

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

July 2022 – Commission

Chapter One

"Hey, girl! Damn, I love your outfit! You totally rock that top, y'know? You've *gotta* tell me where you found it!"

I'm practically yelling myself hoarse over the thumping music that's currently blaring out from the turntable beneath my hands. But you know what? A bit of hoarseness doesn't really matter. What matters is that I – Sarah Wilmington, the best bitch, the queen of parties herself – am living up to my reputation. I'm having a blast rocking the place down tonight, and every one of my fellow college students around me seems to be having a blast, too.

We're young. We're energetic. And now that it's Friday evening, we're gonna live it up and let all those stupid classes drift away into the blissful, self-medicated haze of weed and alcohol and adrenaline.

I catch sight of my friends milling about in the crowded room, and I can't help but grin behind the Jägerbomb I'm currently swigging. There's Brian, the gorgeous hunk whom I see more often than not in my medical classes. He's over by the food – of course – alternately stuffing his face with chicken skewers and awkwardly chatting with my best friend Cassandra. Oh, those two have history, I know well. Cassandra filled me in plenty last year – how she'd fished the poor guy in, then had her usual fun with him before kicking him out of bed the next morning. Yeah, that was textbook Cassandra, all right. Fuck 'em and leave 'em, no matter how much they whine...

Maybe that's why Brian looks so uncomfortable? And why he's glancing past her? Wait... is he staring at Jessica?! No way-

"Uh, hey. Hey, Sarah? I- I was wondering-" It's Michael, of all people. The law guy, peering shyly through his glasses at me and motioning toward the speakers. "Hey, Michael!" I smile, with a toss of my blonde hair. Not that I'm really interested in this nerd, smart as he is. But y'know... the Jägerbomb has me feeling kind of frisky. "Wassup, dude? Having fun yet?"

"Um, well, yeah! It's great to be here," he begins, clearly struggling to raise his mild voice above the cacophonous dubstep. "I was just wondering- you know, I was reading the other day about a class-action case involving hearing loss in young adults-" "Hearing loss? Huh?" I'm only partially kidding – because it's genuinely fucking hard to hear his soft-spoken voice over the music. "And maybe, I

was thinking- I mean, if you think it's a good idea- that we could maybe turn down the volume a bit-"

The bass drops, and as my shoulders start grooving to the seductive rhythm I burst into a wry laugh... even as I reach for the volume knob. I'm not a total asshole, after all. "Look, don't worry, dude! I'm a professional, you know. I never play anything over 100 dB unless they tell me to, I swear..."

And then I pause and flash him a brilliant smile. "But y'know what? I'll turn this one down a bit – just for you." I gesture expansively past him at the milling crowd. "And if you're worried about the neighbors minding... I mean, fuck. Half the folks who live around here drop in for a drink and a smoke anyway, remember? Look – there's Mrs. Adams over there right now! Seems like the neighbors love having a lit Friday night as much as we do!"

Then Cynthia – she of the awesome top – rocks past, twerking her gorgeous ass and absolutely feeling the beat... and Michael retreats back into the crowd, and I let the vibe and the overall ambiance of the party swallow me up once more. What can I say? I'm an extrovert, after all, and it's nights like this that give me an absolute charge. No more thoughts, no more worries about grades and term papers and fucking group projects. Just music and alcohol and the thrill of everyone else vibing around me...

"Hey, Jane! Long time, no see!"

"Yo, Brian, leave some for us, how 'bout? You carb loading again or what?"

"Thanks, babe! I picked this track just for you!"

It's a perfect night... Or at least, it is until it's not.

The first I hear of the approaching storm is the angry thudding. I'm a DJ in my off time, you know; my ears are primed to hear everything from distortion to feedback to clipped audio, so it's super easy to pick out the off-beat thump of what sounds like a fist on our wooden door.

Michael's nearest the door – probably not a coincidence, knowing his predilection for leaving parties early – so he's the first to reach out and tug it open. Which brings him not only face to face with the owner of that pounding fist, but with... well, with the fist itself.

You know sometimes when bad shit goes down, everything seems to grind into slow motion? Yeah, it's nothing like that now. Hell – if anything, everything is moving faster than usual! Even afterward, I can scarcely recall whether I actually saw the fist connecting with Michael's unsuspecting, owl-like face. But I do catch sight of him stumbling backward. I hear the shriek from Jane, who's standing almost directly behind him... and then the irate bellowing of the fist's owner.

Talk about a slob of a guy, too! I know you're not supposed to judge folks by their looks, but... Jesus Christ. How many beers and greasy pizzas does it take to make a fellow as fat and filthy-looking as this guy? Not to mention those dirty sweatpants and that ratty shirt aren't doing him any favors-

"Stop your fucking party already!" he's screaming – and maybe two seconds later, my stupid brain finally unfreezes and sends my hands jerking out to turn down the music. "I'm fucking sick and tired of your stupid fucking noise!"

Michael is scrambling up from the floor, still clutching his nose and what I think are his glasses – whether broken or not, I can't immediately tell. But our visitor doesn't seem to notice, let alone care. "Make *one* more bit of noise, and you stupid kids are gonna regret it!" he continues, glaring around the room at us all with beady, pig-like eyes filled with hate. "Believe me, I know how to make you brats shut up-"

"Oh, really?" It's Cynthia – and of course it's Cynthia, quite possibly the mouthiest and nerviest of us all. "Like, dude. What're you gonna do? Call the cops?" Cassandra is already motioning, mouthing desperately at her to shut up, but the guy cuts them both off. "You better fucking believe it!" He laughs – a short, wheezing laugh that sets his double-chins wagging. "Or maybe I'll just take care of things myself..."

What the actual fuck? Is that a- a gun?! Holy mother fu-

"Yeah? See, I don't mess around!" the guy gloats, waving what appears to be a most decidedly real pistol in his pudgy hand. "My little friend and I know how to get a point across. So tell me now, ya little shits! Ya gonna keep on partying? Or do I need to-"

"We're- we're sorry, sir." It's Brian, stepping forward and pulling Michael protectively behind him. Brian may be a bit of a jock, but damn, if I'm not grateful to see him there! "Please- there's no need for- uh, violence. More violence, I mean." He motions awkwardly toward the rest of us. "I'm sorry if we were being too loud. We'll- we'll make sure not to disturb you anymore. No more parties-"

"Yeah?" The guy seems taken aback – almost as if he'd *wanted* us to put up a fight. "I, uh- Okay! Yeah, well, you better not! I'll be watching, you know!" He backs – or perhaps the better term is "waddles" – toward the door, the squeak and thump of his atrocious Crocs sounding unnaturally loud in the sudden stillness of the room. "Make any more fucking noise, and mark my words: your neighbor Bob Richardson will be *back*!"

The thud of the door slamming behind him echoes through the house. And in the seconds that follow, it's as if time has stood still.

Until Cassandra breaks the silence, that is. With an incredulous "What the fuck was *that*?"

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

August 2022 – Commission

Chapter Two

Wow, last night was crazy scary!

I'm still mulling it over a day later, of course. It's Saturday now, and much as I'd love to have stayed in bed and slept off that nagging headache from last night, I've got a job to do. Got those Freiburg kids to take care of this afternoon, while their parents are off to the doctor's. It wouldn't be very nice or responsible of Babysitter Jessica to have shown up late, would it? Or stood them up entirely?

Of course not. But as sweet and cute as the little angels are, I can't quite stop mulling over the shocking events at last night's party. I may be playing peekaboo with them and changing diapers and reading them storybooks, sure – but in the back of my head it's all still there, just like it was in those disturbing dreams that have chased me all night. The sound of that irate neighbor's angry yells. The cold gleam of light on that awful gun he'd been holding. The sight of poor Michael, struggling up from the floor, his hand over his hurt and probably bloodied nose-

Ugh, it's so scary! And you know, I get it. I know I'm kinda chicken. That's why I talked my parents into letting me do pharmacology instead of medicine, after all. Way too much blood and bones and stuff involved in being a doctor. So, yeah – when our nice cozy party gets interrupted by that madman, just when you think everyone's going to be safe and happy...

Well, it's just super scary, isn't it? Like, this is our *home!* And if that's not safe, then what is?

Huh. Looks like Cynthia just texted in the group chat. "Meeting in common room tonight. We all seriously need to talk. Be there by 7 or else!"

It's got to be about what happened last night. Definitely. Let's see... the Freiburgs should be back by 6. That should give me enough time to pick up some groceries on the way back. Oh, and maybe a special treat for Michael. Though maybe it's a bit weird, since we're just friends? But I just feel so bad about him getting hurt last night... Hmm, maybe I should bring some for everyone instead? Maybe some cookies? But what if someone doesn't like them-

No, Jessica, I tell myself, with a toss of my pink tinged, blonde locks. You're obsessing again. Just breathe. Focus on the little ones here and on doing your job. It'll be fine. And as far as what's going to happen tonight... well, speculating about it in advance won't change anything, will it?

"That guy was fucking insane, right? Like, what the hell? You know, the more I think about it the more I really think we need-"

The chatter is already lively by the time I make it there: a box of discount pastries in one hand and my groceries in the other. "Hey, folks," I manage, before slipping off to the kitchen and tucking my yogurt and fruit into the fridge for safekeeping. And then I'm back out: surveying the room, spotting the now-empty table by the wall, ducking apologetically over and depositing the pastries there for folks to enjoy...

"We have to do something to deal with that guy," Cynthia is declaring loudly, apparently continuing her diatribe. "He *literally* threatened one of us with a *gun* – and I'm sure he'll do it again if we don't do anything. Besides – he actually hurt Michael!" She pauses, almost as if she's suddenly recollected Michael's existence, and scans the room for him. "How are you feeling by now, dude? You looked pretty bad last night..." I catch sight of Michael over in the corner, blushing and waving away our attention. "Um, no, it's- it's fine. Sarah and Brian checked it out last night, and it doesn't really hurt anymore-"

Thank goodness for that! "But let's face it: whether he was seriously hurt or not doesn't matter," Sarah maintains, and I find myself nodding in agreement. "The thing is, this guy needs to be stopped. But to be honest, I really don't see how. The police around here are useless – believe me, I know. They did fucking *nothing* when my flat got robbed two years ago, remember? Tell them, and I promise you absolutely nothing will happen..."

The thought of this guy getting off scot-free is too much to bear. Maybe I'm just an idealistic idiot, but I can't stand the thought that bullies and jerks can just go around doing whatever they want to other people and get away with it. "But it's simply not right to waltz up to someone's door and assault them!" I blurt out before I quite know what I'm saying. "And certainly not just because you don't like their music!"

The image of a bratty kid I used to babysit flashes before my eyes, and on I plunge, following the thread of sudden inspiration without thinking it through. "Honestly, that guy reminded me of this kid I used to babysit who would throw the *worst* tantrums you've ever seen, and over the smallest little things." I chuckle nervously, suddenly aware that everyone's listening attentively to my words. "I mean... this guys sounded just like that spoiled brat, honestly. A big overgrown baby who just didn't get his way..."

"Yeah, a big crybaby – with a *gun!*" Cassandra is snickering, and now the others are joining in a chorus of sarcastic and wry laughter. "If only he was young enough to spank, huh? 'No more bang-bang toy for you, honey! Now quit your crying and suck on your dummy. Let Mommy strap you in your stroller and take you for walksies...'"

Sarah's laughing loudly now, shaking her head and shrugging. "As if! Honestly, I bet the reason he acts that way is because nobody ever taught him to be a decent person when he *was* little. Guess it's too late now, though..."

Or is it?

The thoughts that are suddenly filling my head at Cassandra's words may be wrong: *very* wrong and *very* weird. Maybe they're the product of my own fear and the awful dreams I was having all night. But I can't seem to shrug them away. In them, that awful man is wailing like a baby... we're stuffing a giant dummy into his mouth... strapping him down into an oversized stroller... smacking his hands and chiding him every time he tries to hit us...

"Is it really too late?" I ask – again before quite knowing what I'm saying. "Like, I don't know. He was definitely nasty, yeah. But surely if you can train a little kid to play nice and not be mean to others, you'd think the same thing would work with a grownup..." Sarah's eyeing me skeptically. "So, like, what are you suggesting, Jess? Like we just rock up to his place and tell him not to be mean? Or what? Or we'll call his *mom?*"

"No, no," I hastily amend, blushing a bit amid the general laughter. "I'm sorry. I'm not really suggesting anything. I was just... thinking aloud. You know, if we can't get help from the police, and we can't ignore him and let him hurt us again... I mean, we have to do something! Right?"

"Do *what*, girl?" Cynthia's cocking her head speculatively. "Come on, out with it!" "No, I was just being silly," I shrug self-consciously. "It's stupid, I know. I was just thinking how you could treat the guy like a baby. Like you said, you know. Kinda... re-raise him."

"Regress him," Cassandra breathes, and now I see a sly look of admiration and dangerous curiosity in her eyes. "Make him a giant, pathetic baby. Punish him and train him not to be mean to others... Oh, god, wouldn't that be fucking *rich?!*"

"Guys, *c'mon*," Brian cuts in from his post beside the table, his mouth half-full of pastry. "We need

serious solutions here, okay?" "Oh, but this *is* serious," Cynthia retorts, and now I'm feeling apprehensive. "This guy lives close by, right? And we've got an entire house here? Surely nobody would mind if we invited him over and kept him here with us for awhile, right? Just for... you know. Training?"

"Oh, fuck," Sarah mutters, and now I can see growing enthusiasm in her face. "Wait, you mean, like, *kidnap* him?" "Of course kidnap him," Cynthia responds, then gestures over at me. "And Jess, your idea is brilliant! If he acts like a spoiled brat, we'll do society a service and treat him like one! Listen: he literally *assaulted* us and *threatened* us with a gun. I'm more than sure that a bit of corrective training in self-defense is entirely well-deserved, don't you think?"

"Training... like, how?" I ask, hardly wanting to know the answer. This ball I seem to have started is fast getting out of my hands, and I'm not quite sure I like it. "Girl, you tell us!" Cassandra giggles, tossing her hair emphatically. "What's the age you start teaching kids not to hit people?" "Uhh..." I stall for a bit of time. "Maybe a year old? Two at the most?"

"There you have it!" Cassandra nods. "We bring him to stay with us, and we start him over: at one year old. What kinda stuff do you need for a one-year-old kid, Jess?" "Umm... Well, bottles and bibs, for starters," I begin self-consciously, half amused and half horrified at what we're saying. "A crib and stroller and nice warm onesies. Pacifiers and teething toys. Oh, and diapers, of course – one year is way too early for potty-training..."

The others are chortling now, and Cynthia is gleefully nodding away. "Okay – great idea, Jess! I don't suppose they make cribs and diapers and shit big enough, but we can sure fucking give it a try, can't we? It's all for a good cause, after all. We won't hurt him – seriously. We'll teach him his place, and we'll keep everyone safe... including the neighbors. What's not to love?"

What's not to love? I... I don't even know. Part of me is thrilled to hear this extraordinary idea taking shape, while another part of me – the kind and sensitive Jessica that hates to see anyone hurt – is shivering in disgust and anxiety at what's being discussed. And yet... goodness, I can't stand the thought of that guy going scot-free and hurting anyone else. Not on our watch.

And so, I gulp. And nod. And smile. "Yeah!" I cheer nervously. "We'll... show him!"

Because we have to. Because frankly, I can't think of any other way to keep him from hurting anyone else.

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

September 2022 – Commission

Chapter Three

"Michael! Oh, my god. I heard all about what happened last weekend. And just after I'd left, too! How are you doing? It's not still hurting, I hope..."

Ms. Adams is... she's quite a character. I'm not exactly interested in dating just yet, least of all a woman a good twelve years my senior. But she has a certain *je ne sais quoi* – a sparkle in those brown eyes, a way of flipping that shoulder-length brown hair, a bounce and jiggle of her generously curved chest – that I can't deny. She's an objectively pretty woman, slim and athletic and kind... and yeah, overall a very nice sort of person to have as your neighbor.

I bring my unusually disorderly thoughts to heel abruptly, clenching a trifle more tightly at the railing of her garden's little picket fence. I'm still not sure how I got roped into doing this... but there's no turning back. The others are counting on me, after all. "Umm, no, no, it's fine! Really. It stopped bleeding after only a few minutes. It wasn't that serious..."

Her eyes narrow in ill-concealed righteous indignation. "Bleeding? After only a few minutes?!" She shakes her head in clearly rising exasperation. "Look, Michael. I know you want to be a nice guy and all. I know you don't want any more trouble. But goodness – you literally got *assaulted!* In your own house! You're the legal guy, right? There's got to be plenty of grounds for you to have him hauled off to court, I'm positive. And really, how do you expect to become a good lawyer if you don't step up for yourself, hmm?"

I shift uneasily, trying not to let on just how deeply her last words have struck home. "I- I know," I manage. "I know I'm entirely within rights to call the police. And you know, I really don't want him to hurt anyone else..." I glance hastily around at the sound of a car easing past, wanting to be sure we're not being overheard. "But actually, that's why I came over. I- we, I mean... we've been thinking. And we have a pretty good idea about how to handle this whole thing, nice and discreetly, without any legal issues..."

Ms. Adams' expression shifts into one of eager interest. "Oh, really? You've got a plan?" She lowers her voice and bends closer, sending an involuntary shiver rippling across my arms. "Remember, he's got a gun – at least one. And I wouldn't put it past him to use it, either..." "Oh, we know about that," I reply hastily, shifting the backpack on my shoulder and glancing once more about before proceeding. "If we do everything right that won't be a problem. Now, the idea is pretty simple,

really..."

I break off momentarily, feeling a hot blush rise to my cheeks. "It's- it's kind of weird, I know. And it's really not my idea, I promise. But the others are positive it's the thing to do, and, well... I don't think it's entirely ethical, but..."

"Come on, spit it out," she encourages, and her reassuring smile sends a rush of newfound courage through me. "Well, you see, we were thinking about- you know, how childish he seemed to act," I explain. "So then some of the others said that he really ought to be disciplined – you know, like parents do little kids? And so... well, the upshot is that we, um, we thought we should keep him at our place for awhile..."

"Disciplining him?" She seems simultaneously shocked and amused. "Well, yes," I admit, shifting awkwardly. "But more than that. Treating him like... you know, like a little kid. Like a baby, actually..." "No way," she breathes, and close as I am to her fascinated stare I can only drop my eyes and shuffle in rueful embarrassment. "I mean, yeah. Some of the girls, they, uh... They know a thing or two about babysitting. And they said that making a nursery for him... keeping him there for a few weeks... punishing him and stuff? They said that would serve him right, and you know, teach him not to be such a violent person..."

"Babysitting," she repeats, and now that I look up once more I can see she's intrigued by the idea. "Oh, my god, I can totally see it. No, really! I mean, you'd have to restrain him somehow. But let's face it, that's exactly what we do with little kids, isn't it? Teach them not to hit and everything, and doing what's best for them even when they don't want it? God, I bet he'd be so embarrassed, too – being treated like a *baby*!" She's giggling, and I can hardly believe how readily she's taking to what to me still seems like a ludicrous – and yes, rather unethical – idea. "I mean, that's kinda the point," I continue self-consciously. "We'd have to find some way to get him-"

Suddenly she's shushing me, her hand frantically gesturing for silence. "Shh-" she hisses, before breaking off and waving brightly behind me. "Hey there, Bob! Nice day today, isn't it?"

