



WHATEVER HAPPENED
to CHRISTOPHER KING?

Whatever happened to Christopher King? It's a question that's only asked by few, for so easily forgotten has his name now become.

He was an ordinary-seeming boy, housing extraordinary cravings, and his curiosity would deliver those cravings in ways he never could have imagined.

Part I

The boy had a tendency for sexual games, and found himself browsing particular creations by the pervertedly minded. Usually, his dirty little brain found these games highly arousing, but they were always so unrealistic to commit to. He desperately wanted a game to take seriously, but they were always so clearly designed for immediate arousal rather than a well thought out series of dice rolls and consequences.

His mistake was finding the 'perfect' game and allowing himself to get ensnared; a bedwetting challenge chart with a series of harsh and childish punishments depending on how often he woke up wet, and how high that streak ran for. It was simple and realistic, and something he could play all by himself. None of the punishments were beyond what he could do without help, and he relished the idea of committing to diapers at night for a whole month. He already loved *those* after all. He just needed to wear one to bed every night for a month, after a big drink of water, and play along based on the results.

He hadn't wet the bed since he was thirteen, but the thought of flirting with danger sure appealed to the young man, so much so that he followed the link to purchase a magnetic version of the chart that he could hang on his wall. It displayed proudly for him on the first day, with his name eagerly yet neatly inscribed on it in marker from the minute it arrived.

It stated that if he wet the bed, then he needed to wear a diaper to bed the following night. He was a little disappointed that was the only consequence, as he was going to wear a diaper anyway, but three nights wet and he'd earn a spanking. He was aroused at the thought, and wanted to be spanked already, but tried to stay patient and play the game authentically.

At the very bottom of the chart, in delightful fine print, read the mantra: "*If this game acts as arousing bait, just masturbate to seal your fate.*"

The boy could feel himself throbbing, and laughed, knowing that the makers of the chart knew its audience. It was one of the reasons he liked this game so much. Most of these kinds of games always dangled an orgasm at the end, as your reward for undergoing a series of tasks, but here, he was downright encouraged to 'seal his fate'.

That night the boy drank a large bottle of water and taped a diaper on before bed, but found himself so worked up over the potential of the next month, that he had to rub his erection through his diaper to climax before he could sleep. This was his way of committing, as the fine print had encourage, so it felt like the perfect way to start.

The boy did not expect a wet diaper on the first morning, and if he had, the wetness he would have hypothetically expected was nowhere near to what he woke up to. His diaper was soaked, bulging, and heavy. Confused, the boy placed one of the wet magnets onto his chart for the first day, but he cannot understand the flooding that took place, wondering if he somehow subconsciously *willed* it into existence. He continued with the game of course, as all horny minded young men would, not realising that his participation was now out of his hands.

The first wet night is excused by the chart, more or less. A 'cute' warning that you're on track for being a naughty little bed wetter, and should wear diapers from here out. The boy performed the same ritual two nights more; a nice glass of water and a diaper to bed; masturbating the second night, but ignoring it the third, perplexed, and curious if that was somehow driving his wetting. Each morning resulted in the same soaked front of course. He's mystified, and updates his chart, knowing with a twinge that three nights now means a spanking. The eagerness he once showed for this is dulled by the puzzling return to bedwetting.

He made a mental note to find a playmate to spank him, with a slight blush while thinking about explaining the silliness of the game he's playing. Spanking himself would be *boring*, he at least understood.

The boy was not given much time to think it over, for as soon as he touched the waistband of his diaper (reluctantly), he felt something take hold of his wrists, and the reality of his situation became very apparent.

His arms were pulled away from his body before he could comprehend the situation. He felt himself jerk in terror, but his arms were locked in place, spread high above his body. He twisted and turned in shock, trying to understand how someone could have taken hold of him like this when he was alone in the apartment, and in his panic, was at least able to discern the outline of glowing fingers wrapped around each wrist. Light in the shape of hands; transparent but solid and firm. He couldn't move, and started to kick his legs, trying to escape from the spot. It was impossible, and the same sensation took over his ankles, rooting him to the spot, his limbs spread wide on either side, neither standing nor dangling in mercy.

