

## Off the Rails and Into the Woods

### Chapter Twelve

May 2023

"Really? Oh, wow – that sounds rough! So wait, you can't even leave the house?"

Hannah's voice rose and fell in the background, accompanied by her soft footsteps and the clatter of pans in the sink. From outside the open window came a twittering chorus of morning birdsong, and all these sounds together melded into a soothing, idyllic soundtrack of country life.

The perfect soundtrack, that is, to lull the young man lying face-down on the sunlit cabin floor into a false sense of security.

It was Will – her adult husband turned baby. He'd just finished his liquid breakfast of goat milk and formula, supplemented with another generous bowl of fiber-heavy cereal and applesauce, and washed down with another hefty bottle of juice. Before that, Hannah had given him his morning routine of dry-nursing and pleasure, masturbating him through the wet swell of his soggy diaper. And now... well, now that his growling tummy had been stuffed full... his other desires were back in full force.

Not that he could do much about it.

His outstretched arms flexed and slid along the floor, and the shapeless lumps of his pastel, mitten-bound hands forestalled any thought of adult dexterity. He could thump them on the floor, or support himself in an awkward crawl, or – if he was particularly slow and patient – he could sometimes manage to clumsily pinch a nursing bottle between them. But apart from that, they were completely useless... and so, like the sort of baby Hannah apparently wanted him to be, he had begun to ignore them, leaving them to flail however they liked.

It was lower down that mattered right now, after all.

His thickly diapered, double-layered rump rose and fell, swelling prominently beneath his sleeper, its rear zipper drawn taut as it snaked its restraining way up to the locking fastener at the base of his neck. He no longer had thoughts of trying to escape it, for he'd learned it was impossible. He was firmly locked into his juvenile outfit and his diapers no matter what, just as he had been all these past weeks. But that wasn't really a problem anymore – not when it came to scratching this particular itch. After all, Mommy Hannah had shown him multiple times every day just how

possible – nay, lovely – it was when she masturbated him in his diapers...

Especially when they were wet. As they were right now.

His eyes squeezed shut in rising pleasure, his diapered bottom working silently back and forth on the floor. *Oh, that felt so nice!* It was almost as if Hannah was back... smiling teasingly down at him... her luscious, tantalizing breasts hanging heavily down into his wide-eyed face. This wet softness compressing around his aching cock – it was like so many times these past weeks when he'd spurted into these same diapers. And yes, almost like a time way back in the seemingly distant past, when once upon a time he'd been a free adult man... when he'd thrust inside Hannah's wet cunt, egged on by her lusty moans...

"Oh, really? Wow, that's so scary! I'm so glad Will and I aren't still there!"

Hannah's voice cut through the haze of his frenetic, longing thoughts. Her hand tightened on his shoulders, and as he half-rolled and blinked up at her in guilty chagrin, she frowned quietly down and shook her head in silent exasperation. "No, really!" she insisted, speaking brightly into the phone pinched between her left cheek and shoulder. "It sounds just awful! Like, you can't even trust that the delivery person wasn't exposed, right? And with tests being so hard to get..."

Will stiffened as Hannah settled to the floor beside him, tugging him onto his back and scooting him half into her lap. From beside her she produced the now-familiar bottle – once more full of his goat milk-formula blend – and thrust it deep between his lips. And Will... well, after a querulous upward glance, half fearful and half irritated at being interrupted in the midst of his masturbation session... relented and began to suck.

It was his mid-morning snack time, after all. And maybe, if he was nice and cooperative, she wouldn't be mad at catching him humping in his diaper.

But even as he settled into the familiar suckling rhythm, it was as if Hannah had read his mind. For her hand settled back down into that aching needy spot between his legs... patted the puffy, locked bulk beneath... and began massaging with all the firm purpose of a woman eager to please her partner. While all the while, she kept chatting, seemingly oblivious to the little gulping gasps and whimpers escaping from around Will's bottle-suckling lips...

"Yeah, well, I'm not holding my breath for a vaccine. You know, just the other day I read that taking care of your pH levels and staying hydrated makes you five times less likely to get infected?"

No, really! I swear it's true – there was this doctor writing about it online..."

And on she prattled. Even when Will succumbed to the inevitable – even when his helpless hands waved and his splayed legs jerked and his suckling paused while he convulsed in silent, orgasmic rapture... Hannah merely smiled. And patted his now-sticky crotch. And then... kept on talking.

