

## Diaper Demo: Chapter 3

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“Oh, look! He finally wet himself!”

The passive audience that was causal watching AJ for some momentary entertainment suddenly became much more active once the buzzing began. They were practically climbing over each other to get a better look at what was happening to the blushing baby sissy.

Meanwhile, standing at the back of the peanut gallery with a cup of coffee in hand, a mildly-amused Miriah kept her eyes on AJ’s performance. “Wonder how long it’ll take him to figure out how his cage words,” she pondered to herself, knowing for a fact that his dumbass skimmed that contract faster than an Apple user agreement. Regardless, it didn’t really matter. As the latest and greatest training toy from the CrissBaby Diaper Company, it was going to train AJ whether he liked it or not.

Back inside the nursery, AJ was still at a loss for what was happening to him. One second, he was wetting himself, and the next thing he knew, the chastity device that kept his little buddy confined started to vibrate like crazy. Worst of all, it wasn’t an unpleasant vibration. Tickling him in just the right spots, he could feel his penis straining against the cage, wanting desperately to break free.

And then, with little fanfare, the buzzing in AJ’s diaper suddenly stopped. Slumping over in the high chair, he let his arms and legs go limp. “W-What on Earth was that?” he muttered, his phallus still throbbing unabated. The vibrations may have died down quickly but his arousal certainly didn’t.

*“FEEDING AREA CLEANED. CHECKING DIAPER STATUS.”*

A single hand dropped down from the ceiling and instantly zoned in on AJ’s crotch. Too stupefied to realize what was happening, AJ jumped as the hand pressed itself up against his slightly squishy padding, adding extra fuel to his horny fire.

*“USAGE LEVEL: 3.8%. SUBJECT IS NOT PERMITTED A DIAPER CHANGE.”*

Only 3.8%?! As if AJ wasn’t upset about the rumble cage his cock was in, now he had to live with a soggy diaper with no change in sight. He listened as the crowd gathered around the display nursery chuckled at his hopelessly pathetic situation, feeling every ounce of shame they could throw at him.

*“ACTIVATING NAPTIME MODE. PREPARING PROPER SLEEPING ATTIRE.”*

Suddenly, several sets of hands descended upon AJ, lifting him out of the high chair and promptly peeling the babydoll dress off of him and replacing it with a silk nighty that stopped just as it reached the hem of his diaper. “C’mon, I nod eben...h-huh?” he said, a cold chill of panic shooting through his spine as his own, lisping voice echoed in his ear. It was as if the pacifier he’d been forced to suck on had been coated in something that caused a babyish affectation, further driving home his new role for the next few days.

Speaking of pacifiers, a mechanical arm was more than happy to return his binky to its proper position, plopping it in his mouth before he had a chance to protest and tying it to his head in such a way that his mitten-covered hands could never undo. With his sleepy time wardrobe in place, the machine carried him over to the crib and laid him down on what had to be the softest blanket he'd ever felt before wrapping him up like a burrito to ensure its bundle of joy had a nice, peaceful rest. His padded hands wiggled atop his diaper front, trapped in place by the tight blanket.

*"SWADDLING COMPLETE. SWEET DREAMS, BABY GIRL,"* said the nursery's robotic voice as it set him in the center of the crib's satin sheets before dimming the lights of the nursery and kickstarting the adorable, plush mobile that hung over his head. As much as he hated to admit it, the bed he was on was like floating in the center of a cloud. After a couple of minutes of struggling, he relaxed his muscles as best as he could and closed his eyes, feeling fatigued from both the large meal he'd suffered through as well as the emotional trauma of this entire situation.

However, before he allowed himself to fully drift off, AJ felt a second twinge in his bladder, realizing that his recent urination had been cut short by the surprise of his buzzing chastity cage. At first, he considered just holding it in, not wanting to use his diaper any more than he had to. As he laid still pondering his situation, something inside his brain began to click regarding why the cage let off vibrations in the first place. Dropping his pride, it took him a couple attempts of willing himself to pee before more than a trickle began to come out. It was harder to pee lying down than he realized it would be. Thankfully, once he was able to get his golden stream flowing, it became much easier. If his hypothesis was correct...

*\*bzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz\**

Pressing down on his diaper with his mittens, AJ felt the vibrations return for a second time, confirming his suspicion that the cage's vibrator was linked to wetting his diaper. Though, unlike the first time, he was more prepared for the sensations, not that it made it feel any less erotic. Instead, he took full advantage of his hand placement, mooshing the front of his diaper in desperation to feel any relief whatsoever. While some stimulation was achieved, the buzzing was just too dull and it didn't last nearly long enough, cutting off short yet again.