The boy's intense panic allowed him one moment of clarity; he could scream. The illogical nature of his terror didn't matter so long as someone helped him escape it, so he yelled, pleading for all of a short second before something materialised in front of his face, and his mouth was filled with a soft, silicone bulb. He'd been pacified, and he tried to spit it out, only to find there was no way to do so. He found it held inside his mouth, just as imperceptibly as the hands were gripping him.

The boy's mind raced in terror and confusion for what felt like an eternity to him, having been rendered truly powerless. He couldn't connect the dots of what was happening just yet, but it became clear to him as he heard a *thwack* behind him. The sound of wood on flesh, but not his, yet. Then he felt the waistband of his diaper stretch from behind, and it was tugged down over his backside and thighs until his cheeks were on display. He was still struck dumb with his brain in a frenzy, but the first delivered smack from the paddle told him exactly what was happening; his spanking for wetting the bed was here.

It cracked about the room mercilessly. The boy shouted behind his pacifier; no one but himself knowing what the words were supposed to be. He was begging no doubt, but begging would not make his punishment stop, and he couldn't know when it would end, until suddenly, it does. He didn't know how many spanks were administered, but the hands knew it was close to fifty. Even they seemed to lose count.

The boy was released, and fell forwards bent over his bed, his cheeks in pain, burning. His diaper hung between his legs and drifted towards the floor, unable to support their own heft. He was alone in his bedroom again. He wouldn't have believed it to be real but for the pain his

backside was enduring. Not that his suffering made it any easier to explain.

He knew the chart was somehow involved, and whatever forces had just spanked him were likely tied to him bedwetting with gusto.

He was correct of course, but painfully late to understand the game he had committed himself to.

That night the boy tried to push back, naturally. There was no glass of water before bed, not even any after dinner, just to be extra careful. And worse, there was no diaper to bed. So spooked, he took the chart down and threw it in the trash, outside of the apartment. It didn't matter if he'd spent money on it; he didn't want any part of whatever the hell it was.

Or so he thought, anyway.

The boy climbed into bed with a mostly recovered backside, if not a little tender. Worries seized him as he tried to sleep; what if he wet the bed anyway? What if he got spanked again? If he wet the bed again then he *needed* those diapers for the first time in a decade.

And that sense of being trapped aroused him, to his displeasure, but he ignored it until he eventually fell into a disturbed sleep.

The naive boy *obviously* woke up in a wet bed very early on his fourth morning. There was no escaping the game he'd started. Horrified, he left his bed in fear and saw the chart was back on the wall, as if unmoved and untouched. A chill ran down his spine as he saw it was also *updated* to signal his fourth wetting, leaving him one more inevitable wet night away from his next punishment streak.

Part II

Twelve wet nights later and the boy had tried every measure he could manifest to free himself. He realised far too late that the warning about ejaculating to accept the terms of the game might have been more than flavour text for his arousal. As such, he abstained from jerking off, not that he'd felt the urge too often since his backside had been tenderised several times.

Not content to leave his pleasurable eruptions as the only determining factor, he'd continued to destroy the chart on every day. It had been cut in two and disposed of,

sliced into innumerable pieces, thrown into a river, buried in the woods, and rather pointlessly, locked in a box.

But every morning the boy woke up to find the chart on his wall.

His last ditch attempt, his rumbled mind assumed, was to dispose of it and to stay awake. He knew it was foolish, for he knew he couldn't stay awake forever, but so desperate was he that he *had* to know if it would work if he technically didn't wake up.

It did not work. After considerably wasting his time, all he had to do was leave the room and the accursed chart adorned his wall again. Miserable, he quickly fell asleep without much effort, and promptly wet his pants.

