

Diaper Addiction Clinic

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

You came for treatment of your diaper fetish, but forgot to read the fine print.

You wake up in a cold sweat. Your cock is rock hard. Another dream about diapers. Why did you listen to that stupid hypno file? You rub the front of your briefs, wishing they were a diaper. You thought it was just for fun, but ever since you listened to that file, you haven't been able to get off without your mind turning to diapers. Lately, you can't seem to get off without wearing them too, but you're fresh out. You grunt in frustration, as your dick softens despite your best efforts. You lay back in bed in a huff. Maybe if you just ignore your horniness you can get back to sleep.

Thirty minutes later, you're just as awake, just as horny. Finally, you can't take it any longer. You throw on a pair of pajama pants and sneak out to the garbage. You threw out the last of your diapers yesterday. You dig until you find a used diaper, and you grab it. You look around to see if anyone is watching, but the coast is clear. You can't wait to get back inside. You need it right now. You try to calm your ragged breath and shaking hands as you fold the crinkly plastic over your cock. Your precum acts as lube slicking up the plastic shell as you wrap it tight. Before you know it, you are pounding away at your own used diaper right there in the open, feeling your orgasm approach faster than ever before. In less than a minute you explode, spraying the garbage container in front of you with white sticky spooge. You're suddenly extremely ashamed and embarrassed at what you've just done. You quickly pull up your pants and toss the diaper, dashing back inside, but no sooner do you make it back to your room than you find yourself craving another diaper to spurt in.

Enough is enough. You jump onto your computer, looking for something, anything that could help. No such luck. Porn sites, scam sites, and useless products come up as you scroll through the search results. You sigh, as you give up, and find yourself compulsively clicking over to your favorite diaper forum. You smile as the familiar blue and white interface appears. You are about to check the 'story forum' when an ad banner at the top of the page catches your eye.

"C.A.B.S. Specializing in Diaper Addiction Treatment"

Curious, you click the ad, and another tab opens in your browser. The front page says "Center for Adult Baby Studies" in bold letters, and a 'play' button sits just below that. You click the button and a slick looking man in a suit appears, standing on a

perfectly manicured lawn in front of a gigantic building that looks like it leapt straight out of a modern art exhibit.

“Are thoughts of diapers interfering with your sleep? Are they dominating your sex life? Do you find yourself unable to get through the day without thinking of all that thick crinkly plastic padding you could be wearing? If you said yes to any of these questions, then you, my friend, may be suffering from diaper addiction, and C.A.B.S. is here to help.”

The man stops and ushers the viewer into the front doors of the building. The camera pans across a massive lobby that continues the mind-boggling theme of the building’s exterior. Bright colors, shapes, and music assault your senses. Tall screens span the height of the glass-fronted lobby, with images of adults in diapers flickering into view. The camera comes to rest on the man, now leaning an elbow on the reception desk, where a pretty young lady sits at a computer console.

“Welcome to the Center for Adult Baby Studies, where you can get world-class treatment for your embarrassing obsession. No more worrying about when you will give into your obsession next. Or who could find out. Or how you will get your next fix. With our help, you will no longer be troubled by your uncontrollable urge to wear and use diapers.”

The woman behind the desk smiles and waves to the camera, before turning to assist someone who has walked into view. He signs a few forms, and she takes his photo, handing him a pass before he is escorted deeper into the building.

“Schedule a free consultation with our friendly staff, and you will be well on your way to a life free of anxiety and shame. A life where you will no longer live in fear of being discovered. Think you can’t afford it? Not to worry! As a federally funded research institution, we offer subsidies for those in need of financial assistance. Patients who agree to participate in our research can qualify for free treatment, or even receive some compensation for their time with us! So what have you got to lose? Schedule your free consultation today!”

A button that says ‘schedule a free virtual consultation’ appears in the middle of the video window.

You click the button.

Less than a week later, you find yourself standing on that same manicured lawn, in front of the Center for Adult Baby Studies. The consultation went about as expected – the person on the other end of the video call easily diagnosed you with a classic case of

diaper addiction. You're lucky, your transportation and treatment are covered under the program. All you've had to pay for so far is transportation to the airport, and whatever you wanted to grab from the terminal before departing, which wasn't much.

