

Krampus's Naughty Nursery

By ChampTehOtter (<https://ko-fi.com/champtehotter>)

Damien loves to swipe diapers at his babysitting gig. What's going to happen when he does it on Xmas eve and ends up on Krampus's naughty list?

Damien was just sneaking a diaper out of the nursery where he was babysitting when he heard the noise. The children were asleep, and it was certainly too soon for the parents to be returning. There shouldn't have been anyone stirring at all, which is why the loud clomping took him by surprise.

"H-hello? Kids?" Damien poked his head out of the empty nursery and looked up and down the hall. Dead silence, and not a flicker of movement except for a dull red light filtering in from up the hall.

"What the hell?" Damien tucked the diaper into his hoodie and stepped out, alert for any sign of life. He was lucky to be here tonight when he would otherwise be stuck home with his *family*. It was only thanks to an emergency E.R. trip that had the parents and the little one out of the house, that he had the chance to raid the nursery and have a *real* Christmas treat. And he didn't want anyone to spoil his fun.

"Kids?" he said softly. "You'd better go to bed or there'll be hell to pay. You know what happens to naughty kids who don't go to bed on Christmas eve..."

Damien thought he heard a faint chuckle from the other room.

"Oh, it's those brats, for sure. I know what'll scare 'em..." he cleared his throat and spoke clearly but softly as he crept into the hall.

"You know that Santa only visits the houses of *nice* boys and girls that stay quiet in their beds..."

The clomping continued as Damien neared the source of the red light.

"If you won't behave, then Krampus will come for you. Do you really want to know what happens when Krampus gets a hold of naughty boys and girls?"

The clomping grew louder as he approached the open door from whence the light came forth.

"*Krampus* has eyes like burning embers... great big *horns*, and a hairy, *beastly* body... with beastly appetites..."

A mischievous light gleamed in Damien's eyes as he brought his eye to the crack of the open doorway.

"You had better scurry off to bed while you still can, naughty ones...." he said, peeking into the room.

If there was one thing Damien enjoyed, it was scaring kids. As a bonus, sometimes, his antics made his charges wet the bed. That gave Damien all the more excuse to recommend thick night time protection to their parents so he could swipe it for his own use next time. But Damien was running out of patience tonight. He was horny for diapers, and this persistent clomping was eating into his fun time.

"If you don't go to bed now, I'll tell Krampus about what naughty little brats you are, and you'll never escape his grip. I will tell him to give you no mercy, just keep you forever. And your parents can get better children *instead*. What do you think of that?"

Damien rested his hand on the door, hardly noticing the hellish imagery carved into the ancient wood, which was surprisingly warm to the touch. Damien was laser focused. He could practically smell his prey. He crouched and counted to three, then violently swung it open, jumping in and calling, "Too late!"

If Damien had hoped to scare the children, he was in for a surprise. Instead of terrified tykes, he was shocked to see a tall red figure in the center of a strange room he didn't recognize.

The door rebounded and swung shut behind him just as the diaper fell from inside his hoodie and hit the floor by his feet. A deep, guttural chuckle could be heard before the door clicked shut.

"S-santa?" asked Damien, looking at the large red figure in the room in front of him. He had a very uneasy feeling in the pit of his stomach. The figure turned around and spoke in the deep, husky voice of a longtime smoker.

"Not quite..." That fact was immediately apparent the moment it turned around.

In front of Damien stood a tall, furred creature with a handsome, if slightly demonic face, rippling muscles, two large horns like those of a ram, and cloven hooves to boot. It was obviously male; there were no clothes to hide *that* fact, save for a strange square backpack on its back.

Immediately Damien was hit by two conflicting feelings as he eyed the creature. There was a feeling of dread in the pit of his stomach, and a sudden and inexplicable stirring in his loins. Damien backed away.

"W-who... *what* are you? H-how do you know my name?"

Another deep, smoky chuckle.

"Ohhhhh, *Damien, Damien, Damien...* such a *naughty* boy..."

The creature flicked out an impossibly long tongue and gave Damien a grin that had the flustered babysitter clutching at his crotch to cover up a very stiff boner. Why was this... *thing* making him feel those funny feelings in his pants?

"What were you up to tonight, huh? Snitching diapers from the nursery again?"

"What?!" squeaked Damien, his heart thundering in his chest. "I didn't!"

"Mmm... and what's this?" asked the creature, picking up the fluffy garment from the ground. "Looks like it's for a big baby. Could it be *yours*? You dropped it..." The creature held it out toward Damien.

"Th-that?!" asked Damien, holding up his hands. For some reason, he was embarrassed to be caught red-handed by this handsome yet horrifying creature and he began throwing out excuses. "It's not mine! I was, w-was bringing it for... the *baby*! It's not even my size!"

"It looks like your size to *me*," said the creature with a grin.

Damien was confused for a second until he looked more closely, only to realize that the garment in the creature's hand was indeed his size. "What the fuck?"

"Cursing again, huh? That's going on the *naughty* list..."

"List?" asked Damien, torn between wanting to get closer to the creature and wanting to run away.

The creature pulled a list out of the strange square backpack on his shoulders and read.

"Using curse words... Stealing diapers... Taking family for granted... Malice... Attempting to terrorize children... Lying... Lying... Lying *again*... Lying about *me*... and this was just in the last five minutes!" The creature let out a whistle and shook his head.

"How do you know all that? Who *ARE* you?"

The creature smiled.

"You should know, Damien. You *named* me a moment ago. Described me pretty well too. Well, you got just about everything right about me but the eyes..."

"*Krampus?*!"

"BINGO," said the creature, his smile widening.

"You can't be! You're a myth!" yelled Damien, now scared out of his wits as he found his back to the wall. The creature stepped forward, closer now, and Damien suddenly found himself clutching for a doorknob that was no longer there.

"Oh, I'm *very* real, little man," said the creature, bending over the smaller Damien and smirking. "Now pay close attention so you get it right this time. My eyes, they're not really like burning embers, see?"

Damien dared to look up into the creature's eyes. Eyes. Beautiful brown eyes. Nothing like burning embers. So nice that he could fall right into them. Damien began to go limp while the creature kept talking.

"Yesss, you *like* to look into my eyes, don't you, Damien?"

Damien, rapidly dropping into a trance, nodded and mumbled, "I like your.... eyesss.... I like... your... *everything*...."

"Oh, so we finally have some honesty from the naughty boy," said Krampus, flicking his tongue out once more. "Let's see what else we can get out of you,"

This time, Krampus ran his tongue across Damien's hoodie and pants and a thin line of fire trailed behind it. Wherever Krampus's tongue touched, Damien's clothing dissolved away until, with a few quick licks, Damien was left completely naked.

"Put this on," said Krampus, thrusting the fluffy jumbo-sized baby diaper against Damien's chest. This time Damien eagerly obeyed, still under the spell of Krampus's gaze. Krampus laughed as Damien hurried to get the thick garment snug and secure around his waist and between his legs. A dumb grin spread across the boy's face as the poofy diaper cuddled his nether regions.

"Haha, yes, that's much better. You should be properly dressed for your trip. I've got the perfect place for *you*, Damien. Now get into my rucksack..."

Damien immediately did as he was told, climbing into the large bag as the creature kneeled down.

It was dark inside the bag. Time did not seem to pass. Damien was simply inside and then he was being pulled out in a completely different place, seemingly moments later.

"Whuh... where am I?" Damien said, clearing his head as he began to perceive a very large and busy nursery stretching out in all directions.

"Your new home, of course," Krampus replied.

"M-my *home*?!" squeaked Damien.

Damien looked around and saw overgrown toddlers crawling and toddling around the nursery in baby walkers, coaxed along by creatures like Krampus. Still others were strapped down into cribs, bouncers, changing tables, and high chairs, babied and teased by their captors. There was even a St. Andrew's cross, to which an unfortunate young man was tied, taking lashes from a very erect creature, who looked like he was ready to do something naughty immediately after. Without exception, every human in the area was thickly diapered.

Then Damien became aware of the thick crinkling between his legs and realized that he too was in a diaper. An impossibly large *baby* diaper. And he had a raging boner as well. "What the hell?! When did I get put in a *Diaper*?!"

"We really do need to train that mouth of yours, Damien," said Krampus, grabbing the young man by the back of the neck and leading him toward an open changing table. Damien had no choice but to follow. Despite the shock, Damien was relentlessly horny. Everything they passed smelled of baby powder, piss, or semen, and with every step, Damien's erection brushed against the padding between his legs, edging him closer and closer to losing control and cumming in his diapers.

"Don't cum yet, naughty boy," said Krampus, easily reading Damien's expressions and moans.

Krampus laid Damien on his back and padded leather straps instantly wrapped themselves around Damien's wrists, ankles, biceps, and thighs, holding him fast. Try as he might, Damien couldn't move an inch in the comfortable and secure bindings.

"Nnngh. Lemme go!"

"Such an adorable human," said Krampus, gently pulling open the tapes of Damien's diaper like unwrapping a Christmas present to reveal Damien's dripping cock. Krampus took his time unwrapping the gift, treating Damien's struggles as inconsequential to make a point of just how helpless Damien was here. When the diaper was finally open, Krampus smiled big like he had just uncovered a big surprise. "Look what we have *here*, little mischief-maker..."

Damien whimpered.

"Oh, somebody's *excited*... he must really *want* to stay in the nursery with all the other diaper butts. I can help the big baby if that's what he wants..."

The bestial creature opened his mouth and wrapped his long tongue around the captive Damien's member. Damien's breath caught in his throat as he watched the handsome creature's expression soften, mindful of the pleasure he was delivering to the captive miscreant.

"Unh... Oh gods...s...so warm..." Damien had never had his cock in anything warm but a wet diaper or his fist, so this was an entirely new and delightful sensation for him. He knew he shouldn't be enjoying this. He wasn't gay... at least that's what he told himself. But it felt so good... Wherever the tongue touched became warm... tingly, and numb.

The creature's tongue continued to coil around Damien's stiff cock until it had grown long enough to double back and press against the opening of Danie's piss slit.

"N-no! Don't do that! It's... Unfff.... Ohhhhhhh..."

Damien was at a loss for words as the creature's tongue invaded his peehole. He had never felt such pleasure before, as if he was being jacked off from inside while being enveloped and massaged by the creature's hot tongue. It was all too much for him. Within a minute his body tensed up and white seed spewed forth, forcing itself out around the creature's invading tongue and splattering the diaper beneath.

Krampus released Damien's cock and stepped back, licking his lips. "There... That oughtta do it..."

Damien was still cumming, so Krampus's words went right over his head until he heard the sound. A steady drip-drip-dripping coming from the table between his legs. He looked down to see that his diaper was stained with yellow. And the source of that yellow stain was still dripping out of his cock.

"N-No... I'm puh... peeing... Can't stop..." That slight numbness had only gotten stronger, and it was apparently affecting Damien's control. Try as he might, his cock kept dripping urine like a leaky faucet. He just couldn't seem to stop it."W-what is happening?!"

"I'm just making some improvements is all... breaking you in... to be the perfect plaything for me and the others in my naughty nursery... unfortunately for you, you won't be able to feel much down there anymore... now you really *do* need diapers, Damien..."

"NO!!!" Damien grunted and strained against the bonds that held him in place, but he could do nothing.

"What's the matter? You of all people should know what happens to naughty boys and girls on Christmas eve. And *you* have been *very* naughty, haven't you?"

"I'm sorry," cried Damien. "I'm sorry! Just let me go! I won't do it ever again! I've learned my lesson!"

"I'm afraid it's too late for that, kiddo. There's no going back now. Now let's finish what we started and work on that little tush of yours. If you thought my tongue was long, wait til you get a load of my *cock*..."

Krampus took a few steps back and Damien's eyes bugged out as he looked down to see Krampus's huge cock emerging from its sheath. It had to be at least 12 inches long and growing, and as wide as a flagpole too! Damien was disgusted, but mesmerized. He couldn't stop staring.

"See something you like?"

Daniel's cheeks got bright red. "T-that's not... I'm not gay!"

"Sure, kid. Keep telling yourself that... Hey, boys!" called Krampus. "We've got a newbie here! Come help me give him a proper welcome!"

Damien looked around, remembering that they were out in the open where they were, and he was abashed to see that several other beastly creatures were approaching. A big handsome were-wolf looking creature. A sexy demon-goat. A hot were-boar, and others. They were all sporting erections, clearly ready to plunge into a warm wet hole, and Daniel was getting butterflies in his stomach as unfamiliar erotic images paraded through his mind.

"W-w-wait... What are you going to do?" asked Damien. Looking back at Krampus and the fleshy pole between his thighs.

"I'm going to part that ass and leave you incontinent forever."

"F-forever?!" choked Damien, beginning to sweat. "B-b-but I learned my lesson! Aren't you going to send me home now?!"

Krampus laughed and shook his head. Already the others were near enough to hear Damien's desperate pleas and they began laughing as well.

"You said it yourself, boy. You'll never escape, and I should show you no mercy. From now on, you'll be a permanent resident of my naughty nursery. All the diapers you can handle. A plaything for all the gods and demons of old..."

Damien began to cry, but his tears gave way to moans of neediness as Krampus licked his fingers and brushed Damien's asshole with them. The spit had an incredible warming, tingling sensation and a slight numbing effect, loosening Damien's hole instantly and making it hungry for more.

"Unhhh... Oh gods..." Damien cried. His eyes shot open as Krampus began adding extra fingers to the mix, pressing in further and hitting a special spot inside him that made his dick throb and shoot out a little spurt of fluid. Damien threw his head back in lust only to see the boar-creature stepped up to the head of the table.

"Such an adorable human," snorted the creature. "But so whiny. Lots of guys like cock. Why don't you try it before you knock it?"

The creature stepped forward, letting his massive cock, easily 22 inches long, bob and sway with each clop forward until it came to rest just above Damien's nose. The heady, spicy aroma of the creature's member was intoxicating, and Damien found himself desperate to taste it. A single bead of precum appeared on the thick, pink cockhead and Damien's tongue immediately flicked out to taste it. It was savory. Musky. It was the best taste he had ever tasted in his life and he wanted more! But the boar pulled back, leaving Damien ravenously hungry for another taste.

"No! Come back..." Damien said... his mouth desperate to suck something. "More milk..."

"Oh, don't you worry, little toy." said the creature. "You will be sucking down more milk than you can handle soon enough."

"From both ends," added Krampus, lining up his cockhead with Daniel's ass and giving the boar a nod. "Welcome home, Damien."

Epilogue: The Day After Christmas

Damien sat there in his walker in Krampus's nursery. He couldn't be sure how long he had been there because there were no clocks - at least none that he could read. But he thought at least *someone* would be looking for him by now. It must be Christmas or the day after. Or was it two days after?

Damien had nothing much to do but play with dumb baby stuff when he wasn't being railed by Krampus and his other caretakers, so he was doing kegels to try and gain back at least *some* semblance of control over his bladder and bowels.

"One... two... three... four.... Hnnnhhh.... Dash it..." He cursed without cursing as he felt warmth flood the front of his diaper. The impossibly thick garment sucked it all up, growing thicker and warmer around his crotch. Unfortunately Damien was still pretty numb in the penis department, so he wasn't able to appreciate the more sensual aspects of the diapers. Krampus said the numbness was part of his punishment.

"B'awww, lookit the little cutie," said a goat-shaped god called Baphomet, walking up to Damien and lifting him up by the armpits with two hooved hands. "Aren't you just the most B'ahhhhdorable little Hell-raiser?"

Damien blushed and then made a face as he felt a twinge in his stomach. Moments later, his bowels emptied out into his diaper, loading them til they were sagging. Apparently the pressure of the walker against his butt had been the only thing holding it in. Damien began to whimper from discomfort and humiliation. The goat god just cooed.

"Aww, looks like somebody made a messy! And it's no wonder after all those cocks you took. You'll never be tight back there again, no you *won't!*"

Damien began to fuss and cry out in the most infantile way as he was carried to the changing table once more and laid down on the soft padded surface, which was printed with images of various man-animal hybrids having their way with naughty ones like Damien.

"Here you go," said Baphomet, guiding Damien's thumb into his mouth and nodding. Damien obediently sucked and felt a little better as the elder god opened his diaper and began wiping him clean. Each wipe made Damien feel a little bit better. He probably would have been hard right then if his penis wasn't out of commission, but no such luck. Damien glanced down to see that his useless pee-pee was just flopping there as small as ever, dribbling a bit as it seemed to always be doing now.

Baphomet tossed the offending garment into the large diaper pail and as the lid opened, a few wails rang out from the large receptacle. That's where Krampus put the

nursery's naughtiest residents. He was told they stayed in there, diapers up to their neck, until they learned their lesson. Damien shuddered to think of what that was like. Just what had they done to deserve that?

"Okay, little guy. Let's get a diaper under your butt before you leak all over the table! What do you think you should wear today? Pink Baphomet diapers or red Krampusses? Damien pointed to the pink diapers with his free hand. The goat-god smiled and nodded. Damien no longer tried to speak in coherent sentences. Nobody seemed to listen to him when he spoke. They just treated his words like baby talk unless it was something he could be punished for, so he resorted to pointing and baby babble for all his communication. This pleased his caretakers greatly.

The smell of mucky diapers was soon replaced by the smell of diaper oil gel as the goat-man rubbed down every inch of his diaper area. It felt nice, even if he didn't get any sexual stimulation from it. Then he saw the goat's fingers sliding into his loose hole and begin working him inside.

"Not quite done, little Damien. We've gotta milk that pesky prostate of yours to keep you healthy down there."

Damien tensed up and grunted a bit as his pee-pee began pumping out cloudy liquid. He could see it happening but couldn't feel it. He got no relief for his horny desires, even as the goat shoved his entire hooved hand inside.

"Aww, is the big baby horny? Sorry, little human. You're not allowed the pleasure of sexual release. What kind of punishment would this be if you were, huh? No, that pleasure is for *us*."

Baphomet punctuated this statement with an extra firm press on Damien's prostate, which sent his little bits into a spasm. Luckily, Baphomet pointed his little bits down toward the diaper so that Damien splattered the padding and not his own face like last time.

"There we go, nice and empty," said Baphomet, taping up the cute and incredibly thick diapers securely. Daniel grumbled. A brand new diaper and it was already soiled. It was all because of those dumb kids. If they hadn't been such goody two-shoes and stayed in bed, he might have been able to scare them instead, or at least offer them to Krampus. As it was, *he* was the one who got caught being naughty. It just wasn't fair.

Krampus chuckled from across the room. "Oh, Damien," he said to himself softly. "You'll learn eventually. It may take you a few hundred years, but once you've finally taken responsibility, you'll get to enjoy your situation more fully. Now let's see who else has been naughty this year..."

Krampus began looking down his list and grinned as he found the next ne'er do well on his list. Krampus then looked up from the list and straight at you.

"Looks like you're next..."

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 2

By ChampTehOtter (<https://ko-fi.com/champtehotter>)

After a year in Krampus's Naughty Nursery, has Damien learned his lesson? Probably not. Nevertheless, Krampus has a special Christmas gift for the unlucky lad. Just what is in store for the naughtiest boy of all? Happy (horny) holidays!

Damien woke up from a terrible nightmare. He dreamt he had been kidnapped by Krampus and taken to Krampus's naughty nursery, where all the humans were kept in thick diapers, restrained, teased, and trained to communicate only in baby babble. He dreamt he had been there for a whole year! It was dark when he woke up. He moved to sit up and wipe the sleep from his eyes but found that he couldn't. That's when he noticed the feel of thick bulk between his legs. The crinkle of plastic and the squeak of the rubber sheets beneath him. The overpowering smell of semen, piss, and baby powder. The moans of other punished littles being titillated, tortured, and teased. He was still here! And he still couldn't see.

"Oooo," Damien moaned, trying to say words, but only making baby babble. "Ahfoo..." He heard some clopping and then someone pulled the blindfold off of Damien's head.

"Aww, is the baby up already?" snorted a well endowed boar demon as he approached the crib.

Damien looked down to see he was strapped down securely in thick leather restraints. Between his legs he found his familiar padding with its familiar sag after a good night's sleep. Even with his cute demon-covered onesie, it was clear to see the diaper was fully loaded. He looked back up to the erect boar with reddened cheeks and whimpered.

"Aww, I know, I know. You need a change, don't you? Well, I'll change you soon enough, stinker. Let's get you fed first, though."

Damien didn't like to be left in a mushy diaper, but he had no choice. The restraints came undone as the powerful boar reached down and lifted him up under the arms. The demon carried Damien over to an oversized highchair like he weighed nothing, and as soon as he was sat down, thick leather straps automatically coiled around all of Damien's extremities holding him immobile.

"Weh me oww..." whined Damien, struggling weakly, though he knew it was futile.

The boar smiled and patted Damien's head. "I don't speak baby babble, sweetie. I can't understand you. Now, let's see how those gums are doing..." The boar took his thick fingers and pushed open Damien's lips, running them around, as Damien whined to no avail. "Still perfectly toothless. Good. All you'll ever eat is mush or milk, and that mouth has a far more important job than chewing. We'll put it to work after I get you fed."

The boar flexed his cock when he said that, making it jump. Damien's eyes followed the bouncing cockhead like it was his meal ticket, and he immediately felt ashamed from doing so. That didn't stop him from drooling in anticipation, though.

Damien's captors took every opportunity to remind him of his pitiful situation - how they took his clothes, his bowel and bladder control, his ability to feel any pleasure between his legs, his right to free movement and his ability to communicate effectively in anything but babbles and finger pointing. They teased him about how they took his teeth, and even his ability to walk properly, reminding Damien that he was as helpless as a baby now, and they especially loved to remind him that this was his punishment for his *naughty* deeds.

Damien was resentful. He blamed everyone but himself for the situation he was in. And yet part of him loved it. Damien's nose twitched as the demon held up a steaming hot bowl of white goop with a hand carved metal spoon, Krampus's devilishly grinning face on the handle,

"Time to eat your num nums, baby Damien!" sang the creature. "Fresh demon cum, just for you!"

Demon cum always drove Damien mad with horniness, but even after all this time, Damien felt no relief. He was still numb between his legs, unable to get any pleasure from his situation, at least physical pleasure. Still, his belly ached for more cum, and he opened his mouth expectantly. Damien was ashamed at his lack of pride, but he couldn't help it; he was so hungry for that musky cummy flavor! The boar-demon was clearly pleased as a slow grin spread across his face.

"Such an eager baby! Alright, kiddo, let's feed that tummy. Then you can have some more straight from the tap. I'll feed you until it's coming out of your ears, baby boy!"

Damien looked down to see the boar was dripping precum, holding the bowl under his thick cock to catch the steaming river of semen dripping off of it. He dipped the spoon into the bowl with his free hand and raised it to Damien's face. Damien couldn't push it away or turn his head even if he wanted to with the restraints holding him fast.