Even ignoring the regular paddling he received in the mornings, the boy was becoming desperate due to the punishment streaks encroaching day by day. Punishments that seemed so simple to indulge in and control on his own terms now loomed as a very real reality.

'Twelve wet beds!' the next one read. 'You cannot call yourself a big boy anymore. It's pull-ups during the day for you. Let's hope you keep *those* clean.'

The charm of this threat was long gone for the boy. He didn't own pull-ups and had no interest in buying any, but for the fear of what might happen if he didn't. He'd never been punished for skipping a diaper at night, outside of his need for laundry, and expected no retaliation if he refused pull-ups during the day. However, he always wet the bed, and if the chart demanded pull-ups during the day, he dreaded similar accidents might appear in less convenient places.

As a small mercy for the boy, the barrier of the decision was removed for him, as when he opened his underwear drawer to get ready for work, he found his entire collection of boxers and briefs were gone, and pull-ups neatly lined up beside his socks instead.

The boy stared at the drawer, blinking. He'd watched a bedwetting chart appear on his wall every day for the last week, and saw himself held in place and spanked by malevolent hands, but for his mortal, limited brain, his entire underwear drawer changing was still a matter of confusion. For him, it was another dreaded reminder that he needed to escape the chart, somehow, as he compliantly dressed himself in a pull-up, unhelpfully feeling his

privates stiffen as he pulled the thin, absorbent underwear over his hips. They fit perfectly.

The temptation to flee and sleep anywhere else was almost overwhelming, but if the torment did continue and even if he could hide wetting a diaper on a friend's sofa, the thought of being strung up and paddled in someone else's home was *terrifying*.

Normally having a job and somewhere to go during the day had acted as a relief for the boy, but now that he sat at his desk and worried about the mild crinkling between his legs, the chart's invasiveness into other facets of his life became a concern. No longer could he ignore it as some otherworldly invasion into his apartment for the month, but now, it was an invasion into his *life* that struck fear in his heart should the bizarre side-effects occur in public.

His days in pull-ups ran consequence free, though he found being permanently in some kind of protective garment while abstaining was tantamount to torture. He'd find himself painfully hard while simply moving around, as the material silkily rubbed his skin, with the freshness of a powdering that had never been administered. The pull-ups that manifested happened to be the most comfortable underwear he'd ever worn.

He finally lost control that night, plagued by a long running dream of thick, soaked diapers straddled between his legs. His mouth chewed a pacifier while nursery rhyme notes echoed from a crib mobile. He humped and rubbed his diapers, lost in a daze, until the boy found himself awake, in the dark.

His dream was so intense, that the boundaries of reality were vague as his mind processed it slowly. Awake, though with the memories so real and so recent, he realised there were no lullabies. His diaper was not gigantic and wet. There was no pacifier in his mouth. He was flat on his back. And something felt clammy, and sticky inside his diaper while his penis throbbed.

He thrust his hand down the inside of his waistband, and found to his horror, that he'd ejaculated while sleeping. The inside of the diaper was drenched in thick semen, dripping from his fingers as he withdrew his hand. His throbbing penis faded. His abstaining had cracked, and he prayed that this did not count towards any agreement in this supernatural contract; this wasn't his choice, or his fault.

That following morning was tainted with disappointment for the boy, as his spanking begun as normal, and his extra-specially used diaper was pulled down his thighs.

With his wrists and ankles tugged out of the way, as per his normal, the punishment routine changed without warning, and he felt something poke towards his bottom.

Startled, the boy tried to look, but could not see what was happening, but soon felt the familiar feeling of a plastic toy entering his anus.

Naturally, he writhed and fought back, uselessly, and quickly realised that he was being plugged with some kind of prostate massager, as once it curled and his hole closed around the base, the pressure inside him was immediately felt spreading towards his scrotum.

