

Cindy Marie's

House of Shame



Chapter Five: The Christmas Party
Chapter Six: You Were Warned

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Chapter Five: *The Christmas Party*

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CHAPTER FIVE

The Christmas Party

At last! I finally turned ten and it had been over a year since I'd been subjected to the humiliation of being punished in diapers. I'd even begun feeling a little better about myself though I was still very shy and withdrawn. And in being ten, I felt safe that I was now too big to ever be shamed like that again. What I was soon to learn however is there is no such thing as being too big or too old.

It was the week before Christmas and my mother was coming to pick me up for my usual weekend visit. As always, I was excited to get to be with my mom and had looked forward to it all week. However, this was going to be an extra special weekend as it was when we went to grandma's for the annual Christmas party. All my aunts and uncles would be there along with their kids. It was even more exciting to me because it was one of the few times I got to feel I was part of a real family of my own.

It was going to take more than two hour to drive to grandma's since she lived so far out in the country. Not owning a car, my mother had her brother Paul and his wife come by to take us with them. I can still remember standing at the window with anticipation as I watched for my uncle's car to pull up. "There it is! There it is!", I exclaimed as I shouted to mom with joy. It took all my mother could do to hold me down while she put my coat on and zipped it up. "Now settle down and don't run or you'll slip on the ice", she directed as she picked up a box of food to help out with the party. We had to drive really



You could feel the tension ease as we pulled into grandma's driveway.

slow as it started to snow again making my uncle a bit uneasy and it was already dark out which made it even worse. I cuddled closer to mom as a cold draft gave me a shiver. Several times I tried to look out the window but all I could see was a white veil of snow coming down and an occasional street light pass by. You could feel the tension ease as we pulled into grandma's driveway and saw some family members standing at the door to greet us.

Boy! The house felt so inviting and warm as my mother took my coat off and hung it in the hall. A few of my younger cousins rushed over and grabbed my hand, excited to show me the Christmas tree all done up in holiday splendor. Even though I was now ten years old, my older cousins still shunned me. I guess they saw me as being too young for their crowd because I was still rather small for my age. However, there was one cousin I had a really big crush on. Her name was Sandra and I thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world. I remember trying to impress her by strutting around as though I was much older and mature. I think she kind of liked me too because she'd always smile whenever she looked my way.

After everyone had eaten, several of the men grabbed some musical instruments they'd brought and before you knew it, the house was filled with the joyous music of the season. From time to time, one of my uncles would call me over and offer me a watered down drink. He'd say, "No one will know and just one won't hurt you." It did make me feel grown up. However, another uncle would also do the same thing and then another. I began to feel light-headed which I'm sure they thought entertainingly funny. It wasn't long before the liquor had me needing to use the

bathroom. Slipping through the crowd, I managed to find the bathroom but it was locked. Asking one of my aunts if she could let me in, I was told another of my aunts was still in there and had thrown-up all over the place. She said they were busy trying to cleaned it up and I'd have to wait a little while. I waited and waited while the drinks viciously worked on my kidneys until I began to cramp, desperate for relief. I started to cry while grabbing my groin in desperation. I pleaded for someone to help me but everyone was having such a good time and the music was so loud, they either didn't hear me or want to be bothered. I glanced over at my cousins, embarrassed by my plight.

Suddenly I froze in horror as the liquor sapped my remaining resistance and the warm pee began to flood my pants. Terrified, I turned and darted for grandma's bedroom as I continued to wet and it started to run down my pant legs and into my shoes. Horrified and disgraced, I dropped to my knees by the bed and burst into tears. One of my aunts happened to come in and seeing me, went and got my mother. Within minutes, they returned along with another of my aunts. Seeing what happened, mom tried to calm me down while telling me everything would be alright.

As I was telling her about the bathroom being locked, a couple of my cousins came to the door asking what was wrong. I felt so ashamed at them seeing me, I again burst into tears. Mom quickly sent them back into the other room and closed the door. Gradually, I started to calm down as someone asked mom if I had anything else to wear. "No he doesn't. I didn't think it necessary." "Well he can't remain in those wet clothes.", remarked one aunt. There was a silence as everyone pondered for a solution.



I froze in horror as I felt my resistance fail and the warm pee began to flood my pants.

Then she asked, “Does anyone have anything at all that he can wear?” Several more minutes passed as they struggled trying to come up with an idea. Then my other aunt announced she had some extra diapers in her diaper bag and that they’d be better than nothing. My heart went berserk with panic as I yelled out in horror, “No! No! Please don’t. I don’t want to wear diapers AGAIN! Pleeeeease mom. Please don’t make me. I’m too big to wear diapers.” “But we don’t have anything else for you to wear and you can’t stay in those wet pants the rest of the night. They’re just like your underwear and will be better than you staying in those wet, smelly pants.” I stared in sheer fright as my aunt left to reclaim her daughter’s diaper bag.

“Now settle down. It’s the best we can do under the circumstances. Now lets get those wet things off.” My whole body went numb as my mother undid my belt and slipped my pants down while her sister went to get a wash cloth. Removing my shirt and underpants, I was washed and dried. I couldn’t stop crying as I was told to climb onto the bed and lay on my back. I looked over as my other aunt returned with the bag and laid it beside me. Reaching into the bag, she pull out some cloth diapers and gave them to my mom. “I should have a few extra pins in here too.”, she announced. “Ah, here they are.” I watched in torment as mom skillfully folded the diapers to fit me.

Directing me to lift up a little, she slipped the infantile garment beneath me, pulling the first corners together and fastened them with one of the diaper pins. Reaching over, she grabbed the second corners and started to pull them taut as I turned my head away in shame only to see one of my cousins was again standing at the door looking in with

wide-eyed curiosity. Oh God No! It was Sandra! I quickly turned my face away, mortified with humiliation. I just wanted to die. She just stood there watching while mom fastened the second pin, securing me in my infantile status. My aunt turned and seeing her, quickly closed the door but the damage was done. "I'm sorry about that.", she said as she apologized for leaving the door open. Her words were of little comfort as my heart ached with intense shame.

Sitting me back up, my mom sat down beside me. "Honey, I'm sorry I had to put a diaper on you but there just wasn't any thing else for you to wear. Now lift your feet so we can get those wet shoes and socks off before you catch a death of cold." Stripped of the last of my regular clothes, I felt totally reduced to that of an infant as I sat there clad in nothing but diapers. Grabbing my shirt, mom started to slip it back on me. "Oh dear, your shirt-tails are also soaking wet." Just then, my aunt grabbed a blanket from the foot of the bed and said I could wrap up in it and at least keep warm. After giving me a little time to settle down, mom took my hand to guide me back to the party despite my tearful pleas to stay in the bedroom. "Now stop being so childish. You can't stay back here all evening." Using the word childish didn't help matters as I was pulled to my feet and led into the living room filled with all my relatives. Quickly finding a chair as isolated from everyone as possible, I sat down and wrapped the blanket even tighter around me.

My face was still bright red from crying as I nervously looked around for the slightest hint of someone laughing or giggling. A couple of my uncles glanced my way



I turned my head only to see Sandra standing at the door looking in with wide-eyed curiosity.

though it was obvious everyone was deliberately trying not to look directly at me. Then I noticed my cousins peeking from behind the crowd and they were grinning. I'm sure Sandra must have told them of my being in diapers. Overwhelmed with embarrassment, I begged mom to let me return to the bedroom but she stood steadfast, insisting things would settle down. A short while later, she brought me a plate with some cake and a glass of punch. Asking if I was feeling any better, I meekly replied, "I-I gu-e-e-ss so-o.", even though I felt horribly isolate and demeaned. Time crawled ever so slowly as I remained glued to that chair for well over an hour. I couldn't help thinking back to all the other times I'd been put in diapers. I feared some demonic force might be at play and had condemned me to being put in diapers from time to time as punishment for some unknown offense. Even though this time wasn't for punishment, it was every bit as humiliating.

