

Shiny Rubber Diaper Humper

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

Stanley wasn't man enough to be a good husband for his wife, but Davey's Daycare offers a solution - a way to train him to please his wife in new ways. Of course it will involve a drastic lifestyle change, but not to worry. Mommy is sure her will learn to love being her squeaky humpy rubber baby.

Stanley sat on the padded floor staring down at the shiny vinyl garment between his legs. Pink sparkly ponies stared back. He ran his mitted hands over the cool slick surface, moaned and thrust his hips. When he tried to bring his legs together, a thick layer of padding prevented him from closing his legs. All he got was the squeaky sound of vinyl rubbing on itself, and the feel of the padded vinyl garment squeezing on his penis, ticking his cockhead. He'd never even considered wearing something so ridiculous, but now...

"Enjoying your new outfit, little one?" asked a handsome man with shoulder length hair and a tie-dye t-shirt. It was Dave, owner of Davey's Daycare looking down at him.

The new baby nodded. It felt good. He would have said so if he could speak, but he was busy sucking on his binky.

"Good. Just remember the rule, no stickies without the help of a caretaker. If you do it without an adult, you'll have to sit in the naughty corner."

Davey pointed to a row of stools in the corner with progressively larger butt plugs affixed to them. The smallest ones were already occupied and the mediums were filling up fast. Stanley would have to be careful. 30 minutes on the notoriously large 'head honcho' was not on his bucket list. Yes, they had *names*.

Davey patted the new baby on the head and left him to explore his new surroundings. For now, though, Stanley was still enthralled with his new outfit: puffy vinyl diaper, vinyl t-shirt with smiling Love-a-Bunch bears on the front, blue vinyl Love-a-Bunch paws with heart paw pads to match entrapping his hands. Every move he made elicited another rubbery squeak. The thick shiny glittery vinyl diaper between his legs reminded him of the red booth seats in a classic diner. It may have looked bizarre in most circumstances, but in Davey's nursery it fit right in.

The whole place looked like a Memphis style model home - All bright colors, and colorful shapes like something out of WeeWee's playhouse, or the Weird Cal Show. The main difference with this place was the clientele. This was a daycare. A very *adult* daycare. And Stanley knew that he was expected to explore and play, or he'd end up in the naughty corner with the rest of naughty boys and girls. Stanley looked longingly at the bouncer with the massage wand attached to the bottom. No, he'd better not. He remembered the warning from Davey. Well, what about the rocking horse? That seemed safe. He waddled over to the horse. There was a strap to keep him secured, and a caretaker came over to help strap him in. He wouldn't be able to get off the horse without help - not with his paws in place.

Except maybe he *would* get off, because the rocking horse was not as safe as he thought. The saddle began to vibrate as Stanley rocked back and forth, and Stanley's heart skipped a beat. He grunted and tried to squeeze his legs together to lessen the stimulation, but that only brought him closer to blowing his load. Stanley was trapped. Strapped down as he was, there was nothing he could do about it but try to ride it out. Pretty soon, he was desperately trying to hold on and keep himself from cumming, but inevitably, he felt himself tip over the edge and waves of pleasure washed through his body as he convulsed and came right into his squeaky diaper. Suddenly, the caretaker was back to unstrap him. The caretaker smirked.

"Well, well, well! Looks like *some* little boy has been naughty. Did the little one make stickies in his diaper?"

Stanley nodded and whimpered.

"Well, you know what that means. It's a time out for you!" That's how this place worked. Traps were everywhere, and sooner or later *everyone* ended up in the naughty corner.

Stanley was led by the wrist to the stools in the naughty corner, his legs forced into an awkward waddle by his thick and now slippery diaper. There were no small plugs left. Stanley furrowed his brow and looked up at the caretaker who was already grabbing the bottle of lube and unzipping the back of his shiny pony diaper.

Stanley blushed and his dick got hard in his thick padding. He couldn't get hard when he needed it most, so why did it work *there* of all places? He had been shocked when his wife told him he'd be going to *daycare* every day. Shocked and angry. Stanley never imagined he'd *enjoy* his time at daycare, or being put back in diapers, but he was learning to enjoy the feel of padding and vinyl very quickly.

