

Urban Exploring

By Champ (champtehotter.com)

Skip and Trey investigate an Urban Exploring location that has proven difficult to breach, only to discover a haunted nursery. Now it's up to them to escape a crinkly fate!

Chapter 1

Skip tugged at the old metal door on the western stairwell of the old dilapidated building.

"Shit. It's welded shut. We're gonna have to find another way."

"Are you serious?" groaned Trey. "We climbed up *three stories* to get to this door. I'm so done with this."

"Come on man," said Skip, grabbing Trey's shoulder. "Nobody's managed to get inside these buildings for years. Do you know how legendary we could be if we managed to do it? We gotta at least *try*."

"We *have* tried," grumbled Trey. "Three different ways and they're all blocked off..."

"Trust me," said Skip, "We'll find a way in. Let's go back down."

Trey sighed as he carefully climbed down after Skip, shimmying down between two concrete outcroppings to the ground below. Back on the ground level, they circled the star-shaped building that loomed over the west side of Treasure Island one more time, looking for openings.

The front of the building was walled off by sheets of metal welded together. Through low openings at the bottom, they could make out the crumbling weed-choked stairs leading to the front entrance. Chipped graffiti showed that others had crawled under the barriers before the openings had been barred off. On every other side, tall walls of concrete and empty broken windows stared at them, with no obvious route of entry. Skip counted options on his fingers.

"The gaps are all barred off. All the metal doors are welded shut. And the windows all have boards... I think we're going to have to crowbar the boards." Trey crossed his arms.

"In broad daylight? I don't know, man. Can't we just go back to the abandoned bowling alley on the other side of the island? I'll bet it's got a ton of cool stuff. Or we can go check out the gunner's turret. That'd be cool, right?"

"No way, man! Everyone's already *done* that! If we want to win the Urbex Forums Spooktober contest, we need to do something that will really impress. This is it," Skip added, with an air of finality. "Now hand me my bag. I'm going to teach you how to use a crowbar."

The pair set to work prying at the plywood covering some of the ground level windows, but they were nailed in too tightly. That wasn't about to stop Skip, though.

"I'll be right back with the saw. You keep trying with the crowbar."

"I can't believe you brought a saw," said Trey, shaking his head as Skip turned to leave. Trey struggled a few more minutes with the plywood before stepping back and wiping his forehead. "This is stupid. Really stupid. We're never gonna get in here. And what if someone sees us?"

It wasn't an unreasonable concern. After all, they were only a couple hundred feet away from a large walkway frequented by joggers, and tourists who wanted to get a picture with the shining city in the distance.

"Want some help?" came a voice from over Trey's shoulder.

"Sure, go for it." Trey handed off the crowbar and ducked into his backpack to get a drink. From the corner of his eye he saw Skip pull and twist and just like that, the whole panel popped free.

"Hey! I'm back with the saw," called Skip, as he rounded the side of the building. "Oh! Guess we didn't need it after all. Oh well, we'll bring it just in case."

"Wait I thought you-" Trey pointed over to the person holding the crowbar, but there was no one there. Just a crowbar resting against the side of the building. "What the?"

"You coming or not, Trey?" asked Skip, already halfway through the opening. "Hurry up before someone sees us."

"Yeah, sure," said Trey, shaking his head. Maybe he was more dehydrated than he thought.

Inside, there wasn't much to look at. Mostly just empty rooms with desks and empty filing cabinets repeated throughout the whole building. They did find a random box of harlequin party masks in one room, as well as empty beer cans and more graffiti in the small circular courtyard in the center of the building, but that was about it. They took a few pictures for the forums, the harlequin masks concealing their identities.

"Not much here, I guess," said Skip, kicking one of the empty beer cans. "Wanna check out the lower levels? It might at least have some cool-looking backup generators."

"Yeah, sure," said Trey, and the duo went back to the hallway and down a large flight of stairs.

The basement floor was still furnished and aside from the faded posters on the wall, it was hard to tell it had been left unused for so long. There were brown and tan carpets with triangular patterns, green vinyl couches, and water coolers that still had water tanks in them. A few fake plants here and there made it seem less lifeless than the rest of the building, except for the fact that the only light in the room came from a flashlight.

"So far, I'm not getting any spooky vibes," said Trey. "What do you suppose this building was used for anyway?"

"I dunno," said Skip, shining his flashlight around. "Probably housed paper pushers for some boring sort of office work or something. Hold on... what's that?"

At the end of the long hallway the light revealed a barricaded set of double doors with a sign that said 'Daycare'. Across the doors, someone had spray-painted in large red letters 'DO NOT OPEN'.

"Finally! Something interesting!"

After snapping a few photos, the two guys pushed the heavy filing cabinets out of the way and used the crowbar to remove the hastily nailed boards. The moment they opened the double doors, they were met with a flood of light and the sound of many voices all layered on top of each other as if they had been condensed. Childlike sounds of laughter, crying, playful squeals, and running footsteps. Commanding voices yelling 'get back here!' and 'No running inside.' The cacophony lasted for half a second before all noise stopped and the room went dark. Everything was dark.

"Damn this cheap piece of crap!" said Skip, banging the back of the flashlight against his palm.

"Dude, what... the fuck... was that?" asked Trey, his voice trembling.

"I don't know, Dude. Hey! Take out your phone and give me some light. I need to change the batteries."

"I-I think I'm having an asthma attack," wheezed Trey, clutching at his shirt. He was sweating. "I need my inhaler! It's in the bag!"

"Okay, *fine*. Just toss me your phone so I can see what I'm doing."

A white square of light arced over toward the sound of Skip's voice and stopped as he caught it. He rifled through the bag. "Let's see..."

"S-skip!" came Trey's terrified voice as two glowing blue disembodied hands approached his friend from behind.

"Geez, calm down, man, I got your damn inhaler right here. Hey... where is that light coming from? Oh shi-"

"Skip!" yelled Trey, collapsing onto the floor as Skip was pulled into the nursery, still clutching the bag. Skip watched the shadowy form of his friend gasping on the ground and reaching out before the nursery doors slammed shut. Skip heard banging from the other side of the door but couldn't get to it with all the hands tugging at him this way and that.

"H-hey! Get offa me!" yelled Skip, kicking wildly at the floating blue hands. Unperturbed, they began to tug his clothes off. "Hey! What are you doing? Help!!! Trey!!!"

Soon, Skip was completely stripped and laid on a soft, padded surface. That's when he saw a big thick diaper, also glowing, floating toward him, along with a bottle of powder and a pacifier with some sort of straps attached. They danced around him as if taunting him.

"Is this someone's sick idea of a joke? Trey! Are you still there? Trey?!"

The banging had stopped.

Skip's arms and legs were held by the hands as the diaper opened and positioned itself between his legs. He struggled as hard as he could, but the hands easily held him down as baby powder was shaken over the diaper and his crotch. The hands rubbed it into every nook and crevice, then the diaper closed itself around his waist, enfolding him in a soft crinkly cushion. The binky was shoved into his mouth and he felt the straps pulling themselves tightly, followed by a click. It was locked on.

"Mmfff! Mmfff!"

Skip's muffled yells were useless now. And then, just as suddenly as the hands had appeared, they disappeared. There was a flash of light. The door swung open. The flashlight came back on. And there was Trey laying there on the floor. Skip hopped off of the padded table he had been laid on and rushed over to him as fast as he could go. Trey was still wheezing, and Skip quickly handed him the inhaler.

"Thank god," said Trey. "What the hell *were* those things anyway, and— why are you in a *diaper*?"

Skip was naked except for the glowing garment, which was so thick he couldn't close his legs. He shone the flashlight back into the nursery, but didn't see his clothes anywhere. Then he pointed to his mouth.

"A pacifier? You can't take it out? Shit, this is too weird, let's get the fuck out of here before those hands come back. We can figure it out after."

They ran upstairs and out of the building as fast as their legs could carry them. Given no other option, Skip was forced to waddle all the way back to the car in a bulky diaper. When he got into the car, he cursed into the pacifier as he realized they hadn't even taken any pictures of ghost hands or the mysterious nursery.

"Hold on, hold on," said Trey, digging through their bag as Skip cursed. "Let's get this gag off of you... Shit... This thing is tough!" Indeed, nothing they had brought could cut through the material of the straps holding the pacifier in place, so that would have to stay on for now. He looked around nervously. "Okay... look, let's just get the hell out of here. We can figure out how to get the pacifier off at home. And leave that diaper on. I don't want to get a ticket for indecent exposure."

As the car sped off, a solitary figure leaned against the building.

"Safe trip home, babies. Our fun has just begun. See you soon."

Chapter 2

"Hnnnnffff!" whined Skip through the pacifier, as he frantically tried to remove it.

"Quit flailing, Skip," yelled Trey as he barrelled down the road, nearly losing control several times, "I'm trying to drive!"

Skip was so distracted by the pacifier in his mouth that he didn't even notice where they were until they were pulling into his driveway. When he noticed where they were, his eyes went wide and he shook his head. Trey rolled his eyes.

"Yes, *here*. What, do you think I'd take you to *my* house dressed like that? How do you think I'd explain this to my parents?"

Skip shook his head and pointed to his chest.

"Yeah, I know you live with your mom, but better you than me!"

Trey stepped out of the car and opened the door. Skip shrank back.

"Come on, dude! The longer you stay here, the more likely you are to get caught! Let's just get you inside and get the damn paci gag off. I'll use the plasma cutter if I have to!" Trey hefted the backpack with all the tools in it and grabbed his friend by the arm, dragging him out. "Now stay quiet, and don't make a scene." That was easier said than done in a giant puffy glowing green diaper.

"You boys back already?" called Skip's Mom from the kitchen as they came in. Skip froze, his bare feet planted on the threshold of the house. He felt ice in the pit of his stomach as the crinkles reverberated through the room with every move as Trey tugged him forward.

"Yeah, we are! Skip fell in some mud and needs to shower."

"Alright," called Skip's mom, who mercifully didn't come out of the kitchen to see for herself. "Come out in a bit! I'm cooking some halloween goodies and you need to try them out!"

"Mmm mmm! Can't wait!" called Trey before unceremoniously shoving Skip into his bedroom and slamming the door behind them.

Band posters lined the wall, CDs were scattered everywhere, and dirty clothing covered the floor, chair, desk, and bed. This was Skip's bedroom.

"Geez, dude, don't you ever clean your room?" asked Trey, pushing a pile of dirty clothes to the floor so he had a place to plop his friend's diapered butt. "Hold still. Let's take a look at this thing around your head."

Skip whined with pleading eyes as Trey examined the contraption carefully. It was made of some thick canvas-like material, and the lock on the buckle wasn't a normal lock at all but something much thicker, more industrial.

"Stop squirming," rasped Trey, trying not to raise his voice. "You're the one who wanted to *explore* so badly. Okay, I think I see the weak point. Let's get to work on this."

It took a good ten minutes with the tools to get the gag off, and Trey came close to injuring Skip several times because of all the squirming, but finally, it gave up the ghost, so to speak.

"Ugh! Finally," said Skip, rubbing his jaw. "Now to take off this stupid diaper."

"At least we're safe now," said Trey, "That was some freaky shit."

"Safe? Don't be too sure." came a voice from beside them. The two boys looked over to see a young guy in torn jeans and a hoodie sitting cross legged on Skip's bed.

"Dude! Who the fuck are you?" said Skip, jumping back with a loud crinkle and covering his diaper with a dirty sweater.

"The name's Dean. James Dean."

"Dude, *come on*," said Skip. "That's not your real name. And get off the bed! You've still got your shoes on! Gross!"

"Don't worry, *dude*," said Dean, rolling his eyes. "It won't get dirty."

Dean stepped off the bed and sure enough, there was not a smudge to be found.

"It's all for show," said Dean. He then allowed himself to fade slightly out, becoming semi-transparent, before fully appearing again. "See? I'm a ghost."

"Did you do this?" asked Skip, getting up in the ghost-boy's face. Dean blinked his eyes slowly and stared back before answering.

"No, but I know who is, and they are probably going to come after you unless you do what I say."

"Fuck, man," said Trey, running his fingers through his hair. "I can't be part of this. No way I'm going back to that creepy old place."

"It's too late," said Dean, "You're both part of this now, and you'd better listen to me. I'm your best chance of staying alive and out of diapers."

"Alive?!" said Trey and Skip in unison.

Dean nodded. "Exactly." Now he had their undivided attention.

Chapter 3

"Okay," said Dean, clapping his ghostly hands together. "First thing you gotta do is— Hey, you can't take off your diaper!"

"Like *hell* I can't," snorted Skip, ignoring Dean's protest, but as he grabbed for the tapes, his fingers seemed to slip right off. He tried again. And again. "Hey, what the— I can't get it off!"

"Here, let me try!" said Trey, reaching down and gripping the tapes as hard as he could. Try as he might, he couldn't get a good grip. Even when he did manage to hold it for a few moments, the tapes didn't want to budge. Dean sighed and crossed his arms, leaning against a poster-covered wall.

"You guys... it's not going to work..."

Regardless, the two boys kept trying, but they soon found they could neither tear nor cut nor remove the tapes from the diaper no matter what tools they used. The glowing undergarments were simply too tough.

"Are you done now?" asked Dean, raising an eyebrow once the boys finally exhausted themselves. "Good. Now as I was saying. You can't take it off. You're just going to have to wear it until it's completely full and comes off on its own."

"You mean it has to be used completely to come off?!" asked Skip, bringing his hands to his cheeks in dismay.

"Obviously," said Dean. "Isn't that what I just said?"

"Dude, I can't go out like this," said Skip to Trey in a hushed voice.

"Maybe put on some pants over it?" asked Trey. Skip grabbed a pair of jeans and tried to slide them on, but the diapers were way too thick and bulky to fit his pants over.

"Stupid skinny jeans," he said, shaking his head. "Hand me those sweatpants, will you?"

The baggy sweatpants fit over the diaper — just barely — but the way the stretched taut over the crinkly garment only accentuated its presence, and they came nowhere close to covering the top of the diaper, which was sure to peek out under any shirt he might wear.

"Well, there's one other thing you can do," said Dean.

"And that is?" asked Skip, growing impatient.

"Take a shower with it on. That oughtta get it wet enough to come undone."

"Well why didn't you say so? I can do that easy. Say, how do you know all this anyway?" Dean smirked.

"I've been a ghost for a long time, dude. I know a lot of stuff you don't. Now go get your diapered butt in the shower before it's too late."

The boys went to the bathroom to start the water while Dean floated around on his back above them. Trey took the opportunity to use the potty as well.

"Hey, no fair!" said Skip, as his friend piddled in the potty. With no way to remove it, he had no place to go but into the thick glowing diaper around his waist. Skip was reduced to huffing and puffing as he tried to make himself go. *Tried* to make himself go. He was actually *trying* to use his diaper. The fact that he had to work to fill his diapers was even more humiliating than just being stuck in one. "Ugh. This suuuucks!"

Skip huffed. Why was he the one that had to be stuck in a diaper? Why couldn't it have been Trey?

"Now you wouldn't really trade places with Trey, would you?" said Dean, cutting through Skip's thoughts like butter. "That's not very friendlike."

Skip was so startled by Dean's reply that he ended up wetting his diaper then and there. Skip could feel the warmth of a day's worth of urine going into the front of his diaper, causing it to swell, and he felt so embarrassed.

"You can read minds?" he blurted out to Dean.

"Shyeah," said the young man, peering down at the diapered dude below him. "*Ghost* powers. Hello?"

"Hey! It's working!" said Trey as he pointed down at Skip's diaper. "It's beginning to sag! And you didn't even have to use the shower!"

Trey pulled at a tape and sure enough, it came right off of the soaked garment. He quickly pulled the rest of the tapes off as well. With a loud plop, the diaper hit the floor. Skip could now enjoy a completely regular shower, except for one thing — he was still peeing when it came off, and it wasn't stopping.

"Ew," laughed Trey, trying not to show that he found it kinda hot. "Dude, use the shower! Haha, no, don't point it this way!"

"Dude! I can't stop it!" said Skip, grabbing at his crotch. No matter what he did, the pee just kept coming until finally, he was all peed out.

"Bro. You really do need a shower now," said Trey, sticking out his tongue.

Skip tried to forget about it as he washed his shame away. However, after the shower was over, he noticed that he was still dribbling. He wrapped the towel around his waist and cupped it around his crotch to try and hide what was happening from Trey as they walked back to his room. Back in his room, he tried to pull Dean aside, but his hand passed through cold air, causing Skip to shudder. Dean got the idea and floated in close.

"Dude, what the eff is happening?" whispered Skip. "I'm still peeing."

"It looks like you lost a bit of control. Ghost diapers'll do that to ya." Skip's mouth gaped as he looked at Dean in shock.

"Oh my *gods*, dude. Is it permanent?"

"Well," said Dean, looking to the side. "You shouldn't go without a diaper for long anyway. The ghost hands will come back to diaper you if you try."

"What?! That's bullshit!"

"What are you guys talking about," asked Trey, surprised by his friend's sudden outburst.

"I'm just telling him he needs to be diapered or the ghost hands will come back to get you guys," said Dean.

"What?! Me too? Why me?! Put on a diaper, quick!"

"Dude! Shut up," said Skip, "I'm not putting on another diaper."

"Uhh... maybe you should. Looks like you've sprung a leak..."

Skip's white towel had turned yellow at the crotch and was beginning to drip a bit.

"No, no, no!" said Skip, "this isn't happening!"

"I think you'd better get him a diaper," said Dean to Trey, pointing to Skip's backpack. "In there. It's an infinite diaper bag now, since Skip activated his first ghost diaper."

"There's no way," said Trey, as he picked up the bag, but sure enough, when he zipped it open, it was full to bursting with glowing ghost diapers in various colors and thicknesses. He pulled one out, but the bag didn't seem to get any less full.

"I guess this one looks *kinda* thinner... Here, dude. Put this one on." Trey pressed the thick glowing diaper into Skip's chest. Skip took it and opened it, turning it one way, and then the other. "Dude, I... I don't know how this thing works... Do I really have to?"

