baby anymore but no one would listen to him. Then again he shouldn’t be surprised, no one listens to what babies think.

“Three.” Nanny counted.

Danny felt his resolve crack a little bit. He looked at Nanny and saw her whole face a picture of seriousness. If she was bluffing she had the perfect poker face. Danny sobbed and wiped his snotty nose on his sleeve like a disgusting infant with no social mores.

“Two.” Nanny continued.

“I’m not a baby!” Danny cried desperately, “Please! Let me explain!”

“One!” Nanny’s voice cut through the air like a knife.

Danny’s eyes widened and he suddenly very much wished he had gone to the corner. That he had been a good boy and done as he was told but now it was too late. Time was up and Nanny was shaking her head.

“W-Wait!” Danny wailed. It was too late.

Nanny grabbed Danny’s arm and pulled him towards the armchair. Danny tried to pull away but he was a skinny and small man. He couldn’t make Nanny’s grip budge even a little. Danny was crying even more loudly now as Nanny sat down and pulled Danny’s shoes off. The lack of laces holding them on made them easy to slip off.

“You’re Mommy never told me you were such a naughty baby!” Nanny said. She sounded so disappointed.

Danny was pulled over Nanny’s lap leaving his arms and legs flailing helplessly. He was still crying desperately as he felt his pants getting pulled down exposing the very wet diaper he was wearing. He thought that was as bad as things were going to get until he felt the top tapes on his diaper getting pulled off. The disposable padding was pulled down around his knees leaving Danny completely exposed.

“No!” Danny whined desperately. He could hear Rebecca laughing behind him as his rear end pointed right at her.

When the first spank hit his skin Danny yelped like a scolded puppy. He had been spanked before but he always had his diaper in the way, with nothing protecting his skin the spanking felt so much more humiliating not to mention painful.

“You. Must. Listen. To. Nanny.” Nanny said with a spank in between every word.

Danny was practically screaming as he had his backside tanned. He could feel his heavy diaper on his knees and he flailed like a fish. He didn’t bother counting how many spanks he received but he could feel the stinging warmth radiating out from his cheeks. He obviously couldn’t see anything but the floor through his tears but he knew his butt must be very red.

Danny was crying loudly as the brief spanking ended and he was stood upright again. His hands covered his face leaving his crotch completely exposed. He felt his diaper getting pulled up between his legs and taped closed again. His hand was taken by Nanny and he was led stumbling towards the corner. His pants were barely over his feet after all the flailing and they remained bunched up around his ankles as he was stood facing the wall.

“I know what you want and, more importantly, I know what you need.” Nanny said as she leaned in close to Danny’s ear, “Your Mommy has given you the life you desire but it’s quite clear you need discipline. Don’t worry though, baby, I’m here to put a change to that.”

Danny was still sobbing and his breath was catching in his chest as he faced the corner of the room. With his pants bunched around his ankles his clearly wet diaper was on display, his sore butt still stung and he reached back with his hands to touch the diaper where it pressed against his red skin.

“Keep your hands away from your diaper.” Nanny called out loudly, “Bad babies keep their diapers on display.”

Danny squealed and jumped as he pulled his hands away from his backside. He heard Rebecca snort with laughter. He wished, if he really had to go through this humiliating punishment, that at least he might’ve had some privacy. Having the teenage girl behind him just made things many times worse. He heard Nanny tell her daughter that she was going out to prepare dinner.

“Alright, mom.” Rebecca replied, “Is it alright if I go to Fran’s house?”

“Is it alright with Fran’s parents?” Nanny called from the hallway.

“Yeah, they said its fine.” Rebecca replied.

A normal conversation between a mother and her teenage daughter. The only oddity being Danny himself with his pants around his ankles and diaper on display, standing with his nose in the corner listening to regular domestic life, something he was not a part of.

Danny could only slouch in the corner. This all felt so wrong. This was his house and yet this woman and her daughter had walked in and now acted as if they owned the place. He knew they were invited to do just that by his mommy but it didn’t make it any easier to take, even strangers could live their lives more freely than he could. Danny felt a sudden spank on his the seat of his diaper. He squealed and jumped.

“I’ll see you later.” Rebecca’s voice was close, “Baby.”

Danny shivered as Rebecca’s hand left him and he heard her walking away. He was now alone in the living room and felt like he was at the end of a particularly harrowing rollercoaster. From the moment he had been pulled out of class he felt as if he had been screaming downwards unable to do anything to change his course.

The urge to come out of the corner was strong. Danny knew Rebecca was upstairs getting ready to leave and that Nanny was in the kitchen. There was technically nothing stopping him from coming out of the corner… except for the overwhelming fear of being caught and punished again. His poor bottom still stung. He wasn’t even brave enough to turn and look behind him to see if he was alone, he simply stared forwards at the wallpaper.

