

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!)