Then my worst fear came into view as I saw Sandra walking towards me. I didn't know what to do as I squirmed and tightened the hold on my blanket in horror. My heart-beat increased with each step she took. Stopping only feet in front of me, she put her hand to her mouth and started to giggle. My face burned with intense shame as I looked away in torment and cried. My crying drew the attention of her dad and it was obvious he'd been drinking a bit too much as he approached. Seeing what was taking place, he directed her back to the others but not before he told her not to be bothering THE BABY. He normally wasn't so malicious but the liquor had clearly aroused his hateful side. His wife stepped in and told him to behave which angered his male ego. Now you have to realize this was back in the early fifties when men ruled and women seldom had

any real voice. Any opposition only made men retaliate more. This time was no exception as he fought to retain his male pride. In reprisal, he reached over and pulling me to my feet, grabbed my blanket and jerked it free while laughingly calling out "Look everyone. Look at the New Year Baby." I was devastated beyond words as I screamed with horror at being exposed in my infantile attire for all to see. The adult's gasp were quickly replaced by the children's roar of laughter. I must have looked like an overgrown baby as I dropped back into the chair, mortified with shame, and bawled. My mother rushed to my rescue and returned my blanket while yelling at her brother for his disgusting cruelty. I just sat there stripped of any dignity I might have had left. Mom was really furious as she looked for her brother Paul to take us back home. Standing me up, she tried to get me to stop crying as I clutched the blanket tightly around me. I couldn't stop shaking as she took my hand and had me remain by her side while she gathered up our things.

Still traumatized, I nervously pleaded to have my clothes back. "Your clothes are still too wet to wear but you can wear your coat and keep that blanket wrapped around your legs. Your uncle Paul has gone to heat up the car and he'll carry you out when it's warm enough." The cold air chilled my exposed feet as my uncle cradled me like a small child and rushed me down the walkway to the waiting car. Glancing back towards the house, I could see several of my relatives looking out, unsettled at what had happened. Sandra's mother came running out to us just as we got seated and apologized for her husband's despicable behavior. It was obvious she was very upset at what he'd done and felt really bad for me. Mom seemed to calm down a



I screamed in horror as my uncle jerked the blanket away, exposing my infantile condition.

little as they talked for a few minutes. Nervously, I glanced behind her, thankful Sandra hadn't followed. I was so glad when we started moving as all I wanted was for this horrible night to end. It was still snowing and had gotten even deeper so my uncle had to drive back even slower in fear of winding up in a ditch. Time also seemed to crawl as mom held me close to her and kept rubbing my blanket trying to keep me warm. Gratefully, the night's horror seemed to fade the further we traveled. However, my night of torment wasn't quite through with me yet. It was still a long way home and in the turmoil mom had forgotten to ask if I needed to use the bathroom before we'd left. We had only traveled a little over an hour when I again felt the effects of the liquor return with fresh demands for attention. I prayed we were almost home as I whispered to mom that I needed to use the bathroom. "You'll just have to try and hold on. We can't stop out here in the middle of this storm especially with you dressed as you are."

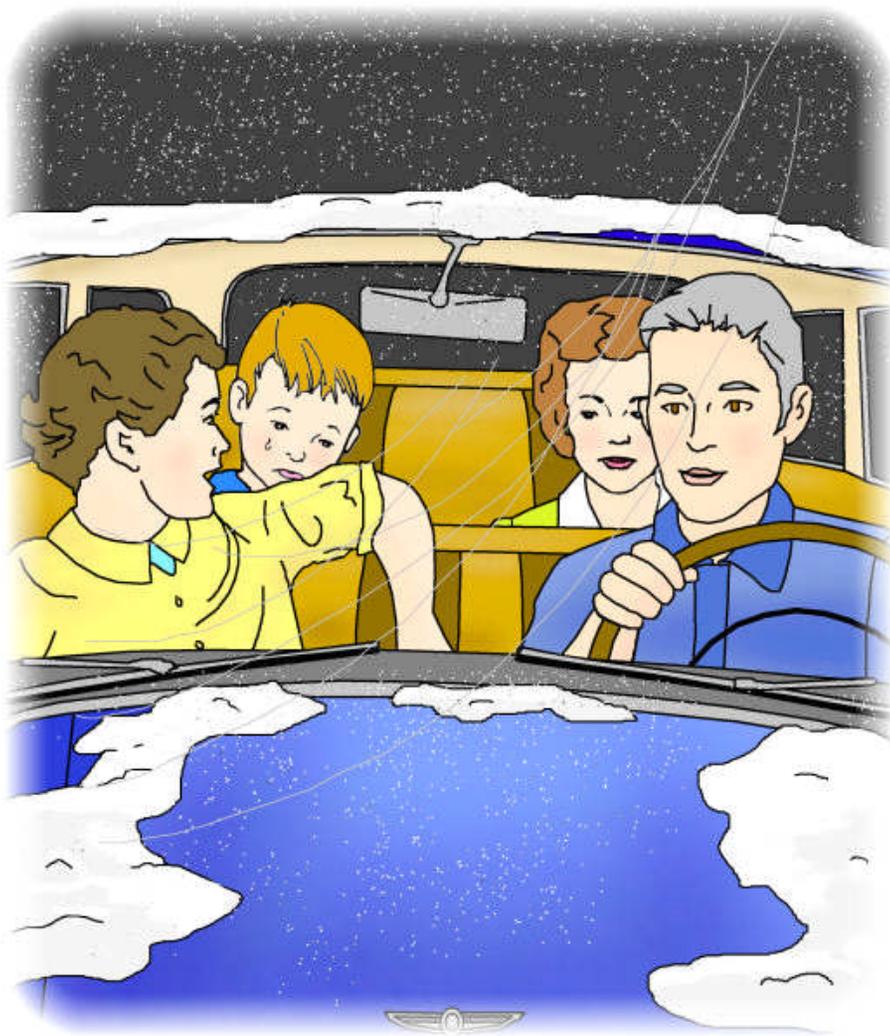
Several more miles passed with each one adding to the pressure in my stomach. I started to cry, fearing the horror of having another accident. Grabbing the diapers from under the blanket, I squeezed tightly while sobbing in despair. "If you can't hold it until we get home, you'll just have to use the diapers. I know how upsetting that is but I don't know what else we can do." "Oh No! Please mom. I don't want to do that.", I pleaded fearfully. "I know honey, but if you can't wait, there's no other choice. I'll get you cleaned up and into your own clothes as soon as we get home. I promise." Thinking for a minute, mom reached into her purse and pulled out a pocket raincoat. "Here, stand up and let me slip this under you." Unfolding the plastic, she spread it across the seat and removing the



**Unfolding the plastic raincoat, she placed it under me.
“Now lift up so I can wrap this around your
diapers to use as a pair of plastic pants.”**

blanket from around me, told me to sit back down. “Raise your coat so I can wrap this plastic around you.” She then pulled the raincoat up around my diapers and tucked it in forming makeshift plastic pants to protect the car seat. She finished just in the nick of time as my kidneys again resigned and for the second time tonight I felt the tormenting shame of wetting myself. I was so distressed I didn’t realize my bowels were also surrendering control. It wasn’t until I shifted from the discomfort of the wet diapers that I realized I had also messed myself. This was a new level of humiliation I’d never experienced before and I fell into grim silence. Mom sensed what had happened and quickly wrapped the blanket back around me trying to ease my agonizing shame. It didn’t take long before the smell became known and my uncle exclaimed, “Phew! It’s a good thing your boy is wearing diapers.” His wife and my mom both snapped back at his thoughtless remark, telling him to keep his comments to himself.

Though mom told me to sit still, I could still feel the mess oozing around my bottom and the wetness of the fabric constantly reminding me of my infantile condition. Emotionally drained, I leaned against her warm body and closed my eyes. It was at that moment I had the strangest sensation of my actually having become a baby again. I found myself enjoying this feeling though I didn’t know why. It was so calming that I quickly fell sleeping. “Wake up dear. We’re almost home.”, mom informed while nudging me awake. As I sat up, I slowly became aware my thumb was in my mouth and I had been sucking on it. Alarmed at my infantile behavior, I quickly pulled it out as I timidly glanced up at mom, hoping she hadn’t noticed. Looking back at me with a smile, she told me to not worry



“Phew! It’s a good thing your boy is wearing diapers.”, exclaimed my uncle.

about it. It wasn’t surprising after all I’d gone through. I was both embarrassed and scared I must be crazy. I was so glad when we pulled into the driveway. My mother unlocked the house while my uncle carried me inside. Quickly putting me down, he started back to the car but my aunt stopped him and told him to come inside and wait for her. She then asked my mother if there was anything she could do to help. Taking me directly to the bathroom, mom removed the blanket and plastic sheet. It felt surreal standing there in a messy diaper and I felt my face grow hot with embarrassment. My mind tried to hang onto the reality that I was a ten year old boy but seeing my reflection in the mirror on the bathroom door told me otherwise.

