**Danny Get’s Punished**

**By Elfy**

Rebecca was turned in her seat and looking back at the most unusual scene behind her. She felt nothing but contempt for the eighteen-year-old Danny and his childish fantasy which he had made reality. He was sitting in his toddler seat red-faced and crying like a baby for his Mommy. His bottle rolled along the backseat as the car turned and the clear diaper bulge between his legs was more obvious than ever. She could only shake her head and laugh at the pathetic sight.

“I want my Mommy!” Danny wailed from his ultra-secure baby seat.

The most surprising thing to Rebecca was that this stupid baby that had so disrupted her life and forced her to change schools was actually in a higher grade than her. When her mother had told her that she had taken on an unusual job Rebecca hadn’t batted an eyelid. She was used to her mom having new jobs, as a nanny she went wherever parents required some help. It was the first time Rebecca would be required to change school for it though, and that DID make her mad.

Rebecca had been forced to bid her friends tearful goodbyes as she moved with her mom all the way across to the far side of the city. It wasn’t until that very morning, her first day at her new school that her mom let her in on some of the details of her new job.

“An eighteen-year-old?” Rebecca had frowned.

“Yes.” Rebecca’s mom, Lily, had replied.

“Does he have…” Rebecca searched for the correct words, “Learning difficulties?”

“Not that I’m aware of.” Lily had replied cheerily.

Rebecca didn’t know what to make of it. She could hardly believe her mom was being serious until she had seen Danny. The young man was pathetic. She had seen actual toddlers behaving with more decorum than this supposed adult that was wailing away and flailing his arms and legs like an infant. The sight was equal parts shocking and amusing.

When Rebecca had walked into the nurse’s office that morning and seen Danny she had immediately known that he was the “baby” her mother was supposed to take care of. For the rest of the day it was like they couldn’t stop bumping in to one another. Rebecca was sure this freak now sat on the backseat was following her deliberately, probably to try and beg her to keep quiet about what she saw in the medical room.

Did Danny expect sympathy? If he was then he was out of luck because Rebecca didn’t have any for him. The freak had actually asked for this treatment. He probably loved sitting in his wet and messy diapers. The thought made Rebecca ill but this had been Danny’s choice. She didn’t understand it at all and she understood even less why he was now complaining about it.

“You asked for this!” Rebecca wanted to shout at him, “So shut up!”

It was like watching a car crash. Rebecca couldn’t keep her eyes off the man having a tantrum. She turned in her seat yet again and stared at Danny. He was right where he deserved to be. A pacifier bobbing in his mouth, a wet diaper between his legs and strapped tight into a toddler seat. She stared as Danny turned his red face away from her and kept sniffling. How he could sit there looking like the perfect image of a small baby and complain about his treatment was beyond her. She looked down at the obviously bulging diaper and sneered.

“It’s rude to stare, dear.” Nanny Lily said to her daughter with a little smile.

“Yeah but… look at him.” Rebecca replied. She didn’t even try to keep her voice down or her contempt hidden. In her view he deserved being made fun of.

“Be nice.” Nanny Lily warned her daughter.

Rebecca just rolled her eyes and turned to face forwards again. She knew she wouldn’t be able to keep her mouth shut if she kept looking at the embarrassing spectacle behind her. Even as she looked out the window she felt a couple of kicks in the back of her seat. She quickly grew annoyed as she jerked forwards slightly. Rebecca had always wanted a little brother or sister but now she was quickly learning to be careful of what you wish for.

“Mom, he’s having a tantrum for crying out loud!” Rebecca exclaimed as she felt the kicks.

“Well, he wants to be a baby.” Nanny Lily replied, “It’s my job to look after him like a little baby.”

“I’m not a baby!” Danny cried out as he hit his fists against the seat around him, “I don’t wanna be a baby!”

Rebecca saw a glint in her mother’s eyes. It was a look she recognised well, it was the look she got when she was in “Nanny mode” and it usually came out when a baby was having a tantrum or needed to be disciplined. Rebecca was normally nonplussed when her mom was looking after children but in this case she thought it might be a lot more interesting.

