

Always Read the Fine Print

Chapter One

The first feeling you experienced as you gained consciousness was the throbbing pain deep in your asshole. You jolted upright, or at least as far as you could before the restraints snapped taut and you struggled feebly, briefly, until you collapsed exhausted back against the mattress. You try and scream for help, but the only sound escaping is a muffled mumble and drool. You try and use your tongue to push the object out of your mouth, but it doesn't move. It is then that you recognize there is some sort of gag strapped around your head. You swirl your tongue around the invader further and... IT'S A COCK! There's A COCK GAG IN YOUR MOUTH!

"Why am I so tired and weak?" you think to yourself. You try and take stock of what is going on, but your vision never seems to adjust to the darkness of the room. You move your head from side to side as much as you can against the restraints to try and gain any information about where you are or what is going on and that is when you feel the slight pressure of some sort of device... some sort of googles over your eyes.

You stop... you relax completely... slow deep breaths... You need to assess. Try and figure out what happened and what is going on.

"What do I know so far?" You try and think back to your earliest memory before you woke up like this. Thinking back, you became groggy, and your head began to hurt. It felt like someone had used an eggbeater on your brain. You slowly tried to raise your right arm. In less than an inch your arm was halted by some sort of restraint both at your wrist and your upper arm. You could at least feel some sort of fabric shirt covering your chest, so you were not naked to your knowledge. You tried to straighten out your hand to feel around you, but you couldn't. It was like your hand was completely enclosed in something forcing your hand into a fist. You evaluated your left arm, and it was the same situation.

"What is going on?" You started feeling panic creeping into your mind. Tamping it down you slowly continued testing... you wiggled your toes. Your feet were definitely encased in something just like your hands. You tried to raise your right leg. Just like your arms... some sort of restraints existed around your ankles and thighs and the same situation existed with your left leg. You tried lifting your hips and closing your thighs. Some sort of band secured your waist to the mattress or surface you were lying on... but there was a new sensation... (aside from the pain in your asshole and you weren't ready to dwell on that thought yet) There was a thickness... Like your groin was wrapped in something... and it felt slightly damp... too much for sweat... your aching head finally clicked...

"I'm wearing a fucking diaper" your brain screamed as you simultaneously screamed into the gag in your mouth. You quickly put an end to that as your brain erupted in a cascade of throbs that mimicked the power of a jackhammer.

Before you could question anything further, an explosion of light went off before your eyes adding another pin in the metaphorical voodoo doll that is your brain. Whatever the device is covering your eyes, it has the ability to project things before your eyes, like some sort of VR headset.

From out of nowhere a voice breaks the silence and at the same time the words spoken appear before your eyes.

“Good morning, Baby”

Chapter Two

“Technically, it is evening, but you wouldn’t know the difference. You’re just a baby after all... or you are going to be.” A mildly robotic voice said, but it wasn’t directly at you but sounded as if it were being spoken over some sort of headset.

“I’m sure you are wondering what is going on. Our research and development team has discovered that our retraining program exhibits the best numbers when the subject is aware of what they can expect. It helps break the baby’s will early in the process. The widdle baby slaves realize how hopeless their situation is and quickly give in. I personally don’t care about the psychology or your mushy feelings on the matter. I just enjoy watching the helpless subjects squirm and panic as they progress each day and recollect how horrible the last experience was, and the building dread is like a building crescendo behind a damn that eventually breaks in an ocean of despair that I find absolutely orgasmic. Pay close attention, baby slut, because I am only going to say this once, and then you are going to be fed and then forced back to sleep to begin your infancy training for at least the next month.”

You felt your heart thumping in your chest. Only a few minutes ago you were sweating from all of your struggles and exertions, but now a fridged chill ran up your spine and froze your mind in utter terror.

“You are about to undergo your babification sex slave training. How lucky for you!” Upon hearing this statement, you tried your best to scream “why” but with the massive cock gag in your mouth all you managed to get out was a, “Whhmpmbb,” noise.

Suddenly a sharp jolt of energy shot through your body emanating from your thighs. The shock wasn’t overly painful, but the electric current was constant for several seconds. It was so startling and surprising it forced your muscles to contract and release, and you immediately felt a warmth begin spreading throughout your crotch. When the current finally stopped you recognized the urinating feeling. “Oh my god, I’ve just pissed myself.”

“Don’t interrupt me, Baby bitch! Now where was I... Damnit, I’ve lost my place...” Another jolt shot through your body. This time it felt like it went on twice as long as it had the first time.

“Interrupt me again and you’ll get double the settings. That was only fifteen seconds on the lower settings... and...” There was a pause and then you began to feel a hand poking and prodding the thick padding at your crotch. “And you ended up pissing yourself.” A maniacal chuckle emanated through your headset and rattled around in your head. “Oh, you are going to fit in perfectly here, baby slut. We haven’t even begun your training, and you are already pissing yourself on your own.” You heard a faint beeping over your headset as if it were in the background of the room wherever the speaker was.

“Fuck, now I’m behind schedule...” another jolt, this one more intense shot through your body. Whoever the speaker was, they kept good on their promise, and they must have doubled the time as well as the intensity. When the current finally ceased your thighs felt like they had been cycling in a marathon. Another giggle of delight from your unseen torturer.

“I’ll honestly never get tired of that. As I was saying... you have been selected for a life in BIBs and I don’t mean you will be wearing bibs, although come to think of it... you will when I am through with you, but BIBs stands for “Babies in Bondage” You see, the world is full of very rich and powerful people, and many of those people have very particular tastes. Our organization finds and trains baby slaves that we then sell to the highest bidder. That’s where you come in. You seem to have caught the attention of a particularly powerful client and as such you have been chosen for this new life. Congratulations!”

“You may wonder what BIB candidates have to look forward to and all that it entails! Well, first, let’s go over your brand-new training rig. We are not just going to train you physically, but your transformation will be complete... Psychologically, emotionally, sexually, metaphysically, yada yada... let’s just say, when I’m done with you, you are not going to only want to be a diaper dependent bitch slave and the property to your owner, but you are going to think it’s your only purpose in life. Your training rig will optimize this by controlling all of your senses. During your training, your headset rig will feed you constant visual and auditory stimulus. Think of your resistance as a dam that we are going to constantly bombard with hypnosis, subliminal suggestions, and visuals that will overwhelm the dam’s capacity, and it will break. All things have a breaking point after all.”

Pressure was suddenly applied to the device in your mouth, driving the gag further down your throat briefly. “Locked in your mouth is a one inch by two-inch phallic feeding gag.” You suddenly felt your cheek getting pinched by a hand that must have been wearing a rubber or latex glove. “Widdle baby is gonna be a great widdle cock sucker.” The voice chuckled. “We will be slowly increasing the gag sizes so you can grow accustomed to larger girth. All your nutrients, fluids, feedings, laxatives, diuretics, medications will be pumped through your gag.”

