

Selfie Disaster
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‘Great looking meal! And that diaper looks pretty good on you too!’

I read the message about three times before it registered. What they were saying. How could they have known? And then I saw it... a little sliver of white at the top of the photo. I had just outed myself to one of my most gossipy friends. I suddenly felt very hot, and my heart began to beat hard in my chest. *Okay. Okay. Damage control.*

'Haha, oops. That's just my new underwear, haha. Very funny tho!'

That should work. Play it cool. I watched the 'typing' status sit there at the top of the window. Fen was already responding...

'Nice try, diaper boy. :P'

Oh geez. They know. They know they know. What am I gonna do?

'Please don't tell anyone!'

Begging for mercy is not a bad second choice. I hope they don't tell anyone, but I doubt it'll stay quiet for long.

'I wanna see! Come on, don't be shy. Show me your diaper and I'll consider keeping it our little secret.'

'No way! I can't let a picture like that get out. No offense.'

'If I wanted to out you, I could just take a screen shot of the convo. You pretty much admitted it when you said not to tell on you. So what's it gonna be, diaper boy? Show me now, or you'll be having some very awkward conversations tomorrow!'

‘Grrr. Okay, fine.’ I typed, smiling to myself. This was my hottest fantasy come to life, and I didn't have any reason not to at this point. 'Here you go'

I went to press send just as a FaceChat notification came on my phone. My finger, still in motion, hit the accept button, and suddenly there I was in selfie position, staring at my mom.

“Hi, hon- OH MY GOD! Why are you showing off your diaper?!”

“Oh shit!” I said, fumbling my phone. “Uh... they're underpants?”

“Language, young man! And I've seen enough diapers in my day to know one when I see one! You have some serious explaining to do! Harold, get in here!”

"Uh, sorry mom, you're breaking up! I'll have to call you back!"

"You won't believe what your so-"

I quickly ended the call. *Oh my god.* I hung my head. *Why did it have to happen? Why? Why?* I just kept asking myself. My phone began to buzz, and I picked up, putting it to my ear.

"L-look Mom, I can explai-"

"Oh my god, you showed your mother?! Haha, that's so hilarious, dude!"

"It's your fault it happened! I was about to send you the pic when her FaceChat call popped up and I accidentally hit accept!"

“Aww, man! That's priceless! Well, send it over now, what's stopping you?”

“Ugh, fine! I don't even care anymore. Here ya go.”

Nothing kills a boner like being caught red-handed by your mom.

“Got it! Awww, isn't you pwecious! This is so cute dude! Seriously!”

“Thanks,” I sighed. ‘I just wish it - wait. What is that giggling I hear in the background?’

“Heyyy, Sethy! Cute undies you got there!” It was a female voice...

“Melissa's with you? Oh my god, how many people are you...” The pit in my stomach managed to widen into an all-consuming chasm, and I was about ready to jump down it.

“Haha, just a few of our friends on the nightly Zoom chat, Sethy boy! Why don't you join us? Come as you are, we've already seen it anyway, haha.”

I hung up. I was about ready to go over there and wipe that stupid grin off his face. My phone buzzed again. It was him calling back. I pressed 'Decline'. The phone rang again, and I answered.

"Listen, you asshole, I-"

"Excuse me? I am your father, and I will not be spoken to in that manner!"

"D-dad! I didn't-"

"I have half a mind to come over and tan your hide, young man! Now you better apologize to me and to your mother for your behavior, and you are to report home tomorrow morning at 0800 hours, am I understood?"

"But Dad, I-"

"I said am I understood?"

"Yes, sir!"

"That's better. You wanna play baby, well that's just fine, but you aren't going to do it on my dime. You're moving back in with me and your mother, and you are going to be paying for your own diapers from now on and get yourself a damn job instead of wasting my money going to school!"

"I'll throw them out, Dad! I promise-"

"No you will not. You bought them with MY money, so they're MINE, and you don't throw out MY things without asking. No, you're going to use every single one and then when those are gone you will be buying more with the money YOU earn from your new JOB. We'll talk about this in the morning when you help me get your baby things from the attic. But for now, it's past your bedtime so I want you in bed and lights out in 10 minutes!"

