

## From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

February 2024 – Commission

### Chapter Sixteen

The day had finally arrived! Though ironically, the guy whose special day it was hadn't even realized it.

At least, not yet.

Oh, sure: maybe there was an extra note of excitement in Jessica's voice when she woke him up and gave him his now-typical breakfast of formula and gruel. She was chattering away to him in high, excited tones as she peeled off his saturated nighttime diaper and wrapped him in a fresh one. But for Bob, staring blankly up at the ceiling with the musical tinkles and whispered commands of his nightly hypnosis still echoing through his half-melted mind, he didn't notice: neither her prattle about him being a good boy, nor about this being his big day. Nor even the double boosters and triple diapers that she tugged, straining, into place around his limp and still-caged cock.

Only at the very end, when she called for Cynthia to help pull him out and began forcing his limp limbs into the straitjacket, did a vague sensation dawn on the brainwashed fellow that something might be up.

"Don't forget the paci-gag!" Cynthia laughed, forcing it gleefully between Bob's glistening, drool-covered lips and deftly buckling it behind his head. "And of course a nice short tutu over the straitjacket, too! Can't let anyone think he's not our *sissy* little baby, after all..."

"No worries about that," Jessica giggled, reaching for a mass of pink leather straps and buckles. "I mean, the straitjacket's pink. His harness here is pink. And with his hair grown out like this, there's no way on earth someone would think he's a boy – let alone a full-grown dude!"

Out they trundled him at last: down the perilous stairs, his gigantic diaper forcing his legs apart and serving as a pillow upon which he plopped at last, staring vacantly about the living room. A chorus of laughter greeted him, and soon all of his adoptive family of college students were milling around him, snickering and congratulating the two on their great work. Even Tom and Megan were there, and Megan was already kneeling beside him, stroking his tousled head and cooing about what a cute little baby girl he made.

"Hey, guys?" It was Michael, sensible as ever, glancing over at the clock that now read 11:26 am.

"The party's supposed to start at noon, right? We'd better get things fired up! Here, why don't Brian and I go and get the furniture set up? Sarah, we'll want the music soon, too..."

So it began – the flurry of activity as everyone began bustling about to begin the long-awaited party. Bob sat on the floor, staring wonderingly about in his straitjacket and harness, while Megan beamed and cooed and told him what a cute, sweet little one he was – so much nicer than he had been before. Only when Cassandra finally appeared did she straighten up, a wondering look of admiration on her face, and gesture down to the mute man-baby beside her.

"Hey! Um, your- your husband... he's ready, I think..."

It was hard to know what to say. After all, it wasn't every day you saw a veritable dominatrix stride into the room! Cassandra was done up right today: all in black leather, with her dark blonde hair bundled into a bun and black lipstick on her smirking lips. Her boots clicked closer, and then her hands were closing on the pink leather straps of Bob's harness. She had him in her possession now, well and truly. And as a quiet, sneering chuckle escaped her, Megan felt her stomach quiver with an unnamed sensation.

"*Husband*, you say? Well, in name only. I prefer to think of him as my toy. My obedient, brainless, baby toy." She tugged on the harness straps, and Bob stumbled forward: first to his knees, and then slowly tottering up into the bow-legged stance of a toddler. "Come on, baby! Let's go give the neighbors what they came for!"

The shouts of wondering laughter that greeted them upon their arrival outside were priceless – as was the look of incomprehension and dismay that dawned in Bob's widening eyes.

"Oh, my god! Bob – that's really him?" "Sure is! Though I remember him being a lot fatter." "Heh – looks like his treatment's done him some good, then!" "Sure has! Besides, I mean, just look at how calm he is! The old Bob would've been yelling and swearing at us all by now..."

The music was thumping, the crowd laughing, the excitement palpable. Through the crowd Cassandra slowly strode, her strong hand tugging her new husband forward despite his growing dismay. One round she made, Bob waddling mutely along beside her, while the laughter grew and the flash and clicking of cameras accentuated the scene. It was as if Bob, through the mortifying process of forced regression, had been transformed from the neighborhood jerk to the neighborhood celebrity.

*Screeeechhh!* "Ah- Oh, sorry, Sarah! Looks like this thing is on after all! Hello? Hello?"

It was Ms. Adams, tapping the microphone and beaming around her at the crowd of her neighbors. Bob and Cassandra were standing behind her now, and she glanced brightly behind her before continuing. "Welcome, everyone! It's a great day, isn't it? You all having fun? Huh?" A chorus of cheers and "Yeah!"s erupted, and she laughed. "That's great to hear! Now, since we're all here today in honor of a very special person – a very special *couple*, in fact – I thought we ought to reflect a bit on how we got here. Some of you may know much of the story already, but others... well, maybe not! So anyway... Jane. Jessica. Megan! Come on up here and tell everyone how it happened!"

And so, with the crowd applauding and watching expectantly, the three young women in question came forward and began. "Well, um..." Jessica began, with a shy laugh into the mic. "Like, I guess it all began one night last year..."

Back and forth they went, growing more animated with each minute, telling the story of Bob as it had unfolded. How he'd crashed their party and threatened them with violence. How he'd assaulted poor Michael. How they'd decided not to call the police, but instead to teach him in their own way to be a decent person. How Ms. Adams had helped them out, and how they'd taken Bob in hand at last. Sure, they'd restrained him... but only so the hypnosis and training could help him let go of violence and become instead a sweet, mild-mannered, man-baby...