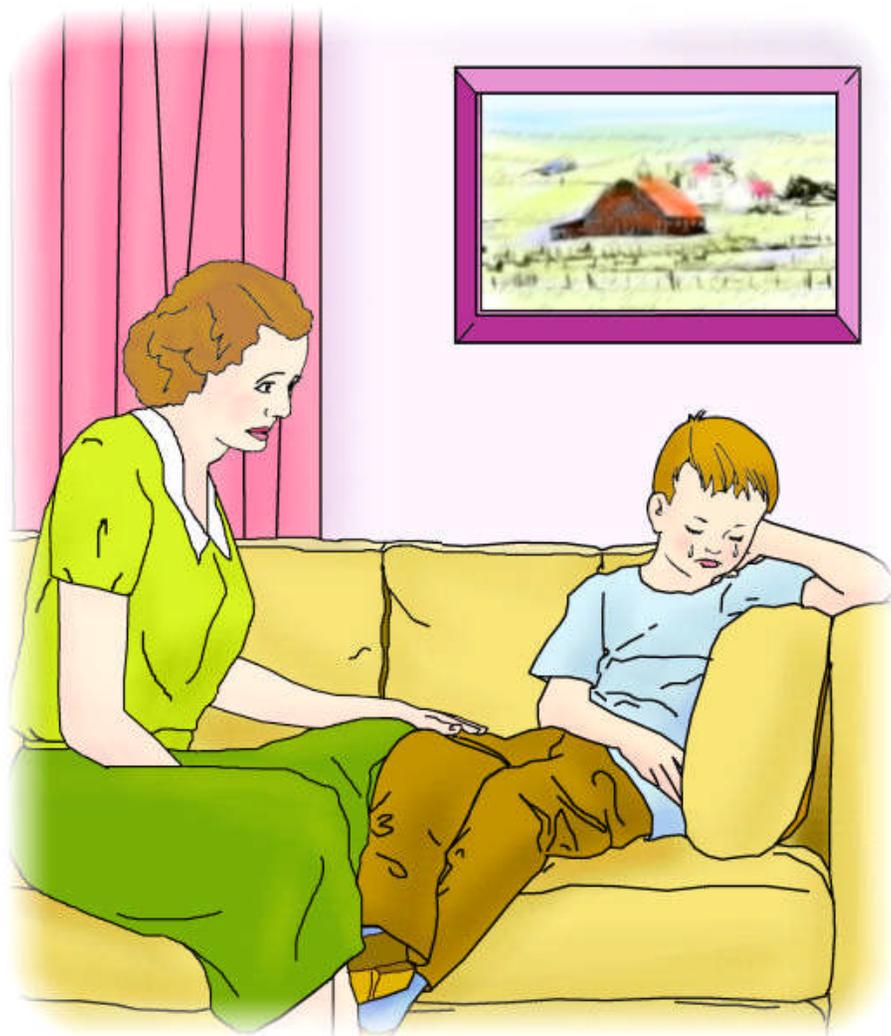
My aunt stood by and watched as mom unpinned the diapers and dropped them into the toilet bowl. Cleaning my bottom off with a wet cloth, she direct me into the tub. She then ran some water while my aunt rinsed the diapers out. It was obvious they had both had experience with taking care of a baby before. I doubt they ever thought they’d be using this knowledge on a ten year old though. After I was cleaned up, mom gave me some fresh clothes to put on. Feeling much better now, I stepped into the living room and sat down though still embarrassed whenever my uncle looked my way. I felt relieved when mom walked them to the door and thanked them for their help. Once they drove away, she came over and sat beside me. Seeing I was still distressed, she again apologized for my horrible experience and reassured me things would soon be forgotten and everything would return to normal. But to me, I didn’t feel I could ever forget what happened, especially my memory of Sandra standing in the doorway watching my mom pinning me in a diaper.



My aunt watched as mom unpinned my diapers and dropped them into the toilet bowl.

It was really late now but I was still too upset to go to bed so we sat and talked awhile. Shortly into the conversation, mom asked me what I meant earlier when I said I didn't want to wear diapers AGAIN. "When do you ever remember being in diapers before?", she asked somewhat puzzled. I felt a rush of panic sweep over me as though my shameful past had been found out. The more I tried to make excuses for what I'd said the worst things got. Hopelessly trapped in one lie after another, she maneuvered me into opening up and before I knew it, I was tell her all about Mrs. Brown putting me in diapers as punishment for having accidents. "She'd tell me it was for my own good.", I cried. Mom asked how often this happened and I told her just a few times. "What kind of accidents did you have? Did you wet the bed?" "Yes, but it wasn't my fault. I tried to hold it but couldn't." I then told her of the first time I was diapered for not coming inside to use the bathroom. "Did you wet your pants?" "Yes, but just a little bit."

It was obvious, mom was concerned as she questioned me further. "Were you diapered any other times?" I was really shaking now as I told her of my accident coming home from school and of my having to sleep in a crib once. I didn't realize my feeling so ashamed was limiting my description of these events and didn't really tell the whole story. In fact, my reserved accounts only made my being put in diapers seem somewhat justified. Seeing how upset I'd become, she changed the subject, getting me to talking about other things until I calmed down. Realizing how exhausted we'd both become, she announced we'd better get to bed and get some sleep. Though the bed felt warm and comforting, I struggled to fall asleep as the evenings tormenting events repeatedly ran through my mind.



It wasn't long before I succumbed and told of how Mrs. Brown would punishing me in diapers for having accidents.

By morning, it seemed like it was all just a bad dream and didn't really happen, that is until I went to the bathroom and saw the freshly washed diapers hanging over the tub. My heart again went into overdrive as the memory of last night flooded my senses. I started to shake nervously as I quickly slipped my pants down and sat on the toilet. Though I tried, I couldn't keep my eyes off the diapers. I found myself strangely wishing I could relive the shame of being forced into wearing them again. These feeling stirred sensations within me that I didn't yet understand. I grew scared that I must be really sick or going crazy.

Quickly finishing, I pulled my pants back up while trying to push out such weird thoughts. Thankfully, my mother was right and life seemed to return to some level of normalcy. However, whenever I returned to the bathroom, the diapers were still hanging there and I was again haunted by that strange sensual yearning deep inside me. I was both confused and yet fascinated by the intoxicating excitement I felt whenever I recalled the humiliation of being forced into diapers. Again, I struggled to push such thoughts from my mind as I rushed out of the bathroom. I felt so relieved when mom finally removed them. The rest of my visit passed quickly and before I knew it, the week was over and we were heading back to the boarding house.

As soon as we arrived, I went upstairs to put my weekend clothes away while my mother said her goodbyes. Mrs. Brown asked her how the party went and mom told her fine, keeping the embarrassing events private. However, it did remind her to ask why Mrs. Brown had put me in diapers as punishment for having accidents. Mrs. Brown was at first taken back at having been confronted as she



I found myself strangely wanting to relive the shame of being forced to wear diapers again.

nervously struggled to find an explanation. With but a slight hesitation, she told my mother I was not being punished and that she had told me several times it was out of necessity. She went on to explain that I'd had several accidents wetting the bed and even a couple of times at school. "I didn't know what else to do as he was ruining the mattress.", she justified. "I was finally forced to take some kind of action and so I explained to him that it was to keep him from laying in a wet bed at night. He thought he was being punished but I kept explaining it was necessary for his own good." My mother took in her words and they sounded reasonable.

"But he never wets the bed when at home.", mom returned. "I'm not surprised. I've had a couple of other boys with the same problem before. I think it may be the stress they feel being separated from their real home. The others soon outgrew it and regained control. It just takes a little patience and understanding." Still a bit uncomfortable, my mother added, "He also told me you had him sleep in a crib." "Oh that! It was only one time when his bed was really soaked. I couldn't think of what else to do and the crib did have a plastic sheet to offer some protection."