"Oh, my gods, you're such a *baby*," said Dean, rolling his eyes. "Lie down on the bed, dude. *I'll* help you."

"I don't want to," whined Skip.

"Look, you're already getting the floor wet... Just do it." said Dean, throwing the diaper on the bed open and ready for Skip to lie on.

Reluctantly, Skip got onto the bed despite his dislike of going into another diaper.

"Dude, get a pacifier from the bag so I don't have to listen to his whining," said Dean.

Trey did as Dean said, reaching into Skip's new diaper bag to grab an oversize pacifier just the right size to fill Skip's pouty mouth.

Skip turned his head this way and that as Trey tried to pacify him, which meant he wasn't paying any attention to what was happening below his waist. Before he knew it, he felt the diaper coming up securely between his legs.

"Heyy-mmph!" Skip's protest was the perfect opportunity for Trey to plug his mouth. Meanwhile, Dean did up the four tapes, completing the diapering process until the next soaking.

"That oughtta hold up for a while," said Dean, noting the small wet spot already forming in the front of Skip's diaper. Trey felt a little sympathy for his friend, but not too much sympathy. After all, it was Skip who had insisted on going into the creepy abandoned military building in the first place... and on exploring the basement, including opening the door that said 'DO NOT OPEN'.

It wasn't only the diapers that were cursed. Skip found that he couldn't remove the pacifier himself either. Yet Trey removed it easily. He put it back in Skip's mouth and Skip continued to struggle.

"Come on, man. I could take it out no problem. Are you sure you're really trying?"

"Yeah, dude!" said Skip, when Trey finally took it out again. "Gods. Keep that thing away from me."

"I don't know," said Trey, pocketing the pacifier and smirking, "it seems like it could come in handy. It sure makes you less annoying."

"Way to go," said Dean, earning a smile from Trey. "Good job taking charge for once."

"Just shut it, and let's get dressed. Dinner will be ready soon."

Once again, Skip found that his skinny jeans would not fit over his super thick ghost diapers. This pair wasn't quite as thick as the glowing ghost diapers he had left in the bathroom, but they were still plenty thick. He ended up putting on the sweatpants again along with a baggy shirt, and although the stretchy pants made his diaper kinda obvious, they at least fit. Now, Skip had the unenviable choice of pulling the sweatpants up high to cover the diaper completely, thus leaving an extremely obvious bulge, or sagging them a bit and risking accidental peekage anytime he moved.

"Stop fooling with your clothes, dude," said Trey, smacking his friend's arm. "I can hear your mom calling!"

"But it's so obvious!" Skip said. "She'll be suspicious as soon as she sees how bulgy my pants are."

"She'll be more suspicious if we don't come down to eat. Let's go."

"Geez, when did you get so bossy?" asked Skip, as Dean winked and shot Trey a thumbs up and slipped out of sight as Trey led his whiny friend out of the room.

"Come on, dude, don't make me... I can hear them *crinkle*."

Trey was done arguing. It felt good to take control for once.

Chapter 4

"There you boys are. Look, I made- Hahaha, what are you *wearing*?" Skip's Mom burst out laughing as soon as she saw them come into the kitchen. "Why are your pants glowing? Is that a *diaper* under there?"

"It's a— It's a— It's a—" Skip stuttered, as his brain tried to come up with a plausible answer.

"It's a costume!" said Trey, stepping in to help. "Part of it, anyway. We're working on it."

"Oh! That's pretty *cool* guys," said Skip's mom, stifling her laughter. "What is he supposed to be?"

"Big butt grandpa," said Trey without missing a beat. "It's a work in progress."

"Got it. Well, alright you two. Try out my batty blintzes, my pumpkin pumpernickel, and my monster mashed potatoes! I have a feeling this will be a hit at the church potluck tomorrow. You're still coming to that, right Skip?" Skip grimaced.

"Oh, yeah... uh... about that. I think I might have other plans..."

"Oh, come on. It'll be *fun*! Trey can come too!"

"I don't really want to intrude," said Trey, holding up his hands.

"No really. I insist," said Mom, in a tone that told the boys she was not asking. "Trey, you're never a bother. I'll go ahead and phone your mom and make sure you have permission, so no worries there. In fact, I'll call her right now."

Mom picked up her phone and began dialing, while Trey whispered to Skip.

"Dude, try the damn food already before she ropes us into any more church stuff."

"Alright, alright," whispered Skip, who was still getting over the shock of being seen in a diaper by his mother. "Nice save, by the way."

"Think nothing of it," said Skip, picking up a batty blintz. "Mmmm! Very good Mrs. Skip's Mom! I think you have a winner!"

Skip's mom shot the boys a thumbs up as she talked on the phone with Trey's mom. Absolved of their responsibility, the two of them quickly snuck back up to Skip's room where they flopped back on his bed.

"Well this is just *great*. Am I gonna be stuck in diapers until Halloween? And what am I gonna do *after* Halloween?"

"I can answer that," said Dean, who had suddenly appeared beside them once again.

"Could you not do that?" said Skip, holding his chest. "You are seriously freaking me out."

"I mean, I *am* a ghost. It's sort of my job?" said Dean, holding up his palms in a shrug. Skip did not look amused. "Alright, *fine*. You sure know how to take the fun out of being a ghost. Anyway, you are correct. You'll be stuck in diapers until Halloween, but if you manage to stay out of the nursery until then, all the diaper stuff will go away and you'll be safe until next October."

"Really?" said Skip. "You mean I'll have to go through this every year? And why October?" Dean sighed as if annoyed by the very question.

"Because that's when the spirit world is closest to the *human* world, duh. Everybody knows that."

"I didn't know that," said Trey, raising his hand.

"Okay, whatever. *That's* why."

"Okay," said Skip, "so I gotta avoid the nursery and ghosties. And how do I do that, Mr. Genius?"

"Easy. The nursery was made for bad boys and girls. You can avoid the ghost hands by being good so they don't have to come for you and set you straight."

"Being good?" asked Skip. "What the fuck does that mean?"

"Oh, heck," said Dean. "Now you've done it! Quick, Trey, you have to pull down the back of Skip's diaper and spank him!"

"What?!" they both said. "No way!"

"Yes way! It's either you discipline Skip or the ghost hands will come back and do it for you."

"Crap," said Trey, standing up and cracking his knuckles. "That sucks but... rules are rules..."

"What are you doing?" asked Skip, backing away. Trey did his best to suppress a smirk.

"You heard the dude! It's spankin' time!"

"No way!" yelled Skip, trying to get away, but Trey was on him before he could get anywhere, especially slowed as he was by the awkwardly thick ghost diapers. Soon, they were on the ground with Trey wrestling off the back of the diaper to expose Skip's butt.

"Here, suck on this," said Trey, reaching into his pocket to grab the oversized ghost pacifier and stuffing it in as Skip opened his mouth to yell. Trey managed to reach around and get a couple good spanks in while his friend struggled.

SMACK *SMACK* *SMACK*

"Great job, Trey! A few more spanks oughtta do it!" said Dean.

"Mmmm mmmm mmmfff!" whined Skip, his voice muffled completely by the pacifier as he tried in vain to pull it out.

"This hurts me more than it hurts you," said Trey, grinning as he smacked his friend's butt some more. Of course, it was obvious from his smile that it did not, in fact, hurt Trey at all, but there wasn't much Skip could do about it. Who would he tell? He wasn't about to go and whine to his mom with a pacifier in his mouth.

"That should be good," said Dean.

"Better do one more then to be sure," said Trey, getting one last good one in before he pulled Skip's diaper back up and gave it a pat. "That's what you get for... Uh, what did he do again?"

"Cursing," said Dean, crossing his arms and shaking his head. "He can't do anything that a kid wouldn't be allowed to do and that includes bad language. He'll also be in trouble for watching adult shows, staying up past bedtime, and especially failing to put on a new diaper after he fills his old one."

"Wow, sucks to be him," said Trey. "And what about me? You said I was involved too? What do I gotta do? Cuz it's obviously not what *he's* gotta do." Dean smiled.

"That's easy! As his designated caretaker, you gotta make sure Skip stays out of trouble. Make sure he goes to bed on time, uses his diaper like a good boy, gets spanked when he uses foul language or breaks any other rules, and so on and so forth."

"Mmmph?!" said Skip.

"Hold up, hold up," said Trey. "I'm his *caretaker*?"

"That's what I said," said Dean, as if it was completely normal. "You're old enough to be his babysitter, at least in the eyes of the nursery staff. That means that they trust you to take care of the little boy. If you don't, he'll be *their* responsibility – and so will you."

"Aww, man! Why?"

"Hey, I don't make the rules," shrugged Dean.

"And just why are you helping us anyway?" asked Trey.

"Mmm. Mmm mmmmm mmm mm?" echoed Skip, his hands on his hips.

"Because I'm just a nice guy, I guess," said Dean, who could only keep a straight face for a few seconds before bursting into laughter. "Bwahaha! Okay, okay, not even *you* rubes would buy that, would you? It's because it's entertaining to watch mortals try and keep their freedom. You're not exactly the first to happen into the nursery, after all. Who do you think put the big 'DO NOT OPEN' on the doors?"

Trey and Skip shrugged.

"A *mortal*, dummies," said Dean. "Whatever. Anyway, you two are the first two living beings to come through in a *loooooong* time, and I've been *soooo* bored down there being an eternal ghost babysitter with no new people to babysit. I just wanted to come along for the ride and see if you schmucks can actually stay out of trouble til Halloween! If you do, then I'll be gone and so will all the troublesome ghosts from the nursery. At least until *next* year." Trey groaned.

"This is gonna follow us our whole lives, huh?"

"Pretty much," said Dean. "So you better not move too far away from your friend here, unless you trust him to behave on his own. Either that or find him a good *mommy* to take care of him, hehehe."

Skip didn't find that joke one bit amusing, and he would have said so if it weren't for the pacifier in his mouth. As it was, his colorful language was reduced to muffled mmphs, which was probably for the best.

"I'm not going to have to change him, am I?" asked Trey.

"Sorry, bud. You're gonna have to start learning. I ain't gonna keep doing it for you."

"Crap."

"Yeah, that'll come later, too."

The two boys looked at each other, and winced. Neither were looking forward to *that* eventuality. Unfortunately for them, Dean was dead serious. Literally.

Chapter 5

With the spanking and discussion over, Skip was finally relieved of the pacifier in his mouth and allowed to speak once more.

"Will you cut it out with the pacifier?" asked Skip, rubbing his bottom, "That thing is hecka annoying." Trey shook his head, unable to keep a straight face as he tucked the pacifier safely back in his pocket.

"No way José. This thing is way too handy, so I'm keeping it on me in case I need it again." Skip made a face, not liking the amount of control his friend already had.

"Way to tell him, Trey," said Dean. "As a caretaker you have to get used to taking charge."

Yeah, that's right," said Trey, "I'm done going along with your ideas and schemes, Skip. It's time you listen to *my* advice. It'll be better for both of us."

"This is not fair," said Skip. "I'm a grown man. You can't tell me what to do."

"I beg to differ. If you had listened to me from the start, we wouldn't have gotten in this mess in the first place."

Skip frowned and looked down at his diaper, as if deep in thought. He gave a little grimace.

"What are you doing? Thinking about the gravity of your actions?" asked Trey.

"No, dude. I'm thinking I've been piddling in my diaper since I was put in it and I'm trying to hold it, but it hurts."

"Ghost diapers'll do that to ya," said Dean, "and the more you use them, the more control you lose."

"WHAT?" asked Skip, the sharpness of his tone cutting through the air. "Wait, wait, wait. What am I supposed to do? Just never use my diapers?"

"Good luck," said Dean. "It's not like you can just find a shower every time you need to pee or poop"

"Or *poop*??!" asked Skip.

"Yeah," said Dean. "It works both ways."

Suddenly, Skip felt like he had to pee a whole lot more than before. It was evident as he reached down between his legs and squeezed them together.

"I-I'll be right back."

Skip ran to the bathroom and Trey and Dean heard the sound of water from the shower running followed by a loud wet plop of the diaper hitting the floor, and the sound of the toilet lid slamming down. They could hear tinkling in the potty, followed by more dribbles that slowly but eventually petered out. Finally, the flush of a toilet was heard. Skip walked back in a minute later holding a waterlogged diaper.

"OK, what am I gonna do with all these soaked diapers? They take up enough space when they're dry. How the heck am I going to be hiding loads and loads of wet diapers coming out of my room?"

"The diaper trash *is* a problem," said Dean, scratching his chin. "Guess you'll have to get a diaper pail." Dean snickered as Skip looked scandalized.

"I'm not getting a diaper pail. I am *NOT*."

"Well, you are getting in a diaper," said Trey pointing at the bed. "Right now."

"Do we really have to do this?" asked Skip. Trey gave him a stern look.

"Listen, it's your ass or mine, so get on your back and let me change you unless you want this pacifier back in. I'm not having any ghost hands drag me back to the nursery because I can't keep my friend in line."

Skip pouted and lay on his back while Dean stood there coaching Trey on his first diaper change.

Trey reached into the infinite bag of ghost diapers and pulled out another glowing diaper. This one was purple and had a thickness in between the last one, and the original diaper that the ghost hands had picked in the nursery. There were even little purple bats flying across the front and some pumpkins to match the seasonal decor.

"Oh look. This one looks *cool*. It's, uh, *edgy!*" said Trey, smiling down at Skip.

"There's no way you're going to convince me that anything about this is *cool*," said Skip, crossing his arms and looking away.

"Okay, okay, grumpy butt" said Trey. "I'm just trying to lighten the mood. Anyway, I think they look more fun than the last ones." Dean spoke up.

"Don't bother trying to make the big baby happy. You're the one in charge. He just has to do as you say, whether he likes it or not." Trey nodded as Dean pulled a diaper out of the diaper bag and began moving it between his hands. "Try this. It's called fluffing. It'll break up the padding and make it absorb faster." Trey followed Dean's directions, working the padding under his hands and fluffing it up more.

"Oh! It's getting thicker... But won't that be a problem for his pants?"

"Yeah," said Skip. "Won't that be a problem?"

"Better than a leak," said Dean. "Besides, it's the clothes you're wearing that are going to make it obvious or cover it up. Nobody's going to notice the difference of a few centimeters in diaper thickness. Except for the person wearing it, that is." Dean snickered again.

Skip looked down as he felt a little trickle between his legs wetting his blankets. He quickly grabbed his penis and held onto it.

"Oh geez. I guess I got distracted and stopped holding it. Would you guys throw me a shirt or something?" Trey tossed a dirty band shirt to Skip.

"You really need to clean your room, dude. Seems like something a *good boy* would do"

"Yeah, yeah," said Skip, "I've got more immediate concerns right now, like not pissing my bed." Skip pressed the shirt onto the bed to soak up his accident. Luckily, he hadn't peed *that* much. It was really just a bit of a dribble, really. It could happen to anyone... Nevertheless, he kept holding his penis tightly until the fluffing was complete and it was time to get diapered.

"Okay," said Dean, "now that *that's* out of the way, let's get a diaper under his tush. Go ahead and cross his ankles like that and lift them up." Skip scoffed even as he obeyed the advice.

"There's no way that's going to... Work?"

Both Trey and Skip were shocked as Skip's butt lifted right off the bed. Trey wasn't exactly a bodybuilder, so he never expected to have that kind of strength, but the ankle trick took no strength at all and he easily held Skip up as he slid the thick and freshly fluffed diaper under his butt.

"Just a little nursing trick I learned at the facility," said Dean shrugging and looking more smug than he had any right to. "Oh, and you might want to grab some

powder or lotion or something from the bag to protect baby's skin." Skip shot Dean a glare at the use of the word 'baby', but Trey seemed unphased.

"OK" sighed Trey. He still wasn't used to this whole diapering his friend thing, but he had come this far, after all. Trey dipped into the bag and found some powder, lotion, and even diaper cream to protect fussy baby butts.

"Well, I guess since he's going to be taking it off before he does much damage, might as well just use something quick and easy like powder."

"Good choice," said Dean. "No need to use diaper cream if he's not gonna be stuck in a diaper for too long." Skip was blushing madly at these two guys talking over him like he wasn't there.

"Can we just get on with it? This is getting even more embarrassing than it needs to be."

"My my such a Fussy, baby," said Trey, finally turning his attention back to Skip and opening the bottle of powder. He shook it all over Skip's butt, never losing that shit eating grin of his as the room filled with the smell of baby powder.

"You're having way too much fun with this," Skip said, blushing.

"Yeah, well, just be glad it's me doing this and not your *mommy*." Trey shot back, "Although I guess we could ask her if you want..."

"No, no," said Skip, "please don't do that. I'm sorry. You can diaper me however you like." Trey's grin widened.

"Wow, suddenly you're a very good boy now. Amazing what the threat of telling *mommy* can do."

Skip didn't have an answer to that comment. He just blushed, crossed his arms and looked away as Dean instructed Trey on the intricacies of proper powdering, and Trey got to practice rubbing the powder into Skip's skin, making sure it didn't pile up anywhere to form clumps later when it got wet.

"OK and the last part is taping. Yeah you see how the bottom of the crotch and the sides of the hip form a triangle? Those two hip points are where the bottom tapes go. Go ahead and give it a try."

"Like this?"

"Pull up the front and see. Is it lining up pretty well with the pattern on the taping zone?"

"Yeah!" Said Trey, smiling in surprise. "It *is*."

Skip's legs had to widen to accommodate the thick diaper as it came up. He whined as he felt his friend press the soft thickness between his legs, once again covering him up completely.

"You see? You're getting the hang of it!" said Dean, patting Trey's back. "Now, just pull the tapes over one at a time, bottom tapes first. Maybe aim for the bats. There is a good point of reference. You want to be around the same area on each side."

Trey was genuinely feeling accomplished now. Something about taking charge like this not only felt good and powerful, but being able to handle the situation *for* Skip made Trey feel better about himself too. Skip, on the other hand, was not so enthusiastic. This was going to be hard to get used to, but hopefully it wouldn't last for too much longer since Halloween wasn't far off. Did it have to be this *comfortable*?