“As you have undoubtedly noticed, your wrists and ankles are restrained with institutional restraints. Similar restraints can also be found on your thighs, waist, chest, and biceps. You can struggle all you want but you will never escape those restraints. Each one is individually locked, and they all require a special key to unlock. Even if by some miracle you were able to remove your restraints, the crib is institutional grade and secured with a biometric lock. Even if you could get one of your restraints loose or by some miracle... off... an alert is sent to the trainer station whenever a restraint is loose or removed... and although you can’t see anything with your super special baby headset you can trust me when I say that you are on camera right now. Fun fact, aside from your patron and the staff here at B.I.B. monitoring your progress, there is also a

large underground market with wealthy sadists who take immense pleasure in a pay subscription of watching our trainees throughout their transitional period. Say hi... you're on baby bitch camera!" A jolt of electricity hit you again eliciting a groan of pain and surprise. Unlike the two previous shocks, this one was very brief.

"The last part of your training rig you are currently outfitted with that we will cover, is called the MMM... 2000 (what you heard sounded like a muffled groan followed by the number 2000) I personally affectionately call it the Un-Potty trainer." You immediately felt the pressure and discomfort in your anus to shift as the speaker must have pressed the device through your diaper.

"You feel that?" You didn't groan for fear your tormentor was looking for a reason to shock you again, but you did try to bob your head visibly to the affirmative.

A shock ripped through you for five seconds. "I asked you a question, Baby Bitch!" You immediately started trying to mumble confirmation as best as you could with a massive cock in your mouth.

A second shock blasted you. "I said not to interrupt me, you Pissy Diaper Brat!" You quickly summarized that you were fucked no matter what. A literal damned if you do, damned if you don't scenario. You resigned yourself to lying completely still in the useless hope that the sadist didn't punish you again but knowing that if they had a will to do so they would regardless of a pre-existing reason. Several seconds passed as you held your breath hoping awaiting your fate.

You counted off thirty seconds in your mind before the voice in your headset broke the silence once more. "The Un-Potty trainer is a similar device to your oral trainer in a way, but on a much larger scale. Judging by your obviously virgin rear pussy hole when you were initially processed you may be unfamiliar with devices such as a butt plug or dildo... you're going to learn. The Un-Potty training is a modified mechanized mechanical butt plug... Hence MMM... and you are outfitted with the 2000 size... but by the time we are finished with you, your ass won't even be able to hold the massive 10,000 sized model. The Un-Potty trainer works by slowly and incrementally expanding in your baby hole by micro millimeters over a long duration of time. There is an open port through the middle as well to make sure baby can't hold their poopies... but in a few months you'll never be able to hold your messies ever again. Don't you worry. Your caregiver will still be able to fuck your ass raw. We ship out all of our baby slaves with special sleeves that allow a virgin tight asshole with the added bonus of collecting all the nice cummies for later feedings. Removal of your bladder control... or judging by you already wet diapers, completing the total removal of that control is unfortunately done through a clinical procedure that you are scheduled for tomorrow. By the time you wake up tomorrow, baby, you're gonna need diapers permanently, forever!"

You just couldn't help yourself. You let rip a desperate struggle and scream through your gag, but your defiance was short lived, and you were hit with the longest shock. You imagined the voice started cackling in a maniacally, but all sound was

drowned out by the screams as the waves of electricity hit you. You don't remember when the shocks stopped, but you lay still for a long time, starting to wonder if your oppressor was even still there before the voice spoke again.

"Well... that was fun, and a bit dramatic... we are going to have so much fun together, but our little talk has put me behind schedule. We'll talk again to go over your training program when you wake up, but until then it is time for baby to experience their first feeding! What fun!"

The gag in your mouth abruptly sprang to life, slowly at first, but swiftly picking up pace, thrusting deeper down your throat, tickling your gag reflex just enough to make you feel like you were about to choke before retreating back briefly only to rush forward again. "MMMM!!!!" You thoughtlessly mumbled around the thrusting invader before realizing and expecting a retribution of shocks, but the voice spoke instead.

"Sorry I failed to mention..." The voice said, sounding not at all apologetic. "All of your meals will double as a training session. You will quickly learn to love num num times... speaking of which..."

The intruder buried in your ass suddenly sprang to life like your gag, but in addition to the thrusts, it also began to pulsate with an extraordinarily powerful vibration. You immediately forgot about the mouth fucking you were experiencing. You hated yourself for it, but deep inside you began to start feeling aroused.

"Judging by your readings we have a genuine masochist baby slave before us! Oh, I knew you were going to be special. All of your feedings in the infancy stage of your training use the Pavlovic response technique to cause you to associate feedings with pleasure... along with other things. Since this is your first, I'll even add my special magical touch..." a moment later you felt something pressed against the crotch of the padding of your diaper, which instantaneously sprang to life with an equally formidable vibration to the violator buried in your ass.

The thrusting invaders spit roasting you were in synchronization, one driving home as the other was retreating. Light suddenly blasted your eyes, and you had to blink several times before your vision focused revealing a close up visual of a naked girl, other than the bib and thick diaper, sucking on a cock. Each of her deep throats corresponds with your oral intruder. After several seconds of watching, the clip suddenly cut to a similar scene, except this time it was a cute young guy. The eagerness in his eyes was drawing your focus and for the briefest second you thought you saw something quickly flash across the screen only to not be there when you tried to discern what was really there, just to find nothing but an adult baby cocksucker... like you.

You immediately chided yourself for the brief thought. You were not enjoying this... regardless of the growing arousal... this wasn't you... You reassured yourself.

The arousal continued to build, centering from the pleasure in your assaulted lower extremities and rapidly flowing throughout your whole being like a category five

white water rafting adventure building in a crescendo explosion of orgasms filling your diaper with a new wetness.

In a simultaneous explosion, the penetrator in your mouth began to pulse as thick globs of liquid were pumped into your mouth. You instinctively swallowed the slightly salty liquid before you began to choke.

The sound of the video on your headset of a new adult baby girl sucking a cock was replaced by the voice again, "Wow, it took you less than three minutes to climax. That is unsurprisingly pathetic. Did the widdle baby make a new mess in their nappies? I bet you did! What you are now tasting is a highly specialized chemical blend of stool softeners, muscle relaxers, diuretics, hormones, nutrients, aphrodisiacs, and an extraordinarily strong sedative to ensure you will be sleeping shortly and remain sleeping until after your first procedure. The cocktail is all engineered to make you into the best wetting, messing, weakling, horny, baby you are mean to be... all in a perfect deliciously addictive cum flavored package!

You tried to be revolted, but you didn't have much of a choice to either shallow or drown in the cum.

"I'll allow you to enjoy your yummy in your tummy meal. We'll talk again soon. Welcome to B.I.B!"

The pressure and the overwhelming vibrations on your crotch suddenly were removed, but the pulsing and thrusting in your now very sore asshole never abated. At least the thrusting in your mouth had ceased, but the globs of thick liquid continued to pump into your mouth at a regular pace.

You began to feel an overwhelming fatigue take over your body as the minutes ticked off. You don't remember how long it took for you to fall asleep, but you must have seen at least twenty other men and women dressed in just diapers in different states of wet or mess, sucking various cocks and dildos before the darkness overtook you.

Chapter Three

You awaken groggily, hoping the past memories were all just some horrible, fucked up nightmare, but you were snapped back to the terrible reality when you tried to sit up and the restraints snapped taunt. Your mind immediately remembered what the voice had told you when they last spoke to you. They said you would undergo a procedure to remove your bladder continence. You tried to focus on the feeling in your groin, but there wasn't any pain or even discomfort... at least... not in your groin. The discomfort you had felt in your rear passage was ten times more intense. It was downright painful now and it pulsed. You were certain the "un-potty trainer" the voice had mentioned was real... so why the deception regarding your bladder?