You blush as you think about how hard it was to resist flying without a diaper on. You were so desperate for a diaper, that you tried to make do jacking off with one of the thick maxi pads they keep in the airport bathrooms. It worked. Barely. The rest of the pads ended up in your underwear, and you still haven't had a chance to take them off. You hope they have a restroom you could use to dispose of the shameful evidence.

Inside, the building is even more disorienting than in the video. You find yourself distracted by colors and sounds from all around until the tall screens in the lobby catch your eye. You are instantly fixated on the pictures of adults in diapers on the screen. You can feel your cock chubbing up as your heart begins to beat harder at the sight of a diaper, and you do your best to avoid letting your hand wander to your pants.

"Hello," calls the woman from the front desk. "Can I help you?"

You walk up to her and explain why you are here. Her name is Beth and she promises she'll get you all situated. You sign form upon form – a surprising amount even for a rehab program. Yes, you understand you have been diagnosed with diaper addiction. Yes you agree to abide by the rules and recommendations of C.A.B.S. staff and medical personnel. Yes, yes, yes, yes. Eventually you just tick off the rest of the boxes to hurry it up. She hands you a clipboard with a prepared statement. You read it aloud, bored. It's just more legalese about seeking medical treatment, agreeing to terms and conditions, forfeiting your adult rights and ability to back out of the program, etcetera, etcetera.

Wait, what was that last part? It's too late, Beth takes the clipboard as soon as you finish, asks you to smile for the camera, and hands you your pass. With the press of a button, she summons someone to escort you into the addiction treatment area of the building.

"Right this way!" says a large nurse, who looks like they could break a buffalo in half.

The nurse leads you past all the noise and color into a world that is more serene. All whites, and grays, and muted earth tones. They lead you into a room with a bench and a padded table.

"Let's get you undressed," they say, unbuckling your belt.

You panic, realizing you forgot to go to the restroom to remove the maxi pads from your underwear. Your voice cracks as you desperately plead for a bathroom, but they don't stop.

"No time for that now, we've got to get you prepped for treatment!"

Before you know it, you are down to your underpants, and the nurse is grinning at the sight of just what you were so desperate to hide.

"Ha-ha, I should have known. You've got it bad, huh? Well, don't be embarrassed. It happens all the time. We've seen it all, trust me."

You feel a bit better hearing that. At least you're not the only one.

"Let's get those undies off of you. Good, now up on the table for your diaper."

You're confused. You thought this clinic was supposed to get rid of your diaper addiction. Not put you in more diapers.

"Oh no, no. There's no cure for that, I'm afraid. The only treatment is to keep you in diapers at all times," says the nurse in a cheerful voice.

Your face falls. No, you yell. You don't want to be stuck in diapers!

The nurse gently, but firmly scoots your butt to the changing table, and calms your protests with an oversized pacifier.

"Shhh, now. You're going to get padded whether you like it or not, so you might as well just relax and enjoy it, diaper boy"

You find this extremely humiliating, yet extremely hot. You hear the crinkle of a thick white diaper with several stuffers hitting the table, and your ankles are lifted for your first diaper. If you weren't already as hard as you could be, you are now. You're practically pissing precum as they slide the thick padding under your butt. You are given another shock as they slide a suppository into your butt, guaranteeing you will have a humiliating accident in the next 30 minutes.

"Might as well get you used to pooping your diapers now. You're gonna have to say bye-bye to mister potty."

You begin thrusting your hips as the nurse applies oil to your diaper area to make sure you don't get a rash. It feels so good, they could tell you the building was burning down, and you'd still be happy as a clam. Before you can reach orgasm, however, you feel ice being pressed against the erection, causing it to rapidly deflate. The nurse uses

this opportunity to point your little soldier down, pull up the front of the diaper, and secure it into place. You whine in frustration, but your puppy dog eyes have no effect.

