

Be Careful What You Wish For

By Champ (<https://champteh hotter.com/>)

James wanted to be Daddy's full time baby boy, but quickly learns that life is a lot different when you can't just walk away from your fantasies after a good beat off session. Note: All characters in this story are over 18!

"All done! Wow, take a look!"

As James sat on the open diaper, cock straining against the newly installed cage, he was obliged to look down at the phone in Daddy's hand. There he was on livestream, and the comments section was going crazy.

"So hot!!!"

"Jealous!"

"Keep 'em locked and padded!"

"Lock 'em up!"

"Yess!!!"

"Wish that were me!"

He turned his head away and grimaced. He hadn't been allowed out of diapers for over a year and he hadn't gotten to cum in months, except for the few times Daddy made him humiliate himself by humping daddy's leg or hand, or his stuffed wolf, Mr. Cuddles. If those people only knew the frustration he felt. They got to enjoy the fantasy, jerk one out, then go do whatever they wanted. He was stuck in this. No breaks, no time-outs."

"What do you think of that, kiddo? They love it!"

"It's not Fair! C-can't I make stickies one last time, Daddy?"

"No can do, champ. You're gonna have to stay locked until we can train your peepee to stop trying to get big. I know you're a good boy and won't touch your peepee, but it still responds when Daddy plays with it, and I shouldn't be able to make anything happen down there."

James looked down and blushed. The viewers were listening to every word, and of course making their own humiliating comments. Mercifully Daddy soon taped up his diaper, hiding his shame from the onlookers. He patted the diaper boy on the head.

"There we go! My little guy is nice and snug and protected, and his little peepee isn't gonna do big boy things ever again. Tune in tonight folks when we begin training little JayJay here to cum from his little boi pussy instead."

Daddy turned off the feed and pulled his boy into a hug, giving him a kiss on the head.

"You did so good kiddo!"

"I did?" asked JayJay, breaking into a shy smile.

"You sure did, champ! Daddy has made so much money with your Purely Fanatics account that he can stop working and take care of you full time! Won't that be nice?"

The younger man felt a mixture of elation and trepidation. On the one hand he got to spend more time with Daddy. On the other, it meant no more free time for him to sneak online and look at porn, or watch grown-up shows, or sneak adult food out of the fridge, or to try to rub his diaper when Daddy wasn't around.

He did his best to hide his fears and look enthusiastic for Daddy, who was still talking as if oblivious to the storm of thoughts going on inside his head.

"And you wanna know the best part, little guy? It'll all be streaming to your fanatics! The equipment is coming in the mail."

"Equipment? What equipment?"

"The camera system! Weren't you listening, silly boy? By this time next week, the whole house will be wired up with cameras to show people what we're doing 24/7! Isn't that fantastic?"

"Yeah," said JayJay, fidgeting nervously. Truth was he was worried what the 'Fanatics' would do to his life. Not only did they get off on his most embarrassing predicaments, they loved to egg Daddy on, making the most twisted suggestions, voting for the most embarrassing punishments in the polls, and taking glee in tattling to Daddy whenever they caught sight of JayJay being bad.

And how could he blame them? He had been one of them, doing the exact same thing way back when Daddy was just babysitting littles for short visits. He'd been too afraid to try diapers himself but he loved to sit behind the keyboard and concoct the

most humiliating suggestions and comments for Daddy and his boys. He'd jerk himself to a satisfying conclusion, and then the guilt would come and he would close the browser and try to occupy himself with something else. But what he'd really wanted was a chance. A chance to be one of those boys as well. When Daddy announced he was looking for a permanent adoptee, he was the first to answer the call. He knew he'd regret it for the rest of his life if he didn't take his chance. Now he feared he'd regret it for the rest of his life because he had. The phrase 'be careful what you wish for' flashed through his mind for the millionth time since this began.

That night, Daddy gave JayJay his first milking.

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I'm going to show you how we make little locked boys squirt in their diapers. JayJay," Daddy looked over to the diapered man who stood at attention with his arms behind his back. He gave a naughty grin. "Bend over. Tummy on the bed. There you go, good boy." He pulled down the back of the boys diaper while explaining what he was doing for both James' benefit and the audience. "We're gonna work little Jamesie's prostate, so all we need is a good position where he can relax and focus on the special feelings Daddy is giving him. I'm leaving the diaper on for a reason – when this boy shoots he's gonna make quite a mess. Last time I did this to a boy, he left a wet spot on the bed that looked like he pissed himself. Okay JayJay, here come's the airplane! Open up for Daddy!"

James squeezed his eyes shut and braced himself as Daddy began to push his way into the poor defenseless diaperboy's hole.

"Oh, someone commented they like little JayJay's hole hairless. Yes, I agree, it looks much better since we removed all the hair down there. More appropriate for a little boy like JayJay."

James whined as he was reminded of the fact that he no longer had pubic air or any hair whatsoever below the waist. He knew that Daddy was planning to do more next, and it made him feel like less of a man. But as Daddy always reminded him, real men didn't let other men put them in diapers, control their peepees, or do so many other things that James had let Daddy do.

James suddenly let out a low moan as he felt an intense sensation downstairs.

"Oh my, looks like we hit the Jackpot. Does that make my little boy feel good?" Daddy kneeled down and curled his finger to concentrate more pressure on the right

area. He held a look of concentration and stuck out his tongue, working the prostate like a mechanic or engineer might do with a machine.

