

From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper

December 2023 – Commission

Chapter Fourteen

TW: Non-consent and forced marriage

"Just look at him! He's come such a long way, hasn't he?"

Voices. I know those voices. That one's the nice one with pink hair. Jessica. Yeah, nice Jessica. And the other...

"Oh, my. He... he really has. Wait, does he sleep like that all the time now?"

Hmm, that other voice. I kinda remember her? Her voice is soft. She sounds dreamy, far away. Somewhere in my foggy mind I seem to recall the sound of her crying out, shouting... What was her name, anyway? Meg- Megan? Yeah, Megan...

"What, with his thumb in his mouth? Oh, of course! No way he can't after five full months of Jane's hypno treatment!"

A burst of feminine laughter ripples through the room, and now I'm blinking tiredly open, my unfocused eyes only vaguely making out their forms through the bars of my crib. The bars are lowering even now, and I blink again as Jessica's arms reach forward and begin tugging at my clothes. It's all... normal. All just like normal. Like every morning since... well, since I can remember...

"Ready for your big day, buddy? Come on – let's get you out of that smelly diaper already! You've got a very important place to be, after all!" And another wave of female laughter washes over me in tandem with the cool air that makes me wince and grunt in reflexive discomfort. They're forever doing that: tugging at my pants. Opening them up. Taking away my nice, warm, wet pants and putting something dry and crinkly in its place...

"Nnuh- noo-" I manage, the saliva dribbling from my mouth as I gaze up into the lovely smiles of the women hovering over me. They're tugging me around more now, pulling at the sleeper around me, and I let out another irritated moan as the cold air ripples over my naked torso. I'm waking up further now, and with the cold air my rational brain and memories slowly begin to filter back. Ugh, these two – they're stripping me. Undressing me. Clean diaper now... now they're- what are they

doing now...?

"No sense in giving him anything more than a burp rag and a bottle for now," Jessica cheerily offers, and suddenly my mouth is full of the familiar, rubbery bulb that is practically my only source of food these days. My mind automatically sets my muscles suckling, and I gulp steadily away, grateful for the creamy liquid that is quenching my thirst and filling my tummy. It's actually good. There's still something in the back of my brain nagging at me that I shouldn't be drinking like this, but right now I don't care. It's good, and I'm hungry and thirsty, and, well...

I don't really have a choice anyway. Especially when Jessica's here forcing it deep into my mouth.

"All done," she announces at last, and as she and Megan heave me up into a sitting position and the milky belch burbles from my sticky lips, she giggles and wipes them clean. "Come on: let's get a move-on! You've got a big day ahead, Bobbie boy!"

Do I? I'm confused: especially when they pull out a fancy adult dress shirt and begin buttoning it over my fresh white onesie and diaper and locking plastic pants. I never get to wear something like this. Not anymore. I'm doing good if I get shortalls or a dress, normally – and more often than not, I'm in just a t-shirt and diaper or a onesie, lying with my bare flabby folds on display for everyone to see. You know, like the big baby I am.

And then come the pants: suit pants, knit and itchy and ever so adult as they slide up over the softly crinkling, plastic bulges of my diaper and plastic pants. And I begin to realize, with growing clarity, that something very odd is up.

"Wha- whad are you-" I begin to slur, but Jessica giggles and winks at Megan. "Hey, why don't we keep him quiet, huh?" Megan's face clouds, then lightens suddenly as she remembers. "Oh, yeah! Uh... *Thumbies are for dummies!*"

Whatever I was about to say dies away on my lips. My mouth slips open. My left hand reflexively jerks upward. And in a second, my sudden, overpowering need to suckle is satisfied: as my lips smack and slurp around the comforting length of my thumb.

Maybe they said more amid their silly laughter. Maybe they even told me what's going on and why I'm getting dressed up in this suit and tie. But my brain can't understand it: not right now. All I can do is suck, and gaze, and follow obediently along as they finally slip socks and shoes on me, then begin trundling me down the stairs and away from the nursery that has been my home for...

well, time out of mind.

Now if only I could understand why this smiling girl all in white is bending close and pinching my flabby cheeks. Or why her dark blonde hair is done up like that with flowers. Or why the dozen other people in the room are cheering and telling Cassandra congratulations – whoever Cassandra is...

