

The Babysitter Bitch III

Max stared in horror as baby powder billowed over his crotch. He had never imagined being in this position, no matter how difficult babysitting Sean had gotten. His body was frozen on the changing table as the bear prepared him for bedtime, and the sweet smell of the powder was no comfort, only defining his humiliating defeat.

The worst was yet to come, of course, as Sean, the giant baby adult bear, lifted the front of the diaper up between the scared-stiff wolf's legs, and pressed it down into place over his privates. Max continued to watch as the tapes were closed on either side. It was too surreal to comprehend, lying on a changing table in the bear's nursery. He was wearing a diaper now, and powerless to stop it.

Sean scooped the diapered wolf off the table, his upper body strength now undeniable, and carried the babysitter across the room towards the crib. Sean had made a comment about needing a diaper 'where he'd be sleeping', and it all clicked into place now for Max. He wanted to struggle, to protest, but the bear had beaten him considerably.

Max was dumped gently onto the soft duvet, and he scrambled to sit up as the bear lifted the giant, sliding side up. As he got himself into an upright position, the obscene bulk of the diaper around his waist was made clear. The wolf grabbed hold of the crib bars, staring back out weekly as the bear locked the side in place. His overnight prison was set.

The crib was intimidatingly large from the inside. Max reckoned the bars were chest-to-shoulder high, if he was standing on the mattress. He didn't want to get on his feet and check just yet, and give Sean something further to smirk at.

"You look so sad," Sean teased, as the forlorn wolf clutched the bars. "What's wrong? You're in the cosiest corner of the house. You should be *thanking* me."

Max's head drooped backwards, not seeing the sense in arguing with the bear. "I didn't come here to wear diapers," he complained.

"Oh, well you should have thought about that before being the worst babysitter ever," Sean laughed. "Maybe next time Daddy hires you, you'll be better at this."

Max growled and threw himself flat on his back. The bed was at least comfortable to lie on. He'd be amazed if there'd be a next time with how easily Sean had run amok.

"But since I'm feeling like a nice bear," Sean taunted further, "I'll make it a little more comfortable for you. I'll be right back."

Max didn't know what that could possibly mean. He figured he wasn't going to be suddenly let out or allowed to take the diaper off, but maybe Sean was fetching his phone or tablet downstairs. If he was going to be confined here, maybe, just maybe the baby would let him pass the time well?

Sean returned holding one of his baby bottles, and Max knew right away the bear wouldn't be the one drinking from it.

"No thanks," Max said firmly, but as the bear thrust it through the bars, he knew he had no choice but to take it.

"You don't want to get thirsty overnight," Sean smiled. "Take a nice, big drink." The bear folded his arms and stood waiting for the wolf to raise the bottle to his muzzle.

Max's cheeks grew hot, and he slowly sucked on the nipple. It was just water, but there was a lot of it in the bear's huge bottle. He tried to stare back at the bear as he drank, but wilted when making eye contact. This was too humiliating for him.

He had suffered enough torment for the last few hours that not getting paid wasn't an option for him; he'd have to endure whatever Sean would throw at him. As stupid as he felt in the crib, at least lying here would soon mean he was alone and Sean wasn't actively making his night more difficult.

Max gulped down half of the bottle, and Sean seemed impressed (or impatient) enough that he would leave. "I'm going to go have some fun. Not having a bedtime sure is awesome right now..."

Max rolled his eyes and set the bottle down in the corner. The barrage of being diapered made him forget just how early it was still, as the bear looked determined to rub in. Max didn't respond to him, allowing the bear to reduce the lights to a faint glow on his way out.

“Just remember. You’re in there until I come get you, alright?” Sean warned, standing in the doorway.

“Understood,” Max replied, lying down, trying to get comfortable as Sean closed the nursery door.

As soon as he heard Sean’s steps walk away, he lowered both of his paws down towards the diaper. Even touching it from the outside made him feel weird, but it was his first opportunity to check it out unobserved. The plastic padding was practically alien to him. He noticed it was far smaller than the kind Sean was wearing, which probably meant they’d done this to someone before, or someone else visited who fit them.

Max hoped he could slip out of the diaper and sleep naked at least. Moving around, feeling it crinkle and cushion his butt was too distracting for the wolf.

Agonisingly, it was taped pretty tight. He tried to shimmy it down over his thighs, but it wouldn’t budge far and he didn’t want to damage it. This would only work if he could get it back on in the morning. He then worried that Sean would come into the room and check him before he went to bed himself. There was nothing stopping him if he wanted to.