*Almost like I'm a real baby. Like I'm too little and dumb to talk... or even matter.*

The post-orgasmic clarity washed over Will then, as he lay still with subsiding pulse, suckling gently at the half-empty formula bottle. This was all so weird, wasn't it? Sure, it felt good to cum, even in a freaking diaper. But it still wasn't fair. It wasn't how he wanted to live. He deserved to be free – to escape Hannah's increasingly weird behavior – to cut off these awful baby clothes and dress and live his life as a real adult once more. He could drive again – go back to work when they were ready for him – eat solid food and drink his beloved craft beers and get back to his games...

And then it hit him. Wait, his escape was practically right here – he'd just been too stupid to see it!

Back from the bottle nipple he drew. A quick, silent intake of breath. And then, before his resolve could falter...

"HELP! Someone, help! Please, someone come! I'm trapped- Hannah's gone nuts- She's no-  
*HbbbbbmmpppphhhhH!*"

"What? Oh, what was that you said?" Hannah's calm voice belied the oppressive, clenching weight of her hand pressed tight over Will's mouth. "Sorry, so sorry! The, uh, TV- yeah, the volume was all crazy. Oh, god, wait, is that the time? Hey, umm, Amber... mind if I call you right back?"

So when the phone clicked off a few seconds later, Will found himself staring weakly up into the irate gaze of his girlfriend. And as her hands tightened in fierce, vindictive anger around him, one thought – and only one – pulsed through his frightened brain...

*She's gonna kill me, isn't she?*

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Oh, no, not literally. But maybe death might have ended up the better option. Because... well, if nothing else it would at least be less humiliating.

Will shuddered again as another cramp seized his gut, gazing desperately up into the darkness of the blindfold Hannah had bound around him. Here he lay, locked right back up in the bedroom where it had all started all those weeks ago. She'd dragged him in here, a tight-lipped grimace on her lips, and met every one of his weak protests with either stony silence or a stinging slap across the face. He'd pushed the wrong button, clearly – and now she was about to make him pay.

It was only after she'd literally sat on him – forced him back down onto the bed – wrapped the old ropes around each of his four limbs and drawn them cruelly tight – that she broke her silence.

"You're a little fucking *brat* today, aren't you?"

Oh, he'd trembled. He'd whimpered out penitent admissions of guilt, begging forgiveness, telling her he was sorry and that he wouldn't do it again. But even as he's babbled on, she'd produced the dreaded pacifier gag – and in it went, stifling his well-meaning pleas into pathetic, wordless gibberish.

"You need to learn your place, baby," she'd snapped, and as her hand had closed on his throat he'd gazed up in terrified silence. "You're *my* baby, and no one else's. You're not going to leave me ever again, understand? I'm going to make you understand just how much you need me. I'll make you understand if it's the last thing I do..."

He gulped now, jaw cramping once more around the pacifier gag that had only recently been replaced in his aching mouth. Replaced not after a merciful reprieve, of course – but after Hannah had forced three entire bottles of some weird-tasting liquid down his throat. His bloated tummy ached in silent protest, and even as he lay here he could feel his bladder dribbling steadily out into his already soggy diapers.

It was as if he was becoming nothing more than a helpless little diaper-wetting and -messaging machine in some horrific sci-fi factory – and Hannah was the operator who just happened to be up for a bonus if she maximized production.

The juice had been nauseating. The cramps that had descended shortly thereafter doubly so. But perhaps the most sickening bit of all was actually the innocent, sweet little tinkle of babyish lullaby music echoing through his ears. For after she'd trussed him up and blindfolded him, he'd heard Hannah mutter out something about training, about obedience conditioning... and then all had gone silent as the noise-canceling headphones had descended over his ears. Into that silent void had

come this medley of childish music box melodies and disembodied whispers, repeating itself over and over for what already felt like hours. It was largely ambient, though now and then he thought he could catch a stray word: *good... obedient... baby... submit...*

All complete nonsense, of course – just as nonsensical as those stupid homeopathic treatments he'd heard her telling Amber about. Because honestly, who on earth ever heard of stupid little nursery rhymes and whispers making someone do or think *anything*?

He shuddered once more as his muscles contracted, sending the first of what he suspected might be many messes oozing out into his diaper. But still, no sound of his own excretion reached his ears – nothing besides the bright tinkle of "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star", and the soft feminine voice whispering, first in one ear and then the other, what his anxious imagination began to hear as quiet commands. *Relax... Obey... Submit...*

Frick it all, was he actually going crazy?

Will's eyes sank shut in tired resignation. Whatever. He was stuck here, well and truly. Whether those stupid voices were telling him to or not, relaxing might not be such a bad idea. Maybe even sleep. Because maybe... just maybe... by falling asleep he could escape this hell.

Even if just for a few hours.

*Relax... good baby... obey...*

*(To be continued!)*