"Come on baby, eat up! Looks like it's filling up fast so gulp it all down before it spills or you'll be in for a serious punishment."

Damien opened his mouth and accepted the offering. Felt the goop spill out of the spoon and spread across his tongue, its musky flavor invading every corner of his mouth, coating his tongue and filling his nose with its overpowering scent. The cum left a fiery horny feeling in his chest and tummy when he gulped it down. A second spoonful replaced the first, and a third, increasing that feeling but the bowl wasn't getting any less full. The boar was replenishing Damien's semen breakfast with precum almost as fast as it was being fed to him.

"Aww!" said the boar with a chuckle. "Got to do better than that if you're going to get out of that high chair, bubby. Come on, now. Eat it up like a good little piggy."

The boar laughed and snorted above the babied boy. Damien knew this game. If he didn't eat as fast as he possibly could, he could be stuck there for a long, long time. Damien was now a pro at cum-guzzling. His now chubby tummy attested to that fact.

"There we go," cooed the boar demon, as Damien increased his effort. "Yum, yum, yummy!"

Cum was getting on the boy's chin and cheeks and all over his bib as well. The boar's cock was pulsing now and Damien could practically see the musk wafting off of it in waves, invading his nostrils, making him hungry for that big mushroom tip and the long thick shaft beneath it. A lot of things had changed since Damien had been taken to Krampus's Naughty Nursery. He had come to love cock as much as he loved diapers. He was obsessed with it, in fact. No matter how much shame he felt, he wouldn't hesitate to throw his mouth or ass on a hard cock the moment his restraints were taken off.

"That's right, kiddo. Keep it up. We've got a schedule to keep. After all, today is the day you go back home..."

Damien's jaw dropped open, which the boar took as an opportunity to dump the whole bowl down his gullet. Surprised, Damien gulped for dear life, cum running down the sides of his mouth as his tummy expanded, filled to the brim with warm demon cum. Damien groaned at the fullness as he gulped down yet more cum from the bowl, but the boar's words were what echoed in his mind. Did he say what Damien thought he said?

"All done!" squealed the boar in delight. "Now, it's time for your treat."

The boar grabbed his cock and waggled it at Damien, before climbing up onto the tray, getting up on his knees with his huge cock in front of Damien's face, and pushing his way into Damien's inviting mouth. The cock met no resistance thanks to

Damien's lack of teeth. Without teeth, Damien couldn't have stopped the cock's inevitable progression even if he wanted to. Damien's throat was well trained now, and the demon cock went straight down to the hilt with nary a gag or gasp from the naughty diapered cumdump. The Boar groaned in pleasure, then began mercilessly facefucking the boy at top speed. Damien moaned and squirmed around the invading shaft but could do nothing with himself completely immobilized by the highchair. All he got in return were the crinkles of his squishy sodden diaper. He must have filled it even more without noticing. How could Damien go back home like this?

Soon, the boar groaned and shoved his pulsing dick deep in Damien's throat, Damien reflexively swallowed as he felt the huge hot shaft of meat throbbing in his throat. He knew it was dumping ungodly amounts of cum straight into his stomach and felt the torrent making his belly bulge out even more beyond its already stretched capacity. It felt so good. He was finally being fed enough to satisfy his deep hunger for demon seed.

"All full, little one?" asked the boar demon, pulling out and slapping Damien's cheek lightly with his huge wet dick. "Guess you're pretty used to getting stuffed with all this meat, huh? Just another meal to you now. Hnnf..."

The boar grunted as he wiped the last glob of cum off his own dickhead and stuck his cum-covered thumb out towards Damien's mouth. Damien immediately opened his mouth and stuck his tongue out like a good boy, but the boar smirked and wiped it on Damien's cheek so he could try with all his might to lick it off. He hopped off the tray, chuckling as the boy squirmed, his hands and legs still held fast so that he couldn't get to the precious nectar.

"Wow, you're still hungry for more, aren't you, piglet? Such a shameless little cum guzzler you are," laughed the boar. "No wonder you've gotten so fat. You're really turning into Krampus's chubby little cumdump, aren't you, piglet?"

Damien stopped struggling and looked down at his bulging tummy. He had put on a lot of weight from all that demon cum. Enough to go up two diaper sizes. The tray was a lot tighter than it used to be too. Damien whined in embarrassment.

"That's okay," said Krampus, clopping up to the pair and putting an arm around the boar's shoulder. "Just means more cushion for the pushin', baby. Hehehe."

Krampus's smoky voice sent shivers through Damien's spine. That was the voice of the creature who seduced him and brought him here to this special corner of hell. Even now it made Damien horny, though his impotent pee-pee no longer responded as it once did. The demon stepped forward and rubbed the front of the squirmy boy's diaper, and Damien whined in frustration at the lack of stimulation from his loins.

"Still can't feel anything, huh? Good. You needed that punishment. But I have some good news for you. Your punishment is almost at an end." Damien's shocked face made Krampus smile with delight. "That's right! It's almost a year to the day from when you were taken, so my contract says you get to have your pee-pee sensation back as well as a chance to return to your old life. How about that?"

Damien hardly knew what to say. After a few seconds he looked down at his diaper, then back to Krampus.

"Can I ge' my cwobes back?"

Krampus chuckled and shook his head. "Still can't understand you little one. Try asking me properly." The restraints came undone at the snap of Krampus's fingers and Damien mimed getting dressed.

"You want clothes? Ha! There are no clothes in my realm, silly human. You'll have a nice thick diaper to cover your shame though."

Damien whined, blushed and shook his head. Krampus and the boar just laughed. Desperate, Damien asked, "Oo I et my peef back?" Again, he was forced to point to his mouth and say "Ga ga," before the beastly boss would deign to respond.

"No can do, kiddo. Humans can't regrow their teeth. But hey, if you work out and eat a healthy diet, you could have your old body back eventually. You'll probably be too busy sucking down dicks within the hour once you get back, though, since you seem to love them so much. Isn't that right, diaperboy?"

Damien practically choked with embarrassment. He was suddenly very aware of the smell of cum on his bib and on his breath. The strong smell of piss and baby powder emanating from his diaper. Suddenly, he was very turned on, and all he could think about was getting his fill of piss and cum from every male he could find. No. This was all wrong. Damien couldn't go home like *this*.

"One more day," said Krampus with a grin. "One more day and it's back to the place from whence you came."

"What's a matter, baah-by boy?" asked Baphomet the next day, as he plowed the big baby during playtime in the playpen. "Antsy to go home?"

Damien shook his head as he stared at the motif in front of him. He was used to having his face shoved in the soft plastic mat of the playpen as he took it from behind. He had become very acquainted with all the cutesy demons prancing across the waterproof surface. There was a baby Krampus showing off his snake-like tongue. A

cute little boar demon trotting around, his little erection waving in the air. A baby Baphomet baa'ing laughter at a silly diaperbutt getting a spanking. The real Baphomet laughed above him.

"Baahaha! Daydreaming again, I see. Your hole is so loose now, I bet you hardly even feel it, huh?"

That was hardly true. Although Damien couldn't feel any pleasure in his pee-pee, he certainly felt the gooey precum slicking up the front of his diaper as the demon's penis milked his prostate. After a grunt and some pulsing from behind, Damien felt the demon pull out and pull his diaper back up.

"There we go. You won't be holding that in for long, not with that loose hole of yours. Good thing we're sending you back in diapers!"

Damien moaned as he felt the cum already oozing out into the back of his diaper. The goat-demon was right. He really needed diapers now. Why did that knowledge turn him on so much? Was he a freak? The demons seemed to like it. But they weren't exactly normal either.

Suddenly, a cloven hoof grabbed Damien's cheeks and the huge ram-god's eyes locked with Damien's. The smokey breath of an otherworldly creature filled Damien's nostrils as it spoke and Damien knew right away that it was Krampus.

"My, my. So distractible. You really do have the attention span of a baby now, don't you Damien? I said it's time for us to go. Perhaps a little time in the human world is just what you need. I'm sure a naughty boy like you won't stay there long. Or do you think you've learned your lesson?"

Damien whined and sniffled. He had learned his lesson and then some. But now that he was being sent back, he dreaded it. Krampus was once again wearing his strange square backpack, and Damien knew the trip would not take long. The demon simply picked up Damien like he weighed nothing.

"In you go, kiddo. It's time to take you back along with a few others. Be good and stay out of trouble. I've got new naughty boys and girls to fill this rucksack with this year." With that, he was lifted, and the last thing he saw was the yawning black opening of the square wooden backpack.

The next thing he knew, Damien was sitting in an empty room with a wooden floor. It was dimly lit, but he managed to stand up on unsteady feet and waddle to the only exit. It was marked by an ornately carved wooden door with demons carved all over it. A door to hell? Damien put his hand on the door to test its warmth, but there was none. He pushed the door open and stepped through. Suddenly he was blinking in the

light of the hallway - it was the very house where he had been babysitting before he was taken.

Ms. Clintfeld rounded the corner and screamed. Two kids followed behind her and saw Damien, and they screamed too. Damien screamed. Then Ms. Clintfeld paused and looked at the diapered man in disbelief. "Damien?"

The police had a heck of a time trying to take down Damien's story. For one, Damien's lack of teeth made it hard to understand him. On top of that, his story barely made any sense. He spoke of demons and being taken, but was much too embarrassed to admit the rest, or explain why he ended up in a diaper.

"Well, whatever happened to him, it sure wasn't good," said the investigating officer, talking to Damien's parents who had come as soon as they had heard. "He may be traumatized. Almost certainly there's been some permanent physical damage. He, uh... he seems to be incontinent. And he's got no teeth..."

Damien blushed hotly as he drew the blanket he was wearing around him tighter. That darn Krampus hadn't even bothered to change him before bringing him back. He could still feel Baphomet's cum sloshing around in the seat of his diaper, and the front was soaked with his piss.

"Come on, Damien, let's take you home," said Damien's Mom, giving her son a hug. "Oh my, but you've put on weight. What could have happened to my baby boy?"

Even after he got his dentures and regular therapy sessions, Damien stuck to his story of being kidnapped by Krampus and kept in... in... well, he was too embarrassed to give any more details than that. He still had no control whatsoever of his bladder and bowels, and his parents were very worried.

"He's clearly no longer competent," said the psychiatrist, and though he was now technically 19, Damien was made a dependent once again with no adult rights whatsoever. His parents didn't like it any more than Damien, but they had no choice but to keep him home. He certainly couldn't work. This presented a problem, however, because his parents couldn't be home to watch him all the time, and neither of them truly trusted their son to be alone.

It was a problem for Damien, too. He was constantly horny and just wanted some privacy to hump and cum in his crinkly diapers. That went double since he now had his sensation back down there. The first time Damien was caught, he was so embarrassed.

"Oh my god, Mom! Can't you knock?!" He had said, his face going red as he was caught straddling his pillow. He didn't stop, however.

"What the hell are you doing, Damien?!" said his mom, in utter shock as she watched her son, the diaper humper, do what he did best. Damien thought he would die of embarrassment, but he couldn't help it. He just kept on humping, hunched over his pillow until his hips jerked spasmodically with an incredibly powerful orgasm.

"Unffffff!!!! Ohhh.... fffuhhhh....." *Crinkle Crinkle Crinkle*

Needless to say, since that incident, the doors to Damien's room had been taken off the hinges. That didn't stop Damien from doing it every chance he got, though. Finally, his parents were fed up.

"If you do it again, we're going to have to get some secure restraints for the bed, young man."

Damien didn't even try to curtail his horny diaper humping. By that evening, the restraints were already ordered.

"This sucks," said Damien, when the restraints arrived, but he let his mom and dad secure him in the bed like a good boy. He didn't want to go back to the naughty nursery, after all. Instead, he would just be frustrated, kept in more and more restraints throughout the day that kept him from masturbating or finding any relief for his pent up pee-pee. First it was bed restraints at bedtime. Then chair restraints at meals. Car restraints for rides. And so on. It was a cruel irony that he would be completely prevented from finding pleasure when he had finally been given the ability to feel his pee-pee again.

Then his parents dropped a bombshell.

"No way!" yelled Damien. "No way I'm going to daycare! I'm a grown man!"

"Not in the eyes of the law," said Damien's father. "You're going to daycare and that's final. Now lay back down so Daddy can check your diaper. You smell like you need a change, little man!"

Damien pouted angrily as his Dad pulled the chest strap over him and cinched him tight to the bed. He hated being called that by his parents. This was so unfair. Still, the diapers felt good at least. He had always wanted to be in diapers and now he was in them all the time, and even being changed by his parents no less.

Damien's dad did not comment on his stiffy, which always seemed to pop up during diaper changes no matter how embarrassing the occasion. This time, however,

Damien could see his dick beginning to jump and his stomach had a fluttery feeling that made him panic.

"D-dad! N-n-no!" Damien tried to stop it, but it was too late. He was too pent up, and being changed was the last straw. He watched in horror as his own cock pumped out rope after rope of cum over his own chubby belly, his moobs, the bed, and his Dad's sweater. Dad pulled the diaper up quickly to catch all the cum, but that just sent the stream of semen flying upward to splatter his glasses before firing right into Damien's own face.

Damien cried out in embarrassment, but the strap over his chest prevented him from getting out of the way or leaving after he finished. Damien had to lay there watch as his dad sputtered and yelled until his mom came back with a wet towel and started to clean up the mess. He began to cry.

"Take me back, Krampus! Please! Take me back!"

"But Damien," said his Dad in a deep and gravelly voice. "Don't you want to be home? Don't you want to go back to your old life?"

Damien shook his head, sending tears flying from his cheeks. "No!"

"Baaaah-t Damieennnn!" baahed his mom. "Whaaaat about your baahhh-big boy life?"

"Just let me go back! Please!"

"Very well," said his parents in unison, smiling at each other and nodding. They tore off their masks and revealed themselves to be Krampus and Baphomet. Damien was speechless. His mouth hung open in a wide o.

"Your wish is our command, baby Damien. We'll take you back since you asked so nicely."

"You- y- y- you tricked me!" said Damien, his face growing hot with indignation.

"You made the wish of your own free will, which means you get to stay with us forever," chuckled Krampus.

"Bahhh! Don't lie, boy," said Baphomet. "You know you'd rather live with *us* aaanyway. You just needed to be reminded that this is the baah-best life for you now!"

Damien whined as he saw the two growing erections bulge in the front of their human clothes, and finally tear through the fabric, filling the fake room with the scent of their steaming-hot musky meat.

"Open up, baby. Come on, get your fill," said Krampus, straddling the boy's chest with his cloven hooved legs and allowing his sizeable cock to rest on Damien's chin while Baphomet lined up with Damien's hole, ready to push through the backing of his diaper. Like a good boy, Damien already had his mouth open and ready.

That night, Damien slept in his crib once again, comfy in the familiar environs of the naughty nursery. He smiled as he lay his head down on the pillow, lulled to sleep by the sound of crying diaper boys on the whipping post, moans from bad boys and girls stuck in the diaper pail, and the hushed grunts of demons filling other punished pamperbutts with their night-time dose of demon milk. He still had a lot to learn about owning up to his own actions, but even the arrogant Damien had to admit that it was good to be home.

So remember: Be good, and be careful what you wish for, or you may be the next unlucky boy or girl to end up in Krampus's Naughty Nursery.

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 3

By Champ (<https://ko-fi.com/champthehotter>)

One fateful new year's eve, Danny the diaper-snitching mooch is made to babysit a big baby named Damien. He'd better be good because a certain clop clop clogging sound is approaching the nursery door...

Daniel didn't think of himself as a bad guy. But sometimes, his desires got the better of him and he made some bad judgments. At least that's what he told himself whenever he did something naughty, such as taking the last cookie from the cookie jar or skipping his chores, or cursing at his parents, or sneaking diapers at his babysitting jobs. But the reality of the situation was that he didn't have the discipline to be good. He didn't even want to leave his comfortable couch in the garage to use the toilet. He just wanted to smoke weed, gorge on pizza, and take the odd babysitting job if only so he could earn some weed money and sneak a few more diapers to wear under his pants as he lazed on the couch.

Yes, diapers were Daniel's little secret. His little joy that he didn't tell anyone about even if it was fairly obvious from all the smelly diapers he left in the trashcan which he frequently forgot to take out on garbage day.

"Oh Danny," sighed Danny's mom, Linda, peering into the full garbage can one day not long before Christmas. Once again, Danny had failed to take out the trash - a task that involved bringing the cans from the garage where Daniel spent all his time to the sidewalk about twenty feet away. "When will you ever grow up? I swear you forget on purpose sometimes just so we won't ask you to do any chores."

"*Mommmmm!* Don't call me *Danny!* It's Daniel. And you're being totally unfair. Didn't you hear about that study that said my generation is having motivation problems. *BUUUURP* It's not my fault I was dealt a shitty hand." Linda, rolled her eyes.

"Listen, it's Christmas Eve, and if you don't shape up, Santa won't bring you any gifts this year. Now, the Millers need a babysitter tonight, and I told them that you were free so you're going to take that job and this time you're *not* spending it on weed. They're going to pay me directly and it's going toward your rent."

"Rent? That's not fair!" cried Daniel.

"It's very fair," said Linda, secretly relishing the shocked expression of her scoffing son. "Now you'd better get cleaned up. You smell like you haven't had a shower in days."

"Thanks mom," muttered Daniel. So much for his day of rest.

"Well," he told himself as he soaped up in the shower. "At least the Millers have a lot of diapers on hand and I was running low anyway. And their weirdo kid is about my size too so the diapers will fit me just fine." He decided to bring a big backpack so he could stuff it with diapers when he got there. The Millers owed him that much since his money was going towards some stupid rent bill, he might as well make sure to take as many as he could this time around.

Daniel's mom drove him to the Miller's house and dropped him off, watching him go up the driveway as if she didn't trust that he would follow through. Daniel shook his head as he walked onto the porch, lit by the fiery orange glow of the setting sun. He *usually* did his best to follow through but a few fuck-ups was all it took for his mom and others not to trust him. Oh well.

The house of the Millers was quite large, built of bricks and columns and taking up a huge amount of space with a huge grassy yard all around. Daniel really felt a little jealous about what a nice house they had and he wished that his parents had worked harder so that he could have such a swanky lifestyle. But *no*, it was wasted on their dumb son, a giant perverted man-baby who probably didn't even know how good he had it living with his parents in such a nice house.

Mrs. Miller was only too happy to greet him when he rang the doorbell.

"Oh Danny. So good to see you. I'm glad that you came through."

"Of course I came through," said Daniel, annoyed that she too was questioning his reliability. "And it's Daniel, not Danny."

"Right. Well, the husband and I are off to watch "Faust" at the grand opera house. You know how to take care of our boy. He's excited to see you since he hardly ever gets to play with boys his own age! You two play nice and we will be back in a couple hours."

The moment Mrs. Miller was out of the door, Daniel rushed up to Damien's bedroom - though nursery was a better description, since the overgrown baby freak lived life as a 24/7 baby. Daniel didn't even bother looking for the boy to check up on him. All he cared about was filling his bag with diapers as quickly as possible and putting one on himself. However, when he walked into Damien's oversized nursery, he found Damien standing there and sucking his thumb, face bright red as he grunted.

"What are you doing there buddy?" asked Daniel looking at the big guy standing there in the middle of the nursery in just a diaper and sweats, his tubby tummy spilling out over them.

"I pooped my pants!" said Damien around his thumb as he rubbed the front of his diaper with his free hand. He did not seem concerned in the least about this fact. Daniel was not surprised.

"What else is new?" Asked Daniel, walking over to the closet where all the spare diapers were held and shoving diapers into his bag as quickly as possible.

"Awen't you going to change me?" asked Damien pulling out his thumb and sticking out his lower lip in an exaggerated pout. Even without his thumb, he had a permanent lisp thanks to his complete lack of teeth.

"No. I think I'm gonna mess a few of your diapers instead and say that you did it. Your Mommy and Daddy give me extra money for changing your dirty diapers, you know."

"You'w mean," said Damien, frowning and crossing his arms.

"Oh, fuck it. Listen, dumbass. I'll let you have as much ice cream as you want for the freezer so if you don't tell. Maybe I'll even let you suck my cock after like you did before."

"OK!" said Damien, seemingly forgetting all about his current poopy predicament. Daniel wasn't surprised at Damien's eagerness - Damien was seemingly always horny for dick and diapers, and the Millers only let him have one of those.

"Why don't you go down there now, buddy? You can start eating right away."

"Yay!" said Damien, running out of the room.

"Too easy," Daniel said to himself, smirking, as he resumed stuffing his bag.

Daniel didn't know what the deal was with Damien. He was clearly around Daniel's age, yet he lived like a baby 24/7. He didn't seem stupid or anything, but he was usually supposed to be supervised for being constantly horny and doing things like rubbing his diapers and sucking babysitters' dicks. Daniel had even heard a rumor that the guy was once normal, but he disappeared during a babysitting job on Christmas Eve and returned a year later claiming that a demon named Krampus turned him into a horny incontinent diaper pig for being naughty. But those were just stories. Why Damien was *really* like this, Daniel didn't really know. All he did know was that it was a sweet and easy babysitting gig, and he could swipe as many diapers as he wanted. *And*, most importantly, Damien was lactose intolerant and was probably going to fill his diapers up to bursting by the time his parents got back. That would just mean more money for Daniel, who could say he caught Damien in the act and had to change so many poopy

diapers as a result. Daniel didn't care if Damien was punished for something he didn't do. In fact, he looked forward to filling several diapers himself to back up his story.

Danny smiled as he dropped his pants and fluffed up a particularly thick diaper, relishing the thought of filling it up. However, his mouth turned into a frown as he heard a loud clapping noise coming from outside the nursery. Daniel turned around, annoyed at the interruption as the door began to creak open.

"Damien is that you?" he yelled out. "I thought I told you to go eat ice cream. Or are you coming back to give me my blowjob already?" But the voice that replied was not that of the sweet-faced diaper dummy he expected. Rather, it was the voice of Ms. Miller.

"Well, well, well, care to explain yourself young man?"

"I can explain!" said Daniel, his blood running cold as he quickly hid the diaper behind his back, his pants still around his ankles.

"Oh can you now?" asked a rapidly deepening voice, accompanied by the sound of tearing fabric as the door opened wider to reveal a creature that seemed to have spawned from the pits of hell.

In the doorway now stood a tall, muscular, naked, beastly creature with dark close fur, two muscular back-bent legs with cloven hooves, a big, muscular, manly chest, a short muzzle, and big round horns, like a ram's. The creature had deep expressive brown eyes, that Daniel managed to tear his gaze away from to explore the rest of his body and notice that the creature was wearing the tattered remains of a lady's opera dress. Between the beast's legs hung a prominent erection, which inexplicably made Daniel spring a hard-on of his own that he couldn't hide.

In a smoky deep voice, it spoke.

"Getting ready to put on a diaper, little boy?" Caught in the act, Danny was suddenly very embarrassed and clutched harder at the diaper behind his back.

