Scott was lying in his crib dozing off when he suddenly heard the door to his nursery creak open a little. He blinked the sleep out of his eyes and rolled over, his nappy crinkled underneath the thin covers. Whoever it was coming in they were probably going to check him and then leave, the same procedure he had experienced a thousand times. He felt dry though, he smiled sleepily. There was still some pride to be had in remaining dry when asleep.

Scott was facing the wall when he heard the side of the crib rattle to the ground. He thought that was a little odd since his nappy checks in bed usually involved a hand reaching through the bars. Oh well, it wasn’t Scott’s place to question how more grown up people went about their business. He assumed it was either his mum or step-dad, at worst it would be Elliott.

A hand touched the back of Scott’s nappy. He felt it cup the padding and then rub a little. It felt like a small hand, in his experience that meant it mostly likely belonged to Deborah. He sighed a little, that was probably the least bad option and when she found out he was dry maybe he would actually get some praise for it!

The hand moved lower. Scott frowned with his eyes closed. This seemed like a particularly thorough check but that kind of made sense, if the rear of his nappy was dry then his mother would have to check the front as well. As the hand nudged his thighs he lifted his leg so that his foot was flat on the mattress and his knee in the air. He felt the hand move to the warm plastic between his thighs, fortunately it was only warm because of his body heat. The hand then reached all the way round to the front of the padding. It cupped the small bulge made by his genitals. Scott was getting annoyed now, he just wanted to continue his nap.

“I’m dry…” Scott whined.

“I can feel that.” Lyra’s voice startled Scott, “What a good boy.”

Scott jumped and quickly powered his leg back down. His eyes had snapped open and they remained wide as he rolled over to face his babysitter. She was smiling at him.

“L-Lyra… I… I thought…” Scott mumbled.

“You thought what?” Lyra asked.

Scott’s heart was hammering and he slowly looked down to find Lyra’s hand still cupping his nappy. Despite, or maybe because of, his embarrassment he felt himself twitching inside the padding. Half of him wanted to pull away from the lingering hand but the other half kept him where he was.

“I thought you was my Mum.” Scott practically whispered.

“If that’s what gets you going…” Lyra giggled.

“No! I mean, I… What!?” Scott spluttered. He was so confused. It was like his brain was suffering from whiplash.

“Come on, you know what I’m talking about.” Lyra said. To punctuate her point she gently squeezed Scott’s nappy twice.

Scott was now already at half-mast. His nappy felt tighter than usual as he felt blood inflating his member with every pulse of his heart. He didn’t really know what was happening, he hardly dared to hope this was what it seemed like. If Lyra was still here didn’t that mean Noah was downstairs? And what about Scott’s two brothers?

“Don’t worry about a thing.” Lyra whispered as if reading Scott’s mind, “I saw what happened when I changed your nappy.”

Scott blushed even further. His penis was now fully erect and straining against the padding inside his nappy. He could only barely supress the urge to start thrusting his crotch against Lyra’s hand. Scott remembered his change as well, his body had reacted predictably to the pretty young woman cleaning his crotch.

“You really think I want to be with that asshole?” Lyra asked gently. She was leaning into the crib now, “I want a sweet boy like you…”

Scott gulped as he felt his heart hammering so hard he thought it might crack his ribs. His leg shook and he had no idea what to do. He was a virgin and despite the “bad boy” persona he used to have he hadn’t even kissed a girl. He had thought he would never get with a lady now that he was essentially a baby but a miracle appeared to be occurring in front of his eyes.

Lyra was leaning in closer and closer. She was just inches away and Scott realised that this was it, he was about to kiss a girl!

Scott closed his eyes and opened his mouth a little. He really had no idea what he was doing but he was sure Lyra knew. He still found himself shocked when he felt Lyra’s soft and slightly moist lips press against his. He breathed out deeply through his nose and almost seemed to melt into the woman giving him such attention. Lyra’s lips opened a little, it was so warm and inviting. Scott could barely manage to keep himself still.

Scott felt Lyra’s tongue flick past his lips. He could feel her smile as she kissed him, Scott could’ve stayed like that forever but was left disappointed when Lyra pulled back after just a few seconds. She was smiling at Scott rather dreamily. She slowly licked her lips as she moved back and looked down to Scott’s crotch.

