

Moving Day

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

No job is too small for the Handi-Men! That's Randy and Lou's motto. But when it comes time to clear out a mysteriously missing adult baby's apartment, they may have more on their hands than they anticipated. Or rather, they may have more hands on them.

The acrid stench of cat piss stung Randy's nose the moment he closed the door to the U-Move van.

"Ugh, this thing reeks!"

"Hey, it wasn't me," said Lou, the other half of Handi-Men Inc. The older man was wearing a puffy black vest and a beanie pulled over his bald head and he was nursing a free cup of coffee from the U-Move office. Randy smirked.

"Yeah, I'll bet it was you, Lou. You been drinkin' too much coffee, that's what it is!" said Randy. Lou punched him in the arm hard enough to sting but still laugh off.

"Alright, alright, enough horseplay." said Randy, rubbing his arm. "What's the Job today? Just another cleanup?"

"You got it! A perfect job for the Handi-Men. I found this one on Greg's list. Tenant left the place totally abandoned. Didn't take anything with him. And apparently, he was into some pretty weird shit too. You'll see what I mean when we get there. The landlord wants it hush hush, so if anyone asks, we're his 'cousins'."

"Got it." said Randy as he put the van in drive. "Weird, I wonder what happened to him."

"I dunno man, but from what I'm told he was actin' pretty weird before he left. Kept talking about phantom hands and, get this, he started walking around the complex in a diaper!"

"Y-yeah, that's pretty weird alright," said Randy with a nervous laugh.

Randy didn't dare tell Lou that for some reason he got a little thrill whenever he heard mention of diapers. Luckily Lou didn't dwell on the subject or Rand would have had a real problem on his hands (or in his pants).

They got to the spot in no time at all. It was just a regular old apartment complex. Randy and Lou stopped by the front office to pick up the keys to the room which is where the diaper conversation picked up.

"So you're cleaning the baby's apartment huh?" asked the woman behind the counter.

"The baby?" asked Randy and Lou at the same time.

"Yeah. Oh you didn't know? Guy was an adult baby. It was an open secret around here. I mean, I can't say when it started but the first thing I noticed was that used diapers started appearing in the dumpster. And I'm not talking baby diapers. I'm talking full-on adult-sized *diapers*."

Randy had to adjust his pants at this point. With all this mention of diapers, they were getting mighty tight.

"Guess it wasn't such a big secret after all," said Lou.

"It was pretty hard to ignore," said the lady. "He started dressing like a baby. Acting like a baby. Never seemed too happy about it, but for all I know that was just part of his act. He would always complain to his imaginary friend that he wanted out of diapers. That he wanted to be a big boy and so on and so forth. Weird, right?"

"Yeah," said Randy, who was sweating bullets as he tried to hide how aroused this story made him. "Well, we're just here to clear it out. It's got nothin' to do with us. I promise you that."

"Apartment 43B," she said, slapping the keys down on the table, clearly not caring *what* they were into. "Tell me what you find and I'll give you an extra 20. 40 if you send pictures!"

They thanked the lady behind the desk and made their way to the apartment.

"How about that?" said Lou as Randy unlocked the apartment. "An easy \$40. Why not, right? No job is too small for the Handi-Mehhhh.... hooooly mackerel."

The two were left speechless when they flipped on the lights. Sure enough, it was still fully furnished just as described. There was a playpen in the middle of the living room, and some empty containers of baby food sitting on the kitchen counter. Aside from the shades being drawn and the lights being off when they arrived, the guy could have left yesterday instead of a month ago.

"Hey, they said we could take anything we wanted for ourselves," said Lou. "And there's some nice stuff here! Dibs on the couch!"

"Yeah, hehe, I'll take the playpen," said Randy. They looked at each other for a second, then they both broke out laughing.

They checked all the rooms and found all the little signs that made it obvious the previous tenant was an adult baby. Bath toys in the bathroom. Sippy cups in the kitchen. But when they got to his room, they hit the mother lode.

"Holy Jeebus!" said Lou. "That's a full-on adult sized crib!" That wasn't the only thing they saw. Stacks and stacks of adult diapers were waiting in the closet, and of course plenty of babyish attire in not so babyish sizes.

"Hey Randy! I bet this could fit you." said Lou.

Randy blushed beet red and instantly popped a boner, which his jeans hopefully hid.

"H-hey, man, that's not funny!"

"I think it is! Why don't you put it on!"

"No way, dude, that's weird. It's like... wearing a dead guy's clothes!"

"We don't even know what happened to him, man. He could have just skipped town because of too many parking tickets. He could be in Fiji right now for all we know!"

