

Daddy's House 1

By Champ (<https://champtehottter.com/>)

It's finally time to visit that Daddy you've been talking to online! It's going to be the perfect little break from your adult life, and your chance to experience life as a total baby. It... *is* just a temporary visit, right? ...Right?

You've been chatting with a man you call 'Daddy' on a diaper dating website. It's been several months now, and you have been talking about visiting for a while. The time has finally come for you to meet him and you are very excited, and maybe a little nervous as well. He has told you very little of what to expect, just that you should not bring any luggage or personal possessions. "Daddy will take care of everything," he says. And so you find yourself nearing his house by taxi, filled with conflicting emotions that only grow stronger as you get nearer. Calm down. Breathe. You can do this.

When you arrive, he makes you strip off all your clothes. He cuts them up with scissors as you watch and throws them in the trash because you won't be needing those big boys' clothes anymore. He takes you over to the couch and lays you across his lap, giving you a nice hard spanking for trying to act older than you are.

"Boys should know better than to try and play grown up. You're not fooling anyone, little boy!"

You yelp and jerk, but no matter how you struggle, you can't get away from Daddy's grip. As he spanks you, he stops every once in a while to feel your bubble butt, and tease your hole with his circling fingers. By the time he is finished with you, you are in quite a state. Stiff, dripping, red-faced, and blubbering like a baby. But it's okay, Daddy's got you.

He soothes your sore butt with some baby lotion and lays you on the changing table. You know better than to object to the thick cartoon print diaper he presents for your inspection.

"Get to know it well, little one, this is going to be very close to you from now on."

He takes a moment to let that sink in, and when he's satisfied that you are fully aware of your situation, he comes around to the foot of the table and lifts your legs, sliding the diaper beneath your little bum. He hands you a teddy to play with while he oils you, powders you, and secures the thick diaper snugly around your waist.

“What's that? You didn't get a chance to go to the bathroom before coming here? Silly boy, you didn't think you were going to be using *my* bathroom, did you? Oh no, bathrooms are for big boys. You'll be using your diaper for everything from now on.”

He can see you squirming, so he decides to help you along in your predicament. All diapered up, he sits you up, sticks his hands under your armpits, and gently lowers you down to the floor again. He instructs you to stay there as he prepares your bottle. Returning with an adult sized bottle of warm milk, he brings you to the couch once more and has you lay your head in his lap. He puts the nipple up to your mouth. At first, you're reluctant to take it in, but a quick smack on the thigh stops that and you open up. This is a large bottle and you feel your belly swelling up as it fills with sweet milk, but you don't dare stop sucking. It's only when he brings you a second bottle that you really start to get worried.

The pressure on your bladder is reaching unbearable levels. You try crossing your legs, you squirm and moan, but it's no use. You finally let go of all that pee, flooding your diapers. You pee so much you're sure they're going to leak all over. They hold it all in, however, and you feel the warmth surround your crotch as the diaper swells and presses itself tighter to your skin.

“What a good boy! You're wetting your diapers! But Daddy wants you to have more fun in your diaper. I want you to use it in every way possible.” He makes you finish the bottle and then hugs you tight and pats your back until you burp.

Surprised, you begin to blush again. Daddy releases you and goes over to pat the changing table. You happily hop up and lie down expectantly, thinking you're going to get a change. Daddy hands you the bear again, and untapes your diaper. He tells you to close your eyes and you obey. You think you can hear plastic tearing, but you can't tell what it might be. Suddenly your eyes shoot open as you feel something pressing into your hole.

“Ah ah ah, keep them closed now!”

A finger is inserted deep into your rectum, and then withdrawn, and you are taped back up.

“Poor little baby. You're going to have to stay in these soggy diapers a little longer.”

At least you are given a break from all that milk. Your belly is still distended, and you seem to be wetting every few minutes as you lie again with your head in Daddy's lap and he caresses your tummy, your face, gives you little tickles.

"What a cute boy you are! You're going to love it here. I promise."

But something is wrong. After a while, you feel a gurgle in your tummy, and then a strong urge to poop. Panicked, you try to sit up, but Daddy just shushes you, telling you everything is going to be okay. No, you say. You have to poo! You beg to use the potty, but Daddy is firm. He holds you tight as you squirm and cry, but the suppository works fast, and the urges grow and grow. Just as you succeed in holding back a messy accident, a new wave of urgency hits you. You kick and buck as Daddy holds you tight in his arms, and a loud fart escapes, along with a hot rush of poop.