Panic suddenly struck you as the thought popped in your head, "What if I'm on the operating table now? What if I woke up too early? What if there is no anesthesia? What if that is the whole point?" You already knew that the voice took immense pleasure in inflicting pain. It only tracked that they would cut you open, all the while knowing you were awake and conscious.

The runaway train of terrifying thoughts was abruptly derailed with the sudden feeling of warmth spreading in your diaper. You were literally pissing yourself. You immediately clenched your urinary sphincter to stem the flow but there was nothing there... the flow continued completely unabated. You were helpless to stop it. You could feel the trickle slowly cease almost as quickly as it had started. This wasn't the normal bladder emptying piss you normally took when you went to the bathroom, but a short stream.

"Why can't I feel myself clenching? And if they did a surgery on me why is there no pain?" You knew you weren't numb... you could feel the warm piss coating your groin and the heavily wet diaper padding against your groin... so what did they do to you? It couldn't have been hypnosis... That takes awhile and you had always heard that you had to want whatever the hypnosis was meant to do subconsciously to happen in order for it to work. You know you didn't want to be diaper dependent... then a horrifying thought crossed your mind... did you really want this?

"I see my widdle diaper dependent bitch is awake and already soaking your padding." The voice suddenly said through your headset. You felt pressure against the groin of your diaper a moment later. "It looks like the procedure worked well and you're already pretty wet, but you are not due for a change yet. Besides, you need to get used to being in a full diaper."

The cock gag buried in your mouth suddenly sprung to life, pulsating, and thrusting deeper in your mouth. Each time it pumped down your throat it spurted a small amount of the cum substitute that you had experienced before. "I've started your morning feeding, widdle cock sucker. Today is your first day of training. How excited you must be! While you suck all that nice cum cum into your tum tum I'm going to outline your typical training day for the foreseeable future. Oh, speaking of training, I almost

forgot..." The visor unexpectedly overwhelmed your senses with a blinding light, a moment later the constant flashes of diapered men and women sucking various cocks began emitting before your eyes.

"I hope you don't mind having a working breakfast... if you'd rather eat in silence just let me know." You quickly considered trying to give any sign that you didn't want to hear the speaker's voice as you were mouth raped by a rubber cock that pumped a load of cum flavored nutrients with each thrust as you were forced to watch an endless stream of diaper slaves drool all over their bibs as they too deep throated various cocks of all shapes, sizes, and girth. You knew this was a trap and just braced for the incoming punishment shocks, but nothing happened as you counted the eight seconds the equivalent of pumps of cum in your mouth before the voice spoke again.

"You're learning, baby... that's good. I know it is cliché, but resistance is futile." You felt pressure on your diaper again, but this time it wasn't just rubbing your crotch, but pokes and prods to various areas, like an assessment. "Okay bitch, once you are finished eating your baby gruel you are in for a busy day. We'll start by getting you out of your wet and messy diaper. You probably haven't noticed, but with your baby hole dilated currently an inch open your mess just comes out without you noticing and that hole is only going to stretch itself larger. It's the same way your bladder control was removed. A special tube goes in your pee hole and then is expanded, then the bladder sphincter is injected with a special compound we have developed to permanently render the muscles useless for life. The only difference is that in the case of your ass, we will just consider stretching it out until you permanently gape."

So that is how they ruined your bladder control... Inwardly you were mildly surprised at how relaxed you were about this. Rather, your mind subconsciously focused on staying in rhythm with the thrusting cock in your mouth. Why were you so calm about this? There was something else as well... You tried not to dwell on the feeling, and tamp it back down into oblivion, but it was growing exponentially... arousal.

"After your diapee change, you are going to experience your first training and exercise session. We can't have baby laying around all day now, can we? You won't be leaving that crib until some of the later stages of your training, but that doesn't mean widdle baby can't still be active... depending on how you define the term 'active'." You mindlessly rhythmically continued to suck away as the voice prattled on. You were feeling bloated and full. Your jaw ached and you would have given anything to be free of the mechanical penis feeder gag. You would regret your wish all too soon.

The feeder gag eventually ran dry, and you felt like you were about to burst from all the cummy gruel you had been pumped full. The thrusting of your gag also finally stopped, and the reprieve allowed your sore mouth to relax a bit. The visor flashing clips of cum hungry adult babies suddenly flashed off and quickly came back to life, this time with sound flashing the words "It's changing time for messy babies!" Clips of adult babies in various states of wet and messy diapers began flashing. Some strapped to

different changing tables, legs kicking in the air as they rhythmically sucked on their pacis. Unbeknownst to you, you began to do the same. Your mind didn't register the change, but your gag took on an almost imperceptible, deliciously sweet, and highly addictive taste. Tiny micro pores in the gag excreted the engineered chemical and were activated as a reward whenever the device registered a sucking sensation.

Other clips showed these 'babies' having their messy diapers rubbed or having magic wands placed against the crotch of their soiled pampers and you could hear their aroused elations as they rubbed along, fueling their mindless hunger for climax on the road to an orgasmic release in their filth. You noticed vibrations pulsing against the crotch of your equally full diaper and the device buried in your ass suddenly sprang to life pulsing in pleasurable sensations. The wave lengths of the impulses began to grow exponentially, like a runaway train of pleasure driving you towards a bottomless crevasse of mindless depravity.

The overwhelming stimulus could not be prevented. It tore through your resistance like it was a sheet of wet tissue paper. You felt lightheaded and dazed for several minutes as you parachuted down from the lofty heights of the divine orgasm that had been ripped unwillingly from your body. You hardly noticed anything until you felt the shock of the cold baby wipes being run over and around your genitals. A moment later, your waist was slightly raised on its own. Your body supported by the waist restraints that had been securing you to the crib.

You felt slight pressure on the object buried in your anus followed by a sudden and dramatic release that took our breath away and left an empty feeling in your backside as the object was unceremoniously swiftly pulled from your body. A moment later you felt like a large glob of cold grease had been placed against your sore backside. You were next lowered back down onto what you figured was your next diaper. Latex covered hands rapidly began to wipe your groin down with some sort of frigid lotion.

Some sort of brush lightly feathered your genitals... for a brief moment you thought this was some sort of strange tickle torture, but as soon as it started it abruptly ended, and the front of the diaper was pulled up and secured. You felt a pair of taps on your freshly padded groin affirming the voice's chore was complete to their satisfaction.

"Now it's time for your training." The voice said through a headset.

The clips of messy diaper masturbating adults ceased, and the words *Run Training Program Delta* appeared briefly in the visor and a robotic voice, different than the voice main voice that had been your tormentor spoke. "Assume the position," in a commanding and lifeless tone.

The restraints immediately sprang to life as they had during your diaper change. Your entire body was elevated momentarily, the restraints supporting your weight. Your body suddenly rotated 180 degrees. A second later the tension in the restraints securing

your limbs was released, placing your body on all fours, but the waist restraints still held your ass in the air, unmoving.

“Its so good to see you in the position you belong, baby bitch. A widdle submissive doggie you are on all fours. We are going to make effective use of this position.”

