Ghost Hands Haunted Daycare Script

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A spooky tale where ghost hands diaper you up in a very possibly paranormal circumstance. Based on scenes from my previous spooky stories and free-writes: 'Moving Day', 'Regress-Or-Treat', and 'Urban Exploring'.

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You find yourself outside of an abandoned building. You're not sure what it's for, but it looks governmental... and it's supposedly pretty hard to get into according to the urban exploring forums. It seems like a lot of people are straight up too scared to come here. It's Halloween, and the legend goes that the building is haunted. Whoever has the guts to spend halloween night here would get mad props. That's reason enough to check it out - so you hop a few fences, and break a window with your crowbar. It seems easy enough to get in, and you really don't know what all those people on the forums are complaining about.

Inside, there really isn't much to look at - Empty rooms. A box of harlequin party masks which must've been left there by a previous explorer. Some beer cans and more graffiti in the small circular courtyard in the center of the building. The vibe of the building seems more boring than spooky and you begin to think that the people on the forums are a bunch of chickens. It probably housed paper pushers for some boring sort of office work or something. The basement might at least have some cool-looking backup generators to look at, so you find the stairs and walk down [stair sounds].

The basement floor is still furnished and aside from the faded posters on the walls, it's hard to tell it had been left unused for so long. There are brown and tan carpets with triangular patterns, green vinyl couches, and water coolers that still have water tanks in them. A few fake plants here and there make it seem less lifeless than the rest of the building, except for the fact that the only light in the room comes from your flashlight. At the end of a long hallway is a door labeled 'Daycare'. Above that, someone has spray-painted in large red letters 'do not open'. So of course you have to open the door.

It looks like someone tried to barricade it, so you have to move a couch out of the way and pry off some boards with your crowbar... When you do, you are met with a flood of light and the sound of many voices. Laughter, crying, children squealing as they chase each other around the room. More mature voices yelling 'get back here!' and 'no running inside'. Voices all layered on top of each other as if they had been condensed,

and only for half a second before all noise stops and the room goes dark. Everything goes dark.

You bang the back of the flashlight against your palm. Cheap piece of crap. You pull out your phone to use its flashlight, and open up the battery case. You try rolling the batteries and pressing them to make sure they're in their right position, and sure enough it works. As you snap the battery case shut, you notice two glowing blue lights just outside of your field of vision. Where is that light coming from?

Suddenly, you are pulled into the dark room, and the door slams shut behind you. All you can see is blue hands floating in space, and the moment you are dragged into the center of the daycare they release you and begin to tug at your clothes.

You yell and struggle but more blue glowing hands appear, tugging you this way and that. Your pants are unbuttoned and your underwear is pulled down around your ankles. Kicking only helps to kick off the pants and make it easier for the hands to slide them right off of you. You are soon completely naked, and as you look around, the light seems to be generally coming up in the room to reveal an enormous daycare. You look around and spot an adult sized changing table with stacks of diapers on the side.

That's when you see a big glowing garment - a diaper. A big thick diaper floating toward you, along with a bottle of powder and a pacifier. They dance around you as if taunting you.

Your arms and legs are held by the glowing hands as the diaper opens and positions itself between your legs. You struggle as hard as you can, but the hands easily hold you as the powder is shaken over your crotch and rubbed into every nook and crevice. A faint voice hums a relaxing nursery tune all the while. Then the diaper floats up and closes itself around your waist, enfolding you in a soft crinkly cushion. You feel hands smoothing the diaper tight around you, wrapping you like a present, and then the tapes. One. Two. Three. Four securing it around your waist.

A big glowing pacifier is shoved into your mouth and you feel some straps pulling themselves tightly, followed by a click [click].It's locked on. Your muffled yells are useless now.

You try to run to the daycare door in the hopes of opening it, but your diaper begins to feel thicker and thicker as you run, forcing your legs into a wider waddle with each step, dragging you down more and more until you are forced to crawl away.

[Ah, ah, ah! Little ones can't leave the daycare unsupervised. Don't worry, we know how to make our fussy babies nice and docile...]

You begin to float into the air as glowing hands lift you below the armpits. You feel other hands rub at your crotch and butt. What is happening? Why are you so turned on by this? You are getting strangely horny. You feel hands cupping your diaper and rubbing it as you are floated over to the changing table. [don't resist... don't think... just relax... feels so good... You're feeling too good in your thick diaper to think about it...feeling so good]

You are laid out on your back, your arms and legs each held firmly down by a glowing hand as more hands caress the front of your diaper and pat your bum. Looking down, you can see why your diaper feels thicker - it's completely soaked! [That's right baby, you need your diapees! And we'll keep you safe and diapered here until your parents come to pick you up.]

You feel hands on your thighs and the front of your diaper. Something about that pressure and the caress of hands on your thighs, around the leg guards, against the front of the diaper... it all leaves you feeling so calm... so relaxed... so horny... as straps are brought around your wrists, ankles, arms and thighs to hold them down and out of the way. [That's it, little one. Just give into the feelings... you love being a diaper baby... it feels so good...]