"Yeah, yeah," said Randy, trying to will the blood back out of his cheeks. "Let's just take the pictures so we can get those 40 bucks and get on with the job, alright?"

It took several trips between the apartment and the dump in which they got most everything cleared away except the pieces of furniture Lou wanted, and of course the nursery itself.

"Best for last, am I right?" asked Lou.

"Hehe, yeah." said Randy. As they began to disassemble the crib, he began to wish that he could try out some of that stuff himself. He hadn't really thought about it before, but a nagging voice in his head told him he'd really enjoy it if he tried it.

They were almost done loading up the truck with the nursery stuff when Lou stopped and said, "Hey! I gotta go to the little boys' room! Be right back!"

The moment he left, Randy's head snapped back to look toward the nursery.

"You should put one on." said a little voice in his head. "You know you'll like it. Put one on. Nobody has to know!"

He found himself walking into the room without even thinking about it. His heart began to race as he got closer and closer to the remaining packs of diapers. Inside the closet, a package was already torn open. He lightly fingered the stiff plastic with his forefinger and shuddered in pleasure. His throbbing boner was back. Randy looked over his shoulder, nervous that Lou would reappear at any moment, then lust overcame him and he went for it. He grabbed the diaper, planning to slip it under his shirt, but instead found his pants already unbuttoned and his underwear going down around his ankles. He was too horny to give it much thought as he lay on the ground of the unfurnished nursery and let the diaper fold itself around him. He felt hands smoothing the diaper tight around him, wrapping him like a present, and then the tapes. One. Two. Three. Four securing it around his waist. A faint voice hummed a relaxing nursery tune all the while.

"There you go little boy," said the voice, now clearly coming from outside his head.

"Thanks," Randy mumbled, and the underwear and pants made their way back up over the diaper. Zipping and buckling themselves secure.

"Hey buddy, what are you doing on the ground? Waiting for a diaper change?" said Lou, barking out a laugh as he came into the room sipping another cup of coffee from the complex's office.

Randy laughed, "Oh! I'm not sure, really. Guess I just got tired! Let's finish this up so we can come back for your stuff."

"Yeah, sure," said Lou, giving Randy a weird look.

Once they had packed the last of the stuff into the van and collected their \$40 from the desk lady, Randy jumped in the driver's seat and they headed off toward the dump.

"Hey, Randy. This isn't the way to the dump."

"What?" said Randy, as they took the exit off the freeway.

"I said this isn't the way to the dump. Wait, this is the way to your *house*."

"Oh... I... I guess it is!" said Randy, still not slowing down or changing course.

That is, Randy *tried* to correct his course, but he found that the wheel seemed to be steering itself. It was as if he could feel two hands over his own that were both bigger and stronger. And the voice whispered in his ear. Just keep driving, baby boy. It was stronger, deeper, more resonant now.

"Yes, Daddy," Randy mumbled as he neared his house. Soon they were parking in the driveway.

"You... wanna tell me something, buddy boy?" asked Lou.

"Oh, let's drop this stuff at my place for now. I think I could get some money for this... or something."

"Hey, man. Whatever tickles your pickle, Randy. You know I'm going to give you shit for this forever, though, baby-man."

"Hey, come on, now," said Randy, blushing deeply.

"Is it baby-man, or man-baby?"

"How should I know? Just let's get this unloaded so we can get this truck back before they close.

"Okay, okay," said Lou. Then he paused, and his hand shot out to squeeze Randy's crotch before he could react.

"Hey!" yelled Randy.

"You're wearing a *diaper*! I knew it! You ARE a man-baby!" said Lou, laughing.

Randy began to whimper as he felt invisible hands rub at his crotch and butt. What was happening? Why was he so turned on by this? He began to cry louder and Lou stopped and watched, uncertain of what to do. Randy felt hands curl his right hand into a fist with the thumb sticking out. The thumb was jammed into his mouth and he began to suck it. At that very moment he spurted into his diapers, moaning into his thumb. His ragged breaths and convulsing body gave no doubt that he was enjoying himself.

Lou was shocked.

"Ok. This is too *weird* for me, man. I'm out!" Lou made to leave the cab but was stopped. A little voice in his head told him otherwise. "H-hey man. Actually... do you mind if I hang out a bit after we unload?"

Randy and Lou both looked at each other furtively and then around at the neighborhood as they unloaded the whole contents of the moving van into Randy's apartment: crib and playpen; sippy cups and baby food; babyish attire; and of course, stacks and stacks of adult diapers. They were relieved when they finally got everything in without anyone taking much notice. But then they ran into another problem.