"So that's why he was so upset when I had to put a diaper on him the other night.", my mother declared. She then felt free to tell Mrs. Brown what had happened and even the events on the trip back home. "I'm sorry he's been so much trouble.", mom responded with concern. "Nonsense. I'm use to it as I often have a baby to take care of anyway and so I have plenty of diapers on hand. As for laundry, a few more doesn't make any difference to me." Satisfied with her explanation, mom told her to do what ever she

felt necessary and even thanked her for her trouble. Seeing how well my mom responded to her lies, Mrs. Brown deviously suggested, "Say, maybe if you also explain to him it is for his own good, he won't feel as though he is being punished." My mother thought that was a good idea, blinded to the true nature of Mrs. Brown's cruel proposal. "Let me call him down so you can talk to him." At that, Mrs. Brown went to the stairs and told me to come down. I was a bit alarmed when I saw my mom was still here. "Your mother wants to talk to you for a moment." "Honey, Mrs. Brown and I have just had a long talk about your having accidents and how sorry she was in having to put you in diapers. She told me she didn't want to do it but it was all she could do. She's not doing it to punish you. She just doesn't know what else to do until you regain better control of yourself."

Hearing my own mother approve of Mrs. Brown's actions devastated my sense of security. Terrified, I screamed, "Please mom. Please don't let her put me in diapers again." My mother, though dismayed, was convinced it was for my own good. "Everything will be alright honey. She said you are doing a lot better so maybe you won't have to wear them anymore. But if you do, just remember it is not to punish you. She's just wants to keep you dry and comfortable. Please try not to be so upset and give her any trouble." I was stunned as my whole life felt it had fallen into a black hole that I couldn't climb out of. I felt betrayed and alone as she gave me a quick hug before heading for the door. "I've got to go now but I'll see you next week." As the door closed, a deathly chill ran up my spine as I nervously looked up at Mrs. Brown and saw her

triumphant grin. Helplessly abandoned to her authority, I started to cry, knowing my life was about to again feel the wrath of her cruelty.

Cindy Marie's

House of Shame



Chapter Six:

You Were Warned

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CHAPTER SIX

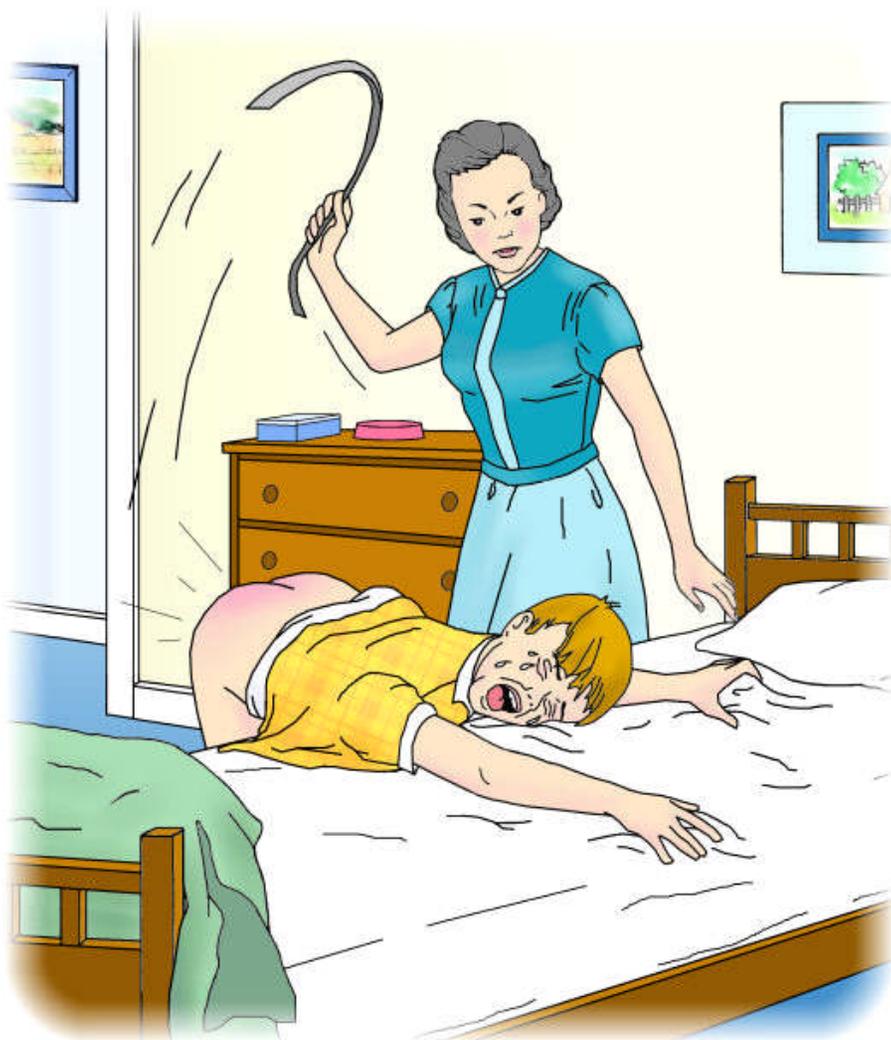
You Were Warned

Mrs. Brown didn't hesitate before taking advantage of what just took place. Angrily, she grabbed my arm and shouted, "What did I tell you would happen if you ever told your mother?" I started crying uncontrollably as she yanked my arm for attention. "You insisted on crossing me and now you're going to see what happens when you do. I warned you if you ever said anything to your mother, she would approve of you wearing diapers and that's just what's going to happen. You still have a week before returning to school and you are going to spend every last minute of it in diapers. When I'm done with you, you'll think twice about telling anyone else what goes on in this house. Now get yourself up to my room so I can get you properly dressed."

"NO! I'm too big to wear diapers and you can't make me anymore.", I resounded in reckless defiance. "What's this! You dare talk back to me! Very well. Then you can go to your room and remain there." I was stunned at how quickly she rescinded but was also relieved that I'd avoided yet another humiliating bout with diapers. I quickly turned and ran up the stairs to my bedroom. I kept thinking, if only I'd stood up to her in the past, maybe I wouldn't have been put in diapers before. But then I reasoned, I wasn't a grown boy of ten back then. Sitting on my bed, I wondered how long I'd be confined to my room though grateful I at least avoided further shame. Suddenly, I heard her coming up the stairs and go to her room as my heart started to race nervously.

It wasn't but a few minutes later, she came into my room as I looked up in fearful apprehension. I immediately saw the belt she had in her hand and knew what she intended to do. "No Please! I'm sorry. I'll behave. I promise. Pleeeasee don't!!!!", I begged as I began to cry in fear. "So you think you're so big you can defy me. Well, we'll see about that. Now stand up and drop your pants." I felt terrified as I jumped to my feet and again pleaded for forgiveness. Growing even angrier, she yelled, "Don't make me tell you again. Now get those pants down." I couldn't move as she grabbed my arm and twirled me around. Wack! Wack!, echoed the sound as the strap found its mark and I let out a scream of agony. Stopping abruptly, she reached around and undid my belt. Just as quickly, she grabbed the waist of my pants and yanked them to my ankles followed by my underpants. I screamed as she shoved me over the bed and pushed my face into the sheets.