Skip watched his freedom get taped away, but could do nothing to stop it, knowing that the nursery ghosts could come at any time if they didn't follow the rules. At least this diaper was a little bit cuter even if he wouldn't ever admit it out loud. Dean shot him a smirk that had him blushing. *Fuck you you mind reading ghost*, he thought at the mischievous spirit.

"All done," said Trey, patting the front of Skip's diaper. "Good as new!"

"Yay" said skip rolling his eyes and getting up. Once again, the sweat pants were pulled up. They barely stretched to cover up the thick diaper. "Let's go to the mall. I'm going to have to get something to wear over these monstrosities."

Chapter 6

"So are we ready to go or what?" asked Skip, looking down at the bulge in his sweatpants. "I need some clothes to cover up these diapers better."

"Well," said Trey, "We're *almost* ready, but I think there's something you need to do first. Something a good boy would do."

"What are you talking about?" asked Skip.

"You're going to clean your room."

"Oh, come on. I don't have time for this..."

"Not all at once," said Trey, raising his hands up in supplication, "Just... pick up your clothes, at least. That'll be a start."

"What are you, my mom?" asked Skip.

"No, but I *am* your caretaker, and I take that responsibility seriously." Trey folded his arms and gave Skip a stern look to show that he meant business. "And if you keep questioning it, I have no problem turning that responsibility over to your *real* mom."

Dean and Trey looked at each other and raised their eyebrows as Skip hustled his diapered butt to pick up all the clothes. The mom threat would be a tempting tool to use to get skip under control from now on. In no time, Skip had tidied up his room substantially by putting all his clothes into the hamper.

"There. Happy? Now can we go?" asked Skip, throwing out his hands and letting them drop to his sides.

"Good enough" said Trey, picking up Skip's diaper bag and taking Skip by the hand. As they exited the house, Trey called out to Skip's Mom.

"Hey Skip's Mom, we're going out to do a little Halloween shopping to finish our costumes. Be back later!"

"Sounds good honey. You two have fun." As they approached the car, Dean spoke up in their ears.

"Hey, guys, this is where I dip out. Ghosts and public spaces don't mix. I'll be watching, so be good you two..." Dean's shadow flitted away to the corner of their vision and out of sight just before they could get a clear look at it.

The two boys looked at each other, significantly less freaked out than they would have been a few hours ago, and silently agreed to just get in the car like everything was normal.

Trey laid out the plan when they arrived at the mall.

"Since you're hungry and I'm kind of hungry too, let's just eat first. I don't want to be carrying all kinds of clothes around while we're eating."

"But my sweats," said Skip. "They're so *obvious*..."

Trey patted his pocket and raised an eyebrow. The implicit threat of being pacified in public was enough to shut Skip up and he hung his head as he was taken by the hand to the food court. With the thickness of the diaper, he was forced to waddle, his huge bulge crinkling like a garbage bag with each step.

Crinkle *Crinkle* *Crinkle*

Try as he might, Skip couldn't bring his legs together enough to walk normally. It felt like everyone in the mall was staring at him. With Trey firmly holding one of his hands, Skip couldn't manage to cover up the huge diaper bulge around his butt, his crotch, and between his thighs. Then Skip noticed something even more hair raising.

Crinkle *Crinkle* *Crinkle*

"Um... Trey?" said Skip, patting his pants.

"What is it kiddo?"

"I forgot my wallet..." Trey looked at him.

"It doesn't matter, little guy. Just means you gotta eat what I buy you. You can pay me back later." As soon as they caught sight of it, Trey pulled him to CinnaMons. "Oh, this looks good! Although, I don't know how healthy cinnamon buns are for babies..."

"Now hold on a second I'm not a baby."

"Ah, ah, ah. No backtalk," said Trey, patting his pocket again. Skip shut up, his face going bright red as he looked around. He felt as if everyone knew just what that pocket pat meant. He tried again, but this time in a bit of a whine.

"Come on, man. Ease up, will ya?"

"I almost died today because of you. And now I have to take care of you, which I never asked for. Just be a good boy for me and do what I say until we're both out of this. Don't test my patience."

Skip was completely taken aback. *He* was the one who was stuck in diapers. *He* was the one who had to be babied and put up with all this BS. Now his friend was holding it against him. It's not like *he* knew that the nursery would be haunted. Well, there was that warning on the Urbex Forums not to go in and that there was some haunted nursery in the basement, but who would've thought that for once a far-fetched ghost story was real?

"Tell you what," said Trey rubbing his chin, "why don't we go to Speedy Panda instead? At least it's marginally healthier... I think..." Once again, Trey led Skip by the hand across the food court and over to the Speedy Panda, crinkling with every step.

Skip could swear he saw heads turning and people giggling as they continued, but there was nothing he could do. When they got there, Trey ordered.

"Two speedy bowls, and some milk for my friend here."

"Yuck! I hate milk!" said Skip.

"Milk is good for growing boys. You'll drink it and you will not complain," said Trey.

The woman behind the counter looked Skip up and down with an amused smirk, but said nothing. Skip glared at her for a second before casting his eyes downward, his face turning red as he felt her eyes bore into his diaper bulge.

For a few minutes, they ate their meal in silence.

"Don't pout," commented Trey. "You should feel lucky I'm not feeding you myself. Who knows, that just might be what the ghosts require me to do if you don't eat up fast enough."

Trey adjusted his pants as he watched his friend shovel the food quickly into his mouth with a bright red blushing face. He was having too much fun being a "caretaker" to care if the threats were real or not. It was more than just amusing. It was arousing. He was looking forward to clothes shopping with Skip.

After the meal, the two of them decided to look for clothes at Spicy Subject.

They walked into the darkly decorated store to see all sorts of nostalgic shirts and retro memorabilia alongside both cute and goth style merchandise. What they were really after, though, were some pants.

"These ones are pretty cool," said Skip, holding up a pair of 'tripp' pants that would cover a thick diaper and then some. The pants he held had metal eyelet straps hanging off of them, neon green piping, checkered patches, and absurdly wide legs

Trey gave Skip a doubtful look and turned over the price tag. "One hundred and fifty bucks?! No way! Those are way too expensive for me to pay for."

"I'll pay you back, you know I'm good for it." Trey shook his head.

"Tell you what. **You** can come back when **you** have your wallet. In the meantime, **I'm** going to find you something cheaper." Trey looked around and his eyes landed on the bargain bin. "That's more like it!"

Trey tugged Skip over to the bin and dug around. There were no phat pants to be found, but there were plenty of oversized skirts big enough to cover a thick diaper. Trey held a blue checkered one up to Skip's waist. Skip scoffed and stomped his foot.

"I am *not* cosplaying a slutty schoolgirl."

"It's not slutty. It's *manly*," replied Trey, holding up the skirt. "You know, like a kilt, or whatever. Warrior stuff."

"That is *not* a kilt," said Skip. Shaking his head.

"Look, why don't you just try it on and see how it looks?"

"Ugh. OK tell you what. What if I pick something as well and then I can try them both on?" Trey acquiesced.

"Fine, but I make the final decision on what we buy."

Skip dug through the bargain bin looking for anything that might be better than a skirt. Finding nothing, he scoured the walls for a pair of oversize pants that might be on discount. Ultimately, he returned to the first pair of pants he had grabbed. He knew it wasn't a likely possibility, but he at least wanted to try them on and see.

"OK, then, let's go to the changing rooms." Trey led skip over to so called 'rooms', which were really more like booths with saloon style doors that covered the knees to the shoulders if that.

"There's not much privacy here..." murmured Skip.

"That's fine. You need to help anyway. Those diapers are huge and it'll be hard for you to change your own clothes."

"Shhh," said Skip, looking around frantically. "Not so loud with the 'D' word."

"As if everyone can't already tell," said Trey rolling his eyes.

"Fine, just... get in there already. Before we make an even bigger scene."

The two of them crowded into one of the dressing booths and Trey took charge.

"Sit on the bench. Legs up so I can get those sweats off of you." Trey pulled Skip's sweats down, revealing the thick and thirsty, purple glowing diaper much to his friend's embarrassment. "You know, these diapers really go with the aesthetic in this store, although I wish I had gotten a *purple* plaid skirt now."

"Come on man shut up. Let's just get me dressed already."

Trey raised an eyebrow and pulled the pacifier out of his pocket. "Now that we have a little privacy, there's no reason for me not to just use this on you when you talk back. Open wide, baby boy."

Skip opened his mouth to the protest, but then clapped his hands over it and shook his head. Trey tilted his head and held up his fingers counting down counting up

"I'm going to count to three, kiddo, and you'd better put those hands down before I get to three. One... two..."

"All right all right," said Skip, rapidly pulling down his hands, "just don't-" Whatever he was going to say was totally blocked off by the pacifier, as Trey shoved it in Skip's mouth and patted his head.

"Good boy."

Trey opened the "kilt" and secured it around Skip's waist. It bulged out a bit, but at least it covered the diaper. Well, mostly. The glowing plastic brought obvious attention to the part of the diaper sticking over the top and under the bottom of the skirt. They could even make out a few of the spooky bats dancing on the waistband. Skip noted the peekage with alarm, posing in the mirror this way and that. He yelped as Trey pulled up the front of his skirt and gave the front of his diaper squeeze, then he gave Trey a stern look.

"Calm down, I'm just checking you to see if you need to change. This skirt, I mean kilt, is very convenient for that. I think I like it."

Skip then pointed over to the pants he had picked emphatically. Trey looked over and gave a chuckle.

"Ha, that? You didn't really think I was going to buy *that* for you did you? I already told you it was too expensive. Now let's go to the register and pay."

Trey had to practically drag Skip out as Skip pointed to his pacifier emphatically.

"Don't worry about it," said Trey. "People will just think it's part of the outfit. Trust me."

At the register, a cheery girl with heavy eye shadow and a rad spiked septum piercing giggled as she looked Skip up and down.

"Oh, uh, *sick* outfit," she said, doing her best to keep her composure. "There's a two for one deal on those, and you can get matching stockings for free, too..."

"Oh, wow, really? Sweet! I'll be right back," said Trey.

The girl watched on amused, looking at Skip's exposed diaper butt as he waddled back toward the bargain bin after his friend, fussing and gesticulating. Trey didn't care. He was too busy looking at the purple skirt he'd had his eye on.

"Oh, this will be perfect. And you'd better believe you're getting the striped stockings to go with these."

The cashier added up their purchase with a cheery smile and Trey handed over his card.

"These really well with, uh, your friend's under-skirt attire."

"Oh yeah, totally. Purple and black stripes with bats? It's totally spooky!" Trey said, pulling up the front of Skip's skirt to show off his blushing friend's diapers.

"Oh cool! Where did you get those? I've never seen them but they are super perfect for this outfit."

"Oh, they are ghost diapers. You can only get them from ghosts." The cashier laughed,

"I love it. Good on you for having a little fun with it. Nothing wrong with being in diapers." Trey grinned.

"Did you hear that, Skip? It's okay that you're in *diapers*."

Skip only seemed to blush harder as he stood there in the skirt with his friend showing off his diaper.

"Let's try them on all together," said Trey

Skip shook his head desperately, but once again, Trey wasn't taking no for an answer. Soon, Skip was wearing his new purple skirt and matching thigh highs, with the glowing diaper sticking out like a neon sign. It was kind of a cool effect if you didn't think about it too much, and others seemed to think so as well, judging by the number of positive comments they got from the other customers and employees.

Skip blushed as they walked out of the mall and he noticed he was turning many heads. Suddenly, he felt an urgent need to go potty. He whined and made frantic gestures, but Trey couldn't understand in time.

"What... Why are you pointing at your diaper? Oh... OH..."

Trey watched as Skip's diaper expanded below his skirt because of his big accident. His whimpering, buckling knees, and embarrassed expression made it look all the more adorable. Trey couldn't help himself. He pulled up in front of Skip's skirt and cupped the front of the diaper in the middle of the busy mall, feeling the warmth on his hands.

"Oh, kiddo... did you have an accident?" Skip felt like he could die from embarrassment. With some more frantic gestures, he finally got Trey to remove his pacifier.

"Okay, spit it out, kiddo. What's the matter?"

"Please take me to the bathroom. I've gotta poop!" said Skip, grabbing the front of his skirt and yanking it down. Trey scratched his chin.

"Well, I don't think it'll come off yet... you're not wet enough to take it. Hold on!" Trey snapped his fingers. "I have an idea!" Trey pulled Skip into the family restroom. "Hunker down for a sec, would you?"

"I'm *not* going to poop my diaper," whined Skip, but he was quickly cut off.

"No, no, not pooping. Here, just turn around, and keep looking straight ahead... that's it. Get down like that." Skip was completely puzzled until he heard the distinct sound of a zipper.

"What are you-" He began to turn around but Trey stopped him.

"Shh, don't move, I just gotta... ahhhh, there we go..."

Skip stood there frozen as he felt a warm rush of piss flood the back of his diaper. He was being used as a port-a-potty! For some inexplicable reason, he instantly went hard.

"The skirt sure makes this easy," mused Trey, getting hard himself. "If you keep letting guys do this to you, you won't have to worry about locking diaper tapes at all."

Chapter 7

Thanks to Trey's unexpected deposit, Skip's piss-soaked diaper came off easily and plopped to the bathroom floor. Skip moved quickly to hide his hard on, but not fast enough.

"Wow, bro," said Trey, grinning from ear to ear, "seems like you're kind of into this..."

"OMG shut *up*, dude!" said Skip. "I'm so *not* into this."

"Are you excited because of the skirt or because I peed in your diaper?" asked Trey with a smirk. Skip was wildly blushing at this point, which only made teasing him more fun.

"Just get out. I have to poop!"

"Go on and go, then," said Trey, crossing his arms as Skip did the potty dance, holding his bottom. Skip whined and rushed to the toilet, squirming as he laid down paper on the toilet seat as fast as possible and only barely making it onto the potty in time. He squirmed as he lost all control and emptied out into the toilet in front of his best friend.

"Don't look at me, man, it's weird!" Trey checked his nails.

"Whatever, man. I'm just here to make sure you get into a diaper after you're done. By the way, if you make this hard for me, I just won't bother to help you get to a potty at all. Seems like it would be easier just to let you go in your diaper and change you after."

"W-what?!" asked Skip, sitting on the toilet with his skirt around his ankles. "You don't mean that!"

"Good job kiddo," teased Trey, zipping open the diaper bag. "You used the big boy potty! Now do I need to wipe you after or can you do it yourself?" Skip blushed harder.

"What?! Don't you dare!" A look of defiance flashed across Trey's eyes.

"Oh? Is that a challenge? I was just kidding, but now I *have* to do it, don't I, or else somebody will think he's in charge."

"Come on dooooo," whined Skip as he watched his friend pull a bag of wet wipes out of the magic bottomless diaper bag.

"No whining, kiddo. Are you all done or not?"

"I'm *not* reporting on my poops!" said Skip, raising his voice.

"Aww, you don't know? It's okay if you're too little to tell. Let's just fluff up a diaper and get you cleaned up." Skip reached for the toilet paper as Trey set up all the diapering supplies he needed - oil, powder, wipes, and of course, a thick purple glowing spooky fluffed diaper.

Skip cleaned his butt, relieved that Trey appeared to have been bluffing. As soon as he was off the toilet and his hands were washed, he found himself on the family changing table with a fresh diaper under his butt. The first thing Trey did was lift up Skip's legs and wipe his butt with a wipe, inspecting it closely afterward and shaking his head.

"You didn't do a very good job, there, buddy. Look at all that brown! That's okay, kiddo. Your big bro Trey will take care of everything." Skip's face was beet red now.

"Oh my *god*, Trey!"

"My, my, but someone's a fussy kiddo. You need your pacifier, don't you?"

"Trey, you're taking this way too far. You don't need to- MMPH!"

"Complain all you want, diaper boy. Your dick says you love this." Trey slapped Skip's turgid dick and laughed. Somehow, through this entire ordeal, Skip had remained rock hard. What the heck was wrong with him? Why was he enjoying this? Trey took his time oiling up Skips butt and waist, paying special attention to his hard-on. Skip began to moan as the oil heated made his nether regions tingle.

"Oh my, you need *lots* of oil down there, don't you kiddo? Look how squirmy you're getting!"

Trey teased Skip as he rubbed up and down on his friend's hard shaft. Skip couldn't help but squirm, his neediness growing and growing to the point where he just wanted to blow his load and sort out his feelings after. Unfortunately, just before he could finish, Trey stopped, leaving Skip frustrated and squirmy.

"Ah, ah, ah, little guy. Good boys don't do that." Skip's eyes went wide as Trey sprinkled some powder on him, then pulled up the diaper, trapping him in the thick, glowing, purple, halloween themed diaper with no way to get off. The skirt did little to hide the puffy purple monstrosity, and Skip was feeling completely exposed as Trey zipped the diaper bag back up.

"Mmm-mmppphh," whined Skip, as he was tugged back out to the mall where he felt the eyes of all the mallgoers on him. He was led back to the car where he was made to sit in the back seat. From that vantage point, he completely missed the flash of green that crossed over Trey's eyes before a small shadow appeared in the corner of the car. Trey shook his head as if waking from a dream.

"Huh... we're done already? Alright, then, let's head back to your place. I can't wait to try some more of your mom's cooking." Skip was confused. Hadn't they just eaten? He jumped when he heard a chuckle from beside him in the back seat.

"Nice outfit, kid," said Dean, looking Skip up and down. "Don't you agree Trey?"

Trey looked back and smiled. "Oh, hey! Yeah, that's really hot. Glad we got that for you. By the way... do you need a change yet?" He casually reached over and checked Skip's diaper. "Huh. Totally dry."

Once again, Skip was confused. Trey was acting like he hadn't just done a full diaper change moments ago. Something wasn't adding up here, and he was going to have to have a talk with Trey to get to the bottom of it.