James only moaned harder as the intense feeling of Daddy working his backdoor overwhelmed him. It felt like he was being jacked off. It also felt like he had to pee badly, and at the same time his bowels urgently signaled that they wanted to empty.

“Daddy, Daddy, I hafta go potty!” he yelled. “Please stop, I don’t wanna have an accident!”

“Don’t worry baby boy, you won’t have an accident. You’re all cleaned out, and even if you do, it’s okay. We can wash the sheets.”

“But people will see!” he whined, not wanting to have such a thing displayed publicly.

“It’s too late to worry about what people will see, baby boy, “ said Daddy, tickling James’s balls and pressing at his taint to add to the already intense sensations. “You’ve got no secrets anymore. They’re gonna see everything and so is Daddy, so you might as well get used to it. Remember, Daddy *owns* you now.”

He pressed hard into James’s prostate with every emphasized word, making the boy moan and shiver in intense pleasure. Daddy was right, and it only made his locked penis press harder against the cage.

“Oh, that’s a good idea,” said Daddy, glancing over the newest comments. “Hey, little one, the listeners suggested we change your name to Jemma while you’re taking it up your boi pussy. How do you like that, Jemma? Huh? Do you like being Daddy’s little diaper slut? Show everyone how much you love it, princess.”

James was no sissy, but he was a mess at the moment. Daddy could have said just about anything and he would have thought it the hottest thing in the world. He gave in. He stopped trying to hold anything back and just pushed. If he messed on Daddy it was his own fault!

“There you go, baby boy. Look at how relaxed you got back there!”

His eyes popped open as he felt a whole lot more of Daddy’s fingers enter him. Instead of stopping Daddy, he had actually made it easier for the man to access his most intimate spot.

“There you go, Jemma. That’s the way. Just open up for Daddy. Daddy’s gonna make your little pussy cum. That’s right. You’re gonna do it right on camera. Tell the viewers how much you need this.”

“I need it, Daddy!”

“What do you need, Jemma?”

“Unh! I need Daddy to make my little girl pussy cum!”

“That’s right, baby girl. Go on, then, cum for Daddy.”

James could feel himself getting close. It was a slow and agonizing build up, taking him way past the limits of intensity he could reach when he played with his little pecker. Why hadn’t he cum yet? It was driving him crazy. He began to growl and shake his head, he began to twist and try to pull away from those fingers, but Daddy just drove in deeper. Finally all he could do was empty his lungs in one long continuous moan. He gritted his teeth, and his body began to tense and spasm involuntarily.

“That’s a good girl. We’re going to do this every night until your body learns. There you go. Daddy’s making you come. Maybe I’ll take your little berries as well. You don’t need those, do you?”

James just squeezed his eyes shut. He imagined himself made into Daddy’s smooth little diaper princess, and his body finally reached climax, spasming around Daddy’s invading fingers.

“That’s it, girl, get it all out! There ya go! Such a good girl! That’s how we make our locked diaper boys cum!”

He lay there with his torso on the bed totally spent and his thick butt cheeks quivered with the aftershocks. Daddy pulled the boy’s diaper back up over his butt and gave it a couple crinkly pats.

“Don’t forget to feed your little one something after you finish milking their hungry pussy. Their body needs it and it’s important aftercare.”

Daddy handed him some orange slices and held him in his lap.

There we go, little one. Did you like that?

James nodded. “Yes, Daddy, but it was still embarrassing. Everyone saw!”

“That’s right, little one. Everyone saw Daddy making his little baby feel good. And it’s okay if you’re a little nervous about that. Daddy’s here with you. You’re going to be having a lot of new experiences now that we’re making stricter changes to your lifestyle. You can thank the fanatics for making it all possible. Go on, baby, give them a wave!”

James smiled sheepishly at the camera and waved. It was the minimum he could do before he was allowed to bury his face in Daddy’s chest.

“Well, looks like little Jemma’s still pretty shy. I’m going to get the little one changed and tucked into her crib. She’s had a big day. See you all tomorrow. Sweet dreams and keep those comments coming. And if you’ve been cumming I want to know about it! Tell me what you liked and what you’d like to see me do to this little diaperbutt next!”

James would never forget the day the cameras were installed. He watched from his crib as the installation crew came in with their equipment and set up the whole system. They spent most of the day there putting cameras in every room. As a result, they got to witness several diaper changes, a messy feeding, basically everything James and Daddy did in a day. For their part they seemed to love it, and James was sure it would stick in their memories as well.

“Hey Lou!” said a husky man, elbowing his coworker as Daddy cleaned James’s peepee cage, “Maybe we should get one of those for you, you horndog! I bet your wife would love to know where he got that!”

Daddy called out the website to the guy who made the comment.

“Ha! I just sent it off to your wife Lou! Sounds like it’ll be coming in the mail next week!”

Lou turned bright red and stomped off. Of course he got his revenge later when Daddy told him about the latest pegging set he’d been recommending to all the mummies. Lou sent off the link and got an equally enthusiastic response from his coworker’s wife.

When they left he thanked them all and invited them to check out the stream. Everyone who had helped install the system became regulars after that. Daddy just seemed to have that kind of charisma about him. He seemed to attract people wherever he went.

After they finished, Daddy said he had to go on a little errand and told James to be on his best behavior. Of course as soon as he left, James went right back to sneaking food, looking at porn, and doing all the other naughty things he liked to do. After all, once Daddy got the system online, he wouldn’t have another chance. But that was a mistake. Daddy came back 30 minutes later and he was smiling a very unnerving grin.