“Maybe we should change you out of that nappy…” Lyra whispered throatily.

“But I’m dry.” Scott replied rather dumbly. As excited as he was he felt like he wanted someone to acknowledge that he had kept his nappy dry during his nap!

“I know.” Lyra smiled wickedly.

Scott watched as Lyra climbed on to the crib. Fortunately the bed was big enough for the pair of them, not that they needed much room as Lyra knelt between Scott’s legs. Scott watched as Lyra reached down to the bottom of her shirt and pulled it up and over her head. Her breasts were barely contained by the lacy white bra underneath. Scott thought he might faint.

“You can touch them if you like.” Lyra giggled, “I promise I don’t bite.”

Scott’s hands lifted as if he was a zombie. They trembled slightly as he reached forwards and touched his first breasts. The boobs were heavier than Scott was expecting, they were soft, smooth and firm. His mouth went dry as he dared to gently squeeze the mounds just like Lyra had done to his nappy. His mouth went dry, he ran his hands and fingers across the skin as if he was a cartographer mapping out a new land. He didn’t want to miss a single feature on Lyra’s glorious chest.

Lyra reached behind her and after a second of fumbling the bra came free in Scott’s hands. Scott moved his hands away to allow the bra to fall on to his legs, the tits were now in the open. Even without the bra the breasts remained firm upon Lyra’s chest. Scott’s hands went back to their awkward fumbling. He was a young man and yet he fondled Lyra’s breasts like a teenager who wasn’t quite sure what to do.

Lyra looked up to the ceiling as Scott continued to massage the fleshy orbs. He heard Lyra let out some soft moans until she brought her own hands up to pull his away. Scott watched on enraptured by the beauty before him as Lyra undid the button on her pants and then shimmied out of them. Her lacy red thong couldn’t have been more of a contrast to Scott’s thick white nappy.

Scott felt drool on his cheek as he looked Lyra up and down. She giggled at his obvious inexperience and swayed her hips seductively. She leaned forwards so her breasts were over Scott’s face and her panty-clad crotch sat on the bulge in the front of the padding. She rubbed backwards and forwards a few times until a groan escaped Scott’s lips.

The worries Scott had about his family finding out what was happening had evaporated. He didn’t care if they walked in on this, he just prayed he had the time to “become a man” before they were interrupted.

“Better be careful.” Lyra teased quietly, “We don’t want you losing composure before the fun can really begin…”

The implication made Scott gasp. At every step he thought things couldn’t go any further but Lyra was definitely hinting at more to come. He hadn’t been treated like an adult for so long and now someone was going to do the most forbidden adult activity with him. He suddenly became paranoid of someone walking in on them, not because of embarrassment but because he didn’t know if he would get another chance like this!

Scott watched as Lyra now pulled her panties down leaving her completely naked. Scott thought he might pass out for a second and he had to remind himself to breathe. He was unable to take his eyes off of Lyra’s perfectly shaved crotch. It looked perfect and Scott’s penis twitched to a hardness that almost hurt. Lyra was perfectly shaved between her legs, the lips looked inviting and Scott hoped he got a chance to experience the treasure within.

Lyra reached down to Scott’s nappy and started pulling the tapes off. Scott tried to remain calm and failed. As the front of his padding was lowered between his legs Scott felt his rock hard dick spring up like a Jack-in-the-box. He leaned back as Lyra smiled down at him. She shifted forwards until her kitten rested just behind Scott’s straining tool.

“Is this what you want?” Lyra asked seductively as she reached down to Scott’s penis and gently stroked, “Do you want Mummy Lyra to make you feel good?”

Scott rapidly nodded his head. Lyra calling herself “Mummy” was almost enough to make him go off in her hands. He really wanted her but he also didn’t want to embarrass himself by being so premature. He was practically begging for Lyra to sink down on to him, to make him a man!

Seemingly reading Scott’s mind Lyra shuffled forwards and pointed Scott’s tool at her entrance. Scott held his breath as he looked down. He held his breath as he saw the head of his desperate dick disappear beyond the beautiful woman’s lips. He closed his eyes and sharply inhaled in pleasure as Lyra sunk down on to him. He felt his hands tingle as he held his breath and felt himself disappearing into Lyra.

“Such a big boy.” Lyra said softly as she looked down at Scott and ran her hands down his chest.