It wasn’t long until the car pulled up outside a house and stopped. Rebecca looked out at the house and then at her mother who was checking an address. Seemingly satisfied that they were in the right place the engine was shut off and Rebecca joined her mother in getting out of the car.

It seemed like a nice neighbourhood. It was quiet a quiet cul-de-sac of semi-detached houses with perfectly manicured lawns and flowerbeds. The kind of area that wouldn’t put up with any kind of disruption to their perfect idyll, Rebecca wondered then how these residents felt about the big baby. She snorted at the thought of these middle-class people seeing such an embarrassing spectacle.

Rebecca stood next to her door with her bag slung over her shoulder as she watched her mom walk round and open the door next to Danny. She crouched down and gave him her patented Nanny look for a couple of seconds. To Rebecca’s amazement she saw Danny seemingly calm down right before her eyes. She had to admit that her mother was very good at what she did.

“Danny, your mother sent me some examples of those adult baby stories you like so much.” Nanny Lily said as she kept up eye contact, “I saw the common thread running through all of them. You like stern caretakers, right? Well, I can be exactly that. A Nanny to keep you in line, the strict disciplinarian you so clearly need. Are you going to be a good baby for Nanny?”

Even outside the car Rebecca’s senses were assaulted by Danny. All she could hear from him was his sniffing back tears and sobbing with the occasional crinkle from when he moved his legs. All she could smell was the clear scent of a wet diaper along with baby powder. He even smelt like a baby!

The red-faced, underdeveloped form of Danny was helped out of the car. His cheeks were streaked with tears as he took a few tentative, waddling steps away from the car. Rebecca could see nothing more than an overgrown toddler. She knew Danny was eighteen-years-old and yet all her senses screamed that he was nothing but a baby. He even held her mother’s hand almost instinctively. Rebecca had to hide her derision.

“What a big baby.” Nanny Lily said as she crouched down with a wet tissue and wiped Danny’s face clean.

“No…” Danny whined like a fussy infant. His every action inadvertently making him seem even smaller.

Rebecca laughed. Daniel was clearly embarrassed to be treated like this in public where all the neighbours could see him. She could see the tantrum that had only been temporarily quelled was still blazing beneath the surface. As Nanny Lily stood up and started emptying the boot of some things she had brought Rebecca walked over to Danny’s cringing form. His distinctly babyish smell only grew stronger. It was like he had a sign above his head that screamed “I’M A PATHETIC BABY!” with an arrow pointing down at him.

“You really are nothing but a baby.” Rebecca whispered into his ear, “And you wait till you see how mom keeps little babies in line.”

Rebecca smiled wolfishly as Danny looked at her in fear. It was less of a threat and more of a portent of things to come. Rebecca had watched her mother babysitting all ages of children and she didn’t put up with nonsense, certainly not from children old enough to know better. If there was one good thing about this whole freakish situation it was that Rebecca would get a lot of free entertainment from it.

“You wait till everyone at school hears about all this.” Rebecca added. She quickly stepped back so her mother didn’t see anything whilst Danny remained frozen to the spot. She hummed lightly and skipped towards the front door of the house knowing she was leaving chaos behind her.

As Danny started wailing again Rebecca couldn’t help but smirk. She knew what her mother meant when she talked about being strict. Rebecca herself had never needed to be disciplined by her mother, she had seen enough of her in action to know better from a very young age. Watching this big cry-baby get exactly what he thought he wanted though, now that might be fun!

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Danny couldn’t honestly say if he had ever had a worse time. He certainly didn’t remember ever being more miserable. He was wailing and knew he was making a scene as he was pulled down the garden path to his house. His neighbours could well be looking out of their windows and staring at him, the big baby, the curiosity of the neighbourhood.

Rebecca’s words were ringing in Danny’s ears as he stumbled after Nanny towards the safety of his home. He had always made every attempt to keep everyone at school ignorant of his “lifestyle” but now Rebecca was threatening to blow that all up. It didn’t bear thinking about the reaction his friends would have.