"But Dad it's only 8!"

"I said March, Mister!"

I walked upstairs and hurried to get ready for bed. It had taken a lot of convincing to get my parents to let me move out on my own, and I had a feeling that it was going to be a long time before I was seen as an adult by my friends or my family again. And yet, as I lay in bed, trying to

will myself to sleep at such an early hour, I began to rub the tent in my diaper. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

The next morning was brutal. I got up early to make sure I could get dressed in time to meet my father. When I got there, he was sitting at the breakfast table drinking coffee. He patiently folded the paper and set it down.

“Welcome home son.” He said, in a flat tone. “I hope you’re ready to work today. You’re going to be moving a lot of stuff down from the attic.”

“Dad, I-”

He just shot me a warning glance and I shut up.

“Come here,” he said, beckoning me with his fingers. “Come on.”

I cautiously approached him, not sure of what he had in mind.

“Let’s check to see if the baby needs a change.”

He patted my pants and looked up at me frowning.

“Why aren’t you in diapers, mister?”

“Dad, I don’t wear diapers! Last night was just an accident-”

My Dad stood up and crossed his arms, looking down at me. He had about 7 inches on me, and a stare that would make a statue blink.

“Now you listen here, boy and you listen good. I wasn’t born yesterday. I know you have more of those things around and there’s no point hiding it from me now. If you’re gonna try and be sneaky, I’m just gonna have to call up your brother, since he’s got a copy of your key.”

“No, not Buck! I’ll never hear the end of it!”

“Well you shoulda thought about that before you decided to show off your pampers to the world, son. And you better hope he’s free today, otherwise you’re going to have some very wet trousers, because you’re not allowed to use the bathroom in this house unless it’s to take a bath.”

I couldn’t believe my ears. *No more toilets? At all?* Being stuck playing baby with my parents was decidedly less appealing than it sounded in the stories.

“Dad. You can’t be serious. I’m 18! I mean come on!”

“Make that 1.8, son. Your momma and I knew you weren’t ready to go out on your own. But that’s okay. It just means you’ve got some more growing up to do.”

We spent the morning moving boxes and furniture down from the attic and setting up the new guest room as a nursery. The cribbed looked cramped. The highchair looked barely big enough to fit. The pacifiers and bibs and other accessories were more decorative than functional. But I

knew this was just something Dad was doing to make a point. It would all blow over at the end of the day and everything would be back to normal again. At least... that's what I hoped.

My mom seemed positively delighted at the prospect of having a baby around the house again, and I was already suffering the doting and cheek pinching that I knew would only increase if Dad was really serious about keeping me in diapers.

DING DONG!

The doorbell rang, and Mom opened it to reveal my brother, carrying several armloads of diapers.

"Diaper delivery for my baby brother! Where to?"

"Seth, go show him your new room."

"Mom, do I have to?"

"Do it now, young man."

"Better listen to your mama, diaper butt, or you'll be in trouble!" said Buck, smirking.

"You're not helping."

"Of course I am, little bro. I'm helping make sure you're all stocked up on your little diapees. Now lead the way."

I reluctantly headed up the stairs, opting not to offer my assistance in carrying the embarrassing undergarments. Buck didn't seem to mind though, and he took a moment to appreciate the room after he put them down.

"Hey, nice digs. All it needs is a little nursery border along the wall with baby animals and you'll have the coolest toddler room in town!"

"Shut up, Buck," I grumbled as he bent down to tear open a package.

He brought up a diaper covered in cute animals. It was one of the thickest ones out there. Then, he patted the changing table.

"Up, up," He commanded.

My jaw dropped.

"What?"

"You heard me. Dad told me to get you in a diaper when I got here, so I'm getting you in a diaper. Come on."

My face twisted through several levels of dismay and disbelief as I imagined being diapered by my older brother. This was beyond embarrassing. I had had more than enough trouble asserting myself growing up with my bigger and more athletic brother. Years of being treated as the baby

of the family while he got to do whatever he wanted. I did not want to be all the way back to square one with him changing my diapers!

Unfortunately, Buck didn't agree.

