

## Diaper Addiction Clinic

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

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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 at 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. So 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!

But it's too late. You've already signed into the program and there's no backing out. The nurse picks you up like a living doll and secures you to the table with straps. You kick and scream, but that just earns you a pacifier gag. The teat is pressed into your mouth, thick enough to fill it completely and keep you quiet. You find this extremely humiliating, yet extremely hot. They open some drawers and come up with a thick white diaper and several stuffers. 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. Finally, the nurse applies oil to your diaper area to make sure you don't get a rash. They spend extra time on your penis, letting the precum mix with the oil to create slippery lubrication over your sensitive member. Before you can finish, 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.

"There you go! All diapered up. I'm afraid we can't trust our patients to behave without a little help, so I'll have to keep you restrained while I go over the rules. Rule number one, no toilets. Ever. You are to use your diapers at all times, no exceptions. Which brings me to rule number two, you are to release your stool and urine as soon as

you feel the urge. No holding it in. Not that you will have much choice. Rule number three, no masturbation. You will be kept in extra thick diapers and anti-strip clothing to ensure that you are unable to reach your penis or stimulate it through pressure. Believe me, plenty have tried so we know exactly what to do to prevent you from succeeding. And finally, rule four, you are to obey the orders of the staff at all times. You will be kept restrained at all times, to ensure compliance, so give up any hopes of escape now. The more you cooperate with us, the easier this will be, diaper boy.”

With a grin, they grab a strait jacket. You barely have a chance to fight before they buckle you in and haul you off to your room.

You are quickly secured to a comfortable bed with the help of a second nurse. As you lie there, unable to move or close your legs around the thick padding, you are confused, scared, and incredibly horny. One of the nurses reaches for your pacifier gag and you are relieved that they are finally going to remove it, but their hand just twists and pulls, to open the front of your gag. A hose is attached, and your eyes bug out as you realize what is about to happen. You are force fed a thick tan paste that rapidly fills your stomach. This is followed by about a gallon of juice.

Within minutes, you are already wetting your diaper, and the rumble in your stomach tells you a bowel movement is not far behind. Sure enough, you feel it coming even before you finish your meal, and while you try to hold fast as the cramps hit you. You can't bear the thought of messing in front of your attending nurses, but you can't stop it. They just shake their heads and chide you for trying to hold it in. A final cramp rolls over your gut and the hot mess forces its way through your clenched cheeks into the back of your diaper while you continue to spurt streams of hot pee into the front. The feeling in your gut is so uncomfortable that soon you find yourself pushing just to feel the relief of emptying your bowels. And while all this is happening, you are as horny as ever. You can feel your cock attempting to expand in its confinements, and unable to do so completely.

“Aww, is the diaper boy trying to get hard because he loves to make poopies and pee pees in his diaper? Don't worry, your body will soon learn that pumping blood to your penis is a wasted effort, and you'll stop getting erections altogether.”

You growl and shake your head in frustration as you are unable to get any stimulation to your needy cock. You can't even thrust your hips as secure as you are. Eventually, the cramping subsides, and you are left empty in a very wet and messy diaper. They take out the hose and reassemble the pacifier, giving it a little tap and warning you not to cause too much of a fuss.

“Rest up, diaper boy. Someone will be back to change you once you’ve soaked through your padding. I know you want a change now, but you have to get used to being in a wet and messy diaper – after all, you’re going to need diapers for the rest of your life once we’re through with you! Don’t worry though, we’ll let you out of bed in about a week.”

For the next week, you are kept restrained at all times and kept permanently needy. The nurses come to check on you, and tease you, making you squirm, but most of the time, all you hear are the familiar looping hypnosis tapes that caused your addiction in the first place. Who knew that it was C.A.B.S. seeding the internet with these hypnosis files all along?

Three times a day, you are force-fed bulk fiber laxatives and plenty of liquids with diuretics until you begin to find yourself wetting and messing uncontrollably. They are doing everything they can to make sure you never get out of diapers again, and there’s nothing you can do about it. You know you should fight it, but as the hypnosis continues to flood your mind with an unending stream of suggestions, all you can think about is diapers, and how much you love them. How much you need them. And how much you want to use them.

Eventually you are released, and you are led out of your room for the first time. You now have the freedom to roam around the diaper rehab facility. It is a self-contained unit in the larger building, and you quickly discover that there is no way out without a special keycard. However, that’s not the only problem you encounter. You quickly discover that your clothes are secured so that you can’t remove them and try to use the toilet. Even if you could, it wouldn’t help, because you’ve completely lost control of when you pee or poop your diaper. Before you can even recognize you have to go, you are already filling your diapers. You really don’t have a choice anymore.

But you love your diapers. They are so thick, so crinkly, they are always there to hug your most intimate areas, teasing you just so. It’s like catnip to you, like a constant hug, and you are relieved to no longer have that constant craving that used to come whenever you were out of diapers. The problem is, they keep the diapers so thick, that you can never get enough stimulation to your penis to get off. You sneak off whenever you can to try and rub yourself, or hump the nearest object, but you’re just left frustrated and horny all the time.

When you see the staff psychotherapist, you complain about your constantly horny condition, you’re told not to worry. Eventually your body will get the same erotic feelings from wetting and messing your pamps, and it’ll feel as good as an orgasm every time you do. It’ll feel so good that no matter where you go after your treatment,

everyone will know when you had an accident because of your loud moans and groans. You realize that you've heard the ecstatic moans of other patients constantly since you got there. In fact, you were pretty loud yourself during your last bowel movement. You let out an involuntary moan as you feel a spurt of pee escape into your thirsty diaper and your hand shoots up to cover your mouth. You couldn't imagine doing that in public! You ask how long you have left in your treatment. You're told you have about 9 weeks left of the 10-week program. You can't believe it. You beg them, asking if there's any way you can get out early.

"Well," the psychotherapist says, pulling out a small sheaf of papers, "*you could* be released early if you sign these papers and switch programs, but..."

You don't even wait for them to finish. You'll do anything to be out of here and get your freedom back. You'll figure out what to do about potty training yourself later.

"Thank you," says the psychotherapist. "We'll have you transferred right away. You're going to make some daddy or mommy very happy!"

He pushes the call button, and two nurses appear with a stroller and some infantile clothing.

You realize too late that you've just signed up for the adult baby adoption program. You listen in horror as the nurse explains the *new* rules that you'll be following, after your transfer to the adult-baby wing of the center.

You'll be regressed to a mindless drooling horny adult baby, and adopted out to a nice family, or maybe a horny daddy who wants a baby slave for his dungeon. It's hard to say. But you won't have to worry about that because you'll be so zonked out you won't care. You'll just enjoy the sensations of using your diapers and whatever else your new caretaker likes to make you feel.

You cry as you are dressed up in a onesie, mittens, and booties, and placed into an oversized stroller. If only you hadn't listened to that file.