“That was a test, little boy, and you failed hard. I made a little contest for all our viewers - told them to list every rule you broke, and if they caught them all they’d get to pick a punishment. Well guess what, baby? You’ve got a lot of punishments coming!”

Punishment number one was an hour in what Daddy called the humbler. Imagine wooden stocks that went against your thighs and had an opening in the middle for the testicles. James had to stay on all fours over a piddle pad for an hour, unable to move without painful pressure to his little potatoes as he grew more and more tired. At the end of that hour, Daddy returned with a switch to administer punishment number two. By this time, the absorbent pad under James was already soaked, and he was kneeling in a puddle of his own urine.

“Okay, little boy. That was for getting out of your playpen without permission, and to show you that you should stay on your knees like a good baby. Now you’re going to get 50 strikes on your thighs for taking off your diaper to use the potty and 10 on your bits for looking at naughty websites.”

The pain of the switch was searing. James hated it. The worst thing was, if James straightened his legs even an inch to move away from the stinging swats, it would tug on his balls hard. He was a blubbing mess by the time Daddy was through with that part of the punishment, but fortunately Daddy gave him a little rest after that, soothing his tears and rubbing lotion on his battered thighs and bits. He cradled and rocked the boy until he calmed down, and then an hour later it was lunch and time for his next punishment.

James was strapped into the highchair, his wrists secured out of the way and his diapered crotch secured so he couldn’t slide down. Daddy put a bib on him that said ‘Daddy’s little stinker’ and laid out 10 jars of mashed peas as well as a giant bottle of formula where he could see. James groaned as he saw the two worst foods in the world waiting for his tummy. Not only were they disgusting, they would ensure he would make a huge, embarrassing mess in his diapers.

“If you try to eat adult foods again, you’ll have this every meal for a week.”

He made a nasty face on the first bite and Daddy chastised him.

“Smile baby, show everyone how much you love to be fed by Dada! Otherwise we’ll have to start all over again.”

He had no choice but to force himself to smile as he was fed the worst meal imaginable. It may not have seemed like a lot of food, but James could feel every swallow go right into his tummy and sit there like lead. He was feeling well-fed when the first jar was done. By jar number 5 he was ready to burst, and he was still only halfway there.

“Dada, JayJay full!”

“No you’re not, sweet pea,” said Daddy, massaging James’ belly, “you’ve got plenty of room in that tummy for more.”

On the next jar, Jamie felt a rumble in his tummy and a sudden urge to void. The pressure of his stomach was doing its work, forcing his bowels to clear themselves and make more room. James began to squirm and shake his head to warn Daddy, but every time he tried to say something he got another spoonful of mush.

“There’s a good boy, don’t forget to smile!”

Daddy grinned wide, looking at his baby boy in the cute babyish diaper, with mush all over his face and bib. He looked every part the adorable baby boy, and Daddy loved him like this. Nothing was cuter than James when he was blushing and squirming like that.

For James’ part, he couldn’t ignore the way his cock strained in his cage during the entire feeding process. He thrust his locked cock into the wet padding and felt the diaper press tighter against him as it was stopped by the crotch restraints. He knew without seeing that he was leaking copious amounts of precum as he fought to keep his back door closed. But it was a losing battle.

With the final spoonful of jar 6 in his mouth, he let out a loud grunt and came hard as he felt the mush explode into the back of his diaper. He spurted ropes of sticky cum into the front of his diaper as his hole was forced open wide by the huge amount of poop which spread out like warm stew as it filled the back of his pampers and forced him up at least an inch or two off the seat. Daddy didn’t stop feeding JayJay, however. He just kept shoveling more mush into the boy’s waiting mouth while he was distracted by his humiliating accident.

“Still three more jars to go sweetie, and then there’s that big bottle of formula I made for you!”

After the meal was finally over, Daddy brought a bloated James back to the nursery and laid him on the changing table.

“Let’s see what presents little JayJay left for Daddy!”

He opened up the diaper to reveal James’ entire bottom, and crotch covered in muck.

“Oh my,” said Daddy. “Looks like we had a real blowout! See everybody, this is why little boys like JayJay need to be kept in diapers at all times, no matter how much they protest. You just can’t trust them to keep their pants clean!”

Daddy continued the humiliating talk as he took his time cleaning James off with wipe after wipe. He explained why JayJay needed each rule and made him repeat them back just to be sure he understood.

“And what about bedtime, JayJay?”

“I hafta go to bed at 8 o’ clock every night so I’m not a fussy baby in the morning.”

“Very good, little one! You’re so smart!”

By the time bedtime did come around, James had no desire to break any rules ever again, and he wouldn’t get the chance to. Daddy had taken complete control.

James and Daddy gained more and more followers as the weeks stretched on, and sooner or later the inevitable happened and the website was leaked to certain forums online. The live chat was immediately flooded by trolls and gawkers who jeered and said nasty things in the comments section. They did a better job than anyone of spreading the news of James’ humiliating life, and Daddy soon got calls from tabloids, talk shows, and other media outlets. The first one he said yes to was ‘Sin’ magazine. The article was featured in that month’s issue, beating out ‘I did everything...on acid...again!’ and “Human ponies: The new Lyft?” for top spot.

If James thought he was humiliated before, it was nothing compared to struggling red-faced in his crib as his prostate massager forced him to spurt in his diapers the third time in a row on the ‘Just before Midnight Show’.

“That’s my JayJay!” said Daddy with a shrug, and the audience applauded and laughed at Daddy’s now famous catch phrase.