A gloved hand began to tinker with your mouth gag and a moment later there was a click and the center of the device was pulled from your mouth including the phallic protrusion. You felt a flow of drool fall from your mouth as the object exited. Similar to the object that had been buried in your ass, but in this case, there was still something in your mouth preventing you from speaking and holding your mouth open like some sort of living sex doll.

“It’s time for baby’s training! I hope you enjoy.” The voice said. Then you heard the voice speak again, but it sounds muffled and faint as if it weren’t directed at the microphone. “Have fun. I just changed them into a penetration pamper and I used plenty of lube so you should be good to go. Please try not to break this one. None of us can afford the price for this particular candidate.”

You only had a moment to panic before you felt pressure against the back of your diaper, but it was like there was no diaper there and the fleshy foreign object easily penetrated you. The realization that you were being raped from behind would have elicited a guttural scream, had another cock not penetrated your restricted mouth.

“Have fun, widdle baby fuck slave! Play nice with your friends, and I’ll see you in a few hours...”

Chapter Four

Time became a lost concept for you. You marked time in diaper changes, feed bags of cum, cocks, eating pussy and what seemed like an endless supply of porn hypnosis videos. There was a basic pattern to your new life. Upon waking, always in a wet and messy diaper, your gag was hooked up to a feeder bag and you were pumped full of your cummy meal. You hated to admit it, but not only had you grown used to the disgusting drink, but you longed for it.

While you sucked away at the penis gag locked in your mouth you would feel the restraints holding your ankles rise as your seemingly perpetually wet and messy diaper was about to be changed, but before that, one of your favorite parts. As if on cue a powerful vibration erupted from the front of your diaper. The anal toy no longer added its vibrations and thrusts. It had been a short while ago... maybe three or four days, the voice removed the final expanding plug from your ass. The one benefit was the torturous soreness in your backside had finally ended, but with that departure, it was replaced with the completion of your diaper dependency. You were officially reduced to nothing more than a diaper reliant, cum thirsty, Baby whore.

Baby slut was unfortunately how you were starting to self-identify to yourself now. You'd like to think it was the constant parade of hypnosis, drugs, and forced orgasms that had broken your will but subconsciously you knew you were beginning to get off on this and even looked forward to your diaper changes, so you'd get a release. Even worse, you found the hypnosis porn featuring bondage and humiliation would be a major turn on for you. You currently watched through your visor as a particularly cute, diapered girl locked in a straitjacket that had holes in the front so that her curvy and perky tits peaked through behind a little baby bib. Her head bobbed up and down on a thick and juicy cock as drool covered the bib and her rosy tits.

You unknowingly followed rhythmically along with her strokes as you devoured your meal. The vibrations on the front of your diaper had you on the edge of another glorious orgasm. You rocked between your messy diaper and the heavenly vibrations as much as you could against your restraints without any shame as you rode the elevator to ecstasy. As if on cue, you heard the man in video tell the baby girl to get ready and swallow everything as he came. You felt the eruption of pleasure in tandem as he groaned at his satisfaction with her oral skills. The orgasm overtook you, and subconsciously you imagined the load was going in your mouth as you gleefully gulped down several more helpings of your morning breakfast.

Several seconds passed as you were coming down from the orgasmic bliss that had rocked you to your core. You hardly noticed as the tapes were removed from your soiled diaper and you were quickly and methodically cleaned. Lotion and powder were added before another fresh diaper was secured on. There was something different about this diaper though. You immediately noticed it wasn't a plastic disposable diaper. This one was some sort of elastic cloth that snapped at the waist. You were still coming

down from the mountain of orgasmic bliss, so you didn't bother to think about the reason for the change in routine. You just continued to enthusiastically suck away at your feeder gag. Several more snaps closing your onesie and the change was finished.

By the time your ankles touched down on the crib mattress your feeding bag had run dry. You felt the feeding tube being removed from your gag as the clip of the cute diaper girl went black in your visor.

"Greetings stinky slut. We have an exciting day in store for you today!" The voice spoke in your headset. As if demonstrating the break in what had been your routine for weeks, even months, you felt some sort of soft shoe or bootie being fitted over your right foot. Once it was seated the person putting it on you firmly pushed the sole against the bottom of your foot and a sharp pain shot through you.

"What was that?" You thought to yourself. It was like someone had pushed several blunted points into the soft side of your feet. Not enough to penetrate or draw blood but extremely uncomfortable. Your left foot was quickly shoed in short order, and you began to think to yourself, "What fresh hell is in store for me now?"

The restraints that secured your ankles were now removed, followed by your thigh restraints, waist, left arm, and lastly your right arm. Your body was totally free, but you remained laying still.

"I'm actually impressed, diaper bitch. I was expecting you to flail or try to remove your gag or training visor as soon as your arms were freed. Now I'm disappointed. I was really looking forward to punishing you." There was a momentary pause as you waited for an order but instead you were hit with a five second jolt from the electric punishment device.

"Eh, waste not, want not. You know what they say spare the rod, spoil the child." The voice said nonchalantly. "Well, don't just lay there all day, slut! I have better things to do!"

You wondered to yourself how you were supposed to do anything without being able to see. You feebly reached out blindly trying to find anything to get ahold of to guide you. Your limbs were weak and strange after so long of a time in bondage. The only time they had moved in your long imprisonment period was during diaper changes and the somewhat frequent fucking training sessions. You'd be required to satisfy various unknown men and women until they were satisfied. Never knowing their faces, the whole time.

"Oops... silly me. I guess things could move along a little faster if you could see." Your heart leaped as you thought of finally being rid of the infernal headset, but your hopes were just as quickly dashed as the screen suddenly came to life and you could suddenly see through your visor. It wasn't the same as seeing with your eyes, more like looking through a tunnel, but this was a major development. You immediately looked around to get a sense of your surroundings.

Your crib was in the center of a standard sized room. The first thing you noticed was that the white walls and the floors were padded in some sort of white canvas material. There were no windows in the room. Suddenly you were hit with another jolt of electricity.

“We don’t have all day, diaper slut!”

You looked around the room looking for the voice and then a feminine figure dressed in a form fitting red and black nurse outfit stepped into view. Based on the low-cut top that barely held a large pair of assets and the high cut micro skirt you seriously doubted the uniform was for a genuine medical establishment. There was something off about the uniform as well... it was shiny. Perhaps it was rubber or latex. Then you looked at the face and was surprised to see... nothing... there was no face.

“Are you just going to sit there and stare? I can hit you with another punishment shock if you want. Your visor is programmed to scrub out all of the staffs faces, and the voice modulator is designed to make all of our voices, men, and women, sound the same.” The voice said answering the question on your mind.

You scooted your thickly diapered ass to the open side rail of the crib. Each movement elicits another rustle of crinkling. Once you had both feet hanging over the edge you hopped off the edge and dropped a short distance to the floor. The moment your weight rested on your feet an eruption of pain shot through your body like you had just jumped onto a pile of Legos. You dropped to your hands and knees. Thankfully, the floor was padded to help break the impact of your fall.