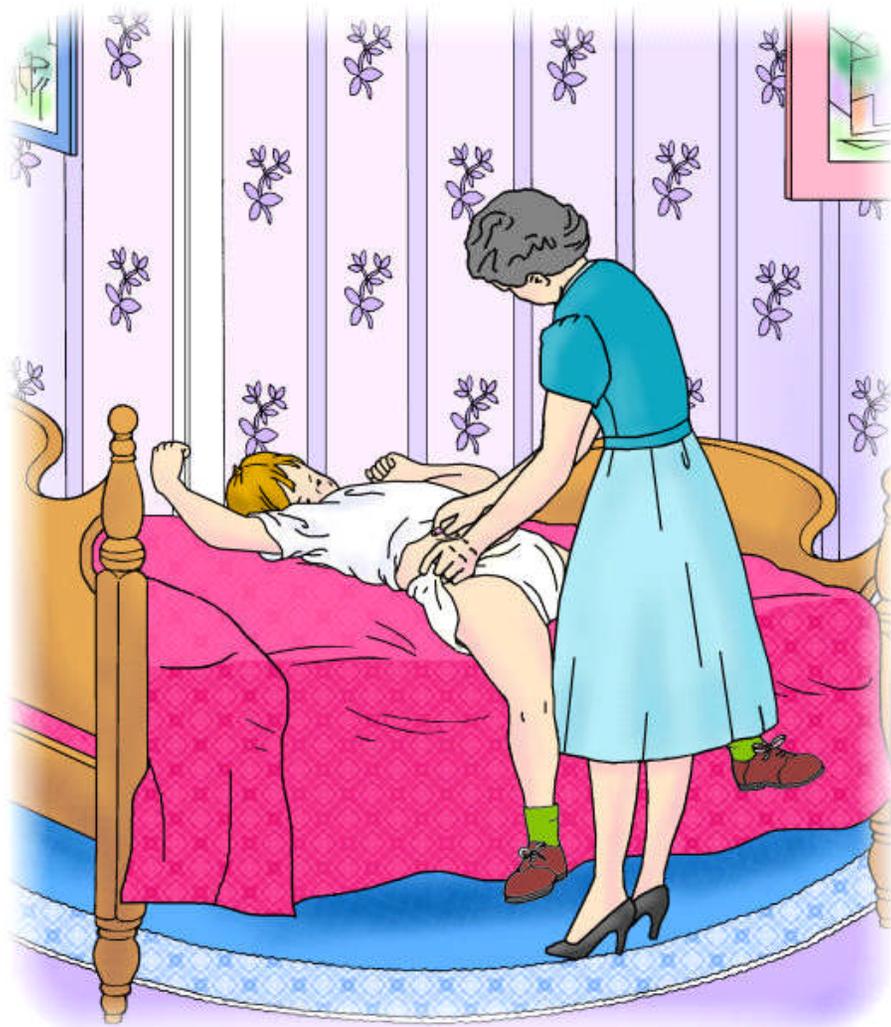
She again directed the belt across my now bare bottom as I let out a deafening series of screams with each blow. "Please stop!", I screamed over and over as my rear grew hot with pain. "Are you going to talk back to me again?", she asked without stopping her assault. "No! No! I promise.", I pleaded with desperation. Standing me back up, she continued, "And are you going to give me any more trouble or are you going to do as you are told?" I hesitated for a moment as I knew what my answer would mean. Rubbing my now burning buttocks, I knew I had no choice but to comply with whatever she wanted. Realizing my age wasn't going to stop her, my ego crumbled in submissive defeat. "Very well then. You can start right now by stepping out of those pants." Still crying, I helplessly slipped the pants off my feet and onto the floor.



**Directing the belt across my now bare bottom,
I let out a deafening series of screams with each blow.**

“Take your shirt off too but you can keep your T-shirt on.” Helplessly I obeyed and was soon standing before her in just my T-shirt and shoes. Taking hold of my hand, she led me, bare bottomed, down the hall and into her room. My eyes immediately saw the diapers, baby powder and even a pacifier she had prepared for me at the foot of her bed. My heart again raced as I felt the swelling torment of my being put back in diapers. “Alright, get yourself on the bed and lay down so I can get my little baby properly dressed.” “Please don’t make me wear them, P-L-E-A-S-E!”, I begged with hopeless desperation. “I’m too big to wear diapers.” “Well, you’re about to find out you’ll never be too big to be disciplined for disobeying me. In fact, the only big you’re going to be for the next week is a big baby. Now get on the bed so I can get you dressed.”

Tearfully, I climbed up on the bed and laid on my back in helpless despair. “Lift up for a moment so I can slip these under you.” Her hands felt cool as she spread the demeaning fabric out and told me to lower back down. My crying prompted her to pick up the pacifier. “Here! Suck on this and stop your whimpering.” Grabbing the baby powder, she quickly sprinkled it over my groin and stomach, rubbing it in while taunting how it makes me smell just like a baby. Once again I felt the humiliation of cloth diapers entrap me as she pulled them snug and pinned the corners secure. “Now you don’t look so big to me anymore.”, she taunted to vocalize my shame. Standing me up, she grabbed my shoulders and direct me to the long mirror in the corner of the room. “Now look at yourself and tell me what you see. You don’t look so big now, do you?” Though blurry-eyed, I could see the image of a very large baby in a T-shirt and diapers and I again burst into tears.



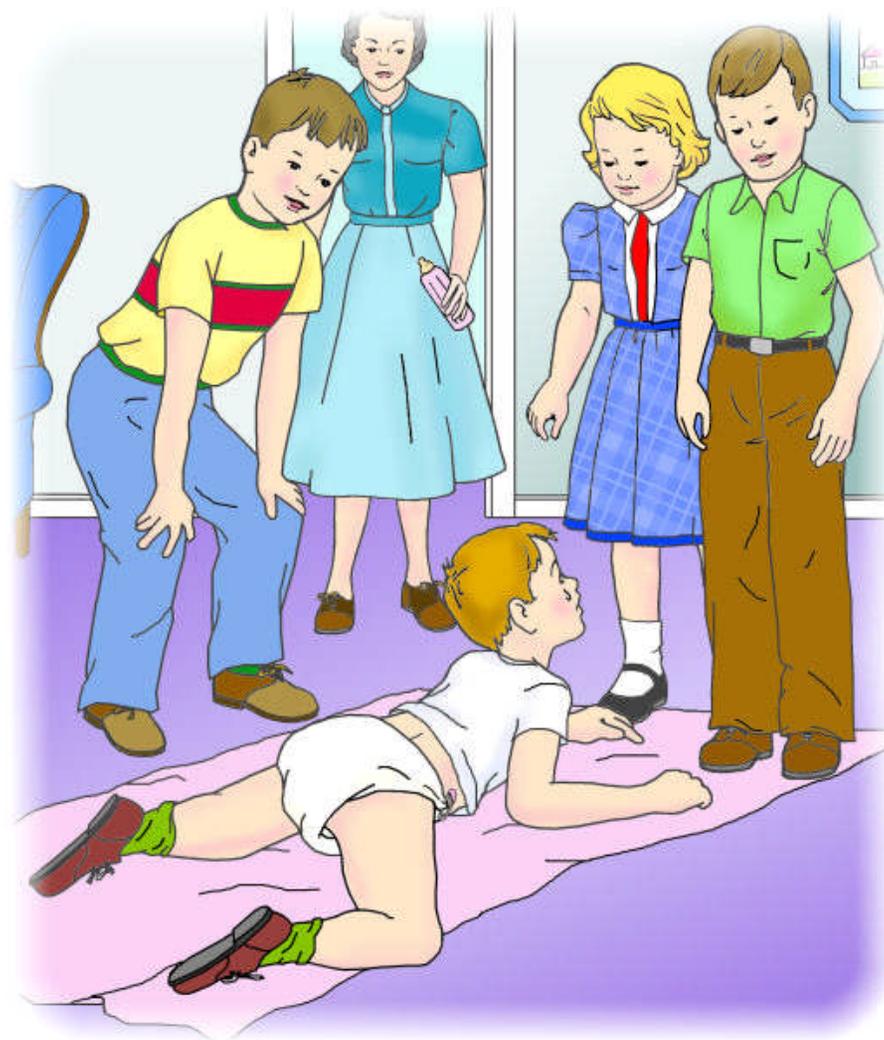
Once again I felt the humiliation of cloth diapers entrap me as she pulled them snug and pinned the corners secure.

“Now listen up. While you’re in diapers, there will be a few rules to follow. If you break them, I will see to it you remain in diapers an extra day for each offense. Is that understood?” Fearfully, I nodded a yes. “Good! Since I’m not fond of changing messy diapers, I am going to let you use the bathroom once a day to do your business. There will be no extra chances so you’d better not use it just to pee. If you do, then when you really need to go, you’ll have to use your diapers and I’ll make sure you keep them on for the rest of the day. Am I clear so far?” I started to cry as I envisioned the worst while I whimpered my understanding. “Rule number two. There will be an afternoon nap every day right after lunch and you will remain laying down until I say you can get up. All of your drinks will be taken from a baby bottle and you are to finish them completely. This includes meal times as well.