"No! I was... I was just looking." The creature smiled and gave a deep dark chuckle.

"Oh, ho ho ho, you wouldn't be lying to me, boy, would you? Good. I like the naughty ones." Danny followed the creature's gaze down to his own erection and blushed harder. Just then, Damien walked in behind the creature but didn't seem scared at all.

"Kwampus!" a now toothless Damien cried, giving the creature a big hug. "Is it time to pway now?"

"That's right, little toy. Time to make another playmate."

"You two know each other?" asked Danny, hardly able to believe his ears.

"Oh yes, we know each other very well," rumbled the creature, patting the man-baby's head. You see, Damien was once a bad boy just like you, and a very bad babysitter. But then one foggy christmas eve, I took him to my little nursery and showed him how to be good. Now it's your turn."

"Yay!" said Damien, clapping. "Nuwswey!"

"Krampus?! No way! This can't be real!" shouted, Daniel. In a panick, he decided to run, but the only possible exit was blocked by the creature. The desperate babysitter bolted for the window instead, but before he could take three steps, he felt a warm, furry hand grab his shoulder.

"Not so fast, Danny boy. Not without your *diaper*. Wouldn't want you to have an *accident*." Danny spun around, shocked that the creature had cleared the distance seemingly without moving.

"How did you-?"

Krampus grabbed Daniel by the neck and led him over to the changing table. Danny could feel the beast's impossibly large erection pressing into his back, radiating warmth all the way up to his shoulder blades as they walked. And the smell... the powerful smell of the erect and domineering beast covered them both like a cloud.

Dazed by the horny scent of the infernal creature, Danny didn't put up much fight. Krampus shoved Danny forward and Danny stumbled into the table where unseen, leather straps suddenly snaked out, grabbing his wrists and ankles and cinching around them tightly with the squeak of leather. Before Danny could react, the straps pulled themselves taut to the table, forcing Danny onto his back. The hapless babysitter struggled, but he could not break free.

"My, my, my. Don't you look good like this, Danny boy? But I think you'd look better without clothes." With a snap of Krampus's fingers, Danny's clothing burned away in a flash of smokeless flame, tickling his skin and leaving him completely naked. Daniel was shocked to see that his body hair had all burnt away along with the clothing, leaving a brief but acrid smell in his nose. "Better," growled Krampus. "I like my toys to be hairless and this will be *permanent*."

"Permanent?" asked Daniel, his mouth hanging open in shock.

"That's right, Danny boy. Permanent. Not a hair on your body and not a hair on your head will you ever grow again." Krampus grinned as Danny choked at the news,

and with another snap, a mirror materialized on the ceiling so Danny could see himself. He was now as bald as a baby. "What? Don't you like your new look? Well, too bad. It's part of your punishment."

"What am I being punished for," whined Danny, pulling against the restraints to no avail.

"For wearing a poly cotton blend, of course," said Krampus with obvious sarcasm. "Why do you think, dummy?" Krampus pulled out a big scroll and unfurled it as he began to read. "You are on my naughty list for being a liar, a diaper thief, shirking your duties as a babysitter, failing to protect a little one, dishonoring your parents and taking them for granted, envying the Millers... Need I go on? You are mine now, and you *will* be punished. Struggle all you like, it'll just make you easier to break if you're tired out."

Daniel hung his head. Krampus had him dead to rights, but he didn't want to believe he was a *bad* boy. He had always rationalized his behavior one way or another and he just couldn't accept that he was on the naughty list.

"Of course you're on the naughty list," said Krampus, shaking his head in disbelief at the foolishness he read on the surface of Daniel's mind. "Oh, how you humans can delude yourselves. What did I catch you doing the very moment I walked in? Stealing diapers?" Krampus shook his head again and tut tutted in mock disapproval. "Danny danny danny.... Well, don't you worry. I know you can't control your appetites, and I'll teach you never to even try. You're going to get all the diapers you could ever need and more..."

"No! I'm not a bad boy!" yelled Danny. "I'm good! You're not real... you're not..."

Krampus, not bothering to repeat himself, grabbed his erection and began waving it in front of Daniel wafting musk over Daniel's nose. Daniel's eyes went glassy and he began to drool as his mind completely clouded over with lust.

"Well, *that* got you to stop your blubbering rather quickly. Big babies are so easily distracted." With a deep chuckle, Krampus grabbed his erection and lowered it between Daniel's legs.

"What are you doing?" mumbled the still dazed Daniel, who felt a sinking sensation in his stomach as he knew what was happening. What's worse, he was rock hard and leaking precum. Daniel's heart began beating fast. He knew it was so perverted, but for some strange reason, he wanted that beastly cock in his ass. Krampus spoke in a deep horny rumble dripping with lust.

"I'm about to make you a better toy for me and the other elders of the naughty nursery. In a few moments, you're going to *need* those diapers you love so much and you won't have to worry about inconveniences like getting off the couch to go potty ever again." Krampus gave Daniel a deep kiss on the mouth, his tongue slithering around and coating Daniel's whole mouth in a tingling numbness. The thick tongue invaded Daniel's mouth for several long moments before the beast withdrew his head and released Daniel, allowing him to breathe once more.

"Admit that you want your goat daddy inside of you. Admit it and surrender." growled Krampus, licking his lips with his impossibly long tongue. Daniel gritted his teeth trying to resist, but his cock was throbbing and his need was great. Despite his disgust and fear, his impulsive lust was winning out, as it always did.

"I... I want your... I... I want your cock, Krampus." Daniel blushed, eyes wide in shock as his own breath betrayed him.

"Ohh, I love that expression on your face. You can't hide your true feelings from me. I have just eaten up all your lies with my tongue and you'll never be able to tell a lie again. If my cock is what you want, then that's what you will get. Now open up for Daddy."

The meat between Krampus's legs was a deep dark gray with a thick mushroom head and a nice thick corona protruding over a shaft the size of a tree trunk. The sexy demon laughed in victory as he laid his gigantic cock head up against Daniel's pucker, the heat causing Daniel's hole to tingle and his cock to throb in anticipation. Danny tried to wriggle away, fearing that the gigantic cock before him would never fit inside of him, but the leather straps held fast, and Krampus continued to press forward. Fortunately for Daniel, Krampus's cockhead was leaking copious amounts of musky precum that slicked Danny's hole, eliminating any friction. And yet, as it began to inch forward, Daniel cried out in agony.

"It burns! It will never fit!"

"Of course it will, toy. But your hole will never be the same again after!"

Krampus pressed his cum-lubed rod forward as Daniel cried out, but almost as soon as the pain began, it disappeared as the demon cum spread numbing warmth inside the poor miscreant. Daniel looked down at the beast between his legs, then up at the mirror to see himself being penetrated from above. It was almost like an out of body experience, and turned him on more than any porn he had ever watched. Before he could say anything, a giggling Damien shoved a pacifier in his mouth.

"Binky time," yelled Damien, practically vibrating with excitement. "You'w gonna be a big baby wike me!"

Krampus's massive meat spread Daniel's hole 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 inches wide, and suddenly Daniel felt a SNAP and gasped in shock as something gave way and Krampus suddenly slid in five more inches thick as a tree truck.

"Ahhh... there we go. Did you feel that, Daniel? That was your hole breaking. You'll never be able to tighten it again. You'll forever need diapers to hold your *shit* in. How does that feel, diaper boy?"

"No! It's not twue!" said Danny around the rubber nipple. Almost as quickly as he had said it, however, Daniel's cries came to moans as he felt his prostate being flattened by Krampus's delicious, textured cock pressing forward deeper into him. He gasped as it reached all his untouched places, but like the pain, each new pleasure was quickly numbed by Krampus's demon seed as more and more of him opened up. Daniel could now see the outline of Krampus's fat cock under his belly as it went deeper and deeper. He could even see it throbbing to the pulse of Krampus's heartbeat, but for some reason, he could not feel any pain or pleasure from hit.

"Don't worry, boy. A loose hole is just what a good toy needs to have. I'm making you more useful."

"B-but I can't feew it..."

"That's right. It's another part of your punishment. All your pleasure transfers to the one fucking you. After all, we are doing all the work. Aww, don't like that, Danny boy? I know what will calm you down. Damien, why don't you suck on Danny's pacifier?"

"OK!" said Damien, bounding over and lowering his head into Daniel's crotch. Daniel gasped as he felt the pleasure of Damien's toothless mouth surrounding his hard and dripping cock. Daniel had to hand it to Damien. Damien was a grade A cocksucker, even if he was quite dim otherwise.

"Ohh... ohhhhh...."

Meanwhile, Krampus continued to thrust in and out of him, pushing deeper with each forceful thrust of his monstrous hips. Daniel felt his own cock begin to tingle and numb as it was suckled. Making it harder for him to hold onto that approaching feeling of orgasm which he needed so desperately. He whined in frustration as the numb feeling began to overtake his cock removing all pleasure just as he was approaching orgasm. And then, it was gone.

"Oh no! Is baby frustrated?" Asked Krampus. "Good. There shall be no pleasure for you, naughty toy. But you can keep trying. That's right... Just let Damien suck you off... until the transformation is complete!"

Daniel's eyes widened as he looked up at the mirror to see he was midway through a strange and infernal transformation. His stomach was expanding, gaining folds of fat.... His cheeks getting chubbier... his facial features were changing as well as he came to look more and more like... Damien?

Daniel shook his head and his struggles renewed. He tugged on the leather restraints as he fought to shift his hips away from the greedily suckling mouth, but no matter how hard he squirmed on the padded table, he couldn't shake Damien off his cock. He could feel the feeling of the pacifier in his mouth changing as well, as his teeth got softer and softer, dissolving away into nothing until all that was left was gums, just like Damien. He was becoming the big fat baby-man he had once disparaged and there was nothing he could do to stop it.

And then, without warning, Daniel his body tensed up and spasm after spasm wracked his pelvic floor. For a moment, he thought he had actually managed to cum as Damien gulped down the firehose of liquid as quickly as possible, but it quickly became apparent that Daniel wasn't actually cumming at all; he was peeing. Daniel yelled into his pacifier and struggled more as Damien gulped down every drop. This was so perverted and wrong and yet he couldn't help but be even more turned on as the toothless baby-man swallowed every golden drop.

When Damien pulled away he had Daniel's face. Daniel watched his own countenance lick its lips and give a big toothy grin. Daniel then looked down at his own body, horrified to catch a glimpse of his new 1-inch hairless micropenis barely visible below his belly and still dribbling pee.

Krampus roared in triumph and Daniel felt the impossibly large cock between his legs pulse and expand as cum shot through it up deep into his bowels. He watched in the mirror as his belly expanded from the cum, pulsing and stretching with each spurt. This beast was filling him with its seed, while he was denied any orgasm of his own. He had never felt lower in his life, more humiliated, or more horny.

Krampus began to pull out inch by inch, and as he did so, Daniel could tell that his hole was not closing back up. No, it gaped, cavernous, spilling semen out all over the padded changing table and onto the floor the moment the gargantuan cock left its nesting place. There was nothing Danny could do to stop it; his hole was completely wrecked and gaping.

"That's right, toy. You're a baby-dicked pants pisser and your hole is ruined. You have no control Over what happens below your belly button. No control at all."

Daniel couldn't believe his ears. Was he truly diaper dependent now?

"Such a good loose hole," cooed Krampus, as he pushed his beastly fist into Daniel's destroyed rectum.

Daniel's boy pussy offered no resistance as Krampus's huge meaty fist went up inside it causing Daniel to moan once more. Daniel jerked and sprayed pee with each thrust. It felt good, but not in the same way as an orgasm, for that feeling possibility was now denied to him. Somehow he craved the demon's cock and fist. Somehow craved it as much as he had always craved to masturbate in diapers. The craving was not lessened even now. No, he was simply hungry for more and more.

"Yes, that's it. Just want to make sure you're nice and wide, so there's no chance that this hole will ever close again." Satisfied, Krampus withdrew his fist and wiped the cum covered appendage on Daniel's belly.

"Get a good look at yourself, Danny boy. You're going to be Damien for a little while... long enough for us to have a little fun..."

Daniel looked at himself laying there covered in baby fat, hairless and with a micro penis and floppy man tits as the demon daddy dressed the disguised Damien in a pair of gray sweats tight enough to stay on but baggy enough to accommodate the big stinky diaper around Damien's waist.

"That's right, Danny," said Krampus. "You're going to live life as big baby Damien for a while. And Damien, well, he's going to go home as you and prove to your parents what a big baby you really are! What will your parents do when you start peeing and pooping and acting like a big baby in the house, I wonder?" Damien smiled.

"Tehee. I'm playing a trick!" His thumb found his mouth as he giggled and rubbed the front of his soiled diaper.

"Very good, Damien," said Krampus, patting the transformed man-baby on the head. "And look at the time! I think your mother should be back about now..."

Daniel looked out the window to see it had gotten quite dark out. How was that possible? The sun was barely setting when he arrived. Sure enough, however, Daniel heard the doorbell and the disguised Damien waddle-ran out of the room, crinkling under his pants with each bounding step. Daniel cringed as he heard the door slam. He was totally screwed.

"Good," said Krampus. "And now it's your turn, it's not too late to go visit Santa, you know. Why don't we take you for a little trip to the mall?"

With a snap of Crampus's fingers, the leather restraints disappeared. Krampus fluffed an impossibly thick red diaper and lifted Daniel's butt, not even bothering to clear the cum off of the table. Daniel's butt went down on the padding with a squelch, and Krampus began taping the soaked boy up in the big thick diaper. David felt the padding close over his legs, the thick garment hugging his crotch, his thighs, his cummy butt, and his belly so securely. He shouldn't be turned on right now, but he was. Why did he have to like diapers so much?

Krampus lifted up the chubby baby like he weighed nothing and set him with a squelch into the oversized stroller. Daniel shifted uncomfortably, his diaper already soggy with Krampus cum as his hole continued to expel its contents with loud cumfarts.

The buckles were clicked into place over his chest and between his legs, so that Daniel couldn't fall out or get out on his own. Danny was stuck in nothing but a big oversized baby diaper as he was pushed out of the nursery into a black foggy abyss... Krampus walked for a minute in a direction that was neither forward nor backward nor any direction Daniel had ever gone before. Soon, the fog began to clear and Daniel could see the hazy outline of a parking lot... clearer as they strode forward. A mall parking lot.

As they approached the first row of shops, which was mostly restaurants facing the parking lot, people began to stare. Danny could hear giggles as some people laughed behind their hands. Others made no attempt to hide their amusement at the big fat baby.

As if to make things worse, Daniel suddenly felt a warmth in the front of his diaper as a jet of piss flowed into the front. He couldn't feel any sensation in his penis, much less try to stop the rush of pee that warmed his crotch. All he could do was wiggle and whine. Then he let out a grunt and felt a sudden gush of warmth from behind as well. He prayed it was just demon cum, but either way it was quite surprising. It was all too fast for him to cover up his surprise, his relief, or his concern as he did a very obvious diaper filling and he let out an unmistakable groan as it happened.

"Hey, look! The big baby's filling his diaper!" said a mallgoer to his friends, pointing at Danny. They all laughed and one of them held up their phone to take a little video of the whole happening.

"Aww, there, there," said Krampus, who had taken on the appearance of Mrs. Miller once again. "Mommy will change you soon, but I know how excited you are to see Santa. We can change you after you tell him what you want for Christmas!" Mrs. Miller

was not quiet as she spoke and the group laughed even harder, as they listened to her every word.

Danny cried as he was wheeled up to the line where people were waiting to sit on Santa's lap. Parents looked down in shock and disdain at him, but he could only sit there in his full and soggy diaper, unable to escape the confines of the stroller. After what seemed like an eternity of stop and go movement through the line, Danny could see they were nearing the end, and there was Santa and his helper elves, sitting on the chair and speaking to his latest visitor. Danny squirmed and whined. His heart was thudding in his chest as he got closer and closer to a humiliating and very public display of his unexpected infantilization.

"Mrs. Miwwer- I- I mean... Uh, Mommy?" He quickly corrected himself when Mrs. Miller shot him a sharp look.

"Yes, sweetie?"

"I'm too owd to sit on Santa's wap... p-pwease don't make me..."

"What are you talking about sweetie? You *love* sitting on Santa's lap! You do this every year."

"B-but maybe we can skip this yeaw?" he lowered his voice. "It's too humiwiating... pwease..." Mrs. Miller only smiled, clearly enjoying the moment.

"I think it's *exactly* what you need, naughty boy. And look, we're next! We mustn't keep Santa waiting...."

It was now Daniel's turn to sit on Santa, and so he was wheeled forward.

"Ho, Ho, Holy sh-" Santa stopped mid ho, looking at Damien in shock before quickly recovering. "O-oh my. What a big baby we have here. Uh, is this right?" Santa asked behind his hand as he looked over to the nearest helper elf. The elf just shrugged. While Santa was consulting with his helper, Mrs. Miller unstrapped Damien and quickly led him over to Santa's lap where she forced him to sit down before either man could protest.

"Oof!" Santa struggled to shift to a more comfortable position to adjust to the weight of the hefty baby that was suddenly on his lap. "W-well what is it that you want, baby boy? Hurry up, you're kinda *heavy*..."

"Go ahead and tell the man. Tell Santa," said Miss Miller, leaning forward and waving her hand forward with a big smile on her face.

Danny tried to respond, but all that seemed to come out was baby babble.

"Is this some sort of joke?" wheezed Santa. Then, Danny felt a rumble in his tummy and suddenly filled and flooded his diaper so much that it broke open, spilling piss and cum all over Santa's lap. He began wailing in total embarrassment as the crowd jeered and laughed.

"Gross!"

"What a big baby!"

"This is what you will be like if you don't stop wetting the bed, Timmy. Do you want to grow up to be like him?"

Damien cried and cried as Miss Miller lifted him up suddenly, setting him on his feet and swatting his exposed bottom.

"You naughty, naughty boy! Look at all these stickies! How many times do I have to tell you you're too little to put stickies in your pampers?" The crowd of onlookers roared in laughter at these revealing words.

"Looks like someone's been added to the naughty list!" said Santa, as one of the elves handed him a towel to mop up his lap.

The audience of mallgoers was now gathered around the scene in a circle, laughing and pointing and filming as Daniel squirmed, his face as red as his butt as he was spanked in front of everyone and unable to break free of Mommy's grip.

Finally, Ms. Miller lifted Daniel up and stared him in the eyes, transforming into Krampus. Everyone around them froze in place as time stood still.

"I can end this all now. I can take you away from this if you wish it. Just nod your head and I will put you in my rucksack and all of this will go away."

Daniel nodded his head so hard it might have just come off of his shoulders. Krampus grinned as he lifted his arms up over his head, depositing Daniel into the rucksack on his back in a slam-dunk. Suddenly, darkness. Silence. Peace. Time passed without passing, and the next thing Daniel knew he was being pulled out to see an unforgettable scene before him.

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 4

By Champ (<https://ko-fi.com/champthehotter>)

Daniel is introduced to the nursery and becomes intimately familiar with the pleasures... and trials within. All he has to do to return to the human world is resist temptation for 24 hours. Can the pathetic diaper slut manage to do it?

As Daniel looked around, he couldn't believe what he was witnessing. He had been pulled out of Krampus's rucksack and into an infernal nursery the likes of which the mortal world had never seen.

The infernal nursery was a place that seemed to stretch on forever. The carpet was a parody of the playful, colorful carpets that decorated nurseries everywhere on earth. Instead of alphabet letters, there were mysterious runes. Instead of familiar cartoon characters, there were cute cartoon demons committing unspeakable acts on naughty humans. That carpet was the first thing that Danny saw after he tumbled out of the rucksack, and as he looked up from his hands and knees, he saw the real life version happening before his eyes.

Naughty men and women much too old to be in any normal nursery were engaged in various infantile tasks with varying degrees of cooperation. There were big babies in cribs and playpens, some in spiked booties crawling around, some staring out from the bars or mesh forlornly, and others playing with blocks in contentment, or even enthusiastically riding dildos and buzzy wands. Other coddled captives were wandering around the open space in big baby walkers, their lips reaching for the cocks of erect demons who backed away just out of reach to tease and make them beg. Those who *weren't* so eager for cock instead got chased by poking pricks that threatened to bugger their butts as they struggled on their tippy toes to escape. Still more big babies lay waiting, struggling and fussing as they sat in big baby carriers, fully restrained and unable to get out on their own. All human denizens of the naughty nursery were, without exception, diapered.

And then there were those being punished - the smell of demon cum was thick in the air, and it was clear to see why. Whether being fucked on the changing table, whipped on the St. Andrew's cross, tickled in stocks, or simply gang banged by a group of lecherous fiends, there were plenty of big babies being punished for their transgressions. The demons were clearly having the time of their eternal lives as they leaked copious amounts of precum from their cocks pretty much nonstop.

Danny licked his lips as he looked on at the lustful scenes around him. His tongue hit something solid - his teeth! He put his fingers in his mouth and felt them. Yes! They were definitely back! He walked over to a mirror standing near the nearest playpen and looked at himself. Krampus stepped up behind him, his muzzle breaking into a grin.

"Ah, I see you've discovered that the illusion has worn off. You no longer have the appearance of Damien."

"Oh thank goodness, I'm back to my old self," said Danny. "So does this mean I get my hair back? And a functioning penis? And my butt isn't... broken?" Krampus laughed out loud.

"A ruined ass and a hairless baby dick *is* your new normal, Danny boy. Be glad you got to keep your *teeth*. But it won't be for long."

"What does that mean?" asked Danny, frowning his brow. Krampus chuckled.

"Oh, you can avoid turning into an overgrown infant like Damien. You could even earn your way back to the mortal realm... *if* you can resist *temptation*." Krampus's grin widened, and he bent down to whisper into Danny's ear. "But if you give in... you will lose yourself little by little... and turn into the big baby you were meant to be!"

"B-b-but I'm not a baby!" whined Danny, backing away from the big bad Daddy demon.

"Don't worry, little Danny. I believe in second chances. No matter how far you fall, you will always have a chance to work off your moral debts and earn your freedom. It's just going to take a little longer. Oh, but you won't fall, will you Danny boy? You're all ready to change and become a *better person*." Krampus laughed and shook his head. Clearly it was a fine joke to the infernal creature.

Danny gulped. This was too cruel. He was never good at resisting temptation. It wasn't his fault; he just had poor impulse control.

"How long do I have to last?" Krampus smirked.

"Oh, so you're actually going to *try*? Well, *this* is amusing." He paused and put a hooved finger to his chin. "Hmm... since you're back to normal, and you haven't descended *too* far into corruption... It wouldn't take long at all. You simply have to be on your best behavior for say... 24 hours. No naughty behavior for a full day, do you think you can do that, Danny boy?" Krampus's eyes gleamed as he held up a golden hourglass. Daniel had seen his share of Christmas specials to know where this was going. This seemed almost too easy.