“It isn’t wise to stand or try and walk. We could just shock you if you try, but sometimes the low-tech options are the best. There are spike lined soles at the bottom of each of your booties. You will only be permitted to crawl like the baby bitch that you are.” The figure then stepped forward to your prone body and affixed a chain leash to a collar you didn’t notice you had been wearing. “You will be following me. Keep up or you know what will happen.” The faceless voice then turned and began walking towards one of the walls. You were confused as to where she, you now thought of the voice as a she, was going. There was nothing but a wall in front of her.

The leash came taut in the same instance that a space in the padded wall suddenly opened up into an unforeseen door. A short burst of intense shocks hit you as you sat gawking at the secret door.

“I told you to keep up!” The voice said. Although the voice was monotone there was an eerie sense of “Try me again and you’ll regret it.”

You started to follow along to the swaying hips of the tightly covered latex ass and immediately felt the toll of being secured in the crib all that time. Your limbs were stiff with the lack of mobility and the once strong runner’s muscular physique had been reduced to a soft and weak infantile strength.

As soon as you passed through the doorway you quickly learned another feature of your visor. Not only did it remove the facial features of the voice, but it severely blurred everything that wasn't a foot in front of you. It was like looking into a bowl of skim milk... or cum... why did you just think about cum? No, thin milk... that's what it looked like... Since there was nothing at all to see you just kept your eyes a foot in front of you. You had only been crawling for a few minutes and felt utterly exhausted. The only blessing was that the floor was padded everywhere so your tender and soft knees weren't suffering too much.

You must have entered into a new room because the floor material changed from what felt like a stiff canvas to a material you were familiar with. You felt it every time your diaper was changed or the voice touched you. The floor was still padded but was covered in a layer of shiny latex. Crawling a short distance further into the room and you began to descend down a steep slope that ended with a chair. With your limited vision, you figured you were in some sort of tub.

"Get into the chair." The voice said. She observed you as you carefully climbed into the seat so as to not step on the spikes in your booties but quickly enough that you wouldn't warrant getting shocked. The seat reminded you of an oversized baby booster seat, and just like everything in the room it was also covered in latex. You looked over your shoulder to see the toes of the black thigh high latex boots the voice wore. She quickly dropped to her knee and removed the leash from the front of your collar. A moment later you heard an audible *click* from behind your head. You tried to turn your head again to see what that noise was and discovered your collar was now secured to the back of the chair and you could barely move your head.

"You don't need to see anymore." The voice said and the visor suddenly went black. A few moments passed and you felt something pulled over top of the mitten on your right hand and then your wrist was pulled into position to be level with your collar. You offered no resistance. It was quickly secured like your collar. Your left hand quickly followed suit. You next felt the booties grabbed and again something was placed over the booties like a bag and then your ankle was shifted a few inches, and you knew they were being secured as well. Snaps at your crotch and shoulders were quickly undone without ceremony and your onesie was removed and you were now sitting naked except for your diaper.

Moments passed as you awaited your fate. You gasped as best you could around your gag as a blast of freezing cold liquid hit your body. "I hope the water is your liking, you filthy diaper piggy!" The voice cackled.

The stream must have lasted a minute, and you were shivering when the water finally cut off. The latex hands next began to rub your body down with some sort of thick lotion. The voice unsnapped the front of your diaper as well and spent what you considered too much attention wiping the lotion into your groin and backside. You sat shivering for a brief time before your entire body began to rapidly feel warm which

quickly became unbearably hot. It felt like your skin was being incinerated. The most unbearable pain erupted from your genitals and tender nipples. You tried your best to hold back any sign of the excruciating pain for fear of the sadistic repercussions that would undoubtedly follow, but after what must have only been ten minutes you were reduced to blubbering and the wracking sobs of an infant. The following blast of chilly water now felt like a blessed relief. You were sprayed down for a few more minutes as the chemical covering your body was sprayed off. The water ceased, and you were once again left shivering. The latex hands began to wipe you down once again with another lotion and your blood ran cold.

“Relax, diaper bitch... this is just soap. The last was a special chemical that destroys all of the hair follicles. You are now as hairless as a baby and will remain that way for the rest of your life, except your head. Once your buyer has decided you may have another trip here soon. Some buyers like to put their babies in various wigs. It’s the cutest.”

The voice finished scrubbing you down and after another spray down you were deemed clean. You were padded down with a terry towel until the voice deemed you dry enough. The open diaper at your waist was once again secured and you now realized it was some sort of swimming diaper, but adult sized. The restraints one-by-one were removed, as well as the covers that were placed over the mittens and booties to keep them dry. The leash was reattached, and your vision suddenly returned as the visor came back online.

“Out of the chair.”

You carefully followed the command and once again followed along behind the voice like some demented diapered puppy, but this time you were wearing nothing but a diaper. Crawling along you quickly realized you were not going the same way back to your crib. The voice took you into another room. This one had a waist high table against the back wall with what appeared to be diapers and other changing supplies under the table. There were also a series of cabinets to the left and right of the table. Against another wall there were several supersized highchairs.

“Get up on the table.” The voice said as she patted the top of the table.

It took you quite a bit of effort and several threats from the voice before you were lying on your back on the table. Your arms and waist were quickly restrained, and you soon found your legs in the air and your genitals were humiliatingly on display as you were wiped down, had lotion, and powder applied, and were taped into a very thick disposable diaper. She didn’t stop with just the diaper though. A transparent blue diaper cover with elastic around the waist and legs was pulled over your diaper before the restraints were removed. The voice led you to one of the cabinets and had you take a seat on a small stool beside it. She opened the doors to reveal numerous adult sized baby outfits, dresses, and accessories. There were several dresses in bright pastel colors covered in ruffles and lace, a sailor suit, onesies, footed sleepers in all the colors

of the rainbow, bonnets, plaid schoolgirl uniforms, there were other items that seemed of a kinkier nature.

“We are going to get you dressed. If you resist at all I will make sure you spend the night with a ginger butt plug coated in Carolina reaper pepper larger than anything you’ve ever experienced. Considering you ass gapes so large you are diaper dependent that is saying something. Got it?” You quickly nodded in the affirmative. The voice quickly selected a solid black onesie and pulled it over your head. You helpfully put your arms in the sleeves and lifted your diapered ass so she could snap the crotch. She next selected a pair of thigh high socks that reminded you of the socks baseball players wear. One at a time she removed your spiked booties and then pulled the sock on you before replacing it. She next selected a pair of short shorts that were several inches above your knees. You noticed that the shorts were made in such a way that they were designed to accommodate a massive diaper. The crotch was also held together with strong hook and loop connectors for easy access for diaper changes.

You had to stand for a brief moment while the voice pulled the shorts up and the pain on the soles of your feet was almost unbearable. You couldn’t imagine ever being able to walk let alone ever run while wearing them. The last addition the voice selected for you was a blue and white, button up baseball jersey. The team’s name read “Pamper Packers” on the front and the name on the back said “Diaper Slut” with the number 69 below.

“We’ll put this on you after you have eaten. We don’t want you to ruin your little outfit, do we?” She then showed you an adult sized bib that said, “Little Cum Dumpster” and clipped it on you.

You were led to one of the highchairs and quickly discovered that there were anchor points for your mittens and booties. Once the tray was reattached the voice stood in front of you with their eerie featureless face. “I’m going to remove your gag now and I’m going to feed you. If you utter a single word not only will you spend every night for a week with the plug I mentioned earlier, but I will also make sure all of your feedings for the foreseeable future will also include a whole ghost pepper. Do you understand?”