Now lets go down stairs so the others can see what happens to boys who think they’re too big to do as they’re told.” I started to pull away, when she took my hand, but she quickly pointed to the belt on the bed to remind me what would happen if I resisted. As we descended the stairs, I again felt my stomach knot up at the thought of the others seeing me, a 10 year old boy wearing diapers. The children were still outside playing as we entered the living room. I felt cold as I watched her leave and return with a blanket. Spreading it on the floor, she ordered me to lay down and roll over on my stomach. “Now you stay there while I go get the others.” One by one, I could hear them enter the kitchen and told to remove their wet clothes. I started to shake wildly as I looked up and watched them file into the room, each with a look of astonishment. The pacifier fell from my mouth as I burst into tears.

Directing them to gather around, she told them of my accidents over the week-end. "Seems this little boy here wet his pants while at his grandma's and his mother had to put him in diapers. Now tell everyone what else you did on your way back home." I couldn't speak as I dropped my head back down on the blanket and cried. "Since he won't tell you, I guess I'll have to. Seems he also wet the diapers and even messed in them just like a baby. As a result, his mother has told me to put him in diapers whenever I felt it necessary. So since he's still having accidents, that's what I'm doing. This big baby is going to remain in diapers for the rest of the week and while he's dressed as a baby, I want you all to treat him like one. And if any of you notice that he's wet, you are to come and let me know so I can have one of you present while he's being changed. Maybe he will learn he's not as big as he thinks he is if one of you watch whenever he's having his diapers changed. Now you all keep an eye on him while I go and get him a warm bottle of milk to drink."

When she returned, she ordered me to roll over on my back. It was obvious she enjoyed having the others witnessing my infantile treatment. Stooping down, she held the bottle in front of me and told me to take it. "Hold your bottle with both hands and drink your milk like a good little baby.", she ordered. Nothing seemed to matter anymore as I helplessly took the bottle and stuck it in my mouth. "Carol, go and get me one of the baby's bibs. Our little baby is drooling all over himself." "Yes mother.", she responded with delight. Sitting me up, she tied the bib around my neck while tormenting what a messy little baby I was. Everyone began to laugh while I continued to nursed on the bottle while tears ran down my cheeks.



It was obvious she enjoyed having the others witnessing my infantile treatment.

Everyone watched for awhile until she told them to go back to what they were doing. Just as she was leaving to prepare dinner, she told me I'd better finish my bottle or the next time I needed a diaper change, she'd make me stay in them. Once alone, my world took on a feeling of fantasy as though everything was just a bad dream. I was surprised to again feel a strange comfort from the soft diapers as I continued sucking on my bottle. I must be sick, I thought. Why is wearing diapers making me feel so calm and yet excited? It wasn't but an hour later when I felt the eventual dread of nature's call demand attention. As in the past, I held back as long as I could until the painful cramps won over and I felt my warm pee seep into the waiting fabric. When Mrs. Brown entered, she smiled and teased me about wetting my diapers just like a real baby. She then called the others in to watch while I was changed. Seeing that the blanket had also gotten wet, she remarked, "We're going to have to do something about that. We can't have baby wetting all over everything."

Later that night, when I needed to use the bathroom again, I decided the painful cramps of resisting wasn't worth it. Hopelessly destined to fail anyway, I just gave in and wet myself. But when Mrs. Brown told me it was almost bedtime and I could wait until then to be changed, I wished I'd fought back longer as the diapers became cold and clammy. For the first time, I looked forward to being changed in spite of the other children watching. The fresh diapers felt wonderful and I was actually quite grateful for them. As before, she spread a rubber sheet on my bed and had me climb in for the night. She then gave me a bedtime bottle of apple juice and told me I was to finish it before I went to sleep.

When I woke the next morning, I was surprised the other boys had already gone down to breakfast. As usual every morning, the need to use the bathroom was really strong. I started to cry as I grabbed my crotch, knowing I was eventually going to be faced with the shame and humiliation of wetting myself again. The thought of being in diapers all week tore at my soul as I prayed for someone to come and rescue me. Just then, Mrs. Brown came in and told me to get downstairs for breakfast. I again felt numb and detached as I meekly entered the kitchen and sat down in my usual chair. I was thankful I was now too big for the high-chair, certain I'd have been forced to use it. Breakfast was fairly quiet without too much teasing. I guess everyone was getting accustomed to my being in diapers. When I finished eating, I was told to go back to my room and wait. "Wait for what?", I thought to myself as I climbed the stairs. While sitting on my bed, I became nervous as the pains in my stomach grew more painful, begging release.

It wasn't very long before Mrs. Brown came in and told me we were going shopping. "Here are your pants and a shirt. You can wear them over your diapers. Now get dressed." "But I need to use the bathroom.", I pleaded. "Very well. I'll let you go this once but only because we are going out." At that, she unpinned my diapers and I ran to the bathroom. When I returned, I was quickly re-diapered and told to finish getting dressed. I was both nervous and excited to at least have my outer clothes back and to be getting out of the house and away from the other kids for awhile. "If you behave yourself, no one will have to know what you're wearing under your clothes. But if you give me any trouble at all, I'll take your pants off right there and everyone will see what a little baby you are."



Looking at me, she has a sinister grin as she reached for a package from the shelf.

We stopped at several stores where she bought some soap and a few other household needs. It really felt great being out and about and I almost forgot what I was wearing under my clothes. It wasn't until we entered a drug store that I realized why she had brought me along. As we passed by the baby section, she stopped and looked down at me with a grin. "Do you know why we are stopping here?" "No!!?", I stuttered as I began to feel fearfully uneasy. Reaching onto a shelf, she pulled down a package and held it in front of me. "Do you know what these are?", she tormented with obvious pleasure. I stared at the package and quickly realized they were plastic baby pants. I started to shake as my eyes teared up. "Please don't make me wear them.", I pleaded. "I'm sorry, but you can't go around wetting on the floors and furniture." Looking back on the shelves, she asked me if I wanted all white or a package of the pastel colored panties. I couldn't answer as feelings of yet another level of humiliation tore at my self image.

"I think the pastels are cuter and look, there's even a pink pair. Aren't they pretty?", she taunted, knowing I would hate them even more. My eyes swelled up as she placed them in the basket. She also picked up a couple of extra pacifiers and a baby blanket. "Oh! Isn't this cute?", she exclaimed as she chuckled at a package she had picked up. I was feeling so ashamed, I couldn't even look to see what she had as she joyfully placed it in the basket and started for the checkout. I know I must have blushed bright red when the clerk looked down at me and grinned as if knowing the items were for me. I was so glad when we left the store. It was mid-afternoon when she noticed I was getting fidgety and could tell I again needing to use the bathroom. Taking me to this large department store, she grabbed my

hand and led me straight to the restrooms. Standing in front of the ladies restroom, she told me to watch the packages while she stepped inside. I was getting nervous, wondering how I was going to use the boys bathroom dressed as I was. When she reappeared, she signaled me to come in. I felt strange going in the women's bathroom but realized she was going to have to remove my diapers so I could use the bathroom. "There's no one here so you can remove your pants but you need to hurry before somebody comes in. I was thankful to get to use the bathroom as I quickly slipped my pants off and waited for her to remove the diapers. To my horror, she reached over and pulled out the package of plastic pants and opened it. "We can't have you wetting your pants in public, now can we? Now step into these." I was frozen in horror realizing she wasn't going to let me use the bathroom.

"Please don't make me wear those. I want to use the bathroom." "You'd better not give me any trouble or else I'll just have to keep your pants. Is that what you want?", she threatened as she again held the plastic pants out for me to step into. I started crying hard now as I raised my leg and stepped into the cool plastic. Just as she started to pull them up, the door flew open and a woman and her daughter walked in. I was froze with horror as they stared in shocked confusion. "I'm sorry about this. I was hoping to finish before someone came in.", remarked Mrs. Brown as they slowly relaxed. I kept crying as the young girl stared in wonder and started to giggle. Mrs. Brown finished pulling the pants up over my diapers while trying to explain my condition. "The poor boy is having wetting problems and this is all I can do until he can control himself." The woman responded with concern and told me it was alright.



Just as she started to pull them up, the door flew open and a woman and her daughter walked in.