His penis throbbed once again, and then the spanking began. The boy was paddled until he sobbed, his skin tolerating the punishments less and less with each day, and he was released with his diaper hiked back up around his waist, with a tightness normally never achieved from such tinkering. The toy was lodged firmly inside, and with the wet diaper tugged back up around his privates, he started to feel that arousal take over his thinking once more.

In a desperate attempt to alleviate the teasing, he tried to undo the diaper tapes and change into a pull-up for the weekend morning, only for the hands to have other ideas. Despite feeling alone, he found his own hands being slapped away from his tapes, when he tried to adjust them.

The boy tried to tug down the diaper instead, half-heartedly, and received another expected smack.

Instead, he clenched his hole and tried to push the toy out, but found it was impossible; a bizarre, unsettling feeling of trying to remove something from his ass that simply would not leave.

Demoralised, the boy fought his arousal as best he could, but there was only so much he could do to ignore the plug squeezing his prostate and the diaper tenderly covered his erection. He feared this is exactly what was wanted from him to have his diaper removed, and gingerly touched the front of his padding. Despite his large nocturnal emission, he felt like he was on the verge of bursting once more.

A long further hour passed where he could pay no other task or entertainment his full attention. His penis was screaming to be touched, and his balls begging for emptying.

Whatever fears the boy had that orgasming would double-down his commitment to the chart started to vanish; after all he'd cum in his sleep, he reasoned. He was already doomed, probably, and he couldn't carry on like this with no end in sight.

He rubbed his diaper eagerly, three times only before he painfully erupted as his sphincter clenched the hard, curved massager.

It was that easy, and the relief, once he was done clenching and contracting, was immense. He expected to be allowed to take his diaper off and to remove the plug now, but his hands were slapped away once more. The boy screamed into a cushion in frustration as his backside was now even more uncomfortable than before.

The prostate massager became a new routine for him, to his despair, and would swell and shrink throughout the day, still irremovable. His prostate would get a work-out, and his pull-ups would glisten with fluid. It made his return to work on the first Monday unbearable. He couldn't concentrate, wanting to jerk off endlessly, and knew it would cause discomfort whenever he indulged, despite giving in some hours into the day.

His brain was pureed. So much so that when a colleague made him a coffee, the boy didn't realise at first that he'd been handed a sippy cup of apple juice until he took the first taste and panicked at how much the colleague had been aware of this terrifying trickery. The forces were pushing beyond what he thought he could survive.

He indulged in one more jerking off in the bathroom, unable to withstand a whole afternoon without one more. Sanity took hold briefly, as he realised he had done it into his pull-ups, and was faced with an awkward few hours of sitting in his semen unless he removed them and risked the rest of the day without protection.

The boy made that mistake, tearing the sides and disposing of them into the bathroom's trash, burying them beneath tissue paper lest someone discover the cum-ridden underwear. He cursed that they didn't vanish on removal as simply as they'd appeared in his bedroom.

He didn't last the rest of the afternoon before the first fear of being in pull-ups struck, and he found his trousers and seat wet not long after the accident had occurred. One pull-up stained with his ejaculate was all that was needed to open the floodgates of his dependency.

His mind whirred in embarrassment and panic; whether he should sit in it and risk being caught, or just embrace the humiliation and and flee for home while feeling 'sick'.

He fled, and in tears long before getting home, the boy's suffering is rewarded, with a cost, and he finds himself led towards the corner of his bedroom, to stand and stare at the wall.

The intensity of the prostate massager fades, and removes itself. The boy almost buckles, and gasps in relief, unable to leave his corner. He's not held in place, but any attempt not to stare at the corner is quickly reinforced by a hand. He's left to contemplate, and accept his position of powerlessness.

Not knowing for certain when he left work, or when he arrived home, the boy then had no idea of how long he was forced into timeout, but in some ways, found the calmness of this to be a relief.