"Up we go, little soldier," he said, lifting me up under the arms, and laying me down on the changing table.

My squirming only earned me a firm tap on the balls, and I knew that Buck would make me cry one way or another. He always did. So I let him do what he wanted and stopped fighting.

"Much better, baby brother. That's right, just chill out, little dude, and let your big brother put you in a diaper."

He unbuttoned my pants and my breath caught in my throat. He slid them down and off in one motion along with my boxer briefs, and my boner popped out, staring him right in the face.

"So you really do like this sort of stuff, huh?" he said, looking a little bit dazed as he stared at the mushroom head.

"Y-yeah, but not like this. I mean... I never imagined *you* doing it," I lied. The truth was I had imagined this exact scenario in countless beat-off sessions, and apparently my penis was just expecting more of what happened the last dozen times I imagined it.

"Huh," he said, as he pulled my dick down and watched it spring back up, splattering precum onto the changing table in front of me. "Well, let's get you in that diaper, then."

He had brought a bag of changing supplies from my apartment as well, and out of it came some baby oil and powder which he set on the changing table shelf. He wasted no time unfolding the diaper and raising my tush to sit on it. He had seen my mom do this plenty of times during my years as a bedwetter and knew just what to do. He started off with the baby oil, and I prayed to god that my boner would go down before he got to that part, but it did not.

"I don't know how you expect to fit this in the diaper little bro," he said, shaking his head.

"Hmm... maybe if I..." he started giving it a slow stroke and I moaned. This was wrong but it felt too good for me to ask him to stop. He grinned and went faster as he saw me starting to tense up, and he kept up the pace until I felt myself coming to the point of no return. Then, right before I was there, he pulled his hand back and smacked me in the balls. Hard. I howled in pain and doubled over as my dick shriveled up, and he pushed me onto my back again.

"There we go, much better." He snickered as he taped it nice and snug.

Asshole, I thought, as my balls continued screaming out in pain.

Then Dad walked in.

"I just got off the phone. Your apartment's up for rent, and they'll keep all your furniture. Anything that Buckley didn't bring with him is up for grabs."

“What? No! My comic collection! My video games! Tell me you got my video games at least.”

“Yeah, dude, they’re mine now,” said Buck. “And don’t worry, I let all your dorky friends know that they can have what they want. I’m sure one of them will take the comic books.”

“Speaking of which,” said my Dad, “did you put out the request like I asked?”

“Yeah,” said Buckley. “Looks like the diapered boy wonder showed off to his friends last night too. A bunch of them already said yes. Cute picture, by the way,” he added, ruffling my hair.

I pushed his hand away.

“Knock it off, Buck. What are you guys talking about anyway?”

“I asked your friends who wanted to babysit,” said Buck, as if he was simply talking about the weather or some other perfectly normal topic.

“You did what?!” I yelled.

My dad quickly intervened.

“Hey! Don’t you raise your voice at him. He’s an adult, unlike you, so you will show him the same respect you show me. That goes for all of your friends who agreed to babysit as well. With all the money we’re saving *not* sending you to college, we can pay your friends to look after you whenever we want.”

“This sucks,” I said, crossing my arms. “I don’t want to move back in with you and Mom.”

“Tough shit, boy. Unless you think you can afford to move out and pay for college on your own, you’re stuck with us. Now march yourself down to the kitchen. It’s time to eat – unless you want one of us to carry you down, that is.”

I just huffed and marched down to the kitchen where I was jammed into my old highchair. It was an uncomfortably tight fit, but they managed to get the tray on, trapping my arms in the process. A cute animal print bib was tied around my neck.

“What’s for lunch?” asked Buck.

“Grilled cheese,” said Dad, firing up the range. He quickly grilled and plated the sandwiches, setting them around the small kitchen table. “Not for you,” he said as I looked on hopefully. Instead he pointed to a plastic bag on the counter, and Buck brought out several containers of baby food with a flourish. I groaned. I could tell from Buck’s expression that he was enjoying this way too much.

My mom had walked in during all this commotion and she was trying not to laugh at the ridiculous display of her youngest son in the too-small baby chair.

“It’s not funny, Mom!” I whined. “Tell them to stop being mean and give me a grilled cheese!”