Back at the house, they bumped into Skip's mom as they walked in the door. She looked Skip up and down taking in his skirt, leggings, and very obvious diaper with a look of surprise.

"Wow, I thought you were going for Big Butt Grandpa but you look more like... big butt schoolgirl?"

"Exactly!" said Trey, as Skip stood there in the doorway frozen and wishing he could just disappear.

"But what's with the diapers and pacifier?" she asked.

"Is the newest trend. Trust me, this is what all the cool people are wearing for Halloween."

"Welll..." Skip's Mom stood there for a few seconds, rubbing her chin. "Looks pretty, uh, *poggers!* That shirt has to go, though. Everything else matches, but then he has a ratty old band shirt."

"Mmph?!" asked Skip into his pacifier, surprised his mom was so chill with the whole thing.

"Darn," said Skip. "And we were just at Spicy Subject, too. I don't think Skip has anything that would go well with this outfit."

"I might have some hand-me-downs from Skip's cousin that'll work. She always wore goth style baby tees. It would go perfect with the, uh, style I think he's going for."

"Oh, sweet!" said Trey.

Skip's mom squealed when the shirt was pulled over his head. It was a black shirt with 'Goth Baby' on the front in glittering rhinestones. Skip groaned in frustration as Mom and Trey turned him this way and that to admire the new look. The shirt didn't even cover his belly button, much less the top of his diaper! Unfortunately for him, he was outvoted two to one because his mom and best friend absolutely loved it. The pacifier, purple plaid skirt, purple and black striped thigh highs with bats, purple glowing ghost diaper with bats, and goth baby tee all went together perfectly to make the perfect halloween costume.

"Very femmeboy chic," said Trey, giggling as he admired his best friend's new look.

"Oh, you just *have* to wear this to the church potluck tomorrow," said his mom. "Everyone will *love* it!"

As much as Trey had not wanted to visit the event earlier, it was looking much more attractive now that Skip was going to be in this outfit. Just then, Trey got a notification on his phone. Trey's eyebrows raised when he saw what it was, and he grabbed Skip's hand.

"Excuse me, ma'am, we have something urgent to attend to. If you'll excuse us."

"Glad I could help with the outfit!" called Skip's mom as they exited the kitchen. Skip was ready to die, but Trey was much more worried about the message as Dean's chuckles followed them to Skip's room.

"Yo, something just got posted on the Urbex Forums," said Trey, as soon as Skip's bedroom door was closed. The two of them looked at the latest post, and what they saw made their blood run cold.

Chapter 8

The two boys sat on Skip's bed staring at Trey's phone screen.

'HAUNTED NURSERY REAL! PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE!!!' was the title of the post at the top of the Urbex Forums. There were already several pages of comments. The boys stared at each other, hardly daring to check. Trey's hand wanted to shake, but he kept it steady as he pressed the link. What they saw was more shocking than they could have imagined.

"Mmmph! Mmm mmm!" said Skip, pointing toward himself. Trey pulled the pacifier from his friend's mouth and Skip spoke up. "What the heck is going on? That's *me* in the nursery!"

"Yeah, diaper and all," said Trey, hardly believing what he saw. There was Skip on the dusty old changing table in nothing but a diaper and the industrial pacifier gag that the ghost hands had installed. There were dozens of pictures capturing him from every angle with dim outlines of the abandoned nursery in the background. .

"Who posted this?" asked Skip. The two of them looked at the details and discovered it was from Trey's account.

"You did this!" said Skip, hopping up and glaring at his friend.

"No! I-I swear I didn't! I never went back on the forums after we left Treasure Island... I never even *took* those pictures..."

"Bullshit!" said Skip. "You've been into this babying shit since it started. You probably did this all to prank me, you asshole!"

"Shh, calm down, the ghost hands," began Trey, but Skip was having none of it.

"*Fuck* the ghost hands. That's probably a lie too! Show me your phone photos."

Hands shaking, Trey opened his photo app and they saw that his photo gallery was full of nursery photos.

"Shit, I didn't know this was there. I didn't even have a chance to check. Hold on... Think about this logically... I was never even in the nursery, I was locked out, so how could I have taken these?" Skip paused as his friend's undeniable words sank in.

"So who took the photo?" The two of them froze as they came to the same realization.

"Dean! Come out *now!*" said Skip with his hands on his hips. Dean floated out into their field of view, laying on his back as if lounging in a hammock.

"You rang?"

"Who took these photos?" asked Skip, holding up the phone. Dean cracked a wicked grin.

"I did."

"I'll bet you posted it too," said Trey, "didn't you?"

"It's like I said," said Dean, shrugging. "I'm just here for the entertainment. And what's more fun than watching you struggle to deny you're a big baby and escape your fate?" Skip balled his fists.

"You son of a-

"What are you gonna do? Hit me? I'm a *ghost*," laughed Dean, floating above them both.

"Wait a second. There's never been proof of ghosts before. With these photos we could prove that they're real and make millions!" said Trey.

"No way, not with *these* photos!" said Skip. "Why don't *you* put on a diaper and be the world's laughingstock."

"You're going to try to use *those* photos?" asked Dean, shaking his head. "That'll never work. Just look at the comments! Everyone thinks it's a dumb prank. And good luck getting them to believe you without going back and getting video or something."

"You *would* want us to go back," said Skip, crossing his arms. "That's not happening. Trey, help me out of this diaper."

"Uhhh... I don't have to piss yet," said Trey.

"Not *that* way, dummy! Just... get me some water or something."

"Aww, it's so *cute* though," said Trey, pouting. "And worked so hard on your outfit..."

"Fine, I'll do it myself," said Skip, stalking off toward the bathroom.

"You're gonna let him talk to you like that?" asked Dean, whispering in Trey's ear. "You were having so much fun being in charge for once... Are you really going to give that up just when it was getting fun?"

"You're not part of this conversation, Dean," started Trey. Dean shrugged.

"Maybe not, but you can't deny you liked it..." Trey blushed a bit.

Skip returned a minute or two later holding a trash bag with the waterlogged diaper glowing within.

"Goodbye diaper and goodbye skirt." He tossed the bag on the floor and sat on the bed to take off his leggings.

"Don't throw your new clothes out," said Trey. "Your mom is expecting you to wear that costume for the potluck tomorrow."

"Whatever," said Skip, shoving the skirt and stockings into Trey's arms. "You hold onto them since you like 'em so much. *I'm* putting on some jeans." Trey hastily shoved the costume into the bottomless diaper bag and Skip let out a sigh of relief.

"Finally I'm back in my *normal* clothes."

"Aww, I liked you in a skirt," said Trey. "And I think you liked it too."

"Did not." Skip's face went bright red. "Anyway, like I said you can hold onto it if you like it so much and that goes for the diaper bag too... hold on a sec... That's it! The diaper bag full of haunted diapers! That's proof of ghosts, right? I bet we could make a fortune selling that."

"You're right!" said Trey. "That's brilliant! Oh my gosh, who can we tell first? The news? Antiques roadshow?"

"Oh crap," said Skip, jumping up and holding his crotch as a wet spot began to form. He ran to the bathroom to relieve himself.

"Better do something about that," said Dean, when Skip came back. "Unless you want wet pants all the time."

"I've got it under control," said Skip, blushing.

"Oh really? How so?" asked Dean. He floated down towards Skip's slightly soggy crotch and his head disappeared into the fabric. "Oh, I see. You took one of your Mom's maxi pads. Haha, good idea, dork. Better hope that's enough."

"Sh-shut up!" said Skip, blushing deeply. Just then Skip's Mom walked in and Dean vanished.

"What's all that yelling I heard?" she said, but then she stopped and looked around. Her eyes went from Skip's wet pants to the soggy diaper in the trashbag to Skip's open backpack full of diapers. "Oh... sweetie..."

"M-mom, it's not what it looks like!" said Skip, blushing deeply as his Mom stepped into the room.

"Honey... have you been having accidents?"

"N-no!" Skip's mom looked over at Skip's best friend, sitting there on the bed with his mouth agape.

"Trey, honey, is Skip telling the truth?"

"W-well," said Trey, scratching the back of his head.

"Honey, take off those wet pants. You'll catch cold," said Skip's mom. Skip tried to protest but Mom pulled out the Mom voice. "Now, mister." Skip dropped his pants to reveal his pee stained undies with the maxi pad bulge inside. His mother sighed.

"And you're wearing my pads now, too. I should have known this was more than a costume. I just can't believe you tried to hide this from me. I'm your mother. You can trust me."

"Mom, this is all a misunderstanding. I really don't need-"

"Lay down on the bed, sweetie. Trey honey, hand me one of those diapers."

"Yes, ma'am," said Trey, walking over to the diaper bag. Skip's heart was pounding in his chest as he lay there in his yellow stained undies on his bed. This couldn't be happening. There was no way. And yet, there his mom was pulling down his undies, leaving him naked below the waist as his friend pulled out a diaper for her to put him in.

When Trey pulled out the diaper, the skirt, shirt, and thigh highs fell out of the bag and onto the floor. Skip's mom looked at it for a moment as she held out her hand for the diaper.

"Skip, sweetie. The clothes weren't a costume either, were they?" Skip's eyes went wide.

"N-no Mom, it's not like that! I didn't even want to wear that stupid outfit. It was Trey's idea, I swear!" His mom sighed.

"Sweetheart. You know I love you no matter what, but we don't blame our friends for things we don't want to admit. I think you should wear the skirt."

"No Mom, I-"

"You're going to wear it. Trey, be a dear and bring me Skip's new clothes. And do you have any wipes and diaper cream in that bag too?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Trey, grabbing the requested supplies from the bag as well as the clothes. As Skip's mom fluffed up a fresh glowing blue diaper, Skip could feel the walls closing in.

"Mom, no, please! Those are haunted diapers! I know it sounds crazy, but-"

"Hush, now. No more lies and nonsense from you. You're grounded until the potluck. Now just lie back and let mommy take care of this. I've changed plenty of your diapers already so it's nothing I haven't dealt with before." Skip whined as he lay there on his back, wanting to look anywhere but at his mom as she put the fluffy diaper under his butt.

Trey, meanwhile, couldn't take his eyes off the scene of his best friend being forcibly diapered by his mom. He had a stiffy in his pants, and was doing his best to hide it when Skip's mom spoke up.

"Trey, sweetie, will you be a helper and hand me some of those wipes?" Blushing, Trey did as he was asked, handing the wipes over. "Thank you."

Skip closed his eyes and wanted to die as his mom hummed a tune and wiped his most intimate area with the cold wet wipe. He could only be thankful that his pee pee had shriveled into nothing in this scenario, unlike when his friend had diapered him and he got a full hard-on. He was definitely not eager for his mom to see *that* ever.

"Oh my! All his big boy hair is coming away!" exclaimed Skip's mom. Sure enough with each wipe, Skip's skin was left clean and smooth as a baby. Both Skip and Trey stared, dumbfounded. Then Trey looked down at the package.

"Spectral Wipes. Now with permanent hair removing effects!"

"W-what?!" cried Skip.

"Oh, that's so convenient," commented Skip's mom. "That's better for diapers anyway, now up go the leggings! You know, those could get wiped too if you're going to be wearing skirts..."

Chapter 9

"Mom, no!" whined Skip, as his mom wiped all indications of adulthood from his crotch, butt, and leg area with the special hair removing wipes.

"Stop squirming, honey, Mommy's almost done. Trey, dear, hold that trash bag open so I can toss the wipes. Thank you."

Within minutes, all of Skip's big boy hair below the waist went into the trash, never to be seen again. Mom lowered Skip's baby-smooth butt onto the thick glowing diaper below him and asked for oil and powder, which Trey provided from the bottomless diaper bag. The moment the oil touched Skip's skin, he began feeling a warm tingle and his little sausage began to grow. Mom just hummed along as she did the work, ignoring his growing weenie completely.

"Mommmy," whined Skip, getting squirmy.

"Oh, hush, you used to do that all the time when I diapered you. It's normal." While all this was going on, Trey's eyes were zeroed in on Skip's hairless cock and balls like homing beacons. Watching his best friend get babied by his mom like this made him feel very funny in the best of ways, and he was sure this change would play out in his mind again and again during his next jerk off session.

After a thorough oiling, Skip's mom shook the fragrant powder onto Skip's buzzing crotch. The relaxing scent helped bring Skip a sense of calm, and his fussing ceased.

"There we go! All nice and clean for Mommy," said Mom in a singsong voice. She pulled the thick diaper up between Skip's legs with a loud crinkle, its thickness forcing his legs so wide he looked like a frog. "Trey, honey, put your hand here to hold the diaper in place while Mommy tapes it up."

"Y-yes, ma'am," stammered Trey, extending his shaking hand to pin the diaper to his friend's tummy as instructed. Trey had to bite his lip to keep from creaming himself right then and there

"One. Two. Three. Four!" called Mommy as she taped her son into his pampered prison.

With each tape, Skip felt his hope of escaping diapers diminish.

"All done!" said Mom, rubbing the last tape to ensure it stuck. "Isn't it better to be in a nice fresh diaper? Now, no more trying to go about in wet pants without diapers. You're staying in them until we figure out what is going on."

"But *Mom*," said Skip.

"No buts, young man. Trey, since you'll be staying over, I want you to make sure he follows all the rules. If you see him trying to sneak out or take off his diapers, you tell me right away, okay?"

"Okay," squeaked Trey, his face as red as Skip's. Mom smiled.

"Good boy. Now, let's get my little man dressed. Then you two can taste test the rest of the potluck dishes. It won't do to be cooped up in your room all day, even if you are grounded."

Skip lay there in shock as his mom picked up the skirt and told him to step inside. Was this really happening? How would he get out of this? Would he find a way to avoid wetting his diapers more and losing what little control he had left down there? What if he had to poop?

"Skip, sweetie, step into your skirt," said Mommy, breaking him out of his spiraling thoughts. Skip had no choice but to obey. Skip blushed as he stepped into the purple skirt, which once again did nothing to cover the waist or bottom of his diaper.

"That's it, sweetie, oh you look so cute. Now, arms up so I can take off that ratty t-shirt and put you in your cute new baby tee!"

"Mom, do I have to? It's uncomfortable!"

"Some women's clothes are uncomfortable, sweetie. You have to get used to it before the potluck tomorrow, so might as well wear it. You can take it off for bedtime, which luckily for you won't be very late. Now, arms up."

Skip made an exasperated sigh but finally relented. His mom pulled off his shirt and looked him up and down.

"Trey, dear, get me those wipes again."

"Mom, no!" whined Skip.

"Come on, baby, you don't need all that body hair, especially around the pits. It's going to be much easier to keep you smelling fresh and clean without it."

"I'm not gonna do it," said Skip. "I can clean myself."

"Trey, sweetie, help me hold my unruly son down so we can wipe him. He's about to earn another punishment for being a bad boy." The moment she said bad boy, Skip saw a flash of green in his Mom's eyes.

"Hold on," he said, his eyes widening. "She's possess-MMPH!!!"

Skip's words were cut off by the pacifier that Trey shoved in his mouth. As Skip struggled to remove it and tell Trey what was wrong, Trey and Mom got him into position and pinned him down. Together, they wiped every remaining bit of adult hair off of his upper body leaving him smooth as the day he was born.

"Don't forget to get his face, sweetie," said Skip's Mom, as she worked away the hair on Skip's armpits. With a few swipes.

"On it!" said Trey, seemingly excited by this new development. Skip felt the wipes cool his face and squealed into his pacifier, knowing that he would be left baby faced forever. Once they were sure he was hairless, Trey and Mom stepped off of him.

"My goodness, Skippy, you are so fussy," said Mom. "If this behavior keeps up, I may have to send my little man to a daycare." Skip's eyes went wide and a chill ran down his spine as he heard a whisper in his ear.

"I know just the place."

Skip shifted nervously, his poofy glowing diaper crinkling against the dining room chair as his mom set down her latest creations. Mom clapped her hands.

"This works out perfectly. I need you two to help test out these dishes before the big potluck tomorrow. You've tried the batty blintzes already, but the monster mashed potatoes and the pumpkin pumpernickel still need your seal of approval! Try them and let me know what you think!"

The moment the pacifier came out of Skip's mouth he blurted out, "There's a ghost possessing you and Skip, Mom!"

"That's the silliest excuse I've heard for avoiding dinner ever," said Mom. "Frankly, I'm surprised; I haven't even asked you to try the ghoulish green beans yet."

"I'm not making excuses, Mom!" whined Skip,

Mom just pointed to the plate and said, "Eat."

"Go on, eat," whispered Trey, picking up a fork and giving Skip a pointed look. Skip reluctantly picked up his fork and the two of them ate up. Fortunately, Skip's mom was a good cook, and they didn't have to pretend to enjoy the food."

"Ugh, my tummy is so full," said Skip, Then he felt a twinge in his bladder. Skip stood to leave but his mom spoke up.

"Sweetie, why are you getting up? I didn't tell you you were excused."

"But I have to pee, Mommy," whined Skip, already doing the potty dance.

"You're wearing a perfectly good potty, young man, now *sit*. I have more to feed you." Skip whined more, but did as he was told, holding his crotch as Mommy got dessert: A big chocolate confection she called "Fallen Angel Foodcake."

"Isn't that just devil's food cake?" asked Trey as Skip continued to squirm..

"Oh, no. We don't want to bring anything *devilish* to the church potluck," said Mommy with a wink.

"How is that better?" asked Skip, earning an elbow in the ribs from Trey. "Oof. Sorry."

"Nice work around," said Trey. "It's cute." Skip's mom smiled at the comment.

"You're such a good boy, Trey. Thank you."

Skip was quickly losing patience as the battle to hold in his pee continued. He tried once more to leave, and once again he got the mom stare as a result.

"No, young man, you sit right down this instant. You are not getting up until you've cleaned your plate, and you are going to have a *full* glass of milk with it as well. It isn't dessert without a nice big glass of milk."

Skip groaned, trying to squeeze his legs together around the thick padding while his mom poured the milk. The sound of liquid alone was torture as he tried his best to hold it in, but the worst was yet to come.