Danny had nothing to do but think about his new status within the family, a family that had now seemingly been extended by the two new women. He was unquestionably at the bottom of the totem pole.

Not for the first time since his “fantasies” were realised Danny was left wondering if he shouldn’t just run away. Almost as soon as the thought entered his mind he dismissed it as not possible. He had nowhere to go. He couldn’t just waddle up to a family member or friend dressed like a baby without having to explain everything that would be going on. They would tell his mother where he was and ask if he had really asked for this, she would confirm he did and then he would be picked up and brought home with his horrible secret being out for the world to see.

Danny’s shoulders slouched even further forwards as he felt a fresh trickle of hot urine almost lazily flow out of his body and into the warm padding. He sighed and let his forehead rest on the wall. Running away wouldn’t work anyway, he would’ve simply failed and then he would be punished again. The last thing he wanted was a fresh spanking or something worse.

What Danny really DID want was a diaper change. He heard Rebecca come back down the stairs and for a second he had the urge to call out to her to ask for a diaper change. He shook his head, he must be going mad if he thought that was something he could actually do. He listened to the teenager leave the house as he remained in his spot.

“Maybe I’m looking at this all wrong…” Danny muttered to himself.

Danny had wanted this. As had been drummed into his head by his Nanny and Mommy whenever he complained it was Danny that had asked to be a baby, perhaps he needed to lean into that. He was so desperate to avoid punishment and the best way to do so was to be a good baby. If he just did as he was told and was the good baby everyone wanted him to be then maybe he wouldn’t have to worry about punishment and humiliation.

A smile crept on to Danny’s face. That’s all he had to do. He wouldn’t complain, he would eat his dinner like a good boy. It isn’t so bad after all, there were plenty of people in worse situations than him.

Maybe sitting in wet diapers all day wasn’t such a bad thing. Perhaps being fed bottles of milk and mushy baby food wasn’t as awful as he made out. Daniel thought about all his colourful baby toys, most of which he had avoided playing with. He was sure he could make it fun in one way or another, just blocking out the world and playing pretend like a little kid. Waking up in diapers he wet whilst asleep, sleeping in a crib with a mobile tinkling away above him, filling his diapers with his stinky mess…

The smile faded from Danny as he closed his eyes and felt his face going red. He suddenly felt very pathetic indeed. Here he was desperately trying to convince himself that everything he had just thought about wasn’t utterly humiliating for anyone except a two-year-old. How pathetic he felt knowing that whether he accepted it or not this was his life.

“Stupid, stupid, stupid…” Danny repeated over and over as he chastised himself for trying to convince his brain that all of this was actually fine.

“I hope you’re not talking about me.” Nanny’s voice came from the doorway.

“Ah! No…” Danny jumped and then responded.

Danny didn’t understand how both of these new women in his life were so good at sneaking up on him. Perhaps he was too invested in his own thoughts to notice as they came near or maybe he had just learned he didn’t have any say in anything so paying attention was pointless.

“That’s good.” Nanny said as she strode across the room, “I’m sure you’ve had enough spanks for one day.”

Danny knew that Nanny was coming over but he still jumped when he felt her hand on his diaper. He could feel the older woman cupping the warm padding between his legs and lifting it slightly to assess the weight. He cringed as he felt Nanny weighing up the diaper like a grocer would weigh some fruit. When she removed her hand she did so quickly and Danny felt the full weight of the padding drop again.

“You’ve certainly soaked this.” Nanny said unnecessarily.

Danny wondered what Nanny expected. He had been in the diaper for hours so of course he had absolutely soaked it. He considered it a small mercy that he hadn’t pooped himself as well. Just the thought of Rebecca and Nanny witnessing him squat and fill his pants sent a shiver down his spine.

“And let me just…” Nanny said as she pulled back the waistband of the diaper to look down the back.

“Hey!” Danny protested. This was entirely unnecessary. If he was messy she wouldn’t need to check like that, she would smell it!

“Just being thorough.” Nanny replied as she let go of the diaper, “Your mommy wouldn’t like it if her little baby got a rash. Anyway, come on, let’s get you a change before dinner.”

Danny was thankful that his corner time was finally over. He turned around but before he could pull up his pants Nanny stepped on them. The message was clear and Danny reluctantly lifted his feet out of the clothing leaving him naked from the waist down except for his diaper. His crinkling was more pronounced than ever as Nanny took him by the hand and led him upstairs. Danny could do little more than pout and act surly.

Clearly Nanny had visited the house before picking Danny up because she went straight to Danny’s nursery and didn’t seem at all surprised by what she saw. She took Danny straight to his changing table and let go of his hand. He felt embarrassed as his butt sunk into the expanded padding. He laid back and whimpered as yet another person was going to change his diaper. He thought about asking to be allowed to change his own diaper at least but he knew it wouldn’t be allowed. He was a baby after all.