I half-turn in time to see Bob himself – a mere three houses over – stepping heavily forward toward the curbside trash bin, a large trash bag in one hand and that customary scowl on his jowly face. "Ehh, whatever," he mutters, or something along those lines, before reaching with pudgy fingers for the trash bin and chucking the bag in with a heavy rustle and thump. "Mind yer own fuckin' business," he snarls then, and we are left to stand there in awkward silence, watching him wheeze his way back to the house and disappearing inside, the door slamming shut behind him with all the

friendly charm of a brick to the face.

"He really is a piece of work," she sighs softly, then motions me toward her. "Though that was a bit of a close call! Come on inside, why don't you? As long as you're here and have the time, I want to hear all the details – and how I can help you out..." This being precisely what I'm after, I'm certainly not going to refuse. And so it is that, before I quite know it, I'm sitting down at her little kitchen table, easing my computer out of its case and loading up the special incognito browser I've been using to conduct my, ahem, *research*.

"See, it's honestly not as tough as I first thought," I begin, and somehow now that I have my charts and browser tabs and familiar notes before me it's easier than ever to warm to my subject. "It's actually a thing, believe it or not. I've discovered that there's all kinds of people who like to play at being babies, even when they're adults. See, there's this outfit that makes these oversized cribs..."

I bring it out with a few clicks, and Ms. Adams lets out a gasp and giggle of delight. "Oh, my god! That's- that's incredible! And look – what does that say there? 'Locking bars?'" "Um, yeah," I admit, and give an apologetic shrug. "I mean, you can't expect him to want to stay in there. So some of the others are already talking about options for medical restraints. Nothing to hurt him, of course. Just to keep him-"

"Nice and safe and secure," she breathes, and now I can see a gleam of something akin to delight in her eyes. "Locked away for his own good. God, I've been thinking about how much better I'll feel when that guy is behind bars, you know? And-" She breaks off in a giggle. "I mean, crib bars aren't *exactly* what I had in mind. But hey, why not? As long as he learns his lesson..."

And then she breaks off, struck by a new thought. "Wait. You said like a *baby*. So, like, how much of a baby are we talking? Like... bibs? Pacifiers? You're not thinking... *diapers*?" I flush and nod despite myself. "Um, I think so? Here, I have this list of stuff Cas- I mean, one of the others told me to find. And weirdly enough, it's all pretty easy to find online..."

There it is: my table of items, complete with suppliers and prices and estimated shipping costs. "Holy moly," she ejaculates, and bends so close I can practically feel the warmth of her skin radiating against my bare neck. "Plastic pants. Diapers. Feeding bottles. Romper. Adult onesies..." She lets out another giggle before proceeding. "Locking mittens? Feeding gag? *Straitjacket*?!"

"Well, it's like I said," I interject. "We can't really expect that he won't put up a bit of a fuss-" "No, no, this is perfect," she chuckles, and as she settles back in her seat she is shaking her head in

incredulity and delight. "Never in a million years would I have imagined such a weird solution. But..." And now she's gazing speculatively at me with those pretty eyes of hers. "Wait. You came over here for something, Michael. What is it, exactly, that you need from me? Because believe me, I'm more than happy to assist..."

Now comes the hard part. "Well, first off we just wanted to let you know so you don't worry if he, uh, you know... disappears for a few weeks," I begin with a wry smile. "I don't suppose you could clue the rest of the neighbors in, could you? That would be a huge help-" "Consider it done already!" she chuckles, with another toss of her hair. "Believe me, I'm going to have a hard time *not* telling anyone about this. Of course, I'll make sure no one breathes a word to that lout before you're ready..."

But before I can utter my thanks, she breaks in with a frown and a glance at my computer screen. "Now, no offense, Michael. But it looks to me like all of that stuff is going to cost a pretty fair amount. How are you planning to pay for it all, exactly?" *Dang, she's sharp!* "Um, well," I begin, not quite sure where to begin. "I mean, it's definitely a good bit. We were thinking if we all chip in a bit here and there, and maybe cut back on our drink budget, and sell a few of our old textbooks-"

"No, no, no," she replies briskly, and before I can stop her she's rising from her seat and fetching her little purse. "Michael, listen to me. I want this to happen now more than anything. Yeah, it's weird – but I want this guy to get what he has coming to him. Heck, I'd have paid to see him through rehab and anger management if that meant I wouldn't have to worry about him coming over and shooting the place up..."

She reaches over and drops a credit card onto my keyboard. "Here, use this. Get every single one of those things on your list, Michael. I mean it." She flashes a wry smile. "Listen, I'm single. No kids. And yeah, teaching preschool isn't exactly the most lucrative profession. But I've got more than enough to cover that with plenty to spare. So don't you say a single word about it. Just use it..."

And even as I stutter out my thanks, she grins and shrugs affably. "And yeah. Keep me posted. Because I'm *dying* to see what you folks end up doing with that nut job!"

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

October 2022 – Commission

Chapter Four

Ooh, yeah. Damn, what a fine-looking burglar I make!

I eye my reflection in the mirror, relishing the sight I make as I sway and thrust my hips suggestively. Sure, I've tried my share of sexy Halloween costumes over the years. "Cynthia, mi amor! That is *too* much!" my Mama has said more than once at the sight of my risqué get-ups. But this one... well, it's a bit different. I don't know that she'd object, exactly; there's not a lot of bare flesh she can object to. But a skin-tight, jet-black catsuit isn't exactly the sort of costume to hide my Latina curves, either...

"Holy fuck, you look hot as hell," Sarah tells me, leaning over my shoulder and grinning through her black mask. "Wish I had a booty like yours!" She steps aside, and I toss my dark hair amiably in the direction of my fellow, cat-suited apparition. "Nah, you look great too," I offer, and glance approvingly up and down her inky form. "I'm telling you, this is gonna be awesome! Seven sexy cat burglars on the prowl? Getting ready to kick some asshole's butt? Yeah, this is gonna be the best Halloween ever!"

That's the plan, you see: masterminded by yours truly. It's brilliant, I know! Get all dressed up, head around the neighborhood doing trick-or-treat, and make sure to pay that motherfucker a visit. Give him his comeuppance at long last. Get him under our thumb... and teach him what happens when he hurts someone as cute and sweet as Michael.

Yeah, I admit that maybe this whole thing isn't entirely on the up-and-up. I won't pretend that the idea of essentially kidnapping a dude doesn't bother me a tiny bit now and then – and I *definitely* won't be breathing a word about it to my Mamacita. But believe me, this Bob guy had it coming. And when even the neighbors are supporting us in taking him down a few notches... well, what have we got to lose?

We're on the prowl as soon as it's properly dark – which, on this chilly October evening, really isn't late at all. It's honestly hilarious to hear our familiar voices emanating from unfamiliar figures. That gangly burglar with glasses atop his mask? Michael, no doubt about it. The shorter cat-woman with the soft voice has to be Jane – and the one with the loud laugh and blonde hair sticking weirdly out from beneath her black knit hat is Sarah...

We're quite the crew tonight. And thanks to the oddness that is Halloween, all the bags in our black-gloved hands won't attract a single bit of attention. They're full of candy, right? The sugary loot from a host of friendly neighbors?

Nope. Believe me, nobody would guess the kinds of weird-ass shit we've got tucked in these bags... not in a million years. Nor would they ever guess that tucked away on the second floor of our student house we've got a room that – thanks to Michael and the lovely assistance of our neighbor Ms. Adams – has been turned into a literal adult nursery. Oh, yeah – the crazy things we've got waiting for him in there...

But enough of that! "Hey, time to ring that doorbell," I whisper – and seeing no one else step forward immediately, I take the initiative. Into the light and up the little sidewalk I go... and as I do so I'm gratified to hear the steps of my comrades behind me. They may not be as bold as I am, but they're more than ready to back me up – and that's what matters.

Buzz. No sound but the quiet hum of the city around us, and the faint rumble of a plane's engines somewhere in the darkened sky above. *Buzz.* Again I press it. *Buzz.* And finally, on the fourth ring, just when we're starting to shift about and glance apprehensively at one another, I hear it: the heavy thuds of this guy's ponderous footsteps slowly approaching the door.

"Ready now! Any moment!" I hiss, and not a moment too soon. Open goes the door, and there I am: face to face at last with the jowly, scowly expression of our charming, gun-toting, face-punching ass of a neighbor.

"Trick or treat!" I simper with an affected giggle, relishing the look of disgust and irritation growing in his beady eyes. "Happy Halloween, Mister Bob!" "Get fucking lost," he growls, with an impatient glance around behind me. "What the fuck is wrong with kids these days? Can't even let me enjoy a moment's peace in my own fucking home-"

"Oh, we know how that feels," I can't help but retort, and now I'm pressing forward, heart racing with anticipation as I reach down into my capacious bag. "But this is trick-or-treat! And if you're not gonna give us a *treat*..."

I don't need to finish. Sarah and Brian are pushing up behind me, and even as I whip the liquid-soaked cloth out from its plastic bag and clap it to the guy's ugly mug, they're on the scene. Black-gloved hands are grasping his hands even as they fly up in self-defense, and fit as those two are they have no trouble wrestling them back down to his sides. "Wha- helphmmmm!!!" he begins, but I

have the good sense to clap my other hand over his stupid mouth. "Inside, everyone," I hiss," and as we swarm in through the open door and slam it shut behind us, I can already tell this guy's toast.

Not that he's not putting up a fight. Back against the entryway wall we pin him first – but then he kicks out, and I narrowly avoid getting one of his ugly house slippers between my legs. "Down on the floor!" I bark, and down we stumble – but of course I lose my grip on his mouth, and then even the chloroform rag is slipping free. *Dammit, why do the telenovelas make abductions look so fucking easy?* He's wheezing and belting out a string of curses now, and while he flops and struggles amid my friends' uncoordinated efforts I'm trying to figure out the best way to shut him up. *Hmm, where the fuck did I put that other rag?*

Finally I have it. "Here, stuff that in his trap!" I order, and Jane hesitantly complies, taking it from me and poking it into his spluttering mouth with more caution than if she were hand-feeding a crocodile. "And nightie-night time!" I'm practically straddling him now, seated on his stupid chest while the others pin his arms and legs to the cold tile floor. Over his nose I clamp the rag now with renewed pressure, relishing the choice of fabric way more than I should...

You see, it's the most girly shade of pink. And white. With the most adorable and sickeningly sweet baby designs on it: pacifiers, and baby bottles, and diaper pins, and stuffed teddy bears. Which, you see, are going to feature most prominently in his future – at least if we have anything to say about it.

But of course, Jessica wouldn't be Jessica if she wasn't trying to sweeten things up even in the midst of a kidnapping. "I'm sorry, I'm really sorry," I hear her murmuring from her position on his left arm, and from behind that babyish chloroform rag his eyes roll frantically up to meet her timid gaze. "This is for you own good, mister, really!" she tells him. "Please, just relax, okay? Breathe it in for us... just let it happen. Everything is going to be fine, I promise..."

Holy shit, she really is a softie, huh? Why the hell isn't she in the pediatric med school track, anyway? I'd rib her about it, but right now there's no time. This lout's still struggling, and the others are having a tough time pinning him down, and despite my confidence in knowing exactly how chloroform works I'm beginning to wonder if I got the right stuff, and if he's ever going to go the fuck to sleep-

But then, at long last, it happens. The relaxing tension beneath me. The angry, fearful eyes slumping unwillingly closed. The limbs that spasm, then relax, then twitch a few more times before relaxing into unconsciousness. And in the end, it's done. We've got ourselves an asshole neighbor, a

menace to society, and a thoroughly nasty person: lying prone, unconscious, and completely at our mercy.

Which is quite a relief. "Ha-ha!" "Fuck, yeah!" "Damn, that was tougher than I thought." "Wait, he can't hear us, can he?"

I wish I could say that what follows is cool, and efficient, and ever so briskly methodical. Yeah, fat chance. Because for better or for worse – and probably better – this is our first time kidnapping anyone. Ropes get tangled. People trip over one another. We grunt and heave and end up trying all kinds of weird ties until we finally get his blubbery arms pinned and bound behind his back. After another snafu with tying his ankles, and debates over the safest and most effective gags, and the most comical burlesque act ever – featuring seven inept burglars, a limp fat man, and a giant sack – we're on our way at last... out the door and into the dark of the night.

"Fuck, he's heavy!" "You can say that again. Watch it, there's a step here." "Damn, hang on – I'm losing my grip-" I'm heaving away with the rest, steering us slowly back toward our house while trying not to glance around anxiously for any neighbors who might be watching from their windows. But really, there's nothing else we can do at this point. If they see... well, they'll just have to be cool with it. Which, according to what Michael learned from Ms. Adams, they definitely are.

Speaking of Michael, that cutie's really the brains of this whole operation – not me. We're nearly halfway back when I see him shuffling awkwardly by through the dark, his hands clutching some sort of wrapped-up bag. "It's just his effects," he explains when I manage to ask, between heaving breaths, what he has. "You know, the essentials. House keys, wallet, cell phone... oh, and his gun, too. Just so we have access to everything important..."

But of course – why hadn't I thought of that?! See, maybe that's why he's the law guy and I'm just the chemistry major...

Anyway, at long last we're back at our place. "Crap. How the fuck we gonna get him all the way up?" "Aww, come on, we can do it!" "Guess I'm not gonna need the gym this week, huh? Carrying him up is gonna be enough of a workout for the entire fucking week!"

It is quite the workout, there's no denying. We drop the dude at least twice. Jane almost sprains her ankle on one of the steps. Brian mashes a couple of fingers against a doorway, and all of us are sweating and swearing in our own ways by the end.

But when all is said and done, we've made it. It's less than an hour after we first set out, and we're safely back in our place, standing in the little room that is now nothing less than an oversized nursery. He's still out cold, and as we tug him out of the bag I'm elated at the prospect before us. You see, now that we've got him in hand there's no end to the things we can do with him...

All in the name of teaching him a lesson, of course. And honestly, I can't wait to get started!

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper
November/December 2022 – Commission
Chapter Five

Oh, dear. What have we gotten ourselves into?

Here we are at last: up in this spare room-turned-nursery prison. Before us is this nasty guy who beat up poor Michael. And now it's time to set to work... punishing him. Or as I prefer to think of it, reforming him into a nicer person.

"Here, off with his stupid clothes." "Where are the scissors? Don't see any other way to get 'em off while he's tied up." "Ehh, he's still out cold! Why not loosen things up a bit?" And so we do, sweating and struggling until at last he's lying there unbound and unconscious before us, while Cassandra gleefully tugs his dirty-looking boxers down to reveal...

"Aww, shit!" Cynthia snickers, and even Jane is grinning uncertainly as she stares down at his diminutive dick. "Look what a pathetic little wiener he's got! Guess he really was overcompensating with that stupid gun of his, huh?"

Now I'm not exactly on this jerk's side. But it also doesn't feel right to be body shaming him for that limp little protuberance, either – and certainly not when he's unable to defend himself. "Oh, I dunno," I manage, trying not to sound too defensive. "No need to be mean about it, right? I mean, I think it's kind of cute, in a weird way..."

I trail off, even as Cassandra giggles and tosses a thick, folded white rectangle my way. "Oh, Jessica, you really are *way* too nice to this bastard," she chuckles, with a knowing poke at his bare and flabby thigh. "He freaking *punched* our friend and threatened to *shoot* us, remember? So why don't you can the sentiment and put those babysitting skills to work, hmm? Show us how this whole diaper business works. Just as soon as I can find the fucking powder-"

Which she does. And so, heart thumping and still not quite sure whether to laugh or cringe, I set to work with their assistance: half-rolling him over, slipping the giant open diaper beneath, and letting his limp form flop back onto it, those fat thighs sagging open before us. *Just like an overgrown baby*, I tell myself as I upend the bottle and douse his hairy groin with a liberal helping of powder. *Okay, focus on doing it up all nice and snug. Certainly don't want leaks...*

But strangely, as I proceed with bundling the guy into what's probably his first diaper in a good

forty-plus years, I find my initial burst of sympathy evaporating. This lout really did hurt my friend. He legitimately did have every chance to be nice, and he intentionally chose to be an ass. No reason why I should feel bad for him, right? And so, as the others snicker down at the strangely thick, puffy bulk of the diaper now affixed around his waist, I glance over at Sarah, and then Cassandra with a self-conscious smile. "Hey, we really better get him tied up again before he comes to, right? You don't happen to have anything better than those ropes, do you? He's a big guy, you know – and we really don't want those ropes hurting him. Or more likely, slipping off and letting him loose..."

"Do I have something better?!" Cassandra echoes enthusiastically. "You bet I do!" And within a minute she's rummaging through the heaps of half-full cardboard boxes in the corner. "I went kinda nuts in that department, gotta admit." She giggled and hefted a large white heap of canvas and webbing out of its plastic wrapping with a smirk and a flourish. "What can I say? I kinda like to make sure the guys in my life are, you know... under my thumb..."

Eww, okay. Didn't need to know that. "We all know you're kinky, girl," Sarah snickers, taking it from her and tossing it my way. "Here, Jess – it's a straitjacket. I bet that'll be a lot more secure and comfy than those rough-ass ropes, right?" I have to agree – and so, between all of us we get him bundled into it. Flabby limp arms crammed into the canvas sleeves. Straps drawn snug, then tighter yet around his crinkling crotch. And there he is at last – still knocked out, but this time at least with arms firmly restrained from any kind of mischief.

"Hey, don't forget the cuffs! And the Segufix locks! And – ooh, the under-bed straps!"

That's how it happens, then, that after a great deal of grunting and giggling and shifting, our new "patient" is firmly in place: not merely diapered, not simply straitjacketed, but cuffed and secured to the bed with wide, tough-looking plastic straps. Brian's even taken the liberty of whipping out a roll of duct tape from god knows where and wrapping it around the cloth gag we've stuffed in his mouth. "Can't have him spitting it out. Just imagine him hollering and waking up the entire neighborhood!" he grins with a final rub and squeeze of that tape-shrouded mouth... and so with that, we are finally, *finally* done.

"Hey, you guys done up there? I got the snacks and beers all ready!" It's Jane calling from the kitchen downstairs. We high-five. We laugh and shake our heads in amusement at the bound figure before us. And then, we lock the door behind us and head downstairs – for a well-deserved celebration.

We're not bad people... right?

Around me the music is blaring, and the other kids are laughing and drinking, and everything in this festive atmosphere is telling me I should be partying too. And I am – or at least, I'm trying. But it's been a few hours now, and I can't help but think of that guy tucked in our upstairs bedroom. He's probably awake by now; no way he can't be, between the thumping music and the limited effects of chloroform. And he's gagged, too. Surely he wouldn't choke, or something... right?

Better go check. And better bring him something to drink, too. Cassandra's been giggling about how dorky and pathetic he's gonna look sucking that laxative-laced formula out of a giant baby bottle – so much so that I happen to know she's already fixed up a full bottle of it for him in the fridge. So it's really not that difficult for me to crack open the door, slip it out, and ease out of the room without anyone noticing.

Because sure, he might be an ass. But that doesn't mean they would be justified in leaving him without food or water, right? Even if it *is* going to give him the shits...