"Where am I gonna put this all," muttered Randy to himself as they looked at the whole kit and kaboodle sitting near the entrance to the house. Ideas were already forming in his mind, and that little voice in his head seemed to know just where everything should go. Both men were too excited to do anything before grabbing hold of a nice thick diaper.

This time, it was Lou's turn to find his pants around his ankles and lay down on the floor at the bottom of the stairs while Randy found himself diapering Lou as if on autopilot.

"There's a good boy," said Randy, whose voice had suddenly gotten deeper and more resonant in tone. "Good boys wear diapers. You love your diapers."

Lou blushed and nodded as his thumb found its way into his mouth. He could swear he felt a hand grabbing his own and shoving the thumb in place. He could swear he felt something cupping his diaper and rubbing even as Randy stepped back and allowed Lou's pants to pull themselves back up and button themselves shut.

Something odd was happening, but Lou was feeling too good in his thick diaper to think about it. That's what the voice told him, at least.

Now that they were both padded, they both felt hornier than ever. It suddenly seemed like a good idea to load up Randy's old furniture into the moving van as fast as possible and drive it to the dump.

"This moving van sure does smell, doesn't it?" asked Lou, trying to make conversation as he sat there crinkling and feeling a bit awkward in the passenger's seat, knowing what they were both wearing under their pants.

"S-sorry..." said Randy, blushing deeply. Lou looked at him, shocked.

'Y-you *used* it?"

Randy didn't answer, just shrugged with a bashful smile. Lou suddenly had the idea that maybe it wouldn't be so bad to use them himself. After all, he wouldn't know if he liked it until he tried it. At least that's what the voice inside his head said. And after all, nobody had to know...

"You should wet your diaper," said Randy, in that unfamiliar voice. At least Lou *thought* Randy had said it, but... well, the strange thing was, he could swear Randy's mouth had been shut the whole time. Of course, Lou could have been distracted as they entered the junkyard, ready to junk everything in Randy's apartment that *wasn't* baby furniture, clothing, and accessories.

"Y-you sure you want to do this?" asked Lou, his voice relieved as he finally managed to dribble a bit into the front of his diaper. It wasn't much but it was a start.

Randy wasn't sure he wanted to chuck all his stuff. In fact, part of his mind was screaming at him to stop.

"What am I doing? Why the hell would I throw all my stuff out?" asked Randy, but it was a mumble so low that Lou couldn't hear it above the crinkling of their diapers.

Regardless of his reservations, Randy found himself unloading the van with Lou, taking out his bed, his dishes, couch and clothes - even his underwear.

"You won't need those anymore," said the voice, "Good little boys wear diapers."

"Good little boys wear diapers," murmured Randy.

"What was that?" asked Lou, too engrossed in the feelings between his legs to catch what Randy was saying. It felt like the diaper was rubbing up against his private parts, masturbating him with every movement. It felt so good too, almost felt like there was a hand there, rubbing the bulge, slipping a finger past the leak guard and tickling his pee-pee in just the right way to drive Lou wild.

Lou had to bite his lip several times as they moved to keep from moaning out at the wonderful feeling of the diaper between his legs. It had been a while since he had some good sex, and this diaper was really doing it for him. The only frustrating thing was that the feeling seemed to die down whenever he got too close to coming, only to come right back again as soon as he recovered. It was torture, and he couldn't wait to go rub one out somewhere private. Nothing would feel better than making a big sticky mess inside his diapers. At least that's what the little voice in his head was telling him.

As soon as humanly possible, the duo were back in their van, heading back to drop it off at the rental place. Then, they were on their way in their own cars back to Randy's house for a weekend of fun.

"Well, guess that does it for the day," said Randy, turning off his business phone. "Time to unpack and set all this stuff up, huh?"

"Looks like we got our work cut out for us," said Lou, sipping on another cup of free coffee as they stood in the entrance to Randy's house and surveyed all that needed to be put away.

"The sooner we start, the sooner we can chill, and enjoy ourselves," said Randy. The words weren't his own, but the ones that he heard in his head. All he had to do was repeat the words that came to mind and everything would be fine. At least that's what the little voice in his head told him.

And so, like drones, the two of them got to work setting up the playpen, the crib, hanging up the infantile clothing, and stocking the kitchen with baby food. Anything that was too adult was thrown out - beer, adult magazines, toilet paper, anything.

"You might as well just let go," said the voice whenever they felt they needed a potty break. And it kept suggesting things. And they kept doing exactly what the voice suggested without seemingly taking note.