"Be good for a day and I can go home? Fine. You have yourself a deal." Krampus grinned, showing off his beastly fangs.

"Good! Now, let's see how well you can learn..." said Krampus, grabbing his meat in his hand and stroking it. "Watch closely, boy."

"I-is this really supposed to teach me to be a better person?" Danny asked, his heart hammering in his chest.

"No. It's supposed to teach you to be a better plaything... for me. Good luck resisting temptation." Krampus gave an evil grin as his hard on grew, coming to full hardness until it was inches from Danny's nose. Danny got a whiff of the intoxicating scent and nearly fainted.

"Shit..."

"Strike one, little toy..."

Daniel suddenly felt something funny in his mouth and when he spit it out, it was...

"A baby tooth?" Daniel instantly felt inside his mouth and his worst fears were confirmed. Danny had just lost a tooth, and not one of the back ones either - it was one of his *front* teeth, which meant his appearance would be altered instantly. Krampus chuckled, lightly slapping Danny's cheek with his hot wet cock.

"That's right, naughty boy. Every time you curse, you lose a tooth. At the rate you're going, you'll be toothless as a baby in no time. Oh wait, didn't you say this would be a... piece of cake?"

Krampus whistled and a big fat boar demon appeared in a flash of smoke holding a piece of cake at belly height. The boar had a massive hard on which stood up at attention well above the plate for all to see. Danny looked from boar to the rich piece of chocolate cake, which was being drizzled liberally with cum from the horny boar's fat cock as it swayed this way and that.

"Why don't you eat up, little boy?" snorted the demonic porker. "This is the *richest* cake you'll ever taste. I promise you it's devilishly delicious. *SNORT*"

Daniel's mouth watered as he looked at the layers of rich moist cake covered in delicious demon icing. He took a step toward the plate, his soaked diaper swinging between his legs, as drool gushed from his mouth, but he hesitated at the last moment.

"Hold on... you're trying to tempt me, aren't you?" asked Daniel, cocking an eyebrow. The boar grinned.

"Oh, you've *SNORT* figured it out, huh? Come on, it's just a little *gluttony*. You've been through *so much*. You *deserve* it. *SNORT SNORT*" The boar held the plate up to Danny's face, and Danny caught the scent of rich chocolate mixed with the boar's own musk. It was enough to drive him crazy.

"N-no" stammered Daniel, holding up a hand. "K-Krampus said I have to resist temptation in order to get out of here. S-so no thank you."

"Aww," said the boar demon, sticking out his lower lip. Danny was loath to say no to such a treat, and his stomach growled in protest.

"What a good boy," said Krampus, chuckling his deep smoky chuckle. "There's hope for you yet. Still, it *is* feeding time, as your tummy can attest. Let's get you to a high chair and feed you some *healthy* food. How does mushed peas and broccoli sound?"

"What?!" asked Daniel, attempting to dig in his heels as he was dragged along the carpet by the much larger Krampus toward the nearest pair of open high chairs. "No! I hate vegetables!" Krampus looked down at Danny as he walked and stuck out his infernal tongue from his grinning muzzle.

"I know."

Daniel was plopped into the oversized high chair with a soggy squish and leather straps snaked out and instantly wrapped around all his extremities, just like with the changing table. He tugged against the restraints to no avail as the tray was clicked into place.

"Don't worry, baby. You don't need those hands. Your daddy demons will feed you."

The whole high chair was painted a hellish red, with arcane symbols written all over it. It was hard and uncomfortable, but as Danny stared down at the tray in front of him, his attention was drawn to the image of a goat demon sitting in a pentagram, surrounded by lesser pentagrams with other demonic figures inside them including the boar who had offered him the cake. Danny was distantly aware of a new warmth between his legs as his thighs came together involuntarily...

"Hurrkkk..."

"Aww... the cutie is cumming," snorted the demon boar, still holding the cake.

"Too bad for him he can't feel it," said Krampus, clearly amused rather than upset as he tied a cute baby krampus bib around Daniel's neck. Daniel was in a daze as he stared at the symbol before him, completely oblivious to the fact that he was painting his

already soaked diapers with penis pudding followed by a rush of hot urine so copious that it began to pool in the seat beneath him.

A piercing whistle broke Daniel's concentration, and he shook his head, snapping out of his daze. He looked up to see none other than Damien bounding up to the high chair at Krampus's call.

"Good toy," said Krampus, petting Damien's head. Damien beamed as he was lifted up for uppies. Despite his heavy frame, the beast had no problem lifting him into the neighboring high chair and clicking the tray in place. Unlike Daniel, Damien seemed perfectly comfortable in his seat. It was probably all the natural cushioning from his 'baby fat'.

"Here you go, kiddo," said the boar, setting down the big plate of cake on Damien's tray. Damien immediately began digging into it with his hands, shoving fistfuls of rich cake and demon cum into his mouth as the demon boar crouched down to praise him, pet him, and encourage him to pig out.

"Hey!" said Daniel, looking on in envy. "That's no fair!"

"Of course it is," said Krampus, setting down a big bowl of broccoli-pea puree on the tray with a loud clack. "He's not *trying to be* a good boy, he's fully committed to being a good *toy*. Look how happy he is."

Damien was clearly delirious with joy as he shoved his chubby face with more of the sinful dessert, but Daniel also knew that Damien was an infantile idiot. Babies could be happy with *anything*. That didn't mean it was good...

"Now, now... surely you're not *jealous* are you, little man? Open up wide for your *healthy* num nums so you can grow big and strong into a real man, just like your parents and society wants you to." Daniel's stomach lurched as he looked at the heaping spoonful of sickly green mush.

"Wait! C-can't I just have a little- GLURK!" Daniel gagged as a spoon of vegetable matter was shoved into his mouth. "Blech! Disgusting!" The goat was amused, snorting some smoke from his nostrils.

"Sorry, kiddo. You gotta eat up *allll* your num nums. This has just the right amount of calories to keep you from becoming a cute and chubby demon's toy like Damien over there. There won't be any room for cake after you finish... unless you want to put off the diet for another day, that is..."

Krampus didn't give Daniel time to ponder this predicament but continued to shove spoonfuls of goop into the poor boy's mouth. Daniel had no choice but to swallow

every bite, squirming in discomfort at the taste and feel of the mush in his mouth.
"Mmpgh! N-no GLRRRK!"

Danny thrashed about, feeling the wet squishy garment between his legs pressing in on his numbed and shrunken genitals and the uncomfortable and unforgiving chair he was strapped into. Fighting had no effect. The leather straps were unyielding but not uncomfortable, so they weren't so bad, but it was humiliating that he couldn't lift a finger to feed himself. Especially with how much Krampus was babying him.

"That's a good widdle boy. You're eating up all your *num nums*, and not even cursing! You're doing so good." Daniel gagged and shook his head as Krampus continued his patronizing banter. When they were halfway through the bowl, Danny managed to gulp in a breath of air and yell out a protest.

"No more! Please! I hate this slop!" Krampus patted Daniel's head.

"You know what they say. Goodness is its own reward, and good boys eat up their healthy num nums. Now you don't want to get in *more* trouble, do you, little toy?" Daniel's face darkened and he wanted to say some choice words, but he stopped himself. He wanted out of this hellhole before he was turned into a forever-diapered freak like Damien. That meant he had to do what Krampus said, however disgusting and humiliating. At least until he was free.

"That's right, kiddo," said Krampus, smiling as Daniel reluctantly opened his mouth for more. "You're learning to be so obedient. That's a good toy..."

By the time all the mush was gone, Daniel's belly was bulging. The overstuffed captive squirmed as Krampus wiped his face with the bib. The boar demon did the same for Damien and they were both let out of their high chairs and carried him over to the nearest playpen.

"Hey, wait a second! Aren't you going to change me now?" asked Daniel indignantly as he and Damien were placed into the playpen after their lengthy feeding. "My diaper is a wreck!" Krampus looked down his nose at the spoiled brat and smirked.

"Just wait. You'll see..."

"What's that supposed to mean?" grumbled Daniel, plopping down on his butt with a squelch, his legs kept wide by the bulging yellow garment he was forced to wear. He looked over to Damien, who was happily rubbing his soaked diapers.

"Yay! No changies! Soaked Diapees are the best for rubbies!" *Great*, thought Daniel. *I'm stuck with this idiot.*

Daniel plopped his chin on his palm and sighed in frustration. There was no use in Danny masturbating his diapers like Damien. Danny couldn't feel a thing. Instead, he had to watch Damien masturbate, bored and jealous of the pleasure his companion was enjoying. It wasn't fair.

"It sure must be nice to be a dumb horny idiot all the time and just use your diapers and not care," said Danny loud enough for his fellow captive to hear. Damien seemed completely oblivious to the comment as he continued to masturbate himself right there in the open.

"Diapees... diapees... I love my diapees!"

"Ha ha, are my little boys playing nicely?" asked Krampus, leaning over the playpen wall with a grin plastered on his goatly muzzle.

"Yeah, Daddy," said Damien, happily masturbating in his diaper and beaming brightly. Krampus looked pointedly at Danny and spoke in a quiet but serious voice.

"And you, boy? You had better answer me when I ask you a question..."

"Yeah, sure, I guess," muttered Danny when he realized he was expected to answer as well. It didn't matter. He just had to tough it out until time was up. And how long could that really take? He glanced over to the big golden hourglass. It seemed like barely any sand had trickled through so far. Discouraging. Suddenly, Danny felt a huge cramp and grasped his tummy. A loud gurgle emanated from his belly as he moaned.

"What the fuc- I mean heck!" said Danny. It was too late. Even a partially spoken curse word was enough for another tooth to come loose. Danny felt it rattling around in his mouth and moments later, he spat out his second front tooth.

"Aww, somebody lost *both* fwont teef! Won't that make you an interesting pet for your masters?" Krampus appeared to be having fun imagining how Danny's toothless mouth would be put to use once all those pesky pearlies were gone. Danny, however, had other things on his mind.

"K-Krampus, sir... Wh- URGH.... what'th happenin to my tummy?"

"Someone's num nums are making a quick trip to diaper town, aren't they? That's okay, it happens to babies....," said Krampus with a devilish grin. Daniel's eyes widened. *The food!* Before he could even try to hold back, his knees bent and he felt his diaper fill with mush. Danny let out an involuntary moan of pleasure at the sudden sense of release he felt. Then another realization hit him. Oh no... *Oh no!* Pooping his diapers

actually felt *good*! It was the first bit of pleasure Daniel had felt below his waist since Krampus took him... and he wanted *more*.

"That's right, little boy," said Krampus, reading his toy's face like a book, "pooping your diapers feels so good! You're just a poopy diaper baby. Why don't you accept and enjoy your new reality?"

This was all part of *their* plan, Danny realized. They were trying to make him *enjoy* pooping his diapers. Enjoy his new life here in the naughty nursery so he would never leave.

"Just relax and enjoy the go. What's the matter? Your baby *brother* is enjoying it." Danny looked over to see Damien's big dumb grin as he bit his lip and squinted, firing a loud BLORT into his diaper. The big fat diaper freak began panting, his tongue lolling out like a dumb idiot as he resumed rubbing the front of his diapers with renewed fervor and making loud moaning noises without an ounce of shame.

Upon seeing Damien's brazen display, jealousy again bubbled up in Daniel's mind. Just be a dumb diaper pooping baby? Was it really that easy to be happy anywhere and everywhere, even here? Krampus once again watched the emotions play over Daniel's face. It was a story he had read a million times before. The creature's smoky chuckle interrupted Danny's turbulent thoughts.

"Is my newest little pet jealous? That's a sin, you know. *Naughty, naughty*. There's no need to be jealous... you could just be like Damien, too. Just give up..."

"Never!" said Daniel, determined not to enjoy what was happening *too* much.

"Silly boy," said the demon, patting Daniel's head. "You'll give in sooner or later. I know you will. And it's just that much more fun when you finally do."

Beads of sweat ran down Danny's forehead as he got down on all fours and continued to empty his bowels, no longer even trying to hold it in. Now, he just wanted it out. It was all his body wanted and needed, and the immense relief of emptying himself was all that was on Daniel's mind.

Krampus stood there, his arms crossed and nodding in approval as he watched the two boys push to fill their diapers. Daniel wasn't used to peeing and pooping in front of others without privacy, so he stared down at the carpet, his face turning red as all remaining space in his seat filled up with mush. It *did* feel pretty good. Maybe he could enjoy it just a little bit. He wouldn't have to clean up himself, which was nice, and he did like diapers. Maybe this wasn't so bad. If he played his cards right, he could get back home and his parents would have to pay for his diapers since he needed them now.

Yeah, that's right. He *could* enjoy these diapers. He already did. This would all work out for him in the end.

Krampus chuckled and reached down to give his hardening shaft a stroke as he watched Danny's face melt into a lusty smile and let out a final fart. He knew exactly what Danny was thinking.

"I love it," he muttered to himself as he stroked himself to hardness. "Go ahead and rationalize all you want and give in."

Finally, the boys were done. Damien cried out as he came into his diapers, while Danny collapsed in exhaustion, his ass finally empty. Who knew that forcing out all your poop could use so many muscles?

Krampus carried Danny to a row of changing tables, and laid him down between an adult baby that was fully bound and gagged from head to toe in black leather and a cock-hungry sissy with pigtails being fucked double anal and double oral by gang of horny Demons. The person who was bound up couldn't move an inch. They were in a very swollen diaper, unable to touch it, rub it, or take it off and definitely unable to get to a potty. Danny looked over to see the much more active scene beside him and became entranced by sissy's useless caged pee pee swinging around, buffeted about by the multitude of thrusts from the horny beasts surrounding them.

"Wish that was you?" asked Krampus, in a teasing tone. Danny's face went bright red and he shook his head emphatically. Krampus chuckled and waved to one of the demons who was 'hard' at work. "Nice job there, Baphomet! We'll be fucking this one later if you want to join in!" The goat demon looked up from the sissy's pretty puckered lips and shot Krampus a thumbs up, then went back to thrusting without skipping a beat.

Danny's diaper was taken off to reveal his own pathetic, limp, and hairless penis still dribbling pee into the wrecked padding below. The big handsome demon chuckled and wiped him down, commenting on what a baby he was down there.

"D'aww... it's broken and soft... just like you should be."

Krampus balled up the diaper and passed it off to the familiar boar demon who brought it over to the diaper pail and pressed his hoof to open the lid. Cries and wails immediately called out from the pail, and Daniel thought he could catch a glimpse of a face, and a hand reaching out as the messy diaper was shoved in, muffling the wails before the lid closed. What the heck was that?

"That punishment is reserved for our *naughtiest* boys and girls," said Krampus, leaning and licking his lips as he spoke into Danny's ear. "But you won't have to be shoved in the diaper pail, will you, toy? I'm sure you'll be *very* obedient."

Daniel gulped and blushed. It was embarrassing... and hot to imagine filling his diapers without control and watching as his big poopy diaper was shoved in those poor suckers' faces, so fresh and hot it was practically steaming. Now, Daniel would hear those moans and think about those faces every time he blotted his diapers.

Danny whined, growing incredibly horny as he watched Krampus unfold another impossibly thick diaper just for him. This one was red with demonic symbols all over it and it was so delightfully crinkly. Krampus slid the cushy crinkly padding under Danny's butt, and then grabbed the infernal baby oil, lubing up his paw and shoving his whole fist into Danny's hole with almost no warning. Danny could feel Krampus's massive fist inside him without resistance, pressing against his prostate and causing milky liquid to drip out of his pee pee. He watched as Krampus literally pressed the cum out of him, but he felt no pleasure.

"Still no feeling down there, huh? Good. You won't get any pleasure at all, Daniel. That pleasure is reserved for *us*. You can just enjoy the rewarding feeling of being a good toy for your demon daddies."

"Unnh....." moaned Daniel. Why was all this talk turning him on so much? Were the pheromones wafting off of Krampus's meaty cock going to his head?

Krampus withdrew his fist and wiped it off on the open diaper panel before taping Daniel snugly and securely into the diaper. Danny looked down, his legs spread wide by the thick red garment. There was a question forming in his mind as he thought about what Krampus had said.

"U-um... is it okay if I ask a quethhtion?" he asked, still getting used to talking with his two front teeth missing. Krampus grinned.

"Of course. Ask as many questions as you like. I can always *pacify* you if it's time to be quiet."

"I-If I'm a good boy, I get to go back to earth... I-is there ... um... is there a reward for being a good *toy*?" Krampus's grin widened.

"Oh? Considering giving in already?"

"J-just curious," squeaked Daniel. "Is that bad?"

Sure, he was thinking of giving in, but it could just be for a day, right? He could always try again tomorrow...

"Being a good toy has nothing to do with any morality you learned on Earth, so you can forget all about that. As for rewards, you will get your pleasure back, *eventually*, just like Damien has. You already know what you have to do to be a good boy... If you want to be a good *toy*, you just have to do as we say and always say yes. It should be easy, even for *you*. But don't worry if you don't learn right away," said Krampus, gesturing toward the nearest whipping post. "We have plenty of punishments available to help teach you what makes us happy." Daniel shuddered, and shook his head. He resolved not to get on the Demon's bad side. The idea of being regularly teased, whipped, spanked, and jerked through the soggy diaper front definitely didn't appeal to him... did it?

Krampus waved his meat in Daniel's face, interrupting his thoughts completely.

"Are you going to fuck- I mean- have sex with me?" Danny whimpered, blushing at the intimacy of the statement, as yet another of his teeth disappeared. Daniel simmered with desire as he imagined the sexy beast Krampus and his boar minion having their way with him on the changing table. Krampus smirked and gripped his meat, waving it inches from Daniel's face, sending more waves of intense demon musk into Daniel's nose.

"Oh, no, little one," chuckled Krampus. "I'm going to make *you* come to *me*... you can try to resist... but you know you want to just give in and take this demon meat in any hole you can reach it with...."

Danny's mouth watered as his eyes fixated on every strand of precum that dripped from the creature's cock. Precum that should have landed in his mouth. The boar demon, who was changing Damien at the table behind them, spoke up.

"So hungry after all that vegetable mush? *SNORT* Somebody's a greedy little *porker!*"

"Go on. Give into your lust." said Krampus in a deep growl as he bent his cockhead closer to Daniel's mouth. "Show me what a good toy you are. You can always try being a good boy tomorrow."

Krampus laid his heavy cock on Daniel's chest and Danny instinctively reached its two hands forward to wrap them around the sudden hefty object. Danny suddenly realized that he hadn't even been tied down this whole time. His next breath brought in the heavy mix of spicy scents coming from Krampus's crotch which overwhelmed his senses and made him lightheaded with lust. He licked his lips and looked on hungrily.

"Go ahead, Danny, do what you know you want to do."

It was as if Krampus was reading Daniel's mind and Daniel immediately dove on Krampus's meaty cock, opening his mouth to suck on the gigantic tube of flesh, his mouth struggling to fit over the thick head. He forced it in until his jaw was sore, but the incredibly satisfying, savory taste in his mouth made him insatiable as he fought to shove more of it in, to get more of that delicious meat in his mouth.

"Allow me to help you, toy," said Krampus, pulling his cock away from the whining, mewling, hungry adult baby. Krampus walked around behind Daniel and pulled him to the edge so that his head could fall backward over the edge of the table, opening up his throat. Cradling the back of Daniel's head, Krampus placed his cock tip again right at Danny's lips and Danny opened wide, grabbing the cock with both hands and tugging it toward him.

"I knew you were an insatiable diaper slut," said Krampus, grinning from ear to ear as he enjoyed Danny's mouth. "It's much better without all those pesky teeth in the way..." Krampus began pumping forward a little bit more and a little bit more until finally he rammed his demon cock straight down Daniel's throat, causing it to bulge out. Daniel flailed as he spluttered around the thick cock but could not dislodge it.

"Don't panic, toy. You don't need to breathe here. No one does. You're not in the realm of the *living* anymore." A loud snort emanated from the foot of the table.

"Maybe *I* can distract him," said the boar, getting up on his knees on the thickly padded sturdy changing table, which groaned under the big porker's weight. The big pig hooked the two sides of Danny's diaper and worked it down the boy's legs like a pair of panties before lifting Danny's legs up and resting his cock over Danny's diminished and dribbling penis. It was a good thing the table was waterproof because between Krampus, Danny, and the Boar, it was becoming covered in milky fluids.

"Does baby Danny want this one too? *SNORT*"

Krampus pulled out leaving Danny coughing, spluttering, and whimpering as he felt the huge meat sitting atop of his crotch. He looked down at the massive hog between his legs, slithering all the way up past his belly button and moaned with desire.

"Well, toy? The demon backed up to line his cock up with Danny's and said "go on and sit on it if you want it so bad." Danny was so horny, he couldn't help but press back against it. He had already taken a cock to the mouth, so what did it matter if gave in to another lustful impulse? But it wasn't that easy. The boar cock was beer-can thick. No, thicker, and a mere light push wasn't enough for Danny to get even the tip past his loose sphincter. The boar and Krampus smiled at each other as their newest toy fought

to force his hole over the thick rod, which was even wider than Krampus's if a bit shorter. The smiling boar demon entertained Danny's efforts for only a few moments before shoving his cock straight up his hole. Danny howled out in shock as he was filled beyond anything he had felt before. The boar demon snorted.

"I love breaking in new toys. So fun to split them open and ream them out. Look at his little face." He grabbed Danny's shoulders and shoved him down to the hilt. Krampus then hopped on the table, roughly grabbed Danny's chin to tilt Danny's head back again, and shoved his cock down Danny's throat, Licking his lips. Danny's senses were assaulted as the two demons double-teamed him, seesawing in and out of him in a rhythm that was so satisfying even if Danny couldn't feel an ounce of pleasure from his pee pee or prostate.

"Sorry, Danny. Looks like you've lost today. You'll get to try again tomorrow... but on the plus side, if you keep this up, you might just earn your pleasure privileges back sooner than you think. Fully educated toys can enjoy their diapees as fully as your lil bro Damien does. Doesn't that sound nice?"

"Y-yeth, Dabby," moaned Danny, around Krampus's cock. He may have been numb down there, but he still felt intensely satisfied by the sensations he *could* feel. Being bad felt so good... Maybe he would try some of that cake at his next feeding too.

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 5

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

Giving in to Krampus is so much easier than resisting... A little temptation never hurt anyone... It feels so good to be a toy in the infernal nursery, and Danny can always try tomorrow, after all, right? Danny will soon find out the consequences of his actions...

"Guzzling cum and blotting your diapers are going to be the two greatest pleasures you know, Danny boy," said the smoky voice above Daniel.