"Okay, little boy. Time to get you seated on the naughty stool!"

So there he was on the naughty stool, his mitts secured behind his back, his thighs burning as he did his best to elevate himself from the large stretching plug that threatened to invade his back entrance. The plug was winning. This was a big one: A cone shaped contraption designed to spread the wearer wider and wider the further they slipped. Beads of sweat dripped from Stanley's head, landing on the rubber tarp beneath him. All he could hear were the moans of other big babies struggling just like him and the squeak of rubber rubbing against rubber. How long had he been here? 20, maybe 30 minutes? It was hard to tell. There were no visible clocks on the wall of the naughty corner. Only a row of sweating, groaning adult infants being punished – or pleased – for their transgressions.

That's what this was really about after all. Training him to find pleasure in new ways. His wife had said it herself as she discussed his situation with Davey. Stanley was an unfit husband who couldn't even get his little peepee to work properly. Instead, he would be trained to please his wife in other ways. Clearly this was one of them.

Stanley looked to his right where an assistant was securing a sissy in a rubber maid suit to the next naughty stool. The poor sissy had held out just a little longer than Stanley before falling into one of the many traps in the daycare and creaming her own pampers. The next open stool had an even larger plug and the sissy began to sweat as she was forced to stay on her tippy toes to avoid being impaled by the gargantuan toy.

How could Stanley win? The sooner he broke the rules, the sooner and more often he would be sent to the naughty chairs to have his hole stretched, but the longer he held out, the more intense the punishment would be when he *did* break the rules. And everyone broke the rules sooner or later.

"Hnnnggg....I... I feel like I have to pee!" Stanley yelled out to whoever would listen.

"That's *it*, little boy," said the woman who had just finished securing his neighbor. "You're getting a paci gag!"

"Please! I feel like I have to- mmmf!"

A shiny blue yellow and red pacifier gag muffled Stanley's protests, stuffing his mouth with its oversized latex teat.

“You’ve still got your nice pretty diapers on. They’re not going anywhere. And if you leak, we can just wipe it off. You’ll learn not to worry about such things anymore. That’s no longer your responsibility.”

Stanley moaned into the gag as his legs gave out and the cone stretched him even wider. He had never been penetrated from behind before today, never had his hole pressed open or his prostate steamrolled. The intense sensations were completely new to him, and was finding it hard to distinguish between pleasure and pain. He felt a glob of precum force its way into his shiny vinyl diaper, the slickness only leading to more stimulation as he struggled and squirmed.

“That’s it, that’s a good boy,” the assistant said with a smile as she petted his head, “just relax. Calm those little whimpers. It’s okay if you have an accident, sweetie.”

Stanley squeezed his eyes shut and bit his oversized pacifier as he was stretched further. The strain forced him to empty his bladder into the front of his diaper. Being PVC, the diapers weren’t very absorbent and urine spattered the ground announcing Stanley’s complete and utter defeat as his butt cheeks finally came to rest on the stool beneath him. He was shocked by the sound of applause behind him as his cheeks touched down. He had no idea he had gathered an audience, but as he was spun around to face them, he saw the crowd that had gathered. There were assistants clapping their long rubber gloves and big babies bopping their mitts. Squeak Squeak. Clap Clap. Poom Poom.

“Everybody welcome the newest member of Davey’s daycare! Baby Bear BumbleBottom!”

Everyone cheered and giggled at the silly name, and Baby managed a shy wave even as he winced at the stretched feeling in his behind.

“Now let’s all give him a hand!”

Baby was lifted up off of the naughty chair and bent over so everyone could give his poofy bottom a smack. It didn’t really hurt but it sure was embarrassing. Still, he had done it. He had gotten through his first naughty time, and he was allowed back off to play.

“Well, no use putting that progress to waste!” said the assistant. “Let’s put you on the BIG horsie ride!”

Baby’s eyes bulged as she brought him back to his favorite rocking horse. It was the same one he had ridden before, only now it was outfitted with a large flared dildo.

By the time Baby's wife came to pick him up, his ass was like a bowl of jello. She seemed more than satisfied as she signed him out.