"It sure is hot," said Lou, wiping his brow as they finished stacking the last of the diapers, and he began to undress, tossing his clothes on the ground. Randy quickly followed suit, tossing his own clothes in with the recyclables.

"That's it," said the voice. "Just take off your clothes if it's too hot. You don't need to worry about putting clothes on to go outside. You're in your special underwear. You can just take the trash out just as you are."

Thus, Randy found himself standing on the curb in front of the recycle bin when he briefly snapped out of it and realized what he was doing. He had just dropped his outfit, beer, and magazines in the bin, and shut the bin lid. The bang of the lid had startled him out of his stupor. He blinked a few times, looked around, then realized he was feeling unusually cool. He looked down and saw what he was wearing - a diaper, and nothing else. Then his stomach fell. He looked all around, suddenly feeling very naked and very exposed. There weren't many people outside, but those that were were staring at him in shock, or pointing their phones his way to record the spectacle. Randy yelped, bringing yet more attention to himself, and ran inside the house, shutting and locking the door.

"What the hell happened?" he said to himself. Then, he caught sight of Lou, who was also in nothing but a diaper. Lou was sitting in the playpen, the only piece of furniture left in the living room aside from the big baby walker and the TV which was playing cartoons. Randy gasped. "Lou! What is going on? Where's all my stuff?"

Lou smiled and sucked his thumb. He lay back and began to hump the air.

Randy walked up to the side of the playpen and tried to shake Lou out of it, but his hand froze as it got near Lou. It was cold. Ice cold. And then he felt something pull him back.

"Ah, ah, ah. Good boys don't walk in the house. They crawl."

Randy felt hands guiding him down onto all fours, and a pacifier floated into his mouth from a nearby moving box. He felt something press the pacifier against his mouth as he sucked, maintaining a light pressure, and he felt hands on his thighs and the front of his diaper.

"Mmmhfff," he moaned into the pacifier. Something about that pressure and the caress of hands on his thighs, around the leg guards, against the front of the diaper... it all left him feeling so calm... so relaxed... so horny...

"That's it, little boy. Just give into the feelings... you love being a diaper baby... it feels so good..."

By now, Randy's diaper was soggy from a day's hard work, and the warm squishy garment enhanced the wonderful feelings tenfold. A shudder ran through Randy as he stayed there on all fours, humping against an invisible hand, moaning, and drooling as he sucked his paci.

Lou wasn't faring much better. He was laid out on his back, his arms and legs each held firmly down by an invisible hand as more hands caressed the front of his diaper and patted his bum.

"Good boy, Lou. Good boy," said the voice as the room was filled with the sound of crinkles. "You love being a little baby. You and your brother will be very happy being babies 24/7. You don't need to hide it. You can't hide it. It's what you are... What you will always be..."

Lou didn't pay much heed to the words, though part of his mind was certainly listening. He was too keyed into the wonderful feelings. Feelings he'd never felt before. It was his first time wearing a diaper. No one had ever told him how great they could be! Lou gritted his teeth as he felt that wonderful feeling grow, the soggy padding stimulating him better than any other sex ever had. After hours of being edged, he didn't care that Randy was there to see him cream the diapers. He just wanted to nut. He began to hump, his beanie falling off to reveal his bald head as he struggled to increase the stimulation without use of his arms or legs.

"Aww, baby wants to make stickies! So cute... You won't get this all the time, but for being such a good boy today, you can have this one for free..."

Lou nodded and smiled in bliss as the hands grew more insistent, kneading his diaper around his hardening tool.

Meanwhile, Randy wasn't far off from spurting himself. For the second time that day, Randy groaned and shuddered, sucking on his binky as he humped for dear life. The two men found themselves rapidly approaching orgasm at the same time, and in almost perfect sync, they both exploded into their diapers, moaning and whimpering and shuddering as they fired thick ropes of cum into the front of their well used padding.

"Unnhfff!!!"

"Ooooooh!!!"

"You only get to cum when you've used your padding as much as this," said the voice, and hands began to pat their butts, emphasizing how the two men had soaked their diapers all the way to the back.

The two men collapsed, exhausted from the incredible climax they had both received. But then their heads began to clear a bit and they looked at themselves. Randy spit out his pacifier and Lou put his beanie back on.

"What the hell is going on?" asked Lou.

"I have no idea," said Randy, "But I just found myself outside in this diaper and didn't know why! Where the hell are my clothes?"

Randy then remembered he had taken his only remaining adult garments to the trash can and thrown them out.

"Hey! What are you doing with my clothes?" asked Lou, as Randy began to dress in the clothes discarded by the playpen.