Daniel was laying on his back on the familiar padded changing table. His view was blocked by the huge balls that were flying repeatedly into his face, and the gigantic pole above them. Suddenly, the motion stopped and he felt it pulse in his mouth, and it was all he could do to swallow down the musky offering that Krampus deposited within him while the boar demon continued to pound at his rump. Krampus grinned as Daniel sucked down demon seed and his belly grew and grew. Daniel's features were beginning to take on a vaguely more demonic appearance, perceptible only to the sharp eyes of a demon like Krampus; The slight elongation of the facial structure, the sharpening of the cheek and brow bones, the lightest, most imperceptible dusting of ash gray fur coating Daniel's skin. Krampus knew what Daniel didn't: That being kept in the nursery would change Daniel forever, one way or another. It would be up to Daniel just what those changes would be, though Krampus wasn't going to let him in on that little secret.

"Yes... good boy... drink it down... feed your lust... such a good little toy for Daddy. You and your brother are coming along nicely." Krampus rubbed Daniel's belly as the seed continued to flow, then looked over to Damien, who was giggling dumbly as he sat on the neighboring changing table, watching and rubbing his diapers. Damien had become a favorite of the boar demon as of late, and was beginning to sport a pug nose because of it. "The longer you stay here, the more perfect you become.... Why *not* stay with us forever?"

Daniel shook his head vehemently, his cheeks bulging with cum as Krampus forced out a final big squirt of cum and pulled out. Then, Danny's eyes went wide as the boar shoved his dick in all the way to his ruined asshole and began pumping his intestines so full of seed his belly expanded even further, if such a thing was possible. It was now so stretched it was shiny, and the boar rubbed it with affection as he kept pumping more into him.

"Hnnngh!" said Daniel, feeling too full to swallow the last mouthful of cum that Krampus had left behind, but not daring to spit it out. It would just have to stay there, coating his tastebuds with its musky masculine flavor while he groaned at the weight in his tummy. Krampus wiped his dick on Daniel's cheek and grinned for a moment, rubbing his chin before looking over to the boar.

"Well, Boarzebub, it looks like we can't pull Baby Danny's diaper up again," he said. "Not with that big belly he's sporting."

"Oh yes," said Boarzebub, rubbing Daniel's shiny stomach affectionately. "This sow is so full, I'm afraid she's going to need a new diaper. This old one can just be a stuffer."

Daniel whimpered as the diaper between his legs was ripped open and quickly supplemented by a big thick cloth diaper to cover it made of a deep royal purple fabric covered in mysterious ruins. He looked down to see his huge belly and even bigger diaper. He felt just like Damien, that ridiculous, toothless pig of a boy turned baby.

"That's right," growled Krampus, leaning in and growling into Daniel's ear as the boar did up the last of the diaper pins. "*Just* like your brother."

Daniel's jaw dropped. How did the demons always seem to know what he was thinking?

Daniel was picked up, and held in Krampus's big meaty arms. He could feel the seed sloshing around in his belly with each bounce, and with each bounce, his ruined sphincter parted to let out a glop of cum into the back of his diaper. There was no use trying to hold anything in. His hole was useless now, beyond repair. Besides, Danny was sure he had already leaked a fair amount of piss into the front of his diaper as well.

"I think the little boys have earned some rest," said Krampus, walking with his demon friend as each of them carried their punished piddlers over to a big nursery area watched over by a sheep demon. You take him, Sheep'irim." The creature, who was fluffy, soft, practically angelic looking, smiled and baahed at the sight of the adorable overgrown tykes. "

"Ahhh, what a cutie! I have been a watcher for untold ages, and it is my pleasure to watch over you cuties any time. I have a baby carrier with your name on it, little sleepers. You deserve a nice rest after a long day. Why not? You don't want to use those muscles anyway, just sleep with me, you deserve it, bahhh..." The sheep kept up an unending stream of bleating banter as he took Daniel and Damien and strapped them into two well-padded carriers. Daniel soon found with all the straps that the sheep secured on him, that he couldn't move an inch. He couldn't even squeeze his legs

together as he felt his bowels empty of cum and his bladder flood into the front of his incredibly thick diapers. Was this going to be his normal life now?

The sheep pulled down the hood of the carrier and Daniel's view was shaded. He felt an enormous wave of sleepiness come over him as he lay there, helpless, strapped down in nothing but the thickest, most babyish devil diaper, with no control over how fast he filled it. The sheep shushed him as it held a warm bottle of... something... against his lips. Daniel took it, and despite being as full as he could possibly be, he found himself drinking down the sweet stuff. It seemed like he didn't have much control over anything anymore. As he drifted off to sleep, the rich demon milk settled in his stomach, adding another layer of fat to his body, head to toe. Daniel might not have realized it, but his body was changing quicker than he knew. Pretty soon he would really end up looking like Damien's twin - unless he could resist temptation and turn over a new leaf.

Daniel awoke in the comfy carrier, the familiar sounds of nursery music, coos of pleasure and cries of the punished filtering into his awareness. There were no clocks or windows to tell him what time it was, so Daniel couldn't be certain, but it certainly *felt* like a long time had passed. He tried to rub his groggy eyes and realized he was still strapped down. Gradually he became aware of a heavy warmth between his legs, and knew he had wet heavily the whole time he was out.

"Aww, the little cutie is awake!" Bahhed his sheepy keeper. "Who's a sleepy little guy? Why don't you sleep some more?" asked the sheep. "No use running around when you're so comfy right where you are."

Danny did feel comfy. And unlike at home, there were no pesky parents to make him get out of bed.

"Bahhhh! That's right," said the sheep with a gentle tone and a soft smile. "You *love* to sleep in. Why not just rest a little longer? I've got a nice warm bottle of milk for you to help you get back to slumberland..."

The next thing Daniel knew, a big thick rubber nipple was shoved in his mouth as the sheep held a gigantic bottle full of what was presumably warm milk. A few drops landed on Daniel's tongue and they were sweet as sugar. He began sucking down the liquid in greedy gulps.

"That's it, lil guy, drink up. Drink up and relax... let those muscles soften... gulp down *all* that rich milk... so you can have a nice cute baby belly!"

Daniel was barely aware of what the sheep was saying. Already he was drifting off, even as he sucked down the milk. He was a bit overweight to begin with, and he didn't notice the change, but the sheep could see a layer of baby fat already beginning to form thanks to the extra special food and liquid they were giving him in the naughty nursery. If Daniel kept this up, he'd be completely helpless to the whims of the demons of the nursery. And sure enough, Daniel did drift off to sleep again. Sheep'irim grinned.

"This is too easy... Bahhhhh!"

Daniel woke again, and once again began to yawn and stretch only to realize he was still strapped down. He managed to crane his neck to see that he was in another soaked diaper - this one gold instead of red. He must've been changed in his sleep. He farted and heard the unmistakable blort of cum coming out of his butt, or at least that's what he assumed it was based on the strong smell of sex that came along with it. Sheep'irim immediately came over to him.

"Awake again, little guy? Aww, you look confused. Well, while you were asleep you got fucked and changed again by your caretakers. Bahhhh.... Isn't that convenient? No need to do anything at all but lay back and let us take care of you. Now why don't you get some good sleep in? You deserve it, lil' guy. You can just sleep all day... you don't have to have any responsibilities at all... Isn't that what you wanted?"

Daniel stirred. That was what he wanted... wasn't it? No. Something didn't seem right. He could swear there was something *e/lse* he wanted... but what?"

"Aww, don't go usin' that brain of yours trying to think, little guy. You'll give yourself a headache. Here, I'll tell you what. I've got a *nice warm* bottle of milk for you. You don't have to think... you don't have to do anything at all... just lie back and relax... and drink some nummy milk... and sleep..."

Once again, a big thick rubber nipple was shoved in Danny's mouth, only this one was shaped like Krampus's penis. The flavor of the milk had an unmistakable musky tinge to it, and he greedily sucked it down, his feeling of horniness coming back. He tried to hump against his diaper, but he got no stimulation from it, restrained as he was. Frustrated, he flopped down, limp and exhausted from the effort of pulling against his restraints. It was as if his muscles had grown weak from disuse and even that slight exertion was enough to wear him out. The only thing he seemed to have the energy to do was to keep sucking down the nourishing, fattening liquid, his body getting just a little furrer as he imbibed Krampus's essence. Danny could already feel his eyelids fluttering closed. Something wasn't right, but he was too tired to think about it now. Besides, he

didn't have any responsibilities anymore. It was so much easier just to sleep... He'd figure it out tomorrow, whenever that was...

The process repeated for several months, unbeknownst to Daniel, and his muscles grew weak while his hole was stretched ever wider as he slept, his body pumped full of demon cum from both ends and his unconscious mind denied the pleasure of even the release of being used. He only knew the pleasure of slothful sleep and delicious demon milk, as he grew weaker and chubbier, hairier and more krampus-like, little by little. His teeth began to soften as well, since he never brushed them and only drank the sugary liquid all day. But he didn't notice that much either, not until he woke up one day rubbing the sleep out of his eyes only to realize he was no longer restrained but in a big crib.

"H-huh?" he said, sitting up quickly before realizing he had over compensated and flopping over. He lay there for a few seconds, stunned. Why wasn't he in his comfy carrier? He sat up and felt unusually wobbly. So much so, in fact, that he had to grab onto the crib rails. Something was wrong. Why was he so unbalanced? And why were his fingers so chubby? He looked down and noticed his wrists looked softer as well. And his belly... It was big and smooth, and hung over his diaper like a big baby belly, with a wispy coating of brown fuzz. Even his diaper seemed to have grown incredibly thick compared to the last one he remembered wearing. He tried to stand up but promptly plopped down onto his padded butt with a squish. And then, just like that, he began sniffing, then crying, then bawling like a big baby.

He couldn't help it, it just came on, starting with a little snuffle and then exploding into uncontrollable crying. He didn't even know *why* he was crying, he just had to. Within moments, the familiar boar demon, Boarzebub, came running and picked Daniel up, bouncing and shushing him.

"Awww, there, there, lil' guy... it's alright... Daddy Boarzebub is here. You're okay. Everything is fine..." And just like that, the tears stopped. Aside from a few whimpers and hiccups, Daniel managed to get his crying under control. "There we go, that's better... Now let's see what's the matter... hmm, no, not *too* wet," said the boar, giving the front of Daniel's diaper the squish test... He then lifted Daniel up and sniffed the back of his diaper where the leg guards met his chubby legs. "Nope, no poopies either..." The boar then snapped his fingers. "I know what you need... you need a nice big *meal*." The boar gave a devious grin. "It just so happens I was about to feed your big bro Damien. Why don't we get you a chair next to him?"

Big bro? Thought Daniel, ruefully. Since when was that little diapered freak bigger than *him*, except size wise?

"Now, now, that's no way to think about your brother," chided Boarzebub. "After all, you're more like him than you realize." Daniel hung his head, cowed, as he was brought over to the nearest changing area, a familiar island in an infinite sea of repeating infantile accommodations.

Soon he caught sight of the big happy baby Damien sitting in the high chair with his characteristic idiotic grin, clapping and giggling at the sight of his diapered companion.

"Baby bwo! You back!"

Daniel was plopped into the high chair next to Damien and slightly facing him so they could watch each other being fed. Once again, the tray was snapped into place and a bib was tied around Danny's neck. The high chair seemed a bit tighter than it was before, and as he looked down at the babyish bib with duckies all over it, Danny could see that his belly was spilling over the tray by about an inch before he even had his first bite. Did they make his high chair smaller?

"Guess what I have for you today, boys?" asked Boarzebub, rubbing his hooves together. He opened up a big silver platter to reveal their meal.

"Cake! Two fat slices for my best babies. Oops! Can't forget the icing..."

It was then that Daniel noticed the hog's raging boner leaking out copious amounts of pre. The tunnel vision of seeing real food must have done it, though a porker of that size was surely impossible to miss. Daniel now had tunnel vision of another sort as he watched, dazed, while Boarzebub took his firehose of a cock and pumped it a few times. The pre went from clear to milky white as it began to pour out even faster. Boarzebub waved it all over the two pieces of rich cake to drench them in the creamy goop, concentrating like a true artisan of his craft. Meanwhile, Daniel was mesmerized and drooling as he watched those fat hog balls swing back and forth like a pendulum. The boar paused for a second when he noticed, and then his look of excited concentration changed into a naughty grin.

"Aww yeah... *SNORT*... gonna fatten you boys up... make you nice and soft for Krampus and me... perfect cushy holes for us to push our fat meat into... yeah... that's right..." The boar was clearly enjoying himself as his semen production increased. He tweaked a nipple and grunted, but managed to stop himself before he blew his entire load all over their just desserts. Daniel shook his head briefly as the balls stopped swinging as if clearing his mind.

"That's it, boys," said the hog, grinning wickedly as he placed the plates on each tray. "Dig in with those chubby little hands. Enjoy Daddy Boarzebub's special treat..."

Danny watched as Damien gleefully dug into the cake, munching away without a care in the world. There was something he was supposed to remember... wasn't there some reason why he was supposed to... resist? The boar snorted and grabbed Daniel's hair, forcing his face to within a centimeter of the rich dessert.

"What's the matter, little toy? Forgotten how to eat solid foods? Go on, you can do it, lil guy... dig in and enjoy... you *deserve* it..."

Instantly, Damien was overpowered by the intoxicating musk of Boarzebub's cum, and his mouth began watering like a fountain. Yeah, that *must* be it. He wanted to eat up that yummy cake... And why not indulge? He deserved it... He could think about the consequences later...

The boar squealed in victory as Daniel grabbed a handful of cake and shoved it into his mouth, smearing chocolate and cum all over his chubby hands and cheeks in the process.

"That's it! *That's* it! Eat up and give in! You can always try again tomorrow, baby Danny." Danny was too lost in the pleasures of his feeding to catch what the boar had said, too busy greedily wolfing down handful after handful of rich dessert as drool and cum dripped down his chin. As he ate, his belly grew and grew, the rich cake packing on the pounds much faster than the milk had done. He was quickly coming to resemble Damien more and more, though he didn't realize it yet. It was obvious.

Krampus wandered over, smiling and crossing his arms with satisfaction as he, too, could see Daniel's baby fat filling out as he gorged on the cake. Adding a layer of softness to his already husky frame.

Daniel finally looked up to realize his Daddy Krampus was staring at him and his heart caught in his chest as an excited spurt of pee escaped into his diaper.

"Dabby!" he said, crumbs flying out of his mouth as he spoke. Krampus laughed. Danny was quite the sight, face and hands covered in cum, cake, and chocolate.

"Aww, how's my messy little toy," said Krampus, stepping forth and ruffling Daniel's hair.

"I got cake!" said Daniel, happily.

"Yes, you did. Such a good toy... And looks like you got a nice pair of moobs to go with it," he said, reaching down to tweak one of Daniel's nipples.

"Huh? Ohhhhhh..." Daniel went from confused to euphoric as he moaned in sudden pleasure while Krampus began to play with his man boobs. He was suddenly awash in a new sensation of pleasure he had not known before.

"Oh my! Looks like my boy has *milky* moobs too... bring the suction cups, quick!" Daniel moaned as his moobs spurted a dribble of milk over the tray, and soon with the suctioning cups on them, they were dribbling continuously. It was a pleasurable feeling that seemed to take the place of the sensations that once emanated from his numbed dick. Yes, the feeling of being milked felt something akin to being jacked off. At least that's how it seemed to him in his delirious haze, with his full, happy belly and his senses set into overdrive between the effects of the nipple stimulation and the aphrodisiac pheromones of the two demons' sex scent invading his nostrils.

"Such a susceptible little toy... you're a sloth and a glutton... and lustful too... so perfect... *just* the way you are, Daniel. All you need is a few more changes and with our help you'll be the perfect toy and live out the rest of your days in the nursery with us... won't that be fun?"

Damien nodded without thinking. Listening to Daddy seemed like the best decision.

"*Such* a good boy... just a few more temptations to test you and you'll soon be ready to stay permanently. I know you'll fail *all* our tests with flying colors, little guy. You've been doing so well so far.

Daniel grinned at that. He was good at something. His baby-brained haze didn't quite pick out the condescension in Krampus's words, but it was okay. He was happier than he had ever been. Maybe the nursery wasn't so bad after all.

"That's it, little Danny! Way to go! You did such a good job pooping your diaper like the big dumb baby you are!" Krampus tickled Daddy's chubby belly as he lay there on the changing table, his furry rolls of fat bouncing and jiggling as he giggled. More time had passed. More changes. Each time Danny had taken a load of Krampus cum into his fat, gormless face, or his useless, ruined ass, he had taken on a bit more of a krampus-like appearance until his face and body resembled a chubby, toothless, cartoonishly pathetic parody of his demon daddy.

"Look at what a good job you did! Such a good diaper pooper. Who's the cutest, stupidest little baby goat around? Is it *you*? Is it *you*?"

"Awabafabububbbuh.." said Danny, clapping and babbling with sheer delight. Krampus smirked.

"Your words don't even begin to make sense anymore, do they? That's okay, baby, because you're such a *good* toy. And like I said, you did a *good job* pooping your

pampers for Daddy! Now smile and wave to the naughty sinners in the diaper pail as we shove another poopy diaper in!"

The wails of the damned filled the changing area briefly as Krampus slammed his hooved paw onto the pedal and the lid lifted. Out came the cries of the nursery's naughtiest inhabitants, only to be muffled by Danny's giant poopy diaper. Damien laughed and giggled.

"Dey funny Dabbah!"

"That's right, baby... that *is* funny! You should *laugh* at them... they *deserve* it!"

"Heeeheeeheee!" The fat goat baby kicked his hooved feet in delight, letting out a loud fart into the back of his diaper and falling onto his back on the changing table and then rolling around a bit, unable to get up on his own with his underdeveloped belly muscles.

Krampus sighed. At one point in time, it would have been possible to catch a glint of sadistic pleasure in Daniel's eyes as he reveled in the suffering of others less fortunate than himself, but he was too witless now, too stupid to feel such complex emotions of schadenfreude.

"Oh well. Can't sin 'em all," said Krampus, throwing up his hooves. "But I know my little monster can still feel *pride*! Isn't that right? Cause you *know* you're the best pampers packer this side of Hades, don't you, little guy? Are you the best dumb pooper there ever was?"

"Me beswesss!" said Danny, throwing his arms up in victory as Krampus helped him sit up again.

"Yes, you are!"

"We'll see about that," snorted Boarzebub, walking up with Damien cradled in his massive muscular arm and rubbing his belly.

"Well, then, I do believe we have a draw," chuckled Krampus, looking at the two of them. They almost look like twins now, don't you think?"

"Yeah, *SNORT*, like Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Two big fat diaper babies swaddled in thick diapers."

While Danny had undergone his goated transformation, Damien had experienced a porky proliferation of changes himself, becoming a little more piglike each time he received a deposit from the big horny hog's massive malehood or had Boarzebub's tongue forced down his throat or ass. By now, neither boy was any stranger to being

manhandled, the slap and flap of fat flesh a familiar sound as they were frequently flopped onto the changing table and plopped onto the demons' hot rods.

"These big babies are two incontinent peas in a pod," said Krampus with satisfaction. "Oh, Danny boy. How far you've fallen. Further and further down the rabbit hole, becoming just like the baby brother you once looked down on. And you aren't even upset, are you? You *love* it, don't you?"

Both boys clapped and giggled, drooling on themselves as their man tits jiggled and dribbled. Damien began rubbing the front of his diapers and moaning and Danny soon followed suit, copying his big baby bro even though his pee pee wasn't able to send any sensations at all to his body.

Poor Damien was such a needy baby always needing to make stickies in his diapers and unable to control his urges... if he wasn't able to do it he would cry and have a meltdown... and his bad behaviors seemed to be rubbing off on Daniel, though in this realm, what was bad was good, and Krampus was happy to encourage his spoiled little diaper boys to be more and more dependent on and attached to the thick soggy padding between their legs.

"Just think Danny boy... if you stay with us a whole year you could get your feeling back and make stickies in your diapees like your big baby bro... but I doubt you'll ever make it out at this point... You're too far gone. You can't even understand me. But who knows. Maybe tomorrow you can try again!" Krampus laughed a deep belly laugh that shook the nursery, his cock already engorging as he taunted the witless man. He so enjoyed breaking boys like Danny and Damien and turning them into totally hopeless diaper babies.

"So... do any other diaper boys and girls out there care to play? There's plenty of room..." He smiled and licked his lips, looking off to some unseen audience as if he knew they were watching and enjoying the show. "Just remember to be good, because Krampus is always watching and waiting to add new little monsters to his naughty nursery!"

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 6

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

Danny has escaped the naughty nursery - or has he? It looks like he has a whole new challenge to face as he strives to prove he's a big boy who can definitely use the potty if he wants to!

"Oh my gods!"

Danny woke up, sitting in bed and covered in sweat. He looked around and saw that he was back in his own room at home. "Oh... I'm... I'm here! I'm really home!" He looked around, as if he expected some demon to jump out at him at any moment. Then his hands flew to his chest as if feeling to see if he was really there. He was, but there was no fur... and no milky moobs. He felt his face. Just a regular human nose, and no little horn nublets pierced his forehead. Even his belly was back to his normal - slightly overweight - proportions. He leapt out of bed in celebration, pumping his fists in the air, but then he heard a loud crinkle and felt a familiar weight around his crotch. He looked down to see a ridiculously thick and soggy diaper drooping between his legs. He groaned as the familiar scent of a pissy bed assailed his nostrils, and he knew instantly that he had not woken up covered in sweat at all, but had in fact leaked badly, so much so that he had soaked the mattress and blankets.

"N-no! No, this can't be..." But it was. Daniel was in a diaper still, and what panicked him even more was the sound of footsteps rapidly coming up the stairs and approaching the door.

"Honey? What's all that noise?" said his Mom, barging into his room before he could tell her to stay out.

"M-mom! This isn't what it looks like!" he cried, simultaneously holding a hand out as if to hold the door shut, and holding another hand in front of his bulging diaper, as if he had a snowball's chance in hell of hiding it.

"Oh, I think it's exactly what it looks like, young mister. You wet the bed *again*, didn't you? You know what we said would happen if you wet the bed again."

"What do you mean, Mom? I don't wet the bed..."

"I don't want to hear it, Danny. I'm not even going to bother with your bedding. You're just going to soak it again. We're going to get you a waterproof mattress and crib like your little friend Damien down the street, and no more bedding for you!"

To Danny's surprise and horror, his mom began taking out some diapers from his underwear drawer and pointed down to the floor. "Well, down you go. I don't have all day."

"M-mom, *no!* W-what are you even talking about?" Asked Danny, appalled at the idea of being changed by his own Mom. His mom just shook her head and grabbed his elbow, forcing him down with surprising strength.

"It's not as if I want to be doing this, you know. Your father and I never expected to still be changing your diapers at this age," she said to Danny, as he lay there on the ground, red-faced and humiliated.

"*Mom...*"

"The least you can do is cooperate and not raise a fuss... I swear I'm going to have to ask Damien's mom to lend me one of his pacifiers..."