"Drink," said Mommy. The moment the liquid finally touched Skip's lips, it was all over. His body took the signal to let go and Skip flooded his diaper.

"Nooo," cried Skip as his diaper swelled with warmth. He knew that with each accident he was losing more of his control.

"Don't be such a baby. Skip's Mom shook her head. "And you wanted me to believe you didn't need diapers?"

"Oh, this is really good!" said Trey, changing the subject. "I think you have another hit on your hands, ma'am!" Mom giggled.

"Oh, stawp. Can I adopt you? Oh! What's that buzzing? A message?" Skip's Mom reached into her capri pants pocket, pulled out her phone, and read the message out loud. "Oh, an advertisement! 'Adult daycare service on Treasure Island. Grand opening Special. ! Free caretaking for the month of October. Let us take your little monsters off your hands!'" She lowered the phone and looked at the two boys. "Why, this is perfect!"

Skip and Trey looked at each other.

"N-no!" said Skip. "It's not."

"That's probably a scam," said Trey.

"Well, all the same, I'd like to see the facility," said Mom. "Since Skip doesn't seem to want to cooperate with his diapers, and you and I can't always be there to make sure he follows the rules, it may be just what he needs."

"I-I'll take him to check it out after the potluck," said Trey. "Don't worry about it, ma'am." Skip started to object but Trey elbowed him in the ribs again and gave him a wink. "We'll let you know if it's legit. No problem."

Mom paused for a few seconds. "That would be great, honey," she said, finally. "It saves me a trip and seeing it for myself. Thank you."

The boys sagged with relief as she began to clear the table, the issue seemingly resolved.

"Oh! Be sure to take plenty of pictures!" She added.

The boys tensed up again.

"Uhhhh... p-pictures?" asked Trey. "Oh, uh... Yeah, we'll find some pictures, er, take some pictures, that is."

"Perfect."

"I don't need daycare," grumbled Skip. "I'm a perfectly capable adult!"

"Oh really," said Mom. "Then, why don't you take these dishes to the kitchen and wash them?"

"Aww, man! I hate doing dishes!"

"Hmm. Daycare is looking better and better."

Skip blushed and took the plates from his mom without further complaint. Trey followed him into the kitchen with a shit eating grin.

"Wow, she's really got you by the diapers, huh, buddy?"

"Aren't you gonna help?" asked Skip, glowering as he opened the sink tap.

"Why?" asked Trey. "She didn't ask *me* to do the dishes."

"Ugh, whatever," said Skip. A shadow flitted over to the kitchen counter and there was Dean, laying across it with his head propped on his elbow.

"Eww, can you get off the kitchen counter like that?" asked Skip. "I know you're spectral, but it looks gross." Dean ignored his request.

"Cleaning duty, huh? Sucks to be you!"

"What do you want?" asked Trey, instinctively stepping closer to Skip and pacing a protective hand on his friend's shoulder.

"How did you like that text message?" asked Dean, with a smirk.

"Could you stop possessing our phones, friends, and family?" asked Skip.

"Aww, but that's not as *fun*," said Dean, pouting.

"I don't care about your fun," said Skip. "I want you to knock it off before I call the ghost busters or something." Dean rolled his eyes.

"I'll make you a deal. No more possessions until midnight tomorrow. That's over 24 hours to figure out your escape plan. It shouldn't be *that* hard. I mean, it's not like no one has escaped before."

"Wait. Who escaped?" asked Trey. Dean gave a mysterious smile.

"If I told you, it wouldn't be as *fun*! Good luck, boys."

Skip was left with a handful of dishes and a lot more questions.

That night, Skip was sent to bed early after a fresh diaper change, and Trey joined him. Skip eyed his friend as he undressed for bed.

"Bro... What are those stains on your undies? Are you having accidents too?" Trey looked down, his eyebrows going up in surprise.

"What? Oh, weird. That's just a little dribble. It happens sometimes..."

"Dude, it looks like you dribbled all the way down to your taint. You don't think..."

"No. No way. I haven't worn the haunted diapers at all. How would I be losing control?" Trey quickly pulled on some pajama pants to hide the embarrassing stains and changed the subject. "Look, you're just being paranoid. Let's just focus on what we can do to fix our little ghost problem."

"I think we should check the Urbex Forums to see if anyone knows what to do," said Skip.

"No one will take us seriously," Trey said, sighing. "You saw the responses to the haunted nursery thread. Everyone thinks it's a prank, and a few even *want* to be babied in the nursery."

"Look, just post a request for help in there and see what we get. Can you do that for me?"

"Fine, I'll post something," said Trey, "But I still think it's a waste of time."

Once the request was posted, all they could do was lay there and wait, bathed in the soft glow of Skip's nighttime diaper. After a few minutes with no response, they decided to get some shuteye and check it again in the morning.

"By the way," said Trey, "your diaper makes a good nightlight."

"Shut up and go to sleep," said Skip, rolling over onto his side. As he fell asleep he barely noticed the warmth trickling into the front of his diapers.

Chapter 10

The next day was the day of the big potluck and the boys were tasked with helping Mommy cook her spooky treats.

Skip blushed as he waddled into the kitchen in a fresh morning diaper. He had no pants that would fit, and he didn't want to wear his skirt if he didn't have to, so that meant he was in just a regular t-shirt and diaper.

"Good thinking," said Mommy, beckoning Skip over. "That way you won't get your cute outfit dirty."

The moment Skip came within reach of his mom, she pulled back his diaper and squished the front.

"*Moommmm*," said Skip, trying to step away and earning a firm smack on the thigh that arrested his movement.

"I see Trey was good enough to change your diaper, young man. Did he wake up dry, dear?"

"No, ma'am. Quite the opposite, actually. He must have wet again in his sleep," Mommy nodded.

"Hmm, well, keeping him diapered was the right call, then."

"I don't need diapers!" protested Skip. Mom smiled down at him and spoke in her condescending mommy voice.

"Well, that may be, sweetheart, but you're going to stay in them for now just in case. Now you and Trey put on these aprons and take this list of ingredients. I'll need you to set them out so Mommy can make nummy treats for the potluck."

"Yes, ma'am," said the two boys, walking off to the pantry to grab the dry and canned ingredients.

"It was bad enough when it was just you babying me," whispered Skip as they gathered the items, "but my mom is taking this way too far. We need to think of a way out of this."

"You mean *you* need to think of a way out of this. I'm not the one stuck in diapers," said Trey.

"We're in this together," insisted Skip. "You'd better not flake out on me before we figure this out. Did anyone say anything in the forums yet?"

Trey sighed and shook his head.

"Not yet, but we're going to a church today. They've got to have an exorcist, right?"

"Uhh... I dunno, I guess so. Or at least some holy water. Urghhh..." Skip dropped the potatoes and clutched his gut.

"Skip? What's wrong?" asked Trey.

"I have to poop," said Skip.

"Okay, well, go to the bathroom," said Trey.

"I can't take off my diaper until it's full, and I don't think I have time to get it wet in the shower. Quick, pee in it!"

"W-what?!" said Trey. "Right here in the pantry?"

"Yes, *hurry!*" whispered Skip, more urgently.

Trey's heart pounded as he began chubbing up in his pants. He hadn't taken his morning piss, so he was bound to be able to soak the diaper, but Skip's mom could walk in at any moment. He gave a nervous glance toward the pantry door as his hand went down to his pants.

"Okay, fine, let's make it quick. Squat down so I can get it down the back. There we go..."

"Are you going? I don't feel anything," whined Skip.

"Hold on a sec, I gotta focus..." Trey held his breath as he tried to calm down enough to pee. After a few seconds he felt real relief. "Ahhhhhh..."

Skip could feel his own cock getting hard as warm wetness spread down the back of his diaper and wicked up toward the front. It was like having a nice warm shower in his pants, and he got tingles all over from the sensation. In fact, he relaxed so much, he almost had an accident then and there. Fortunately, he noticed quickly enough to clench up before he lost control.

"Oops! That was too close," gasped Skip, as Trey milked the last drops of piss out of his pee pee. Just then, the pantry door opened.

"Are you two okay in there?" asked Skip's mom. The two boys stood there, flustered. Luckily Trey had managed to pull away and tuck his penis back into his underwear just in time to avoid being caught.

"Y-yeah, just fine!" said Trey. "Uh, Skip's having a little tummy trouble..."

"I-I gotta go to the bathroom," said Skip, wincing as he felt the weight of a full day without going number two weighing down on him. "M-move aside!" Skip took a few pained, waddling steps before squatting down in front of his mom and best friend.

BLOOORRRRTTTT! *FWUMP!*

And just like that, Skip unloaded a massive poopy into the back of his soaked diaper, leaving it sagging between his legs.

"Oh, *skip*," said Mom, shaking her head. "You've soaked your diaper and soiled it too. You really *do* need them, don't you?"

"N-no Mommy!" whined Skip. "It was an accident!"

"Go on, go and take a shower. I'll be up there to diaper you when you're done."

Skip waddled away out of there as fast as he could, blushing hard enough to heat a furnace.

"Trey, honey," said Mommy. "Why don't you finish gathering the ingredients? I have a feeling Skip is going to be a little while up there."

"Yes, ma'am," said Trey. He sighed with relief after she left the pantry. "Phew, that was a close one. Hold on a sec... what the heck?" Trey reached into his pants and felt the front of his underwear. A new damp spot had spread across the front. He quickly covered it with the apron. "More dribble? Was it because I didn't shake?" He heard Dean chuckle.

"That's what happens when you piss in ghost diapers, little guy, and you've already done it twice. Better get some maxi pads before you dribble through that apron, kiddo."

"Shit," Trey said to himself. He hadn't counted on the diapers affecting *him*. He quickly hurried to gather the rest of the ingredients and plopped them on the counter, then turned to head to the bathroom and grab a pad. Skip's mom called out.

"Hold on, honey, where are you going? We've got a few more things to prep."

"Uh, I need to go to the bathroom..."

"I'm sure you can hold it, sweetie. You've got a big boy bladder unlike Skip." Skip fidgeted, unsure of how true that was anymore.

"W-well, I should at least check on Skip..."

"Let him have a little privacy. I'm sure he's embarrassed. Now come help me."

"...Yes, ma'am," said Trey, deflated. As he turned on the water to wash the potatoes, he felt a little more warmth spread through the front of his undies and he cringed, praying it wouldn't go past his undies.

"Honey, are you okay?" asked Mommy. "Are you having tummy problems too? Because if so, I'm sure Skip wouldn't mind sharing-"

"No," said Trey, a little too quickly. "It's... nothing. I'm just... uh... hungry is all. I'm looking forward to having some breakfast after we do this."

"Don't worry, it won't take long. Just mash up those potatoes and you can have some cereal after."

One thing led to another, and Trey was still helping with the cooking prep when he heard the bathroom door open.

"Sweetie," called Skip's Mom. "Wait on the bed for me. Mommy's coming."

"I can do it myself," called Skip, sounding more than a little panicked at her promise.

"Don't you dare!" she called back. "You don't know the first thing about putting on a diaper! Trey dear, I'll be right back. I have to help my little man get dressed."

"S-sure thing, ma'am," said Trey, keeping his waist pressed up against the counter to hide the wet spot in front. He was consciously clenching down to keep any more urine from escaping, but he wasn't so sure it was working. As soon as Mom was out of the room, Trey hurried over to the bathroom to root around for maxi pads.

Trey's heart was pounding and his hands were trembling as he pulled down his undies and put a maxi pad into them. As he pulled up his pants, he hoped this was all temporary. He had seen how fast Skip had lost control. What was he going to do if it wasn't?

As he rushed back to the kitchen to continue his prep work, Trey was very conscious of the thick pad between his legs. Trey kept pulling aside his apron to stare again at the front of his pants. Would someone notice the damp spot? Could they see the bulge from the pad? He hadn't dribbled *that* much, had he? Suddenly, Dean's voice spoke in his ear, causing him to jump.

"Hey, look on the bright side. At least you can still control your poop, unlike Skip." Dean snickered. "After that job he did on those diapers, he'll never be able to graduate to undies again."

"Leave me alone," growled Trey. "We'll figure out a way out of this, just you wait."

"Sure, sure. I'm looking forward to it," said Dean, snickering all the more at Trey's defiance. "But just in case you don't, there's a nice crib in the nursery with your name on it and a cozy straightjacket to boot!"

"Shut up!" growled Trey.

"Honey? Who are you talking to?" Trey jumped about three feet, surprised to hear Skip's mom just behind him. He whirled around to see her, standing there with a still bashful Skip by her side.

"Uh... n-no one!" said Trey. "A-anyway, the ingredients are all prepped!"

"Oh good!" said Skip's mom. "You two eat some cereal and then you can help me with the cooking."

Time flew by as the two boys ran around the kitchen helping Mom with all the tasks of cooking for the potluck. Skip and Trey were so busy, they didn't notice the warmth trickling into their padding as they went about their work. Before they knew it, the food was ready and they were both soaked.

"Great job, you two!" said Skip's mom. "I'll take those aprons."

Skip handed his off first, and she squished the front of his diaper.

"My, my. My little guy has been busy, hasn't he? I have no idea where all that liquid is coming from!"

"Mommmmmm!" whined Skip, exasperated by his mother's candor.

Trey was sweating as Mommy turned to collect his apron. Was he dry enough? What if he wasn't?

"Come on, kiddo, hand it over," she said, holding her hand out. Trey's heart rate jumped as he realized he *did* feel damp between the legs. The maxi pad felt thicker, too. Was it obvious? This wasn't good, but he had no choice. He handed her the apron, keeping a hand over the front of his pants.

"Thank you," she said. He breathed a sigh of relief as he hurried past her to go to the bathroom.

"Hold on a second," she said. "Why are the back of your pants wet?"

Trey froze as he realized that his butt did indeed feel wet. His maxi pad must have maxed out.

"W-what?! They're not! Maybe I spilled something... Or..."

"Trey, honey. Come here." The power of the mom voice could not be denied and slowly, reluctantly, he walked up to Skip's mom. She put her hand on his butt and sniffed it.

"Oh, Trey, darling. Not you *too*."

"M-miss Skip's Mom, please. It's not what it looks like. I didn't-"

"Enough. I'm going to have to call your mother about this. Now you go toss your pants in the hamper while I diaper Skip. Then you're next."

Trey was stunned. This was not how things were supposed to go. Skip just looked at him with a smug look of satisfaction. Now they really *were* in this together.

Chapter 11

"Miss Skip's mom! You really don't have to!" said Trey, panic edging into his voice as Mommy approached him with the diaper. He was on the bed, covering his crotch while his best friend watched, smug as he could be in his thick diaper and skirt. "I-I-It was just a little accident! It won't happen again!"

Skip's mom was not convinced.

"I can call your Mom *before* I diaper you up or *after*. It's up to you. Either way, you *will* be doing as I say, young man. Now do you want me to explain what's happening with you in a sympathetic way, or do I have to report that you've misbehaved on top of your accidents as well?"

"B-b-but..." Trey began. All it took was one more glare from Skip's mom to shut him down. He finished his sentence with quiet defeat. "...no ma'am."

"That's better," said Skip's mom, with a satisfied smirk as Trey loosened his grip and let her pull his hands down. "Skip, honey, can you get me the diapering supplies for your little friend?"

"With pleasure," said Skip, smirking as he opened the haunted diaper bag and fished around for the poofiest glowing ghost diapers he could find.

How the tables had turned. Trey was now the one being diapered on his best friend's bed. He cringed as the first supernatural wipe hit his skin, watching as his big boy hair was wiped away for good.

"Some lotion, please?"

"Sure thing," said Skip, pulling out a bottle. "Huh, that's odd..." The new bottle was red and had flames on it with a smiling old school devil on the front. Skip's mom barely looked at it as she accepted it and squirted the lotion onto her hands.

"Oh my, this lotion is warm. That'll feel nice for you, baby," she said, rubbing the lotion all over Trey's penis and testicles. Trey immediately felt the lotion warming up and exciting him in ways that he'd rather not show in front of his best friend's mom. He blushed as a spurt of pee escaped from his raging hard on.

"Oops! Luckily you're a down-pointer, little man," commented Skip's mom as she quickly tucked his turgid member into the folds of the diaper before bringing up the

thick and poofy front over his midsection. The diaper came up just in time to hide a big spurt of precum that spurted out, making Trey bite his lip to keep from moaning.

"Aww, it's not *that* bad, is it? It'll all be over in a sec, hon, don't you worry." Trey winced as Skip's mom reached for the tapes, knowing that as soon as the tapes were on, he would be stuck in the diapers with no way to take them off until they were soaked. "One. Two. Three. Four. There we go. Alllll protected! And just in time, too! I can already see a little wet spot in front, honey."

"I-it was an accident," was all that Trey could stammer out, his face bright red and his dick still straining against the thick folds of the poofy ghost diaper, though he didn't notice the bulge growing subtly smaller. As Skip's mom surveyed her handiwork, she put her hand to her forehead.

"Oh, no! Now you don't have an outfit for the potluck... your pants are dirty and you *certainly* wouldn't fit in them anyway with this thick diaper you need to wear..."

"It's okay mom," chimed in Skip, "he bought an extra skirt at Spicy Subject! A blue one!"

"Skip!" growled Trey, shooting his friend an angry look. Skip stuck out his tongue.

"Oh!" said Skip's mom, clapping. "That's perfect! And we have plenty more of your cousin's old baby tees lying around. I'm sure we can match it with *something*."

Before Trey could argue his way out of it, he found himself in a blue skirt and a blue butterfly rhinestone baby tee, mirroring Skip's purple skirt and baby tee outfit. Skip seemed in higher spirits after that, and Skip's mom was positively delighted.

"Two skirts, two diapergirls, too cute!" she squealed. "Oh, you really are a blessing Trey. It works much better for the potluck than if Skip isn't the only one dressed like this, since it's not really a costume party."

"W-wait... it's *not*?!" Trey asked. The two boys looked stricken at this news.