When released, he eventually tried to get another pull-up, but instead found his drawer is filled only with diapers. His one and only accident had seen diapers spilling out from just at bedtime into his permanent underwear, and unknown to the boy, it's the last one he'd be allowed to put on himself.

Part III

Twenty-one nights straight of wetting the bed, and the morning after an accident in his pants, the boy found himself waking up in a crib. What should have been the dream of any boy who fantasises himself as a baby left this boy scrambling in terrified awe of the powers tormenting him.

This was his own bedroom. The window and door were in the correct place, and the shape from wall to wall to floor to ceiling was the same, but everything else had shifted as if an impossible redecoration had taken place overnight. His creaky double bed was now a towering wooden crib, with bars almost as tall as the boy himself when he stood on the mattress. His clothing drawers had changed entirely, now clearly displaying his diapers prominently and leaving him to fear for what unknowns were left inside. The paint and curtains had all become soft and pastel, and while he

couldn't spot it from where he was, a changing table sat outside the end of the crib.

The boy eventually found the latch for his crib and set himself free, nervously dropping to the floor and anticipating the appearance of the hands to strip his diaper away and paddle him. His backside clenched.

He surveyed the chart on the wall, as was his strange routine, and found a magnetic tag in place for this twenty-first wet night in a row. Fifteen more nights remained in the game. Beside it a small tag with wet trousers sat, denoting his daytime accident as well. He suspected it was the only time this tag would appear, now that he was in diapers.

Along with the room, the chart itself had shifted. The boy was now playing a game where he hadn't agreed to the rules, and the streaks and punishments reflected this.

"Uh oh! Back into diapers you go!" it read. *"You'll be lucky to make it to daycare."*

He was now doomed to full-time diapers, yet he was still being spanked every morning for wetting himself. Nothing about it was fair, but there was no one to complain to, and nothing he could do to alter it. He'd long given up trying to plead or bargain.

The warning message, that awful caveat, remained, unchanged. *"...just masturbate to seal your fate."*

But if just ten nights remained, then all he had to do was ride it out, he hoped. The fact that he'd not had an accident in pull-ups until he came into one was not lost on him. Abstaining had done nothing except leave him uncomfortable and mad without success, but if he could last another ten days then surely that was enough, he thought, enough to finish the game without any more unsettling changes to his life. If he could endure the spankings and diapers to work, keep his hands off his parts, then maybe he could relax and enjoy the free nursery he'd just been granted.

As he groped his own diaper absentmindedly, the hands took him forcibly, but without hurting him, and led him to the changing table. The boy's heart raced as he climbed up, with a helping hand on his bottom, and laid down for this warped version of his own fantasy, and watched as the ghostly hands undid his diaper and stripped it away.

His ankles were held aloft to allow for a cleanup without interruption, before being brought together and held

higher, exposing his cheeks for the sudden paddling while the boy lay on his back. He scrambled as this dreamlike diaper changed turned unnerving, but of course there was no freedom of movement to be found, and the thick piece of wood began to warm his backside, with smack after smack.

The boy yelped and cried, but took his punishment, as if he had much choice. The diaper he was then fastened into was of far less comfort to him as he pictured his work clothes trying to conceal the bulk. He blushed nervously, and climbed down from the table, leaving his bedroom to find breakfast as the hands vanished from sight.

The rest of his apartment was untouched and was exactly the same space he'd left it yesterday, until he opened the fridge and found nothing inside but baby bottles filled with milk. The boy's eyes bulged, before he closed the fridge and opened a cupboard instead.

He found his entire supply of food was missing; no cans, no packages of pasta, no boxes of cereal. The cupboards were stacked with an indefinite amount of baby food jars. He shut the door, dizzily, and retreated to his bedroom to put his clothes on. He couldn't accept this, not now at least, and dressed for work. The shock of his kitchen transformation took the sting out of pulling his trousers up over his pronounced diapered backside.

