

## When the Cat's Away

November 2021

She was gone – at fucking last!

Jonathan breathed a sigh of relief, his heart thumping with excitement as he stepped on padded feet onto the cold garage floor. Time to find that special storage box. Time to haul it out of the cold and into the bedroom. No matter if it stayed out on full display. Cat wouldn't be home from her business trip for another three days... and with that much time, there was no reason not to go all-out, was there?

His hands were trembling with adrenaline-fueled anticipation as he hauled the dusty blue Rubbermaid – its side scrawled with a prominent "Bookkeeping Stuff 2019" – into the safe confines of the room he shared with his wife Catherine. Open went the lid, and inside– Oh, inside were all the kinky accessories that made his heart sing and his nerves tingle and his respectably-sized cock become very, *very* excited...

Diapers. Two entire stacks of various designs. Plastic pants, mainly for the humiliating crinkle. Pacifiers and bottles and onesies. And even in a few dark corners, more adult toys in the form of gags, and cuffs, and a set of anal plugs in varying sizes.

This was his dirty little secret, the sordid side of himself that he had never yet managed to mention to his wife for their entire three years of marriage. He had kinks, fetishes, and desires that she and her innocent self would probably never understand, let alone enjoy. Far better to keep it on the down-low, he'd decided. Keep it hidden away. Bring it out only when she was at a safe distance and would be blissfully unaware of exactly what sort of kinky shit her husband was enjoying...

And so, a half-hour later found Jonathan completely transformed. Gone were the jeans and green polo shirt and ratty tennis shoes – and in their place, simply a blue cotton onesie that did nothing to conceal the obvious bulk of the disposable diaper beneath. It crinkled now as he lay there on the carpeted floor, pacifier lodged firmly in his mouth, moaning softly as his eyes stared covetously into his laptop screen and the topless, diaper-clad young women cavorting upon it.

When he'd finally groaned and shuddered in orgasmic pleasure, he rose from the floor, closed his laptop, and sighed in rapturous contentment. Time for a bottle, or maybe two. Time to wash down that medicine and let it have its nefarious way with his body. Time for a little afternoon doze. With any luck, once the Benadryl and the castor oil and the juice all hit simultaneously, he just might

wake from this afternoon nap to find some of his most treasured bedwetting fantasies come true.

A fellow could always hope, right?

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Meanwhile, on the other side of town, a smartly-clad brunette, perhaps in her low thirties, clicked briskly through the echoing bustle of the airport terminal, her phone clutched to one ear. "Yes, Anika? It's Cat. Yes, no worries! We're still on for everything as planned. I just wanted to let you know that... well, it looks like my flight might be cancelled. Not sure yet, but I'll keep you updated." And then a pause, and she smiled softly to herself and bent down as if to examine her modest little luggage. "Oh, no – no changes there. If anything, it might work out even better... Yeah, my thoughts exactly..."

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It was the most curious feeling, waking up from that nap. Jonathan was no stranger to the effects of Benadryl – indeed, he'd depended on it for years to deal with his annoyingly persistent hay fever, and he knew full well the drowsy fog that always blanketed his mind after taking it. But there was something else: something uncomfortable, something strangely out of place...

And it wasn't just the sensation of babyish cotton and bulky plastic between his legs, either.

Maybe it was the click of metal on metal that had broken through the disorienting fog of drug-fueled sleep. Or maybe the sensation of a large, rubbery something slipping between his yielding lips. But once his bleary eyes cracked open, it was far more than just the sensation of a ball gag in his mouth that sent him rocketing incoherently out of sleep.

It was the sight of a strangely familiar face bending over him: the face of a middle-aged, yet undeniably attractive woman. And far from appearing concerned or even disgusted at the unconventional sight before her, she was grinning... most deviously.

"Hey, buddie boy! Remember me?"

"Mmmhh-hhhmmphh!" Jonathan gurgled in shock, jerking up from his reclining position on the couch. His hands flew up to his mouth, his still-fogged brain now beginning to comprehend that he was wearing a gag. But just as swiftly, a hand descended on his with a stinging slap, and he

yelped incoherently behind the gag. "Bad boy!" the woman scolded – and in that moment, Jonathan's memory blazed with sudden recognition. He knew that voice. And that face. She- she was- this was-

"You always were a naughty little brat," his old babysitter Anika chided, seizing his hands in hers and shaking her head in mock derision. "I thought you'd grow out of it eventually. But judging by what I see here, I guess I was way too optimistic, huh?" She cackled as Jonathan, his cheeks now flaming as the full weight of his humiliating situation bore upon him, glanced down in dismay at his bulging, diaper-clad crotch. "Look at you, still in freaking pampers and everything! I bet you think you're pretty cute like that, huh? Though when I saw those sex toys in that bin over there, I knew you were far less innocent than you looked. Just like when you were young, honestly..."