“I’ve not changed a bigger baby before but it shouldn’t be too hard.” Nanny said with a smile as she tapped the front of the diaper, “You just lay back and let nanny do the work.”

It wasn’t like Danny had much choice. He felt his t-shirt being lifted up and his lower tummy was exposed. A few seconds later the tapes of the diaper were pulled away and the disposable slackened slightly. This was the moment Danny dreaded most when being changed by a new person. The front of the diaper was lifted away from his clammy skin and then laid down between his legs. He closed his eyes as the cool air of the room swirled around his genitals. No matter how many times he had been exposed to people like this it was never less embarrassing.

“Well, I guess every part of you is a baby.” Nanny said as she lightly pinched Danny’s penis.

Danny opened his eyes as he flushed a deep red. He looked down the length of his horizontal body to where Nanny was stood, she was smiling cheekily as she looked down at Danny’s diaper area. He felt scandalised. Whilst he knew he was by no means a giant in that department he had thought he was at least average…

Danny was startled out of his masculine insecurities by the sudden cold touch of a wet wipe. Nanny had reached for some wipes and Danny hadn’t even noticed, now he lowered himself back on to his back as he felt himself getting cleaned up. The cold temperature did nothing to help his apparently diminutive genitals, he could practically feel them shrinking.

The diaper was pulled out from underneath Danny and he watched as the Nanny balled it up and taped it closed. It was dropped into the diaper pail where it thumped against the bottom. Danny pouted, he knew his caretaker had done it on purpose to embarrass him. The heavy diaper had dropped and banged in the pail very heavily.

“Ooh, you have such a selection of diapers.” Nanny said as she moved to the side of the changing table and scanned the shelves, “What a lucky baby you are! Such a large selection of diapers…”

Danny was on the table feeling increasingly naked. He wished this would just be over with as soon as possible but Nanny, like everyone who changed him, seemed to enjoy taking their time. He knew he had a selection of diapers that would make most other adult babies stare in envy. He had thinner medical diapers, thicker ones with wetness indicators running through them and printed diapers of every imaginable kind and brand. It felt like his mommy enjoyed collecting all the different types.

“*Cutiebutts*.” Nanny read the packaging of one of the diapers, “These look wonderful.”

Danny groaned. He was well acquainted with all of the diapers on the shelves beneath him, he knew the *Cutiebutts* were the thickest of the thick adult baby diapers. Of course Nanny would choose these ones. She looked surprised at just how big they were when she lifted it up. The thickness of the diaper reminded Danny of a long book, it was huge.

As Danny’s legs were rolled back and his butt was lifted off the table he tried to return to the thinking that had briefly pacified him in the corner. This wasn’t so bad, he was living his dream and thousands of people would love to be in his position. It just didn’t work. As he felt the diaper get slipped underneath him he found the pleasant thoughts disappearing again as the reality of his position returned.

With the diaper situated underneath his rear end Danny’s legs were lowered on top of the absorbent padding. He could feel the difference between the diaper and the table, it was like lying on a folded towel that was uncomfortably pushing his waist up.

Nanny sprinkled baby powder over Danny’s crotch and then rubbed it in. Danny squirmed as her soft hands touched his sensitive areas. Thankfully for Danny she didn’t linger and as his body began to react the front of the diaper was lifted up and over his crotch. Before long the tapes were pulled across and placed on the front.

“There we go.” Nanny said with a proud smile as she took Danny’s hands and helped him off the changing table, “Not too bad if I do say so myself.”

Danny had to admit the fit of the diaper was very good. The tapes were centred and symmetrical and the diaper was neither too tight nor too loose. As he twisted to look behind himself he saw his ballooning rear. There had once been a time where this would be a dream, now it was a nightmare.

“Dinner should be ready any minute now.” Nanny said as she took Danny’s hand.

Danny was taken back down to the kitchen. Every single waddling step produced loud crinkles which forcibly reminded him of his lowly status. Along with the smell of the baby powder and the feel of the thick disposable it was impossible to ignore the feeling that he was nothing more than a baby.

The highchair was set up next to the table and the tray was lifted. The two arms of the highchair seemed to be reaching out as if wanting to give Danny a cuddle. The big baby was led over to the toddler chair and he was helped to sit in it. The tray came down and locked in place leaving Danny trapped until Nanny let him out.

Danny thought “dinner” seemed to be a very grand word for what was served on his tray. A bowl of baby food sat on the tray and looked very sad. Danny simply stared at it as he felt Nanny drape a bib around his neck, the two Velcro tabs were pushed together behind her neck. Danny lifted the bottom of the cotton bib and saw it was the one with a cartoon steam train on it, one of his mommy’s favourites.