He's most definitely awake when I enter. I can tell immediately: from the restrained twitching of his bound limbs, and the feeble moans and muffled grunts escaping his gagged mouth, and the half-resentful, half-terrified look in his bleary eyes as I stare down at him apprehensively. "Hey," I begin, and he lets out an angry moan. "Hey, I- I brought you something. I bet you're... you know. Pretty thirsty."

"I know you're probably upset," I continue, and now it's as if my babysitting instincts are kicking in. "But you see, you were really nasty to my friend, remember? You punched him, and you threatened us, and you know that's not very nice at all..." I'm tugging at the tape as I speak, mentally chewing out Brian for his quality work. "You're going to be with us for awhile," I tell him, and he lets out another muffled moan of anger. "It's for your own good, okay? I promise you're going to be all right. You just need to learn to be a better person..."

"See?" I enthuse in a bright, saccharine tone I normally reserve for bratty two-year-olds. "Look, we got a bottle just for you! Now I know you might think bottles like this are for babies, but trust me, it's the best way for you to drink when you're lying down." I hold it up before him, and oh – the look of horror that crosses his face! "No, really," I assure him – and now we're down to one wrap of tape left. "I know you must be hungry and thirsty after your little nap. And this stuff is gonna be

super good for you, too. So why don't you open up and drink up this nice, cool milk for me? As long as you promise not to scream or anything, I'll take this tape off, and it will all be okay..."

I guess I honestly wasn't expecting that nod he gives me. It's a slow, resentful nod, but a nod nonetheless.

"Now that's a good boy!" I enthuse, and once more the babysitting instincts kick in as I remove that final wrap of tape and tug the spit-soaked rag from his dry lips. "Here, let's give you this nice, cool-"

"Fuck you! Untie me, you mother-fucking cunt! Get that fucking shit away from mmmpphhh-!"

Oh, god. He really can't be trusted, can he?! My hand is frantically clamped down over his foul mouth, and I'm shaking – not so much from the effort as from the sheer surprise and betrayal. "Hey, you- you- I thought you promised!" Anger is welling within me, but after a few moments I wrestle it back down. *He's just like a little brat. Don't let him see you're angry. Just be calm, cool...*

"Bob, you're being ridiculous," I warn him, and I find myself slipping into the no-nonsense tone of a babysitter laying down the law. "Listen, if you don't quit screaming after you promised not to, you're not going to get your bottle – or any meal tonight, for that matter. Now, I don't want to do this the hard way, but if you don't calm down, I'm going to find a way to make you behave..."

He's such a piece of work! Of course he nods again, and of course I believe him, like the credulous idiot I am. So my next move – drawn directly from my years of babysitting – is clear. "Fine! You don't want to drink? I'll help you!" Easily done, too: my hand over that cussing mouth, and my fingers pinching closed on his nose. I'm feeling my temper rising with every second, and every moan from him is now awakening a strange, deep sense of satisfaction within me. *Oh, yeah?* I find myself wanting to sneer. *Moan all you like, loser. You brought this on yourself!*

And then his gasping mouth finally opens. *Yep, that'll do!* Between his spluttering lips I force that giant bottle nipple – and in that moment, I feel that I just might have won. He's gasping and moaning behind the nipple, true. But that formula is also dribbling down into his mouth from the sheer force of gravity, so he's literally being forced to swallow in order to avoid choking...

"Good boy," I soothe, and for a moment sweet Jessica is back. He's gulping it grudgingly down, and I stroke his hair, and it all seems to be going well. The bottle is beginning to drain, and I smile at how he's finally behaving for me. "Aww, it's pretty good, isn't it?" I ask brightly, and lift the bottle

out momentarily to let him respond. "See, I told you it was goo-"

Ppffffitt! "Go fuck yourself, you goddamn fucking *cunt!*", he snarls, as I reel back and wipe the warm spit and formula off my astonished face. "No fucking way I'm gonna put up with drinking this disgusting shit! I'm not a fucking baby, you *bitch!*"

Okay, listen. Maybe this is just me, but I don't take too well to being called a cunt, or a bitch, or any of the other choice words this bastard has for me. Nor do I particularly enjoy being spat upon. Here I was, trying to be nice and sweet and all – and all the thanks I get is *this?*

That does it. No more Miss Nice Girl.

"Listen, you jerk," I begin, and even as he begins to protest once more I jam the old gag deep into his filthy mouth. "That's *enough!*" It is indeed. Into my mind flashes a tantalizing memory: the memory of Cassandra showing Cynthia some kind of device she was buying for him last week. It was a "feeder gag," I think she called it: a grotesque, torture-device-looking thingie that fitted into the wearer's mouth and had this long tube, and a big cup or something...

I find it after only a minute or two of searching – unfortunately for him, I suppose. His hateful little eyes are staring up at me as I stand over him, tugging open the straps and getting ready to position it around his head. Perhaps there's a flicker of fear there... or maybe it's just my imagination. But I'm pissed now, and even if he *is* scared, it's nothing more than he deserves.

Out goes that icky old cloth gag – and predictably enough, he starts spluttering and protesting. "Wai- Hey! Heyuuuummgghbb!" Into his stupid mouth the new gag goes, its rubbery bulb slipping easily down in, the stout leather straps fitting easily over his face and head. It's quite a harness, but in the end I figure it out; and in a matter of minutes, he's lying there, mouth completely silenced beneath a web of leather and rubber.

"See? I *told* you I didn't want to do this the hard way!" I'm giddy with tense elation as I screw open the oversized baby bottle and pour the creamy contents into the cup attached to the front of his new gag. Down the clear hose it streams, and as I watch his eyes grow wide... his muscles tense and squirm... but in the end, he gulps. And gulps again. And gulps once more.

Because he now literally has no choice but to swallow every last drop of that laxative-laced formula. Speaking of which... hmm. Should I tell him about that? No, maybe it's better he finds out for himself.

"Aww, I know," I console, watching our bound patient with shaky relief. "It hurts me more than it hurts you, baby. Now maybe next time you'll be a good boy and drink your bottle the first time, hmm?" Of course he can't answer; he's breathing hard, gulping, staring up at me in undisguised anger and fear. But there's nothing else I can do, is there? He needs to accept that he's not in charge right now. It's all part of teaching him, after all...

Minutes tick past as the formula slowly drains down into his working mouth. He finishes it at last, and so of course I have to praise him – even if it's the praise of a babysitter for her bratty little charge finishing his medicine. "See? That wasn't so bad!" I beam – and out comes the feeding gag, to be swiftly replaced by that old cloth and tape affair. I've learned my lesson, after all. "Now, I know you're having a hard time staying quiet, so this is gonna help you, okay? Nice and snug and quiet..."

The tape pulls tight around his jaws once more, and I decide to simply ignore the hateful little moans and grunts he gives. "There, all done!" On impulse I bend down and plant a quick peck of a kiss on his forehead – the sort of kiss I might give a little kid before naptime. "Now you're gonna be a good, quiet boy for me, aren't you? Yes, you are!"

A muffled burst of cheers and laughter echo up the stairs and into the room, jarring me back to my senses. Oh, yeah. The party is still thumping along beneath me, isn't it? I really ought to get back there before folks wonder where the hell I've gone. "Okay, I'm going downstairs again, Bob," I tell him, turning from his bedside and once more feeling like the babysitter explaining to a toddler why he has to stay in bed and take his nap. "Now you stay there and enjoy your rest, okay?"

I step over to the wall above him, remembering now what Michael has just spent all of yesterday afternoon installing. "Oh, and see this?" I smile, gesturing at the white dome of the super-deluxe night-vision nannycam mounted there, and flipping the tiny power switch on its side to ON. "Thanks to this we can keep an eye on you the entire time! So don't worry about anything; we'll be sure to notice if anything's the matter with you..."

It's then that I catch sight of that thick white diaper bulging out between the straitjacket straps – and a devious little smile crosses my face despite myself. *Wonder if he even realizes yet what he's wearing...* Before I can help myself I hear the words slipping from my lips. "Oh, and don't worry if you need to go potty, either! Just go in your nice fresh diaper, baby. That's exactly what it's for, you know!"

Heh. heh. That's how I leave him: snapping out the lights on his horrified expression, feeling the most curious mixture of relief and sympathy and shaky elation as I lock the door behind me. He's stuck in there, well and truly: a bound and gagged jackass who just finished gulping down his formula like a great big, helpless baby. I dunno how quickly that laxative formula takes effect, but I guess that doesn't really matter. In the end he'll be forced to make a mess, won't he? Lying there, unable to move or talk... losing control over even that most basic of bodily functions... Goodness, that's going to make him feel like such a pathetic little baby, isn't it?

Believe me, I know it all sounds pretty freaky. But honestly – after all I've just seen and experienced this evening, I'm more certain than ever that that is *exactly* what he needs. He *needs* to be taken down a notch if he's ever going to become a decent human being.

Now, then! Time to let the others know. Maybe Michael will pull up that nannycam on the TV for us? Ooh, that should be quite a spectacle – especially once that formula kicks in!

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

January 2023 – Commission

Chapter Six

Just how late is it by now, anyway? How long have we been partying?

Hell, I dunno. But neither do I care. We've taken down that goddamn neighbor of ours at last, and it's time to celebrate with a party to end all parties.

"Hey, Cassandra," slurs Sarah from her place by the stereo, clearly well-boozed up. "You- you hear what Jessica said? Somethin' 'bout that new big baby of ours about to put on a show. Les' go shee, 'kay?" God, she's drunk – but I'm kinda tipsy myself, so who cares? "Sure," I enthuse, tossing down the last of my drink – and then we thread our way through the mess of fallen coats and half-empty pizza boxes to the big-screen along the wall. Because if something's about to go down, I sure as hell want to be there to see it.

Just so you know, I'm very well aware of my own reputation. I know some folks seem to think I'm some kind of freaky man-eater – that I chew guys up and spit them out – that the only person I care about is myself and my own kinky sex drive. I dunno where they would have gotten such ideas. I mean, sure I've had flings with more guys than I can count. And yeah, I do love being in charge in bed. Who wouldn't? There's something so fucking hot about seeing a guy whimpering and begging me to let him cum, to let him go, even just to let him breathe, that just fires me up every time...

So yeah, maybe that's why my friends turn expectantly to me now as I draw near the screen and catch sight of what the nanny cam is showing us. There that asshole is: trussed up in that straitjacket, strapped down nice and tight to the bed, wriggling pathetically in the darkness with wide eyes and a duct-taped mouth. Oh, yeah – it's a fucking delight. I've had a guy or two in my life who let me do that to him, and damn, the fun I had before I let their sorry asses go free!

"I think he's about to, um, well-" "He's gonna shit himself any minute," Cynthia cuts Jessica off with a loud laugh. "Our sweet little babysitter Jess here just admitted that she fed him that laxative bottle you made up for him. And that was, what? Three fucking hours ago?"

"At least," Jessica admits with a self-conscious blush... and I let out a cackle of glee. "Wow, Jess – I didn't know you had it in ya!" And here I'd thought she was way too much of a meek little sub to ever try something like that. "Let's see. You fed him the whole bottle? Everything? Then, fuck- I'm surprised he's not been shitting his brains out already-"

Speaking of. For even over our own loud laughter, I can hear a muffled burbling. Quiet grunting, and a pathetic little moan. Another, even louder spate of liquidy, gassy spluttering. And on the screen before us, I can see the guy writhing in evident pain and disgust at clearly no longer being the master of his own body. And who wouldn't? He's messing his diaper uncontrollably for probably the first time since he was an infant.

"Hoo-wee! Ugh, that's so fucking gross-" "Damn, just like a literal *baby!*" "Don't envy the one who has to clean *that* up..."

But it's Jessica I'm watching now. She's not laughing with the rest, but neither does she look ashamed at what she's just done. Strangely enough, as she gazes into the screen, in her eyes I see... what is that? Pride? Elation? I'm not quite sure I get it, but then, as I step closer to congratulate her on finally finding some backbone, I catch the sound of her murmuring under her breath as if to a small child. "Aww, that's right, sweetie. Let it all out, and you'll feel so much better. I'm so proud of you-"

Proud of him? For shitting himself? I swear, sometimes I really don't get what's going on in that girl's head.

But there's no time to mull it over. "Who da fuck ish gonna clean him up?" the drunken Sarah chortles, and I can see from the subsiding laughter and looks of disgust that my friends are finally realizing the dirty side of this plan. Fortunately, I already have the solution – because she's literally standing right in front of me, wearing that weirdly proud smile on her face.

"Jess here will, of course!" I beam, clapping her on the shoulder. "Come on, Jess, you're the one with the most experience with shitty diapers! Lead the way for us. Show us how it's done..."

"But-" she begins, and now she's looking more unsure than proud. "But... why me? Shouldn't other folks learn, too? I mean, I won't be here all the time, and someone else will have to do it then-" Goddammit, she has a point – but so does everyone else who chimes in. *Michael should, to get revenge. Brian should – he's the strongest. No, really, shouldn't Cynthia? She'd be super good at it-*

Well, you know how boozy arguments go. In the end, it's a literal fucking game of drawing straws – or in our case, some of the toothpicks we use for martinis – that settles it. And of course it ends up being *me* who draws the stupid fucking short one.

"Fuck me. Guess there's nothing for it," I sigh melodramatically, making my way up the stairs

behind her with all the others in tow. "Oh, don't worry, Jess – I'll do it! I'm in freaking medicine, after all. It's just that, you know... I always figured I could let the nurses take care of this gross-ass shit-"

"Everybody poops," Jessica smiles with a wry shrug, reaching in and flipping on the light before gesturing me in. "It's not that bad, I promise! Here, I'll walk you through it step by step." And bless her innocent heart, I have no doubt but that she truly means that.

We've already decided to keep the cretin awake for his change – on purpose. It was my idea, you know – just to make sure that he gets the maximum humiliation out of it. So really, there's nothing else to do but set to work. We fight through the smell that's filling this new nursery, and I try my best not to gag as we lower the crib bars, mentally psyching myself up for the task. *I can do this. It's just a diaper. I've done nastier stuff than this before, right? Like that time I farted on that guy's face...*

Though the grossed-out laughter, and pinched noses, and disgusted comments from the others aren't exactly helping. "Oh, god – that's awful!" "Goddamn, man – what's that creep been eating?" "Smells like something fucking *died* in here." "Now that's one smelly-ass baby!"

I can't help but agree. But fortunately for my kinky self, I also happen to glance down and catch sight of the wide eyes of our captive, gazing up into our faces. He's gurgling, moaning out terrified and humiliated little moans behind the tight wraps of tape. *"Mmmmmpphhhh!"* *Ggghhhmmmmpphhhh!"* And dammit, if those sounds don't put me right back into the headspace I love so much.

Because, well... I admit it. There's little I love more than taunting a pathetic, gagged guy and reminding him of just how powerless he is before me.

"Aww, what's that, baby? I'm so sorry, but we really can't understand a word you're saying!" Even Jessica's blushing visibly as I lean down, my words dripping with condescension as I smirk full into his stupid face. "You know, until you figure out how to talk like a *big* boy, I'm just gonna assume you're begging us for a clean diaper. Hear that, Jess? This baby wants a change!"

And so we give it to him.

It's the aspects of bondage and control that get me through, in the end. We get to use that spreader bar to keep his stupid, flabby legs apart, so that's fun. Together we haul his heavy, shitty ass to the changing table we got just for this purpose, laughing and ridiculing him all the way. And of course

we get to strap him down again there, with those feebly kicking legs of his suspended in the air and spread wide for us to finally do the job...

"Hey, I almost forgot to mention." It's Michael, of all people, and he's holding up the guy's phone with a look of quiet, tolerant pleasure on his face. "I've gone through his phone here, and he's *definitely* a loner. I can't find family in here, or neighbors, or even friends. Honestly, I can't even find a pizza delivery guy's number in here." The bound Bob lets out another strangled whimper of defeat – a delightful contrast to Michael's own matter-of-fact shrug. "Guess we're clear, huh? Not a soul is going to notice if he's gone – so honestly, I don't see why we can't keep him here indefinitely..."

Whatever. I mean, that's all great news and stuff. But at the moment, I'm far too focused on donning my latex gloves, and opening those adhesive tapes, and trying not to gag at the mess that lies within. Amid a chorus of groans and disgusted, laughing exclamations from my friends, I doggedly follow Jessica's unperturbed instructions. "Listen, you get used to it," she's saying, clearly unmoved by the sights and smells before us. "Now, take a wipe, and just start cleaning the skin up. That's right, front to back. Now another one. Good, good..."

Oh, did I mention that these clowns around me are recording this all on their phones like it's a fucking rock concert?

Just as before, it's that mix of focusing on Jessica's guidance and a glance now and then at our helpless patient that gets me through what would otherwise be a stomach-churning horror. Yeah, it's disgusting. But god, there's also something so... exhilarating... about it. That gleam of naked terror in his rolling eyes. That futile struggle in his bonds. The twitching muscles that are so utterly helpless before the wiles of a couple of laughing young people...

And of course there's also Jessica's well-meaning words of consolation that only deepen the childish humiliation for him. "Now, now, don't be scared, baby! Everything's going to be all right, I promise. You just need to learn your lesson, okay? This is all for your own good, remember?"

Damn, I'm going to need to remember a few of those lines for my own kinky scenes! Sure, such sweet words are way nicer than anything this particular guy deserves. But, honestly, I can already imagine saying those things to an adorable, red-bottomed, blubbering subby guy over my knee. You know, right before I stuff my panties in his mouth and give him another round with the paddle.

Speaking of sex...

"Aww, look – he's getting all excited!" Of course he is, thanks to the way I've begun squeezing and running those wipes along his amusingly short cock. Maybe it's habit, or maybe I'm just looking for ways to humiliate him even further. "Hey, watch this, Jess!" I giggle. "Let's see what happens when I poke a finger in *here*..."

The innocent girl has probably never even heard of anal before, but that doesn't matter. "Oh, that's just normal," she shrugs with a glance at the erect little member between my fingers. "Little baby boys can't help it, honestly. It just happens." *Especially when you tease them and finger-fuck their ass*, I add mentally, but just laugh and lean into that baby idea once more.

"Well, I guess you're right. Though given that he's literally in *diapers*, Jess, I think he's *way* too little for that kind of fun!" And then, kinky girl that I am, I can't help but connect the *little* idea with something else. "Speaking of little... his little thingie is so short! Did you ever see such a teesny little willy? Talk about tiny!"

Well, so it goes. Amid laughter and groans, we finally get the mess cleared away and a fresh diaper beneath him – but of course that's only half the battle. Jess gets the luminous idea to shave his pubes while we're at it – and I can't help but agree. "After all, babies don't have any hair down here, do they?" I chuckle, running the razor gleefully along his naked groin. "And having it all clean will make changes *loads* easier, too!"

Nor is shaving the last straw, either. Astonishingly, it's Jess who first offers the idea of locking that tiny cock of his in a chastity cage – and I, startled mainly by the fact that she knew what one was – can only agree. I get the pleasure of shoving a suppository deep into his ass – "to keep our new baby regular!" – then dust his entire naked groin with a generous dusting of powder. And what a strange and yet delightful sight it is, too! That hard web of steel around his cock... the weirdly smooth, bare skin beneath... the thick padding of the diaper being pulled up and around, sealing our pathetic, impotent little man-baby into a fresh, shameful prison...