"Mom, I don't need diapers..."

"Uh, huh. And I should trust *you* to be the judge of that?" she asked, as she began untaping his ruined diaper. She seemed to almost be bored by the conversation, as if she was just going through the motions, repeating an exchange she had had with him many times before. Danny gave up arguing and just let her finish, glancing down only long enough to see his pathetic two incher trying to get hard, and his mom completely ignoring it as she wiped around his crotch area.

"I can do it myself," he said pathetically, much too late and not even believing it himself anymore.

"You barely know how to wipe," she said, with a snort of derision. "Do your chores for a week and maybe *then* Dad and I will believe you are ready for potty training."

Danny groaned. Whatever his diaper fantasies had been before, *this* certainly was not it. He didn't even know why he had woken up in a bed in the first place since he was used to sleeping on the couch in the garage. At least he'd be able to skulk down to the garage and watch TV like normal once the diapering was finished, or so he thought. But no such luck. As Danny's mom taped him into another ridiculously thick diaper, he was told that he would only have a little TV time because they were going on errands after that.

"You have 10 minutes and then we're going."

"But *Mooooom!* Why can't I stay at home and watch TV?"

"Because we can't afford to keep hiring a babysitter every time we want to leave the house, that's why," she said, crisply.

"Babysitter? But Mom, I can watch myself," huffed Danny. His mom didn't seem to believe that for a second.

"Off you go, diaper butt. Better hurry, you have 9 minutes left to watch TV." Danny didn't need to be told twice. He rushed off to the garage and sat at his computer, but found it was password protected. He complained to mom, expecting to receive the password. No such luck - Mom said he wasn't ready to use the internet, whatever that meant. He turned on the TV, and all he could find was toddler programming.

"What the heck is this?!" he said. Apparently he wasn't ready for adult programming either.

"Language, little man. Don't make me take away your TV privileges and put you in the corner."

Danny's mouth hung open. Stuck watching stupid baby shows? Not even allowed to use the internet?

"This sucks," he said.

"That's it. You get to spend the rest of your TV time in the corner. Congratulations."

Danny was in shock as his mom pulled him roughly by the hand to the living room and made him stand with his nose in the corner.

"Now you just stay right there where I can watch you until it's time to leave." Danny didn't even try to argue. This was sheer and utter insanity. If he had any money of his own, he'd be leaving at this very moment, but as it was, he was still dependent on his parents' money, and therefore he was at his parents' mercy. Danny could only hope that this, too, was some terrible dream. It felt quite real, however, when his mom returned holding a pair of bright red sweats and an equally colorful block print hoodie in all primary colors and pulled him out of the corner.

"Are you ready to behave yourself? Good. Now it's time to get dressed. Step inside." She didn't wait for him to answer her question but just held the sweats open expectantly and after a moment's hesitation, Daniel decided that this was not his battle. "Good. I'm glad you at least didn't give me a fuss about *that*. I know how much you *hate* wearing pants."

Daniel wanted to argue, but he bit his tongue and allowed her to tug the hoodie down over his head. He looked down at his bulging sweats. Danny groaned in dismay. He looked about as ridiculous as Damien now.

"What the heck is *this*?! I look like some sort of... R-Tard!"

Mom blanched, clearly appalled, and he got a feeling in his stomach like he had done something bad.

"Now, sweetie. We don't use that word. It's so we don't lose you in the store, and besides, you *love* fire engine red! Look, it even has your favorite firefighter pup! That's right, I sewed the patch on just for you!" She was patronizing him, he realized. Like he was some sort of little kid that didn't even know any better.

"I *can't* go out like this, Mom!"

"Well, then we have a problem, cause you can't stay at home either."

"I guess we have a problem," agreed Danny, crossing his arms. She couldn't make him go out dressed like this.

"Oh," said his mom, cocking an eyebrow. "I see what's happening here. You're not taking off your clothes like last time and making me chase you around the grocery store in just your diaper."

"I- Wha?" asked Daniel, as his Mom moved in behind him and grabbed at his waist. Before he could even register what was happening he heard a click at the waist, followed quickly by another series of clicks at the bottom of his hoodie. He realized, suddenly, as he grabbed at his clothes that he had been locked in. He tugged and tugged but the waistband of his pants wouldn't budge. The bottom of the hoodie was clipped on four sides to the waist of the pants as well. There was absolutely no way he could get these ridiculous clothes off without cutting them off, but he could feel a cable running through both garments that he suspected would easily defeat any pair of scissors.

His mom watched with satisfaction, her arms crossed as he struggled.

"Well, that's the end of *that* argument. Good to see that they work. Now come along, little man, or do I have to test out the mitts as well?"

Danny realized with a sinking feeling that his mom was prepared to go much further than he thought. He decided now was not the time to test how much worse things could get for him.

"No, ma'am," he said, shaking his head.

"Good," she said, taking his hand and leading him waddling out the front door. He stumbled after her, feeling absolutely foolish as he could barely keep his footing around the ridiculous bulk that rustled loudly with each step. This was so stupid. This *had* to be a dream, didn't it? As he was loaded into the back of his mom's car and taken to the grocery store, he had a sinking feeling that it wasn't. He almost wondered if it was better to be back in the nursery, and he felt a little voice in his head tell him that if he begged hard enough, he might just be able to go back...

"Please take me back," said Danny, squeezing his eyes shut and murmuring to himself as his mom started up the car. "Please..."

He felt a tremor... a rumble... yes, yes...

"Vrrrr..... Frrrraaap!" no, the rumble was just the start of the car's engine, and the tremor... was a loud and uncontrollable fart. He opened his eyes, blushing deeply, and looked around. He was still here, still in the car. Still wearing the stupid clothes that made him look like an idiot.

"Oh, honey. Are you gassy again? We really need to find out what's giving you all that gas and adjust that diet... maybe someone at the grocery store will know... I'll just have to ask around..."

"Mom, please *don't*," whined Danny, already cringing at the thought of it. Was she determined to embarrass him?

"Well, we *have* to find out. There's no point being embarrassed about it."

Great. Why couldn't she just ask a doctor like a normal person? He had a feeling his mom wasn't kidding, and sure enough, when they were in the store, his mom brought up his flatulence and diaper wearing to just about anyone and everyone who would listen, and some people who clearly didn't want to. It wasn't exactly a secret that he was diapered. The outline of the thick padding sticking out against the bright red sweatpants and the unmistakable crinkle made that obvious.

Danny was getting more and more upset until finally the cringe and the crinkle got to be too much and he stopped walking. He wasn't going to put up with this any longer.

"Honey, why did you stop? Oh, are you tired?" His mom ruffled his hair. "Well, we'll have to get you in the cart."

Danny recrossed his arms and shook his head, doing his best to put on an angry face to let his mom know he wasn't happy. He knew full well that his mom was not strong enough to lift him, so he knew she would have to relent. He did not count on the

fact that there would be a strong, burly shelf stocker nearby and that his mom would ask the nice gentleman, a beefy man in a tight black shirt and cap with at least a foot on Danny, for help.

"Excuse me, sir, but can you help my boy into the cart? I'm not strong enough to lift him myself..." The man turned from his monotonous task and smiled a big friendly smile.

"Sure, ma'am, I..." The man, clearly looking down expecting to see a young toddler, was surprised to see a fully grown Danny standing by the cart, crossing his arms and pouting. After a momentary eyebrow raise, the man's face settled into a smirk as he sized Danny up "No problem," he said, and before Danny could react, Danny felt the bigger man's hands lifting him up, up, up into the child's seat of the shopping cart.

He blushed deeply and let out a loud eep as he was lifted up and plopped down. He had an instant flashback to all the time that he had spent in the nursery with Krampus had taken care of him.

"Daddy," he bleated out in surprise, before covering his mouth the instant he said it. The man just chuckled and ruffled his hair, and in that instant Danny could swear he heard the smoky laugh of his demon daddy behind that chuckle, but he was sure he was just imagining things. Then, he was being pushed forward into the produce section. Mom immediately struck up a conversation with an older woman by the cauliflower about her son's gassy bowels.

"Do you think vegetables will make his farts worse, or is it the meat? I simply can't figure out what to do about my gassy boy!"

Danny couldn't be more embarrassed. Sure, he was no longer waddling around and crinkling, but he had traded that embarrassment for an even more obvious one - riding around in a child's seat that was clearly too small for him. His diaper filled all the remaining space in the seat, the leg divider pressing into it and increasing his sense of infantile confinement.

"Come on, Krampus, take me back," he whined, under his breath. "Please?" Nothing changed. He must not be begging hard enough. What was a poor boy to do if begging wouldn't work? Maybe he could convince his mom he was still a big boy, somehow. Surely that would set things right. Suddenly, he felt an ominous rumble in his tummy and a pressure in his bladder, and he knew that it would be the perfect opportunity to prove it.

"Mommy, I need to go potty," he announced a little too loudly before covering his mouth in embarrassment.

"Sweetie, no need to yell, I'm right here. You need to use your inside voice," said his mom, like she was talking to a kindergartner. The older woman tightened her lips and gave Danny a look of pity that made his cheeks burn red.

"But *Mom*, I gotta go..." he said, in a harsh almost-whisper.

"Then go. That's what your diapers are for." She said it so matter of factly, that Daniel was taken aback. He decided to try and climb out of the cart.

"I gotta get down and use the-" Daniel froze. The moment he lifted himself up enough to take the pressure off his butt, he felt the front of his diapers fill with wetness and the back of his diapers begin filling with mush, making it look almost like he was doing it on purpose. "No. N-no! Nooo! Wahhhhh! Wahhh-mmph!"

Almost as quickly as he began crying, Danny found his mouth plugged by the extra long and thick pacifier that his mom clipped to his shirt. He bit into it, scrunching his eyes as his bowels erupted and his bladder spasmed, as if his body was determined to prove what a big baby he was. There was no stopping it, and he soon found himself just trying to get it over with as he pushed, crinkled, and suckled on his binky for comfort. It didn't seem to make any difference whether he tried to hold it in or push it out, though. His muscle control was completely nonexistent, just as it had been since his unlucky meeting with Krampus, and it didn't seem as if it was showing any sign of improvement here in the earthly world. Finally, he plopped down onto his butt, exhausted. He instantly began grinning stupidly at the familiar feeling of his squishy, messy diaper.

"Uh, oh! Looks like we have a stinky boy! I guess I'd better get him a change. Can't even keep his pants clean for ten minutes," Mom said to the older lady, making Danny snap out of it and realize just how humiliated he should be. "Isn't that right, Danny? Are you my little pooper? Oh well, guess a Mommy's job is never done..." She sighed and shook her head as she pushed Danny toward the back of the grocery store where the public restrooms were. Danny's only comfort was the familiar shape of the pacifier in his mouth. Yes, it felt familiar... a little... *too* familiar...

Danny's eyes went wide as he realized just *why* it felt so familiar in his mouth. He pulled it out and looked at it. The shape of the teat.... It was shaped just like Krampus's cock. He quickly shoved it back in his mouth, embarrassed to be holding a demon dick in his hand in public. He looked around, whimpering as more memories of his time in the nursery flooded his senses and his little dicklet began to stir. Danny soon found himself moaning and humping his thick wet diaper against the leg divider through his thick red sweats. His mom sighed, clearly annoyed.

"Oh, boy. Not this again. Now how many times have I told you no humpies or rubbies in public? We're really going to have to use that chastity cage your father got, aren't we?"

Daniel whimpered and shook his head no, but even as he did, he couldn't stop humping. He was just so horny. Nothing made him hornier than thick wet and messy diapers and a mouth full of dick. What did Mom expect, giving him a pacifier like that?

"Excuse me, sir?" asked his Mom, interrupting the burly man again. "Can you tell me if there's a restroom with a changing table for my little pooper?"

"Little pooper?" The man asked, confused. Then he sniffed the air and instantly locked eyes with Danny, the obvious culprit. "Oh. I see. Yes, go ahead straight to the double doors by the yogurt section. Inside the employees area there's a changing room that will meet your... needs."

"Thank you, young man. I wish my son was more like you. How old are you, anyway?"

"18, ma'am."

"That's my son's age! Well, I certainly hope he grows up to be like you one day." The man looked Danny up and down one more time, doubt clearly on his face, but before he could reply, the cart was moving again.

This had to be a test from Krampus, it *had* to be, thought Danny as he was wheeled into the employees area, but as he was laid down on the table, his sweats pulled off and his chest strapped down by a big thick strap, he couldn't puzzle out just what he had to do to get out of this. Danny squeezed his eyes shut as his mom untaped his diaper, knowing full well that his shame would be completely exposed and that he was about to have his poopy bottom wiped off by his mom for the first time in... as long as he could remember.

"Alright, sweetie. I just need to grab the wipes and the diaper and... oh dear! I can't believe it. I forgot your diaper bag in the car! I'll be right back..." Danny tried to protest around his mouth full of rubber demon dick, but before he could even try to make himself heard, his mom had rushed off. What's worse, she had left the door open, leaving a clear view of her son, strapped down and helpless with his diaper open and his poopy butt and balls on display, not to mention his pathetically tiny drippy pee pee. He immediately started to thrash about, trying as hard as he could to reach some sort of strap release, but he was stuck. Then, he heard a noise and stared at the doorway with apprehension. Danny tried to be quiet, and hoped silently that it was his mom coming back. He heard a familiar voice, but unfortunately it wasn't his mom.

"OMG, is that a MAN strapped down on the changing table? He looks like a big baby, guys! I gotta get this on camera..."

"Hold up, wait a second... is that *Danny*?!" came another voice. Danny's eyes widened and he protested into his pacifier as he recognized the voices of his former high school classmates, now graduated and, apparently, working at the grocery store.

"No way! He pulled a *Damien*! Wait til I post this up on the alumni page! This is going to be the talk of the town!"

Danny was now struggling again and cursing into his pacifier, kicking his legs in a babyish display that only made the video even more entertaining. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to get the stupid strap off his chest, for it seemed the buckle release was around the edge of the table and out of reach. Even if he could get out of it, though, it's not like he could clean off or cover himself up with anything but his poopy diaper. He was well and completely fucked, and just had to lie there and wait for Mommy to come back and rescue him.

"Peeyooo! What a stinky pooper!" said one of the guys, laughing. "Where's your *mommy* to change you?" he asked.

"Right here," came his Mom's voice. The guys burst out into even louder laughter, but Daniel knew that his mom would at *least* shut the door. Instead she said, "Well, you're free to keep filming. It's not every day you see a fully grown man get his butt wiped like a toddler. Maybe a little humiliation will get him to take his chores seriously so he can start potty training soon."

"P-potty training?" asked the guy filming, nearly out of breath now. He was laughing so hard, he was shaking the camera and had to pass it off to his companion. "This is too funny! I'm going to pee my pants!"

Danny wanted to sink into a hole and disappear, but no such luck. Instead, his mom set upon the task of wiping his butt off inch by poopy inch. By the time she got to his pee-pee, he was squirming and begging to be let down, but instead, she took her time wiping off his front, and especially around his little pee-pee head. David's breathing began to grow more rapid as he squirmed under her ministrations.

Oh no! Not here! Not on camera! He thought, but the stimulation of the wipes on his skin and the thick rubber cock in his mouth were too much for his hair trigger dick. With a grunt, Danny let out a torrent of cum, releasing a year's worth of pent up jizz out of his tiny pee pee, spurting rope after rope of cum onto his belly in uncontrollable jerks and spasms. It had been so long since he had cum that it felt more like pissing than anything. He was so embarrassed but he couldn't stop jerking and moaning. It seemed

that he had no control over *any* of his bodily functions. Finally, after what seemed like several minutes, Danny was spent. His mom had patiently waited and when he was done, she wiped his belly off like it was just another mess. Then, she tossed the wipes into his dirty diaper, balling it up and tossing it in the trash. The guys filmed the whole thing, and were not shy about their commentary.

"Wow, Dude! The big baby loves his diapers so much!"

"I've never seen so much jizz come out of one place! What a freak!"

Soon, another diaper was placed under Danny's butt, a disgustingly peach-pink one with stupid fairies and unicorns all over it. Daniel groaned in frustration as his mom slid it under his butt and pulled it up between his legs, the thick crinkly material trapping him like a prison - a familiar, comfortable prison that he knew he needed. The guys who were filming found his Princess diapers hysterical and when Mom was done with the change, she unstrapped him and made him sit up and wave.

"Smile for the camera, sweetie! Show everyone your beautiful face! Don't be shy, this is what you wanted, isn't it?"

Finally the guys realized they had to get back to work and moved on, but Danny knew his reputation was ruined. All he could hope to do was to earn those potty training privileges and prove to his parents that he could be a big boy after all. He resolved to do just that as his sweats were pulled back up over his legs and over his diaper by his mom.

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 7

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

Danny is stuck being treated like a big baby by Mom and Dad but it's nothing like the easy life he wanted. Now he has to prove he's a big boy by Christmas or be stuck like this forever. But with Christmas Eve around the corner, does he stand a chance in heck? Only Krampus knows.

Daniel was reeling as he was re-dressed on the changing table, his clothing locked again before he was unstrapped from the table. How had his life changed so drastically without him knowing it? Was this just a bad dream, or had he slept through some life changing event? He thought back to the babysitting gig he had with the Millers... how Damien had acted like a big dumb baby and how Krampus appeared, snatched Daniel, and sent Damien out disguised as him to...

"Damien!" he growled. "Of course..."

"Yes, sweetie. You'll be having a playdate with Damien very soon."

"No, that's not what I..." Daniel sighed. His mom would never understand. "Yes, Mom."

"That's a good boy. Now are you okay to walk today or do you need the nice man to put you back in the cart?"

"No, Mom, I'll walk," muttered Daniel, not wanting to repeat *that* particular embarrassing experience again.

"Good. I'm glad to hear it," said Mom. She held out her hand and Daniel took it, obediently waddling alongside her out of the bathroom and back into the main shopping area of the grocery store.

Daniel tried to piece together what had happened. Somehow, Damien had managed to be here with Mom and Dad while at the same time being in the naughty nursery with Daniel. How? Were there two Damiens? Did time just work differently in the naughty nursery? Or was he in some sort of weird dream he couldn't wake up from?

When they got back to the shopping cart, Daniel was made to hold onto it with one hand as Mommy pushed it through the store. Daniel again opted to avoid making things worse for himself and follow directions, doing his best to ignore the loud crinkles he made with each step. However, his mom was not about to let him or anyone else

ignore the fact that her son was now a big baby as she loudly proclaimed the babyish activities he had to look forward to.

"My, my, so well behaved all of a sudden! If you keep this up, Santa might just pay you a visit on Christmas Eve and grant you a wish! Now, let's get you home. I'll bet my little man is hungry wungry and wants his big boy clothes off so he can run around in his diaper like he likes."

"Mom, *please*," hissed Daniel as they endured the snickers of nearby customers and employees, including his former classmates. His mom just doubled down.

"Oh, come on, sweetie, you love to run around in your diapee... you got so into it ever since you babysat your little friend Damien." Daniel smacked his forehead. That stupid idiot Damien was responsible for *all* of this. Daniel's mom quickly grabbed his wrist, alarmed.

"No, sweetie! No hitting yourself. We're going to have to put you in mitts after all, aren't we?"

"No, Mom, that's not what-" His mom wasn't listening. She clucked her tongue and shook her head.

"Dad and I thought it was too extreme, but Miss Miller was right yet again. Discipline is what you need."

"Mom, no!" whined Daniel, veering dangerously close to having a meltdown. His mother, sensing this development, reached into her purse and fished out a familiar object.

"Here, take your pacifier, sweetie. That always calms you down." In her hand was an obscene pacifier straight out of the Naughty Nursery judging by the looks of it. It was thick, veiny, and in a very familiar shape.

"Oh my god, is that a *cock*?" asked David's former classmate, who was once again recording the spectacle as Daniel's mom pressed the sinful soother up against his lips. Embarrassed, flustered, and blushing bright red, Daniel quickly engulfed the Krampus cock-shaped pacifier in his mouth to hide it from view.

"I knew you would be excited to suck on that special pacifier," said Mom, patting Daniel's head as he stood there holding the grocery cart and blushing fiercely. "And you finally stopped fussing. Miss Miller was right - it's just so much easier keeping you boys like this since boys just don't want to grow up nowadays. "

Mercifully, all they had to do now was get through checkout. They got in line and they were almost next when a new stand opened up. Daniel saw that the person in the checkstand was a really cute girl about his age. His mother changed direction and started heading toward the new line. Daniel resisted, feeling a sudden pang of embarrassment spike up again.

"But we're next in this line," said Daniel around his pacifier, pointing to the old lady at the stand in front of them. It wouldn't be so bad for him to look like a huge dork in front of an old lady. But in front of an attractive woman his own age? He couldn't handle the humiliation. His mom, however, did not seem to understand.

"Sweetie, what has gotten into you?" asked his mom loudly as she continued toward the newly opened checkstand, despite Daniel's best attempts. "Now you help Mommy unload this cart for the nice cashier or you'll get a spanking when we get home." Daniel looked at the checkout girl, mortified as she listened to the exchange and giggled. He must have looked ridiculous unloading the cart and sucking on his demon dicky pacifier while his mom talked down to him.

"Those are wipes. W I P E S sweetie. Those are for your stinky bum! Yes, they are!" She turned to the cashier and shook her head with a smile. "Some boys never grow up, do they?" Seeing an opportunity, the young lady smirked.

"Oh, yes, I know. I see it all the time. I babysit plenty of little ones, and I'm sure he's no different. If you ever need a babysitter, I'm available." Daniel's eyes went wide with shock at the suggestion, and he was even more surprised with his mother's response.

"What are your rates? We had to let our last babysitter go because we couldn't afford her."

"Oh, I'm sure we could work something out," said the cashier, looking Daniel up and down with a smirk.

"NO!" yelled Daniel, prompting his mom to shove his penis-shaped pacifier firmly back in his mouth.

"Hush, you. The grownups are talking."

Daniel wanted to pull his hair out as his mother haggled babysitting prices with the cute young checkout girl. Even if he wasn't romantically interested in anything but demon dick and diapers now, it still stung to be seen as a diapered dummy by someone his age. Daniel blushed deeply as the would-be babysitter commented on how cute his butt looked, earning him a playful, crinkly swat on the butt from his mom.

Finally, when his Mom was good and ready, they left and went to the car, where he was buckled in in the back seat. After his mom took a seat in front, she turned to face him and he braced for a typical mom lecture.

"Alright, sweetie," said his mom. "I'm not going to lecture you because you're just too immature to know any better. However, since you're Mr. Grumpy Pants today and your little paci wasn't enough, I've got something that is sure to cheer you up for the drive home." Daniel groaned as the unmistakable tune of 'The Wheels on the Bus' started playing. Would this crap be playing the whole way back? At least in Krampus's nursery, he didn't have to listen to dumb stuff like this.