In a world of fast headlines and short attention spans, one might expect the enthusiasm to die down for little James, but that was not the case. The audience grew and grew, and he began to be taken out on more humiliating public outings, as requested by the public. These meet and greets were quite the eye-opener for little JayJay, whose Daddy learned to keep a crayon handy at all times for the inevitable signature request. JayJay signed more diapers and ‘That’s my JayJay’ T-shirts than he could count.

It also turned out James was really big in Japan. He was flown out to do a cameo with the popular band “Omutsu Cute Bois”. The crowd when they landed was like nothing they had seen before short of the Beatles.

“Daddy,” James asked when they were finally back home, away from all the noise and clamor, “how come our feed is so popular?”

“Sweetie, isn’t it obvious? You’re the cutest boy in all the world. Who wouldn’t want to watch you all the time?”

Jamie knew this was a stock answer, but Daddy leaned in and whispered the truth in his ear, where the microphones couldn’t catch it.

“And I may have slipped some hypnotic suggestions into the video feed, like I did when I was looking for my first full-time baby.”

James’ eyes went wide as he remembered how he felt when he heard Daddy’s request over a year prior. To James, it was as if someone turned on a switch in his head, but he’d had no idea how close to the truth he really was.

“Announcement everyone. I’m in search of a middle to join our little family. That’s right, I’m looking for a big brother for James! So if you want to be that lucky tot, go onto the website and fill out the form, starting now!”

Be Careful What You Wish For Pt. 2

“Unghhhh!”

James shuddered as Daddy wiped his butt and balls clean. What immediately followed was an explosion of goo that shot out from his little locked peepee and dirtied his butt and balls all over again.

“Uh oh,” said Daddy. Did little Jamesie have an accident? I guess he just got so excited from Daddy’s touches that he couldn’t help himself!”

Daddy poked James in his soft tummy (all Daddy’s doing) while James covered his face and blushed bright red. James had been in chastity for several months and absent the stimulation to his little peepee, his body had become more sensitive to touch, so of course these things were bound to happen. Instead of sending all the blood to his peepee when he was turned on, his body sent blood to the parts that mattered – his hole, his skin, pretty much anywhere that Daddy touched – making him so receptive that a mere caress could have him moaning. The fact that Daddy kept him hairless only increased that effect, enough that sometimes his clothes had him drooling and staring off to space as they glided over his smooth skin.

“Aww, that’s a good little boy,” said Daddy, grabbing another wipe and wiping James’ cummy butt down all over again.

In the past several months, subscribers to JayJay and Daddy’s FanaticsOnly account had been witness to James’ new training regimen in chastity. They watched as James struggled with the hornies for the first few weeks. They saw JayJay’s first anal orgasm as Daddy fingered his prostate to oblivion, sending James down the path to becoming a hungry bottom. They salivated as James gradually became more and more sensitive, slowly accepting the fact that his peepee was not related to orgasms in any way, or even a necessary part of sexual gratification at all but just a little dangly bit that helped him soak his diapers, occasionally tweaked by Daddy and called so cute when the cage had to come off for cleaning. The Fanatics had seen it all, and the Fanatics loved it.

“See, I told you we would train you up and teach you new ways to feel good. You love how Daddy makes you feel, don’t you baby boy?”

James nodded and sucked his thumb. He felt like Daddy’s baby boy, and when he tried to fight it, he found his thoughts would flip and go right back where they came from. He didn’t even have the vocabulary to assert his adulthood anymore, and when he tried to remember Daddy’s name all that came back was Daddy. After all the hypnosis and training, he found it harder and harder to think of him any other way. Daddy gave

his smooth round belly a little pat, taped him up in his extra thick dinosaur diaper, and carried him out to Daddy's armchair for some much-deserved TLC.

"Always remember that your little one needs aftercare after they have big experiences like that. I do it because I'm responsible for JayJay and his wellbeing. Plus it helps keep him from slipping back toward emotional independence. Isn't that right sweetie? Yes, it's okay, you just let Daddy take care of everything."

James curled into Daddy as the man hugged him and shushed him as he came down from the intense experience. They stayed like that for fifteen minutes or so, until Daddy finally patted JayJay on the bum and gave his head a kiss.

"There we go, sweetie. All better? Good. Now let's go out and get some lunch, okay?"

James knew that Daddy would get him dressed in a cute outfit and take them out, probably earning a few new fanatics along the way, charmer that he was. He handed out his cards like it was candy – one week free to see this little diaper butt's life in every detail. Just scan the code. And of course curiosity compelled them to take a peek. Just for a moment. Once they saw a little bit, they were hooked. Watching Daddy and JayJay's life together was addictive, and Daddy always kept it interesting. This afternoon was going to be no exception.

"Come along, little JayJay, we haven't got all day," Daddy said, slipping on his suit jacket after dressing James for the day. James reluctantly toddled over to his stroller, which he knew from experience he would never be able to get out of on his own. Yet in he went without complaint and Daddy strapped him in, wheeling him out to the minivan, where he was loaded into his car seat. Of course, Daddy had to record this live as well, because why not? What was cuter than little Jamesie getting ready for his big day out?

Daddy stowed the stroller and jumped in the front seat.

"Ready to go champ?"

"Yes, Daddy," said James. As if he had a choice. Just like the stroller and car seat that kept him secured and restrained, his public outings were an inevitability.