She managed to make a straight face long enough to speak.

“Feed your brother, Buck, then I think it’s time to put him down for a nap. He’s getting really cranky.” She sort of lost it at the end and just turned her head away and pretended it was a cough.

“Oh come on!” I said, as Buck approached me with the containers. What followed was the most embarrassing lunch of my life. With buck making ridiculous train, plane, and automobile noises as he brought spoonful after spoonful of disgusting mush to my lips. Mom was giggling the entire time and commenting how cute her boys looked, while Dad calmly ate his meal as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

“Here comes the airplane baby boy! Delivering some more carrots to your hungry hungry tummy!”

“Eeeeyuk! Mooomm! No pictures! Tell him to stop!”

“You’ll eat your vegetables, little man,” said Dad. “How else are you going to grow big and strong like your brother?”

“Heh, yeah, little bro. How are you gonna grow big and strong like me if ya don’t eat your num nums?” Buck teased, making a goofy face to get me to laugh.

I turned my head and scowled.

“Nice try. That trick only works on toddl-gllk!”

“Gotcha!”

Once the baby food was all gone, my big bro wiped up my face with the bib and sat down to his own lunch. I was trapped in the highchair, unable to reach the release with both hands trapped at my sides.

“Hey! Lemme out!”

And then I felt it. I had been holding it in all day, and now of all times was the worst time for me to have to go to the bathroom.

“H-hey. Dad? Mom? Buck? Anyone? I h-have to go to the bathroom!”

“Good.” Said my Dad, with a straight face. “He’s gotta learn sooner or later.”

“Mom?!” I asked, now feeling desperate. I knew I couldn’t hold it much longer.

“You’re wearing your potty, sweetie. Go ahead and use it, it’s okay.”

“Don’t make me do this, guys! Please!”

I squirmed and struggled but there was no stopping it. Mere moments later I was flooding my diaper with warmth, and then my clenching cheeks finally gave out and I filled my pampers with mush as well. I grunted, pushed and strained, to the point that the tray actually cracked.

“Hoo boy,” said Dad, waving his hand in front of his face. “That’s a big one!”

“I think we’re gonna have to get a bigger highchair, pops,” murmured Buck, looking actually impressed before the smell overwhelmed him too.

Suddenly everyone decided it was a very good time to move to the living room. I was left to sit in my mushy diaper and wait. And as the seconds ticked by, I became very familiar with all the sensations my mushy diapers had to offer. The worst thing of all was I had a raging hard-on the whole time and no way to reach it with my arms trapped as they were.

This is the worst. I thought. But then, there was a silver lining to all this. *There is no way they’re gonna keep me like this once they realize how hard it is to change a messy diaper.*

How wrong I was. After a while, Dad came in. Buck and Mom must’ve reached their limit with the messy diaper. Served him right for being such a hardass about this.

“Okay, baby boy. Looks like Daddy’s gonna take care of you this time. Let’s get you up and into the crib.” He slid the tray off, muttering to himself about a replacement. Of course I knew just where he could get them, but I wasn’t about to tell him that. He helped me down and then led me up toward the nursery. The diaper came off and he used a warm washcloth to get off all the mess.

All this because of a stupid selfie, I thought to myself. What was gonna happen next?

My hard-on hadn’t gone down, and my Dad decided to just tape the diaper with my wiener pointing up. It would shrink eventually. After the awkwardness of being changed out of a fully fudged pamper by my Dad, I was led over to the little crib, which was latched shut with me inside.

“Now you lie there and take your nap. Someone will be back to let you out when it’s time for you to get up. And don’t even think about getting out of that crib, mister. We’ve got the baby monitor set up and you *will* get a spanking if you try.

“Dad. Don’t you think this has gone far enough?”

“Well, I thought so until Buck told me what he found on your search history. Now I understand this is exactly what you need, boy. This crib will do until the new one gets here.”

“New one? What are you talking about, Dad? They don’t make cribs big enough for...”

Oh my god. Buck saw my bookmarks. Right at the top of my browser there was the bookmark for my dream set of adult-baby furniture. But how could he afford it? Dad saw the wheels turning in my head.