She then told her daughter to stop laughing, explaining to her that I had to wear diapers because I couldn't help wetting myself. As soon as I got my pants back on, we headed for the door as I shyly glanced over at the girl, red faced and embarrassed. As we headed home, Mrs. Brown announced, "Oh! I just remembered. I promised my friend Janet, I'd stop by for a visit if I had time. You should be fine now and I won't say anything to her as long as you behave yourself." I just wanted to go home after what I'd just gone through but had no choice but to follow along. The house was old and a bit run down but in a reasonably good neighborhood. As we pulled into the driveway, I was warned, "Now don't you embarrass me in front of my friend. Behave yourself and no one needs to know what you're wearing." Opening my door, she told me to get out and to follow her up the walk. I could hear a slight crinkling sound from the plastic pants and worried, her friend Mrs. Thompson, might also hear.

When she came to the door, she seemed excited to see Mrs. Brown. "And who do we have here?", she asked looking down at me. "Oh, this is one of the boys I take care of. I thought it would be nice to take him along for a day out." "Well, come on in and make yourselves comfortable." There was a little girl sitting on the living room floor and she quickly introduced her to me. "This is my daughter, Sally. Maybe you can keep her company as she doesn't have any friends around here to play with." I was stumped as she looked like she might be two or three years old. I didn't know how or what to play with someone so young. The two women went into the kitchen for coffee as I stood there dumbfounded as to what to do. I walked over to the couch and sat down, being careful not to have my

pants make too much noise. Sally came right over and started putting her dolls and other toys in my lap which really embarrassed me. I hadn't sat there very long when I was again reminded I still hadn't used the bathroom. The more I tried to ignore it the worse it got. I began to squirm as I pressed my knees together, begging my body to behave. I tried to focus my attention on Sally as she kept wanting me to play with her. As dreaded, I could hold out no longer and began to feel the warm sensations seep throughout my groin. Trying to hold back as much as possible, I put my hands between my legs and squeezed in desperation. I could feel the diapers growing wetter as my pee continued to spread down and into my bottom. I jumped up in horror and silently cried, "Oh No! Please stop!" Sally looked up in wonder as I felt my diapers grow wetter. I didn't think I'd be grateful for wearing plastic pants, but I was now, praying they would keep my secret.

Fearing getting the couch wet, I sat down on the floor and tried to entertain Sally in an attempt to distract from my discomfort. About an hour had passed when Sally's mother came in to check on us. Going over to Sally, she reached into her pants to see if she was wet. "Looks like my little lady needs a fresh diaper.", she chimed as though a joyous occasion. Her words made me shiver, knowing I was also in a wet diaper, but fearing discovery. As I stood up to get out of her way, she looked over at me and a shocked look came over her face. "Oh my gosh! Did you wet your pants too?" I was shocked at how she knew as I looked down and saw the diapers had leaked around the leg openings. Mrs. Brown, hearing the disturbance, came in and seeing my wet pants, started to explain. "I wasn't going to say anything but I've had to take some drastic actions to



Oh my gosh! Did you wet your pants?

correct his misbehavior. I've had to put him in diapers as punishment for acting up and talking back to me." Her friend looked on, somewhat confused, and asked if that didn't seem a bit harsh a discipline. "Well, it does work when everything else failed." Janet looked down at me and felt a bit sorry for my embarrassment. "Do you have a change for him?", she asked. "No! I thought he'd last until we got home. He'll just have to stay in those wet diapers until then. Maybe he'll remember this next time he misbehaves." Feeling sympathy for me, Janet said, "Look, I'm about to change Sally anyway. Why don't I get a couple of extra diapers for him as well. You can put his soiled ones in the diaper pail and we'll just call it an even exchange. I hate the thought of him having to stay in those wet diapers the rest of the day." "Well, I guess that would be alright.

What do you say to Janet for getting you some nice dry diapers?" I was crying hard now as I struggled to thank her. "Thank-You.", I whimpered. "What did you say? Speak up and say 'Thank-You for getting me some dry diapers.'" "Thank-You for getting me some dry diapers.", I sobbed louder, completely overcome with shame. When Janet returned, she laid out two changing mats and handed Mrs. Brown the diapers and a bottle of baby powder. I watched as Janet laid Sally down and began to remove her pants. "You too! Get those pants off and come lay on this mat." "Please don't make me take my pants off.", I pleaded, ashamed of the others seeing me in diapers. "Don't make me tell you again. Now get them off.", she repeated more forcefully. Again I begged to keep my pants on, crying uncontrollably. "You just earned yourself an extra day. Now do as you're told or do you want to make it two extra days?" I nervously glanced over at the others as I



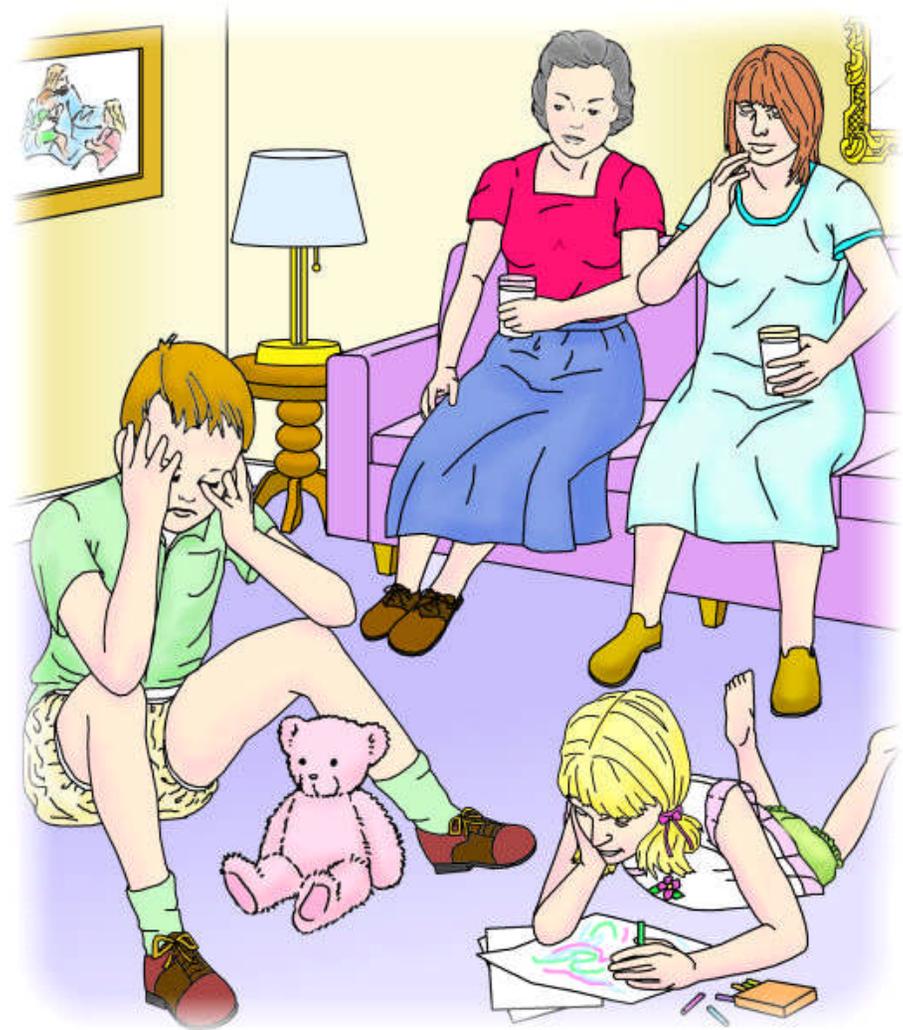
Looking over at Sally being changed made me feel I was also a two year old child.

removed my pants and slipped the plastic pants down exposing my wet diapers. Though I was devastated at being seen in diapers, Sally, not understanding, reacted as though nothing was wrong. After laying down, I looked over and watched as Janet changed her daughter's diapers while Mrs. Brown unpinned mine and slipped them out from beneath me. Being changed together really made me feel as though I was also a two year old child. After we'd been changed, I was ordered to my feet and Mrs. Brown held out my plastic pants for me to step into. I was still crying as she pulled them into place and checked to make sure the diapers were completely inside the plastic. "I had to rush in the store so I guess I didn't have the diapers completely tucked in before.", she explained. As I reached over to grab my pants, she slapped my hand and told me, "For giving me such a hard time, you can have them back when I'm ready to leave. "For now you can remain as you are so everyone can see what a little baby you've become. Now go sit down over there with Sally and play nice."