The boy stopped for breakfast before work, and ordered himself a creamed-cheese bagel with a bottle of juice. White-faced, stressed, and nervous, he took the food and sat in a rare empty seat to try to enjoy it and center himself before going to his job. If there were to be ten days of baby food and formula, then he was going to fight it at whatever expense it came at.

The boy rubbed his forehead wearily, and lifted his bagel up for a big, delicious, eagerly awaited breakfast bite, and as he did so, the bagel oozed onto his fingers from the pressure of his jaw.

And then the boy recoiled. This wasn't cream cheese.

He coughed, and spat the mouthful onto the plate, as quietly as he could to avoid drawing attention. He wasn't successful with every table surrounding him already occupied.

The 'creamed cheese' of the bagel was now a different colour from what he'd been handed; an unpleasant looking orange that the boy quickly recognised as baby food. His food had been altered between ordering and biting down.

He'd seen how perfect it was already, and now it had been taken from him.

He couldn't eat it. It was disgusting, worse even than served straight from the jar he imagined, as if a point was being proved. His stomach turned at the aftertaste on his tongue. He could feel eyes upon him, and he wanted to run. He could feel himself sweat, and tried to ease the collar of his shirt around his neck, only to find a thick string draped and tied over it.

He was wearing a bib, and hadn't even noticed it appearing.

He felt dizzy, and tried to untangle it, but found the knot firm and stuck. He couldn't pull it over his head as the gap wasn't wide enough to slide over his jaw. Did he have to finish the meal before he could take it off? His vision blurred, and he blinked several times to focus on the obscene bagel on his table only to find it was gone, and an opened jar of baby food sat before him with a spoon inside.

He refused. The boy wasn't playing this game, and stood up from the table. He was leaving regardless of being stared at or being stuck in a bib. If he *had* to eat baby food, he wasn't having an audience.

He stumbled past other soon-to-be workers having their breakfasts, and all of them looked at him as he did so, floundering.

The server who gave him his bagel tried to stop him, condescendingly but genuinely, asking where his mommy or daddy were, afraid that a young child was wandering alone. The boy, more than aware of being spoken to like a toddler, ignored the question, ignored his job, and ran back to his apartment without stopping.

For those final ten days the boy was an anxious mess. He suffered through every misery that was thrown at him. Every morning spanking. Every meal being baby food no matter how he tried to circumvent it. Every diaper untaping from his waist after an incontinent soaking.

Since his bedroom had redecorated, he was blocked from changing his own diapers, with a hand once more appearing from nowhere to prevent him touching his tapes if he tried. The boy had never felt so reliant in his living memory as when he was sitting around in a wet diaper, unsure of when a change would come.

The forces were playing with him, almost unperceptively, until one morning while sitting at the table and eating a miserable breakfast, he realised that his legs weren't supposed to be swinging. The chair was higher off of the floor, but so was the table. In fact, the boy soon noticed, *everything* in the apartment was a little higher, including the ceiling.

He knew he wasn't shrinking, as insane as that thought was to him despite his month so far, as the effects weren't experienced out of the apartment. This was just the forces' way of making him feel small and childish.

Soon his crib became inescapable. The changing table unnervingly high off of the ground. But the wet nights continued and the boy dreamed of his freedom as he successfully abstained from touching himself; this made all the easier when his diaper changes were taken care of.

In the last days, the rest of the apartment started to change, as each wet night gradually removed privileges by altering their existence entirely. Before long his living space had swapped coffee table for playpen, and his possessions turned to baby toys the more he tried to defy the trappings of his infancy.

The television remote became useless, brightly coloured, and played animal noises whenever he tried to watch something. His adult wardrobe had vanished, leaving him with soft playsuits and onesies on rails too high to even reach. He was reliant on the hands to deliver him something to wear after they changed his diaper.