They drove out to Park North, also known as Little Italy, one of the most popular places to go out for a walk and a nice (expensive) meal. They strolled into a wide plaza with a grand fountain that was surrounded by fancy Italian eateries. James very much liked this part of town, but he would have liked it more without the gawkers. He wished Daddy wouldn't make such a spectacle, but today he wanted James to go full baby and not even allow him the dignity of wearing a passable outfit like overalls, or even walking.

No, today he was in an adorable pair of pink stretchy shortalls that accentuated his diaper bulge to an almost obscene degree, pink sneakers and socks, and a pink baby tee with rainbows on the chest and sleeves. He might as well have had 'sissy baby' printed on the front of his outfit. But Daddy seemed to be in that mood today. In contrast, Daddy was dressed in a fine pressed Italian suit and tie with polished shoes which clacked with every step. Next to the adorable, but juvenile looking James, his poised demeanor was even more striking.

Daddy decided on a delicious looking panini from one of the restaurants, and picked his seat in the plaza, which had plenty of tables set up for diners to enjoy. James wasn't even let out of his stroller, just wheeled up to the table while Daddy sat next to him, sipping an Italian soda. James missed soda. He missed a lot of things that he couldn't have anymore. But he was just a baby now. Everything he drank came out of a bottle or sippy cup. That's just the way it was.

Daddy's sandwich came and James' mouth watered as he smelled the grilled chicken, the garlic, the basil.

"Aww, I'm sorry, kiddo," Daddy said, not looking very sorry at all, "you can't have any. It's not good for little tum tums. I ordered you something special though."

James got a grilled cheese sandwich. It might not have seemed like much, but he was ecstatic. Daddy laughed at the boy as he clapped and kicked in his seat, his mouth an 'o' of excitement.

"That's right, silly boy. You get to have some big boy food today! How about that?"

"Thank you thank you thank you!" said James, bouncing up and down in his stroller. Daddy cut it up into little pieces and forked a bite to his mouth. James blushed a bit but knew better than to say anything and opened his mouth without fuss.

"That's a good baby. You're so well behaved today, little one. Your training has really paid off."

"Yes, Daddy. Can I have more please?"

"Aww, yes you may. But first you have to drink your baba."

Daddy brought out a big pink bottle with a pink penis topper and James' eyes went wide. He blushed brightly and looked around.

"H-here, Daddy?"

"Yes, little one. Can't let you get out of practice." He handed it to the nervous boy and patted his knee. "If you don't want anyone to see, you'd better hurry up and start sucking."

James did just that, gulping down the sweet liquid as he did so.

"Drink up Kiddo. Daddy needs to eat too, ya know."

Daddy was about to take a bite of his sandwich when someone came up.

"H-hello? Oh my gosh, are you... a-a-are you James' Daddy?"

Daddy turned to regard a young man in a soccer shirt and shorts with tan skin, short black hair, and a baby face. James blushed. The boy was cute. He felt a stirring in his diaper that the cage quickly suppressed. Daddy smiled his irresistible smile.

"Yes, that's me. Are you a fan?"

"Y-yeah... you c-could say that," he said. "My... my family owns the restaurant where you got the panini, and I know I'm not your waiter but when I saw you I just I just I had to... uh... come say hi!" He was fumbling nervously. "I can't believe it's really you," he added, quietly.

"In the flesh," said Daddy, laughing. "Well, this is interesting! So, your family owns that restaurant, huh, kiddo?"

The boy blushed at that word and Daddy's grin grew wider.

"Y-yeah. Oh, my name's Nico by the way."

"Nice to meet you," said Daddy, shaking his hand. "You can call me Daddy."

The young man looked like he was about to melt.

"Th-th-thank you D-daddy." He said, his face reddening further.

"Run! Get out while you can!" James wanted to yell, but he couldn't take the bottle out of his mouth without showing this cute guy the fat pink cock he was sucking on.

"Such a polite boy. I'm having a meet and greet here after lunch if you'd like to stick around. Everyone's very excited about the hunt for JayJay's big brother. By the way, are you eighteen?"

Oh god, thought James. He actually is thinking of doing it. Say no, kid!

"Just turned it," said the boy, looking abashed.

Daddy frowned. "Oh? And I'm guessing you didn't just start watching our little journey last week, hmm? That's very naughty, kiddo. You should know better than that."

"I'm s-s-sorry, Daddy," said Nico. "I know I shouldn't have... You're just... and JayJay... and... I mean..."

Daddy shushed the boy and patted his lap.

"Don't worry, kiddo. I think I can set you straight. Now come, have a seat on Daddy's lap and tell me all about yourself."

Nico looked around nervously. "H-here?" he asked, blushing.

"Daddy doesn't like to ask twice," said Daddy. "I guess I must have read you wrong, my apologies. I'll just go ahead and get back to my-"

"No, wait," said Nico. "I..." He looked around once more, closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and sat down. "I can do it."

He took a seat on Daddy's lap.

"There we are," said Daddy, putting his hand around the boy's waist and giving him a big smile.

"S-sorry," said the boy, who was clearly nervous. "I just, my family doesn't know."

"Know what? That you're a kiddo who wants to sit on Daddy's lap?"

Nico practically choked at that comment. "N-no. That I'm... gay."

"Well, that's okay. You don't have to hide from me. I can see exactly who you are, kiddo, and that's just who you should be around me."

Nico looked down and took a big breath. "Thanks. I'm... I have a big family and I kind of do my best not to stick out. I love soccer but I have to help out a lot around the restaurant. Doesn't leave a lot of time for me."

"I'll bet that's tough," said Daddy, rubbing the young man's leg. "But you found time to look at us, didn't you?"