"I'm getting the hell out of here," said Randy. "There's something very wrong!"

"Oh no you don't" said Lou, climbing out of the playpen and grabbing Randy by the collar. "I'm getting the hell out of here! Now give those back!" The two of them raised their fists, but were stopped by an invisible force.

"Ah ah ah! No fighting. Such naughty boys you are. I can see we have our work cut out for us. Not to worry, we're very patient..."

The two men found themselves floated onto their backs and their limbs held down once more.

"Cranky babies usually need a nap, a change, or some food. Why don't we do all three, just to be safe?"

The men lay there side by side, looking at each other as they were changed. A paranormal force had taken hold and was not letting them go.

"Look, boys! Look how many stickies you left in your diapers! You must really love your new lives..."

They both looked down and sure enough, their crotches were well glazed with the remnants of their last orgasms. It was irrefutable evidence that they had enjoyed themselves. And yet, it was quite embarrassing to do so without the usual privacy they might enjoy. As if reading their minds, the voice spoke up again.

"Oh, you'll have to get used to making stickies in front of others. There's no such thing as privacy for a baby, after all. Don't worry. You'll learn to be good babies soon enough. Maybe you won't even care who sees you enjoying yourselves in your adorable diapers."

They were wiped clean as the diapers rolled themselves up and floated to the diaper pail. At the same time, two new diapers floated off of their huge stack of diapers, out of the nursery, and over to the two big babies. The diapers wrapped themselves snugly around Lou and Randy's waists, making sure that whatever came out of their pee-pees stayed where it belonged.

"Now it's time for num nums, little ones!"

The two men found themselves getting up and walking, guided by invisible hands whether they wanted to go or not. As the man of the house, Randy got the seat of honor. He walked up to the oversized high chair and sat down, his arms and legs stuck fast while the inbuilt restraints were strapped around his wrists, ankles, thighs and forearms. A big babyish bib was tied around him with smiling clouds and the words, "Little Angel" on the front.

Lou had no high chair. Instead, he walked forward to pick up a big colorful spoon and dip it in the first jar of baby food that floated down and opened itself. Randy's heart raced. He didn't want Lou to know how turned on he was by the idea of being fed like a baby, but it wasn't like it mattered. Randy had little choice but to accept a heaping spoonful of mashed sweet potatoes as Lou brought the spoon to his mouth.

"Sorry bud," said Lou. "I can't stop myself..."

"I know," said Randy, blushing bright red. "I-it's okay, I forgi-GLOMPH!"

Those were the last words Randy said before his mouth was filled with mush. After that, he wasn't able to get out more than half a word before another spoon made its way in his mouth. And the Jars kept coming. Being laid out on the tray and opened faster than Lou could feed him. No matter how much Randy fussed and whined, he couldn't stop eating, and Lou couldn't stop feeding him.

Lou didn't have to feel too sorry for Randy, though, because the trapped man was soon moaning as the invisible hands began to rub the front of his diaper, teasing him once more in all the right ways. Randy's whines soon turned to moans as a multitude of soft whispers spoke in his ears.

"Eat your num nums like a good boy..."

"You *love* your num nums..."

"It feels so good to be a good boy and eat in the high chair..."

"Sooooo goood...."

Randy squirmed and moaned as he gulped down spoonful after spoonful. His tummy was getting so full but it felt so good to get that stimulation. Unable to budge an inch with the straps holding his arms and legs snugly in place, he was at the mercy of the hands to set the pace. It was embarrassing but felt so good that Randy almost didn't care. He just needed to cum. Cum in his thick wet *diapers*.

Wet? Wait, when had he-

"Urgggghgnnnnngulp!"

Before Randy could even finish the thought, he came hard in his diaper, painting it with more cum than he had ever thought possible given the recent prostate dumps those invisible hands had milked out of him. But even his breathtaking orgasm wasn't permission enough for him to pause from his feeding. The poor guy had one more jar to go and no energy left to resist.

Randy was still shuddering and jerking from his powerful orgasm, drooling as Lou fed him the last few spoonfuls. The hands massaged his tummy and thighs, patted his head and whispered what a good boy he was.

"Good boy. Good boy!"

"You ate up all your nummies and got lots of cummies."

"That's what good boys deserve! You want to do it again and again...."

"In your big thick *diapers*...."

Finally, the jars were cleared from the tray, and the straps released themselves, loosening their grip from Randy's arms and legs.

The bib wiped his face clean, and the tray opened to allow him down. Randy practically fell onto Lou as he stumbled out of his seat, wetting his diaper further, though it was hard to tell the difference from the huge amount of spoooge he had just unleashed into his padding. It felt just about as good to wet himself too, though. Randy's bladder spasmed wonderfully, having been unable to release while Randy made big cummies into his appropriately absorbent padding.