Again and again you are wracked by spasms as yet more poo runs out of your butt into the waiting diaper, and the smell of it quickly fills the room. You are so embarrassed. So ashamed. You've never messed your pants before, certainly not in the presence of another person. What a babyish thing to do. You are sobbing. You can't help it. But Daddy hugs you and dries your tears and tells you everything is all right until you finally stop sniffing. You are all cried out, and all pooped out, and Daddy carries his exhausted little boy back to the table for his changing.

In spite of everything, you actually feel a lot better once you are in a clean diaper. Daddy even puts a cute onesie on you with dinosaur prints and tickles you when you try to pout. In fact, to your surprise, you are once again rock hard, and your penis strains against your diaper painfully. You reach down to adjust it, but he smacks your hand away.

"Baby is not to touch his diapers or pee-pee ever. That's Daddy's territory. And Daddy will decide what baby does in his diaper and when it comes off. If you're a good boy, Daddy will let you have cummies in your diaper." You decide to try your best to be a good boy.

For your afternoon meal, Daddy straps you in your highchair and spoon feeds you lots of icky baby food, making funny airplane noises as he brings it to your mouth. At the end of your meal, you are a mess with your tummy pudging out from all that mush and milk, and lots of baby food on your face and bib. Daddy wipes you up, burps you, and sets you down in the crib for a nap while you digest. You go through the same process at dinner, and the next day at breakfast, and you come to accept that this is how you will be fed as long as you are visiting Daddy.

After a few days of baby treatment, you are used to pooping and wetting in your diaper, and Daddy doesn't even have to restrain you to keep you from trying to rush to the bathroom. You miss your big boy pants, but you know those are a thing of the past. Daddy has made very clear that diapers are your one and only choice of clothing below the waist while you stay with him, though if you're good, he may let you wear some shorts or shortalls.

No matter how much you complain, all of this turns you on immensely, and every time Daddy is out of sight, you try to touch your diaper. The padding is so thick that you can hardly get any friction against your penis and Daddy always catches you before you can cum and gives you a spanking. It's like he just knows, but who knows how he knows? Sometimes, Daddy takes out his wiener and humps the front of your diaper, splattering his baby batter over the colorful front panel and even up to your chest at times. You find this very hot, but you're frustrated that you can't come as well.

Near the end of the week, Daddy finally says you can have cummies in your diapers! You eagerly reach for the tapes, but he smacks your hand away again.

“Babies have to come in their diapers. Babies do everything in their diapers.”

He begins to rub your diapered crotch, pressing through the thick layer of soggy padding with his strong Daddy hands. You moan and buck, and he shushes you, telling you to relax and let it happen. You can feel it building, your orgasm finally coming. And Daddy is making it come. You feel hotter and hotter. Your heart races. You moan and buck and try not to scream as your penis feels like it's on fire. You've never been this close to the edge for so long, and you try to hump Daddy's hands to bring yourself over.

“That's right, hump Daddy's hand. Show me how much you love to cum in your diapers.”

And you do... you buck and squeal, clinging tightly to Daddy's arm until finally, it happens. You cry out as the diaper tears the orgasm from your body, and wave after wave splatters into the diaper, shooting clear across the inside to warm up your butt cheeks. A puddle of cum piles up there, spreading from your ass cheeks to your taint, and you fall back, drained.

“What a good boy you are!” he hugs you again. You begin to suck your thumb and drift off to sleep as Daddy carries you over to the changing table for your next diaper...

Daddy's House 2

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

You slowly wake up to the feel of Daddy untaping and changing your wet and messy diaper. You don't even remember going before bed... you must have gone in your sleep.

"Aww, hello sleepy head, I see my little man is finally getting up! What's a matter, you look surprised to be here! Did you dream that you went back to your grown-up life after your little one-week visit?"

Suddenly it all comes back to you and you remember the events of the past week as you were regressed by Daddy. Made to dress like a baby, eat like a baby, even to use your diapers like a baby. But this was only supposed to be a short one-time visit. You're confused.

"Silly baby, you didn't really think I'd let you go back to your big boy life, did you? Daddy knows why you came to him, and he aims to give you what you truly desire, even if you aren't willing to do it on your own. After all, Daddy knows best! You don't *want* your big boy pants back. You want to be back in diapers for good, and never have to worry your little head about big boy things again. You want Daddy to take care of everything and make all the decisions. That's why you came here, isn't it baby boy? No need to try to answer, baby. You can't talk anyway with that binkie in your mouth. But don't worry, Daddy understands you. And he knows just what you need. This is your home now and forever, with Daddy."

