



THE FUGITIVE

Part I



What if all women had completely dominated almost all of the male population, after coming to power in the Government . . . sometime in the near future. President Lydia made the announcement that all convicted males would be run through the new Justice rehabilitation program that had just been passed by the all-female democrat congress and house. The Justice Department has announced that all male prison inmates will begin a new and innovative rehabilitation program. The exact details are TOP SECRET as to what type of rehab program this is, or whether or not it will succeed. I heard the radio announcer say, then the music began to play again...

I am Michael a trustee male, of Mistress Lydia at the White House. My duties are to communicate with all the male staff. I am to carry all commands, orders, and desires from the President to her male following. I was thrust into this position when Mistress Lydia was elected 3 years ago by the complete population of the US, of course this was after males had their right to vote revoked! I knew that Lydia had used the US water supply to induce complete compliance of all men by a new non-hallucinogen drug, but the exact details remained totally top secret. You see Lydia, before she became president, was a scientist that was doing chemical research at NORAD and she discovered a drug that when ingested by men, caused a slow but progressive degeneration in their ability to control their bodily retention functions and within a six month period of constant or even intermittent use cause them to lose almost all their motor skills as well as speech, but the brain was kept intact, causing the man to know exactly what was happening, but unable to do anything to resist. The second drug that she discovered was a very strong hypnotic inducer. This drug caused most women to want to exploit or dominate the men in their lives, and some of them it produced a strong mothering instinct, which combined with their dominating desires had some interesting effects on the women.

It was then that I read a stray file that lay on my desk, inside was some shocking plans of the new president. All the male inmates of all the prisons would slowly be given the drug and begin to wet the bed. Then they would probably begin to have day-time accidents, and then the Corrections Department would begin to diaper those offenders that were not able to stay dry. Then after the inmate was in diapers for about a week the drug would be increased in strength and very soon the poor inmate would have severe cramps, since they were in diapers they had removed the toilet from his cell to make room for a changing table. In just a few hours the cramps would become unbearable to the point that just before scheduled change time, the inmate would uncontrollably mess their diaper and rather than flushing it away down the toilet, it would settle into the seat of his diaper and rubber pants. When the guard came into change him, she would discover that he had not only wet his diaper to a saturation point but had also messed his diaper like a baby. After about a week of wetting and soiling their diapers, the medication would be given in full doses in the inmate's hourly bottle feeding. My GOD, within six months to a year all the men's prisons would be nothing but huge nurseries

The world is totally different from the way I remember it when I was younger. The women are more job orientated, the men are often the ones staying at home cooking and cleaning.

In fact, the advancements in women's lib had pushed so far that the more rights in law that they got, the more rights were taken away from men. It was men who were subject to humiliating gropes and lurches from strangers. But this was the new normal.

I have to warn the men of the world that they are diaper bound, unless we can unite and arm ourselves to defend our masculinity and keep from being reduced to literally big babies. Just then one of the Secret Service Women walked through the doorway of my office and saw me with this TOP SECRET file, I immediately dashed out the doorway. She shouted for me to stop and chase me, but I began to run dodging her round the corridors and hallways until I made it back to my room, before the Secret Service agent spotted where I had disappeared. To my horror, Lydia had been looking for me for over an hour and had sent the Secret Service agents to locate and return me to her. When I was again confronted by the Secret Service agent that had seen me with the file, she grabbed my arm and almost dragged me into the President's office. She discussed something with President Lydia which I couldn't hear in their low voices until Lydia turned to me and said,

"Take him away, I will decide what to do with him. Until I do throw him into the nursery for his first lesson."

The agent responded, "Yes Madam President".

As I was escorted to the White House Adult Nursery, I managed slip my arms out of the grasp of my captors and grabbed two little vials of the drugs that one of the orderlies in the Nursery was carrying on a little tray. I dived out of an open window, dashed across the lawn before anyone could react and I was away. I was a felon, now was on the run in an all-female country.

All males had to have passes to be in any public place, and most of the men in the US had to wear diapers, because of the drugs which were diluted into the water supply. For these reasons, men seldom went into public unless they absolutely had to.

Since I had worked for Lydia before she tainted the nation's water supply, she had not given me the drug. Probably because she didn't actually want a diapered dirty man to be working near her, this meant that I was not in diapers and rubber pants like every other man, which I had to be in or I would draw so much attention to myself that I wouldn't get two blocks. Just then I spotted a male hanging out his diapers and rubber pants leant in a doorway, so I waited until he finished and went back inside. Then I snuck in the yard and stole three diapers and two pair of clear rubber pants which were luckily in arms reach through the window. Then I went behind the building and put on the diapers and rubber pants. I then took off my shirt and exited the area and hastily began to walk in the direction of the bus station, but to get there I had to go through at least 4 security check points. So, I needed to make myself some passes, and I did. You see I did a little graphic art work for the new administration, so I was very familiar with all the different pass types. I was the perfect man to be a felon in this new land, I thought.