Lou was relieved that Randy was okay and that the feeding was over, but his relief didn't last for long because now it was his turn. Yes, his turn to be hoisted up into the high chair and strapped in by the straps as the tray snapped in place. His turn to

have the bib tied around his neck, and a whole new array of jars lined up on the tray in front of him.

"My, my, we have two hungry little boys today, don't we? It'll be time for a trip to the store soon. Won't that be fun?"

Lou shook his head. He couldn't imagine going out dressed as a big baby in a thick, swollen diaper where everyone could see. And he sure as hell never expected to be hand fed by Randy, but there he was, stuck in the highchair. And there Randy was, dipping a spoon into the first of over a dozen jars of baby food. There was no getting out of it, and Lou knew exactly how the feeding would end. It would end just like Randy's had: With a sploogy mess in the front of his diaper, and a big mess on his face and bib. Desperate, Lou tried to snap Randy out of it.

"Randy, you don't have to do this! You can resist!"

"I'm trying, Lou! I'm trying! But I c-c-can't! I'm sorry!"

"Randy! You get that spoon away from me! Don't you da-GLURK!!!"

That was all Lou could say because now Randy was shoveling spoonfuls of mush into *his* mouth and it was all he could do to keep up. The worst part was, Lou was already feeling extra horny and extra stimulated. With all the attention on what was happening to his mouth, he didn't even realize that the hands had been hard at work getting him hard in his diaper from the moment he was hoisted up into the highchair. With Lou's legs spread open and strapped down, those hands had perfect access to his most sensitive areas. He couldn't have stopped them even if he wanted to.

The whispers reminded Lou just how much he loved being fed. Just how *good* it could feel.

"You feel so good, baby boy!"

"Being fed feels soooo good..."

"Your little pee pee loves it!"

"Can you make stickies like your bro or are you too little?"

"It's okay, little one. Just enjoy your num nums."

"You'll get there eventually, just like your brother."

"You'll be a good little boy either way."

Lou's fragile mind didn't stand a chance against the onslaught of sensations and suggestions. Once again, he went into a trance, smiling and babbling as he ate the yummy num nums. He was so happy to be a good boy. So susceptible to the voices of the spectral caretakers. Even more so than Randy, who actually had a diaper fetish to begin with. Or so it seemed.

Randy couldn't help but smile at how cute Lou looked being fed like that. Maybe the voices were right.

"That's right. He's so cute!"

"You love feeding and babying him. He's such a natural!"

"A natural baby..."

"Yes, he deserves this..."

"You both do!"

Randy nodded. The voices were making sense. It felt so good to see his friend smile. They were like two peas in a pod, and he was glad they got to be good boys and get what good boys deserved.

"Ohhhhh! Unghhhh!!!!"

It was the mind shattering orgasm that brought Lou out of trance. An orgasm that had him pumping what felt like several cups of creamy liquid into the front of his already wet diaper. In fact, Lou was cumming so much and for so long, it felt more like relieving his bladder after a long wait than an actual orgasm.

"Y-you otay?" asked Randy, holding up his spoon hesitantly and sucking his paci as he watched his friend shudder and convulse in the high chair.

"Wha- unh! Whuzzat? W-what's going on?"

Lou blinked and tried to rub his eyes but was stopped by the restraints. He then began to look around and noticed all the empty jars of baby food that had been fed to him while he was out. He slowly became aware of the full, heavy sensation in his stomach. Of his stuffed belly pressing against the tray. Of his messy bib, messy face, and the feel of the warm, soggy, gooey diaper pressing up against his crotch and thighs. His seat alone felt like it had swollen to three times its normal size with all that soaked padding beneath him. Lou wiggled his butt experimentally since that was all he could do. Yup, definitely soggy.

"Lou? Awe you otay?"

"Y-yeah, I -URP... I think I've had enough..."

"Sowwy, Lou, but I need ta feed you one mow spoonfuww."

"I'm serious, Randy. I couldn't possibly eat another- GLURK!!"

Lou felt his stomach gurgle ominously as he swallowed down the last spoonful of baby food. He groaned as he felt a weight in his lower gut. This was not good, but he didn't blame Randy. It seemed as if the hands were controlling Randy's every movement. Lou didn't really need to think about that now, though. He only cared about one thing...

"Randy, ya gotta let me out! I hafta go...! All that baby food is tryin' ta make space in my tummy..."