"Dress-up is only for the little ones, dear," said Skip's mom. "Oh, but I suppose the church nursery would be the right place for a couple of diaper girls, wouldn't it?" she giggled at her own joke, only Skip and Trey weren't so sure it was a joke. This potluck was looking worse and worse for the both of them.

"U-um, m-ma'am?" said Trey, nervously tugging at the hem of his skirt. "D-do you think you could hold off on telling my mom? I'd like to see if this is just a one time thing..." Skip's mom gave Trey the side eye.

"I really should tell her dear. How long do you expect me to keep this a secret?"

"N-not a secret, I just want to make sure... i-if not, I promise I'll break the news to her myself."

Again, she gave him a skeptical glare.

"24 hours," he said, finally.

"Alright. 24 hours. But if you have *any more accidents*, we're calling your mother."

"Yes, ma'am!" said Trey. "Of course!" She nodded with satisfaction.

"Very well. Now that you are both fresh and ready, let's load up the goodies and go to the potluck. And by the way, you'll both be sitting in the back seat. If you're too little for undies, you're too little to ride in front with Mommy."

The two skirted diaper boys whispered in the back of the car on their way to church.

"Are there any responses to our request for help?" asked Skip as Trey checked the forums.

"Just a bunch of people who seem to be fapping to the story. They just keep asking for more details... a *lot* of details... And... wait a second... maybe... Yes, a local exorcist. He says he may be able to help. He says he... recognizes you? I'll send him a reply. Ohhh... ugh..."

"What? What's wrong?" asked Skip.

"Carsick," gasped Trey. "From looking at my phone..."

"Give me that, I'll reply," said Skip.

"Stop horsing around back there, you two," said Mom, glancing at the rearview mirror. "Trey, dear, are you alright? You're turning green. Do you need me to roll down the window?"

"Yes, please," said Trey.

"Skip has the same problem..." said Skip's mom, rolling down the back window. "Skip, what are you doing? Put that phone down this instant. I can see you lowering it into your lap."

"But Mom!"

"Hand it over. Now. Don't make me pull over!"

Reluctantly, Skip handed the phone over to his mom.

"That's better. You know you shouldn't be playing with phones in the car, dear. I ought to take this away as part of your grounding.

"That's my phone," said Trey.

"You won't be playing with it either," admonished Skip's mom. "At least not until we get back home, and maybe not until you're ready to call your mom. We'll discuss it *after* the potluck." Both boys groaned.

"Did you manage to send the reply?" whispered Trey, once he felt a little better.

"I didn't," replied Skip.

"Damn!" Trey said, louder than he meant to.

"Language, young man!" said Skip's mom, clearly offended. "Perhaps you really *do* belong in the nursery. If you two don't behave that's just where you'll end up!"

The two boys went silent, both of them brooding, angry at each other, and worried about what the response would be to their outlandish attire at church. After all, their glowing ghostly diapers were so thick that the skirts did nothing to hide them, and neither of them had any hope of closing their legs which meant they'd have an obvious waddle wherever they went. Suddenly, they heard someone snickering.

"Wow, you two sure screwed *that* up," whispered an invisible Dean from somewhere between them.

"Shut up," whispered Trey, "or we'll douse you with holy water when we get to the church." Dean laughed.

"That won't work, I'm an atheist. Geez you two are hopeless. You're doing all my work for me."

"Work? What's that supposed to mean?" asked Skip, but there was no response from the slippery spectre for the rest of the car trip. The boys went back to brooding in silence, their spirits lower than ever.

Once Mommy parked in the church parking lot and ordered them out of the car, the apprehension really set in. They were going to be seen by everyone like this.

"Well, grab what you can," said Mom. "We may have to make an extra trip back, but that's okay."

It definitely wasn't okay for Skip and Trey, who grabbed as much as they could in the hopes that they would have to do as little waddling as possible. Goodies in hand, they wandered over to the Parish Hall where tables were set up for people to eat and treat at. Thankfully, they were pretty early so it was empty of visitors' At Mom's direction, they set down the armloads of food alongside the few other potluck offerings already laid out.

"Well, well, well, looks like we have some tasty treats! And who might you two be?" came a voice that made both boys jump. They spun around to see who it was.

Chapter 12

Skip fought to keep from groaning out loud when he saw an older lady looking down her nose at them. It was 'Busybody Betty'.

"Oh! Is that you, Skip? What an *interesting* outfit. And it looks like you've brought a friend as well. You are?"

"U-um, Trey, ma'am," said Trey, nearly knocking down the blintzes and mashed potatoes he had placed on the table. Busybody Betty looked him up and down with cool appraisal.

"Well, it's nice to see Skip bringing one of his friends along. You're never too old to be *saved*, you know. Speaking of which, where is your *mother*?" Skip seethed and ground his teeth.

"She went to the car to get the rest of the food. She'll be back any minute."

"I'd feel much better if *she* brought a male friend along with her. I'm very concerned about your mother being without a husband, you know."

"Your concern is neither needed nor appreciated," came Skip's Mom's icy voice from the entrance.

"Oh! I didn't mean anything by it, dear," said Betty. "I'm sure it's great you have your... *son* around to help."

"Yes, Skip and Trey helped with the cooking," said Mom, crossing her arms.

"Mmm, yes. It's a great life skill for mothers and *wives*." Betty looked the boys up and down again. "I imagine you're teaching them all *sorts* of skills that *most* men never learn about."

"Betty. Shut up." Betty drew back and clutched her chest.

"Well, I never!" The two boys looked on, mouths agape as Busybody Betty stormed off. Then they looked over at Skip's Mom.

"Way to go, Mom!" said Skip. Skip's mom smirked.

"Believe me, I've been wanting to say that for a long time."

A chuckle came from behind them. They all turned to see a middle-aged man with short balding hair wearing an all black outfit.

"Father Flanagan!" gasped Skip's Mom. "I'm- I'm sorry you had to hear that."

"No need to apologize," said the pastor, chuckling. "I won't tell if you don't. And who are these two lovely ladies with you today?"

"Oh, these are just costumes," said Trey, his face turning red. "F-for the potluck."

"Of course," said the pastor, nodding. "How did you get your, uh, garments to glow?"

"They're haunted," Skip blurted out.

"Oh, they are, are they?" said the pastor, much like an adult might say to a child who saw the 'Easter Bunny'. Skip blushed, knowing how outlandish his explanation sounded.

"It's true," said Trey, nodding and taking Skip's hand.

"Well, I suppose a few hauntings are to be expected around this time of year. If you need any exorcisms, just let me know!" The two boys looked at each other.

"Actually! We do!"

"Why don't you two see if anyone needs help setting up," said Mommy, shooing the two boys off toward the kitchen. The moment they were out of earshot, they started discussing the possibility of talking to the pastor.

"I wish we could get my phone back," said Trey, "but he's the best lead we've got outside of that."

"Let's just get out the cups and stuff," said Skip. "We'll pull Father Flanagan aside as soon as we can."

The two boys went about helping, and having to explain repeatedly that they were wearing costumes and, yes, the glowing diapers were part of it. Finally, they had a chance to pull the rector aside while everyone was eating and led him into the hallway outside the parish hall.

"Yes, what is it, you two?" asked Father Flanagan. "And what's with all the secrecy?"

"It's about our costumes... you see... they're not costumes..." began Trey.

"Hmm, I suspected as much..." began the priest.

"Yes, that's right, we're wearing cursed, haunted... uh, undergarments," said Skip. "And we've got an annoying ghost following us around. He's probably listening right now."

"If you don't believe us, we can prove it," said Trey. The priest held up his hands.

"No need for that. I believe you."

"You do?" the boys asked in unison.

"Of course I do. I've been at this job for a long time, as my thinning hair can attest," chuckled the fatherly father. "And believe me, I've seen my fair share of... spiritual mishaps. This has got to be one of the most unusual of the lot, but certainly not unheard of."

"Is there anything you can do to help us?" asked Skip. Father Flanagan stroked his chin.

"Hmm, yes, I believe I can. But I suspect we don't have much time."

"No, we don't. Less than 24 hours, in fact."

"Then there's no time to lose. The only solution is to go to the source of the haunting and perform an exorcism. We'll go tonight." Skip and Trey went ashen as they heard this news. It was Skip who began the stuttering reply.

"B-but that would mean we have to go back to..."

"Treasure Island. I know," said Father Flanagan.

"What?! How do you know?" asked Trey.

"Because I saw your post. I'm the local exorcist." The two boys grabbed each other's hands and jumped for joy at the news, looking absolutely adorable as their skirts floated up in the air.

"I'll meet you there tonight," said the priest.

"Oh, but I might still be grounded," said Skip, snapping his fingers.

"Oh, I've no doubt you have experience sneaking out of the house if you were on the Urban Exploring forums. You'll find a way. Just be there. Two hours before midnight just to be safe."

The two boys agreed. This was going to be one hell of a night. None of them noticed Betty watching from around the corner.

On the way home, Skip's mom was as happy as a clam.

"Well, I have to say everything was a hit! No leftovers!"

"Your cooking is the best, Mom!" said Skip, hoping to gain some points since his mom had grounded him.

"You're darn right. And that stupid Betty can go to hell," she added. "Snubbing all my food like that."

"It's her loss," said Trey. "More for the rest of us."

"That's right, she doesn't deserve it," added Skip. That seemed to satisfy Skip's mom for the time being as she turned up the radio and began humming to the tune.

Trey sat back in the back seat and thought back on the conversation they'd had with the pastor.

"Hey, Skip... what do you think Father Flanagan was doing on the Urbex Forums anyway?"

"Who cares?" asked Skip. "He knows how to get rid of this stupid haunting. That's good enough for me." Trey frowned.

"Yeah, I guess so. Still seems strange though..."

"Don't look a gift horse in the mouth," said Skip.

"What does that even mean?" Before Skip could answer, Skip's mom spoke up.

"So, how are those diapers holding up, kiddos" Skip and Trey both instinctively looked down to find a shocking discovery: They were soaked! The two of them had spent the potluck so focused on that night's plans that they hadn't even noticed their

diapers swelling up to the size of squishy beanbags. Skip's mom smiled and shook her head, glancing at the two daintily dressed diaper boys in the rearview mirror.

"Wow. You two really didn't know you were wet, did you? Trey, I think it's time we told your mom what's going on, don't you?"

"B-but it hasn't been 24 hours..."

"Will you call her or should I?" asked Skip's mom, holding up Trey's cell phone. Trey grabbed it from her hand and opened it up, his heart pounding. He couldn't hide his expression of surprise and dismay at what he found.

"O-oh no..."

"What is it, sweetie?" asked Skip's mom.

"My mom sent me a message... She wants me to come home after the potluck... I can't come back like this! P-please, ma'am, tell her I need to stay over one more night. I can't let her know about the diapers... I just need a little more time to figure this all out and then I won't need them." At this point Skip's mom pulled over.

"You want me to lie? To your mother?" she asked, turning around and raising her eyebrows. Trey gave the tiniest of nods, pursing his lips and hoping for the best.

"Well, now I've heard everything."

Chapter 13

"We will be calling your mother and changing your diapers as soon as we get back and that is that."

Trey gulped. And gripped the door.

"Trey, honey, are you okay?"

Trey opened the door and leaned out of the car to throw up. This was it. His life was over. Skip's mom gave him a few minutes to collect himself, and then she drove them back with the windows rolled down.

"It's going to be okay," whispered Skip, rubbing Trey's back as they headed back to the house. Trey shook his head, and didn't say anything more. When they got back to the house, Skip's mom told Trey it was time. He pulled out his phone and dialed the number. Trey's mom answered on the third ring.

"Hi, Mom," said Trey. "I'm here at Skip's house. Um. Skip's mom wanted me to call you. Yeah, it's about, uh... w-well, you see... Uh..." Skip's mom took the phone.

"Hello, Mrs. Trey's Mom? Yes, it's Skip's mom. Your son is having wetting accidents. He's borrowing Skip's diapers for now, but you're probably going to want to take him to get his own soon."

"I don't need them," said Trey, loud enough that his mom would hear him. "This is all just temporary!" Skip's mom ignored him as she continued her conversation.

"Yes, I'm serious. In fact, both of them flooded their diapers at the church potluck and didn't even notice. That's right, no control at all. I'm about to change both of their diapers."

"Miss Skip's Mom!" whined Trey. "You don't need to tell her that!"

"No, Skip didn't have any potty problems before either... I agree that it's strange that it started for both of them at the same time. Skip even pooped his pants this morning..."

"Mommmmm!" whined Skip, covering his face. She shushed him, waving him off.

"No, Trey hasn't pooped himself yet, but I'm sure it's only a matter of time." Trey moaned and covered his face. "Yes, I can send Trey back with a few of Skip's diapers. I'm sure he wouldn't mind."

"No!" said Skip and Trey at once. Skip's mom paused and stared at them.

"I-I need Him," said Skip, grabbing Trey's arm. "For emotional support. Just for tonight. Please."

"Yeah!" said Trey, nodding. "Just for tonight. Please?" Skip's mom paused and then put the phone back to her ear.

"Uh, the boys say they need each other for emotional support. As you can imagine this is difficult for both of them. Alright. Trey, dear, you can stay for *one more night*, but then you're going home. Mmm hmm. Yeah, maybe we can bring them to the doctor together. In the meantime, I have to tell you about this amazing *deal* I saw. A month of *free adult daycare* on Treasure Island." The two boys looked at each other, stunned.

"It's over if they enroll us," whispered Skip. "Tonight might be our only chance." Trey nodded while Skip's mom continued the conversation.

"Well, I don't know about you, but I don't exactly want to go back to changing diapers full time. I say we enroll them until we figure this all out. Either that, or hire a babysitter which *isn't* free... What do you think? Right, exactly. Sounds like a plan. Thanks. Oh, you're welcome!" Skip's mom hung up and handed Trey's phone back.

"Well, there we have it," said Skip's mom. "No more secrets. Now march your soggy little bottoms to Skip's room so I can change you both. I don't want to hear any complaints about it, either."

"Yes, ma'am," said the two boys, glumly. They waddled to Skip's room, where each was obliged to be Mommy's little helper, providing thick ghost diapers, wipes, powder, and cream for the other's diapering procedure.

Skip was the first victim, laying down on the bed and pulling up his skirt at Mommy's behest.

"Let's see what we're dealing with here, sweetie," she said, untaping his diaper to reveal his hairless hard pee pee sticking up.

Skip was so flustered that the noises that came out of his mouth didn't even sound like words.

"Shh, don't fuss so much. It's completely natural. Just let mommy get you cleaned up and get you in a fresh diapee before you spray pee pee all over the place." She turned to Trey, who by this point was sporting his own stiffy and trying not to rub it as he watched. "Trey, honey, hand me the wipes and lotion."

With trembling hands, Trey grabbed the hair removing wipes and special warming lotion and handed them over. After a quick wipedown of Skip's already hairless diaper area, Mommy began rubbing the lotion all over Skip's turgid pee pee and balls. Skip immediately began to squirm and moan, biting his lip as she rubbed the warming cream in.

"Calm down, sweetie, stop fussing so much. Now, mommy has to get your tushy including your little pucker. Lift those legs up for me... come on..."

Trey's eyes bugged out as Skip's pee-pee shrank in size and began to drip cloudy pre. This looked all too familiar. Trey looked at the bottle, confused.

"Naughty warming lotion. For a devilishly good time. May cause spontaneous orgasms and permanent genital shrinkage in males." Oh crap.

Mommy made no comment about Skip's throbbing, dripping, and shrinking pee pee as she rubbed her finger around his sensitive back door. She simply finished lotioning him, asked for a little powder, and sprinkled it lightly around the needy boy's diaper area, ignoring his needy air humps.

"Alright, sweetie, Mommy's almost done. Let's get this diaper on you before you make a mess..." As she pulled it up, Skip went tense, arching his back and squeezing his eyes shut as she sealed him in. One. Two. Three. Four. On the fourth diaper tape, he cried out, going completely stiff and curling his toes as he humped into the air. He unloaded what felt like a week's worth of cum into the front of his diaper, but the diaper caught it all. He collapsed onto the bed panting.

"Just in time," commented Mommy, eyeing the small wet spot that had appeared on the front of Skip's diapers. "Now do you understand why you need diapers?"

Once Skip had caught his breath enough to get up, Mommy patted the bed and looked at Trey.

"Okay, sweetie, it's your turn." Trey gulped.

His heart raced as he lay down on the bed. Would he have an embarrassing orgasm too? He kind of wanted to. Was that bad? He had more control than Skip, right? All his questions came to an end as Skip's mom peeled back the diaper and revealed his hard member. He gasped.

"W-what? Where did it go?" He stared in horror. He was completely hard, but his now hairless penis was shorter and thinner than normal. He had lost a whole inch in length, maybe more. His balls had shrunk as well, drawn up tight against his body now, hairless and underdeveloped.

"Wipes and lotion please," said Skip's mom.

"N-no lotion," begged Trey. Sure he had lost his pubic hair to the wipes, but he could still save his malehood.

"Now, sweetie," said Mommy, "No fussing. In fact, Skip sweetie, could you get Mommy a pacifier?"

Trey looked at his friend and shook his head, his eyes pleading, but Skip just gave him a devious grin and said, "Sure mom!"

This was revenge for Trey's babying behavior toward Skip. Trey whined as the pacifier was shoved in his mouth. He watched with trepidation as Skip's mom warmed up the lotion in her hands and then rubbed it all over his already shrunken pee pee. As her hands made contact with his pee pee and balls, he could feel the warmth radiating through them. The effects were even stronger and faster than the first time, and he watched as his bits shrank before his very eyes, even as they throbbed to his heart beat, dribbling watery pre onto the padding below.

"My, my, you two sure do leak a lot," said Mommy, wiping her hands off on a wet wipe. "No wonder my maxi pads had started going missing..." She laid the wet wipe on Trey's dinky pee pee as she moved her finger down to his backdoor, the warming lotion blazing a trail over his sensitive taint right to his pucker.