You rapidly nodded your head. A moment later and you were opening and closing your mouth and moving your jaw back and forth after having the gag in for as long as you did. You couldn’t seem to stop drooling and your mouth felt surprisingly empty.

The voice placed several open jars of baby food on the tray in front of you as well as a bottle. You momentarily felt excited to get to eat something other than the gallons of cum flavored gruel that had been pumped into your mouth all this time, that was, until the first spoon full of peas touched your tongue. The smell as the spoon passed under your nose almost made you wretch and there was nothing you could do about it. You resolved yourself to gulp it down as quickly as possible in order to get this over with as quickly as possible. The peas were followed by carrots, then strained ham and although you tried your best to get it all in your mouth, globs of food covered your face and bib.

The bottle was last, and you were pleasantly surprised to taste your beloved cummies that you have learned to love.

“Okay baby, hurry up and finish your bottle and we will get you all cleaned up and dressed and then you can get to meet your fellow babies.”

Chapter Five

There were others like yourself. You thought while the caretaker wiped your face down with a cold, moist baby wipe.

“You really are a messy baby.” She said as finished wiping the remaining pureed peas from your chin and one glob that somehow made it onto the tip of your nose. “You won’t be needing this anymore.” The smell of her latex clothing was intoxicating, and for a brief moment your face was buried in the cleavage of her breasts as she unclipped the bib at the back of your neck. She swiftly inserted a massive pacifier into your awaiting mouth. You didn’t even resist. The voice continued pressing her double Ds in your face that you hardly noticed what she was doing until you heard the little audible click as the straps of the pacifier gag were secured behind your head. She also reattached the leash to your collar and undid the restraints securing you to the highchair.

The pleasurable moment was brief, but it was evidently enough to make you visibly excited, and the voice definitely noticed when she removed the tray from the highchair and inspected your diaper. “Looks like you really are enjoying your life as a little diapered bitch, aren’t you?”

Your face burned red with shame, but the blood didn’t just rush to your face as your arousal seemed to triple with the open humiliation. The situation didn’t improve itself as the caretaker began to rub the crotch of your diaper, grinding the wet padding into your intimates.

“You really are a slut,” she said as the rubbing intensified. You were so close to a mind-blowing orgasm when the caretaker suddenly stopped abruptly. Even through her blank, featureless face you knew there was a wicked grin upon her face. “Rule number one... Only messy diaper sluts get to make cummies, whore!” And with that she swiftly slapped your diapered crotch hard. The impact made you instinctively flinch violently as you expected the ensuing pain from the blow, but the soaked thickness of your padding just made an audible “Thwap.” You barely felt the impact at all.

There was hardly time to process the action because she firmly tugged your leash as she stepped back quickly pulling you from the highchair and with the spiked booties you quickly and frustratedly fell in line behind her once more as she led you down the corridor. The vision your visor permitted once again narrowed to just a few feet in front of you, or in your case... hands. The progressing soaking of your diaper hindered your efforts to keep up as much as your lackadaisical muscles after spending at least a month locked in the crib. You felt near exhaustion when the leash finally went loose. The caretaker had taken you down a corridor that seemingly ended in a blank padded wall and in fact you were so focused on keeping up as to not earn yourself a punishment that you crawled right into the back of they latex thigh high stocking covered leg of the caretaker.

“Get the fuck off me, slut!” The voice snarled and a brutal shock hit you for several seconds. “If you are horny enough to hump my leg like the bitch that you are then you are going to really enjoy what we have in store for you!” With that she leaned over you and unclipped your leash. “Now play nice. If I hear any negative reports about you, I swear to you now that I will cane you ass so hard that your backside will permanently look like a hundred games of tic-tack-toe. So don’t fuck up or you can spend another month in your crib going brain dead. You’ll see what I mean shortly.”

You saw her swipe a card that hung from a retractable lanyard clipped to her wasp shaped waist thanks partly to the corset. A small section of the wall seemed to move, and you heard a series of quick taps followed but what sounded like an acceptance chime. Nothing happened for several seconds, but then the wall thrust inward and standing in the opening was another nurse, but this one wasn’t dressed in the red and black latex like the caretaker voice was, but in white. The first remarkable thing you noticed was that you could see her face.

Unlike the slim dominatrix appearance and dress of the caretaker. This woman was much shorter and stockier but unlike the absence of features on the voice. This woman had kind and nurturing eyes.

“You kept me waiting.” The voice snapped coldly. The woman brought a hand to her throat clearing it quickly.

“I apologize; I was handling an issue with one of the little ones.” Unlike the monotone voice modulation of the caretaker. The woman was soft spoken, and her voice trembled in supplication.

“Do you think I want to hear your sniveling excuses? An hour in one of the jumpers for all of the littles involved and they are to be hooked up to a feeding bag of formula X.” The kindly nurse’s head bowed in what could be considered guilt for the harsh afflictions she had just earned for her charges.

“Yes, Matron.”

“And your changing privileges are revoked until tomorrow. You also shall drink a bottle of formula X in the next hour, and I will be verifying that my orders are followed, and the punishments are dealt out. Do I make myself clear?”

“Yes, Matron.” This exchange surprised you. You looked more carefully at the nurse and from your low angle sight lines you were able to get a peak under the nurse’s low-cut skirt and you could see the peeking slightly yellowed plastic of a thick diaper.

This observation presented some questions in your mind. “Did all of the staff wear diapers?” That couldn’t be true... the caretaker, or matron based on how the nurse addressed her most definitely was not wearing a diaper. The headset limited your vision yes, but you have had an up close and very personal view of the Matron’s ass for the better part of the day and there was not a conceivable way she was wearing a diaper.

The better question would be, did she even wear any form of underwear based on the lack of any lines on the extremely form-fitting latex skirt against her shapely backside.

“This is our newest acquisition and trainee. They are currently at phase two privileges. As this is their first day outside of their nursery, one of the phase fives to show them around. Following that, you are to follow these instructions to the letter for their first training session. You know... just getting their feet wet.”

The matron then handed over a small note to the nurse who took it and gave the piece of paper a look over. She quickly looked up with an expression that could only be described as incredulous.

“Do you have a problem with my orders?” The matron said. You couldn’t hear the voice inflections due to the voice modulation function of your headset, but judging by how the nurse quickly reacted to the question it was undoubtedly a threatening tone.

“No, no not at all it will be done as you have requested, Matron.

“Good, you’ve taken up enough of my time today. You have just lost your changing privileges until noon tomorrow.”

“My apologies, Matron.” The nurse then turned her attention quickly to you. “You are to crawl inside and wait for me. Move!” She ordered.

You couldn’t help but feel bad for the nurse. Somehow, she also felt like a victim. You immediately crawled inside the door, and you realized you were in a small room no larger than a walk-in closet. You looked back in enough time to see the nurse step inside the small room with you and then watch the door close behind you. She took a moment and a few deep breaths once the door clicked shut and the Matron was no longer in sight. She looked down at you, seeing that you were staring at her. You quickly looked away out of fear that she would punish you for taking such liberties to gaze on her without permission.

“Hello, little one. My name is Nanny Anna. Once you earn speaking privileges you may address me as Nanny or Nanny Anna. Is that understood?” You looked back to her and nodded your head in understanding.