"Come on dear, time to take you home. I've got the guest room all set up as your nursery, and I hope you trained well because Mommy wants to use her new strap-on toy on her little boy as soon as we get home!"

Baby whimpered, but he was already getting hard thinking about it. This was much better than trying to be a man.

Baby never knew he'd enjoy being a rubber bottom bitch for his wife, and if it weren't for the circumstances that had brought him to Davey's Daycare, he might never have had the chance to find out, but drastic times called for drastic measures.

"Enough's enough," his wife had said after yet another failed attempt to complete his husbandly duties. "If you have become too much of a sissy-boy to dick your wife down, then maybe it's time / had a turn." That's when she enrolled him in the accelerated 'Rapid Rubber Baby Bottom' daycare program at Davey's Daycare.

Baby had no idea why he couldn't satisfy Mommy like he used to. Maybe it was because of the stress at work. Maybe it was the fact that she was sent videos of Baby giving his boss a blowjob, taking in Mr. Harold's fat cock in hopes of getting that fat raise. Maybe it was because Mommy and the boss had started dating soon after, leaving her husband locked out of the bedroom to jerk off to their sex noises. Maybe it was those relaxing tapes that Mommy had him listen to to calm down and sleep better during her 'date nights'. Whatever the reason, poor limp-dicked Baby Bumblebottom was discovering new ways to please his wife thanks to the experienced staff at Davey's Daycare.

Baby had an idea of what was awaiting him as he was led out of daycare, squeaking with every step in his latex overalls and thick vinyl diaper.

"In you go, sweetie," said Mommy as she opened the car door. Baby hesitated when he saw what was inside. "What's the matter sweetie? Don't you like your new car seat?"

Baby's eyes bulged at the sight of the huge cone-shaped plug mounted in the center of the shiny vinyl seat. The seat had straps to cinch Baby down tightly and make sure that he felt every bump in the road with that huge invader firmly jammed in his

hole. Baby whimpered but did not resist as Mommy unzipped the back of his romper and his puffy shiny diaper and guided him forward.

Baby gasped as he felt the tip of the toy tickle his pucker, and then moaned as she gently guided him down on it. He could feel his dick jump as the colossal cone pushed him open wider by degrees. It was hitting that special spot inside of him - one that he never knew he needed to scratch - and Mommy smiled as she got him down most of the way onto it.

"Good baby. I bet that feels good, huh? It's okay if you can't take it all. The straps will do the rest."

Smiling with sadistic glee, Mommy started buckling all the straps first, forcing Baby's legs, feet, and knees apart. Then, she cinched down Baby's hands, arms, and elbows. Finally, when he had no way left to resist, Mommy cinched down Baby's lap and shoulders.

Baby cried out, gritting his teeth as the invader was forced deeper into his guts.

"Oh, stop whining," said Mommy. "You'll need take a lot bigger than that if you're going to take Mr. Harold's cock." Mr. Harold had promised Baby a promotion if he satisfied his boss's needs, but it looked as if Baby was due for a demotion to diapers and daycare instead. Judging by how Mr. Harold and Mommy were talking lately, it was going to be a full time position.

"You look like you're thinking too much, baby" said Mommy, making a pouty face. "That's no good. I'll tell you what. I'll give you something to take your mind off of all those big boy thoughts. A nice big bottle of milk. Drink it all down by the time we get home and you won't get a punishment."

Baby didn't have a choice because Mommy mounted the bottle into a mouth gag with a contraption that resembled a hamster feeder and pretty soon, he was gulping down whatever Mommy had put in there as it flooded his mouth with chalky liquid.

"Wow, those fast flow nipples really do the job," said Mommy, smirking. "Who knew you would love milk of magnesia so much? Oh, and I put a few other little surprises in there too..."

Baby whined, knowing that he probably wouldn't like whatever surprise Mommy had in store, and yet he was inexplicably horny. His dick was already getting hard in his slick rubber padding. Baby used what little movement he had to tense and thrust his

hips against the smooth, butter-soft lining of his diaper, impaling himself on the final half-inch of his ass spreader over and over as he gulped down his special meal.

Squeak *Groan* *Gulp* *Squeak* *Groan* *Gulp*

Baby's horny noises were music to Mommy's ears. She patted Baby's head, saying, "That's my good, good baby," before seating herself in the driver's seat and taking off.

