

Off the Rails and Into the Woods

Chapter Eight

March 2023

Playing along... oh, yes, it was all very well to say that. But barely an hour later, Will was beginning to question the wisdom of such a course.

It was a tasty smoothie, she'd said. It would be yummy, she'd said. Open up and enjoy it, she'd said – or more precisely, ordered, pushing her fiancé's crinkling butt back down onto the bed. And, well... he hadn't exactly been able to resist.

He had been hungry, after all. Starved. And thirsty. So, revolting as the watery sort of gruel she'd begun spooning into his mouth had been, he'd swallowed. And swallowed again. And blushed... even as he'd opened for more.

So once the nearly-full bowl had all disappeared into his suddenly heavy stomach, he'd wiped his lips with his taped-encased hands and scooted awkwardly back, relieved at last to be done with perhaps the most humiliating meal of his life thus far. "Oh, no you don't!" Hannah had reprimanded, reaching over and hauling him back to sprawl inelegantly across her lap. "We need to make sure you stay nice and hydrated, too..."

Of course he'd resisted the weird, giant baby bottle she'd tried to thrust into his mouth. *Where the hell had she even got such a thing, anyway?!* He'd managed to splutter out how it was stupid – how if she'd just give him a fucking *cup* he'd drink – how he was full already *beeee-mmmmm!!*

Because Hannah hadn't cared. She'd merely pulled him close and forced the girthy rubber nipple deep into his protesting mouth, forcing him to gulp and suck for all the world like some freakish overgrown baby.

God, the stuff inside had tasted even worse than the oatmeal gruel stuff she'd spoon-fed him earlier. Chalky, almost. Slightly bitter. And yet weirdly dry somehow, in a way that made him thirsty to drink just a little more...

With predictable consequences. Because after he'd finally gulped down the nasty concoction and Hannah had eased out of the room with an order for him to "behave himself and be quiet," he'd had nothing to do but pace the room... and wait... and allow his digestive and renal systems to do the work they were meant to do.

"Fucking hell," he muttered to himself, glancing down in peevisish hatred at the thick bulk and imperturbable tapes that held him captive. He'd tried to yank everything off – repeatedly – and failed each time. The tape Hannah had used to seal his hands was way too thick and effective, and the diaper tapes were each way too slippery to grasp between his bound-up hands. He was stuck in this stupid diaper, well and truly. He was locked into this room. And Hannah was apparently determined to force him into doing the unthinkable: to sit there, as a grown man in full possession of his faculties, and consciously pee into a diaper like an actual baby.

If only- if only he could hold on! If only he could wait just a bit longer-

The increasing pain of his now-swollen bladder drove any such thoughts into oblivion. Of course he couldn't wait – not indefinitely. Not with as much liquid as he'd just drunk. And certainly not given the strange, almost suspicious rate at which his urgency was growing. Ten short minutes ago, he'd felt almost fine. Now, he felt ready to burst. And ten more minutes in the future...?

As it turned out, they would find him standing stock-still: eyes staring out in horrified shame, legs stiff, while a seemingly never-ending flood of urine spurted repeatedly out into the waiting bulk of his diaper.

Playing along? Well... once again, he had no choice, he mused at last, as he stared disgustedly down at the now visibly soiled garment hanging heavily between his legs. All he could do now was...well, wait for Hannah to come and clean him up.

Like a baby waiting for his mommy.

God, what was even wrong with him?

It was nearly a day later now, and Will was beginning to feel as though he was going insane. Over the last twenty-four hours, Hannah had continued her latest run of weird behaviors every time she paid him a visit: cooing to him like a toddler, and teasing him over his wet diapers, and feeding him even more of the same runny cereal and creamy formula.

He'd tried to reason with her, of course. He'd protested between spoonfuls, and begged to be allowed out, and promised that he was really sorry for making her feel bad. But nothing seemed to

make a difference. It was as if she'd hallucinated that he was a baby, and no amount of arguing would fix it.

But now?

Well... maybe it was the confinement getting to him. Maybe it was the boredom. Or maybe it was just because he was a healthy young man who hadn't had an orgasm in nearly two weeks. But as he gazed around his little room, he couldn't deny it.

Despite everything, he was becoming achingly, ragingly horny.