You begin to panic, thinking of what living with Daddy would really mean. What about your job? What about your friends and family? How are you going to hide your diapers when you see them if you're not allowed big boy pants? Daddy finishes the last tape, and gives you a raspberry on the tummy, bringing you back to the present moment.

"Yes, little one, you sure are a cutie pie. Let's get you downstairs for breakfast."

And with that, Daddy picks you up off the changing table and carries you down to the kitchen, where he plops you in your favorite highchair and straps you in with the tray down. No use trying to get out. You've tried it before and all that does is get your little hands and feet put into the high-chair restraints. But you're a good boy, so Daddy almost never has to use them. Daddy finishes making a big bowl of his special oatmeal for you, and brings it over, making you play the airplane game again. After you finish, he hands you an extra big bottle of milk, and sits down to a nice breakfast of pancakes. Oh

how you miss big boy food, but you know that no amount of crying will get you anything but mush, so you content yourself with the big bottle of sweet milk. After he finishes his meal and puts away the dishes, Daddy takes the empty bottle and wipes off your face with the bib. He picks you up, burps you, and brings you upstairs to dress you. He chats, picking out a cute Barney shirt and a pair of shortalls with snaps that do nothing to hide your thick diaper, which bulges in front and peeks through the leg holes and buttonholes. He continues his degrading baby talk as he puts a colorful Velcro shoe on each foot, and you slowly realize what is happening as his words hit you.

“Daddy has a special treat for you today, little one, yes he does! We're going to go to the park! Won't that be fun? What's wrong baby? Are you going to cry? Aww, don't be scared. Daddy's here. Daddy knows that you want your baby side to take over, and that means you have to get over your bashfulness about your big baby status. You'll never become a full baby if you play it safe and just hide it like you always have. This is your new life now, and you've got to accept that everyone is going to find out that you're a big baby sooner or later. No more secrets, little one. I think it's time everyone got to appreciate your cuteness. Don't you think so?”

You try to argue. You even stamp your feet, but Daddy won't listen. It quickly devolves into a full-on tantrum with you - once a full-grown adult - banging your fists on the floor and yelling. Daddy puts a swift end to your disobedience, and spanks all the fight out of you, leaving you red faced and spent. You go limp as he carries you downstairs and sets you down in the waiting stroller, locking the belt down at your crotch where you feel it pressing the thick bulk of your diaper firmly, and securely against your body.

He makes sure your paci is secured to your Barney shirt with a matching Barney clip, and pops the soft nipple in your mouth, warning you not to spit it out, or else. Then, he hands you your favorite plushie and grabs the diaper bag which he prepared while you were asleep, checking everything one last time to be sure you have everything you need. It seems to take forever, like a slow countdown to your doom, but you know there's nothing you can do about it now. He's in complete control.

As Daddy wheels you toward the door, you begin to panic. You can't believe people are going to see you like this. You fumble at the restraints pulling at the straps across your chest and pushing at the buttons at your crotch to no avail. They are baby proof. Daddy chuckles at your efforts and tweaks your pacifier. Daddy has packed your diaper bag full of supplies – your bottle, your bib, some baby snacks, and a few diapers just in case. It's hanging on the stroller handle in all its glory, and if the baby prints all over the bag weren't enough to tell people exactly what the bag was for, the oversized

toddler right beside it will leave little room for doubt. Daddy pushes you out into the big wide world, and you hold your breath as you feel the sun hit your skin.

You open your eyes. The world has not stopped. It's still a sunny day, and you are still moving forward. But to where? Daddy pushes you down the sidewalk and soon you see a couple of joggers approaching. They slow as they approach, and you tense up fearing the worst. The male jogger is a handsome tan athletic looking man in a skintight blue running outfit, and you blush as you catch yourself staring. You blush even harder remembering how you are dressed. He tells daddy how adorable he thinks you are and asks how old. Daddy replies, calling you his special little guy. His partner, a curvy young woman in a matching blue outfit, also thinks you're adorable and asks how long he's had you. Daddy says he just adopted, and explains how you weren't cut out for adulting, and he had to take charge. Since you can't argue with a pacifier in your mouth, you try pouting, but Daddy tickles your little belly and you giggle despite yourself. The couple seem to agree that this was the best course of action and congratulate Daddy on a job well done. Before they go, they ask to take a picture with you two, and Daddy agrees. He even tells them your names so they can tag you in the photos. They do just that, as you watch in horror. You feel a sinking feeling in the pit of your stomach as you realize that you've just been outed to everyone you know. But more humiliation is on the way, as you and Daddy come up to a convenience store.