“There are many rules here in the playroom and any infractions of those rules will earn serious punishments. Not just in the playroom but it could cause a loss of privileges and even greater punishments that could be permanent. I sincerely recommend and it would be in your best interest to obey to the best of your ability. You’ll see what happens to those who do not shortly. Now, I bet you’d like to have that headset off. I need you to turn your head away so I can access the lock.”

You eagerly turned your head. This would be the first time you would be able to see with your own eyes. Unlike the latex gloved hands of the Matron, Nanny Anna wore no gloves at all, and her initial touch was electrifying. This was the first time you had been touched gently with human hands in you don’t know how long. Nanny softly

touched an object to the base of your skull, and you suddenly felt a relief of the securing pressure. It took all the will in your body as well as the looming fear of reprisals to keep yourself from swatting the visor off with your mittened hands, but your body still telegraphed your restlessness of having the headset removed was clearly noticed by Nanny.

“I know you want the visor off. Just give me a few more moments. I’m just applying a salve to the tender areas where the straps were. Trust me, it will be worth the few extra seconds.” You felt the tender, lovingly touches of Nanny as she rubbed the cream onto the areas where the straps had once been, and you realized quickly that having worn the headset for a months’ time that some sores had developed.

“I’m going to dim the lights and slowly bring the light up to help you get reacquainted with the brightness. I’m going to remove the visor now. I want you to close your eyes and only open them slowly when I tell you. Do you understand?” You nodded once more, and you closed your eyes. Although you had only spent a few minutes with this woman, you believed like you could trust her. You felt her gently remove the headset and a few moments later, “Okay, baby. Open your eyes.”

You slowly did so and for a moment worried that this was a trap, and you still couldn’t see but then your eyes focused and you could see the dim shadow of Nanny in the corner of the room. The light slowly became brighter and brighter and as the room was illuminated you were immediately surprised to see that the padded walls and floors of the room weren’t white but was a light lilac. Even more surprising was the nanny’s white uniform. It wasn’t white at all, but light baby blue. You began to look around even more to see what other deceptions your visor had shown you.

“The visor as you know has the ability to manipulate the faces of some of the staff here like the Matron, but it also obscures areas like the corridors and hallways and filters out most of the colors. It is a preventative measure to prevent naughty babies who think that they can escape, I’m only telling you this because I don’t want you to think that an attempt is possible. The punishments for escape attempts are not something you want to experience. Now, are you ready to meet the other babies? I want you to be on your best behavior.”

Nanny Anna then stepped forward to the wall and just like the Matron, used a card at a spot on the wall and just like before a keypad revealed itself and she quickly punched in a code and the door to the playroom opened to the next part of your adventure.

Chapter Six

The room was an expansive open space, brightly lit and colorful. You heard the tail end of the easily recognizable “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star,” followed immediately by “Rockabye Baby” playing over some unseen loudspeakers.

Lining on one side of the wall was a pair of changing tables, highchairs, and four bouncy jumpers suspended from the ceiling from sets of bungee cords. Another wall was lined with what looked like a pair of modified treadmills, what looked like an adult sized rocking horse, and several leather upholstered benches that looked like they belonged in a medieval torturer’s dungeon than in a baby’s playroom.

The room itself was packed full of colorful stimuli. The vast center of the space was tiled with countless foam floors puzzle pieces. Each section was a vibrant color and representing a different number or letter of the alphabet in a contrasting color than the outer piece. Framing the vibrant mosaic of alphabet tiles was what looked like waist high gymnast mats in alternating colors of red, blue, yellow, and green. A four-foot gap between these mats was at the midpoint of each side of the massive square that this floor space made up. There was a large variety of various toys, hundreds of colorful blocks, even a tricycle, all adult sized scattered across the center of the play area. In the four corners of the floor space there was a unique playset. Each slightly larger than the toddler’s size so that an adult could properly play with it from their knees.

A play kitchen was in one corner, a market in another, and what looked like a finger painting and arts area was in the far corner judging by the pair of naked, aside from their diapers, adult babies, kneeling in front of an easel and both covered head to toe in various colorful handprints, paint splashes, and smears. The last corner looked like a mini construction area with large interlocking bricks, toy construction trucks, and several brightly colored hard hats and safety vests.

“Kittie... James... Come over here my babies!” Nurse Anna said in a sing song sort of way. Within moments two crawling adult babies broke from their play groups and started making their way towards you and Nurse Anna.

Kittie was completely naked except for a thick lavender colored diaper that swayed back and forth on her curvy hips as she crawled closer to you. She was also wearing a pair of spiked crawl booties that matched your own, but hers were also lavender. Her raven black hair starkly contrasted against her alabaster skin and was tied into two pigtails with a pair of lavender bows and just to match she was sucking on an oversized lavender pacifier. As she got closer you noticed two things. The first was her pacifier didn’t have a harness that kept the pacifier locked in her mouth like yours, which meant she could theoretically remove her paci to talk if she wanted. The other thing was a small silver chain that was attached to Kittie’s paci and the other ends of the chain attached to two small piercings attached to Kittie’s rosy nipples.

James was just behind Kittie as he crawled behind her noticeably saggy diaper, and it didn't appear to bother him at all. He wore the crawl booties, locking paci, and hand restrictive mittens like yours except his were green. Rather than the baseball jersey and onesie you wore, James' extraordinarily thick diaper was on full display, and he wore a colorful dinosaur T-shirt.

The two quickly finished crawling over and both plopped down on their diapered rumps. You could both hear and visually see Kittie's diaper was full and a faint "squish" could be hear before she started giggling cutely. She must have enjoyed the feeling of the mushy diaper.

"Kittie, I want you to show around our newest baby. Explain the rules and how everything works. Do a good job and you'll be permitted a reward before your change. Understand?" Nanny Anna said. Kittie's paci popped out of her mouth and was suspended by the chain, swaying to and fro a few inches below her perky breasts.

Kittie giggled, but seductively, like the cause of her joy was not the task, but the way the swinging pacifier played with her nipples. "Yesth, Nanny Anna." She said in a highly sweet but heavily lisp voice.

"Good, and as for your James... I'm sorry, but the Matron has ordered you to be punished for delaying me from answering the door. You are to have a feed bag of special formula and be placed in the punishment bouncer."

James' rosy face rapidly changed from innocent happiness to abject horror and despair. He immediately broke down sobbing and even though he was gagged you were certain he moaned "No" through the gag.

"I'm sorry James. I know you were just getting changed out of your messy diaper, but you need to stop crying this instant. Don't make this harder on yourself than it needs to be. I need you to be a brave big boy now, okay? Or your punishment could be so much worse." Nanny Anna really sounded sincere rather than threatening, but her warning was too late.

There was a crackle that reminded you of a P.A. system at a school or shopping center, but rather than a cheerful voice announcing the latest blue light special this voice was the cold robotic voice of the Matron. "Spare the rod, spoil the child Anna. I see you still have a lot to learn when it comes to discipline. Double the time in the punishment jumper for the sniveling brat. And before that is to happen, you and the babbling brat are to report to the train conductor for twenty-five strokes with his finest paddle and I want our newest charge to watch... No, in fact, I want him to have a one-on-one with the train conductor as well. See to it this instant. I'll be watching."