"Oh, come on, sweetie, don't pout. You love this one. Be a good boy and clap and sing along. Mommy won't take us home until you do!"

"I'm not a baby."

"Well, that's hard to believe, sweetie, when you're pouting like a baby all the time. If you want to prove you're a big boy and get that special wish from Santa, you're going to have to change that attitude." Mom lowered her voice to a slightly more assertive tone when Daniel didn't budge. "Don't make me tell your father you were bad today." Daniel sighed.

"Fine... I'll sing along..." Daniel began half heartedly clapping and singing, which seemed to satisfy his mother as she finally nodded and pulled out of the parking spot. Gradually, Daniel started to get into it as he continued singing and by the time they were back at the house, he had clapped, sung, giggled, and farted along with all the classic songs, from Row Row Row your boat to the itsy bitsy spider. It wasn't until Mom stopped the music that he snapped out of it and realized what he was doing.

"Wow, sweetie, you were a very good boy, and so mature," said Mom, in her mommy voice as she unbuckled him.

"I can be big," he said, sensing her condescension. "I'll help take in the groceries."

"Sweetie, no, you're too clumsy for that."

"Am not!" Daniel said, pushing past his mom and rushing to the trunk, where he grabbed two bags and pulled them out. The bottoms immediately fell out of the grocery bags spilling groceries everywhere.

"Oh *Daniel*," said Mom, exasperated. "What are we going to do with you?" Daniel stared in shock at the empty shredded bags in his hands, looking like they had been clawed open by some demon.

"It wasn't me! I swear!" said Daniel, his voice taking on a tinge of desperation as he bent down to pick up the groceries.

"NO. Leave it, Daniel," Mom barked in an unusually forceful voice. "You're clearly not ready for big boy responsibilities of any sort. If you want to be useful, go watch cartoons while the grownups take care of things." Daniel was hurt, and insulted. Here he was actually *trying* to help out for once and his parents didn't even believe he was capable of it. Krampus's voice spoke in the back of Daniel's mind.

"Being a big boy is too hard, Danny Boy. You should just give up... give up and stop trying..." Daniel shut his eyes, not knowing or caring if this voice was real or just his imagination.

"Please... take me back... I really mean it this time..."

"No," came the voice. "You don't. You're just trying to run away from your problems again. And when you get back to the nursery, you'll just try to resist there too like the brat you are."

Daniel realized that the words were true. Going to the naughty nursery wouldn't solve his problems. Only he could do that - by showing once and for all he was a big boy. When Danny walked inside and saw that the dishes were dirty, he knew what he had to do. He walked up to the sink and grabbed a sponge. He could do this. How hard could it be? He just had to soap them up and put them in the dishwasher, right?

"Daniel! You put that dish down right this instant!" came the voice of Daniel's mom from right behind him, making him jump and drop the plate. The plate landed in the sink, breaking itself and another plate below it and Mom immediately took hold of Daniel's hands as if she was afraid he'd try to grab the broken glass. "No playing near the sink, that's not for little boys!"

"Mom, I was trying to help!"

"No no sweetie, that's not safe for you. You use plastic plates, remember?" She looked Danny up and down to see if he was hurt, and quickly spotted something amiss. "Oh, just look at you, Danny! You wet yourself and leaked all over..." Daniel looked down, completely shocked to see his red sweats damp with piss. It must have happened when his mom scared him.

"Honey," called mom over her shoulder. "Could you come in here a minute?"

Daniel cringed as his father walked into the room, looking him up and down as he took in the scene.

"What happened here?"

"Danny had a big scare because of the loud scary dishes, didn't you sweetie?" Mom didn't wait for Danny to answer. "Go get me a bath towel, would you? We don't want the little one dripping all over the floor and I clearly can't leave him unattended to get one myself... Oh, and could you grab the mitts and the... you know *what*? We're going to have to follow through with Mrs. Miller's suggestion after all."

Dad nodded with some unspoken understanding, pausing to give Danny a pitying glance on his way out.

Danny was near tears as he was pacified, stripped down to his diaper, wrapped in a big fluffy towel, and led to the living room for an emergency diaper change. Danny found his butt immediately on a big fluffy diaper, his Mom taking off his soaked one almost before his butt touched the padding. He knew better than to take out his pacifier when he was in trouble, so instead he whimpered pitifully and suckled while Mom took care of him.

"So what happened?" asked Dad as Mom wiped Danny's legs and crotch clean of piss.

"Oh, the poor thing has been this close to having a meltdown all day. First he wanted to watch *big boy* shows, then he didn't want to get dressed or come shopping, then during our shopping, he humped the seat of the shopping cart *again*, and he had an outburst at the checkout counter..." Daniel tried to protest, but his Dad talked right over him.

"Masturbating in public *again*? How many times is this going to happen? Ever since that boy babysat Damien, he just doesn't stop..."

"That's right, and when he's not rubbing his diaper, he's arguing and trying to prove he's a *big boy*, which is how we ended up with a load of groceries on our front lawn and broken dishes in the sink. I think it's time we give up trying to teach our little helper not to masturbate or do other big boy things. These mitts and the *you-know-what* will be much more effective for little boys who can't control themselves."

Daniel's face was bright red as his mom and dad each worked a mitt over their helpless son's hands, making them completely useless. Danny didn't *want* to let them

do it. He wanted to yell at them that they were all wrong, but he knew that yelling would only prove their point and make the baby treatment that much more severe. Instead, he lay there helpless, mitted and naked on an open diaper while his dad opened up a little box and pulled something out.

"Sweetheart," began his Dad, hiding the mystery object in his hand. "You're not gonna like this, but Daddy has to put something on you to protect you..." At first Daniel didn't know what his dad could possibly mean, but when he grabbed Daniel's penis and shoved a hard piece of plastic on it, things clicked into place quickly.

"NO!" yelled Daniel. "You can't!"

"Shhh, shhh, shhh," said Mommy, holding down his mitted hands as he kicked and squirmed while his father sat on his legs to completely immobilize him. "It's okay. You did such a good job letting mommy and daddy put on your mitts my brave boy... be good and I promise you can make stickies when you are at home with Mommy and Daddy's help..." Daniel blushed imagining being completely dependent on his parents to get off.

"You don't need to do this..."

"Oh, but we do, sweetie," said Mom. "Ever since you babysat Damien, you've been rubbing your diaper everywhere you go, and today was the last straw. You'll be much more behaved with this on."

"That's not fair!" Yelled Daniel, frustrated that he couldn't explain those behaviors to his parents without sounding crazy.. "It wasn't me!"

"Oh? That wasn't you today in the shopping cart humping your little diapees?"

"That wasn't my fault! I couldn't help it! No!"

Daniel fought valiantly but with weakened muscles and lowered stamina from being idle in the nursery for so long, all his parents had to do was wait him out. It was not even a minute before he tired himself out and was left exhausted and panting as his limp pee pee was locked up by his father.

"There we go, fussy little fella," said Dad. "Don't worry, you'll forget about that little thing in no time. Just be a good boy and stay out of the way while Mommy and Daddy put away the groceries, and maybe you can make cummies at bedtime."

"Let's put him in the playpen," said Mom, satisfied with their handiwork.

"Good idea," said Dad. "I brought the spiked booties so he won't try to stand up like a big boy and get out on his own. There's no way our flabby little doughboy will be able to climb over the sturdy walls with these on."

Danny's feet were wrestled into the special locking booties and now he was truly helpless. Unable to walk or use his hands or even hump his diaper to get off as he was placed in the playpen in just his diaper and left to watch Blarney on TV. Being a big baby was not the easy lifestyle Danny had imagined before all this started. He just wanted to be free to be lazy and masturbate and play video games whenever he wanted, not *all this*. How was Danny ever going to prove he was ready to be a big boy again when he was stuck and helpless like this?

Danny tried standing up, and sure enough, the spikes in the booties pressed painfully on his feet, making him fall on his butt and squirt a little pee out into his thick absorbent diaper. Danny felt a rumble in his tummy and knew that he was going to make another poopy soon, which would only prove how much he needed diapers.

"That's it!" said Danny, his feeble mind working on overdrive. "I just have to make it to the potty and then they'll *have* to potty train me!"

It was a race against his tummy now. Danny tried to pull himself up with his arms, but his upper body strength was nonexistent, and the extra weight he had put on made lifting himself up an impossibility, so his pathetic escape attempt ended in failure almost as soon as it started. One minute his tummy was rumbling, the next, his seat was filling with mush. He just didn't have any control down there after what Krampus did to him.

"Uh oh, is somebody a stinky boy?" said Mommy as she approached the playpen.

"I couldn't make it to the potty, mommy!" Daniel instantly blushed and covered his mouth. Why did he cry out to mommy like a big baby?

"I know, sweetie. I know." said Mommy, helping him out of the playpen. "Let's just get you changed. Are you all finished making poo poos for Mommy?" Danny nodded, blushing deeply at the question, and his mom smiled softly and began to change him. Danny sighed and relaxed as his butt was wiped clean. He had to admit being changed felt nicer than using the cold hard potty.

That night, as Daniel lay in his comfy bed, he overheard Mommy and Daddy talking.

"It's just too bad he could be a good boy and get that wish from Santa... at this rate, he's never going to grow up again."

"You're right. He's getting worse, I think it's time we give up trying to rehabilitate our boy and just face the fact that he's going to be a big baby like Damien from now on."

"The crib and changing table will be here in time for Christmas. We can make the nursery his Christmas present," said Mom.

"Well, honey, I'm all on board for that. It'll make caring for Danny a lot easier, after all, since we can leave him in the crib and know he won't get into trouble, and that changing table will save both our backs."

Danny groggily puzzled over his parents' mention of Santa. Santa wasn't real, was he? As Danny drifted off to sleep, he saw a dark shadow over him and heard a smoky voice in his ear, as if Krampus was leaning in to whisper to him.

"It's almost Christmas... I wonder what Santa will say when he sees what a big baby loser you are? I'll give you until midnight Christmas day to prove you have the capacity to learn *something* about being a good boy before I make this your new reality forever. Don't try *too* hard, Danny boy. We both know you'll fail like you always do."

Daniel drifted off to sleep, and dreamed again of getting railed by demons in the naughty nursery. The next day was much like the last, with Daniel waking up in a soaked bed, his diaper having leaked in the night. The only difference was he could feel his chastity cage painfully digging into his balls as his dicklet tried to chub up over his naughty dreams.

"Owwie," whined Danny, as he tried in vain to get some sort of relief. His mom showed up almost immediately.

"Oh, dear, you've soaked the sheets again, haven't you? Well, we might as well just set the bed up to dry. It's going to smell like piss no matter what we do until those cloth nighttime diapers come in. Come along for your bath, baby, and Mommy will see if you can make poopies too."

Daniel could tell that this day would be full of humiliations, and reminders of how far he had fallen. As he discovered in the bath, there was also the added frustration of being horny and feeling the painful tug of the cage every time he started to chub up. There was nothing he could do to relieve himself, not even suck on a hot demon cock. The closest thing he got was his paci.

After his bath, it was breakfast time. Mom gave him a gigantic bottle. Daniel's eyes bugged out and his face went red when he saw the 2 liter monstrosity topped with a giant nipple shaped like Krampus's cock. Mommy looked at him, concerned.

"What's the matter, sweetie? You love your milk, and this is your favorite nipple. Be a good boy and drink up, honey." Despite his embarrassment, Daniel knew he had to be a good boy if he wanted any hope of changing his situation, so he put the big demon cock in his mouth with his mom beaming proudly. As he sucked it, he tasted the familiar musky taste of demon seed, and pulled his head off the cock, looking at the bottle again in confusion.

"Come on, sweetie, drink it up," said Mommy, grabbing the bottle and pushing the nipple back in his mouth, forcing the demon cock down his throat. He moaned slightly as dribbles of musky cum tickled the back of his throat. Daniel began to suck his meal down ravenously as his mom held it there. He winced as his cage got painfully tight, but he kept on suckling. This was the closest thing to sexual satisfaction he could get now, and he was going to thoroughly enjoy it. His mother cooed at him as he humped his diaper in vain, unable to get any stimulation aside from what was happening in his mouth and tummy.

"Miss Miller was right... you boys sure do love this special formula!"

When he was finally done, Daniel groaned from how full his tummy was. Mommy burped him, and his burp filled the room with the smell of demon musk, just like the nursery used to smell.

"How soon is Cwismas eve, Mommy?" asked Daniel, his voice coming out very babyish. Mommy smiled down at him.

"Why... Christmas Eve is today, sweetie! Didn't you know that?"

"What?!" asked Danny, his eyes wide. How could he have known? It wasn't like he was allowed to go online or see anything but baby shows.

"Oh yes! We hired a babysitter to watch you and little Damien tonight while we go out with the Millers to see Faust. It'll be a big baby sleepover! Won't that be nice?"

Daniel's heart skipped a beat. There was no time. How was he supposed to prove he was a good boy by the end of the day and avoid being stuck in this hellish scenario?

"If you're good, maybe Santa will show up and give you a wish. Remember, Daniel: Santa shows up for good boys and girls. Bad boys and girls get to meet Krampus instead." Daniel thought he could hear a smoky chuckle beneath that voice.

Daniel gulped. He was both excited and afraid of that possibility. Krampus was the very reason he was in this mess, but he so missed his Demon Daddy's face and

cock. Daniel's stomach suddenly rumbled and moment later he felt mush spreading out into the back of his diaper

"Right on schedule," said Mommy in a singsong voice. "Let's get you out of this high chair and down on the floor. Oh, this will be so much easier after you get your Christmas present, just you wait!"

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 8

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

Daniel has one last chance to prove he's a good boy before he's stuck playing baby with Mommy and Daddy forever. Can he prove he's a big boy and get Santa to come on Christmas Eve, or will he have much more babyish fate?

That evening, Mom and Dad dressed up in their most formal clothing, and Daniel got a fresh diaper and a Blarney shirt. Satisfied, Dad grabbed Daniel's hand and led him toward the front door.

"I can't lift your chubby butt so your booties are coming off for now, but if you go wandering where you shouldn't tonight, the babysitter has full permission to put them right back on you, got it?"

"Wait, what about pants?" Daniel said, beginning to panic as Dad looked at his watch.

"Oh, you don't need it sweetie," said Mom. "It'll just get in the way of the babysitter checking your diaper, and besides, you'll be inside the whole time."

"But we have to go out to the car..."

"Come on, sweetie," said Mom with a patronizing grin. "Do you think the whole neighborhood doesn't know about your big diapered butt already?"

"We don't have time for this, honey," said Dad to Mom. "We're going to be late."

No further argument was brooked. Daniel was marched outside in full view of the neighborhood and strapped into the backseat of Mom and Dad's car. With his mitts on, there was no way he was getting out of the seat on his own. Daniel blushed, thinking of just how helpless his Mom and Dad had made him, keeping him in mitts and booties helpless to do anything but sit in his playpen, play with baby toys, fill his diapers, and watch baby shows on TV.

Mom, sensing Daniel's frustration, put on his 'favorite album' once again.

"Come on, sweetie. Be a good boy and sing along... Theeeeeee wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round..." Daniel was obliged to clap and sing along to the music all the way to the Millers, and before he knew it, they were pulling into the driveway.

When the music turned off, Daniel realized where he was, and he felt his stomach sink. If he didn't figure something out quick, he was going to end up like Damien, stuck looking like an idiot, but with *much* stricter parents and a cage on his winky to ensure he would always be fussy and frustrated. Daniel was led toddling up the steps to the big front door, looking around to see if anyone in the neighborhood was watching.

"Momm.... hurry upppp," said Daniel, trying in vain to pull down his short Blarney shirt in an attempt to hide his enormous diaper.

"Calm down, sweetie, Mommy told you not to fuss. If you fuss, Santa won't come." The front door opened, and Daniel's stomach did flip flops as he caught sight of the checkout girl from yesterday.

"Well hello there, little boy! Welcome!" Daniel turned to his parents, a look of absolute horror on his face.

"Mommy, Daddy, is she really going to be my babysitter? She's *my* age."

"Just because you're the same age doesn't mean you're equally as mature," said Dad, looking not the least bit sympathetic to Daniel's plight.

"Girls just grow up faster than boys, sweetie," added Mom, as if it was a known fact. She patted his crinkly butt and ushered him forward. "Now be polite and thank her for babysitting you."

"Thank you," mumbled Daniel, staring at the floor and scowling as he walked inside.

"Don't worry, kid," said the babysitter with a smirk as she tugged up lightly on his exposed diaper waistband, then patted his butt. "We're going to have lots of fun. I promise."

Daniel huffed. He was already thinking about how he could ditch her so he could try to think up some *useful* way to prove he was a good boy before Santa came.

Inside were the Millers dressed up in their opera outfits. Damien jumped up from playing on the floor and waddle-ran right up to Daniel with a toy car in his hand and a big dumb grin on his toothless face.

"Baby bwooooo!" Daniel was practically bowled over by the big idiot, and pushed him away.

"Get off me, you stupid dummy!"

Mom and Dad gasped.

"Language, young man! I told you to be nice!" said Mom. Dad's face went red with anger and he delivered a few hard swats to Daniel's bare thigh while holding the boy in place.

"That had better be the *last* outburst you make tonight, little man. If the babysitter tells us you've been naughty, there will be *hell* to pay." Daniel yelped and made a face like he was going to cry, but Mom and Dad stood firm, so he gave up on that. They were always so unfair to him when he did nothing wrong. It wasn't *his* fault Damien was such a stupid dummy.

"Well, with that out of the way," said Mrs. Miller, "Let's get going, shall we?" The parents all cleared out and Danny was left standing awkwardly in the living room with his 'babysitter' and Damien, the overgrown man-baby, still grinning ear to ear like an idiot.

"Alright, kiddos," said the babysitter, smiling warmly. "It's just us now, huh? What do we wanna do first?"

"Pizza!" said Damien, clapping.

"Aww, sorry kiddo, but you can't have any pizza. You're lactose intolerant, remember?"

"Can I have pizza?" asked Daniel.

"Now I don't think that would be very fair to your big bro Damien, would it? How about you both get a nice bottle of formula instead?"

Damien clapped and squealed in delight at the mention of formula while Daniel scowled. However, when they got into the kitchen and Danny saw the two giant bottles with demon dick nipples, he knew just what 'formula' they were about to drink. Now he was interested, and his tummy gurgled in anticipation of a delicious, musky meal.

"I have to warm them up," said the babysitter, smiling. "You two just hang tight."

Daniel and Damien stood there, watching the bottles rotate around in the microwave as the 'formula' was heated up. As they waited, Danny puzzled over what he had to do to get Santa to come. If he wasn't allowed to do big boy chores, what else

could he do? What did being a good boy even look like, anyway? Would doing something big like using a potty prove he was good?

Two minutes passed on the microwave and Danny's had only become more puzzled. Suddenly, a rubber demon cock was being shoved into his mouth and he found his hands coming up to hold the bottle as he suckled out the musky 'formula'. He was smiling ear to ear as he drank down the demonic nectar, all his questions forgotten. Now this he could get used to.

The two boys fell into a horny haze as they suckled on the demon cock bottles. Damien began humping his diaper on the kitchen floor and Daniel felt more than a little envious at the sight of the big baby enjoying himself so openly.

"Aww, isn't that cute," said the babysitter. "Somebody loves their milk soooo much they want to show the kitchen their appreciation! And what about you, Danny boy? Why aren't you copying your big bro?"

The demon-spunk formula dribbled from Daniel's chin and onto his Barney shirt as he pulled the nipple out to reply. Suddenly Danny was intensely embarrassed about his chastity cage. He didn't want the babysitter to know.

"Um... I dunno..."

"Oh, that's right! Your Mommy and Daddy told me they're keeping your pee pee caged up because they don't want you *masturbating* everywhere. I guess they're not as *permissive* as the Millers." The babysitter smirked as she saw Daniel's shocked expression. "Oh dear, but I might be using words that are too big for the little boy to understand, huh? How should I put this... Don't worry, Danny boy. Mommy and Daddy are keeping your pee pee nice and pwotected."

Daniel's face went bright red. She knew? And was she... teasing him? He couldn't believe it.

"Well, it's 7pm and dinner is all finished. We can do one more thing before you sweetums have to go to bed."

"7pm? That can't be right. I just got here," said Daniel, shocked to see that the microwave clock agreed with the babysitter. "How in the world?"

"You and Damien have been sucking down milk for a whole hour, sweetie. Didn't you know?" Daniel was dumbstruck. Had he really zoned out for a whole hour?

"But... but... I'm not ready for bed..."

"Then you better make this last activity count, huh? So what do you two want to do before beddy bye time?"

"Wets pway wif toys!" said Damien.

"That's a great idea, lil guy! You can show Danny all sorts of fun games in your bedroom. You've got your stacking rings, your shape box, the animal pop up toy... And it's right by the crib, so you can snuggle up for sleepy time right after!"

"Yay!" said Damien, clapping and making a big dumb toothless grin.

"No way!" whined Daniel. "That's lame!" The babysitter's eyes flashed a warning glare.

"Do you want to be a good boy like Damien and play nice or will I have to put you to bed right now, Daniel?" Daniel's eyes went wide and he quickly backpedaled.

"N-no, I'll be good! I just need to figure out a way to show *Santa* I'm good so he'll visit!"

"Oh, *I* see. Well, *I* heard that boys who drink their babas and play nice with their baby brothers get put on the nice list. You've already drunk your bottle like a good boy, so if you play nice with Damien, that's two points out of three! What do you think?"

"Uh, *duh*. Everybody knows *that*," lied Daniel, crossing his arms and rolling his eyes. "That's what I was gonna suggest anyway."

"You wouldn't be lying now, would you?" asked the babysitter, hiding her smirk with her hand. "That's not a very good boy thing to do..."

"Whatever, let's go play the stupid baby games with Dumbien."

"Daniel..." warned the babysitter. "You are on thin ice right now, buddy. Now apologize to your big bro."

"What? What did I say?" asked Daniel, shrugging.

"Apologize, or it's bedtime for you *right now*."

"Okay, okay. Sorry Dumbien- I mean Damien. Let's go play."

"Yay! Pway!" said Damien, clapping and smiling as he ran ahead of the both of them toward his room.

"You see? He didn't even need the apology," said Daniel, shrugging again.

"Daniel, that's not the point. You still have to treat him nice. You really don't get this whole being good thing, do you? Such a very naughty boy..."

"I *am* good," said Daniel. "I'm really trying to be. It's just nobody gives me a chance to prove it." The babysitter shook her head and led Daniel up to the bedroom by the hand like she didn't trust him to go by himself. She paused before they stepped into the bedroom, where Damien was already taking out his toys, his fat diapered butt sticking high in the air pointed toward the door.

"I can see why your parents keep you like this, Daniel. Frankly, I don't think Santa *will* come tonight, not with *that* attitude anyway. Now, I want you to promise you will play nice with Damien and not insult him or call him names, even if he doesn't understand. Don't be like the reindeer who were mean to Rudolph."