"Y-yeah," said Nico, blushing. "I... I guess, I always had this fantasy... I just... I like the way you two live. So free... to be yourselves... and... well," he blushed. "The baby stuff is hot too."

Free? Ha! If only he knew, thought JayJay, who had almost drained his huge bottle without even realizing it. His overalls were practically bursting at the snaps, not that he could tell with his chastity cage on.

"Oh? Would you like to be babied sometime? Or baby someone else?"

Nico's eyebrows went up and his face went red. Before he could even think, he had blurted out, "Both."

Daddy looked a little surprised too, but his surprised expression was quickly expressed by a wide grin.

Nico tried to explain. "I-I'mmm... I'm a... little... uh... I like to feel like I did when I was happiest. Old enough to go to school but young enough to still play with my little baby brothers and sisters. Uh... I keep my little lion close...or what's left of him anyway."

He pulled out a tattered old lion plush that was missing its stuffing, and explained that it was the only thing that wouldn't get thrown away by his parents or older siblings, who would chastise him for having 'baby stuff'. The lion was only safe because he kept him by his side. Daddy listened patiently, asking questions where appropriate, as the young man opened up. The sandwiches were all but forgotten. This conversation was cut short as a large man stormed out of the restaurant.

"There you are! Nico, I've been looking all over for you. What the hell are you doing on that man's lap?!"

"I-I'm Just- I'm just- I'm just-" Nico couldn't get the words out.

"Not this again. I thought I spanked this out of you, but It looks like my slut of a son hasn't learned his lesson. First, we catch you with your classmates, and now this? You think you can just hit on our adult customers because, what, you think you're a *man* now? Just you wait. Get inside right now."

The man was yelling, and the eyes of dozens of people enjoying their meals in the plaza turned their way. Nico looked terrified, and Daddy instinctively pulled him closer, wrapping his arms around the boy's midsection and legs.

"Hey, don't you talk to him like that," said Daddy. "Don't even think about it. And lower your voice. You're scaring the baby."

As if on cue, the snaps holding back JayJay's soggy diaper burst open with a series of loud pops. JayJay, who was agitated by the angry man, pulled the now empty bottle out of his mouth with another pop, revealing the big ol' pink dick he'd been sucking on. Then, he began to cry.

The man looked the boy up and down in surprise. A grown man dressed as a baby, in pink shortalls and a pink baby tee festooned with rainbows. "Are you one of those 'homosexuals'?" he asked, incredulously.

Jay Jay didn't answer, he was too busy pissing himself as he cried, and the leak that he had just sprung was quickly soaking the front of his shortalls.

"Shhhh," said Daddy, reaching over and caressing JayJay's sensitive cheek. The touch was enough to quiet the hypersensitive boy down with a moan and a shudder as his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he filled his diaper in a different way, splattering the front of his diaper with his stickies. Daddy eased his thumb into his mouth and patted his soaked diaper speaking softly. "There you go."

Daddy then turned his attention back to the angry man and the crying boy in his own lap.

"Get away from my son," growled the man.

Daddy's grip only tightened on the crying boy. "He's 18 now. He can make his own decisions. Oh, and just so you know, there are a lot of eyes on you right now and you're being recorded." He tapped the glasses he was wearing, then he looked to Nico and said, "You don't have to stay here with him. You can come with me if you want. I don't normally move this fast but in this case, I'll make an exception." Nico hugged onto Daddy and nodded his head while Daddy glared at the angry father.

The man clenched and unclenched his fists. He looked like steam would pour out of his ears at any moment, but he stopped short of getting physical after Daddy's warning. Finally, he growled out, "If you choose this lifestyle, Nico, you're no son of mine."

The man stomped off and the other people in the plaza quickly went back to their meals and conversations in an attempt to put the ugly altercation behind them and enjoy their day.

Daddy held the boy tight and murmured softly into his ear. "It's okay, boy. You're safe now. You can come home with Daddy and stay little forever. Would you like that?"

The boy nodded as Daddy held him close and gently rocked him. Daddy guided Nico's thumb into his mouth and closed his eyes telling him everything would be okay now that Daddy was there.

A group of about five young men and women came up. One of them said, "Oh my gosh, we saw what happened! I can't believe we still have bigots like that in this day and age. Are you all okay?"

Daddy nodded. "We'll be okay, just had a little scare is all. I was going to have lunch before my meet and greet at the fountain over there, but I've suddenly lost my appetite."

"Oh, you're not the only one. We're going to let everyone know what happened today. They're gonna lose a lot of customers." Exclamations of agreement came from some of the other groups members. "Hey, what did you mean by 'meet and greet'?"

Daddy smiled and pulled a handful of cards out of his back pocket while his two adorable boys sucked their thumbs with their eyes closed. He gained several new followers that day.

The meet and greet at the fountain went well. Daddy had balls of steel and was not going to let the mean man stop him from doing what he wanted. Daddy sat by the fountain answering many questions from his Fanatics, signing autographs and assuring them that he and the boys were alright. JayJay was even able to answer a few questions, though Daddy did most of the talking. If Daddy looked good dressed up with an adorable boy on his lap, he looked positively heart stopping with one on each knee. He looked like a king, and it was easy to see he was enjoying this very much.

"Everyone, I'd like you to meet JayJay's big brother Nico. Say hi, Nico!"

Nico opened his eyes, and blushed, giving a shy little wave to the Fanatics.

"He's my little soccer player. Maybe he'll be on a team when he grows up!"

Nico smiled and cuddled into Daddy, hiding his face.