The most chilling change appeared two days before his last night of the game, when the eventual stretching of his apartment left the door out of the apartment too high to open. When the boy tried to climb some furniture and reach it, he was scooped away and scolded. His legs became a little weaker from that moment, and found it difficult to stand without aid. He was resorted to crawling for his final weekend. Bored, reliant, but attended to mysteriously.

On the thirty-first morning he woke up afraid that his diaper wouldn't be wet, and that everything had been a cruel joke and he would never achieve the last wet night and end point of the chart. Thankfully, he was soaked, wetter than he could have imagined any diaper attaining, as if a month of bedwetting had turned him into a diaper filling master. He strained inside painfully, though he was now used to ignoring that.

The hands appeared earlier than normal, and defying routine, plucked at his tapes before releasing him from the crib. They opened his diaper right there inside the bars, unfolding it onto the mattress in front of him, and started to touch the boy's rock hard penis with a baby wipe, cleaning and caressing him. He felt a finger enter his hole, as large as any toy he could comfortably take. His back arched, but the hands took him by the ankles instead, lifting him to wipe his backside while the finger pressed on his prostate and another gripped his penis. He was ready to explode.

Ten days of abstaining in the hopes of liberating himself. Thirty-one nights of bedwetting. Endless baby food and boredom. He was terrified his suffering was all for nothing if he came now, but as the hands gripped him he already knew whatever happened wasn't his choice. He didn't need to agree to the rules to seal his fate; he just needed to masturbate.

The boy found himself moaning as the finger pressed into him, despite his attempts to fight back. Every limb was gripped and held down onto the bed, and as his moaning got louder, mixed with fear and pleasure, a pacifier found its way inside him, and inflated to match the space and nullify any noises the boy could make.

The sensation of their touch became overwhelming, and while closing his mouth stressfully on the pacifier, he could see the crib bars raising, along with the ceiling. The room was twelve feet tall, fifteen, twenty. He stared in disbelief, watching the crib become *enormous*, losing him in it like a toddler. The room stretched. The floor seemed far away.

His body remained the same. It just reality shifting in the ways he hadn't caught before, but now rapid and perceptible.

The boy fought that orgasm with every ounce of his mental strength, as if his very life depended on it.

The hands placed a new diaper beneath him, and with a squirt of baby lotion, they massaged him to breaking point. The boy couldn't bare it, and pleaded inaudibly through his pacifier, though he had no doubt the hands knew and ignored him regardless.

As if desperately begging for this not to happen was the answer they wanted, the hand on his penis stroked just enough to cause him to erupt, right as the new diaper was

pressed down over his crotch, drenching the inside with what seemed like an immeasurable amount of semen.

The orgasm played out until the boy almost passed out, and then the hands vanished. His hands shook. He couldn't speak. If the game was over, it didn't feel like it. His diaper was fitted snugly, tapes sealed, and the giant crib remained, unchanged. This concerned the boy greatly, but his pacifier shrunk, and he was able to spit it from his mouth. He was left so shaken that he could not move until he caught his breath.

When he could finally stand, on wobbly, uncertain legs, he found he could not reach the top of the crib bars, nor the latch keeping him inside. He was trapped... the chart had finished, but the game had apparently not ended, not least while he was confined here.

His heart started to race and his hands clutched two bars to hold himself up. He wasn't getting released even from the crib. What was this? How was he supposed to escape? He pulled at the bars, but the thick wooden slats were unbending.

As long overdue tears finally broke free from the boy's face, he wailed, loudly, with no one to hear him, until a large pacifier appeared in front of his mouth, held by a single hand, before it was inserted and silenced him once more, both in comfort, and in terror.

Days later, when the boy never re-emerged for contact or work, someone paid a visit to his apartment, and eventually found it abandoned, with his possessions undisturbed.

As if guided, people soon forgot that he had ever vanished, that he'd ever existed, while, in a world of his own, the boy crawled around a gargantuan nursery with his only hope of escape being someone coming to the apartment to look for him, unaware that it was an impossible task.