"Okay, fine," said Daniel. "I promise, okay? But after this, can we *please* do something more grown up? I need to show Santa I deserve my wish."

"Oh, you'll get exactly what you deserve, Danny boy, don't you worry. Now go on in there and play."

Daniel dragged himself into the nursery and reluctantly began playing with Damien. Damien was playing with a box that had various shape cutouts, and the darn thing was absolutely defeating him as he tried to shove a square peg through a round hole.

"No, no, you stup- uh... stupendous boy. You gotta put the peg here, see?"

"Yay!!!" said Damien, clapping, as he watched the cylinder disappear into the box. Daniel couldn't help but pity the easily entertained fool, even though he too felt his heart leap a bit at the infantile accomplishment just a *little*. "Oh yeah? If you think that's cool, wait til I put the *star* shaped block in the box."

Danny helped Damien put another block in the box, and another as Damien giggled and clapped in delight. Soon Daniel found himself reluctantly enjoying the game as well, and before he knew it, the blocks were all put away. Damien then moved onto the stacking rings, once again doing them all wrong until Daniel came over to show him how to do it right.

"That's the way, see? Red to purple. Just like *this*."

"Yay! Widdle bwo is so smawt!" clapped Damien. The babysitter giggled.

"Wow, Daniel, you're being a pretty good bro helping Damien like that. Maybe you'll end up on Santa's nice list after all!"

"Of *course* I'll end up on his nice list. I'm the best teacher ever."

"Oh my, how *prideful* of you. Well, you just keep it up, little guy, and I'm sure you'll get everything your little heart desires."

Next came a game of Peek a Boo with the babysitter, and then a sing along, and then some time playing with Damien's *Infernal Krampus* playset which came with miniature versions of Krampus and Boarzebub, complete with squirting cocks and two baby fuck toys that looked suspiciously familiar.

"Is this really a mattel product?" asked Daniel, squinting at the logo on the playset.

"Oh no," said the babysitter. "This is from Mat-hell. Completely different company."

"Come on, bwo!" said Damien. "Dats enough talking. Wets pway horsie wide wiff da dollies! You kan be da Kwampus Daddy and I'll be da Boawzebub Daddy!"

"Yeah... sure," said Daniel, reluctantly picking up the weird Krampus doll. He was shocked to see how perfectly the demon cocks penetrated the toy dolls. They even made pre-recorded sex squelching and moaning noises that could have been lifted right from one of their real adventures in the nursery. Danny began to wince as his dick tried to expand in the cage while Damien seemed to be having a similar reaction, dropping his doll to rub at his diaper bulge with both hands.

"Dis game fun!" panted Damien. Meanwhile, Daniel tried to think of anything he could do to get his erection to go down, Damien let out a loud groan as he dumped another load into the front of his diaper right in front of Daniel, making Daniel's confinement all the more frustrating.

"Look at you two playing so nicely," said the babysitter. "Now it's bedtime, so both of you get up in the crib and I will read you a bedtime story."

"Bedtime already?" asked Daniel. "But we just started!"

"Sweetie, you've been playing for hours. I guess little Daniel likes his baby games more than he thinks. "

"H-hours?" asked Daniel, once again shocked at how quickly time had passed without him realizing it. This was bad. "B-but I'm not ready for Santa! Can't we stay awake a little longer?" he asked, hoping to make it to midnight so he wouldn't miss Santa.

The babysitter put her hands on her hips and stared at Daniel for a few seconds before finally sighing.

"Oh, alright. You can stay up a *little* longer... for a bedtime story. But you and Damien are going to listen... from the *crib*."

"Okay, fine," said Daniel, getting into the crib alongside Damien. Damien pulled him into a big warm hug, and Daniel struggled for half a second before he realised that resting on the big baby was actually pretty comfortable - like a big warm pillow. In fact, it was a little *too* warm... Daniel looked down.

"Um... Miss Babysitter... I think we need a diaper change..."

"The mattress is waterproof. It can wait until after the story. Now settle in and listen up, little ones. This is a true story!" The babysitter opened up a picture book and pointed to a picture of a boy that looked remarkably like Danny. "Once upon a time, there was a little immature diaper boy who did all sorts of naughty things. He was lazy, avoided his chores, and even stole diapers from the nursery when he was babysitting. He was such a *naughty* boy that Krampus had to come one Christmas Eve and bring the bad boy to his naughty nursery for some re-education. But guess what? That boy was *too silly* to give up his soul to Krampus! Can you believe it? Krampus had to send him *all the way back* to Mommy and Daddy so that the little boy could realize that Krampus's Naughty Nursery was where he belonged... and the harder he tried to prove he was a big boy, the sleepier he got... oh so sleepy... such a very, very sleepy... little... boy..."

Daniel found his eyelids growing heavy as listened, until finally he fell into a deep, deep sleep... The babysitter smiled and kissed Damien and Daniel on the head.

"And that's the third good thing you did tonight, Danny boy, but I'll be Damned if Santa shows up. Sleep tight, you two. I have a feeling someone special will be coming very soon."

Daniel's eyes shot open. Something had woken him, but what? Everything was dark and quiet but for the snoring of the big baby Damien holding him. Suddenly, his stomach did a flip flop.

"Shit! I fell asleep! What time is it?" Danny tried to sit up in the crib, but Damien's grip was still tight. Then, he heard something that made him break into a cold sweat. It was a loud CLOMP, and it came from the roof.

"Damien. *Damien. Wake up,*" hissed Daniel, struggling to break free of the tubby man-child's grip. As Damien stirred awake, Daniel could hear the clomping footsteps moving, and the sound of something dragging along with them. "Damien!" he said, desperately, finally causing the big baby to stir.

"Huh? What's happening widdow bwo?"

"Damien, listen... there's something... on the *roof.*" Daniel's hairs stood on end as he followed the sound moving toward the chimney. Nooo, no no no... It couldn't be. He had fallen asleep without having a chance to prove he was a *good* boy and now he had run out of time.

"Oh boy!" squealed Damien in delight. The big flabby baby hurriedly let down the side of the crib and before Daniel could react, Damien was already climbing down from the crib and running out the door.

"Damien, wait! Dang It... I'd better follow that idiot to see what's going on..."

Quietly, oh so carefully, Daniel attempted to creep down the hall, his full and crinkly diaper swinging between his legs with each waddling step. He cringed as he realized how *not* stealthy he was. His heart was racing. What was he going to find downstairs?

Daniel took each step one at a time, trying extra hard to quiet his crinkles as he strained to see into the living room without being seen. The clomping sound continued, as did the creepy dragging noise. Danny came to the bottom of the steps and finally caught a glimpse of the living room. Damien was there, facing the chimney and clapping as loud, otherworldly grunts echoed down from above.

Suddenly Danny felt a hand on his shoulder and he screamed, jumping at least a foot in the air. He spun around to see it was only the babysitter.

"Hey, there, jumpy boy. You better get down there to see Santa."

"How do you know it's Santa?" asked Daniel. "What if it's Krampus?"

"Well, you were relatively good tonight. Who do *you* think it is?"

"I... I don't know," said Daniel.

"Come on, scaredy cat." The babysitter said. She took Daniel by the hand and led him downstairs to the chimney beside Damien just in time to see a large creature emerge from the chimney.

"Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!"

"Santa!" Damien and Daniel said in unison.

"That's right, little boys. I made my list and checked it twice, and I think baby Damien has been *very* nice. Santa reached into his big bag and brought out a gift wrapped box for Damien. Damien opened it up and it was a big cake smothered in delicious frosting.

"Boarzebub cake! My favowite!" gushed Damien, immediately plunging his face into the six-layer luxury.

"Damien, you dummy, that's not from Boarzebub. This is Santa!" Daniel shook his head at Damien's naivete. Then, his nose twitched as he got a whiff of demon cum. His cage suddenly felt painfully tight, and he felt a pang of envy as he remembered the delicious treats he used to enjoy in the nursery.

"What about me Santa?" asked Daniel. "Where's *my* present?"

"I'm not so sure about you, little Daniel..." Santa said, pulling out his reading glasses. "It says here you've been pretty deep in the naughty zone for most of the year, but you may have done one or two things to redeem yourself..."

"Oh, please, please, please! I'll do *anything* to prove I'm a good boy, Santa!" Santa lowered his reading glasses and smirked.

"Well... there is *one* thing you can do for me, baby Danny."

"Anything! Just name it!" Santa's smirk widened into a wicked grin as he pulled down his big red pants to reveal a big fat cock that was hooded with a heavy looking foreskin and incredibly thick.

"Danny with your mouth so wide... won't you blow my load tonight?" Daniel licked his lips as he stared at the huge piece of meat. He hadn't seen anything *that* wide since he took Boarzebub's cock. The ring of the chastity cage bit into his flesh, restricting his

body's attempt to get hard, but Daniel didn't care or notice... all he could think about was that big... delicious cock...

"Ho, ho, ho! Get to sucking, boy. You know you want to, you greedy little porker..."

Daniel was dimly aware of the babysitter grabbing his shoulder and shaking him, trying to snap him out of it. She seemed to be admonishing him that good boys don't do that, but he didn't care... his mouth was watering, and he knew what he wanted... When the first drop of precum formed on the lip of Santa's foreskin, it was all over. Danny lunged to catch that sweet nectar before it fell, then groaned in pleasure as he stretched his jaw wide to take in the fat drooling cockhead, being enveloped by Santa's heady, musky scent.

As he began to bob up and down on that shaft, Santa grabbed his head and took over, thrusting into his mouth and causing his throat to bulge obscenely as he forced his fat cock deeper.

"Ho, ho, ho! That's a good boy! Pig out! Ho ho ho! Such a greedy cocksleeve! *HO HO SNORT* You were meant for this! *SNORT* Nothing like a little gluttony, eh, toy?"

Daniel's eyes widened as he felt the cock pulse and throb, forcing his jaw even wider as it pumped cum like a firehose down his throat. The intoxicating effect of the potent spunk sent euphoric feelings throughout Daniel's body as he was covered in an unmistakably boarish scent.

'Santa' pulled his pulsing cock out of Daniel's mouth so he could give it a pump and deposit the last glops of cum right on Danny's tongue. Daniel looked up at Santa and suddenly noticed how furry he was, and what a short, piglike nose he had. Not to mention the tusks...

"Boarzebub?!"

"That's right, Daniel! It was *me* the whole time!" said Boarzebub, smiling with glee. "Merry Krampusus!"

"You know, Krampusnacht is in *early* December," said the babysitter, rolling her eyes as she leaned against the wall.

"I know, I know," chuckled Boarzebub. "That's why I had to get creative."

"Daddy!" yelled Damien, rushing up to Boarzebub and giving him a big hug.

"Hey there, sweetie," chuckled the big boar, picking Damien up. "Did you miss me?"

"I knew it was you, but I pwayed pretended real good for my widdle bwo."

"You sure did, baby. Who's the bestest big bro around? Is it you?" Boarzebub didn't wait for a reply but instead gave Damien's tummy a big piggy nuzzle, making Damien giggle and fart.

"Aw, that's sweet. It makes me want to play with *my* toy too..." said the babysitter walking up to Danny and ruffling his hair. Danny was still on his knees with his cum-covered mouth hanging open in shock. He looked up at the babysitter and tilted his head.

"*Your* toy?" The babysitter shook her head and smiled ruefully.

"Still haven't figured it out, have you, Danny boy? Don't tell me you've forgotten your Daddy so quickly... Let me give you a little refresher..."

Suddenly, the babysitter began to morph and shift, growing right before Daniel's eyes as her muscles bulged and expanded. Her clothes ripped as her form grew larger and furrier, her bones shifting and snapping into place with a series of hair-raising pops. Curling goat horns sprouted from her head, and her chest flattened, nipples growing thick and dark. Her voice deepened into a familiar smoky timbre, her nose and mouth pushing out to form a handsome, masculine muzzle. Daniel was left staring up at a massive wall of fur as two massive furry digitigrade thighs straddled him, ending in huge hooves. But the most massive thing of all was the massive demon cock now hanging inches from Daniel's face. Daniel knew that cock could only belong to one creature.

"Damn," said Krampus, rotating his massive muscular shoulders and self-massaging his arm muscles. "Those slow transitions are always rough."

"Krampus?!" asked Danny. "Was that you the whole time?"

"That's right, Danny boy. Merry..."

"Say it!" said Boarzebub. "Say my word!" Krampus rolled his eyes.

"Merry *Krampus*. You've been a very naughty boy, Danny. Didn't learn a damned thing. Or rather, the only things you've learned *are* damned. Can't say I'm surprised."

"Krampus! Please don't leave me here like this. My parents are so strict and it's no fun. Not like the nursery was!" Krampus chuckled, his cock beginning to fill out and stiffen as Daniel begged on his knees.

"Oh, I love how you beg, Danny boy, It's one of your best qualities!" said Krampus, stooping down and groping Daniel's bloated and soaked diaper as he gave a lascivious smile. Daniel moaned, and whimpered, unable to feel the pleasure of the contact directly on his dick due to the cage, but still finding it very satisfying.

"Boarzebub, the sack," Krampus said, holding out his hand. The big demon hog tossed Krampus the Santa bag, which turned back into one of Krampus's signature rucksacks mid-air before it was caught in Krampus's muscular furry arm. "Let's see, here..."

Krampus reached in and dug around, licking his lips in concentration. After a moment, he pulled out a golden hourglass with sand at the top. Grains were trickling down to the lower chamber ever so slowly, having managed to cover the bottom of the hourglass with only the lightest dusting of sand.

"Look at that... all you earned after a year as my toy." At this rate it should only take another ten years or so of *perfect* behavior to earn your way back onto Santa's nice list. Krampus set the hourglass down, pulled out an infernal remote from his sack, and tossed it to Boarzebub.

"Go ahead and show him what's on *Hellivision*, Boarzebub."

"With pleasure, snorted the hog, grinning widely as he clicked the remote. The smell of sulfur briefly filled the air as the TV turned on to reveal a very special episode of Blarney.

"Hello baby Danny! Do you want to be a good boy and grow up to be a productive member of society? Well, isn't that just super dee duper! Let's take a look at what that would look like!"

Daniel saw his whole life ahead of him as a stressed and burnt out wage slave, ground down day by day, a diaperless cog in the machine of modern day life toiling through his 20s... then his 30s... and 40s... working his way to an early grave. Krampus Narrated.

"This is your reward for resisting your desires, Danny boy... taking multiple jobs to afford rent... struggling to meet society's expectations of what it means to be a big boy... a few meager decades of suffering if you're lucky, and then POOF... You'll wake up in hell where you can burn in misery for all eternity. Even if you do somehow manage

to resist temptation long enough to make it into heaven, it won't be *nearly* as fun as my nursery... and NO DIAPERS..."

"What?!" gasped Danny. "Not even in heaven?!"

"That's right, Danny boy. You can never touch another diaper in life, or the afterlife..."

Krampus paused while Boarzebub changed the channel. The TV now displayed an image of Daniel as a fat, happy, toothless goat baby clapping and giggling on an infernal changing table as cum gushed out of his gaping hole.

"Or you could give up, give in, and come with us, your *real* family... back to the nursery... your *real* home... Come on, Danny, boy, wouldn't you rather be a stupid happy baby goat in my nursery where you belong?" Krampus cupped Daniel's chin so they were looking deep into each others' eyes. "I can end this all now, little man. All you have to do is give me your soul for all eternity... give into temptation... give in to *me* and become corrupted."

"My soul?" asked Danny, recalling all the warnings he had ever heard about making a deal with the devil. Krampus bent down, his warm breath washing over Danny and causing the poor diaper-brained boy to shudder with desire.

"Think about it, Danny. It's been a year and what have you learned? Let's face it, you're hopeless... so just give in... take the easy way out... you know you want to..."

Daniel thought about the sisyphian task ahead of him, the hourglass and the 'reward' he would get for all the toil and hard work, which was a whole lot of nothing. And of course, there was the fact that he would never, ever be able to enjoy his super duper diapers. He thought about it for all of five seconds.

"I give up! I don't want to be a big boy! What are we waiting for? Take me back to the Nursery!" Krampus threw his head back and let out a deep booming, bone-chilling laugh of triumph.

"I knew you would see it my way, Danny boy," said Krampus, leaning in and forcing his tongue down Danny's throat. At that moment, Daniel doubled over with an intense need to relieve himself. A year's worth of pent-up sexual frustration went right into his oversaturated diaper as he emptied his balls, his bladder, and his bowels all at once in an explosion so stupendous, his diaper poofed out like a big shiny balloon, crackling and crinkling as the already saturated garment grew and grew. Daniel froze, his hands still on his knees as his parents and the Millers walked into the room. Krampus released him and he pulled his head back, his eyes wide.

"Mom! Dad! Th- ungh... this isn't what it looks like!" Daniel said as he squatted and spurted and blorted more goop into his diaper. His cheek was smeared with Krampus's drooling cock as the infernal beast draped an arm over his shoulder.

"Of course it is, Danny boy. You've given your slutty butt up to your demon daddy, and you're finally moving out of Mommy and Daddy's house for good. Mommy and Daddy must be so proud..."

Mom, Dad, and the Millers cheered and applauded this Earth-shattering announcement. Then, they began to grow in size, gettin furrer and transforming back into their true forms: Sheep'irim, Ram'iel, and Wolfeus, the werewolf demon. In a flash of smoke, the house disappeared, and Daniel found himself in the middle of a coliseum made entirely of red stone. He couldn't tell if they were inside, outside, or in a cavern of some sort, be he was damned sure they weren't on Earth.

The stone benches of the coliseum were crowded with demons, many with human companions in their charge. Daniel grinned as he watched all those poor souls being teased, licked, pinched, tickled, and fucked by their demon companions. How lucky they were, even if they didn't know it.

Directly in front of Daniel was a huge stone dias with Krampus on his big red throne, and on smaller thrones sat Boarzebub, Ram'iel, Sheep'irim, Wolfeus, and the other nursery demons. All were dressed in full black robes with prominent red sigils, just like the pictures on Daniel's infernal high chair.

"Welcome to the council chamber of the elder demons, little one," baahed Ram'iel gazing down at Daniel from his seat, his voice reverberating through the stadium despite the lack of any visible sound system. "You have built up quite a debt, tiny human, and it is time to cash in. We don't want you baaaaa'cking out, so we're gathered here today to make it official. Consider this, oh, something like a wedding."

"W-wedding?" asked Daniel, blushing deeply.

"That's right," said Krampus, with an amused smirk. "My baby bride. Now come to Daddy..." He patted his lap, and Daniel waddled over. "Good boy... Down on your knees..."

Daniel got on his knees, his diaper-balloon making a perfect chair for him to rest his chubby butt on. Krampus looked down at his toy with a predatory stare that was positively demonic, making Daniel's dicklet stir in its cage.

"Daniel. Do you agree to give your soul to me for all eternity? To be released from the shackles of mortal laws? To be a champion of Sloth, Greed, Gluttony, Lust,

Pride, Envy, and Ignorance? To follow no other moral compass than to be a good sex toy for your Demon Daddies?"

"I do," said Daniel, bowing his head solemnly.

"Then so it shall be!" Declared Krampus. There was a cheer from the stadium, as all the elder demons rose and circled around them. "Oh, Danny. You've made me so happy," said Krampus, his erection parting his robes as he stood up with a lecherous grin. He grabbed Daniel's chin and bent down to force him into a passionate kiss, his tongue invading Daniel's mouth and throat once more."

The circle of demons closed, and Krampus and the rest of the demons pointed their hard, drooling shafts toward Daniel and pumped their meat. They began pumping more and more fervently, splattering precum on Daniel's skin. Wherever it touched, Daniel felt a tingling warmth that penetrated deep into him. Thicker and thicker came the jizz until finally they were cumming fully, painting Daniel in demon batter. The intensity of the tingling grew, until it became an itching sensation, like pins and needles all over his skin.

"Oh! Urgh! Eep!" cried Daniel, as he began to rub his skin... but instead of feeling his normal skin, it was all prickly. Soon, he could feel and see fur bursting out everywhere.. "What is ha'a'a'apening?"

He looked down, watching his tummy, arms and legs grow plumper as the demon semen soaked into his skin, converting from baby batter into baby fat. He looked at his hands in shock as his chubby fingers became tipped with hoof-like ends. Daniel put his cloven paws to his head as he felt an uncomfortable pressure above his eyes that gave him a heck of a headache. He bleated as two little hornlets burst forth, his teeth falling out as his goat snout pushed out into a short, cute muzzle.

"Daddddyyy... wahhhh," cried Daniel, feeling overwhelmed by the rapid changes.

"Aww, don't worry, little one..." said Krampus. "You're becoming who you were always meant to be... my little baby... it will all be over soon. Here, let Daddy speed things up for you..."

Krampus picked the bleating manbaby up and sat on his throne, positioning Daniel's diapered butt on his engorged cock. He pushed Daniel down, busting right through the back of his diaper and penetrating his ruined asshole with a loud SQUELCH. Inspired, Boarzebub did the same with his piglet, Damien. As the two boys rode their demon daddies, they completed their transformations, their legs bending back

into an animalistic, digitigrade shape, their holes stretching easily to accommodate the girth of the cocks they were born to accommodate.

"Yesss.... Take it, toys... let us fuck what little intelligence you have right out of your big baby balls and bladders and butts as you empty it all out into your diapers..."

Daniel cried out, making adorable baby Krampus noises as he came into his diaper again, his hole spasming around the huge invading cock inside of him. Finally, the transformation was finished.

"Congratulations, little Daniel!" announced Ram'iel. "You are now no longer a punished baby, but a fledgling demon."

"Bahhh! Bahhh!" replied Daniel, unable to say anything but baby goat noises now, which were quickly calmed by an extra thick demon dicky pacifier that Krampus shoved in his adorable little mouth. Krampus looked at his adorable kramplet, sitting there on his cock, sucking a rubber dick with a dumb grin on his face. He was now a big fat dumb goat baby, a complete parody of his former self, and of his demon daddy. Pathetic. Stupid. Adorable. Perfect. Krampus grinned.

"Oh, Daniel, I do hope you will forgive me for this deception with your so-called parents. I had to break you by giving you the illusion of returning home, lest you somehow find a way to earn your return. I just *couldn't* leave any chance of losing my favorite toy..." Daniel couldn't care less. His mind was too far gone. A corrupted idiot. "Mmm..."

Krampus tweaked the kramplet's milky moobs, causing white liquid to dribble down the overgrown goatlet's fat furry chest and tummy, and over Krampus's thighs to mingle with the cum. Then he turned to the audience, who were watching the spectacle unfold.

Naughty Boys can't control themselves... I teach them never to even try.... and neither should you...That's right... I'm talking to YOU... Give in to your diaper desires... give up on being a grownup... be a bigger baby every day, and maybe one day Krampus will take you too!

THE END