Yeah. Maybe it's just the booze, but right now I'm *really* starting to dig this baby humiliation thing way more than I thought I would.

It's once the whimpering guy is safely back in his giant crib and securely cuffed into place that I recollect the weird freebie I'd received when purchasing all this gear. A "paci-gag," they'd called it on the packing slip. I'd scarcely looked at it until now, but now it seemed like it might just be everything I wanted for him and more.

"Here, let's give this giant baby something to suck on!" And off comes those wraps of tape amid a fresh chorus of laughter. Out comes the sodden, spit-soaked cloth that until now has been choking his wails into silence. Then into his trembling mouth – even before he can articulate a protest – we gleefully shove the brand-new paci gag. Its rubber bulb is gigantic and brutally effective as a gag, sure. But it's the infantile, pastel pink shield and leather straps that do it for me. God, how humiliating for a grown man it must be! Lying there unable to speak, reduced to gurgling like a genuine infant... and all thanks to a girly pink pacifier strapped so tightly into his mouth that he can't possibly spit it out...

"Now, then – selfie time!"

Of course Jess and I take a selfie with him – as do all the others. Not necessarily to remember the night, of course. Hell, I'm going to remember this night as long as I live. Speaking for myself, though, I'm just looking for ways to humiliate the guy even further. After all, right now I can't imagine much more humiliating than a bound, gagged, and babyfied guy being forced to take a selfie with the two hot college girls who have him under their thumbs...

Though I dunno. Gimme another night or two, and I just might be able to cook up something even *more* humiliating yet!

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

March 2023 – Commission

Chapter Seven

Tock, tock, tock. I can hear a shuffling of footsteps from somewhere in the house above us, and what sounds like the muffled conversation of multiple people. *Tock, tock, tock, tock.* "Be there in a minute!" comes a strident voice I'd know anywhere, and I shuffle instinctively in place even as I withdraw my hand from the door. *That's her. Cassandra. Wow, it's been awhile...*

But before I can do more than glance over at my girlfriend's bright, wondering smile, the steps thud louder – the doorknob turns – and it flies open to reveal Cassandra herself, her dark blonde hair tousled above her low-cut tank top and tight booty shorts. "Hey, Tom! Hey, come on in, you two! You're *literally* the most awesome people in the world right now. I can't believe you were able to come over on such short notice..."

Yeah, it was short notice, I have to admit. Megan and I had been planning to go out shopping this afternoon – at least, until Cassandra's strangely urgent call had come begging us to pop over for something that simply couldn't wait. But I can't exactly tell her all that without sounding rude, so... "No, no, it's fine!" I reassure her, and as I motion Megan in behind me, I find myself believing my own polite words. "We're happy to come over, really!"

Which is actually true. Because after all... there's something oddly attractive about visiting your old girlfriend again.

Yes, that's right. Cassie and I were a thing once – well over a year ago. Heck, who *hasn't* she dated at some point or another? I'm certainly no womanizer, of course – in fact, she'd been the very girl who took my virginity. But she and I had just kinda clicked, you know? Sure, even at the time I guess I knew deep down that it wouldn't be a long-term thing – nothing like I have with Megan now. But back then it had been hard to care – certainly when the sex had been so freakily, kinkily, smoking hot.

Megan, I love you babe! I muse, even as I can't help but notice the plumpious jiggle of Cassie's ample breasts and the sight of that familiar blue rose tattoo on her shoulder. And I do sincerely love Megan. Cassie was nonstop, loud-mouthed fun for a month or two, sure. But Megan's kind. And sweet. And so adorably naive and romantic and trusting, even while being curious and smart as heck. She's the kind of girl you can be with for the rest of your life... as indeed I very much hope to do.

But that's a story for another day. I've no time to think about engagement rings and stuff – not when I'm taking Megan's hand and following Cassie into the party house's living room... finding there an entire panel of six other students, apparently waiting. For *us*?

"Have a seat!" Cassie orders, and even as I do so the memory of a particularly risqué evening flashes into my mind: of her ordering me to lower myself onto a lubed dildo, before she'd grabbed my head and stifled my uncomfortable moans deep within her dripping womanhood. "Come on, get comfy. We've got something we wanted to tell you about!"

You don't say. I only recognize a few faces here, but everyone is staring at us expectantly. "Um... okay?" I offer, with a glance over at Megan's cocked head and wondering gaze. "Sure. What's going on?"

"Well, first, you should stay *calm*," Cassie begins – and my brow furrows in surprise. "I know this all might sound pretty freaky and weird, but-" *Freaky and weird as the shit we did in your old apartment?* I find myself wondering. Yet even as my puzzlement increases, a sudden sound catches my ear from the ceiling above us.

It's the sound of a muffled, desperate moaning – the sort of moaning that might at one time have escaped me through the damp panties Cassie had gleefully forced into my mouth. And accompanying each moan, I can hear a series of thumps and thuds that sound for all the world like someone trying to break free...

My brain is still racing into overdrive to figure out what is happening when Megan bolts up from beside me and dashes toward the staircase. "I think someone's stuck!" she blurts out, and as I stumble up after her, I vaguely remember her telling me about something like this once. How she'd been babysitting once. How the kid had gotten themselves jammed between some badly designed crib bars. How she'd had nightmares about it for weeks afterward...

"No- no, really! Don't go up there yet!" Cassandra is practically yelling after us, but she's too late. Megan's heels have disappeared up the staircase, and I'm following: yes, out of concern for her, but also from my own startled curiosity.

"Tom, what the heck? It- it's locked!" Megan's at the top, clearly distressed, her hand trembling on the unyielding doorknob. "I don't know what the heck is going on, but we- we gotta get in there-" Cassie and the others are thudding up the stairs behind us now, however, and they're calling out all

kinds of incoherent stuff. "Wait, no-" "No, you don't want to go in there!" "Why not? They need to see soon enough-"

Cassie's panting when she reaches the top beside us, her face a strange mixture of exasperation and merriment. "Look, Tom- Megan, it's fine- really, I promise..." But Megan's practically beside herself, and I don't think I've ever seen her looking so distressed. "There- there's someone trapped in there! You all... you *know* it?" The knob is rattling in her hand, and now she's gazing over at me pleadingly. "Please, we- this is getting scary! Tom, we gotta-"

"Cassie," I assert, trying to ignore just how weird it feels to be standing up to the girl who spent most of her time ordering *me* around. "Look, I don't know what kind of weird game you've got going on. But that's clearly someone trapped in there, so if you don't let us in, I- I'm going to call the cops." I find I'm shaking, but judging by the frightened looks on some of their faces, I can tell I've scared at least a few. "Really, I mean it! So come on – someone, give us a key already. Now!"

At that, Cassie glances around the little group, and I hear little mutters of assent. "Fuck me, might as well," says one girl. "Oh for fuck's sake," offers another. "No sense refusing," says a third – a guy I recognize from that one legal studies class I had last year. And so... a key finally materializes from somewhere among them.

I don't know what my adrenaline-fueled imagination was expecting behind that door. But when we finally do stumble in, I find myself not at all prepared for what we find.

It's the smell that assaults us first: a nasty wave of ammonia and human waste that singses our noses. But to that is added the dim light of a creepy attic. The massive, grotesquely oversized crib in the center of the room. And worst of all, the flabby and obese, half-naked man writhing within: strapped down and restrained, with some kind of pacifier-turned-gag in his mouth and a visibly swollen and soiled diaper around his crotch.

My poor, innocent Megan almost faints right there.

The next hour is probably the most surreal one of my entire freaking life.

We get the explanation, of course: *after* they foil our desperate attempts to rescue the poor fellow. Poor Megan is pretty hysterical toward the end, I have to say – not that I can blame her. I guess our

shock only subsides after the girl with the blonde and pink hair – Jessica, I think they call her – steps forward, reassuring us both that she'll explain everything completely and asking Megan kindly to give her back the key. And so we trudge down those stairs again, me telling Jessica along the way that it had better be one hell of a good explanation, *or else...*

But shockingly, it actually is.

Megan and I are pretty skeptical at first. That disgusting sight is burned into our brains pretty deep, after all. But when they all relate how this fellow harassed them... threatened them with an actual gun... even *assaulted* one of them...

Well, I mean, I won't exactly say that I endorse what they're doing. But it becomes a lot more understandable, you know?

"I'm sorry I flipped out a bit," I finally tell Cassie, and she just chuckles wryly and tells me not to worry. "Fuck, I'd have flipped out too," she admits amiably, leaning back in her seat and heaving a heavy sigh. "But look – you both get it now, right? We're not doing it to be cruel, honest. We're just giving him a lesson! I mean, sure – none of us would want to be in that big baby's shoes now..."

Here she chuckles wryly, and I can practically hear the low purr of sly arousal enter her voice as she smirks over at me. "Can you *imagine*, Tom? I guess *you* wouldn't like to be in his position, hmm? So tied up? So *helpless*?"

Of course I stammer out something incoherent, while the others titter and Megan looks at me strangely and the heat of embarrassment flames in my cheeks. No- no!, I splutter. Of course I wouldn't! Hell, no one in their right mind would- "Hey, just asking," Cassie sniggers, glancing knowingly over at Megan. "Just so you know, it's a *joke*, hon. I mean, sure, Tom and I did some pretty spicy stuff in our day. But you have nothing to worry about, honest..."

Poor Megan is left to nod and stammer out her own polite response – leaving Cassie to giggle once more and resume the thread of our conversation.

"Well, *anyway*... now that we trust you two..."

It's simple, really. Everybody there is headed out for a long-planned outing to a festival next weekend – everyone except me and Megan, that is. Clearly, they can't just abandon the guy they've

got locked away in their prison-like nursery upstairs. So they need someone to fill in for them, just for a few days. To, you know... give him food. And water. And even, you know...

"Sure, I can do it." Megan shocks everyone, including me – but she clearly means it. "Tom," she continues, looking over at me earnestly. "I know you're busy with that tutoring job you've got on the weekends. So of course you won't have a lot of time to take care of a..." she trails off, then smiles wryly. "A pretty big baby. But honestly, I'd kind of like to try..."

That's Megan for you, isn't it? Just when I think I know her to be all sweet and timid and romantic – just when I think she's about to faint from seeing a guy tied up in a giant baby crib – she goes and surprises me with something like this. But frankly, as long as she doesn't mind...

I guess I don't either.

And that settles it. Cassie, that Jessica girl, and all the others are delighted to hear that we can help them out, and immediately it's as if the tense atmosphere of before has evaporated. "Come on, Megan," Jessica beams, motioning her up and heading back toward the staircase. "Let me show you where everything is, okay? It's all upstairs, and it won't take long!" She's bubbling away as she motions Megan up and heads for the staircase. "You said you have babysitting experience, right? Me too! Honestly, it's exactly the same as taking care of a big toddler. Which reminds me – I need to show you the..."

And they disappear up the stairs – leaving me with nothing else to do but glance around awkwardly... and catch Cassie's amused stare... and head upstairs after them.

When I get up there, the two are already chatting in the friendliest of ways about things like diapers... powder... wipes... even things like laxatives and chloroform. It's all still vaguely surreal – and all the more so when I catch sight of Megan's intently listening, yet visibly excited face. *She's one hell of a girl*, I muse, trying my best not to stare at the restrained guy over in the massive crib. *Megan – she's actually doing this? She's okay with keeping a guy tied up? And... gagged?*

Huh. Now if only I could keep the more sordid side of my imagination – the side Cassie has educated all too well – from kicking into speculative overdrive about the things Megan might be willing to try. You know, in the bedroom...

Then, as if on cue, Cassie comes up again and the most unforgettable scene unfolds. You see, my sweet Megan actually offers to change the guy's messy diaper! I guess it must be her nice,

compassionate side – the side that doesn't want him to suffer. So away go the three women, while I shuffle in place and try desperately not to stare like a creep as they laugh and chatter among themselves, all while literally cleaning the poop from around some naked guy's dick and balls...

And of course, Cassie being Cassie, I hear her drop more than a few snarky comments about the poor guy's lack of male endowment... the way he's already acting like a real baby... how with any luck he'll be peeing and shitting himself in his sleep before long...

"See? Nothing to it!" I don't quite agree with Jessica's final, bright assessment, but Megan is actually nodding and beaming in agreement as she finishes sanitizing her hands. "See that, Tom? Nothing to worry about!" she tells me, slipping her cool and freshly cleaned hand confidently in mine and glancing back at the freshly diapered guy, still feebly writhing in his bonds. "I know it's a bit weird, but I'm sure I'll be able to handle it. It's like taking care of someone in a hospital, really – so it's actually a good life experience, don't you think?"

Think? I honestly don't know what to think anymore – but I guess it doesn't really matter, does it? Megan seems content, and Cassie's happy, and there doesn't seem to be any more tension between the two. Which is, I guess, more than any guy has the right to expect in my situation.

It's when we're leaving that it really hits me: the bright smile on Megan's face. The excited squeeze of her hand. The little spring in her step as we walk back to our car.

My sweet, romantic, poetry-writing girlfriend is genuinely pumped about all this!

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

April 2023 – Commission

Chapter Eight

Exactly the same as taking care of a big toddler, she'd said. Nothing to it, she'd said. You know, maybe I was a bit skeptical of Jessica's bubbly optimism about this whole thing. But now that I've been here a few days, I can't deny that... well, she was pretty much right!

Oh, not that I'm calling up my mom to tell her all about what a fun weekend I'm having. Wow, can you even imagine? "Hi Mom, it's me – Megan! Guess what I'm doing this weekend? Taking care of a nasty middle-aged guy who's tied up and being forced back into diapers! Doesn't that sound like such a blast?"

Hah, not exactly. But that's okay. I can chit-chat to my patient Bob here when he's awake, of course, and I can even video chat with Tom whenever I get too bored. Besides – who needs people when you can just relax with books and poetry and movies?

Oh, hang on – I'm probably getting ahead of myself. What have I even been doing these past few days, anyway? Maybe I'd better review my journal. Let's see...

Friday, November 18: My first day of this new babysitting job! Got here just before they all headed out to the airport. Cassie was a dear and handed over everything I needed until they get back Sunday night. (It's really just a lot of keys, to be honest – keys, and a bunch of their cell phone numbers for emergencies.) I don't expect to need them, of course. Bobby doesn't seem like much trouble...

Yeah, I know his name is just boring old Bob. I've already fixed that by calling him Bobby – because it's just so much cuter, don't you think? Plain "Bob" sounds just like some mean old neighbor guy. But "Bobby"? Aww, a sweet little Bobby would never hurt anyone! Bobby just like an adorable little buddy who needs me to wipe his snotty nose and change his soggy pants, you know?

Which I did, of course – not to mention feeding him his bedtime bottle and medicine, and making sure he's all snug and tight in his crib. But after that I had lots of relaxing alone time, which was super nice. Had my own supper and then chilled with my new Blu-Ray of Titanic. Best movie of all time – obviously!

And just so romantic, too! Sigh... I fell asleep imagining lying there just like Rose: all naked and pretty, while Tom gets super flustered and distracted trying to focus on painting me... A girl can dream, right?

Saturday: November 19: Nothing much, really. Woke up, fed and changed Bobby. Chatted with Tom over breakfast, then took a nice relaxing bath. Got to thinking about Bobby and how boring it must be for him up there. Ended up writing a little poem for him – about how cute little birds snug up in their nest, and how mama bird loves to take care of them, and how someday if they're good they'll be ready to go out into the big world...

I guess I'm not much of a poet, judging by the look on his face when I read it to him. But it's still fun to do, so I don't mind too much!

After that I tried something else to cheer him up. Cassie has this whole loop of nursery rhymes and lullabies she's been playing for him, so I told him maybe I can get him something more grown up. Wow, he seemed pretty excited by that! So of course I had to play him my favorite song of all – you know, "My Heart Will Go On." Who can possibly feel nasty or whiny when listening to that, right? But he still seemed grumpy after that, so I just left it on. You know, figured a few hours with it on repeat might make him like it more.

Sadly, he still didn't seem to be any happier when I gave him his diaper change and bottle tonight, so I switched back to his lullabies. His loss, right? I guess it serves him right for not enjoying good music when he hears it!

Sunday, November 20:

Umm...

Maybe I'll fill in today's entry later? Because so far, nothing's really been all that interesting! Let's see: breakfast as usual. Bobby's change and bottle and medicine as usual. Making sure everything's nice and organized for when Cassie and the others get back this evening...

Oh, that reminds me. Bobby is getting pretty smelly, and not just from that messy diaper this morning. Honestly, he really needs a bath to get rid of that sweaty stench – a real bath, not just a wipe-down with a sponge. But how on earth will I ever be able to bathe him all by myself?

Hmm... wait. Cassie showed me the chloroform for putting him to sleep. She meant it for when he misbehaves, of course. But what if I'd make him go to sleep first? Then I could take off all those buckles and straps and stuff. I could maybe lower him down into that wheelchair I found up there, right? Or a blanket or something? Then take him over to that upstairs bathroom...

I can't resist. Maybe it's just the people-pleaser in me, or my sympathy for Bobby getting the better of me. Maybe I'm actually just bored. But after lunch, I put the plan into motion.

"It's okay, Bobby," I soothe while I press the thick, sweet-smelling rag firmly over his nose and paci-gagged mouth. "You've been a good boy for me, really. It's just that I need to do something with you. I'm going to make you smell all nice and fresh again, and I can't have you fighting me, okay? So just relax. Just breathe nice and deep..." He seems upset, of course – but only for a little while. Only until his eyes close and he falls completely unconscious, helpless against the chloroform.

Wow, he's gonna be heavy! In the back of my mind I'm worrying a bit about how on earth I'll get him into the tub – let alone back into the crib. But I've made up my mind, and it's too late to back out now. So out come the keys Cassie gave me, and off come those cuffs. Out he flops, sagging limp and heavy into the creaking wheelchair. And over to the bathroom: where the diaper comes off, and the chastity thingie comes off, and into the warm water he splashes – with me heaving and grunting all the way.

He's completely naked now, of course, and completely unrestrained. Under other circumstances I'd be worried about him fighting me, or making a mess since he's out of his diaper. But as long as I work fast I'll be able to get him clean and dried and bundled back into place before he wakes up, right? And if he *does* piddle in the tub – because what else can you expect from a sweet little Bobby? – I guess no one will know...

It's quite a success, really! The soap is nice and powdery-smelling, and soon all that icky sweaty smell has been washed away. "Good boy," I soothe to my unconscious patient as the water drains and I begin toweling his obese body dry, making sure to get into all those pesky folds and creases around his thighs and his newly freed, oddly small penis. "Now, I know you won't like this, but I'm just doing my job. Come on, let's get your lock back on..."

And on it goes, clicking snugly into place around that little dick. It's quite a cute little device, too – almost as cute as the crinkly, still-dry diaper that I manage to slip back onto him. The tapes aren't what they used to be, though, so after a few unsuccessful attempts I grab the duct tape from his nursery and strap it snugly into place. And then... well, we're all set to head back to his nursery!