I dunno. But at least my thumb tastes wonderful. And at least my pants feel nice and warm and wet again.

It's my big day, they say. Yeah, the hell it is! Not everyday you get married to the biggest, dumbest, silliest man-baby ever, is it?

I'm not the marrying type, honestly. I'd far rather be tying up half a dozen guys and making 'em beg for mercy than, well... getting tied down myself. With a husband and a house and freaking kids and all. Nope, no way in hell you could ever get me to ruin my life like that!

But this... well, it was Cynthia's joking idea at first. And the more we laughed about it, the more it made sense.

Because nowhere in the secular vows Michael found us online does it say I have to be *faithful* to a husband. Nor even that we have to fuck – though heaven knows I'm down to do him in the ass a few times, just for giggles. Or better yet, I can keep him like Jane programmed him to be: cumming in his stupid diapers whenever I say. So... yeah. This marriage to Bob, our neighborhood lout, will be nothing more than an arrangement to keep a guy in my life for a bit... and for his house and possessions to come directly to me.

Hell, yeah. I can't wait to turn one of those rooms of his into a nursery for him... and another into a half sex dungeon, half studio for entertaining the dirtiest and naughtiest boy toys I can find. You know, college dudes who will all just *happen* to be renting out the other rooms from me. Because, hey – what can I say? Bondage gear isn't cheap!

Anyway, I'm so enthralled at the prospect that I scarcely give any attention to the guy who's making it all possible. He's just sitting in the car beside me here, quiet and wide-eyed as the little baby Jane's programmed him to be. Now and again I catch him putting his thumb in his mouth,

and I tug it free with a snort and a laugh. "Bad Bobbie," I scold, watching with relish as his gaze drops guiltily down to his obviously diapered lap. "You gotta at least *try* to look like a grownup today. At least, just for a little while longer..."

Namely, until we get through with the paperwork at city hall.

It's no white wedding, of course. No need for that nonsense and expense. But all of us are there: Brian and Cynthia, Jane and Jessica, Megan and Tom, Michael and Sarah, all done up in their best outfits as witnesses and wedding guests. Even Ms. Adams, looking hot as hell in her low-cut blue dress and stunning heels, is there, wearing a bright smile on her face while Bob and I make our way inside. "So happy for you," she whispers quickly with a conspiratorial wink, and I can barely restrain a giggle. Oh, I bet she is. She knows exactly what's up – and honestly, I bet she's kinda envious of me right now!

The paperwork is the dicey part, but it all goes surprisingly smoothly. Bob and I are an unusual match, to be sure. Yet it's not the first time in history a middle-aged guy gets hooked up with a girl thirty years younger. We've also brought an imposing party of witnesses, and Bob for once manages not to have his thumb in his mouth, and his lack of chatter is all too easy for the officious notary to mark down to wedding jitters. His hand scrawls a clumsy signature at my whispered suggestion: first once, and then a second time. He mumbles out the "I do's" with a voice that could be choked with emotion as with his own clumsy, drooling tongue. And before I quite know it, they're saying those magic words...

"I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride."

Oh, the look on his face at that moment! I think some measure of reality is beginning to seep in through Jane's hypnosis, and as I bend closer, I can see his lips twitching with emotion. He's not sure... he's trying to decide what to say... he's about to pull away from my imminent kiss...

Which is why I thank my lucky stars Jane taught me all those hypnotic triggers. Because I lean close – and with one little phrase whispered gently in his ear, I turn his entire brain once more into babyish mush.

"Aww... Who's my pampers-packing party pooper, hmm?"

And then I'm forcing my crimson-painted lips over his drooling, nerveless, blubbery ones. I'm thrilling with the way his entire body stiffens and grows rigid in my arms. And I'm shaking with

silent laughter, relishing how the chorus of cheers from our friends around us masks the inevitable, nauseating sounds that would give us all away...

Namely, the sound of his bowels erupting helplessly out and loading that thick diaper of his full of smelly, sticky poo.

Hah. Now that's one hell of a wedding, isn't it? Now back to our place for the party! And let me tell you: this is one party my new little hubby Bobbie here isn't going to disturb.

After all, he's going immediately back in his baby clothes and getting locked snugly away again in his crib. You know... right where he belongs.

(To be continued!)