“Honestly, I don’t know why you’re making such a fuss.” Nanny said with a sigh of impatience, “This is YOUR fantasy after all. You should be very grateful how far your Mommy is willing to go for you.”

Danny couldn’t stop his crying. This was once his fantasy but now it was a nightmare. He had indeed asked for this treatment but that had been a rash decision that he had regretted ever since. Regardless, he felt humiliated and uncomfortable, crying just seemed like the automatic thing to do. The only thing to do. It was more than just a reaction to that day though, it was a reaction to all the little indignities that had built up.

“I… I don’t need a Nanny…” Danny said breathlessly between giant sobs, “I don’t WANT a Nanny!”

“Nanny knows how to deal with tantrums.” Nanny replied simply, “Don’t you worry about that.”

Danny heard a loud bark of a laugh and looked over his shoulder to see Rebecca following the odd pair into the house. She was certainly enjoying the show. Danny hated that he was providing her entertainment, he hated that no matter what he did it was sure to earn Rebecca’s derision.

As soon as everyone was inside the house Nanny pulled Danny into the living room. Rebecca was the last in and dropped down on to the couch, she sat back and put one leg over the other as she watched the show. Danny watched her resentfully as he stumbled to a halt in the middle of the room. His diaper was very wet and he really needed a change, if not because he might leak than because he was getting uncomfortable in this one. The once warm padding was now a lot cooler.

“Get in the corner.” Nanny demanded as she pointed to the corner furthest from the door.

“Nanny… Listen to me!” Danny stomped his foot as he sniffed and rubbed his tear-filled eyes, “Why doesn’t anyone listen to me!?”

“Corner!” Nanny reiterated.

“No!” Danny replied. His bottom lip stuck out in a ridiculous pout.

“I know what you want and, more importantly, I know what you need.” Nanny said as she took Danny’s upper arm and started pulling him towards the corner, “I’ve read all about adult babies. They need discipline and guidance. I know you are just testing your boundaries and I’m telling you that I’m not going to budge.”

Danny looked up at the Nanny resentfully. He didn’t want a strict Nanny at all!

“Get. In. The. Corner.” Nanny growled warningly.

Danny didn’t say anything but he was still refusing to do as he was told. He stood his ground and folded his arms across his chest. He turned to look away from the older woman and saw Rebecca with raised eyebrows. She might as well have been holding a bucket of popcorn.

“You don’t want to do that.” Rebecca said through a huge grin, “Mom doesn’t suffer insubordination lightly.”

“Rebecca, let me handle this.” Nanny said without looking around.

Rebecca shrugged her shoulders and sat back on the couch. Danny looked away from her and felt an intense jealousy. It was easy for Rebecca to say what Danny should and shouldn’t do, she wasn’t the one that was trapped in this situation. She wasn’t the one in thick wet diapers!

“I’m counting down from five and if you aren’t in the corner you’ll be sorry.” Nanny warned, “Five.”

Danny remained where he was watching as Rebecca smiled at him knowingly. He wondered what the girl knew. He wondered if Nanny really was going to punish or if she was all talk. One thing he knew for sure was that he didn’t want to be in the corner.

“Four.” Nanny said.

Danny was still sobbing. He had certainly cried since his new diapered life started but he had never had a tantrum like this. He was crying because he’d had enough of being disrespected by everyone around him. He didn’t want to be a baby anymore but no one would listen to him. Then again he shouldn’t be surprised, no one listens to what babies think.

“Three.” Nanny counted.

Danny felt his resolve crack a little bit. He looked at Nanny and saw her whole face a picture of seriousness. If she was bluffing she had the perfect poker face. Danny sobbed and wiped his snotty nose on his sleeve like a disgusting infant with no social mores.

“Two.” Nanny continued.

“I’m not a baby!” Danny cried desperately, “Please! Let me explain!”

“One!” Nanny’s voice cut through the air like a knife.