It's once I've finally grunted and strained and heaved his heavy self back out of the chair and into the crib that it happens. Oh, I'm being careful! I even have the chloroform rag ready in case he

wakes up! But right as I'm shuffling around by his feet, sorting through the straps and figuring out which ones belong where, I hear a little wheeze. I glance back over his prone form toward his head... to find his resentful, angry eyes glaring back at me. And then...

Well, something smacks me right in the face. And before I know it, I'm sprawled on the ground beside the crib, while above me Bobby flails his way out, muttering some very nasty words indeed.

I struggle, of course. I scramble away once he tries to pin me down. And he isn't exactly a wrestler, so naturally he stumbles and bellows in ungainly anger when I slip away, my heart thudding in panic. "Bobby, please!" I'm pleading, even as my hand grapples desperately for the chloroform rag. "Calm down! It's- it's okay-" He's wheezing, eyes widening at the sight of the rag, now caught in my trembling hand, as it approaches his face. "It- this is for- your own good..." I falter...

He twists heavily away. And I fall flat on my back, with barely enough time to draw one short breath before his weight crushes down on me.

The last things I recall are the sound of his labored wheezing... his muttered curses... the soft suffocation of the rag being clamped over my face... and the horrific smell of sweet, heavy gas forcing its way deep into my... lungs and, and stu- stupefying... my... brain...

I'm free. At fucking last!

I've been here for god knows how many fucking weeks. These absolute criminals have been torturing me for kicks this whole time. And here this fucking bitch thinks she can treat me like some cute little kid, huh? Yeah, fuck you! Enjoy that chloroform. It's nothing more than you did to me!

God, my heart's not liking this one bit. I don't get around like I used to, you know? But once the chick has finally passed out, at least I have a bit of time to figure out my next move. Which, at the moment, is simply catching my breath. And after that... absolute revenge.

Tie her up. Make her the baby. Force her to shit herself. Force-feed her that disgusting milk in the baby bottle-

Well, I make a good start. Her stupid clothes come off easily enough, and I tear off the ones that

don't. A roll of duct tape just happens to be nearby, and right now it's everything I need. *Oh, yeah. Take that, bitch! Want to shove shit in my mouth? Try a taste of your own fucking panties, whore!* And so I stuff her mouth full of her own stupid panties, then wrap the tape around and around to seal them inside. *Perfect. Now for her stupid hands and feet. Over and over and round and round, just like a fucking package...*

Oh, yeah, revenge is hella sweet. But what's sweeter still is the moment I rip off the fucking diaper around my waist and throw it directly atop her unconscious face. If I had more time, of course, I'd do it properly: you know, tape it back on her. Throw her in the crib. Tie her up just like I was. But all that takes energy... and time.

And I'm beginning to remember that I certainly don't have time.

See, this Megan chick was talking to me just yesterday about the others coming back soon – so I can't exactly wait around for them, can I? But then again, I also need to take this fucking lock off my dick. And call the police. And... ugh, yeah. Find something to wear...

None of which work out as I hope. For one, the only fucking phone I can find is the one in that bitch's pocket... which I only find by accidentally stepping on it and hearing the crunch of glass beneath my foot. *Well, fuck.* Clothes? The only ones I can find – besides the stupid fucking big baby clothes in the nursery, that is! – are way too small for me. And worst of all, I can't even find the key that seems to belong with this cage thing! Maybe it fell somewhere? Maybe the other kids have it? But honestly, I don't have time to figure it out...

Five minutes later, I've escaped: shuffling out the door, towel wrapped around my waist. I'm headed not for my own house – it's too far away at the moment. No, I'm headed for the neighbors right across the way. Surely they'll be home, right? I think it's where that younger lady lives: the curvy brown-haired chick with the hot ass, who goes jogging past my place every day. I dunno what the fuck her name is, but that's no problem. All I need is for her to let me use her phone for a single call...

To call the fucking police on these criminals, of course. To get them locked up for good!

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

May 2023 – Commission

Chapter Nine

Hmm? What's that knocking on my door? Don't tell me it's a parcel delivery again? I thought all stuff for those college kids finished delivering weeks ago! And besides... it's Sunday. What kind of super dedicated parcel service would be dropping stuff off *today*?

Well, whatever. I set aside my latest mystery novel and rise unwillingly from the sofa, padding through my little kitchen toward the door. It's mid-afternoon, and as I squint through the peephole, the fading autumn light illuminates... well, probably the last person on earth I'm expecting to see.

It's Bob, my cretin of a neighbor. The guy who, until just now, I thought was safely sequestered in the confines of those college kids' house across the way. And judging by his flabby naked chest and that towel he's clutching around his waist, he's definitely not supposed to be here.

Crap, what do I do? Pretend I'm not at home? But no, that's just silly. And as thoughts race with lightning speed through my brain, I realize that I have to let him in. He's on the loose, which means something went terribly wrong over there. He's probably going to cause real trouble for them if he blabs to anyone else. And, well, other folks wouldn't understand. They wouldn't know what a piece of work he is, and why he deserves every ounce of weird humiliation those kids have been dishing out to him...

So I open the door – and muster up my very best shocked expression.

"Bob? Are- are you okay? What's going on?" He's glaring back at me from those beady eyes, wheezing with evident indignation. "Lemme use your phone?!" he demands, and I pull back slightly as he presses forward through the doorway. "Those fucking kids! I- I gotta call the police-"

"Whoa, hang on! Bob, what's going on? Please, explain what's happened! You're upset, I can tell-" Weirdly enough, my experience consoling hysterical toddlers has given me a reflexive instinct for how to deescalate the situation. "Aww, Bob, you're all out of breath! Have a seat, please. Here, nice and easy. Just calm down a bit and let me know what's going on..."

Well, he may be pissed off. He may be scared and angry as hell. But he's also shaking and clearly worn out. And so, he sinks heavily down onto my sofa, the towel around his waist struggling to

maintain its concealing grip.

"It's- they- they kidnapped me! They- they tied me up- they did all kinds of things- I- I just barely escaped-" Out it tumbles: his version of the events of the past few weeks, laced with wheezes and incoherent mutters and enough profanity to make a sailor blush. "They- they deserve to be shot, every last one of them! I- we gotta get the police- Send 'em all to fucking prison-"

You know, there was a time in my life – before my elementary education degree and all – that I thought I'd love being an actress. That dream might have sailed already, sure – but I'm realizing that life has just handed me a golden opportunity to act my heart out. And so... well, I throw every ounce of energy I have into it.

"Oh, god, that's- that's just awful!" I sympathize in a warm voice, and my soft pat of his shoulder reinforces my message. "I- I had no idea! I'm so glad you came here, Bob. You just rest there and let me help figure this out, okay?" He's nodding, and I breathe an inward sigh of relief. "Now, listen – you've been through a lot, and you're understandably upset. So what I want you to do is just catch your breath here for right now. I'm going to go make some tea, okay?"

Too much. "Oh, fuck your tea! I gotta- call the cops-" "We will, Bob," I interrupt politely, rising with a sympathetic smile. "We will! In fact, I'm going to call them for you right now, okay? But no harm in having some tea in the meantime..."

On goes the kettle. Out come two tea cups. And then... well, the toughest bit of all: picking up the phone and calling the "cops" – that is, a phone number that actually happens to belong to that nice young fellow Bob assaulted last month.

"Oh, um, hi! This is the police?" I half-turn to ensure that Bob can't overhear Michael's innocent questioning. Of course Michael is completely confused by what I'm saying, but I have to find some way to make him understand the situation. "Um, yes, everyone's okay! I, um, this is Christina Adams calling. I want to report a crime..."

Bob's eyes are staring eagerly over at me, and I flash a quick smile and thumbs-up. "Yes, yes!" I nod, as Michael's surprised stutters give way to understanding "uh-huhs". "See, it's about my neighbor, Bob Richardson? Well, it's hard to believe, but it seems that a bunch of neighborhood kids have actually assaulted him! Yes, really! No, he's safe – he's over here at my house. Yeah, he just managed to escape them somehow, thank god. I'm really not sure how. But he's safe here with me. Yes... yes, we'll be here..."

And a minute later, it's done. "They said they're on their way!" I report to Bob, just as the steaming kettle begins to sing. "They have our address from my phone, of course. So all we need to do is rest here and wait." "Ugh, figures. How fucking long did they say it will be?" "It's hard to say," I offer cautiously, pouring the steaming liquid into the teacups. "But never mind that, Bob! You're safe here, right? You just sit back and rest, and they'll be here shortly..."

Oh, yes. *They* will be. Michael said so himself.

"So, umm..." I begin, having handed him the tea and settled into the chair across from him. I'm racking my brain for ways to keep him calm and stationary long enough for Michael and his friends to show up. "You look pretty cold there. Would you like a blanket? Or maybe some cookies?"

Of course he doesn't. But that doesn't keep him from grudgingly accepting the blanket I tuck around his shoulders, or from noisily chowing down on the cookies I fetch and set on the table beside him. While all the while he's muttering about those damn kids, and how the stupid police better do their fucking job for once...

"Hey." He stops suddenly, peering over at me with maybe the closest thing to shame I've seen in his eyes. "I, um. Those sick bastards put some kinda... *thing* on me. On my dick, of all things! I- I don't guess you, um... know how to get it off?"

Oh, god, really? "I, um..." My stalling for time actually fits nicely with the reaction any unsuspecting neighbor should have, and once again I congratulate myself on my stellar acting abilities. "I- wow! I had no idea... But I- I don't know. Is it, like, locked on or something? See, I'd just be afraid of hurting you..."

And so I politely decline, with the best and most disarmingly compassionate smile I can find. "Better wait until the police are here. I'm sure they'll know what to do!"

Sure they will, I mentally repeat. *Sure they will*.

"What the actual fuck?! It's Megan! Guys, come up here now! Oh, shit-"

Why is Jessica sounding so panicked? I haven't any idea, but there's only one way to find out.

"Coming!" I yell, shoving my way past our luggage and heading up the stairs. *Whoa. Kinda feeling the wine I got on the plane...*

"Oh, it's you, Brian? Thank god! Here, look!" I'm trying, but it's kinda dark up here, and all I can see is Jessica kneeling somewhere ahead of me on the floor. "It's Megan! She- she's tied up-" My fumbling hand finds the light switch at last, and on it flashes: revealing, in a burst of shocking clarity, a sight that will remain seared into my brain for the rest of my life.

It's Megan, all right. Lying helpless on the floor. And not just with her hands and ankles wrapped in tape, but... okay, I'll say it. Stark naked. I mean, like, completely. Boobs and pussy and everything right there on display. And weirdest of all, one of Bob's taped-up, open diapers lying beside her.

Not that she seems to be aware of it. She's completely unconscious. And from the way Jessica's sniffing at the rag on the floor beside her, it seems like it's no ordinary sleep, either.

"Here, help me untie her! She's- she's been chloroformed- "Who by?" I ask stupidly, even as I glance past her at the manifestly empty crib. "Oh... oh shit. That guy's..." "I know, I know! Bob's gone!" Jessica exclaims crossly, even as she's tugging fruitlessly at the tough duct tape around Megan's wrists. "One thing at a time, okay? Here, you have a knife or something? Scissors?"

We get her untied soon enough. But even before Jessica has finished tucking a blanket around our unconscious babysitter's naked body and we get the chance to go down and raise the alarm, I catch the murmur of voices beneath us. And as it turns out, they're already a step ahead of us.

"It's Ms. Adams," Michael is saying as Jessica and I stumble down the ladder. "She says Bob's over at her place!"

The uproar that follows is predictable. "Fucking hell?!" "We gotta go over there pronto-" "No, it's true! Megan's-" "She was all tied up. Chloroformed-" "Holy shit! Gotta get that bastard before he causes more trouble!" "How the hell did he do it, anyway?"

And so not five minutes later, we're headed over en masse: some of us with chloroform rags, some with tape, others with rope, and all of us thoroughly on edge. This was probably the last thing any of us expected to find after coming back from vacation, and it's got us all a bit rattled.

"Finally!" Ms. Adams hisses upon opening the door and finding us all huddled close. "Make it

quick, okay? He thinks you're the police-" And then, loudly for Bob's benefit. "Oh, thank god it's you, officer! Yes, right in here. So glad you could get over here so quickly-"

Oh, the look on Bob's face when he sees us rushing in to grab him is incredible. So much dismay... betrayal... anger... and yes, even undisguised terror.

But perhaps mercifully for him, it doesn't last more than a few minutes. Not with so many of us there, and with us having the element of surprise. Besides, we're young and strong and raring to take this guy down.

"Hey! No- fuck- Get away from me! No- you bitch-" He struggles. Flails. Kicks. But Cynthia is pinning her rag around his nose and mouth, and Sarah and Jessica each have an arm, and I've body-tackled his legs while Michael is already producing the tape. And not three minutes later, the guy has sagged back into unconsciousness, his heavy body growing limp and pliant as we wrap the rope and tape tighter and tighter around him.

"Whew." It's Michael who steps back at last and nods apologetically to Ms. Adams, who has been standing there watching the entire time, an expression of mild interest on her pretty face. "Thanks so much. We really owe you one! It's just... well, we never expected him to escape..."

Her musical laughter fills the room, and I shiver a bit as she flashes a sudden bright smile. "Oh, sweetie, don't go apologizing now! I'm just so happy I could help." She glances pointedly down at Bob's exposed dick – now visibly leaking urine from the snugly locked cage – and gives a wry chuckle. "Looks like you'd better get him back in his nursery soon, though! Poor guy really seems to be missing his diaper now, doesn't he?"

Maybe he is – or maybe it's just the effect of the chloroform. Not that it really matters, I guess. Because now that we're back, I have a feeling Jess and the others are going to keep him locked up and in diapers for the rest of the foreseeable future.

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

June 2023 – Commission

Chapter Ten

"Listen, I know it's pretty scary. I know you have every right to be upset. But we're gonna fix everything up, okay? I *promise* it's going to be all right. You just need to listen to what I'm saying..."

Oh, poor girlie! I've got a good imagination, so I can definitely imagine what it must be like to be in Megan's shoes. But even so, I guess it's only when you've actually *been* there that you can know what going through it feels like, huh? Waking up completely naked on your friends' floor, with nothing but one of their ratty blankets haphazardly covering you? Finding out only now that the guy you were taking care of broke free... knocked you out... and yes, did all kinds of weird things to you while you were literally unconscious?

Megan's hands are trembling as she sips at her glass of ice water, her eyes clouded with anger and shame. "Wait, you mean... You're saying he actually... took my clothes off? All of them? And... and tied me up?" I nod silently, trying to decide whether I should give her the entire truth. Should I tell her? *Yep, trussed like a turkey! Duct tape everywhere. Oh, and he'd even gagged your mouth using your own panties. Good thing we came back when we did, or you would have been stuck there for god knows how long...*

"Yeah, I guess so," I admit softly, with an empathetic sigh. "Fortunately, that's about it; it seems like he just wanted to make sure you wouldn't chase after him. And don't worry – he's already back in hand and well restrained, I promise. We got him back last night and put him back where he belongs, remember? You know, right before Tom came and picked you up..."

But Megan's barely listening to me. "I... I was just trying to be nice, Jane," she falters, raising her troubled eyes to meet mine. "And here I thought he was learning to be a decent guy, too. I was convinced he'd learned his lesson, and- and-"

I sigh, adjust my glasses, and reach over to pat her hand gently; my psychology classes have taught me all about the importance of physical touch to reinforce empathy. "Of course you were being nice, Megan!" I agree, and I mean it – though internally I'm adding, *Way too nice*. "You're super sweet, and kind, and good-hearted. And I guess it's sad, but not everyone in the world is as nice or as easy to reform as we might wish."

She frowns and stares reflectively at the table, then raises her gaze to mine once more. "Guess you're

right about that. He's really a bad guy, isn't he?" "The worst," I confirm, and gesture upward toward the upstairs loft where our captive Bob is now safely imprisoned once again. "There's a really, really good reason why we've had to treat him like this, you know. Some folks might turn him over to the police, of course. But we... well, Michael and Cassandra and the rest of us would rather settle things in our *own* way..."

"So now what?" Megan's shifting to the edge of her seat, a look of anxious eagerness in her brown eyes. "What are you going to do now? I mean..." She frowns and glances over at the smashed heap of glass and plastic that was until recently her phone. "I don't suppose we can get him to pay for replacing my phone..."

"Oh, Megan," I begin, and a quiet laugh wells up within me at her sweet naivete. She's been knocked out and practically molested by a confirmed, violent, dangerous criminal – and she's worried about her *cell phone*?! "Megan, that's no big deal, I promise! Heck, Jessica and I already ordered you a new one just last night – you know, 'cause we feel so bad about what happened to yours."

"Wait, really? You- no way-" I nod my head energetically. "Of course! It happened while you were helping us out, and out of the goodness of your heart. Of *course* we'll replace it for you!" But then I lean forward and gesture upwards again. "Now, listen. I've got *just* the thing to take care of that guy – honest. I just want to see what you think first... maybe get a few ideas..."

And then, at last I say it. "Soo... have you ever heard of post-hypnotic triggers?"

Of course she hasn't. She's not the psychology major, after all. She's not the one who's been fascinated by the idea of hypnosis since grade school – since watching those riveting movie scenes of poor, hapless heroines getting spellbound and brainwashed by nefarious criminals. And she's not the one taking course after extra course, working crazy-full semesters just to make sure she can go right into a psychotherapy practice after graduating.

"It's really quite easy – like a form of guided meditation," I confidently assure her. "And when it's done well, it's really, *really* effective! See, hypnotic triggers aren't magic, of course. But they can still make people behave in certain ways... get them to do and remember and forget things on command..."

And so I begin to elaborate it to my increasingly wide-eyed listener: my delightful ideas about training our neighbor Bob into some truly life-altering – and, may I say, humiliating – trigger-

dependent behaviors.

"It's easy," I explain simply. "Over the next few weeks I'll implant triggers in his mind: key words or phrases that will nudge him to behave a certain way. We'll make sure that you and the rest of us are the only ones to know them. And then... well," I chuckle knowingly, "there's no end to what we can do – and how easily we can control him!"

"Control him?!" Megan's still not tracking, and so I have to spell it out for her point-blank. "Uh, yeah! How about a trigger that will make him pee his pants on command... no matter where he is?" Her eye's widen in sudden comprehension and growing mirth. "Wait... really? You could really *do* that?"

"Sure could," I affirm confidently, with a toss of my nut-brown hair. "How about one to make him poo himself, too? Or, I dunno. Maybe one to make him think he's an actual one-year-old baby?" She's stunned, but behind the hand she's got over her open mouth I can tell she's laughing. "Oh my god... really?! That would be- that would be *incredible!*"

"I know, right?" I enthuse, and I can already tell I've won her over. "Just think: if he ever broke free again, no more wrestling him into submission. Just say a sweet little phrase – something like, I dunno... 'Be a good baby!' And down he'd plop on that diapered butt of his, maybe sucking his thumb and drooling like the sweetest little baby ever..."

And so it's settled – or at least, I think it is. Over these last few weeks I've been brainstorming all the triggers I might use and how I'd implant them, so really these latest events have just accelerated them and given me a reason to put them into motion right away. All that remains is to give it a try – and of course, now that Megan's so stoked on the idea, I can't do it without at least letting her watch.

