**March 1, 2021 Wetworld Pt. 4**

*Continuation of January 12, 2021 “WetWorld Pt. 3”*

This wasn't happening. Ed’s heart raced as he was marched out of the play area and down a corridor deeper into the Teen and Adult Daycare Center. In noting but his diaper cover, he felt chilly. The corridor they went down seemed bare bones, more like a hospital than a daycare, and the large daycare assistants in scrubs only added to that feeling.

“Let go of me you assholes… You’ve got me confused with one of your stupid patients. I don’t belong here! And I don’t’ belong in these stupid diapers!”

His belligerent behavior had deafened their ears to his pleas. Attacking a defenseless employee was all the proof they needed that he was not to be trusted or allowed free movement. That’s why he was currently being marched to the intake room with his arms cuffed firmly to the sides of his secure-fix diaper cover. The cuffs were soft and didn’t hurt, but they were completely effective in keeping him from fighting back as he was carried under each arm. His hope that everything would be fine and that they’d realize their mistake was becoming dimmer and dimmer. And it was all that stupid dolphin’s fault!

They turned into a tiled room with a large metal table. It was incredibly easy for them to just unclip his cuffs from the D-rings of his diaper cover and secure them to the table instead. His legs soon followed, and he was immobilized and they raised his feet up in stirrups before they released the magnetic lock keeping his diaper cover in place. With the diaper cover removed, he was left to stare at the stupid face of the cartoon dolphin on his diaper cover. It seemed they were under the impression he *liked* sea creatures since that’s where he was picked up.

A large man approached him with a sponge in hand while another assistant began to attend to his diaper.

“Okay, little guy. It’s time to get you all clean!”

Ed’s diaper was quickly removed and he was scrubbed down from head to toe.

“Hey! Fuc- bleghhhh!!” His belligerent protests only left him sputtering as soap suds made their way into his mouth.

“Hey!” he yelled once more, jerking his hips upward as he as the man goosed him in the butt with the sponge. He couldn’t get away from the man vigorously scrubbing between his cheeks and over his butthole. He winced as the sponge went right over his sensitive dickhead. This seriously sucked. Couldn’t it at least be a hot nurse babe bathing him?

“Sorry, son,” said an older man who seemed to be in charge, noting his distress. ”I know it’s not very comfortable, but we gotta get you all clean so we can process you.”

*“Process?”* Ed asked, guilping. That didn’t sound good at all. “What are you going to do-gagrgle”

A thick nozzle with a rounded tip was pointed his way and used to rinse off all the soap, drowning out his words in the process.

“You need to keep your mouth closed during bath time, son,” said the Doctor, who looked at the others with a raised eyebrow. “I don’t think he understands us very well. He must be cognitively impaired.”

Ed shook his head, unable to wipe away all the water. By the time he had spluttered and sputtered enough to form a coherent sentence, the doctor had already wandered out of earshot. Soon, he was quickly and roughly toweled off, and then, seemingly out of nowhere, Chad appeared at Ed’s side with a wicked looking electric razor in his hand.

Ed immediately freaked out, yelling and thrashing, and Chad – the beefy assistant who had kept him under control on the bus ride from Wet World – just rubbed his belly lightly with his gloved hand before reaching down to fondle his privates..

'Shh its okay lil guy,” said Chad, speaking softly as he patted Ed’s chest with his free hand. “This won't hurt a bit.”

“No! No!” yelled Ed, but it was no use. He was secured tightly.

“the more you wiggle the longer it would take, and you dont' wanna get nicked down there do you?”

Ed squeezed his eyes shut as the razor made contact with his skin. He shivered as he felt the cool metal running down his belly, then around his thighs, in quick efficient strokes. He opened his eyes and his jaw dopped as he saw his hair fall away leaving bare skin. A gloved hand lifted his penis up and out of the way as the razor passed over his balls, above his penis, and then down between his legs, which were spread wide by the stirrups.

Ed whined. It had taken him so long to grow pubes, and now they were just being shorn away like nothing. He felt as pathetic as the younger guys he teased and bullied in the locker room when he had finally reached that milestone.

“Aww, I’m sorry you don’t like the buzzer, buddy, but we gotta take off all that icky big boy hair. You don’t need it, it’s just gonna make your bum bum and peepee all ouchie in your diapees.”

This did not make Ed feel better. In no time at all he was as smooth as a baby down there. His privates looked so strange to him like that, almost like they weren’t his at all.

The assistants were very good at what they did, because Ed barely noticed the assistants coming to draw blood until it was all but over.

“Oww! Hey!”

“Sorry for the owwie, little guy,” said the assistant who took the sample.

The Doctor was already handing out instructions for everyone as they discussed their plans for Ed. .

“Go ahead and run those samples up to the lab. He’s raising some red flags, and I want to make sure he’s not another one of those mind-melter cases. We’ve been running triage for that fiasco since it started, and I wouldn’t be surprised if we found THC in his system.”

“H-hey, man. Come on,” said Ed, overhearing the Doctor. “Everybody smokes weed. Like, that’s a given. You’re not seriously gonna…”

“Oh boy, we’d better put that in his file. I want him labeled as heavy incontinent and kept in triple thick diapers at all times until we know he’s stabilized.”