Groaning in frustration, AJ resented the knowledge he had just obtained. Regrettably, confirming the link between his diaper usage and his vibrating chastity device did nothing to actually solve his problems. Still, it was progress.

It was obvious to AJ that the simulation he'd been placed in was designed to drive him mad with horniness throughout the rest of this week. With this knowledge in his back pocket, he took it upon himself to challenge this nursery's obvious scheme. All he had to do was hold it in for as long as he could and cut down on the number of times he relieved himself. No matter what happened, he refused to let the CrissBaby Diaper Company win.

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“Okie, chu win. Jus pwease wet me outta heaw.”

Kneeling in front of the door that he'd entered through, AJ helplessly pawed at the sole exit from the nursery. It was Day Three and the situation he was in was getting dire. He'd managed to hold himself together as best as he could, limiting his peeing to only four times over the previous two days. Unfortunately, this decision had ensured that the nursery would not be changing him, registering his most recent usage at a measly 14.9%.

Peeing was becoming the least of AJ's worries, though. It had started in the evening on Day One. A bubbling pressure began building in his bowels that was begging to be released. It was bad enough that he was forced to wet his diaper. The prospect of going number two in one was too repulsive to comprehend. Steeling his bowel muscles, he made a resolution to himself to hold in for the entire week.

Fast forward to Day Three and that resolution was beginning to look more like an empty promise. His growing need to poop had turned the second day into a complete nightmare. It was like holding a weighted dagger in his belly that was constantly twisting in the most uncomfortable ways. While he knew just getting it over with would end his suffering, it was the principle of the matter that kept him from complying with what he knew the nursery wanted.

Worst of all, AJ's contained phallus constantly strained against its restraints, begging for a release that it could not achieve in its current state. He'd certainly gone more than a few days without masturbating before but with the pressure in his core constantly weighing on his prostate, it was impossible not to be horny 24/7.

Looking down at his stomach, AJ whined as it pooched out over the hem of his diaper, making him look like he was entering the late stages of his first trimester. Heck, he'd prefer childbirth to the alternative at this point. At least he had one shining victory, which came in the form of pissing off his once-excited audience.

“Do something already!”

“All he does is sit there. Couldn't they have hired someone more interactive?”

“He hasn't gone boom boom in three days. It's gotta happen soon, right?”

AJ snickered as he heard the voices from the other side of the glass divide complaining about his poor performance. It was a spiritual victory that he was in desperate need of and a big part of why he'd been able to hold out so long. Still, that didn't stop him from resorting to begging at the door several times a day in an attempt to plead for an early exit, especially now as the pressure in his gut was becoming unstable, “Twee days is wong enuff! Lemme out awweady!”

*“TIME FOR YOUR NIGHTTIME BOTTLE, BABY GIRL.”*

Sadly, the only response AJ got was the cold, mechanical words of his robotic nursery overlord. An overlord that seemingly had an infatuation with feeding and nursing him. Holding up a bottle of milk the size of his forearm, his tummy gurgled as it contended with the idea of filling up even more. Hanging his head, he knew that his number was finally up.

“Congwats, you diapee fweaks. Chu win,” muttered AJ, feeling a new batch of cramps overtake his body as the arms lifted him in the air. Silently, he prayed that the nursery would change him promptly once he messed himself. As his binky was replaced with the teet of a milk bottle, he squeezed his eyes tight and began to gingerly push his weary bowel muscles. Mercifully, with how much he needed to go, it didn’t take much effort to set off a catastrophic mudslide.

\*BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRT!!!\*

The newly-invigorated crowd fought against each other for front-row seats to AJ’s first diaper messing. Tears fell from his eyes in a mix of ungodly relief and unmitigated horror as the rear of his padding exploded outward in a symphony of wet, sloppy noises. With how much he was holding in, it took no time at all for the mush to gush its way into the front of his diaper, nuzzling up next to his already over-stimulated stiffy.

As gross as it was, it was simultaneously the greatest relief of AJ's life. He looked down at his lower abdomen again, awestruck as he could actually watch the poop balloon that was his bowels deflating. Unfortunately, his relief was short-lived.

\*BZZZZZZZZZZZZZ!!!\*

TO BE CONTINUED...