Max beat his fist down on the duvet. He’d have to stay in it. He tried to focus on the money again, closing his eyes and lying still, but in his own silence he could hear the television from downstairs.

He grumpily tossed himself over onto his side, and the diaper crinkled noisily as he felt the bulk between both legs more prominently in this position. Between the noise and the diaper, he’d never sleep.

He couldn’t stop thinking about what the morning held either. Would Sean even take this diaper off when he woke up? Would his clothes be clean? Would he be forced to piss in this thing? Max shuddered. What a mess he’d landed himself in. He lay still, avoiding moving his legs and feeling the bulk of the padding, and eventually fell asleep.

Max was confused when he woke up. His bladder was aching, and as he stretched, weary and unable to open his eyes yet, his knuckles banged against the wooden bars. He recoiled and tried to shake the pain of his paw as he remembered where he was.

He sat up, (not helping his bladder), with no intention of pissing himself.

It was light outside the curtains, but he couldn't see a clock anywhere in the room. Birds were chirping outside, but the house was deathly silent. He figured it was the very early hours of the morning, and didn't anticipate being set free any time soon.

Max knew he couldn't hold his bladder while waiting to be released, and stood up on the mattress. The bars were shoulder height as he expected, and he realised he could hoist himself up and over if he tried. The crib was sturdily built that it could easily take his weight on the frame.

"Screw you, Sean," he muttered to himself as he did so, getting one leg up and over, before carrying his body out of the crib. He dropped to the carpet as softly as he possibly could, and waited, still as he could, to see if he could hear *anything* moving in the house.

There was no sound, and he steeled himself. Max knew where the bathroom was. If he could tip toe there, get his dick out of the diaper, then he could piss and Sean would never know. The bear was surely fast asleep after a likely late night. If the baby had a rare opportunity to break his bedtime, there was no way he wasted it and went to bed in a rush.

Max walked as quietly as he possibly could, opening the nursery door carefully. Once again, he stopped and waited, perking his ears sensitively to any noise. He was clear, and walked light and slow towards the bathroom.

Max intended to pee in the sink. If he used the toilet, he'd either have to flush or leave it. Either of those options could get him caught. It wouldn't be very classy of him, but Sean put him in a goddamn diaper first.

He got as far as the bathroom, and much to his relief the door was already open. He stepped inside, and slipped his thumbs into the waistband of the diaper, right near his hips. He hoped he'd be able to wriggle it down easier now that he was standing, but it also seemed to him that it was looser now than it was before he slept. The stupid thing was crinkling noisily as he shimmied it, but it was working, gradually. He shifted it lower and lower, working the waist band down to the hump of his backside, until he could free his penis. Max was thrilled!

“Well, well, well...”

Max spun as fast as he could, and covered his crotch with both paws. Sean was standing in the hallway. The wolf was screwed now.

“No wonder you sucked as a babysitter,” the bear glowered, “you don’t understand *rules* at all.” His childish nature had faded entirely. For the first time, Sean felt like an authoritative adult, despite his own giant diaper.

“You put me in a diaper!” Max snapped, “What did you expect!?”

“Really?” the bear laughed out loud, “What did I expect from putting you in a diaper? That you’d wet it, duh!” He stepped over the threshold, into the bathroom. His bedtime diaper was on display, sagging and swollen. “Stop covering yourself, and tug that diaper back up.”

Pathetic as he felt with both paws cupped over his privates, and the diaper around his thighs, Max still resisted.

“Put it back on, or walk out that door,” Sean scowled, “Two hundred dollars. Take it or leave it, kid.”

Max yelled out in frustration, then grabbed his waistband and pulled the diaper back up into place.

Sean smiled warmly, and placed both of his paws on Max’s shoulders. The wolf was hunched over now, preparing himself to let go of his bladder. “Just let go,” the bear whispered, “It’ll feel good. I promise.”

Max doubted he’d agree, but drew a deep breath and tried to relax. It was hard to let go with the bear so close by. It was harder than using the potty chair, even though his bladder was far fuller now than the previous night, but he was able to force it through. The first trickle causing him to grunt softly as it ran down his balls, before he let the flood go, and his bladder gushed forth, filling his pants with warmth. He whimpered, squirming slightly, horrified. If his frat mates knew what he was doing...

Sean knew when Max had finished, as the wolf's entire body relaxed in place. The bear dropped a paw and cupped the diaper front, feeling the warm squishiness for himself. Max gasped slightly, feeling the familiar rush of excitement from someone groping him, despite the scenario.

"Good boy!" Sean exclaimed wildly. "You know what this means?"