Trey was fighting for his life to keep from cumming as Mommy finished the lotioning, but unfortunately he couldn't hold back. He came hard into the wet wipe as she dusted powder onto his bits, screaming into the pacifier while his dicklet spewed out spooge all over the moistened material. Trey let out another muffled yelp when Skip's mom wiped off his sensitive head as she pulled the wipe away. Skip giggled into his hand at the embarrassing situation, feeling much better about his own accident. At least that had happened *inside* his diaper where it belonged.

Where it belonged? No, that wasn't right. Skip shook his head. Where had that thought come from?

"Okay, boys, you're all diapered up," said Mommy, helping Trey to his feet and, mercifully, removing his pacifier. "Fortunately, no messes, though I think I'll have to invest in a changing pad and mattress protector for you two dribblers."

The two boys stood there, blushing and looking down as they tried (and failed) to close their legs. They looked so demure in their skirts and baby tees, their eyes cast downward.

"My, my, look at you two," said Mommy. "You look so polite and obedient. If I had known diapering would have such an effect on my unruly child, I'd have started this years ago! Well, I'll leave you two boys alone for now, but you let me know if you need anything. And don't forget to hydrate!"

"Y-yes ma'am," said Trey and Skip, standing rigid as they did their best to keep from providing any stimulation to their overly sensitive penises that might send them over the edge again.

She walked out of the room, gently closing the door behind her and Skip let out a breath, gripping his bed to support himself as his knees went weak.

"What the fuck," he gasped... "W-why am I so horny?"

Dean's signature snicker filled the room as he appeared, floating above them.

"Ah, I see you've discovered Devil's lotion. Quite a favorite of the nursery staff on Treasure Island."

"W-why the hell would you do this to us?" asked Trey.

"I'm not doing anything," said Dean with a smug grin. "It's up to you if you cream your pamps or not. Oh, but if you *do* cream your pamps, you'll find it much harder to keep from doing it again... and again... and again..."

"W-what?!" asked Trey. "That wasn't on the bottle!" Dean gave a smug grin and held up a finger.

"No, but you're in a haunted diaper, remember? What happens when you do something in ghost diapers?"

"You mean the whole losing control thing applies to cumming too?!"

"Bingo! And the more you cum, the more of a hair trigger you'll have. And you'll be thinking of diapers more and more every time you cum in them until you become a full on diapersexual. That's how the nursery staff trains its charges to love being babies, or that's the theory anyway."

"S-shit! H-how long is this stupid lotion gonna last?"

"Oh, about thirty minutes or so," said Dean, looking at his ghostly nails. "So you'd better learn to hold back unless you want diapers to be the only way you get off..."

Trey looked to Skip, who was already rubbing his diapers and moaning again, looking for all the world like a horny, blushing femmeboy.

"S-skip! You have to stop!" Even as Trey spoke, he found his arms weakening, and as he lowered onto the bed, he began to hump it. "N-no! I have to resist... I have to... have to... AHHHHH!!!" Trey cried out as he unloaded into the front of his thick ghost diapers, dumping rope after rope of useless cum into the thirsty padding. "Holy shitt... Th-that feels... S-s-soooo goooood..." he panted, as his body continued to contract for twice as long as normal, his legs trying but unable to contract around the puffy padding that kept him prisoner.

Moments later, Skip cried out, his own orgasmic moan muffled by his thumb as he came once into the diaper.

The two boys spent the next thirty failing again and again to keep from cumming as they filled their diapers with every ounce of spunk their body could produce and then some. Eventually, the lotion wore off and the boys collapsed, soaked in sweat, gasping in lungfuls of air as they both tried to recover.

"Bravo," said Dean, clapping. "I've never seen anyone give into their diaper desires so easily."

"It's not my fault," said Skip. "I've been edging unintentionally for the past two days."

"Yeah, me too," said Trey, looking over at Skip's swollen diaper and then looking away, blushing.

"What are you looking at there, buddy? See something you like? Those diapers turning you on more now? Maybe you should stick your face in them." Dean broke up laughing, holding his stomach.

"Shut up," said Trey, his face going even redder at the unorthodox yet strangely tempting suggestion. "You're probably a bigger diaper dork than the two of us combined."

"Yeah," said Skip, glaring at Dean, "You can keep your diaper fetish. We're going to get this all cleared up tonight."

"Yeah right," said Dean. "It'll be fun to see you try."

Dean vanished, his laughter echoing for a moment after he disappeared, and the boys looked at each other, worry evident on their faces.

"We've got to figure out how to get out to Treasure island without Mom noticing. If she catches us sneaking out when I'm grounded... It's all over."

"No sweat," said Trey. "You've snuck out a hundred times before. And after tonight, we'll be done with diapers for good,"

"Right," said Skip, letting out a big breath. "W-well, I mean... unless we *want* to wear them... for whatever reason." Trey looked at Skip for a second and coughed.

"W-well, *yeah*, I mean, it's different if you have a *choice*. I just mean, you know, we won't *have* to wear them."

"Yeah! To not having to wear them for good," said Skip.

"To not having to wear them for good... unless we want to!"

Dean chuckled quietly from the shadows and shook his head.

"You two are a riot. It'll be a lot more fun at daycare with you around."

Chapter 14

As it got dark, the two kept an eye on Skip's mom to see when she would go to bed.

"Do you want some hot tea, Mom?" asked Skip, observing his mom for signs of fatigue as she watched another episode of Kitchen Perdition.

"Sure, sweetie. That would be nice. Make sure to make some for yourselves too so you don't get dehydrated. I swear you two are like leaky faucets."

"S-sure mom," said Skip, trying not to look too flustered. He hurried back to the kitchen where Trey was waiting. "She said she wants the tea," he reported.

"Are you sure this will work?" asked Trey, crossing his arms and raising an eyebrow. "I mean it's just herbal tea." Skip nodded.

"Trust me, she always drinks Sleepy Time tea before bed. It'll work. And just to be certain. I'll add a little bit of Mom's herbal sleep aid in." Skip opened the cupboard and grabbed a small bottle with a dropper inside. Trey sighed.

"Alright, you'd better be right. We can't afford to miss this meeting."

A few minutes later, Skip and Trey brought out their three cups of tea to the living room.

"Here you go, Mom," said Skip, handing her the mug with the cat on it.

"Thanks," she said, barely looking away from the screen as she took the mug. The boys sat down and watched her carefully. She took a sip. They took a sip. On the TV, Gordon Grumpy yelled at the cooking competitors. Rinse and repeat. Bored, they began texting on their phones.

"Have you checked the forums recently?"

"Yeah, just a bunch of diaper gooners going crazy over the idea of getting stuck in a haunted nursery and begging for more photos. Some are posting stories about exploring the same nursery and getting babied too, but it's all bullshit."

"Why would anyone *want* this?"

"I mean... being back in diapers isn't the *worst*..."

"I can't believe I'm saying this, but you're right. I kind of... like them? We still gotta break this curse, though."

"Oh yeah, totally... Maybe we can break the curse but keep the diaper bag... Do you think it will still work?"

Their conversation continued until Skip's mom finally yawned and handed over the remote, reminding both of them that they were supposed to be watching the time.

"Goodnight, boys. Don't stay up too late. You have daycare in the morning."

"Seriously?" said Skip.

"Don't come whining to me, young man. I didn't plan on changing diapers all day at my age, so until we get this issue under control, it's daycare for you."

"This is so dumb! I can change myself," said Skip, sounding like an angry teenager.

"Oh, and you'll be going with him, Trey, I already talked to your Mom about it."

"What?! Me too?!" groaned Trey. "Don't you want to wait for the pictures first?"

"I can see for myself when I drop you off. Now come here so I can check your diapers."

"Trey and I can change each other," whined Trey. Mom looked at them doubtfully but then yawned again and nodded. "Okay, fine. I'm tired anyway. But if either of you leak, no more changing yourselves, am I understood?"

"Yes ma'am." said the boys. As soon as she left, the boys checked the time.

"Shit," said Trey. "It's already 11! We've gotta get the hell out of here. There's no way we're getting enrolled in some stupid ghost daycare."

"We can't leave until we know she's asleep. Otherwise, she'll see us leaving." Trey sighed, checking his phone again..

"Fine. We can wait 30 minutes max, then we absolutely *have* to get out of here."

The two boys waddled into the hall to watch Skip's mom's door and wait for the light to go out. Trey was biting his nails by the time it finally did go out thirty minutes later. He grabbed Skip's shoulder and nodded toward the front door.

"Okay, no more delays. Let's get the heck out of here. We got everything?"

"Urbex tools. Your inhaler. Diaper bag just in case... check. Uh, but we could use a diaper change," Skip said, looking down at the swollen squishy garment around his waist, "and can we change out of these baby tees and skirts? It's gonna be pretty cold..."

"No time for that," said Trey. "We're late as it is. Let's go."

Skip grumbled but followed his friend, hurrying out to the car to rush out into the night to return to treasure island.

The boys parked by the large dark building at ten after midnight, toting their bags.

"It's farking freezing man," said Skip, shivering as he exited the vehicle. "Why couldn't we have at least brought sweaters?" Trey rolled his eyes.

"Pee your pants if you're so cold. You'd be a lot colder spending the rest of your life with ghosts."

Skip blushed a bit and stood still outside the car. Trey wondered what was going on until he saw the steam coming out from under Skip's skirt.

"You actually just peed yourself on purpose?" Trey said, gaping.

"W-well... It *does* work." Trey blushed and felt tempted to copy his friend, but he shook off the strange thought.

"Whatever, let's just get inside before Father Flanagan gives up on us and goes home." The two of them made a quick circuit around the building and looked around, but there was no sign of the priest.

"Damnit, he must have left," said Trey, snapping his fingers. Dean chuckled.

"Guess that was a bust. Oh well, better get home before Mommy notices you're out of bed."

"Not so fast," came another voice. The priest stepped out of the shadows, much to the relief of the two boys. "I figured you'd show up sooner or later, unholy spirit. I just wanted to see you for myself."

"Alright. Ya got me," said Dean, putting his hands in his pockets and shrugging. "You're still not going to win."

"Thank goodness, Father" said Trey, ignoring the petulant ghost. "We thought you'd left!"

"Fortunately, I did not. I see you've brought some supplies." Father nodded to the boyo's bag, then held up a heavy burlap pack that clinked as it was raised. "I've brought some of my own."

"What's all that?" asked Trey.

"Holy water... salt... incense... the works. I hope you are prepared for spiritual warfare." The boys nodded, their faces set with grim expressions. "Good. There's just one thing... we have to be at the exact site of the haunting to carry out the cleansing."

"I was afraid of that," said Trey, shaking his head and shivering. "Our entry point is over that way. Hopefully they haven't boarded it up already. Follow me."

The boys led Father Flanagan to some boarded windows on the side of the abandoned building. Skip hooked his fingers around one of the boards and pulled, revealing the section that they had cut out last time.

"That's right. Make it easy for us," said Dean with a sneer. "You were bound to be back sooner or later."

Ignoring the comment, Skip beckoned his companions to follow him in. Trey, heading up the rear, pulled the board back into place behind him. The area around the building was now silent. A minute later, Busybody Betty stepped out of the shadows.

"Aha! I caught you preparing for your black mass!" she said under her breath. "Cavorting with spirits? Planning arcane rituals? I'm going to catch you all red handed and expose you to everyone, you cretins."

She crept in after them, her phone at the ready to record their evildoings.

Chapter 15

Father Flanagan, Skip, and Trey crept down the empty and rather mundane hallway of the abandoned building, their flashlights sweeping across the dust covered floor. The large staircase was dead ahead, toward the center of the building. It would lead right to the basement which housed the infamous haunted nursery. Trey broke the silence as they descended the stairs.

"I still don't get what this place was for. Dean said the buildings here weren't happy places, but he didn't say anything else..."

"Who cares?" said Skip, casting his flashlight over the ugly tan carpet, the tan couch, and the plastic potted plants covered in dust. "The less we know about this place the better."

"I'm right here guys," said Dean, floating after them as Skip "It was a criminal reform research project. The nursery was for delinquents who flunked out of reform school."

"Like I'd believe anything you say," said Skip, not even bothering to look at Dean as he shone his lights on the closed office doors lining the hall. "You already tried to trick us."

"No, it's true," said the priest, "Back then, if you aged out of the reform system without, well, *reforming*, it was right to prison. The government was conducting research on different solutions... programs to train them into other roles like pets... livestock... or... infants. It never quite panned out..."

"That's an understatement," said Dean. Trey stopped in his tracks and shone his flashlight on Father Flanagan.

"Hold on, how do you know all this? Does this have anything to do with why you were on the Urbex Forums?"

"Uh, well... It's a long story," said Father Flanagan. "Let's just say I have my own interests in the matter..."

"Look," said Skip, annoyance creeping into his voice, "let's just take care of this ritual and talk about it later, huh? I'd like to be out of here as soon as possible."

Everyone agreed on that point, and so they walked to the end of the hall to the closed doors of the nursery where the words 'Do Not Open' were spraypainted across

the front. The boys both shuddered, and Trey instinctively wrapped his hand around his inhaler in his pocket, remembering how he almost suffocated last time he was here.

"You really wanted to get in there, huh?" asked Father Flanagan, sighing as he looked at all the heavy junk that the two boys had moved aside to gain access. "Couldn't heed the warning?"

"Bet you wish you had listened to those words, huh?" added Dean with a snicker.

"People spraypaint stupid stuff in abandoned buildings all the time," said Skip. "It might as well have said 'Cool stuff this way'. Anyway, enough about that. What do we have to do for the ritual?"

"Well, first thing we have to do is go into the nursery," began Father Flanagan. The boys both groaned.

"Do we *have* to?" asked Trey. "We're like right here!"

"Those ghost hands are just gonna grab us up as soon as we get in," said Skip. "I was there, trust me, we won't stand a chance."

"I was there once too," said Father Flanagan. "I know what we have to do. As long as we stick together and begin right away, we will be okay."

"Wait, you were *there*?" asked Trey pointing to the nursery doors. "Like, right *in there*?" Father Flanagan opened his pack and pulled out his holy items.

"Listen to me, boys, there isn't much time. When we get in there, we'll run to the center of the room, I'll sprinkle the holy water, grab the cross, and then we all have to get in a circle and hold hands while I exorcise the spirits in this place. We have to hold hands during the *entire* ritual or it won't work, do you understand?"

"Alright, alright," said Trey, "But I'm gonna have questions for you after this is all finished." The pastor nodded.

"Are you ready?"

"Ready," said Skip, taking a big, shuddering breath as he looked at the imposing door. Trey nodded as well.

"Good. Here we go. Three... Two... One..."

"It's never gonna work guys," said Dean.

"Shut up!" said Trey. "We're trying to psych ourselves up here."

"Alright, heck it, zero, let's go. Go go go!" The three of them ran inside together. The room once again flashed as the compressed experiences of all the daycare denizens flashed through their minds. Then all was still once more.

"It's nothing more than emotional residue from the past," said the pastor, shining his flashlight around the nursery as they hurried toward the center of the room. "Don't let it worry you."

When they reached the center, Father Flanagan pulled out the salt from his bag and made a circle around them while the boys glanced around nervously. Their flashlights and glowing diapers cast eerie shadows over the surprisingly intact nursery. Despite the long abandoned state of the building, particularly the dilapidated upper floors, there was no sign of looting or vandalism at all here. Anyone who had come to disturb this place clearly never got the chance to leave a mark.

"Uh, guys, I think I just saw something move. Should *that* worry me?" asked Trey, his voice trembling

"That'll be the ghost hands," said Dean, shrugging.

"Ignore him," said Father Flanagan, as he quickly cast holy water all around him, including through Dean.

"*Rude*," said Dean, rolling his eyes.

"Hands, boys! Quick!" The three of them joined hands and the pastor began chanting, cross dangling from his right hand. "I sanctify this place in the name of..."

Suddenly a gust of wind started up in the room as all the toys began lifting up from the floor.

"In the name of the lord... Ghosts, begone! I cast thee out! Out, I say!"

"Skip," said Dean, "You know this is pointless. Your incontinence is already permanent. Your hair is never coming back. Even if you escape, you'll still need diapers for the rest of your life, and you know you love your diapers, so why fight it?"

Skip began to chub up as he thought of himself in diapers for the rest of his life.

"Ahh, see? I know your diaper dinky is getting a hard-on right now under that skirt. Give it up!"

Skip shook his head. "Never! Shut up!"

Dean flitted over to Trey as the priest continued to chant, the air in the room whipping around as more items levitated and began to swirl around them.

"Trey. You're a pretty good babysitter. The ghosts can cut you a *deal*. Just let go of these two fools' hands and you can avoid their fate. You can be the caretaker and have complete control over these two. Think about it! That's the best deal you'll ever get."

Trey bit his lip as he looked at his two companions in this endeavor.

"That's right," said Dean, grinning. "I know you're thinking about it. The power. There's no denying how hard you got when you took charge at the mall. You can keep your adult privileges. I can convince your mom! This can all work out for you if you just--"

"Not a chance," said Trey. "I don't need your help to look after my friends or to talk to grown-ups. I'll figure it out on my own!"

"Father Flanagan," said Dean undeterred, "I *knew* you'd be back. Grown-up life didn't work out as well as you thought, did it? Why not give all that up and stay in the nursery where you belong?" Father Flanagan looked like he was tempted to swat at the ghost whispering sweet nothings into his ear, but he held fast to the hands of the two boys by his side.

"Begone, foul spirit! I resisted you once before and I can do it again! It's time to put you and your kind out of this place for good!"

"Oh, come now, Father, don't be like that," said Dean. "You picked up so many wonderful temptations when you were here before. You've resisted them for long enough. Why not give in and enjoy yourself?" As Dean made his case, the winds whipped harder, revealing a glimpse of something glowing beneath Father Flanagan's black robes. Skip and Trey gasped.

"What the..."

"F-father flanagan, are you wearing... a *diaper*?"

Chapter 16

"No time to explain, son," said Father Flanagan. "We must remain focused!"