"Okay, Lou! It's all gone now so I think I can help you out."

"Thank goodness," said Lou, sighing in relief as he was helped down off the high chair by Randy. Lou made a beeline right for the restroom as soon as his bare feet touched ground.

"Ah, ah, ah," said a voice as something held Lou from going any further. "That's no place for little boys! Why don't you go to the nursery instead?"

Suddenly the hands reversed their pull, and Lou, who had been pushing against them trying to go forward was suddenly swept toward the nursery at lightning speed before he could dig in his heels. Before he knew it, he found himself bent over the changing table, invisible hands keeping his arms stretched out in front of him while two more held his legs wide apart. Then he heard the diaper tapes untaping and the back being pulled down.

"No time for potty breaks, sweetie. You and your brother finished all the baby food, so you have to go shopping!"

Lou felt the cool air on his butt but had no idea what was happening back there. But then he felt it. Something big and slick pressing against his hole.

"Hey! What are ya doin' back there? Hnnnnngh!"

Lou gritted his teeth and scrunched his eyes as he felt something being pushed against his hole. It was so big! And yet, somehow, it was inching forward inch by inch to invade him.

"This should keep you from having an accident... at least for a little while..." said the voice with a chuckle. Lou grunted and squirmed but nothing could stop the giant plug from inching forward until it reached the halfway point and his hole began pulling the rest in on its own. Lou gasped as he was filled, the plug already mashing his prostate and causing him to expel another dollop of cum into the already cummy front of his diapers. Then, he felt the diaper closing around his waist again and being taped shut.

"Hey! What are ya doin?" he said again.

"Heh heh heh. You didn't think we were gonna get rid of your diaper so soon, did you? You haven't even finished using it!"

The hands released their grip and Lou immediately grabbed his stomach and doubled over, going weak in the knees as his stomach gurgled even louder.

"Uh oh. Looks like this one needs a stroller, huh?"

"What?!" said Lou, who was desperately trying to pull off his diaper so he could run to the bathroom. Instead, he saw Randy come into the room with an oversized stroller and Lou found himself pushed down into the bucket seat and buckled in with a six point harness that kept his legs nice and wide and his diaper in full view. With the buckle in place, there was no way he was going to get out of the stroller on his own.

And that wasn't all, because with every movement, the two of them could hear a loud rattle. Lou felt it immediately and knew where it had come from. It was the plug! It must have been hollow. Every movement caused something inside the plug to rattle, sending powerful vibrations through his prostate and making him grow an obvious chubby in his diaper.

"Good boy, Randy. You push your brother out front. There's a Lifter waiting out front for you both to take you to the store."

"Oh gods no," whined Lou, as he was pushed forward with no way to stop the ride he was on. Bounce. Rattle. Jostle. Rattle. Moan. Randy apologized profusely the whole way, but that was all he could do. The spectral hands were in control.

Sure enough, waiting there was a minivan ready to take the two of them to the store. The hands had taken the liberty of ordering it with Randy's phone. And his credit card.

"Two special pickups," said the driver as he stepped out scratching his head. He had to laugh in surprise when he saw the two big babies waiting for him. One was in a t-shirt and diaper getting out of the stroller and the other one was in a playsuit with very

obvious shiny buttons running over the inseam - obviously for easy changes from the looks of the thick diaper outline pushing through the fabric. The driver shook his head. "Well ain't that the darndest thing? Heh, guess I've seen everything."

The two men were silent as they were helped into their oversized car seats. With invisible hands holding pacifiers in their mouths, they couldn't have said anything if they'd tried. Lou was whining and whimpering the whole way to the store as his guts tried to force out the plug but couldn't. All his squirming caused his plug to rattle all the more, which in turn caused his hard-on to grow and rub more against the soft, warm, soggy padding. Randy was sympathetic, but he was busy dealing with his own problems - the hands were getting frisky again and showing him just how enjoyable his diapers were. The two men barely noticed where they were being driven or how much time had passed while they each dealt with their own sensory overloads.

Their little predicament didn't last long, however. In no time at all, they were being let out on the curb in front of the grocery store and the driver got out to take out the stroller from the trunk and unfold it. The driver shook his head as he read the instructions again.

"Well... I guess I just leave you both here. Good luck, you two..." He glanced down at his phone again. "Nice tip! Alright!" That seemed to make him feel better as he got back in his van and drove off.

The two men looked at each other, and whimpered.

"Are you gonna be a good boy and go in the store as you are?" asked the voice. Lou felt a hand patting his butt, and he whined, going weak in the knees again as the urge to go hit him stronger than ever. Again he found himself being quickly pushed into the bucket seat and strapped in. He was being pushed into the store whether he liked it or not, and there was no way to hide.