Nanny picked up the spoon and stirred the unappetising contents of the bowl. Danny was usually allowed to feed himself but now it seemed he wasn’t even going to be given that responsibility. He watched Nanny lift the spoon and gently blow on it.

“Are you going to be a good boy and eat your dinner without fuss?” Nanny asked as she held the spoon up to Danny’s lips.

Danny had images flash through his mind of refusing to eat, of hitting the spoon away or throwing the bowl off his tray. The rebellious thoughts disappeared as fast as they came to him and he reluctantly opened his mouth.

The mush was hot and as Danny chewed slightly he felt the thick mush coating his mouth. It was every bit as bland as he remembered it and he unenthusiastically swallowed it before accepting another spoonful of food. Nanny smiled and hummed happily as she fed him but he was sure she purposefully missed his mouth a couple of times and by the time she had finished feeding him Danny had mush smeared around his mouth and on his bib.

“Such a messy eater.” Nanny gently chided and clucked her tongue.

Danny had to remain in the highchair as Nanny put the now empty bowl in the sink and retrieved a wet dishcloth. Danny tried to turn his head away but Nanny put one hand behind his head and held the cloth against his face and started scrubbing him clean. The bib was undone and taken away along with the dishcloth to go into the washing.

“Your Mommy should be home soon.” Nanny said, “Why don’t you go play until then.”

Right then going to play with his toys sounded more appealing than staying around the Nanny and the endless cavalcade of embarrassments. As soon as Nanny unlocked the tray and moved it out of the way Danny dropped to the floor. He received a couple of taps on his padded rear as he waddled down the hallway and to the stairs. He went up to his nursery as quickly as he could.

It was as Danny walked across the threshold and into the nursery that he relaxed his bladder. Without a second thought he flooded his disposable with a tide of hot urine. Danny sighed as he reached down to his exposed diaper and felt it warm up dramatically. The ease with which he let go was somewhat worrying but it was expected as well, he knew that spending all his time in diapers would gradually erode his potty training. It had been months since he had last used the toilet.

Trying not to think about what the future might bring Danny listlessly pulled a box of miniature racing cars over to the middle of the room and started lining them up for a race. He started pushing them and imagining there was some important championship on the line until stopping and looking around with his lips pursed.

“If I’m going to do this then I’m going to do this properly.” Danny said to himself.

Standing up and walking over to the shelves Danny started looking around for things. He took his bucket of wooden blocks, some books and a bunch of other small toys. He started using everything to build a racetrack around the room. He put in lots of little twists and turns and generally lost himself completely as he constructed the best race track he could think of.

Danny had to admit, as he lined the cars up on the start line, that he had genuinely been having fun and as he bent over and stuck his large padded rear in the air. He started pushing the cars and in his head he wasn’t in his nursery playing with silly baby toys, he was at the final grand prix of an exciting championship and commentating on everything that was happening. He didn’t know how long he had been on the floor, all he knew was that his diaper was significantly wetter than when he first walked in.

“… And he wins!” Danny sat back on his legs as the little silver car crossed the finish line. He through his hands in the air and made fake crowd cheering noises.

“Having fun?” Mommy’s voice suddenly startled Danny and he quickly spun around to face the door. A couple of pieces of his track fell over.

Danny felt more embarrassed than ever. He’s had his diaper changed by his mom plenty of times, he’d been bathed by her, fed by her, cuddled by her… and yet being found genuinely enjoying playing with his toys seemed equally if not more embarrassing than anything else. He looked down at the floor in shame.

“Did you have fun with Nanny and Rebecca?” Mommy asked as she walked into the room.

Danny shook his head to say no.

“No?” Mommy crouched down in front of her adult baby son, “Why’s that?”

“Nanny spanked me… and put me in the corner.” Danny whined pathetically, “And Rebecca made fun of me.”

“Oh, Nanny told me about that.” Mommy said, “She said you’d been a naughty little boy. Thankfully she seemed to have got everything under control.”

Danny wanted to say that he didn’t want Nanny or Rebecca to look after him again. He wanted to tell his Mommy he didn’t need nor want a babysitter and that he was done with anything. He wanted to scream and cry. He knew none of it would do him any good though, none of it would change anything.

“Well, I think we had better get you in your crib.” Mommy said, “I understand it’s been a stressful day for you. I think you need a quick nap before doing your homework.”

Danny sighed as his Mommy helped him to his feet. He wobbled as he had his diaper checked, despite being wet it was decided that his diaper would last the length of his nap. He turned and went over to the crib, a hand on his rear end helped him up into the baby bed before he turned around and laid down. Mommy pulled up the rails and locked them in place.

“Have a nice rest.” Mommy said with a smile.

Danny was still pouting as Mommy left the room. As he faced the ceiling and closed his eyes the last thing he felt was a warm trickle running down over his balls and into the thirsty padding between his thighs.