The sounds of other voices were now chattering around them as the spirits gathered, just beyond the threshold of comprehension.

"Come on father," pressed Dean. "Do you even like tending to your flock? Haven't you suffered enough to earn some indulgences?"

"Shut up!" growled the pastor. "Lord let me not give into temptation..."

Just then, Betty stepped into view holding up her phone.

"Aha! I've caught you all red handed doing your black mass! All of you! Demonic!"

"Oh no, not this bitch again," groaned Trey.

"You really want to spend the rest of your life humoring the likes of her?" asked Dean. Father Flanagan's mouth hung open as he stared at the vindictive old lady, then back at the ghost.

"Fuck it," he said, wrenching his hands free, and dropping his cross to the floor. "Take me! Take me nowwww!"

"Father no!" cried Trey as the ghost hands carried Father Flanagan to the nearest changing table.

"I'm sorry boys... I love my diaperrrrrrrs!"

"No! Damnit!" said Trey, scrambling to grab the cross from the ground to somehow save the ritual. As he bent down, he felt Skip's hand leave his own and he turned to see more ghost hands carrying his friend away.

"Sorry Trey! I like them tooooo! And I need a chaaaaaange!"

Trey then felt ghost hands grab him and begin to lift him up.

"Crap! Are you sure I can't take that deeeeeeeaaaallll!?"

Busybody Betty tilted her head and looked past her phone in disbelief as Trey was carried to the tables where the hands were already busy disrobing Father Flanagan and Skip, preparing to change their thick, soggy diapers.

"What the heck is going onnnnn?!" she asked, as she too sailed through the air, headed for her own diaper debacle. The cries of Skip, Trey, Father Flanagan, and Busybody Betty were quickly stifled by locking institutional pacifier gags that could not be removed.

Dean laughed, holding his stomach as everyone got stripped and diapered up like big babies. "The only exorcising happening today will be the banishment of your dirty diapers!"

Skip and Trey blushed as they felt wipes rubbing across their exposed diaper areas. Their eyes went wide as they saw some big glowing buttplugs floating their way through the dimness.

"Can't have you boys having any accidents," chuckled Dean as the boys struggled against the ghost hands holding them down.

"Mmmfff!!! Mmmnnnnfff!" Squirm as they might, they couldn't break free of the ghost hands. They groaned and grunted atop their new diapers as the plugs burrowed their way in inch by inch despite their efforts to resist.

The unfamiliar pressure of the thick invaders grew and grew until the plugs finally passed the thickest point. After that, the natural curve of the plugs caused the boys' butts to pull them inward, leaving an uncomfortable fullness in their tushies. Before they could adjust to the strange sensation, more clothes floated toward them. They looked like mitted sleepers with padding in the crotch, hands, and feet.

"Your prize today is a specially designed outfit exclusive to this institution!" announced Dean, as the suits opened up and slid over Trey and Skip's arms and legs. "Padded mitts keep you from using your hands, a padded crotch keeps you from closing your legs, and a locking zipper allows for easy diaper changes from authorized personnel only. Padded, spiked feet ensure you don't walk, and finally, hidden straps can easily turn this suit into a straitjacket, or force you to crawl for your baby training, as the ghost hands will now demonstrate! Congratulations!"

The boys squirmed and wiggled as straps tied their ankles to their thighs. Walking would now be impossible. Dean sighed and smiled wistfully.

"It's been too long. It was such a shame when the government shut us down and took away all the patients. We were doing so much great research. But now that you're here, our work can continue! You will be our patients for all eternity."

"Mmph mmph?!" asked Skip. Dean laughed.

"Oh? You thought I was really one of the patients? You're more gullible than I thought!"

While the boys found themselves diapered, plugged, and forced to crawl, Betty was receiving some adjustments of her own. First stripped, then spanked naked by ghost hands, she whined and squirmed against the invisible forces holding her down on layers and layers of heavy cloth diapers. After the 20th hard spank, she peed onto the diaper below her involuntarily and a glowing ghostly finger wagged in front of her face as a ghostly enema bag was set up. She looked over to see Father Flanagan receiving the same treatment feet away from her.

Flanagan and Betty groaned and moaned into their gags as the water emptied into them, causing their stomachs to bloat and fill as the water went deeper and deeper into their intestines. Just when they thought they could take no more, the enemas were pulled out and the thick diapers were pulled up, ghostly locking pins glowed in the darkness, sticking themselves through the cloth for a nice snug fit. Their diapers bulged ridiculously huge as thick locking rubber pants floated over to them and slid up their legs, ensuring there would be no leaks from the struggling pair.

That was the last thing the two of them saw before heavy sensory deprivation hoods floated over and covered their heads, blocking out all vision and sound. Straightjackets ensured they couldn't escape, the heavy canvas wrapping around them and sliding over their arms as thick belts slid between their legs.

"Come, boys, let's take a look at where our live-in guests will be staying," said Dean, clipping leashes to hooks in the two boys' submission suits. He gave the leashes a sharp tug indicating they should crawl after him as he followed the floating churchgoers. Skip and Trey hurried to keep up, crawling down a dark hallway lined with doors. Two of the doors opened, revealing padded rooms that hadn't seen any light in a long time. The two older patients floated into their rooms, already squirming as they tried their best to hold in their massive enemas.

"A good cleaning out should teach Baby Flanagan not to run away again," mused Dean. "As for Baby Betty, I don't think she can be reformed. We'll have to schedule her for permanent regression to the youngest level."

Trey and Skip's eyes went wide as the two doors shut and locked, leaving the older residents trapped alone in darkness.

"Oh, don't worry, you two," said Dean, leading the two boys back to the nursery, "we have something much more fun in store for you."

Back in the nursery, the two boys were led to a pair of sturdy high chairs covered in straps and buckles. The boys floated up into the cushioned seats, wincing as their butts landed with a crinkle, forcing the buttplugs deeper into them. Straps quickly came around to restrain their hands, arms, knees, and feet, followed by their food trays, and of course big bibs. Big glowing bottles of ghostly formula floated up to their faces.

"Here you will learn to be dependent on others for everything, little ones," announced Dean. "Lucky for you, we have an ample supply of formula."

The pacifiers were removed from the gag straps, leaving the two unfortunate patients unable to speak as the oversized bottles were slotted into place. Now they would be forced to drink down whatever the ghosts wish to feed them.

"Drink up, babies. You'll never go hungry here. On the menu we have proteins, diuretics, and a few extra drugs to ensure your obedience."

As the boys drank down the drugged formula, Dean's words began to echo, and trailers followed each movement he made. The more they drank, the more relaxed and obedient they felt, and the more comfy their diapers became. Dean watched with satisfaction as the boys' diapers yellowed and expanded thicker and thicker, hugging their thighs, butts, and crotches. Soon, the boys were giggling and bouncing as glowing formula dripped down their chins and onto their bibs.

Dean laughed at the bouncing buffoons as their diapers swelled so big they pressed against the bottom of the trays.

When the bloated boys were finally removed from their highchair confinement, their diapers looked like big beach balls stretched over their bulging bellies. They touched down on the soft flooring of the nearest playpen with a squelch, and they immediately began to hump the floor, giggling all the while. Dean clapped.

"That's the spirit! Give in to your urges. We'll train you to get turned on by diapers and only diapers!"

The two boys barely seemed to comprehend his words as they giggled and humped, crinkling and squelching with every motion.

Dean chuckled. "Would you boys like to play a game?"

The boys giggled and nodded.

"Great! This one will be really easy. All you have to do is keep making humpies. The first one to cum will have the pleasure of spunking their diapers. The other one will just have to be frustrated and pent up. Good luck boys!"

The boys both whined and humped the floor as fast and hard as they could, dimly sensing that they *should* be embarrassed, but also feeling the urgency of finally cumming in their favorite squishy diapers again. Crinkles filled the room as they continued their hump-off.

"That's right. Hump your diapers, boys. That's the only way you're ever gonna get off from now on!"

In just under a minute, Trey managed to squirt sticky cum all over the inside of his diaper. Skip whined as ghost hands lifted him up, leaving him to hump nothing but air.

"Aww, too bad, Skippy boy!" cooed Dean. "Better luck next time! But great job Trey! Done in sixty seconds! We're going to work on shortening that time for both of you. Soon enough you'll be spunking your diapers at the drop of a hat!"

Dean led the boys back to the padded rooms for one last check in the others. Betty and Father Flanagan were now completely still, their diapers bulging out obscenely against the crotch straps of their straitjackets.

"They've had a long night, and deserve a nice rest in their new rooms," said Dean. "Just remember: If you misbehave this could be you! Now, let's tuck you tykes in for the night!"

The two boys found themselves in big institutional cribs with locking tops, secured head to toe with segufix restraints. Trey didn't have the energy or mental fortitude to fight after cumming his brains out. As for Skip, all he could think about was trying to hump more. Unfortunately, there was no way to get any pressure on his crotch in the secure restraint system, so he was left whimpering and bucking his hips in vain.

"Aww, don't worry," said Dean, as a pair of glowing syringes floated their way and lined up against their shoulders. "I've got just the thing to put you to sleep for the night." The boys felt a pinch, the plungers plunged, and the world went dark.

Chapter 17

Light filtered through the window as Skip and Trey began to stir.

"Ohhh... What happened last night?" Asked Trey. "Did we actually go back, or was that all a bad dream?"

"I don't know man... my head feels like it's stuffed with cotton." Skip's hand wandered down to the front of his diaper. It was thick, warm, and squishy. Without even thinking, he began to rub it.

"Dude, what are you doing?" Asked Trey, his hand going down to his own soaked diaper.

"I'm j-just relieving my... m m my... unghhhhh..." Skip fell back on the bed, his morning stiffy splurting spooge all over the inner lining of his diaper in less than a minute.

"D-dude! Did you just- unghhhhhhh!!!" Trey began to jerk his hips, his eyes rolling back into his head as he unloaded into his own padding.

At that moment, Skip's mom walked in on both of them.

"Knock knock! Do I hear two boys waking up?" She clapped her hands. "Okay sweeties, get your tushies to the shower and wash off. Then, Mommy will diaper you and take you to daycare!"

Skip and Trey looked at each other, horrified. They had lost. They had truly lost.

The boys tried to message father Flanagan in the bathroom but there was no response. They checked the Urbex Forums and found that dozens more pictures had been posted of them debasing themselves in the nursery. And the board was going crazy.

"No, no, no... this can't be happening," moaned Trey, planted on the potty to avoid making a mess while Skip finished his shower. Skip's mom knocked on the door.

"Hurry up you two. And hand over your phones! You could stand to be away from a screen for a while."

Skip and Trey had little choice but to hand their phones over. One diaper change and a short car ride later, they were staring at the research center once more. Only it wasn't the center they knew.

"What the heck?" said Trey, rubbing his eyes. "It looks brand new!"

"Of course!" said Skip's mom. "It's the grand opening! Can't you see the sign?"

Sure enough a bright banner was hanging over the grand entrance, and none of the boards and bars were present. How was this possible?

As the bewildered boys followed Skip's Mom downstairs, they spotted Dean standing there in a lab coat. He rushed forward to shake Mom's hand.

"Hello, there! Did you find the place okay? I'm Dean, head of research and recruitment for this facility. These must be the boys! Sign in is right this way!"

"Wait a secon-" began Skip, but a stern glare from mom shut him up as she dragged him forward.

"I'm so glad you decided to enroll them," said Dr. Dean as the three of them walked into the bright and clean nursery. "Our program is not just an adult daycare. We also do research on reform and regression. These two are some of our first patients."

"How exciting!" said Skip's mom. "Tell me, how much will this program cost once the free trial period is over?" Dr. Dean looked at the two boys and back to Skip's mom.

"Mom, I don't need-" began Skip, only to be cut off by Dr. Dean.

"Am I correct in understanding they're both unemployed? If they don't work, there's a special subsidy that allows them to continue here for free indefinitely. Everything would be paid for including food and medical care as long as they *don't work*." Skip's mom smiled.

"That works for me! I've tried to get my boy to work for years and he just doesn't want to do it. He just wants to go out and get into trouble with his best friend Trey."

"Yes, well, they will be helping us with our research to better society, and they will be model patients for our publicity campaign, which is a job in and of itself. Quite an important one, I might add!"

"You hear that, dears? You'll be helping! Isn't that wonderful?"

"No!" said Skip. "Trey! back me up here..."

"Yeah, actually, I think I have a job interview I need to be getting to..." began Trey.

"Very funny, boys," said Dean. "Oh, look who it is! I'd like to introduce you to the head doctor, he's in charge of the research that goes on here." The boys turned to see a

tall man flanked by several big nurses with glowing gloves that looked suspiciously similar to the ghost hands they knew so well. The doctor eyed the boys hungrily, making them shiver.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, ma'am. We're so pleased to have new participants."

"We hope they are the first of many!" added Dr. Dean. I have a feeling the publicity photos will attract many more patients!" The doctor grinned as the nurses took hold of Trey and Skip and shoved gags into their mouths.

"These two are in good hands. They're going to learn to be very good little ones from now on." The boys watched helplessly while Skip's mom signed them in. She stood around for a while, chatting with Dean while the nurses shoved Skip and Trey back into their restrictive playsuits and carried them to their high chairs for a filling breakfast of ghost formula.

As they sat in the high chairs, cheeks bulging with formula, they looked at each other. This was their new life now. Diapers and daycare forever more.

It was another beautiful day on Treasure Island when Percy and Parker parked the car by the infamous 'haunted nursery' building.

"Are you sure this is the right place?" asked Percy, looking out the car window. "I thought this building was supposed to be abandoned but..."

"Of course it is!" said Parker, showing Percy the forum website on his phone. "It says so right here." On screen, was the pinned post in the new 'Haunted Nursery' subsection of the online message board. It read: "Trapped in the Haunted Nursery: Don't Come or You'll Be Babied Too!".

"Yeah, but the pictures look all creepy and stuff..."

"Use your head, Percy." said Parker, opening the driver's side door. "They keep the outside looking nice for the tourists. Now hurry up, let's get this over with so we can post our debunk pictures. Our fans are waiting!"

"Fans? They voted on a forum poll." Parker rolled his eyes at Percy's comment and shoved the backpack into Percy's arms.

"Whatever. Just take this and follow me. The Rumor Rebutters will have tons of fans after we take down THIS rumor."

"Once again, we should really reconsider that name," said Percy, hustling to keep up with his friend.

Parker smirked when he got to the side of the building.

"Ha! Look at this. They didn't even board up the windows. Percy, would you pick up the pace? I need that crowbar." Parker turned to see his friend staring nervously at a guy standing there in a white coat.

"The front door is open, you know," said the man.

"You security or something?" asked Parker.

"The name's Dean. James Dean," said the man, running a comb through his hair. "And you must be the Rumor Rebutters. I voted in the poll."

Parker gave Percy a superior smirk. "Oh, a fan, huh? I should have known."

Dean smirked too. "Why don't you follow me? I'll show you what you're looking for."

"Right through the front doors? This guy can't be serious," whispered Parker.

"You coming or not?" said Percy, hurrying after the mysterious man in the white coat.

Percy gaped as Dean led them in through the front doors. The lobby looked clean and new.

"Now I *know* we're in the wrong place. It doesn't look abandoned at all!"

"Oh no," said Dean, still grinning. "This place isn't abandoned at all. It's fun to read the stories online, though."

Parker nodded. "Yeah. Everyone thinks this building has a haunted nursery downstairs. I'm surprised no one else has debunked it."

"People are more talk than action," said Dean. "Not you though. Take as many photos as you like."

Parker started snapping away on his phone camera, his excitement growing as they followed Dean downstairs.

"What are you doing here anyway?" asked Percy as they walked past the typical office furniture, the water coolers, and the potted plastic plants toward the big open doors of the nursery.

"I'm the head of Research and Recruitment! Welcome to the nursery!"

Dean stood tall as they reached the big double doors, sweeping an inviting hand for them to continue on in. Inside, the nursery was full of happy adults dressed as babies with plenty of caretakers looking after them.

"You see? Perfectly normal!" said Dean. The two guys looked at each other.

"Normal? These are all adults!"

"Well, it's normal for an *adult* nursery," said Dean. Parker shrugged and held up his phone.

"Okay, then. Is it okay if we take some more pictures in here?"

"Of course! Why don't you go inside and get a nice *close* look? You can stay as long as you like... *longer*, in fact."

Percy and Parker didn't catch Dean's mischievous grin as they went forward. The nursery attendants immediately surrounded them, their gloves giving off a faint glow as they took hold of the two intruders.

"Welcome to the nursery! Let's get you changed out of those icky adult clothes, shall we?"

"Huh? W-wait!" said Percy, as a nurse plucked the phone right out of his hand and passed it off to Dean. The two boys were quickly carried over to changing tables for their first diapering.

Dean followed them and snapped a few photos of the ex-urban explorers being strapped down, diapered, and pacified. While the boys saw a shiny new nursery, the cameras captured something completely different: old scuffed leather. Dark and dingy walls.

"What should I title this one?" asked Dean. "How about... Rumor Rebutters get their Butts Diapered and Regressed?"

Trey and Skip watched from the playpen as Dean laughed manically.

"Well, there's two more suckers," said Trey, shaking his head.

"What does that bring the count to?" asked Skip, shifting his padded butt to flood his diaper more comfortably. "A dozen or so?"

"Yeah, that sounds about right." Trey looked over at father Flanagan, who was sitting next to them, rubbing the front of his diaper with a dumb grin. "Too bad they don't look like ABDLs. It's easier for the ones who *want* to be big babies..."

"If they weren't into diapers and baby treatment before this, they certainly will be soon," said Skip, his hand unconsciously rubbing the front of his diaper. He bit his lip and began rubbing harder as pleasure overtook him. "Oh no. Not again..."

"D-don't worry, Skip," said Trey, starting to rub his own diaper. "We'll figure a way out of this... B-but we can enjoy it a little bit in the meantime... Hhhnnnnhhh... Oh gods, I love my diapers!"