**Daily Free-Write November 17, 2021: License to Pee 1.2**

Davey's Daycare. The most colorful, eye-wateringly so, daycare you could imagine. Oh, and before you get any ideas that this is your average daycare, let me tell you that it's not. I would describe it more as a kink boot camp. Frustrated partners send their unruly significant others here to be trained, whether they be mommies, daddys, or any other kind of power exchange partner. And when they get here, when *I* got here, I quickly find my kinkiest desires and interests teased out of me, often literally, before a whole lot more are thrown on top.

I look around at the technicolor space, that starts with the lobby, with a firey red color scheme, and rubber floors that are already giving me naughty ideas. The person at the front desk is happy to see me.

"Aww! It's little piglet! Hi Mr. Pigg, your boy is as cute as ever."

"Yeah, but I'm afraid he's coming to you stinky."

"Oh, so that's why he's waddling in here with the grumpy face..."

I *am* waddling with grumpy face. Wouldn't you be?

"Don't worry, kiddo, we'll get you cleaned up right away. I'll call a nurse over to help."

Of course by nurse they mean one of the attendants wearing the full rubber nurse's uniform. You may have heard of playing doctor, but this place takes dress-up to a whole new level, and the medical play area is just one of the many themed play areas in this multi-level cornucopia of kink.

"Thanks," says Daddy. "You be good little guy," he says, looking at me with a sincere smile and putting his large, rough hand on my shoulder.

"I will, Daddy," I promise. Soon the nurse comes to take me to the changing area in the medical play section. With the stirrups, gloves, and gargantuan butt plugs set out, I know this is going to be far more than a regular diaper change. Then, I catch sight of the diaper I'll be wearing and gulp. Three thick inches of bright blue rubber-covered padding - not absorbent, but very bulky and easy to wipe down after an accident of any sort - like everything else at Davey's Daycare. I gulp, my cock already fighting to get hard before the diaper even comes off.

"Aww, does somebody like their didees?"

"Y-yes, nurse," I say, blushing.

"Well, then, up on the changing table," they say, patting the brightly colored treatment table. I immediately disrobe and jump up and get on my back with my legs up in the stirrups

"You're always so good, piglet. You never put up a fuss or anything." I blush at the compliment.

"Why would I? I love being kinky. I just wish people believed me when I said I don't need diapers."

The nurse already knows my spiel and even joins me in chorus to say "Don't need diapers." They smirk. "Yes, yes, I heard it all before, but that's not up to you anymore, little one. That's up to your Daddy and your license, and unfortunately for you, your potty license is suspended indefinitely. Or maybe it's fortunate for you, considering how excited you are."

"A-am not," I say, embarrassed. But there's no denying the erection that springs straight up when the nurse undoes my stinky diaper. The one they grab in their gloved hand as they wipe me down.

"Looks like your daddy did a number on your hole there. Does it even close anymore?"

I shook my head.

"The punishment chairs aren't going to do much if you're already so stretched out, but I've got this booty bombshell with your name on it. We'll see if we can't do even more to that tushy of yours while you're with us." They toss their medical gloves and put on some arm length ones. Judging by how much thick lube they're putting in to the cock-shaped injector, I can guess what comes next.

"Here we go," they say, as they plunge the penis-shaped syringe down between my legs and press the plunger. I don't really feel it that much but when they pull it out, they don't even have to lube up their glove. They just stick their fingers in and my hole immediately swallows up four fingers, almost makes it to the thumb. It feels so intimate being on my back while they stick things in me. It makes my heart race a little.

"Wow, you really want to take that fist today, don't you, piglet?" The nurse chuckles and I blush, covering my face. Soon, I'm moaning like a cat in heat as they brush my prostate and begin to work it with their fingers. I'm a loud bottom and when I'm feeling good, everyone knows it.

"Okay, sweetie. A little pressure now," they say as they push a little harder. I can feel my hole stretching to that point that makes me feel nervous, makes my heart beat harder. It's almost too much. Then it *is* too much, but just at the point when I think I'm going to split in two, the fist passes through my sphincter and my hole swallows it up, pulling it in deeper. And now I'm really feeling good. The feeling of their knuckles on my prostate is so intense, it's almost scary.

"Shh, shhh, baby," they say, as I beg them to take it out. This is just like daddy does. Relaxing me. Reminding me that nothing bad is going to happen. Reminding me to just go with it. When I'm ready they begin fist-fucking my hole in earnest.