"Pretty good way to get revenge, if I do say so myself," I whisper as we head up the ladder to our waiting patient. "After what he's done to you and to Michael, he deserves far worse than a couple of harmless triggers." I laugh and help her up the final steps before heading into the makeshift nursery. "This is going to be *so* good! Cassandra and all the others have been rooting for him to be treated like a baby, of course – I think to humiliate him more than anything. But now..."

I pause by the end of the dimly lit bed, gazing down at the motionless guy before us. And as Megan slips up beside me, I give her hand a quick squeeze. "Thanks to a little bit of hypnosis, we'll have a way to make him a baby for *real.*"

It's uncanny, really – just how quickly Megan has swiveled from being shocked and upset over Bob's treatment here, to being fully onboard with it, to begin not merely okay with it but thirsty for him to be punished more thoroughly than anything so far. It's maybe even a bit creepy, given what a sweet girl she seems to be. But then again...

Well, I guess getting knocked out and stripped naked and tied up by a weird guy can really change a person, huh?

Fortunately, our first session goes more easily than I've even anticipated! Bob is already lying motionless in bed, stripped down once more to just his diaper. He's already been fed, and his diaper is obviously wet. He gurgles a tiny bit behind his gag, and of course he doesn't exactly look happy. But thanks to the strict medical bonds he clearly can't get away – and really, I suppose it's natural that having so few ways to distract himself must be helping...

So I begin the induction, nice and simple. I quietly chat with him, beginning to weave soft, simple instructions into my gentle words once I see he's listening. Only then, once he's following along, do I produce my trusty pendulum. *Just rest. Relax. Listen along. Try to follow along. Watch. Let your eyes follow this pretty ball on a string.*

Maybe I'm really that amazing. Or maybe, just maybe we're fortunate enough to have a highly susceptible patient before us. Because let me tell you: not ten minutes into the session, his breathing has slackened – his dull eyes have glazed – his muscles have gone limp. That is to say, he's already clearly under my hypnotic control.

"Now then," I whisper softly, with a sideways grin over at the spellbound and wide-eyed Megan. "What would you like to train this big, stupid baby to do first?"

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

July 2023 – Commission

Chapter Eleven

Well, this is awkward.

You know how sometimes something seems like a great idea at the time? Like that you ought to take that risk, that you won't regret it later, and that it'll all work out just fine? Yeah... I was that way last night while hanging out with Jessica. Guess the drinks didn't really make my typical piss-poor judgment any better, either...

The memory keeps bouncing back to me – time and time again, just like some stupid squash ball – as I sit here in our living room, scrolling aimlessly through my phone. How elated I'd been to go out last night! How awesome it had been that none of the others were coming, and that it was just going to be Jessica and me. "Heck, it's almost like a date or something," she'd joked offhandedly. And of course I'd tried to laugh along... as much as my nerves would allow.

Because who *wouldn't* be nervous and excited at the prospect of an evening with the girl they've had a crush on for the past two years?

I can practically hear my own stupid voice in my ears – see the puzzled expression on her beautiful face – her fingers twisting in her lovely pink hair as I begin to stammer out my feelings. "I- I really like- no, *love* you," I'd managed, and a note of pleading desperation had entered despite my best efforts. "I- you're just so- so kind. And like, different? And really thoughtful, you know. And- well, I've been wanting to ask..."

Then the question had practically vomited itself out of my mouth in a torrent of incoherent words. "*CanIbeyourboyfriendplease?!*"

Oh, the expression on her face! How completely shocked she'd looked! How she'd fumbled for words... stammering out something about how she needed more time to think about it, that she wasn't quite ready for a relationship, that she *liked* me and all, but...

A sound of approaching footsteps interrupts my depressing musings, and I glance up suddenly, glad for something – anything – to distract me. But just my luck, it's her. Jessica. The girl who just got done telling me last night, in that lovely sweet voice of hers, that I belonged firmly in the friendzone.

"Morning," she yawns on her way to the coffee pot, and I mutter out an uncomfortable *good morning*. Being the weekend, she's dressed simply in her favorite "Keep Calm and Hug a Panda" T-shirt and sweatpants, and though her hair is still a bit tousled from sleep, my quickening pulse reminds me just how beautiful she is.

"Um, about last night?" I begin lamely, before my nerve can fail me. She glances up, a spoon of coffee grounds suspended in one hand, and I force out an awkward chuckle. "Hey, I'm really sorry. I- um, I don't think I was myself. I wasn't thinking straight, you know- the alcohol-"

"Hey, no problem," she says simply, closing the coffee maker and flipping it to ON. "It's okay, really." She lapses into silence, and for one uncomfortable moment I'm afraid things are going to become more awkward than ever between us. But then she simply shrugs and clears her throat. "Anyway... before I forget. Everyone else is still busy today, so Jane asked me to take care of the baby."

She gestures upward, and I realize she's talking about our disgusting-ass neighbor we've been teaching a lesson these past months. Before I can do much more than nod, she's glancing expectantly over at me. "So, umm... Seeing as how we had that disaster with Megan the other week, I was wondering. Would you mind coming up with me? You know, just in case he tries anything funny?"

Oh, I know what she means. I still remember the shock of coming up there and finding Megan stripped stark naked and tied up like some poor girl in a horror film. And though I know already how awkward it will be, neither does it even cross my mind to say no. It's *Jessica*, after all. "Uh, sure? I mean..." I stall, trying to sound neither too disgruntled nor too hopeful. "I don't know how to handle everything. But happy to come along, if you want..."

"Okay, then, cool!" Her tone is brightening as she takes a hefty sip of her coffee, and she gives me a wry wink over the top of her cup. "Now, don't get *too* excited, mister. Just to be clear, this isn't me finding an excuse to sneak off and make out, or something. No kissing, and no naughty stuff, okay?" She's clearly serious despite her joking tone, and though it hurts, I can only chuckle uncomfortably and nod along. "Then come on," she continues, heading for the stairs. "It's high time he got his change and feeding. Oh, and his training, too..."

That's how I end up there in the dimly lit attic that we've turned into a giant nursery. That's why I'm left standing awkwardly there, watching the girl I want but can't have briskly busying about the

weird arrangement of straps and cuffs holding the guy down into the giant crib. "Yeah, this new stuff over here is all for his hypnosis training," she explains offhandedly, and I can only assume she's talking to me and not to the mute, gagged fellow beneath her. But really... is there anything I can do or say in response to that? What do I know or care about "hypnosis," anyway?

Whatever. She's gesturing first at the pair of chunky wireless over-ear headphones on the guy's head, then over at a little bedside stand beside her, upon which is a small black stereo. "See all this? Jane told me all about it before she left. According to *her*, we've got to keep the files playing 24/7, even during his change and everything." She smiles wryly and glances down across Bob's bound form. "Apparently we've got a long way to go. He's really fighting it... though honestly, I don't see why he even bothers. Not like he'll be able to win."

Man, I know what that's like, I muse sarcastically. *Fighting and hoping for something with no chance of winning*. But I keep my mouth shut, choosing instead to watch as her delicate fingers loosen strap after strap. "You really must be tired of being buckled so tight," she tells her patient in a kindly tone. "Aww, and listening to that file all this time? Your head must really hurt! Here, let me get you your morning bottle. And in the meantime, I'm sure we can give you a little break right now from this. *I won't tell Jane if you don't...*"

Off comes the headphones. Out comes a large feeding bottle. And before I know it, she's got it full to the brim with some kind of creamy concoction, and she's unbuckling his pacifier-like gag, and she's lowering it toward the squirming guy's mouth. "Come on, baby. Open up for Babysitter Jessica! That's right, be a good boy and drink your yummy bottle..."

"Nuh-uh! Noh- no way!" He's wheezing faintly but indignantly, and I can see that he's pursing his lips and turning away from the bottle nipple. "Oh, sweetie, I know it's not nice. I know it makes your tummy feel all rumbly and icky. But it's for your own good, okay?" Jessica's voice has all the cajoling sweetness of a real babysitter for some bratty little kid. "Go on – here! It's in now, baby. Just be a good boy and suck on it. It's really good..."

"Fhuuckk yooo, bitch!! Fucking asshole! Fucking *whore!*"

I start forward not only at his foul words, but at the sight of his loosened limbs heaving and bucking. No way we can have him breaking free again! And besides, no way someone should be able to get away with calling Jessica a bitch and a whore...

Oh, but there's a strange light in her eyes now that I've never seen. "Well, is *that* how you want to

play?" She's turning away, reaching down beside the crib to produce something I've only heard the girls snickering about among themselves. "I guess we're gonna have to do this the *hard* way, baby!"

With surprising strength and dexterity, she forces the feeding gag into his spluttering mouth. He's left heaving and panting through the rubber hole... but only for a moment. Off comes the top of the formula bottle. Over the hole she suspends it. And little by little, with pour after pour, she drains the bottle into his gurgling and frantically gulping mouth.

Wow. Jessica's pretty scary when she gets upset!

"It's okay, Brian," she tells me then, when I ask if there's anything I can do to help. She smiles first at me, then down at her patient, in whose mouth she has just refastened the massive pacifier gag. "See, I know he was misbehaving just now. But I think he's learned his lesson now. Haven't you, baby?" She shakes her head and pats the swollen and clearly dirty diaper between the guy's legs. "Look, I'm really disappointed in you for calling me names and being disobedient, baby. But listen: so long as you promise to hold still and be good while I change you, I'll keep you loose like this. I'll even keep the hypnosis off for you, okay? But then again, if you *don't* hold still..."

And once again, her voice takes on a scary edge. "If you make this diaper change hard for me in *any* way, I'm telling you now. I'll not only put those headphones right back on you, but I'll plan a punishment for you that you'll *never* forget." And then, like sunshine through clouds comes her bright smile once more, innocent and charming. "Sound like a deal?"

She gets the guy's hideous-smelling diaper changed – or at least, I think she does. I can't really find it in me to do more than glance quickly that direction now and again. But all the while I'm hearing all kinds of crinkling, and clinking, and the sound of heavy weight shifting on a creaking bedframe, and a sharp, increasingly exasperated series of interjections from Jessica. "Baby, no!" "I told you, hold still!" "Bob, I'm warning you..." Clearly, it's not going so well.

And when at last she straightens up with a sigh and a flourish of her gloved hands, the expression on her face is unforgettable: not merely stormy, but truly and appallingly vindictive. "Brian... you saw that, right? What an asshole this guy was the entire time, even though I told him not to be?"

I nod, trying not to let on that I hadn't been watching in detail. "Oh, uhh... yeah. He's, um, he's really a piece of work, isn't he?" She's jerking at his restraints, tugging his limbs tightly down into place once more. She's yanking the headphones off the stand and clamping them tight around Bob's head, oblivious to the muffled moans escaping his gag. She's strapping his head down into place –

and sideways, too, as if to force him to gaze out through the bars rather than up at the ceiling...

I don't exactly know what all else she's doing, but she is *pissed*. And I don't quite know what to say.

Not that I need to decide. Because that's when she turns to me, tugging her hands out of her rubber gloves and planting them indignantly on her hips. "Oh, he's more than a piece of work," she snaps, and now she's stepping back and emphatically smashing the PLAY button on the stereo. "He's a piece of *shit*, that's what! And you know what I think a piece of *shit* like him deserves?"

Before I can react, she's stepping forward... directly into my arms. "Brian, you said last night you wanted to be my boyfriend. I think I was a bit too hasty last night. It's time I said yes. And what's more, I think it's time we both showed him all the things that boyfriends and girlfriends *do* together. You know, the things that this shit-faced man-baby will never, *ever* get to do again!"

What?! As I stare into my crush's fiercely glowing eyes... and as she leans in and plants a long-drawn kiss on my lips... well, fuck me. If this sudden about-face of hers is a dream, this has to be the single best dream of my entire fucking life.

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

August 2023 – Commission

Chapter Twelve

I'm not really sure what I'm doing, to be perfectly honest. But somehow, I'm in that strange mental space where I don't care anymore. It's like I'm so far outside my comfort zone that nothing seems too far-out to try.

Like what I just told Brian right now – that I, Jessica, the girl who just friend-zoned him last night, is ready to have sex with him. Right here, right now. Right in front of that jerk Bob.

And yeah, maybe I'm only saying that because I'm still fuming at Bob – you know, for being such a piece of shit while I was changing him just now. But I can't help it! I *really* want to make him squirm. I want to hurt him. Embarrass him. Make him realize who really *is* in charge here. And somehow, the idea of making out with another guy while he lies tied up there in his crib, forced to listen to those recordings that – if what Jane says is true – will make him think and act like a real baby...

Well, it sounds exactly right.

"Sooo..." I begin, with a sly grin at my partner and a provocative little wriggle of my hips. "Ever have a girl put on a sexy little show for you?" I'm no sex fiend, and I've only had, like, three boyfriends before. But I've seen movies. I know what a striptease is. And I'm more than ready to give it a whirl.

"Uh- well-" Brian is stuttering, his face clearly a mix of conflicting emotions. Perfect. There's something thrilling about seeing a guy look like he's about to pee his pants as soon as you merely smile at him. He's clearly got a crush on me, and that's pretty cute. "Well... *what*, hmm?" I prod, and now I'm tugging the hem of my T-shirt upward to reveal my bare waist. "Or maybe you can't even remember anything when I'm around?"

A muffled moan emanates from the crib behind us, and I grin, gesturing back at Bob who is writhing pathetically behind the crib bars. "Aww, that's it! Maybe you're just shy because of that dumb baby watching us, hmm? Don't worry – that's the point! He's gonna have to watch *everything!*"

And with that, I pull my shirt easily over my head. It's just my pajamas, so without any bra

underneath, there's nothing to keep Brian's eyes from widening with almost comical pleasure at the sight of my bare nips. "You- you're beautiful," he stammers, and I glance down, wagging my shoulders to set my C-cup breasts undulating before him. "And *you're* cute," I smile, with a little wink that I sincerely hope is sexy. "But listen, I really don't think it's fair for me to lose a shirt when you haven't! Come on now, show me those muscles..."

Maybe there's more of a coaxing babysitter tone in my voice than I intend. Maybe I really have been spending too much time babying Bob. But whatever the case, it works. Brian obediently fumbles his shirt off, his fingers visibly shaking with nerves. "Uh, okay- Sure, I- I can-"

Well, dang! I knew Brian was a gym bro, sure. But seeing those bulging muscles gleaming right here before me is magnificent, I can't deny. And I can already feel that lovely warm tingle building down between my legs, reminding me that I am most definitely a woman who's attracted to men.

Strong, handsome men. Muscly men. Men who can order me around... push me around, have their way with me...

Then it occurs to me. *Of course! What better way to get back at that guy Bob than to compare these two guys?* "Wow, you're so fit!" I exclaim loudly, pitching my voice to cut through the headphones and reach the ears of our captive listener. "You're so *handsome!* Goodness, just look at you – my god! Like, next to that guy Bob back there? You're positively amazing!" I give a little giggle, and Brian's face flushes with pride and embarrassment. "He's nothing but a dumb, flabby pile of lard next to you," I continue, and now I'm fiddling with the drawstring of my sweatpants. "And you know, Brian..."

I tug downward a tiny bit, biting my lip and smiling slyly at my entranced partner. "You've already seen what a silly, tiny little dick that guy has, right? How about... you know... showing me how you compare?" My pants descend further, revealing the first wispy bits of the blonde fringe surrounding my womanhood. "How about you show me yours, and I show you mine?"

"Uh- well, I- I mean, if you want? You- you're sure? Like, right here-"

Aww, he's so cute! "Of course right here," I smile. "Go on, please? And make sure to face me and Bob, too. I wanna let that silly baby see what a real man looks like..." His face twists into a wry, elated smile – and then, before my eyes, it happens. He clumsily tugs down his jeans, and reveals...

His penis. Cock. Manhood. Whatever you want to call it. Standing erect and proud, curving gently

to one side. But goodness, I'm not sure if I ever knew they made them that big!

"Oh, my," I observe, and the admiration in my voice is nothing if not sincere. *Wow, he really is built like a model, isn't he? God, would that even fit-? I mean, compared to my old boyfriend, he- he's massive-* "Well, aren't you excited? And just look at you!" Now I'm speaking loudly again, glancing back towards our struggling and still-moaning companion in his crib. "Yours must be three times the size of that guy's! It's the kind that would make any girl go... *whooo!*"

I give a little laugh and tug down my pants completely at that moment. And sure, maybe it's corny. But judging by how hungrily his eyes fasten on my naked pussy, I don't think he cares.

"Now, here," I begin, dropping to my knees before him, deliberately positioning myself so our captive audience can see what's about to happen. "I don't suppose you brought any lube, did you? Maybe I'd better just get things wet myself..." Open goes my mouth – wide open. It needs to, to accommodate that girthy cock before me. I've only tried giving head once before, but that doesn't matter right now. What matters is that I give Brian a good time, and that Bob gets a show he'll never forget.

"*Oh-h!* Oh, Jessica- Jessica, yes- Please, that feels- That's amazing-" He's already moaning after only a few quick pumps of my head. He's so long and girthy that I can't take much more than half of him before I start to gag, but that's fine. I'm sure of it. He's just be thrilled to have my warm lips around his cock. And me? Well...

I never thought I'd be saying this. But kneeling here in front of a muscly dude is getting *me* pretty damn excited, too.

It's over before my knees even get tired: his moans rising into a flurry of grunt and whimpers, his sudden jerking backward away from my mouth, and then... the spurting of his cock into open air. Thick, creamy cum jets out, arcing and dribbling outward and down to the floor. I glance upward, and the sight of his face, contorted in pleasure, is almost enough to send me into a shivering orgasm myself. Because, damn if it doesn't feel good to be able to do that to a guy? And on the first try, too? Aww, and he was considerate enough to pull out, too! He probably thinks I wouldn't want to swallow his load...

"Oh, yeah. Now that's more like it," I exult, giggling as Brian staggers before me, his face flushed with orgasmic delight and shame. "That's how a man cums, all right!" And then I rise, turning and making my way back to the writhing Bob. I'm naked, but so what?

"See that just now?" I gloat, reaching in and lifting one headphone so he can hear me. "See what real adults get to do? I bet you dream you could do that, Bob. And you know what? Maybe, just maybe – if you and I had met under different circumstances... and if you'd have joined our house party instead of *harassing* us... maybe you'd also have gotten the chance of getting laid!" I can hardly help the gloating little giggle that rises to my lips at the sight of his humiliated stare into my eyes. "Think about it! Instead of lying bound, gagged and diapered in a crib, being forced to become a baby again, you could be getting sucked and fucked by a college girl..."

"But you blew it," I shrug, with a knowing shake of my head. "After we're done retraining you, you're *never* going to be able to do anything like that again." I flash a grin and poke at his thickened, already wet diaper. "At least, not with a girl! Though who knows? *Maybe* Jane will train you to cum in your diapers instead. Oh, and definitely to pee and poop too – all on command, whenever we say..."

Whether Jane can actually do that or not, I honestly don't know. But that's beside the point, isn't it? Right now I'm simply having fun taunting him, watching his piggish eyes widen in fear with every threat I make. So back goes his headphone again. I turn up the hypnosis volume even higher. And then, I turn back to Brian with a bounce of my bare boobs.