James instantly stopped crying, and his honey brown skin instantly became paler than Kittie's. You knew that the Matron had originally ordered him to be in the punishment jumper for an hour, now doubled to two hours, but he didn't know what the

time duration was... only that it had just now been doubled, and you couldn't tell him with the gag locked firmly in your mouth.

You noticed Kittie let out a sigh of relief. As if resigned to her fate, Nanny Anna just sighed. "Come on babies, lets go meet the Train Conductor before this punishment gets a worse." She then started walking to the back of the room. James quickly crawling behind at her heels."

Kittie looked at me and quickly whispered, "Sworry" with her cute little lisp and followed behind James.

There was nothing for you to do but face the "Train Conductor" whatever that means... you followed crawling behind Kittie and instantly was greeted with the foulness of what had to be a fully loaded diaper. If there was any consolation the smell momentarily took your mind off the fate you were crawling to. You hardly noticed that all the other adult babies in the room had stopped playing and were all watching you as the sad parade of doomed diapered individuals marched, or in this case, crawled on by.

In the far back of the room there was a colorful mural of trains painted on the wall and in the center was what looked like a train tunnel. Nanny Anna had abruptly stopped so that her three crawling charges could catch up. You noticed that although there were several knee-high wooden train sets on tables set up, there were no adult babies in this area of the room. Like it was a old western ghost town, complete with trains.

"Come on in, no need to be shy!" A booming bass voice rang out from down the train tunnel.

Nanny Anna went ahead and as you entered the dark tunnel you felt the hairs all over your body stand on end as the terror slowly gripped you. Light seemed to dissolve into complete darkness with each foot as you crawled forward and just as it seemed that the darkness had utterly consumed you and it was the end of all things, the light suddenly began to grow exponentially again as you continued forward.

You started hearing faint whistles as the light continued to grow until you entered the room that was brightly lit under florescent lights. Hanging from the ceiling was all manner of airships and plane models circling the room on a track system. Below them was an entire world of model trains on platform tables. The trepidation you were feeling a moment earlier was suddenly gone and you rose up onto your knees to get a better look. You were fascinated to see what must have been tens of thousands of hours of work meticulously constructing a little world in miniature with trains running and intersecting all over the platforms and through little cities.

"I see we have a new baby." The deep bass voice said snapping you out of your awe of the scene before you. You looked over to where the voice originated to see Nanny Anna, Kittie, and James looking back at you. Standing beside them was what could only be described as an ebony god that looked like he may have been chiseled out of the finest black marble. His burly build was barely hidden under a pair of striped

overalls, a skintight shirt that did little to hide the chest that looked like it could derail a freight train. He had a red bandana tied around his tree trunk thick neck and perched to the side of his head was a striped train conductor's hat that matched his overalls. There was no doubt in your mind that this was the train conductor.

"Do you like my trains?" He said, looking directly at you. There was no way that you could hide your initial enthusiasm, and the fear came rushing back to you like a runaway locomotive with a full head of steam. You briefly looked at the other babies, but they immediately looked away as if your attention would somehow include them in your own derailment. Nanny Anna spoke up.

"This one is a little shy." She said to the Train Conductor. "Go on... you can shake your head yes or no if you like the trains."

You thought about it for another brief second and decided just to be honest... you were already a diaper slave. What's the worst that could happen for expressing that you liked trains? You nodded in the affirmative to the train conductor.

"Well, that's good. I'll save you for last so you can get a good look at all the trains. Just no touching... not like you can." He chuckled to himself in his deep bass at his own joke and then pulled a large gold pocket watch on a chain from his overalls and looked at the time. "It has been some time Nanny since I have had you over my bench. Do you want to be a big girl and go first to show the new baby how it's done?"

"Yes sir." Nanny said in a quiet quivering voice.

"You know the rules. Would you like a paci or do you want to count?" The Train Conductor said, offering a large pacifier to Nanny.

"No, only babies use pacifiers and I'm not a baby. I'll count." She said in an even quieter voice looking down at the floor. You sensed there was something else going on between these two.

"Counting it is and remember the stroke is only counted if you count it." The Conductor then guided Nanny over to a spanking bench. "I will forgo the restraints for you but don't make me regret it. Assume the position, nanny."

"Yes, sir." Nanny Anna said in almost a whisper. The bench was like a padded sawhorse. Nanny climbed on top, resting both knees on either side of the lower part of the bench and she gradually lowered her chest across the top. As she bent over the micro dress, she was wearing slowly rode up exposing her evidently wet diaper. You could see there were restraints by her wrists and ankles and true to his word the Train Conductor didn't fasten them, but he did pull her dress up the rest of the way fully exposing her padded ass.

"Last time I checked, only babies wear diapers. Are you sure you don't want to reconsider that pacifier? It would make things a little easier on you."

Nanny gave it only a moment of thought and then said. "No, I don't need a pacifier."

The Train Conductor chuckled. "Good girl! You may not need one, but I'm sure you want one." With that he picked up a polished wooden paddle and brought it down in a swish that seemed to defy the laws of physics on her exposed right thigh. The audible smack of the paddle striking Nanny's ass was deafening. As the conductor raised the paddle you could already see a red welt forming.

You were instantly flabbergasted that instead of a cry of pain, Nanny let out what could only be described as an orgasmic moan followed by, "One." The train conductor barely let Nanny have a breath as he brought the paddle down again lighting quick on the opposite thigh. "Two" rang out.

By the thirteenth stroke Nanny's evident enjoyment had been reduced to racking sobs. The Train Conductor never seemed to hit her padded posterior and always seemed to strike her unprotected thighs. By count twenty, both of her cheeks were an angry hot cherry red, and she had wet herself further. Nanny received a few extra strikes between twenty-one to twenty-five because she couldn't manage to count a couple of the strikes because of the wracking sobs.

What surprised you the most was that Nanny embraced the Train Conductor and breathily thanked him for the experience.

"We should do it again sometime and more. Now I think you have a bottle to drink while I take care of these babies." He said as he handed her an oversized baby bottle filled with a white liquid that you recognized. You couldn't help yourself, but after seeing the bottle your mouth watered, and you felt a subconscious jealousy for the creamy white liquid.

James was up next, and he was sobbing before the Train Conductor even finished strapping him into the spanking bench. His twenty-five strokes were quick and unlike Nanny's there wasn't any evidence that this was some perverse kinky play. This was just clinical punishment, and it was quick but brutal. By the end, James' face was a mess of snot, tears, and drool.

Nanny had collected herself and finished her bottle by the time that James' punishment had concluded. She assisted the Train Conductor in releasing him. "Kittie, you are to wait here until the Train Conductor is finished with our newest baby. I want you to give him the grand tour and go over the rules with him. I'm going to take James to complete his punishment."

At that moment, James somehow began to cry even harder, which was impressive given the fact that he was gagged. The Train Conductor leaned in and whispered something in James's ear and not only did he go silent, but he also when even more pale.

Nanny seemed to pretend not to notice. "Come on James. We aren't finished with you yet. Let's let the new baby get to know the Train Conductor."

You felt your blood run cold as Nanny led James away and you were left with just the Train Conductor and Kittie. He looked over at you as he wiped down his paddle. "Shall we begin, baby?"