"Wait, hypnosis? You're pulling our leg now!" "Yeah, hypnosis is just fake! Doesn't really do anything..."

"Oh, is it now?" Jane seized the mic now, her eyes flashing and dancing in merriment as she addressed the skeptics in the crowd. "You *really* think it's a hoax? Then I don't suppose you'd mind if we demonstrated, surely...? Here, Cassie! Bring him over here. And out with the paci-gag – he doesn't need it right now!"

Half a minute later, Bob was standing wonderingly before the crowd with Cassie behind him, while Jane stood to his left explaining enthusiastically how post-hypnotic suggestions and triggers worked. "See? When I tell him about how *thumbies are for dummies...*" She trailed off, glancing over and laughing as Bob's right hand flew up as if by magic and his thumb planted itself firmly in his suckling mouth. "He sucks his thumb, just like that. When I call him a *good little puddle-pants...*"

Bob stiffened, eyes glazing in helpless obedience, while the women around him giggled and Jane dropped the mic down close under his frilly tutu, mere millimeters away from the bulging plastic of

his diapered and straitjacket-bound crotch. Through the speakers came the amplified hiss of urine flooding out of his bladder, and Jane laughed triumphantly. "He just can't help but pee himself – you know, like the good sissy baby he is." She grinned toward the flabbergasted skeptics. "If you're still not convinced, though, I can always remind him that he's nothing but a *pampers-packing party pooper*..."

Down he squatted, eyes glazed in hypnotic obedience. Muscles contracted. Grunts escaped his thumb-stuffed mouth. And out through those loudspeakers now came the echoing *blorts* and *ppffttts* of overloaded bowels erupting into the thickening bulk of his massive and overstuffed diaper.

"Oh, my god!" "I know, right? He totally deserves it, though!" "That's gonna be so horribly smelly. Man, I don't envy Cassie..."

But Jane wasn't done – not by a long shot. "Or, you know... afterward, we can always reward him for being so good. It's easy to do, you know. All I have to do is remind him that *dummy babies are cummy babies!*" Right on cue, Bob's face contorted in helpless bliss. His eyes squeezed shut. He tottered in place. Then, muscles jerking and mouth babbling, his body visibly convulsed in the throes of an unmistakable orgasm.

"Ohhh... fuck!" "Holy shit." That was all the skeptics in the crowd could muster. But Jane wasn't even done. Elated with the heady rush of her success, she chortled in glee and shook her head. "Oh, what's the matter, Bobbie?" She mocked in condescending, fake sympathy. "Is that all too much to handle? Are you all *embawwassed* now? Well, let's let all those thoughts go bye-bye. *Musby butt, musby brain!*"

Bob slumped to the ground, drool slowly dribbling from his half-open mouth. "Buh- bah-buh buh," He babbled, and now he was plopping directly down onto his visibly swollen and soiled bum. "Muh-muh!" "See?" Jane laughed, relishing the onlooker's shock and amusement. "He doesn't even know a thing right now. He's down in a nice, safe, brainless trance. It's perfect for our little man-baby when he needs a break from it all..."

"Now, then. Who wants to come over here and try these triggers out themselves?"

Which is how the next half-hour became the most mind-numbingly confusing for the poor, trapped Bobby. Out of trance he snapped, only to find himself staring up at Ms. Adams, laughing and telling her friend how he was so cute like that. More words were spoken, and his body convulsed and obeyed without him even knowing how to resist. His thumb popped in and out of

his drooling mouth like a machine. His diaper grew heavier and filthier, aided by the days of bulking laxatives he'd been fed. And all the while his helpless brain was being tugged back and forth: into unthinking trance, back to waking confusion and half-recognition, then back into mindless bliss. Orgasms rippled through him time and again, until he lay, panting and spent, a limp plaything and nothing more.

Which, the general consensus of the laughing neighbors around him seemed to be, was nothing less than what he deserved.

It was hours later when Bob finally roused into some semblance of his usual self. He was safe again in his dimly-lit nursery, being stripped naked and relieved of his hideously filthy diaper. Jessica was laughing softly to Sarah that they'd have to get this nursery setup moved over to Cassandra's new place soon. Oh, and how Bob would love being back in what used to be his old house! That is, if he still recognized it...

Bob let out a soft whimper from behind his paci-gag, which he was subconsciously suckling. Jessica beamed down, her face alight with all the unspoken pride of a mommy whose toddler had just performed beautifully on stage at some pageant. "Aww, you're back with us, honey!", she smiled, and Bob shivered as the wet wipes stroked against his sensitive skin and caged prick. "That was some trance, huh? Now, don't worry..."

She beamed first at him, then out of his sight over to the leather-clad Cassandra, who was leaning against the door frame and looking on. "I'm sure your Mommy Cassandra won't keep you in trance *too* often. Assuming you're a *good* baby, of course. After all..."

And now she leaned down and tweaked his nose with all the gentle playfulness of a babysitter with her favorite little charge. "You're ever so much fun to tease when you're awake! Aww... I can't wait to come over and take care of you! You know, whenever your Mommy's busy playing with someone else?"

At such a clear allusion to her impending extramarital flings, Cassandra smirked. Jessica laughed. And Bob... well, he burred in bewildered, helpless resignation. Because broken as he now was... there simply wasn't anything left for him to do.

*The End*