Scott almost lost his composure but thankfully didn’t embarrass himself. He felt Lyra moving as her soft body surrounded him. It really hadn’t sunk in for him, it would’ve been unthinkable just minutes ago but it was really happening. Scott was actually having sex!

Lyra started by grinding her hips almost completely horizontally. Scott had never done this before and wasn’t sure what to do, he assumed if Lyra needed him to do anything she would tell him so he laid still and let the beautiful woman do the work. The sensations and feelings he was experiencing was far beyond anything he had enjoyed in the past.

“Does that feel good?” Lyra asked in a throaty whisper, “Do you like your special nappy change?”

Scott nodded his head quickly and let out a quiet moan. He opened his eyes to see Lyra throw her head back causing her hair to fly behind her. She was moaning as well now, every time she sunk down on to Scott’s excited tool she let out a deep breath and small exclamation. A small part of Scott was worried they would be overheard. If one of his brothers or Noah came in he knew it wouldn’t be good news for him. It was easy to ignore that part of his brain when the rest of him was feeling ecstasy.

Lyra started speeding up now. Scott’s breathing became deeper and noisier as she practically bounced up and down on him. When he looked down to her opening and saw himself sliding in and out he almost lost his cool there and then. Even managing to control himself a little he knew he wasn’t going to last long and as he got closer he started pushing his hips up to meet Lyra’s bounces.

“Call me “Mummy”!” Lyra said breathlessly.

“H-Huh?” Scott could barely keep himself together. He felt like he was on the edge of an orgasm that would shatter his crib.

“Call me “Mummy”!” Lyra demanded again with more urgency, “As you cum!”

Scott didn’t have time to think. He was already over the edge and he was seconds away from finishing. Did it even matter? He wanted Lyra to be his Mummy! He wanted Lyra to love him!

“Mummy! Mummy!” Scott cried out as his balls tightened, “Mummy!”

Scott felt himself exploding. The orgasm was so powerful he almost felt like the tip of his penis had literally gone boom. He felt his balls contract as he spurted seemingly endlessly. After the enforced celibacy of his baby treatment that had felt like it lasted forever his body was making up for lost time. His eyes were closed as he thrashed around on his bed, he must be absolutely flooding Lyra.

“Mummy!” Scott cried out again, “Mama! Mama!”

“It’s OK, sweetie. It’s just a nightmare.” Deborah’s voice suddenly seemed to split reality.

Scott felt every muscle in his body freeze. The scene in front of him seemed to fade away leaving Scott lying on a mattress in a void. At first he wondered if his extremely powerful orgasm had literally killed him but then he realised he wasn’t dead, he just had his eyes closed.

Scott’s eyes opened up to a dark bedroom. He looked around in confusion with his heart racing. He couldn’t understand what was happening. The side of his crib was up and his diaper and onesie were both on. He was achingly hard inside the warm padding which he had wet at some point. With a sinking feeling of disappointment he realised it had all been a dream.

“No…” Scott whined. The disappointment felt crushing. It wasn’t fair!

“I didn’t mean to wake you.” Deborah said as she reached between the bars of the crib, “We just got home and I wanted to check on you. We were out a bit later than we thought, thankfully Lyra and Noah agreed to stay longer. Looks like I was just in time, you were tossing and turning and moaning for your Mummy, I’m here, baby. It was just a nightmare, you’re OK.”

Scott felt utterly betrayed by his mind for creating such an impossibly good scenario just to have it ripped away. He could feel himself tearing up but he willed himself not to cry. He just laid back and stared at the ceiling.

Scott was barely paying attention to anything his mum was saying or doing. He felt heartbroken that the situation that felt too good to be true really was just that. It hadn’t been a nightmare at all, it had been the greatest dream he’d ever had. Deborah pressed her hand to the crotch of Scott’s nappy, there was no doubt she felt that he was excited but she made no comment.

“You’re wet but you should make it through the night.” Deborah said as she withdrew her hand, “See you in the morning.”

It was only as Deborah left and Scott dejectedly rolled over that he felt like something was off. His nappy felt a little bit different. Scott snuck a hand into his nappy, there was something sticky against the front of the interior that felt a little uncomfortable. It was only as he withdrew his hand that he realised what had happened. As he blushed so hard he could’ve lit up the nursery like a beacon he realised it had been a wet dream!