I burst into fresh tears as I helplessly did her bidding and sat down in the middle of the room. Her mother brought us some coloring books to keep us busy but I was too overwhelmed with shame to color. I just sat there and watched Sally coloring as Mrs. Brown sat down with Janet and started to explain things clearer. "This method of discipline is called 'Diaper Discipline' and it has been used for many years to control unruly boys and girls though it seems to work better on boys. My mother use to punish my brother in diapers and it really settled him down. He use to torment my sister and me until mother had enough and introduced him to diapers and even petticoats. After that, he was so well behaved and never dared to pick on us again."

“In fact, we started getting back at him whenever mother wasn’t around and would dress him up like a baby and sometimes even a baby girl. We’d dress him in some of our frilliest clothes and fixed his hair in pigtails. If he dared resist, we threatened to tell mom he was picking on us again and then she’d make him wear diapers for a week. Sometimes, she’d have us feed him a baby bottle and we really loved that. My sister and I had many pleasurable times seeing our brother reduced to a baby or little girl. So now, when my boys started getting out of hand, I thought I’d give it a try on them. Bobby here was the first and surprisingly the only boy I’ve had to discipline this way. Seems the others decided to be on their best behavior, fearful they might be punished in diapers too. So he has been my way of controlling all of them. I found I actually enjoy treating him as a baby as it brings back memories and lets me relive the fun my sister and I had with our brother.”

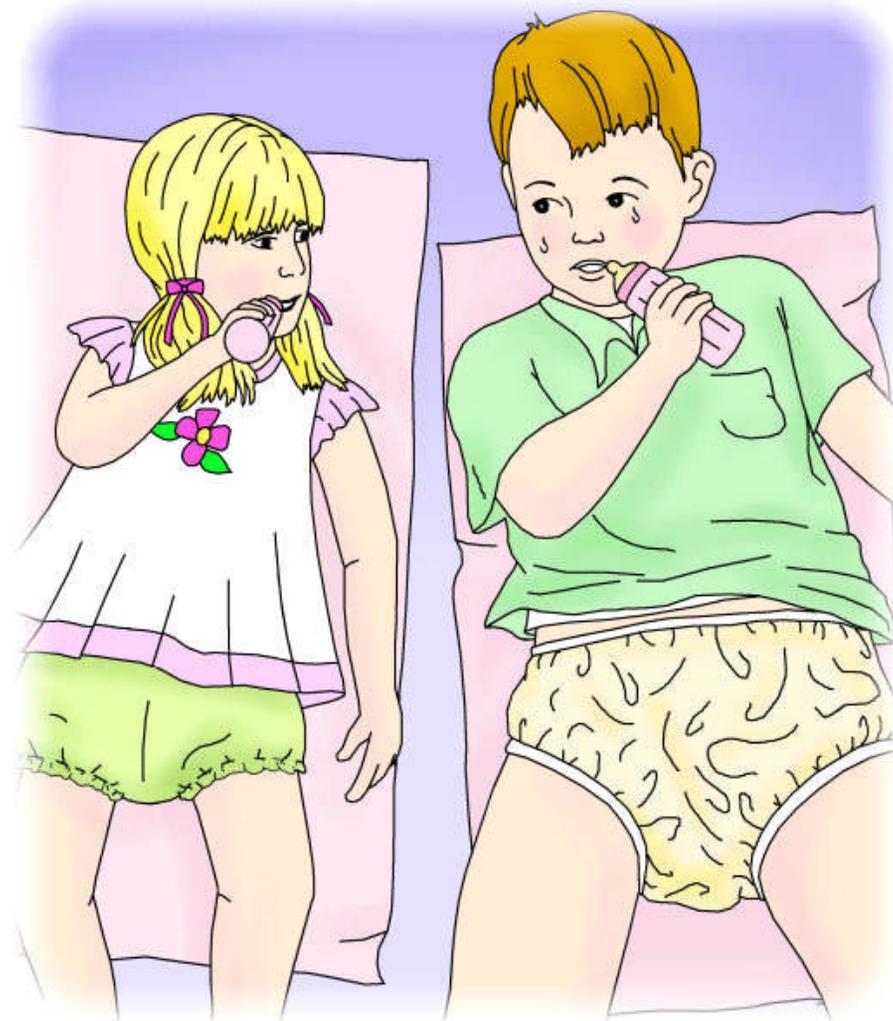
Janet just sat there fascinated by what Mrs. Brown just said. The more she thought about it, the more she liked the whole idea. “He does seem so quiet and well behaved. I kind of wished my mother had done that to my brother as he use to be really mean and hateful to me. What fun it would have been to have seen him put in diapers and treated like a baby. Look, I’m about to fix a bottle for Sally. Would you like me to fix one for him too?” Mrs. Brown quickly responded, “That would be very kind and I’m sure Sally would love to have him lay down with her to have their bottles together.” When Janet returned, she moved the mats together and told us to lay down on them. I looked over at Mrs. Brown but could tell from her expression, I’d better do whatever Janet says. After Sally and I were situated, she handed us the bottles and told us to



Her mother brought us some coloring books to keep us busy but I was too overwhelmed with shame to color.

drink them up like good little children. I'd never felt so much like a real baby before and oddly, it began to feel natural almost as if I really was a baby again. Looking over to the couch, I saw Janet and Mrs. Brown get up and go into the kitchen as I continued to suck on my bottle. The juice tasted sweet but took forever to drink from the nipple. Looking over at Sally, she smiled back and a strange peace came over me. It felt kind of like she was the little sister I never had but had always wanted. Without much thought, I scooted closer and held her hand as she giggled with delight. I felt so calm and content now, wishing I could lay here with Sally every day. Seeing me close my eyes, she closed hers and we soon fell fast asleep. I don't know how much past by before the women returned but I was suddenly awakened and told to get up. Still half asleep, I got to my feet and watched Sally's mother picked her up and take her back to her crib.

“Well, it looks like the two of you became good friends. We'll have to do this again sometime.”, Mrs. Brown announced while looking pleased. “You can go put your pants back on as we'll be leaving in a few minutes.” I couldn't get them on fast enough as I stumbled several times stepping into the legs. The women chatted a bit longer saying their goodbyes. “Sally and your boy sure got along really well. It was good to see her so happy again. She has been so lonely with no one her own age to play with. Since my husband had been called back to Vietnam, it's been lonely for the both of us. I can't help thinking how wonderful it would be to have Bobby stay overnight sometime.”, Janet admitted. “Mrs. Brown thought on it for a minute and said, “Maybe we could arrange something. Give me a call later tonight and we can talk it over.”



Janet handed us the bottles and told us to drink them up like good little children.

It was clear, Janet was excited at the possibility as her eyes brightened. "Oh! That would be so great. I know Sally would really love it." "Well, we'd better be going as I still have supper to get ready. Can't leave the other children alone after dark. Thank you for the tea and also the dry diapers. I guess I should have been better prepared." Taking my hand, we headed for the door as I looked up at Janet and saw her smile back. Mrs. Brown repeated, "Now, don't forget to call me later. Make it after six thirty as supper should be done by then and we can talk." Janet watched as we got into the car and headed home. "Well, how did you like getting out and meeting my friend?" Still a bit groggy, I said it was alright. "Sally sure took up to you. She's such a cute little girl, isn't she?" "She was o. k.", I guess.", I replied, afraid to expose how much I enjoyed making believe she was my little sister.

It wasn't very far to the house and we were soon back home. I dreading the teasing I was sure I'd get about my plastic pants. When Mrs. Brown said I could keep my regular pants on for a while longer if I behaved myself, I felt both grateful and relieved. Still nervous about my pants making a noise, I kept my distance and went over and sat in the big chair by the window. I couldn't help thinking about the days happenings and all that I'd gone through. I could hardly believe it was still only the first day. I feared what the rest of the week might have waiting for me. Oh No! I thought as I remembered I also had an extra day added and that would mean I'd have to return to school wearing diapers under my clothes. My heart started to race with panic at the thought while I fought off the tears. I prayed something would happen before then to end this nightmare.