"Now, then." I glance down at my naked body, then over at the giant changing table. "There's not really a bed around here, I guess. But... you know... I don't suppose you'd mind if we tried making out on that, would you?" I flash another grin, and point toward the straps and empty restraining cuffs dangling from the sides. "And look! If you want – if I move around too much or whatever – hey! You could even tie me down! How does that sound for a fun time?"

Well... maybe I was expecting a bit more stammering. Maybe I thought he'd demur, say he could never do that, mutter about needing to go. But no. He steps closer, a strange light burning in his eyes. And before I can quite react, he's bent down and planted a long, fierce kiss on my lips.

"You're incredible," he finally manages, when we finally separate. "Jessica, I- I love you. So... so fucking much."

To be perfectly honest, I never thought it would happen. Not right now. And not with a guy like him. But right in that moment, all I can think is that I'm starting to love him too. Very, very much.

And yeah... just so you know, that all happened *before* he made me cum that morning. Five times in a row. While the changing table creaked beneath us, and Bob gave his pathetic whimpers, and the loudest and most passionate moans of my life escaped my panting lips.

Maybe it was the thrill of being watched. Maybe it was genuinely because Brian and I unexpectedly have chemistry together. I really don't know. All I know is that if that's what happens when I leave my comfort zone... well, I should definitely do that more often!

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

September 2023 – Commission

Chapter Thirteen

It's almost surreal being back here yet again. It's legitimately weird – considering what happened that one time about a month ago. Hey, it's not every weekend that a sweet college girl like me get knocked out and stripped naked and tied up by some psychopath, is it? Nor is it every day that your friend confides that they can help you get revenge by reprogramming that same psychopath into some kind of dumb, controllable *baby*...

"Megan, are you really sure? You *really* want to go back there?" Tom's a sweetheart; he truly does care about me. And I get why he's skeptical – I really do. Everyone over here seems a tiny bit imbalanced. But it's like I wrote in my journal two days ago, after we got the call from Jane. I want closure, you know? I want to see what they've done with that guy. And I honestly want to know whether those "post-hypnotic suggestions," or whatever Jane called them, really do work.

"Triggers," she'd called them. "Make him pee his pants on command..." I'm still pretty skeptical, I must say. I mean, I know back in Victorian times they were all wild about being mesmerized and stuff like that. But all this time I've kinda just thought hypnosis was a wild fantasy, a romantic idea that never quite died out...

"It's okay," I tell him once more, flashing him a smile and reaching to open the car door. "Come on – it'll be fine! Let's get in there and just see what happens."

And so we do.

It's only a matter of minutes before I find myself being ushered by the smiling Jane up the stairs toward the attic I know all too well: the attic that has become home to their odd, oversized nursery-prison. "We'll be back in just a bit," she beams over her shoulder at Tom, who's staring uncertainly after us. "Don't worry – I'll take good care of your girlie. She'll be perfectly safe with me!"

"I can't wait to see how this goes," she giggles to me as we ascend into the darkness. "It's been more than a month now, you know? And I've been making sure he's been getting my special training practically non-stop. According to what I've read, it shouldn't take more than a week or two of *that* level of training to work. But, you know..." Now that she's at the top of the stairs, she trails off and gestures toward the dim glow of the hidden nursery. "I wanted to be absolutely, positively sure."

I peer over her shoulder into the dim light, staring in growing fascination at the familiar nursery once it comes into view. There's that giant, barred crib. There's the restraints, and the headphones, and the obese, half-naked figure of the crib's inmate lying motionless within. It's all just as I remembered it... perhaps. The only thing I can note is a new expression in those piggish eyes of his as they blink open. There's something in them that's so... bleak. Hopeless. Almost broken.

Don't go getting soft on him, now! I scold myself internally. *Remember how he basically molested you? Attacked you? Tied you the frick up?!* No, no. He deserves this. He deserves every single bit of it.

"Well, first things first. This'll make it easier to get started!" And before I can even register what's happening, Jane has whipped out a thick cloth handkerchief, upended a bottle I recognize all too well into it, and pressed the moistened cloth over his mouth and nose. "Can't have him being too squirmy at first," she explains conversationally, seemingly oblivious to the muted whimpers and moans emanating from beneath her muffling hand. "Won't take a moment 'til he's out cold."

And it doesn't. Once his bound limbs have ceased their pathetic spasming, she removes the cloth, and we get to work. Off come the headphones and the cuffs, hand and foot. Off comes the gag from his slack-jawed and drooling mouth. Off comes the medical restraint from around his naked chest. Even his diaper comes off – clearly soaked – and she and I manage to wrap a clean one around him and his tiny penis. Then, once he's finally clean and free, she steps back with an expression of satisfied accomplishment written across her face.

"Now, let's see what happens, shall we? I only gave him a tiny dose, so don't worry. He should be up before you know it."

Maybe I'm just paranoid. Or maybe I'm just not really a true believer yet that something as weird as hypnosis can actually work. But seeing him lying there, so completely free and able to move about, makes me more than a bit anxious. "Umm... do you think it's really a good idea to leave him untied like this?" I ask, eyeing our unconscious patient. "What if he just *attacks* us the second he wakes up?"

"Aww, don't worry!" Jane puts one hand comfortingly on my shoulder, and I can practically feel her calm confidence. "Everything's going to be fine – trust me. Those triggers are going to work, no question about it. Just watch and see. I'll show you just as soon as he comes around. Any time now-"

Well, speak of the devil. I stare in fascination as his eyes flutter open barely a minute later, and soon

he begins to glance about in confusion. "Must feel strange not to be tied up anymore," I can't resist saying, and he stares in surprise, before glancing down at his strangely free limbs. "Don't worry, you're free now!" Jane laughs cordially. "Come on, I bet you want to get up now, right? All babies love playing... getting exercise... toddling around..."

"Shudd- upp," he manages, his voice hoarse and cracked. I have no idea whether it's the effect of his long confinement, or something to do with the hypnosis, or maybe even something else entirely. But as he wheezes up into a sitting position, his fresh diaper crackling and rustling beneath his weight, it's clear that he hasn't exactly developed a love for us anytime recently.

Up the diaper-clad fellow staggers on shaking legs, so obviously unaccustomed to exercise. Toward the stairs he turns, clearly half-confused by our sudden willingness to let him go and half-incredulous at the prospect of freedom. And then, just as he nears the stairs and begins laboring down them, each stair thudding and groaning heavily beneath his weight, Jane says it.

"Dumb little rugrat!"

It's as if his legs literally give out from under him. Down the stairs he slides, his huge padded ass thudding and crinkling and slipping from stair to stair as he tumbles. If they were any longer or steeper, perhaps such a move would have been downright dangerous. But Jane clearly knows what she's doing. She knows how to handle him. And even before he's stumbled to the bottom, she's stepping gaily down the stairs in hot pursuit.

And so I follow, stunned at what I'm pretty sure I've just witnessed.

He's at the bottom when we get there: kneeling on hands and knees, wheezing in shock and staring forward at the floor with the strangest expression on his face. It's not anger, exactly. It's shock. Betrayal. And fearful wonderment at what has just happened.

"See? He's just a dumb little rugrat who can't even walk like a big kid," Jane enthuses, and as I glance around at the milling circle of our friends, I catch sight of Tom staring in frank incomprehension. "Go on, Bobbie! Try to get up now on your feet. You can't, can you? *Can* you, you dumb little rugrat?!"

He lets out a muffled protest – something about bitches and cunts and fucking whores, I think. But it's all difficult to make out, and at any rate, it's almost drowned out by the chorus of delighted laughter from the spectators.

"Aww, what a cutie!" "See, that's where a dude like him belongs – crawling like a fucking animal." "I *told* you hypnosis was no joke!" "Ehh, I'm not convinced. Come on, Jane. Show us something else!"

"Something else, hmm?" She seems to ponder, then flashes a sadistic grin and motions down at Bob, who by now is struggling forward on his bare hands and knees. "Okay, then... Who's a good little puddle-pants, Bobbie? Huh? Who's a *good little puddle-pants* for us?"

He freezes. A look of concentration crosses his face, mingled with wordless distress. And before three seconds pass, we all hear it: the sudden, loud hissing of a hot stream of urine into the depths of his diaper.

"See? Nothing to it," Jane giggles, as an explosion of mirth rises around us. "When you're a good little puddle-pants like Bobbie here, there's not a chance you'll ever be able to get out of diapers. *Ever*. Wouldn't you agree, my *good little puddle-pants*?"

"No-oo- Pleaszhe, you- you can't-" He's having difficulty forming the words, the syllables slurring in his mouth even as I can see the material of his diaper visibly sagging and swelling under the wet load within. "Oh but we *can*," Jane retorts firmly, and she bends down on one knee and takes his obese face in one hand. "Look at me, Bobbie. You're under my control now. *Our* control. And it's nothing less than you deserve after everything you did to us, is it? You stupid, *pampers-packing party pooper*!"

His entire body goes rigid in that moment. His eyes glaze. And as I cup my hand over my mouth in horrified amusement, I – and the rest of the crowd – watch as his muscles slowly contract and he lowers himself into the squatting pose of an infant. An infant about to...

Well, the audible explosion of gas and semi-liquid poo – along with his scrunched-up face and the visible bulge expanding in the seat of his waiting diaper – leaves no doubt as to what *this* overgrown infant is doing.

"Ugh, no way!" "Jane, you absolute legend!" "Wait, he didn't seriously just-" "Was that with or *without* laxatives, Jane?" Everyone's abuzz: half of us sneering and ugh-ing at the pathetic fellow before us, the other half lost in admiration for what our nerdy brainiac of a friend has done. I glance over at Tom amid the hubbub, and he's simply too stunned to speak. And so, I slip up to him, wrapping one arm confidently around his. "Hey, pretty amazing, huh?"

"Uh... I dunno..."

But Jane isn't done, and we both fall silent as she begins playfully fawning once more over the grunting Bob. "Aww, is you making a poodie? Is wittle baby Bobbie making a boom-boom in his dipie?" She's shaking her head in wry amusement as if she can't believe how pathetic he is. But before he can do more than let out another, whimpering plea to please stop, she speaks again. "I know babies can get fussy when they need changies, honey. Don't cry, though. *Thumbies are for dummies*, after all!"

Backward he jerks: right onto his haunches, and then *bang!* onto his smelly diapered ass. Into his mouth plunges his right hand, thumb extended. And now he's sitting there, staring around at us in mute, horrified fear, his entire mouth working instinctively and feverishly around his pacifying digit.

"See? Nice and quiet," Jane titters, and Cynthia lets out a shriek of laughter. "I'll say! Hey, who needs gags anymore when you've got *that* command in his stupid head, huh?" "Exactly," Jane smiles smugly. "Though I get that pacifiers are still a bit cuter. Besides, making him suck his thumb doesn't work so well when his hands are tied up..."

He lets out a pathetic little moan, and now Jane's expression has become positively devious. "But listen, he's looking like he's not too happy about all this. Why don't we teach him that it's actually *fun* to be our smelly little diaper baby, huh?" And before we can do more than giggle in fresh wonderment at what she's about to do, she bends down – fixes the poor fellow in her stare – and slowly, clearly articulates the words.

"*Dummy babies are cummy babies.*"

His face contorts behind his thumb. His muscles twitch and spasm. And as his eyes slide closed in uncomprehending, unexpected bliss, Jane lets out a low giggle. "Dummy babies are *cummy babies*," she repeats, and now I can see her hand is kneading firmly on the soiled padding between his legs. "And you're going to cum right here in your poopy pampers, Bobbie. Because *dummy babies... are cummy babies.*"

I can't believe it. It's surreal, seeing his body shudder on command, obligingly spasming into orgasm just at the utterance of a few words from Jane's smiling lips. It's like literal magic – and I say as much a moment later, as Tom is staring in horrified wonder. "I can't believe it! I had no idea this would work so well!" To which he can only stare, and nod his own head in half-fearful anxiety.

All good things must come to an end, though – as poor Bob discovers as soon as the hypnotically induced orgasm fades from his senses. And not five minutes later, I'm taking the oversized feeding bottle from Jessica's hands and plunging it deep between his lips, watching in mingled sympathy and delight as salty tears stream down his face in despondent trickles.

"Hey, look – the poor thing's bawling like a baby!" Jessica exclaims, with an eager glance over at Jane. "What's the trigger phrase for that one, hey?"

"Oh, crying? *That's* not from hypnosis," Jane simply giggles. And as the poor fellow gulps back a wet and shuddering sob behind the bottle nipple filling his mouth, she shakes her head. "Not one bit. That's all him, baby. That's all him..."

"The *good little puddle-pants*."

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

December 2023 – Commission

Chapter Fourteen

TW: Non-consent and forced marriage

"Just look at him! He's come such a long way, hasn't he?"

Voices. I know those voices. That one's the nice one with pink hair. Jessica. Yeah, nice Jessica. And the other...

"Oh, my. He... he really has. Wait, does he sleep like that all the time now?"

Hmm, that other voice. I kinda remember her? Her voice is soft. She sounds dreamy, far away. Somewhere in my foggy mind I seem to recall the sound of her crying out, shouting... What was her name, anyway? Meg- Megan? Yeah, Megan...

"What, with his thumb in his mouth? Oh, of course! No way he can't after five full months of Jane's hypno treatment!"

A burst of feminine laughter ripples through the room, and now I'm blinking tiredly open, my unfocused eyes only vaguely making out their forms through the bars of my crib. The bars are lowering even now, and I blink again as Jessica's arms reach forward and begin tugging at my clothes. It's all... normal. All just like normal. Like every morning since... well, since I can remember...

"Ready for your big day, buddy? Come on – let's get you out of that smelly diaper already! You've got a very important place to be, after all!" And another wave of female laughter washes over me in tandem with the cool air that makes me wince and grunt in reflexive discomfort. They're forever doing that: tugging at my pants. Opening them up. Taking away my nice, warm, wet pants and putting something dry and crinkly in its place...

"Nnuh- noo-" I manage, the saliva dribbling from my mouth as I gaze up into the lovely smiles of the women hovering over me. They're tugging me around more now, pulling at the sleeper around me, and I let out another irritated moan as the cold air ripples over my naked torso. I'm waking up further now, and with the cold air my rational brain and memories slowly begin to filter back. Ugh, these two – they're stripping me. Undressing me. Clean diaper now... now they're- what are they

doing now...?

"No sense in giving him anything more than a burp rag and a bottle for now," Jessica cheerily offers, and suddenly my mouth is full of the familiar, rubbery bulb that is practically my only source of food these days. My mind automatically sets my muscles suckling, and I gulp steadily away, grateful for the creamy liquid that is quenching my thirst and filling my tummy. It's actually good. There's still something in the back of my brain nagging at me that I shouldn't be drinking like this, but right now I don't care. It's good, and I'm hungry and thirsty, and, well...

I don't really have a choice anyway. Especially when Jessica's here forcing it deep into my mouth.

"All done," she announces at last, and as she and Megan heave me up into a sitting position and the milky belch burbles from my sticky lips, she giggles and wipes them clean. "Come on: let's get a move-on! You've got a big day ahead, Bobbie boy!"

Do I? I'm confused: especially when they pull out a fancy adult dress shirt and begin buttoning it over my fresh white onesie and diaper and locking plastic pants. I never get to wear something like this. Not anymore. I'm doing good if I get shortalls or a dress, normally – and more often than not, I'm in just a t-shirt and diaper or a onesie, lying with my bare flabby folds on display for everyone to see. You know, like the big baby I am.

And then come the pants: suit pants, knit and itchy and ever so adult as they slide up over the softly crinkling, plastic bulges of my diaper and plastic pants. And I begin to realize, with growing clarity, that something very odd is up.

"Wha- whad are you-" I begin to slur, but Jessica giggles and winks at Megan. "Hey, why don't we keep him quiet, huh?" Megan's face clouds, then lightens suddenly as she remembers. "Oh, yeah! Uh... *Thumbies are for dummies!*"

Whatever I was about to say dies away on my lips. My mouth slips open. My left hand reflexively jerks upward. And in a second, my sudden, overpowering need to suckle is satisfied: as my lips smack and slurp around the comforting length of my thumb.

Maybe they said more amid their silly laughter. Maybe they even told me what's going on and why I'm getting dressed up in this suit and tie. But my brain can't understand it: not right now. All I can do is suck, and gaze, and follow obediently along as they finally slip socks and shoes on me, then begin trundling me down the stairs and away from the nursery that has been my home for...

well, time out of mind.

Now if only I could understand why this smiling girl all in white is bending close and pinching my flabby cheeks. Or why her dark blonde hair is done up like that with flowers. Or why the dozen other people in the room are cheering and telling Cassandra congratulations – whoever Cassandra is...

I dunno. But at least my thumb tastes wonderful. And at least my pants feel nice and warm and wet again.

It's my big day, they say. Yeah, the hell it is! Not everyday you get married to the biggest, dumbest, silliest man-baby ever, is it?

I'm not the marrying type, honestly. I'd far rather be tying up half a dozen guys and making 'em beg for mercy than, well... getting tied down myself. With a husband and a house and freaking kids and all. Nope, no way in hell you could ever get me to ruin my life like that!

But this... well, it was Cynthia's joking idea at first. And the more we laughed about it, the more it made sense.

Because nowhere in the secular vows Michael found us online does it say I have to be *faithful* to a husband. Nor even that we have to fuck – though heaven knows I'm down to do him in the ass a few times, just for giggles. Or better yet, I can keep him like Jane programmed him to be: cumming in his stupid diapers whenever I say. So... yeah. This marriage to Bob, our neighborhood lout, will be nothing more than an arrangement to keep a guy in my life for a bit... and for his house and possessions to come directly to me.

Hell, yeah. I can't wait to turn one of those rooms of his into a nursery for him... and another into a half sex dungeon, half studio for entertaining the dirtiest and naughtiest boy toys I can find. You know, college dudes who will all just *happen* to be renting out the other rooms from me. Because, hey – what can I say? Bondage gear isn't cheap!

Anyway, I'm so enthralled at the prospect that I scarcely give any attention to the guy who's making it all possible. He's just sitting in the car beside me here, quiet and wide-eyed as the little baby Jane's programmed him to be. Now and again I catch him putting his thumb in his mouth,

and I tug it free with a snort and a laugh. "Bad Bobbie," I scold, watching with relish as his gaze drops guiltily down to his obviously diapered lap. "You gotta at least *try* to look like a grownup today. At least, just for a little while longer..."

Namely, until we get through with the paperwork at city hall.

It's no white wedding, of course. No need for that nonsense and expense. But all of us are there: Brian and Cynthia, Jane and Jessica, Megan and Tom, Michael and Sarah, all done up in their best outfits as witnesses and wedding guests. Even Ms. Adams, looking hot as hell in her low-cut blue dress and stunning heels, is there, wearing a bright smile on her face while Bob and I make our way inside. "So happy for you," she whispers quickly with a conspiratorial wink, and I can barely restrain a giggle. Oh, I bet she is. She knows exactly what's up – and honestly, I bet she's kinda envious of me right now!

The paperwork is the dicey part, but it all goes surprisingly smoothly. Bob and I are an unusual match, to be sure. Yet it's not the first time in history a middle-aged guy gets hooked up with a girl thirty years younger. We've also brought an imposing party of witnesses, and Bob for once manages not to have his thumb in his mouth, and his lack of chatter is all too easy for the officious notary to mark down to wedding jitters. His hand scrawls a clumsy signature at my whispered suggestion: first once, and then a second time. He mumbles out the "I do's" with a voice that could be choked with emotion as with his own clumsy, drooling tongue. And before I quite know it, they're saying those magic words...