Hannah was god knew where. He was definitely alone – depressingly so. And so, his tape-encased hands dropped down to his lap to the puffy bulge of the latest diaper she'd taped him into... and begun awkwardly stroking.

It was so weird, of course. It was still disgusting to admit that he was being forced to wear a freaking adult diaper, much less touch himself through it. But damn, if this rhythmic rubbing didn't feel heavenly! It was so nice– so good – so soft and gentle around his cock. Already he could feel it straining within the padding, begging to be let loose and plunged deep into the heavenly wet tightness of some dripping pussy. God, if only Hannah would come to her senses! He'd take her- ride her- show her who was boss-

So close to the edge of orgasm he was that he completely failed to hear the click of the doorknob as it opened.

"What's going on here? Are you *touching* yourself?!" At the sound of Hannah's stern voice he jerked reflexively back, a look of guilty shock frozen on his face as he glanced up at her disapproving face. "N-no-! I- I was just-" "Don't lie to me, baby," she snapped, and now not even a hint of her former lilting, condescending tone was to be heard. "You're probably thinking about *her* again, aren't you? God, even when you're locked away in a diaper you're still dreaming about some other woman! I- I can't *even*-"

"No- no, please! It's not like that! I was thinking about you, I swear-" But Will's pleas fell on deaf ears – at least, judging by the stout blue rope Hannah tugged from her apron and began looping around his right wrist. "If you can't keep your hands and your mind out of trouble, I guess I'll have to do it myself!" she retorted, and Will winced in pain as she jerked first one arm and then the other behind his back. *God, no- she was- she was tying him up-!*

Yes, she most definitely was. And when she'd finished, Will was left staring up at her fearfully, his now-bound wrists and taped-up hands dangling helplessly behind his naked back. "No more touching yourself," Hannah warned, shaking her head in exasperation. "That'll have to do until I get something better. God, and here I was thinking that you wouldn't need those discipline mitts I saw online..."

"But- but I- I'm really horny," he spluttered lamely, twisting his hands despondently behind him. Tears of rage and shame now prickled at his eyes, and he gulped, awash in a sudden, desperate need to get relief. "Please, Hannah! I- I know maybe you don't want to have sex with me, okay? But I- I just need- I need-"

"You need attention," she sighed, and before he could react she was pushing him flat on the bed, pinning his bound arms beneath him. "You're such a pathetic, horny little boy, aren't you? Well, look: I'm not about to let you out of that diaper. But I honestly think that's for the best. Mommy thinks it's exactly what a little boy who can't control his urges deserves..."

Her hands were kneading at the front of his diaper, and Will shuddered as a wave of tingling pleasure crashed over him. *God, why? Why did this feel so good to be touched like that? Why – and in a diaper, of all things?* But no answers were forthcoming. All he could do was tremble and shiver beneath his fiancée's domineering weight, feeling that elusive orgasm getting closer and ever closer with every stroke of her hands.

And then... she stopped. Drawing a genuine, disconsolate, truly pathetic wail from his lips.

"No, please! Please, Hannah! I- I just need-" But she was laughing softly – tugging down her own apron and blouse – and from her own lips came the sort of order the Will of three months previous would never have dared to imagine. "Open up, baby," she commanded – and when poor Will, eyes still squeezed shut with the intensity of his arousal, did so, she bent low and allowed the heavy, full weight of her bared left breast to press insistently against his parted lips.

"Suck, baby," she ordered, and Will shuddered as her hands clenched once more on the thick cotton surrounding his aching cock. "Suck on Mommy's boobies. Show her what a hungry little baby boy you are. You can't help it anymore. You... simply... can't..."

Well, the bound, gurgling, and sex-deprived Will had little choice but to obey... allowing his body to shudder and his cock to erupt, sending thick ropes of his pent-up cum spurting unseen into the

padding of his diaper.

"Good boy," Hannah was breathing when he finally regained his senses and found himself staring full into her warm naked breast, his open and drool-covered mouth still cupped around her womanly teat. "You're learning, baby. Mommy's teaching you... helping you know exactly what you need..."

"You don't need anyone else, baby. Only me. Only Mommy."

To which the hapless, exhausted Will could only reply with an incoherent, querulous moan.

(To be continued!)