“That’s right, baby boy. You’re going to get the nursery furniture you wanted, and the highchair. Yes, I know it’s expensive, but it’s still cheaper than a college degree. We’ll just have to make sure we get our money’s worth out of it. And we will, because after hearing about how eager you

were to show off to your friends, I can see that you don't *want* to grow up. So you can forget about that job or trying to be a big boy ever again. Sleep tight, son."

I laid there on the crinkly matt replaying the humiliation of wetting and messing myself in front of my family and rubbing my hard-on while all the stuffed animals stared at me with their big cartoony eyes and smiled dumbly. This was so awful, yet so great at the same time. I didn't know whether to be happy or horrified, but I did know I was extremely horny. And to prove that point, I busted the biggest nut I had ever done over the top of my diaper, all up onto my belly, and I fell asleep in a pile of plushies just like that.

I woke up to buck shaking me. He was picking me up and clucking his tongue.

"Somebody was a bad baby boy, weren't they? Dad asked me to stay for the night until you got settled in, and I can see you'll need plenty of supervision. You should know better than to play with your parts, baby brother. I guess you'll have to get a whoopin from me or Dad."

"Hey, w-what are you doing? Can I clean off?"

"No can do, baby boy. I'm going to show Mom and Dad what you did!"

I fought him but he was stronger, grabbing me by the wrist and dragging me down to where my parents were watching TV.

"Look what Sethy did!"

"Unbelievable!" scoffed my mother.

My dad got red-faced and stood up.

"You are in big trouble little man!"

"But I- But I-" My mouth was like sandpaper. I didn't really know what to say with the shameful evidence still sticking to my belly.

Dad laid me down on the living room floor, untaped my diaper, and spanked the living daylight out of me. By the end of it I was crying, and I was sent up to bed without any dinner. Buck brought me back to the nursery, wiped off my belly with a wet-wipe, and locked me in the crib.

"Sorry, little bro. I had to do it. But you know I still love ya." He gave me a little punch on the arm, turned on the mobile above my head, and turned the lights down low, leaving me to contemplate my new life. Of course I immediately started jacking off after he left, but this time my penis was pointed down, so it was significantly harder.

That night I woke up to the sound of rustling in the nursery. I opened my eyes.

"Buck... is that you?"

"Huh? Oh shit. Seth! I was just..."

Even in the dim light of the nursery, I could see that he was on the changing table with a diaper between his legs, and I knew immediately that he had been jerking off.

“You wanted to try them out too huh?”

“Uh- uh- I...” He was caught red-handed and he knew it.

“Maybe you should be the one in the crib, Buck.” I sneered.

“Shut up, Sethy, before I beat the tar out of you. You better not tell anyone about-”

“MOM! MOM, DAD! COME LOOK AT WHAT BUCK IS DOING!!!”

My parents barged in to find my big brother at the scene of the crime.

“So,” said my father with a frown. “We have TWO big babies in the family.”

Buck looked apologetic and shook his head.

“Dad, I-”

“Zip it. I don’t want to hear it. No, don’t take that diaper off, you keep that on. In fact, you’ll be staying in diapers at least as long as your little brother does. We’ll bring out the cot for you to sleep in here, and tomorrow I’ll order some more furniture and diapers for you as well. I heard that young people today don’t want to grow up, but I never knew how true it was.”

“You should call his girlfriend and see if she’ll be willing to babysit,” I offered.

“Seth, I swear to god...” said Buck, before Dad interrupted him.

“You know what, that’s a good idea. I’ll call her in the morning. Buck. Tape up that diaper and follow me, we’re getting that cot.”

My mom gave us a tired smile.

“The family pictures are going to be a whole lot cuter with both of my baby boys back in diapers. But try to keep it down this late at night, will you boys? That’s one thing I *don’t* miss about looking after my babies.”

“Yes, Mom. Sorry Mom,” we said in unison.

That night Buck and I talked for a long time about our lives and how they might turn out now that Mom and Dad decided to revoke our adult privileges. One thing led to another and pretty soon both of us were masturbating furiously into our diapers, thinking that maybe this wouldn’t be so bad, after all.