Max was afraid to ask.

"Breakfast!"

The bear's youthful enthusiasm had returned in spades, and he barrelled out and down the stairs. His sitter followed him self-consciously, finding himself with a peculiar gait, trying to avoid putting any pressure on the wetness. He hoped he could at least put some clothes on if the diaper wasn't coming off yet. He felt so awkward. Sean had been incredibly comfortable in his padding around a stranger; the contrast between them was staggering.

Max found Sean already sitting in his highchair, awaiting food, and realised himself that he was suddenly looking forward to leftover pizza. His mouth watered. Pizza was such a luxury on his student budget, and it could As he put the slices in the microwave, he considered offering some as an olive branch to Sean as well, but realised all of his troubles stemmed from not asserting himself. Now that the baby bear was in the high chair, he could start anew, and serve him the pureed fruits like he was supposed to.

The wait for the microwave to ping was a long time to spend standing in a wet diaper. Though as degrading and weird as it was to wear his own piss like this, Max could have been coerced to admit it didn't feel as bad as he expected.

The pizza was eventually ready, and Max grabbed both it, and the bowl of fruits. He sort-of waddled his way into the dining room, and placed the fruit on the tray in front of Sean. The bear merely raised an eyebrow in response.

"What?" Max said, staying composed, "Do you need me to feed you?"

"As if," Sean chuckled, "you're having the baby food, not me."

Max swallowed hard, and tried to put his foot down, speaking sternly, "Daddy said-

"Listen," Sean cut Max off, not interested in a word the 'sitter' had to say. "You might still be the sitter, but you're not in charge here, not after last night. So swap our plates, sit your butt down on the floor, and eat your fruits."

Max was left holding the pizza in shock. Re-asserting himself was going to be a waste of time after all.

"Do it, before I get out of this chair and put *you* in it."

Max glared at the grinning baby, and swapped their plates as ordered, before sitting down on the wooden floor. He instantly felt the wet diaper press against his skin, and started to feel grossed out now, before he even took a proper look at his new breakfast. The goopy, pale fruit sat uninviting in his paw. Max never wanted pizza more in his life, and he could smell its pleasant aroma as Sean theatrically moaned in pleasure as he took his first bite, way up in his toddler throne.

Max scooped some of the fruits up with the plastic spoon and tasted a small amount. It was tangy, overly sweet, but he could get through the bowl... or so he thought. After a few more mouthfuls, the taste became overbearing and hard to stomach. The lack of solidity didn't help at all, nor did Sean's melodramatic antics with the pizza.

"I've had enough," Max blurted out, after stifling a gag from the last round.

"Daddy expects me to eat it all, so it has to be gone by the time he gets back."

"How do you actually eat this crap?" Max whined, wearily, thinking about throwing it in the trash but knowing better from how everything else had played out.

"Dunno, I'm just a baby," he grinned in reply, flashing his teeth wickedly. "Now hurry up and eat it all. If Daddy comes home and sees you here in a diaper, he'll know what a terrible job you did babysitting!"

Daddy coming home now would be a mercy if it wouldn't jeopardise his payment. Max groaned, and spooned another load into his mouth. He could eat it all, slowly but surely, and sighed in relief as he forced himself to swallow the last of it.

"Done!" Max cried out, almost in defiance of the absurdity of it all.

"Wow, look at you," Sean droned. "Such a big boy eating all your breakfast." His plate was long empty, and he freed himself from the chair.

Max put the plate and bowl in the sink, and tread carefully with his words. "If Daddy will be home soon, I really should get dressed, so he doesn't find out what we've both been doing."

"You can get dressed after you've been punished," Sean warned, "and since there's no one else here, I'm gonna have to be the one to do it."

Max winced, and turned around from the sink. "Oh come on, you've already had your fun," he begged, gesturing at his wet crotch. "Let's quit while you're ahead."

"No way. If you get hired again, and you don't understand how rules work, then you won't be able to babysit, will you? You'll just be my bitch again. Wearing diapers, and worse. So what's it gonna be?"

Max didn't agree with Sean's crazy baby logic, but how could he disagree? "What's the punishment going to be?" he asked nervously.

"You left the crib *and* you took your diaper off," Sean laughed, "A hard paddling should learn you good."

"Alright, fine!" the wolf agreed, anxious to escape the bear's grip. "Let's get it over with." Max had been spanked before; his kinky escapades had seen to that, as well as the weird inductions of being in a frat house. It would surely suck, but in a way, it was favourable if it meant he was done wearing this diaper.