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride."

Oh, the look on his face at that moment! I think some measure of reality is beginning to seep in through Jane's hypnosis, and as I bend closer, I can see his lips twitching with emotion. He's not sure... he's trying to decide what to say... he's about to pull away from my imminent kiss...

Which is why I thank my lucky stars Jane taught me all those hypnotic triggers. Because I lean close – and with one little phrase whispered gently in his ear, I turn his entire brain once more into babyish mush.

"Aww... Who's my pampers-packing party pooper, hmm?"

And then I'm forcing my crimson-painted lips over his drooling, nerveless, blubbery ones. I'm thrilling with the way his entire body stiffens and grows rigid in my arms. And I'm shaking with

silent laughter, relishing how the chorus of cheers from our friends around us masks the inevitable, nauseating sounds that would give us all away...

Namely, the sound of his bowels erupting helplessly out and loading that thick diaper of his full of smelly, sticky poo.

Hah. Now that's one hell of a wedding, isn't it? Now back to our place for the party! And let me tell you: this is one party my new little hubby Bobbie here isn't going to disturb.

After all, he's going immediately back in his baby clothes and getting locked snugly away again in his crib. You know... right where he belongs.

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

January 2024 – Commission

Chapter Fifteen

The longer I'm here, the more confused I become.

I don't know how long it's been now since that odd meeting: where that man said all those strange things, and the people were gathered around, and that pretty girl in white was smiling at me. There was something odd about it all, I remember. I seem to remember feeling upset about something... wanting to leave, maybe? And then the girl in white had said something, and everything went nice and warm and happy again...

Maybe if she'd say that thing again, I wouldn't feel so upset right now.

We're in that same room where I'd met all these people before. Music is blaring, and the people are back – all laughing and talking and eating grown-up food around me. A couple of the girls already took my tight shoes and itchy pants off me, which is kinda nice. Feels better with my legs bare. Something feels all warm and squishy down between my legs, and as I wander slowly about the room in my comfy shirt and diaper I hear all kinds of voices laughing...

"Oh, there he is again! What an adorable groom he makes, huh?"

"Yeah, until you catch a whiff of him. Don't you think Cassie would want us to change him for her?"

"Hell, no. Knowing her, she'll want him to be absolutely disgusting. The more pathetic, the better. How else will people know what a stupid diaper baby loser he is?"

Baby. Yeah, that's... right. I think? *Baby.* And a baby needs a mommy. But I don't know where she is, that pretty girl in white who made me feel so much better earlier. I'm trying to find her, but I just can't seem to. My head is echoing with the loud words of all these people, and I'm feeling overwhelmed by the thumping music. Deep within me I can feel quiet sobs welling up...

And then I hear a voice I know better than anyone else's. "Aww, hey there, Bobbie! You're being such a good baby for us today, aren't you?"

It's the nice girl who changes me and feeds me and washes me. Jessica, they call her. She's smiling

full in my face, and I gulp back a hiccuping sob and nod. "Uhh..." I want to say more, but I don't have the words – and anyway, she's already bubbling on. "I'm so glad Cassandra changed her mind! She was saying she wanted to lock you back in your crib after the wedding, you know. But it wouldn't be right for you to miss your very own reception, would it? Even..." And here her eyes took on an appraising twinkle, and I felt her hand thumping energetically on my warm and mushy bum. "Even if you *are* the stinkiest groom ever!"

I gulp, shifting from foot to foot. She's taking my hand now, guiding me toward the sofa along the wall. "Here, sit for me, sweetie," she instructs, and before I know it I'm sinking down onto my still-squishy butt and staring up at her pretty face. "I bet you're thirsty, huh? Let me get you your formula..." Worry blossoms in my chest when she disappears, but fortunately she reappears before I can even begin to whimper.

"Open up, baby," she orders – but I don't need to be told. At the sight of the familiar bottle, my mouth drop open all on its own. And as I gulp gratefully at the warm creamy contents, she smiles and begins talking conversationally, as if to herself.

"You really are coming along so well," she comments sweetly, and now her other hand is stroking my lengthening hair. "Cynthia told me she weighed you the other day for your wedding clothes. And you've lost a *lot* of weight since coming here, haven't you? That's so *good*, sweetie!" I gulp again mutely, wondering vaguely what she's even talking about – but on she prattles. "Aww, see? I *knew* coming to stay with us would be good for you! You're *healthier* now, and far sweeter, too. And yeah. I know you didn't want this at first, but really..."

She grins and pushes the bottle deeper into my mouth. "Really, *I* think it's clear that we shouldn't *ever* let you go back to your old life, huh? We wouldn't want our dear, sweet wittle baby boy to go back to being a gwumpy, cwanky man ever again!"

Maybe at some other time I'd be paying more attention to her. But it's a lot of big words, and I'm busy eating. So all I do is let out a milky burp – which makes her laugh – and let my eyes sink closed, and keep on drinking.

Which is probably for the best. Because I've scarcely drained it before I hear a chorus of voices, and blink my eyes open to find a whole group of women standing around me. They're saying things: about wanting to try something out, about how smelly something is, about how freaking lucky Cassie is to have such a submissive toy to play with...

And then they say more words. I don't remember or understand them. I just know that my thumb slips effortlessly into my mouth in response, filling me with the most lovely sensation of peace and happiness. More words are said, and my brain echoes in response while a lovely, wet warmth spreads all around between my legs. And then, as I'm staring meekly up into their laughing faces, I see her at last: the pretty girl in white. She's stepping through the crowd... grinning down at me at last... pulling down the front of her dress...

She says something more. My wet thumb flops limply free, no longer needed. A deep-seated longing fills my entire being. And as she steps closer, those beautiful big breasts fill my vision and then my mouth. I don't merely want her. I *need* her. And so I begin suckling her warm breast with innocent, instinctive abandon.

"Oho, ho, ho!" "Fuck me, that's hot!" "You've got yourself quite a catch, girl!" "Ooh, what's next? Making him eat you out on command?!"

I'm not even listening to them prattling on. I merely suckle – unthinkingly. Ardently. Because I'm baby. And this pretty woman knows exactly what I need.

It's been one day since the wedding. Sure, I admit it. I'm Cynthia. I may have technically been the girl who proposed this whole wedding thing, but I hadn't really been serious. Not at first. But as we discussed it, it somehow began to make more and more sense. And now that it's finally happened... well, it was not only better than I would ever have thought, but I'm now convinced it was exactly what was needed.

"Hey, earth to Cynthia! You there?"

"Yeah, yeah," I reply to Sarah's laughing question, rousing up and glancing afresh around the room. It's a sort of war council again. The baby in question – now Cassie's new husband! – is back in his locked-up nursery. So here we are, all of us college roommates. We're trying to decide exactly how to celebrate not just the new couple, as we did yesterday, but our collective triumph. Because it *is* a triumph indeed.

"So, what are we thinking?" I ask the group. "A neighborhood party, you say?"

"Yep, that's it!" Sarah nods energetically. "With music, of course. *I* can handle that, no problem.

But I was hoping you could maybe handle the food side of things? You've got freaking awesome taste!" "Well, sure," I begin, but glancing around, I realize that we haven't discussed one of the most fundamental questions. "But hang on. How many people are even going to be there, huh? We're thinking, what? Twelve? Fifteen?"

"More like *fifty*," Michael comments, pushing up his glasses and giving one of his trademark demure smiles. "If all the neighbors come, plus ourselves, that's at least, let's see... forty-seven? Forty-eight? Of course, Cassie and Brian and I will go around and invite folks this afternoon, so after that we should have an accurate count..."

"And in the meantime, Megan and I will be busy tweaking his hypnosis," Jane giggles, with a sideways wink at Megan beside her. They really have become partners in crime, somehow – and I'm honestly here for it. "Seems like the wetting and thumbsucking triggers are pretty darn effective. But I'd like to give him a few more rounds on the messing, and maybe a few too on the cumming and breastfeeding. Oh, and naturally we'll get Jessica to load him up with bulk laxatives. Maybe some salty stuff too, so he'll be primed for when we hit him with the diuretics..."

"This really will be quite a show, won't it?" I venture, wondering distantly whether we might have taken a wrong ethical turn somewhere along the way. But then again, public shaming a violent and aggressive member of the community isn't really all that different from canceling someone online these days, is it? Let alone sending them to prison? Surely one single afternoon of being publicly ridiculed as a helpless, hypnotized, infantilized plaything of the college students you explicitly threatened to shoot wasn't the end of the world...

And so I shrug off my inner misgivings. And laugh. And turn to Sarah in renewed energy. "Sure thing! Now, what do you think of maybe bringing in a food truck? See my cousin has this amazing taco business..."

(To be continued!)

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

February 2024 – Commission

Chapter Sixteen

The day had finally arrived! Though ironically, the guy whose special day it was hadn't even realized it.

At least, not yet.

Oh, sure: maybe there was an extra note of excitement in Jessica's voice when she woke him up and gave him his now-typical breakfast of formula and gruel. She was chattering away to him in high, excited tones as she peeled off his saturated nighttime diaper and wrapped him in a fresh one. But for Bob, staring blankly up at the ceiling with the musical tinkles and whispered commands of his nightly hypnosis still echoing through his half-melted mind, he didn't notice: neither her prattle about him being a good boy, nor about this being his big day. Nor even the double boosters and triple diapers that she tugged, straining, into place around his limp and still-caged cock.

Only at the very end, when she called for Cynthia to help pull him out and began forcing his limp limbs into the straitjacket, did a vague sensation dawn on the brainwashed fellow that something might be up.

"Don't forget the paci-gag!" Cynthia laughed, forcing it gleefully between Bob's glistening, drool-covered lips and deftly buckling it behind his head. "And of course a nice short tutu over the straitjacket, too! Can't let anyone think he's not our *sissy* little baby, after all..."

"No worries about that," Jessica giggled, reaching for a mass of pink leather straps and buckles. "I mean, the straitjacket's pink. His harness here is pink. And with his hair grown out like this, there's no way on earth someone would think he's a boy – let alone a full-grown dude!"

Out they trundled him at last: down the perilous stairs, his gigantic diaper forcing his legs apart and serving as a pillow upon which he plopped at last, staring vacantly about the living room. A chorus of laughter greeted him, and soon all of his adoptive family of college students were milling around him, snickering and congratulating the two on their great work. Even Tom and Megan were there, and Megan was already kneeling beside him, stroking his tousled head and cooing about what a cute little baby girl he made.

"Hey, guys?" It was Michael, sensible as ever, glancing over at the clock that now read 11:26 am.

"The party's supposed to start at noon, right? We'd better get things fired up! Here, why don't Brian and I go and get the furniture set up? Sarah, we'll want the music soon, too..."

So it began – the flurry of activity as everyone began bustling about to begin the long-awaited party. Bob sat on the floor, staring wonderingly about in his straitjacket and harness, while Megan beamed and cooed and told him what a cute, sweet little one he was – so much nicer than he had been before. Only when Cassandra finally appeared did she straighten up, a wondering look of admiration on her face, and gesture down to the mute man-baby beside her.

"Hey! Um, your- your husband... he's ready, I think..."

It was hard to know what to say. After all, it wasn't every day you saw a veritable dominatrix stride into the room! Cassandra was done up right today: all in black leather, with her dark blonde hair bundled into a bun and black lipstick on her smirking lips. Her boots clicked closer, and then her hands were closing on the pink leather straps of Bob's harness. She had him in her possession now, well and truly. And as a quiet, sneering chuckle escaped her, Megan felt her stomach quiver with an unnamed sensation.

"*Husband*, you say? Well, in name only. I prefer to think of him as my toy. My obedient, brainless, baby toy." She tugged on the harness straps, and Bob stumbled forward: first to his knees, and then slowly tottering up into the bow-legged stance of a toddler. "Come on, baby! Let's go give the neighbors what they came for!"

The shouts of wondering laughter that greeted them upon their arrival outside were priceless – as was the look of incomprehension and dismay that dawned in Bob's widening eyes.

"Oh, my god! Bob – that's really him?" "Sure is! Though I remember him being a lot fatter." "Heh – looks like his treatment's done him some good, then!" "Sure has! Besides, I mean, just look at how calm he is! The old Bob would've been yelling and swearing at us all by now..."

The music was thumping, the crowd laughing, the excitement palpable. Through the crowd Cassandra slowly strode, her strong hand tugging her new husband forward despite his growing dismay. One round she made, Bob waddling mutely along beside her, while the laughter grew and the flash and clicking of cameras accentuated the scene. It was as if Bob, through the mortifying process of forced regression, had been transformed from the neighborhood jerk to the neighborhood celebrity.

Screeecchh! "Ah- Oh, sorry, Sarah! Looks like this thing is on after all! Hello? Hello?"

It was Ms. Adams, tapping the microphone and beaming around her at the crowd of her neighbors. Bob and Cassandra were standing behind her now, and she glanced brightly behind her before continuing. "Welcome, everyone! It's a great day, isn't it? You all having fun? Huh?" A chorus of cheers and "Yeah!"s erupted, and she laughed. "That's great to hear! Now, since we're all here today in honor of a very special person – a very special *couple*, in fact – I thought we ought to reflect a bit on how we got here. Some of you may know much of the story already, but others... well, maybe not! So anyway... Jane. Jessica. Megan! Come on up here and tell everyone how it happened!"

And so, with the crowd applauding and watching expectantly, the three young women in question came forward and began. "Well, um..." Jessica began, with a shy laugh into the mic. "Like, I guess it all began one night last year..."

Back and forth they went, growing more animated with each minute, telling the story of Bob as it had unfolded. How he'd crashed their party and threatened them with violence. How he'd assaulted poor Michael. How they'd decided not to call the police, but instead to teach him in their own way to be a decent person. How Ms. Adams had helped them out, and how they'd taken Bob in hand at last. Sure, they'd restrained him... but only so the hypnosis and training could help him let go of violence and become instead a sweet, mild-mannered, man-baby...

"Wait, hypnosis? You're pulling our leg now!" "Yeah, hypnosis is just fake! Doesn't really do anything..."

"Oh, is it now?" Jane seized the mic now, her eyes flashing and dancing in merriment as she addressed the skeptics in the crowd. "You *really* think it's a hoax? Then I don't suppose you'd mind if we demonstrated, surely...? Here, Cassie! Bring him over here. And out with the paci-gag – he doesn't need it right now!"

Half a minute later, Bob was standing wonderingly before the crowd with Cassie behind him, while Jane stood to his left explaining enthusiastically how post-hypnotic suggestions and triggers worked. "See? When I tell him about how *thumbies are for dummies...*" She trailed off, glancing over and laughing as Bob's right hand flew up as if by magic and his thumb planted itself firmly in his suckling mouth. "He sucks his thumb, just like that. When I call him a *good little puddle-pants...*"

Bob stiffened, eyes glazing in helpless obedience, while the women around him giggled and Jane dropped the mic down close under his frilly tutu, mere millimeters away from the bulging plastic of

his diapered and straitjacket-bound crotch. Through the speakers came the amplified hiss of urine flooding out of his bladder, and Jane laughed triumphantly. "He just can't help but pee himself – you know, like the good sissy baby he is." She grinned toward the flabbergasted skeptics. "If you're still not convinced, though, I can always remind him that he's nothing but a *pampers-packing party pooper*..."

Down he squatted, eyes glazed in hypnotic obedience. Muscles contracted. Grunts escaped his thumb-stuffed mouth. And out through those loudspeakers now came the echoing *blorts* and *ppffftts* of overloaded bowels erupting into the thickening bulk of his massive and overstuffed diaper.

"Oh, my god!" "I know, right? He totally deserves it, though!" "That's gonna be so horribly smelly. Man, I don't envy Cassie..."

But Jane wasn't done – not by a long shot. "Or, you know... afterward, we can always reward him for being so good. It's easy to do, you know. All I have to do is remind him that *dummy babies are cummy babies!*" Right on cue, Bob's face contorted in helpless bliss. His eyes squeezed shut. He tottered in place. Then, muscles jerking and mouth babbling, his body visibly convulsed in the throes of an unmistakable orgasm.

"Ohhh... fuck!" "Holy shit." That was all the skeptics in the crowd could muster. But Jane wasn't even done. Elated with the heady rush of her success, she chortled in glee and shook her head. "Oh, what's the matter, Bobbie?" She mocked in condescending, fake sympathy. "Is that all too much to handle? Are you all *embawwassed* now? Well, let's let all those thoughts go bye-bye. *Musby butt, musby brain!*"

Bob slumped to the ground, drool slowly dribbling from his half-open mouth. "Buh- bah-buh buh," He babbled, and now he was plopping directly down onto his visibly swollen and soiled bum. "Muh-muh!" "See?" Jane laughed, relishing the onlooker's shock and amusement. "He doesn't even know a thing right now. He's down in a nice, safe, brainless trance. It's perfect for our little man-baby when he needs a break from it all..."

"Now, then. Who wants to come over here and try these triggers out themselves?"

Which is how the next half-hour became the most mind-numbingly confusing for the poor, trapped Bobby. Out of trance he snapped, only to find himself staring up at Ms. Adams, laughing and telling her friend how he was so cute like that. More words were spoken, and his body convulsed and obeyed without him even knowing how to resist. His thumb popped in and out of

his drooling mouth like a machine. His diaper grew heavier and filthier, aided by the days of bulking laxatives he'd been fed. And all the while his helpless brain was being tugged back and forth: into unthinking trance, back to waking confusion and half-recognition, then back into mindless bliss. Orgasms rippled through him time and again, until he lay, panting and spent, a limp plaything and nothing more.

Which, the general consensus of the laughing neighbors around him seemed to be, was nothing less than what he deserved.

It was hours later when Bob finally roused into some semblance of his usual self. He was safe again in his dimly-lit nursery, being stripped naked and relieved of his hideously filthy diaper. Jessica was laughing softly to Sarah that they'd have to get this nursery setup moved over to Cassandra's new place soon. Oh, and how Bob would love being back in what used to be his old house! That is, if he still recognized it...

Bob let out a soft whimper from behind his paci-gag, which he was subconsciously suckling. Jessica beamed down, her face alight with all the unspoken pride of a mommy whose toddler had just performed beautifully on stage at some pageant. "Aww, you're back with us, honey!", she smiled, and Bob shivered as the wet wipes stroked against his sensitive skin and caged prick. "That was some trance, huh? Now, don't worry..."

She beamed first at him, then out of his sight over to the leather-clad Cassandra, who was leaning against the door frame and looking on. "I'm sure your Mommy Cassandra won't keep you in trance *too* often. Assuming you're a *good* baby, of course. After all..."

And now she leaned down and tweaked his nose with all the gentle playfulness of a babysitter with her favorite little charge. "You're ever so much fun to tease when you're awake! Aww... I can't wait to come over and take care of you! You know, whenever your Mommy's busy playing with someone else?"

At such a clear allusion to her impending extramarital flings, Cassandra smirked. Jessica laughed. And Bob... well, he burred in bewildered, helpless resignation. Because broken as he now was... there simply wasn't anything left for him to do.

The End