After they pulled into the driveway, Mommy opened the back door to find her baby in a desperate state.

Baby whined as she came around to the back seat and unmounted the bottle from his mouth gag.

"Aww... drooly baby," she cooed, dabbing at his mouth with a handkerchief. "Did you enjoy your snack? What about your toy? Your rubber diaper? Just think. You'll be enjoying things like those all day *every day* now that Mommy and Mr. Harold are getting married."

"Wha?!" Baby's eyes widened in shock. How was that possible? He never even signed any divorce papers.

"Oh, don't worry. We pulled a few strings with Mr. Harold's Judge friend and got you declared incompetent. You'll be listed as our dependent from now on. You can thank Davey's Daycare for helping our case. Everyone knows that *that* place is reserved for only the BIGGEST babies."

Baby gulped. Did that mean that Mr. Harold was his Daddy now? He imagined living his life in thick shiny puffy padded rubber pants, shorts, and shortalls. Mom snapped him out of his daydream by smacking the front of his diaper, making him jump.

"Aww, that milk made you a spacey baby, didn't it?" asked Mommy. "The guest room is all set up for you. You won't need to go in Mommy and Daddy's bedroom ever again."

Baby had nothing to say, nor was he able to as he was led, gagged and leashed, into his own home by Mommy.

"Time to put your training to the test, sweetie," she said, giggling as she led Baby to his new room. "All right sweetheart. Let's see what you got!"

Baby was laid out on the shiny sparkly rubber-covered mattress of his new crib. His rubber romper was discarded on the ground, and his thick vinyl diaper was pulled

down around his ankles. He looked up at the dildos and butt-plugs hanging from the mobile above his head as he braced for what was coming. His wife - no, she wasn't his wife any more - *Mommy* had been training him for this moment, and Baby knew he could do it. He lay there on his back while Mommy straddled him.

"Let's try one more time, Baby," she said, cooing down at her former husband. "If you can please Mommy, I'll make you a big boy again. If not, then Mommy's going to show Baby how it's done."

Baby wanted the feel of Mommy's warmth around his cock once more. He wanted it. He needed it. But his small little pee-pee wouldn't respond. It couldn't get up to fill that warm inviting space between her legs. She bounced a few times and then stopped, giggling.

"Guess you only get hard for your diapers now. Do you know what that means, little man?"

Baby whimpered, which was all he could do since he was still gagged. Mommy got off of him and pulled Baby's diaper back up, making sure the back was unzipped. She left him laying in the crib as she walked over to open up a colorful dresser drawer and pulled out what looked like a pair of boxer briefs with a hole in the front. Next, she walked over to the crib and reached toward the dildos hanging from the mobile. He held his breath, looking at all the monstrous possibilities. Mercifully, she chose one that wasn't too large, at least not compared to the ones that had stretched his hole wide open in daycare. The last thing Mommy grabbed was some spunky lube that had the exact look and consistency of cum, and Baby fantasized that it really *was* cum.

"Just think, baby. When Daddy gets home, you'll be able to get your fill of the real thing. For now, Mommy will do her best to stuff you full of bottled stickies."

That's when Baby noticed the tube coming out the back of the dildo Mommy had picked. She showed Baby a little plunger that she filled with the cum lube. When she pressed the plunger, it came right out of her cock just like a real pee-pee.

Baby was so gosh darn horny as Mommy slowly, sensually, pulled the shorts up over her legs. The dildo poked through the hole in front, looking just like a real cock as she stroked it. Mommy looked at Baby, and said "I'm just trying this lube out, honey. We've got plenty more lubes to test, so we'll have to practice every day. Once we find the right one, I'll buy it by the gallon!"

At the thought of finally getting railed by his wife on the regular, Baby felt his little pee-pee finally start to plump up in its puffy PVC confines, but it was too little too late;

Mommy was already squishing out plenty of cum-lube to lubricate her cock for entry. His breath caught in his throat as he felt the slick tip of the dildo pressing on his hole.

"OK, baby. It's time to open up for Mommy..."

"Mnnnhhh," whimpered Baby, as she began to press forward.