The invisible hands began to rub the front of your diaper, teasing you in all the right ways as a multitude of soft whispers speak in your ears. A shudder runs through your body as you lay there, humping against a glowing hand, moaning, and drooling as you suck your paci. [Good baby... good baby][Crinkle Crinkle][You love being a little baby. You will be very happy being a baby 24/7. You don't need to hide it. You can't hide it. It's what you are... What you will always be...]

You don't need to pay attention to the words... the part of your mind that needs to hear them is listening... you are far too tuned into the wonderful feelings of being in a diaper... and you can allow that wonderful feeling to grow... the padding stimulating you better than any other sex you may have had. You are edged for hours... you just want to cum, but the hands are frustratingly skilled at going just light enough to keep you from finishing whenever you get close... you struggle to increase the stimulation without use of your arms or legs but the hands have you at your mercy. [Aww, baby wants to make stickies! So cute...]

Your eyes go wide as you see a large butt plug floating your way, and suddenly you feel a tug at the back of your diaper. You can shake your head and struggle but you can't go anywhere with the restraints holding you down. You feel the cool air on your butt as you watch the plug float and dance its way toward your hole. It's huge, and you are sure it will never fit, but already, another hand is pouring out lube onto it and soon it

dips out of view and you feel it, big and slick, pressing against your hole. You can feel it being pushed against your hole. It's so big! And yet, somehow, it is inching forward inch by inch to invade you. [This should help you feel extra good, and it'll make it easier to use your diapers after, little one... We've already taken away your pee pee control, but it's more fun to have *you* take away your poopie control.]

You grunt and squirm but nothing can stop the giant plug from inching forward until it reaches the halfway point and your hole begins pulling the rest in on its own. You gasp as you are filled, the plug pushing against your bladder and forcing you to squirt a bit of pee into the front of your diaper. Then, you feel the diaper being pulled back up and some pats on your rump. [crinklepats]. This plug will expand when you cum and make you incontinent, won't that be fun? If you don't want it, all you have to do is keep from cumming...

Then, the vibration begins. The buttplug rumbles to life, heightening your pleasure immensely to the point of overstimulation. You pant and moan at this new sensation being added to the already intense feelings brought on by the hands kneading at your diaper. [Now it's time to meet Mr. Buzz Buzz and let those adult thoughts drain into your diaper. All the way gone as Mr. Buttplug makes sure you never hold anything in again...]

You pull against the restraints, determined to resist this treatment at all costs.

[Oh, somebody's a tough customer huh? Well, we'll see how long you last. If you can last past midnight, you'll get out of here a grown-up again!]

You look over and see that the hands are holding up a light-up clock that reads 11:55. Five minutes! You can make it.You have to. But the moment the wand touches the front of your diaper, you are overwhelmed by pleasure. [buzz]

You suck hard on the pacifier, resisting the urge to let your eyes roll back into your head. You look back at the clock. 1 minute has passed. You begin to sweat. The hands grow more insistent, kneading your diaper around your most sensitive spots. Unable to budge an inch with the straps holding your arms and legs snugly in place, you are at the mercy of the hands to set the pace. It's embarrassing but feels so good that you almost don't care, you just need to cum. Cum in your thick wet *diapers*.

The hands continue to milk you as the voices whisper into your ears and the wand and the buttplug vibrate against your most sensitive areas [Good babies use their diapers... good babies use their diapers... good babies use their diapers for everything].

And whether you try to hold out from cumming your diapers or you don't, eventually the need grows to the point where you don't have a choice. You can feel

yourself rapidly approaching orgasm and you know you can't stop it now... at that very moment, you explode into your diapers, moaning and whimpering and shuddering as you fire thick ropes of cum into the front of your well used padding. You spurt into your diapers, moaning into your pacifier, your ragged breaths and convulsing body gives no doubt as to what is happening as cum squirts across the inside of the padding, more than you ever thought possible painting the soft fabric inside. At the same time, you feel a sharp pressure in your hole as the plug rapidly expands. You know it is making you incontinent but any pain is masked by the intense pleasure of the orgasm as your body convulses around the huge invader. [Use your diapers like a good baby... You *love* to use your diapers... It feels so good to be a good baby ... Soooo goood....]

The hands begin to pat your butt, emphasizing how you have soaked your diapers all the way to the back while you are still shuddering and jerking from your powerful orgasm, drooling around your pacifier as you unload into your diaper. The hands massage your tummy and thighs, patting your head. [good baby... good baby... such a good baby, using your diapers... you love to use your diapers... good job, little one...]

The clock strikes midnight, and the ghost hands begin to fade away along with the straps, the pacifier gag, and the ghostly butt plug. You find yourself sitting there in a soaked diaper with an empty feeling in your butt. That's weird, you can't quite remember how you got here. Did you come here wearing these?

You look over at the stacks of diapers and down at the diaper you are wearing. Good thing these are here, it looks like you soaked yourself. You know you need to be a good baby and put on a fresh one in its place. You need diapers, after all, because you are fully incontinent - always have been.

You snap a few more photos for the urban exploring forums and go home to report that there was nothing supernatural about the spot after all. Privately, you think you might have seen *something* while you were there, but you aren't sure. You can't quite remember can you?