“Aww, don’t give me that look. It’s all part of the training. You’re going to learn to accept the fact that you get all your pleasure from your diapers. When we’re through with you, you’ll have no more anxiety about giving into your diaper urges, because you’ll *have to wear them... all the time!*”

Well, they were fulfilling their promise, in a diabolical genie sort of way. And yet you can’t help but get even more turned on as you think of yourself in diapers 24/7 from now on. You reach for the front of your diaper without thinking and the nurse quickly grabs your hands, pushing them aside.

“Ah ah ah, no touching your diapers! I’d sure hate to give you a spanking this early in the program. Just hush and we’ll go over the rules. Ahem. There are four simple rules in this program, I’m sure you can count to four, though, you’re not a big baby like some of our other participants.”

The nurse chuckles and shoots you a knowing look, like they aren’t fully convinced you *are* a grown-up. They clear their throat and begin to list out the rules with the confidence of someone who’s said them a hundred times before.

“Rule number one, no toilets, ever. You’re gonna use your diapers for everything, so no funny business trying to sneak into the bathroom. Rule number two, no holding anything in. We’ll help you with that for the first week or so until you start to lose control, but we can always put you back through assisted unpotty training if we catch you trying to hold it, so don’t even think about it! Rule number three, no masturbation. Remember, all your pleasure should come from your diaper now, not your little pee pee.”

They pat the front of your diaper in time with the last two syllables of that sentence, and you give a small involuntary moan at the stimulation, wishing you could do that yourself.

“That’s why we make your diapers so thick, so you can’t rub yourself and get into trouble. But don’t worry, eventually your body will grow to love wetting and messing your diapers, and it will feel even *better* than an orgasm to you! Isn’t that great? That’s like...a dozen orgasms a day, you lucky boy!”

Despite their enthusiasm, their speech doesn’t make the notion of permanent diaper chastity seem attractive.

“And finally, rule four, you must cooperate with staff at all times. I can tell you’re a sweetie, and I promise you’ll have a great time if you just cooperate, but if you try to fight us, you will be restrained. Now hold still, I have a little shot for you. This is just a temporary sedative so you don’t get too fussy, and a muscle relaxer so you can use your diapers more easily.”

You begin to sit up in alarm and open your mouth to protest, but the nurse puts their hand on your chest to stop you and catches the pacifier before it can even hit the table. With a firm but gentle pressure, they simultaneously shove the pacifier back in your mouth, and push you back into a lying position, before continuing.

“Now I know that sounds harsh, but it’s just a precaution while you’re getting adjusted. There’s going to be a lot of *changes* to get used to.”

The nurse laughs at this little joke, as they pick up a medicine bottle and a syringe.

You promise you’ll be good, and you won’t need the shot. You promise you’ll do whatever it takes.

“Well, I normally don’t do this, but since you’ve been so good, I guess I can let you in on a little secret,” the nurse says, leaning in. “There’s a special accelerated program we have that cuts the time you spend here to just one day. If we signed a little transfer slip, you could be out of here in less than an hour.

That sounds good to you. You’ll take that option. The nurse nods and winks, pulling out a small sheaf of papers. “Alright, cutie. Here, ya go. Just sign these forms and you’ll be out of here in no time!”

You are so relieved that you sign the forms without even looking.

“Oh, I’m so glad you decided to transfer to our adoption program. I knew right away you weren’t a big boy. Luckily, my next shift is in the adult baby wing, so I can take you with me!”

Transfer? Adoption? Adult baby wing? You realize too late that you’ve just signed up for the adult baby adoption program!

“You’re gonna forget all about what being a big boy is like. I can’t wait to get you all dressed up in your cute little outfits, and watch you playing with the others.”

The nurse tweaks your nose and dresses you up in a onesie, mittens, and booties. You are carried out of the room in your infantile attire and placed into an oversized stroller.

“You’re gonna learn to be the perfect baby boy and make some big out there very happy! You’re so cute, I might just snatch you up myself!”

You whine into your pacifier as you are wheeled out of the bland clinic and into the colorful, noisy world of the adult baby wing. It’s like you’re in an oversized preschool, and everyone is so excited to see you. You feel your diaper growing warm and cry, realizing that you’re more turned on than ever. You’re just a big baby now, and there’s nothing you can do about it. If only you hadn’t listened to that file!