At the first check point one of the guards checked my diapers and found them dry to her dismay, but she did not do anything to me, quickly ushering me through. I was thankful for

that. It took me almost two hours to reach the second check point. By this time my bladder was just about to burst. In the check point line, there was a dripping tap that echoed through my head with every drip. This combined with the strain on my bladder, I couldn't hold it any longer. It started as a trickle, but soon it was like a torrent and my diapers became so saturated that they began to sag. The guard at the checkpoint smiled and told the supervisor that she was going to go change me. As she started to change me, she produced a bottle full of something and stuck into my mouth without caring if I actually wanted it or not. I knew that if I did not suck, she would probably be detained and eventually captured and returned to Lydia. I knew something would be laced inside the sweet tasting milky liquid, but I had no idea what.

When she finished diapering me, she patted me on the butt and said,

"My won't you look cute in those diapers with a heavy load?"

I said, "Yes Mam", realising immediately that the bottle must have been laced with some kind of laxative. This caused her to smile, then she said,

"Maybe someday I will have a baby of my own, but until I do, I will continue to be a check point guard."

Just then something strange happened to me, I said Mommy to her. This brought a tear and a smile from her. As I said it, it struck me that the bottle must have had some of the new drug in it intended for the prison inmate system... perhaps soon it would be given to every male in the country.

It was beginning to enter my system and I felt almost helpless. I couldn't walk or hardly stand up and after a little waddling I collapsed on the floor. She darted over to me and picked me up saying,

" I must have used to much in that bottle, you are going to have to go home with me".

I couldn't talk, so I just smiled. The identity band in the rubber pants said that I was unowned, which this guard took to mean "free to take". The guard told me her name was Lynn and that she was going to care diligent care of me. Just then I began to wet my diaper, much to joy, she reached down and squeezed the front of my diaper to determine if I could last until we reached her apartment. She determined that I could, so we started for her place, which was about a two- and half-hour walk. About a block away from her apartment the laxative did its job and I squatted down to try and relieve the pain and cramps, which was the wrong thing to do, because as soon I squatted down I passed gas and everything that was inside my bowels began to ooze out into the seat of my diaper seat. When I was finished Lynn pushed me on the shoulder and caused me to fall full on my butt, causing the mess to spread all over my back, front and sides of my diapers. Then she had me stand up, when I did, she grabbed the seat of my diaper and mushed the mess and smeared it until I felt myself getting an erection. Most males in this new world were forced into chastity, it was not mandated by law but it was clear that it was highly approved of by the government, and those not in chastity were often so induced with drugs that they could barely achieve even a slight stiffening let alone a full erection. I knew that if Lynn saw my full erection

tenting out of my diapers, she'd probably begin to suspect something was strange about me.

Just then we reached her apartment and she reached into her handbag to get the keys to open the door. While looking down she noticed the front of my, by now brown diaper, had a full erection. She ushered me up the stairs and into her apartment quickly so that nobody else noticed my erection. Once inside her apartment, she pulled me over to a large changing table and proceed to change my diaper and to reconfirm her discovery. Once the diaper and rubber pants were removed, she indeed did see a full erect cock. Just then I began to pee. To keep from getting wet, she pulled my diaper back up over my squirting pee-pee, she began laughing. Then she said,

"Now then, I don't know many boys big enough to still get stiff like that! Let me see that pass of yours again". She took the pass out of her bag, which she had kept there for safekeeping, and checked it with the identity band on my rubber pants... the identity numbers were obviously different.

"Ah ha!" she announced, "I think we've got ourselves a runaway here! Don't worry, I'll keep you nice and safe until we can return you to your proper owners"

Then she took me into a room that looked like an oversize nursery, but different. This was all in adult scale and looked like a nursery from hell. On the right wall was a standard changing table, but this one had chains and had some kind of hydraulics on it as well. In the centre of the room was a crib, with a locking top and steel bars that looked like a junior jail, there was also was a playpen, if you want to call it that. It looked like a cage, with a chain link wall and gate that had a sophisticated digital lock. Hanging above the crib was four racks, and on each one was a plastic bag, with a tube running into, and disappearing into the crib. The bags were labelled: diuretic, baby food, muscle relaxant and bulk fibre laxative. Then right to the right of the racks was two I.V. stands. The I.V. stand had two bottles, neither of which were labelled. Then Lynn helped me into the nursery and over to the changing table and proceeded to change my very messy diapers like any mother would that of her infant, cooing and making baby noises in my direction. After she had re-diapered me, she helped me over to the crib. She lowered the sides and layer me down. She kissed me goodnight and left the room after pulling the top over on the crib and locking it.

When I awoke in the morning, I somehow felt different. Then I realized what the difference was when I tried to speak, all that came out was baby babbling, meaningless words. It was then that I realized that Lynn must have put the IV drip in me when I was sleep, the drug must have been working it's way through my system all night! I would eventually become a big baby, if I could not escape from Lynn, I would be returned to the secret service and probably totally drugged up until I was a babbling helps baby. Then I felt the large, heavy load in the seat of my diapers, and I saw the huge wet spot on the crib mattress, where I had burst through the total capacity of my diaper. Just then Lynn opened the door to the nursery, and asked me how is *the little baby*?

I tried to babble a response, but it was useless, she forced another bottle in my mouth which again I knew would be filled with strange things. I had to escape, I had to get out of here and do something...