"That's it baby, just breathe..."

Baby did as he was told, feeling a brief bit of pressure before she slid in all the way to the balls without any resistance.

"Therre we go. Oh, you're so loose for Mommy! Davey's Daycare did a great job wrecking your hole, Baby. It'll never be the same again!"

Mommy was working herself up into a frenzy as she told him all the things that she and Daddy would do to him.

"Unh... we're going to keep you in rubber at all times, Baby... thick shiny vinyl... keep you horny all the time... Mommy's cute little baby in the playpen... humping big rubber duckies and other pool toys in your puffy padded Inflatable shorts..."

Baby never had a PVC or rubber fetish before, but after a day at Davey's Daycare, the very smell of the stuff was like sex to him.

"Daddy's got a nice fat cock too, Baby" added Mommy. "Makes yours look like a pencil... Don't worry, baby, you'll *love* it. I know I do..."

Baby squirmed and tried to respond, but it was impossible with his gag in place.

"Oh no, Baby," said Mommy, smiling at the pathetic man's attempt to speak around his gag, "It's too late to change my mind now. You're no husband. Uhn... ohhh.... You're... unh... not even a man in the eyes of the law... you're just our big.. unh.. baby... ohhh... bitch!"

Baby could feel something building behind his balls with every thrust. It felt like a tickle behind his pee-pee that just grew and grew as Mommy got more and more horny.

"That's it, Baby. Come for mommy! Show me what a bottom baby bitch you are!!"

To his surprise and utter humiliation, Baby Bumblebottom did just that, cumming so hard he saw stars as he slicked the inside of his rubber padding yet again. Mommy came hard too, wetting the front of his diaper with her powerful orgasm. Pee, sweat, and cum pooled on the rubber mattress, where it could easily be wiped up.

"Good baby!" said Mommy, smiling at her former husband. "Let's wipe you down and set you up for a nice, peaceful nap..."

Peaceful was one way of putting it. After Mommy mopped up the mess, Baby was strapped down tight in his crib, completely enclosed in an inflatable latex sack, with a 'comforting' inflatable butt plug pumped wide in his ass and set to vibrate.

"Nighty night, little guy," said Mommy, blowing a kiss to Baby Bumblebottom. "Have sweet dreams of your new life..."

Mommy shook her head as she walked into the nursery to find her baby husband once again sitting in a puddle of his own pee in the shiny rubber playpen.

"This is a lot to clean up. You're just constantly leaking everywhere!"

Of course that wasn't the real problem. Baby's thick sparkly rubber diapers were cute, but they certainly weren't very absorbent.

"I'm going to have to stuff your diapers with something to soak up all that pee. Mommy can't be cleaning up after you when her boyfriend comes over tonight."

"Which boyfriend is it this time?" Baby wanted to ask, but he couldn't with the big thick dummy strapped around his head. With that and his thick heavy rubber mitts and booties, Baby was powerless to do anything but crawl around the nursery, play with his toys, and hump his diapers while Mommy had fun with any man she wanted.

Mommy opened the diaper drawer and took out several thick cloth stuffers.

"This should do. Come on, baby," she said, tossing a few towels into the playpen to soak up the pee and having her baby husband stand on a pee pad as she stripped off his bright rubber romper, unsnapped his rubber onesie, pulled down his thick rubber pants, and finally, pulled his rubber padding down to his knees, leaving her husband in just his rubber striped stockings with his hairless balls and pee-pee flopping out.

"Aww! Look how cute," Mommy said, cupping Baby's little bits and cooing at them as his face went bright red. She had worshiped his cock when he was a man. She'd treated him like a king until his boss showed her what kind of man her husband really was. He was just a baby now, as Mommy loved to remind him. She'd never see him as anything but a big silly baby and she made sure no one else would either.

Mommy took the thick stack of stuffers and stuck them inside the front of Baby's diaper.

"These should hold most of your pee", she said. Baby whimpered as Mommy pulled up his pants. Then, she unstrapped his binky and handed him a big bottle. "And this should help you make more of it."

"Can't I use potty?" Baby asked as Mommy began sliding his rubber pants back up over his thick rubber padding.