Sean led him into the living room, where he pointed for the wolf to wait. There was a messenger bag beside one of the sofas, from which Sean pulled a large, wooden paddle. Max gulped, unsure if ignorance of its size would have been preferable.

Sean set it down on the coffee table, and bent over to undo the tapes on Max's diaper. The bear took the wet padding off and cradled it carefully with both paws, before ordering Max onto his knees. The wolf was too anxious to question how oddly the bear held the diaper, and obeyed.

Max wasn't sure how getting on his knees would help with the spanking either, but he was now face to face with Sean's soaked diaper again, with his own held above his head. He thought this would be another game of the baby's, that he'd get his face stuffed in the bear's crotch again, but it was worse than he expected.

Sean flipped the diaper around, and pressed it against Max's face before the wolf could react. With damp piss on his fur, he recoiled, and fell backwards, beneath an unimpressed Sean.

"Not that, please..." the wolf pleaded, scrambling to get up off of his backside, but the bear was unflinching. Max got back on his knees for one last humiliation, and tightly closed his eyes and jaw shut. He felt the wet diaper envelope his head, folding down his ears, and then felt Sean tape it closed again, securely covering the entirety of his head. The stench of his own overnight piss was strong, offending his nostrils, as he fought with all he could not to pull it from his muzzle.

"Stand up, bend over," Sean commanded, to which the wolf complied awkwardly, blindfolded and carrying extra bulk on his head. Not that it really mattered, but Max couldn't help but cover his privates as he exposed his cheeks to the bear.

"Here it comes," the baby warned, as the first smack rained down on Max's cheeks. It stung, almost causing him to lose balance.

"Are you sorry for sneaking out of the crib?" Sean berated him.

"Yes!" It was difficult for the wolf to speak with the tapes around his muzzle, but he suspected Sean did not care. The paddle came down hard again. Max shifted his stance to stay upright.

“Tell me you’re going to do better babysitting me next time.”

“I’m going to be a better babysitter!” he yelled, muffled behind the tight diaper.

Another smack. The wolf whined. His paws dropped to his knees, forgoing his modesty so he wouldn’t fall over.

“Tell me you want to be paid for this!” Sean demanded in return. “Beg for my Daddy’s money.”

“I need to get paid,” he grunted, as the paddle crashed against his cheeks once more.

“Beg harder, bitch,” the bear cackled.

“Please, I’m begging you, I need the money!” Max wasn’t lying, and the sting from the spanking definitely helped with the neediness in his voice.

“Three more. Stand still.”

Max braced himself, and the paddle hit him rapidly this time, almost forcing him down onto the floor. He gasped and winced as his legs weakened from the final blow, but Sean’s paw rested on his shoulder, steadying him.

He heard the bear put the paddle down, before the tapes were pulled free once more, and the welcome cold air came rushing back to Max’s face. He was free, and with the comfort of the bear’s lingering paw, Max rested his head against the bear’s thigh. He’d been a bully since Max got here, but the security of his touch was now enormous.

“Just one more diaper change and you’re done here,” Sean said, while caressing the wolf’s hair.

Max almost laughed. Changing the bear’s big soaked diaper was a welcome chore after all that occurred.

Max gathered himself and took a shower. Sean had washed and dried the wolf's clothes overnight, as promised, and Max was more than relieved to be back in his old outfit.

The bear was waiting in the living room, his overnight diaper near leaking point. Happy that he arrived in time, Max grabbed the changing bag and had the baby lie down on a mat. Assured, but not entirely comfortable, the wolf changed the bear's diaper once more, this time without mischief. Whether it was a reward or not, Sean seemed willing to let things play out as they should have from the start.

Max diapered the bear, tidied up the supplies, and disposed of the gargantuan, piss-filled diaper. He filled the bear's bottle, and handed it to him before switching on some cartoons. He doubted it was his own doing, but it was the most in control he felt all visit. With a fresh start, the next time might fare better.

Daddy bear arrived home some time later. Sean gave him a massive hug, and lied about being 'a good boy' while Daddy was away. Max was more than happy to swallow this lie, and back him up.

As promised, Daddy transferred the money into Max's bank account, and with a quick check of his balance, a wave of euphoria washed over the wolf. He'd survived, and gotten what he needed. The college student would live a little easier for the next few weeks.

With one eye checking on his lazy, obedient baby bear watching cartoons, Daddy bear thanked Max and the wolf said his goodbyes to them both.

The wolf was relieved to cross the threshold, back into the real world. If the call came to babysit again, he was sure he'd be ready for Sean again.