"Sorry, Lou. I'm so sorry," whispered Randy, choking in embarrassment himself, as his obvious diaper shifted and crinkled with each step. He was worried he was about to leak with how soaked he already was and he just prayed he wouldn't leak in the store. Randy felt like everyone in the world was staring at his huge butt, while the voices told him how cute he was and how much he deserved to live as the little boy he needed to be.

The stroller was guided forward as if on a track straight to the baby aisle and when they got there, Lou was unstrapped and he and Randy found a pair of carts waiting for them.

"First one to fill their cart gets to go to the potty," said the voice, with a chuckle, and the two men looked at each other for half a second before bolting forward. The two men waddled forth, clearing out the baby aisle like it was on fire with lots of encouragement from the voices.

"Get lots of baby food. Don't forget!"

"You need more baby powder and oil, buddy."

"Can't forget that cream!"

"Teethers! Get your teethers!"

"Aren't you thirsty? Get lots to drink!"

"You need more bibs and bottles and plates and cups... the house is not well stocked enough for *two* little boys..."

They both reached the end around the same time, their carts filled to the brim with baby items and even some baby diapers in the newest XXXL+ size that coincidentally seemed to be just their size.

"Wow! A tie! Okay you two. Look over there. There's the bathroom. The one who gets there first wins!"

The two men waddled but their diapers were so heavy that it was slowing them down. They looked ridiculous, and what's more, their greatest fears were already coming true before they could reach the door.

"Look at the big babies!" said one young man, pointing as the two obviously diapered men hustled and rustled toward the potty. Then two things happened.

First, Randy sprung a leak, which quickly soaked the inseam of his thin cotton playsuit and began running down his legs, followed quickly by the popping of snaps as his diaper swole up enough to force open the suit to sag down to Randy's knees, tripping him up as he tried go move forward.

Second, Lou's guts finally pushed hard enough to dislodge the plug, forcing it out into his diaper and instantly making it bulge out. It looked like he had just made a big doodie in his diaper and his gaping hole had no chance of stopping the mess that rushed out after. With a loud fart and blort, Lou messed his diaper to capacity, and it was very obvious.

The two men's exclamations had drawn even more attention to their predicament, and soon everyone was laughing at the ridiculous babies and recording

with their phones. The two of them waddle-ran the rest of the way to the bathroom, but it was already too late. There was little point of going in there now, except to get cleaned off and diapered again. And that's exactly what happened because Randy and Lou didn't even realize that they had torn open their new packages of diapers from the store and had each been carrying a diaper with them to the bathroom. There was no question of what they were going there to do - they were going there to change into fresh diapers like the big babies they were.

Almost out of spite, Lou tried to lift the toilet lid, only to find an invisible force holding it down. They heard laughter all around them.

"We told you that you could go to the potty, but I never said you could actually use it!" Lou began to cry like a baby at that point, not simple tears or sobbing but loud bawling like a baby would do. And Randy, as many new babysitters did when this happened, panicked a little bit, looking for any way to calm the crying baby down.

"Look! There's a changing table," said Randy, trying to console Lou. "Why don't you just lay back on the changing table..."

That seemed like the most sensible thing to do. The voices seemed to think so, anyway. And they were always right, right?

"Here, I'll even join you..." Randy was sure that would cheer Lou up, if the two of them both lay down on the big changing table. That's what the voices said so it had to be true.

Lou sniffled and sucked his thumb as the spectral hands took care of the big load he'd left in the back (and front) of his diaper. It did feel better, at least, to be changed. He looked over and saw that his new brother was getting the same treatment, though he was only pissy and cummy and not messy like Lou.

"Such good boys using your diapers like that. This is your new life boys. Everyone should know what happy big babies you are, so get ready to smile out there cause there's going to be lots of cameras and plenty of attention. And who wouldn't pay attention to cuties like you?"

It was now clear what had happened to the mysterious baby man of apartment 43B; exactly what was happening to them now. Instead of being called the Handi-Men, they would henceforth be known as the baby-men all around town, and there was nothing they could do about it.

"Aww, don't look so sad. We're going to go clothes shopping next, and then we'll go find your other brother - the one that ran away. Then you can all be a happy little family at home for ever and ever. How does that sound?"

The two men wanted to say it sounded awful but with all the suggestions and sensations that had been thrown at them from the very start, they couldn't help but chub up at the idea. If they really thought about it, such a future didn't seem so bad... After all, the voices said so, and the voices were always right, weren't they?