"No, baby," said Mommy, giggling as if he had said the silliest thing in the world. "My bathroom is for *adults* only. You use your *potty pants* like the big baby you are."

Baby blushed at that. How far he had fallen. Baby doubted the soakers would do much, but Mommy wasn't to be dissuaded. She was too busy for that and she soon left him to play with his toys in the now dry playpen.

Sure enough, when Baby finally had to pee, the incredibly thick stuffer inside the front of his diaper did its job and soaked up all his urine. He looked down expecting the pee to spill out of the leg holes of his locked rubber romper, but they did not. Instead he felt a warm wet squishy wetness between his legs. He gave the front of his diaper a squeeze, or as close to one as he could with his hands still mitts. But the thick rubber padding and the additional layer created by the stuffer meant Baby could feel nothing on his pee-pee.

Mommy came in a little later to trade Baby's bottle for a fresh one, and Baby told her all about it. At least he tried to, but all that training had severely reduced his vocabulary. "Mommy, I made pee-pee!"

"Good boy," Mommy said, smiling. "Now Mommy is going to be busy for a bit. Have fun playing with your dollies and blocks."

"Baby get change?" he asked.

Mommy rolled her eyes, and stuck two fingers into the leg holes of his diaper, feeling around and making Baby gasp.

"No, baby," she said. "You can hold a lot more than that."

Baby's jaw dropped in disbelief. "No, Mommy! Can't!" Nevertheless despite his doubts, Mommy was not to be dissuaded. He had no choice but to go back to playing on the floor like a big dummy. He played and played and peed at least three more times before mommy came and checked him.

"That's better," she said, reaching into his padding, her red painted nails disappearing into the leg holes so she could pull out the stuffers to toss, "but you should've peed a lot more than that. I'm clearly not giving you enough liquids. We'll have to take care of that." Mommy tossed the sopping padding unceremoniously into the diaper pail and grabbed two more stuffers which went right into his diaper. "There we go. Let's get you some more juice."

Mommy brought out a gallon of apple juice and said, "Well, we better get you to finish this by dinner time."

Baby's mouth fell open. "Today???"

"No," said Mommy, "This is how much you should drink *three* times a day."

"Too much juice!" said Baby in disbelief.

"Come with me," said Mommy, leading him to the garage. When he looked in, he saw stacks and stacks of square one-gallon Apple juice containers.

"Too much, Mommy! Mommy have to change Baby all time! Too much work for Mommy!"

Mommy paused and brought her hand to her chin.

"You know what, you're right," said Mommy, finally. Baby smiled, thinking he had won as Mommy led him back to his room. His victory, however, was short lived. Once they were back, Mommy pulled several squares of pink and purple cloth out of the diaper drawer. The cloth was decorated with Love-a-Bunch bears, pretty ponies, and other cutesy cartoon characters.

"On your back in the crib, baby," Mommy commanded, and he was immediately on his back on the shiny colorful rubber mattress. That's how everything was in his nursery. Shiny. Rubbery. Easy to wipe down no matter how much of a mess he made.

Baby was forced to lay there as Mommy pulled down his padding and laid out the thick cloth layers under his butt. Several cloth stuffers went inside, and then the cloth squares were pinned tightly around his waist. When the rubber diaper and rubber pants went back up with more stuffers inside, his butt poofed out further than ever before. Unlike disposables or even his rubber padded diapers which just kept all the cushioning in one thick strip from his belly button to his tailbone, these diapers poofed out all around his waist like an inner tube. Once the romper was back on, Baby only had to look over toward the mirrored closet doors to see how ridiculous he looked.

"Oh, you look *adorable*," gushed Mommy. Baby whined. "Yes, this really is a better look for you. I'll have to phone Davey right away to make it your regular outfit, my silly Bumblebutt! Now let's strap you down for your nap and set up the feeding gag. You've got lots of pee-pees to make for Mommy!"

Baby was soon secured from head to toe, unable to move an inch in his crib as he sucked down his juice and flooded his padding. While Mommy played with her date, earphones played their lusty sounds for Baby to listen to as he lay there. All he could do was moan, squirm, and hope that she would come back to let him out soon so he could hump his diapers again.