The doctor turned back to Ed with a pitying look.

“This must be very scary and confusing for you, son. You may think you feel completely fine, but you need to trust us, son. This is for your own good. You can’t take care of yourself right now, so just let ol’ Doc and his team treat you. Can you be a good boy and relax?”

It was no use, Ed realized. They weren’t listening to him and when they did, it only made things worse.

Chad whispered something to the doctor, who nodded back to him and Ed returned with the spray hose, only to bring it lower between Ed’s legs.

“Hey! No! What are you doing with that?”

“We heard you were constipated, little buddy. Sorry but we have to do this. It’s no good for your tummy if you don’t go poopies.”

Ed turned bright red as the thick lubed nozzle was pressed against his pucker and crept inside. He wiggled his hips but that only helped it slide in deeper. The fact that his bald pecker responded immediately only embarrassed him further. Then the water started, going into his tummy and making him moan as it filled him. He couldn’t believe this was happening as the doctor and staff looked on, like it was a regular part of their day.

“Please.. it’s too much…” Ed said, but that only prompted Chad to start rubbing his belly in circles, encouraging the water to travel up into his guts.

“Just relax.” He said, petting Ed’s hair.. “It’s okay. There we go.”

Ed groaned and grunted as the water, despite all his expectations, found a way to fit, going deeper and deeper into his bowels.

“Better get a sensory VR headset\*, called Chaz, as Ed got more and more whiney. “It worked wonders for him on the bus.”

“No, don’t!” said Ed, as the headset came down to cover his eyes. The last things he heard before his ears were covered were the Doctor’s instructions.

“Go ahead and put him in cloth diapers til he finishes emptying out. And put him on a fluid drip. He’s probably very dehydrated. The modifications? Yes, we’ll do them right away. He doesn’t need that anymore anyway. ”

All Ed’s fears washed away once more as the soothing sounds trickled into his ears and the colored balls moving across the screen took up all of his attention. He felt some occasional twinges and releases of pressure as he lay there, but his mind was completely preoccupied by the colors and movement on the screen.

When the headset came off, he was being wheeled into the cafeteria.

“Wha happen?” he asked, his speech slightly slurred.

“Don’t worry, little guy,” said Chad. “We put lots of water in your tummy to help you work all that yucky poopie out of your system, and did a few other little things to help make your diapees more comfy and make you easier to look after. Now up we go.”

Ed didn’t have time to wonder at what Chad meant because he was already being lifted up and placed in a large chair. That’s when he realized his legs and butt felt funny. He looked down at his lap and saw a massive diaper between his legs. It was much too big to fit in the diaper cover so instead they had put him in clear plastic pants with a chain threaded through the top to prevent removal. Mesmerized, he pressed it with his hand and felt it squish slightly, but his view was quickly blocked as a tray snapped into place in front of him. He drooled slightly as a bib was pulled around his neck and spaghetti and meatballs were placed in front of him in a bowl.

“Hey, you know what? I think we’d better get the puree for you. You’re might have some trouble swallowing right now.” Chad waved over the person with the food cart.

“Whaddyooodooo?” asked Ed, sounding completely out of it.

“It’s just a little medicine to help you stay calm and happy, little guy. Now open up!”

Ed tried to snap out of it, but he was still disoriented and put up little resistance as Chaz fed him, scooping whatever didn’t make it into his mouth, just like feeding a baby. Chaz had to pause as Zelda came over with a phone in her hand and started to talk with him. Meanwhile, Ed smiled as he swallowed down the last gulp of mush and felt mush begin to spread into his diaper, nice and warm.

Zelda was talking to a woman on the line. Then the phone passed to Chaz. And finally to Ed.

“Sweetie? Eddie honey? Are you okay?”

“I’mokayyy whodisss?”

“It’s your mother sweetie. The doctors said you tested positive for drugs? I can’t believe you would do something like this Eddie.”

“Oh no mama, no be angy!”

Zelda took back the phone. “We think it may be permanent but we can’t be certain. Yes, he’s been wetting himself uncontrollably since we picked him up, and…” she sniffed the air. “It looks like he’s just pooped himself too. Uh huh. Yes of course, it’s been happening all over lately. We specialize in treatment for patients like him. But there’s something else. He’s also exhibited some very aggressive behavior. Is this new? Uh huh. I see. Well, we have a behavioral modification program as well… oh no, it would all be covered. Yes, that’s right. Alright. You’ve already sent all the paperwork you need to and we can take care of the rest. Okay, and if you would like to visit-. Hello?“

Chad met Zelda’s gaze. “Did she… did she just hang up on you?”

“Yes, she did,” said Zelda. “Seemed like she couldn’t wait to be rid of him. Said he had been leeching off her too long anyway.”

Chad shook his head, looking sad, then looking back at Ed.

“Where my momma?” asked Ed, frowning. “I wanna go home…”

“Oh sweetie,” said Zelda, stroking Ed’s cheek. “You *are* home.”

*-Written by Champ*