James blushed as Daddy announced that a guy much younger than himself was to be his big brother. It was humiliating enough to be kept as a diapered infant full time, but as Daddy discussed how little Nico would get to wear pull-ups, play sports, and eat big boy food (albeit with plastic tableware and a sippy cup), it seemed less and less fair.

"Little Nico wants to be a soccer star when he grows up, isn't that right, buddy?"

Nico smiled and nodded, still looking a little shy as he stayed cuddled up to Daddy with his thumb in his mouth.

After the meet and greet they went to the parking lot to go home, but not before changing a very soggy James in the back of the minivan.

Nico watched in fascination as an embarrassed James was undressed and undiapered right there, in view of any passer by. His yellow diaper and shiny pink cage were on display, but he knew better than to cover it up. All he could do was hide his face as Daddy emasculated him with yet another public diaper change.

Daddy noticed Nico staring and spoke up. "Do you want to introduce yourself to the little soaker? You haven't formally met yet, have you?"

Nico looked surprised but recovered quickly. "Hi, JayJay. S-sorry I'm so used to just watching I forgot I'm actually *here*... Uh... Nice to meet you."

James didn't answer.

"James, use your words and say hi," said Daddy. "Aren't you excited to have a big brother?"

James reluctantly mumbled a hello and Nico smiled. It was bad enough that he had to play younger brother to an 18 year old, but the fact that he was exposed in front of this cute guy that would never see him as anything but a baby was more than he could handle.

"I think he's a little shy, kiddo," said Daddy, patting JayJay's belly. "He'll get over it."

"Don't worry, little bro. I'm gonna be a really good big brother," Nico assured him.

"Hey, you know what? Why don't *you* diaper him this time? Show your little brother what a helpful big bro you are!"

"Yeah! I can do it," said Nico, happy at the chance to help.

Daddy addressed the audience at home as he always did with an explanation of what he was doing. "It's important to teach our little ones how to fill their roles, and there's no better way of learning than doing!"

James' face was as pink as his outfit and he hid his face in his hands as Daddy showed Nico how things were done. With Daddy's guidance, Nico wiped the boy down, put a new diaper under him, oiled and powdered him, and got the tapes on just right. Daddy praised him for a job well done, and Nico looked proud. The only person who wasn't all smiles was James.

"Sorry, Nico. James is a little grumpy pants today. We'll have to put him down for a nap."

They went home with James in the car seat. Daddy made Nico sit in the back too, commenting that he'd have to get a car seat or booster seat for the boy as well. Soon enough, they were home. Daddy unbuckled a grumpy James and a happy Nico from their car seats and brought them inside, showing Nico his new room first.

Nico was overjoyed. It was the quintessential little boy's room with toys, comics, fun themed furniture, and even a race car bed.

"We can redecorate if you want, kiddo. Maybe do a soccer theme?"

Nico just shook his head. "It's perfect. I've never even had my own room before!"

Daddy smiled and ruffled his hair. "Such a polite boy. Let's go put your little bro down for his nap, shall we?"

Thus, James found himself put down for a nap while his much younger, yet somehow 'bigger' big bro got to have play time. But then, Nico said something that made both JayJay and Daddy smile.

"Um... c-can I nap with my baby brother... i-in the crib?"

"Aww, of course you can, sweetie! But we better get you padded up so you don't have any accidents while you sleep, okay?"

Nico was more than happy to oblige, and so JayJay got to enjoy a nap cuddled by his cute big bro. The first of many, it would turn out.

With the addition of a new brother to the mix, the popularity of Daddy's content exploded, and JayJay and Nico became a household name. Even Nico's Daddy showed up one day to apologize after having been humbled by his wife, for whom the angry outburst and resulting loss in business was the last straw. It seemed that she had mysteriously received a book a few days later about how all husbands are really babies inside and should be treated as such, and she took a liking to the message.

Nico's humiliated father was quickly set up for a few playdates, having to play blocks and piddle his pampers with baby Jay Jay while his son ran around as a big boy in pull-ups and used the training potty right in front of them. Of course, the biggest embarrassment was when his wife let slip that he was now locked like JayJay, and that she and her favorite strap-on would give his testy prostate all the milking it needed on a nightly basis. The formerly macho patriarch was reduced to a blubbering mess by the end of the conversation, and his wife decided it was time to take him home for his nap.

Nico got to be the little boy he always wanted to be, and Daddy supported him every step of the way. He even had the lion plush restored and restuffed for the dear boy, and even Jay Jay thought it was adorable when his big bro first saw it. He ran all around the house with it whooping in glee, and carried the lion with him everywhere after that, making no effort to hide it.

The rambunctious boy got better and better at soccer and eventually did get to play for a local soccer team. They were happy for the extra attention and fans that

packed the stands at every game. He even gained the attention of his favorite team from Italy, who flew him out to participate in a game and kick the ball around as a 'Jr. Teammate'. He got to meet the lion mascot, who shook his hand and the paw of his favorite plush. He had never been happier.

As for Jay-Jay, he was stuck in diapers for good and never allowed to grow up. But he didn't complain. After all, this *is* what he wished for, and he would have to live with his decision as Daddy's forever diapered and humiliated baby.

Be Careful What You Wish For Pt. 3

One day, a few months after the incident at Park North, Baby James and Little Nico's Dad were stacking blocks in James' nursery. Nico's Dad had become much more docile since his wife took charge of her overaggressive husband. That day, he was actually getting into the fun of helping James with his block castle when little Nico came in to join them.