"How the fuck did you get in here?!" Jonathan sputtered – or tried to. Through the gag it came out more like "whoh uh fufh ih oo ih ih eeuh?" – a train of garbled noise that caused Anika to burst into a hearty fit of laughter. "God, it's just so perfect!" she managed at last, reaching down and tousling his hair in condescending affection. "You want to be a freaking baby, huh? Well, then – baby boys don't get to talk back to their babysitters! Hey, is it bad that now I kinda wish I'd have been able to shut you up like this all those years ago? It would have made dealing with a brat like you *so* much easier!"

And so began the most humiliating afternoon of Jonathan's life. Oh, he tried his best to piece together what the hell had happened: how Anika had gotten in, why on earth she'd come here in the first place, why the hell he no longer had his much-anticipated privacy. But all she would say was that a little birdie had told her to drop in, and that she was looking forward to spending a lovely little time babysitting him since it seemed like his wife was away. Because clearly, naughty little boys like him couldn't be trusted when left to themselves...

To make matters worse, even in the midst of his abject terror at being found out, Jonathan couldn't deny that a secret part of him was gratified to see his old neighbor Anika again. She'd been the neighbor girl who'd babysat him almost up to his teens, after all – and hormones and puberty being what they were, in past years he'd had many a private fantasy of Anika and of all the things she'd do with him. As mere adolescent fantasies they'd been innocent enough, of course. But now that he was seeing her once more – not only as a full-grown young man, but as an adult baby who now lay humiliated, gagged, and at her mercy... well, despite his panic he could already feel himself getting stupidly, undeniably hard.

In his diaper, of course. Which only made the situation all the more humiliating, and which in turn

made him even harder. Stupid fetish! And stupid, *stupid* humiliation kink!

And so it wasn't very long before he found himself, hands now bundled into useless, sock-clad wads, sitting despairingly on the floor and fighting back the very bodily urges he'd been looking forward to embracing. It was glorious, after all – when in private – to load up on liquids and laxatives and to send his digestive and urinary systems into overdrive. But before his ill-fated nap, when he'd guzzled that liquid and gulped down those spoonfuls of castor oil, he hadn't exactly planned on an audience. And kinky or no, there was no way in hell he was looking forward to doing *that* in front of his erstwhile babysitter.

Not he had a choice, of course. His bladder gave way first: just a little trickle, followed by another, and soon he found himself staring fixedly into the distance while the warmth blossomed between his legs and the hiss of his own urine sounded in his ears and Anika's gleeful laughter resounded through the room. "See? Just like you wanted!" she chortled, bending down and massaging the now-warm, squishing bulk of his diapered crotch. "Oho, and my dumb little neighbor boy seems to like it, too! God, you really are fucked up, aren't you?"

He tried to hold back the number two, of course. He did his very best to wait until Anika had stepped off into the kitchen, presumably to fill his baby bottle for a third time. But even before she got halfway to the kitchen, his cramping gut decided that patience was no longer a virtue. As he gulped back a stream of drool from the jaw-aching ball gag still locked in his mouth, he felt his anus spasm and the first, startlingly loud explosion resound beneath him. He'd been fighting a losing battle... and he was now sliding helplessly down into defeat.

As his eyes bulged and his face contorted into a wince and the oily mess splattered out of him and spread like hot mud through his already sodden diaper... he knew that it was all his fault. He'd done this to himself, after all – and his sadistic former babysitter was was reveling in every moment.

Anika bent down, her nose wrinkling in disgust at the sight and smell before her. At the sight of her lovely, disgusted face, Jonathan felt something inside him snap, and he gulped back the first wet sob of abject humiliation. "You pathetic, smelly, shitty little baby," his babysitter intoned, and with her hand firmly on his bent head she forced the young man, shuddering, deep down into the squelching mess of his freshly soiled pampers. "What a dumb, dirty little brat! I bet you actually liked that, didn't you? You actually-"

But before she could finish her sentence, Jonathan's heart stood still at the sound of the front door creaking open. There was a click of heels, and the thud of a suitcase, and then the swish of a

pantsuit and the lilting, feminine voice he knew all too well.

"Well, well! Looks like my little hubbie has gotten himself into a bit of a mess, hasn't he? Maybe next time he'll learn not to keep such important secrets from his wife! She just might find out, after all... and she just might decide to have fun with them!"

So much for the business trip. Cat was very much back – and as Jonathan's wild-eyed gaze swiveled between his wife and his erstwhile babysitter, he knew at last that this was no accident. They'd planned it all along... and he'd waddled right into their little plot.

What on earth might they be planning to do with him next?