Daddy unstraps you from the stroller and leads you inside the store, where you suddenly feel like everyone is staring at you. But fear gives way to excitement as Daddy pops out your paci and lets you pick out a candy while he gets himself a drink. It's the first time since you arrived that you've gotten to pick something yourself, and you pick out an atomic fireball. Daddy isn't sure that's the best idea. It's pretty hot. He asks if you're sure you can handle it. You put on a brave face and say you can handle anything because you're a big kid. Daddy just chuckles, "Whatever you say little one," and you pop it into your mouth. You last about 10 seconds before you spit it out and begin to cry. Daddy quickly carries you out of the store and pulls out your bottle of milk and gives it to you. You suck on the bottle til it's all gone, dousing the flames of the spicy candy, and Daddy is there to wipe away your tears and snot when you are finished, and strap you back into the stroller.

"Poor baby, Daddy knew that he shouldn't give you any big boy snacks. From now on it's safe bland baby food." You cry as you realize more and more of your adult privileges have been taken away for good, including all the things you used to enjoy. Porn, alcohol, tobacco, even solid foods have been removed from your daily experience. You are still counting all the things that you are no longer allowed to have when you arrive. You know you have arrived because Daddy is finally unlocking the

restraints, reaching between your legs to activate the release. You realize that Daddy has taken you to a park with a gigantic playground, and as he picks you up, you realize that he expects you to PLAY on that playground. You don't feel like you can, but Daddy grabs your hand and leads you over to the swings. He plops you down in one of the swing seats that has holes for the legs. You manage to squeeze in - just barely - and you feel rather silly with your tummy bulging out over the top, but Daddy doesn't seem to care. He beams proudly and asks you if you wanna go high. He pushes you and you go higher and higher. Wheeeee, you yell at the excitement of going up and down in the swing. Higher and higher you go, and the playground looks so small below every time you come to the top of your arc. You see a teeter totter, and a sandbox, and even a spinny thing that Daddy could spin til you fell off! And you can't wait to play on all of them! And soon you do, forgetting that you ever were a big kid. Little do you know Daddy is secretly recording you in your unbridled joy as you toddle all around the playground. He posts the live feed to Facebook, tagging you in it and explaining your new lifestyle decision. Soon your wall fills with responses from surprised friends and family.

After a while, Daddy pulls you aside and checks your diaper. You're soaked and messy – when did that happen? Daddy will have to fix that, or your diaper is liable to split right down the middle! He lays out a picnic blanket on the grass and plops you on it. You protest at the lack of privacy, but he just puts his hand on your chest and pushes, sending you down on your back. Before you know it, he's got your legs, and he's pulling them up above your head, putting another diaper beneath you. He knows that he can't take your diaper off in public, but he can certainly put another one on, so he slices a slit down the length of your soaked diaper, and pulls it open, before securing the outer diaper over it. He leaves the shortalls off, since they'll never fit over the massive diaper, and you are left in just your Barney shirt. You can barely close your legs now, and you've got a serious waddle, so Daddy picks you up and puts you on the springy horse, for one last cute moment. You realize now that he's recording you, along with quite a few other people in the park, and you quickly try to cover your face as you notice for the first time that you've attracted an audience. Unfortunately, you have to let go of the handles to do so, and you fall off the horsie and onto your bum on the sand. Instantly, you begin to wail, and Daddy rushes up to comfort you. By the end of the night, this little episode will go viral on YouTube, and you'll be forever known as the world's biggest baby. But you'll never know because babies don't get to use the internet.

You're obviously long overdue for a nap, so Daddy straps you back into the stroller, readjusting for the added bulge, and brings you back home, where it's straight into the crib. After your nap, Daddy takes off that yucky diaper and gives you a nice bubble bath, and lets you play with your toys in the bathtub while he shampoos your

hair and makes silly hats on your head with the bubbles. As scared as you were, nothing bad happened today and your little toddler mind forgot about all your fears once you started having fun. Daddy knows you'll take to your new life just fine, now that there is nothing left to hide, and he tells you how proud he is of his little baby. You're tucked in once more and Daddy wonders aloud if he should ever let you make cummies again. You're probably too little for that anyway. As you drift off to sleep you feel completely comfortable, knowing that this is your new life, and you'll never ever have to be a grown up again.