"Hey, little bro, hey little man," said Nico, addressing his father by his new nickname. "What are you two building? Mind if I play?"

James nodded and smiled while Nico's father just grunted and scooted over to the side, trying his best to pretend he wasn't blushing. Little man had learned better than to complain about his treatment or scold his youngest son after the first few playdates. The punishments from Daddy when Nico told on him were more than enough to get the message across. There would be no quarter for little babies talking back. But what really stuck was the fact that little man's wife also learned from Daddy's punishments. She studied the recordings assiduously, and would add the most effective ones to his growing list of rules and discipline which she kept on the fridge at home - and at the restaurant. James nudged little man and nodded over to Nico after the young man sat down. Little man reluctantly handed Nico the block he had been holding. A top piece for one of the towers

"Aww, thanks," said Nico, accepting it. I like blocks too. It looks like a castle - is it a castle?"

The man blushed and nodded, but said nothing more. He had come a long way from the overly aggressive and angry father who had accosted Daddy, James, and Nico in the square at Park North. Here, he was just another big baby. At home, things weren't much better. When little man wasn't confined to his crib or highchair, he was in the playpen, where he would stay out of 'trouble', and any of Nico's older siblings, cousins, uncles, and aunts could exert complete authority over him when Mama wasn't around.

"Uh oh," said Nico, jumping up to his feet. "I almost forgot. I'm supposed ta check the babies!"

James blushed as the cute young man who he now called 'big brother' pulled back the waistband of his diaper, then slipped his fingers into the front waistband and up the leg holes, commenting all the while on how soggy he was.

"Oh boy. My baby bro is *definitely* soaked." he said, as he gave the front of James' diaper a final squeeze. Even more embarrassingly, Nico sniffed James' butt,

causing James to blush and cover his face. "No poopies, though! What about *little* man over here?"

If James was embarrassed to be babied by Nico, who was not only cute but much younger than himself, it was ten times as embarrassing for Nico's dad to be babied by his own youngest son.

"H-hey! Nico, don't you dare!" said the pampered patriarch, turning beet red as he backed away from Nico. All it took was a little smack on the thigh for him to give in completely and start crying like a real baby. Of course it didn't really hurt, but he had been conditioned into the reaction whenever he got the lightest smack, or even when he fell on his butt and startled himself - much like a real baby.

Nico had to grab the pacifier dangling from his father's onesie and popped it in Dad's mouth to calm his blubbling. Then he repeated the same diaper check routine he had done with James, checking first the waistband, then the leg holes, squeezing the crotch, and finishing it off with the final sniff test.

"Uh ohhh... I see why the baby was so fussy. It's because he made a *poopie* in his *diaper*!"

James' Dad began to whimper and sniffle, feeling utterly ashamed.

"It's okay, little man, I'll change you first. We'll get you out of those poopy diapers and into a brand new one in a jiffy!" This was going from bad to worse for dear old Dad. He was hoping nobody would notice, especially not his son. Still, it would be nice to get into a fresh diaper, even if it wouldn't stay fresh for long. The best he could do was turn his head and close his eyes as Nico unwrapped his stink present and set to work.

It was halfway through this humiliating change that Nico's mom walked in, ready to take her husband home.

"Ohh how cute!" she exclaimed, as her husband lay on his back on an open diaper, having his butt cleaned off by his own son. "I've *gotta* get a picture of this for Tweetstergram."

"Marta no!" he yelled, spitting out his pacifier, but his protest was cut off when his son shoved the oversized binky right back into his mouth.

"And you keep it there," said Nico, wagging his finger at the flustered man. Little man was none too happy about being scolded by his own son, but with Nico's new Daddy and his own wife-turned-mama in the room, it was three against one. He had no choice but to lay back and defer to his overgrown toddler of a son. The one who wore pull-ups during the day and diapers to bed yet *still* had more big boy privileges than him.

Nico's new Daddy had come in right behind Marta, and he was bragging about Nico all the while. "Nico helps with changes, feedings, even putting the little one down for a nap."

"Wow!" said Marta, raising an eyebrow as she looked to her former husband. "I wish *my* husband was that handy when *I* was raising the little ones."

Little man wilted under his wife's gaze.

"All *he* was good for was ordering *other* people around. But he's not gonna bully the rest of the family *any longer*, is he, sweetums?" She walked up to her husband and bent down to coo and tickle his chin. "Him's much better baby, isn't him? And he's just sooo *pwecious* like this." She smiled and booped his nose as little Nico balled up the diaper and took it to the diaper pail. Little man whined and looked up to his wife as he watched his son approach with yet another diaper destined for his rear end.

"*Martaaaaa....* can't we *talk* about this?"

"Ah, ah, ah, it's Mommy now. And those sound an awful lot like *big boy* words to me. You know what happens when baby uses big boy words..."

"Oh no... no, no. Not another *punishment!*"

"Oh yes, little man. You'd better believe it. Now hush up and let Nico finish changing you so I can take you home, little man. Unless you want *more* punishments..."

Evidently, Nico's dad didn't want that because he kept his mouth shut as he let his son lift his legs up and powder his butt.

Marta turned to New Daddy and smiled. "You know, it's such a *relief* to be able to bring my little man here once a week and just not worry about him. You know that we have a large family, so it's not like I'm without help, but it's nice to know he's somewhere where he will stay out of trouble when I'm not watching him."

"Oh, really? He still gets into trouble, does he?" asked Daddy, chuckling. Nico was already bringing up the front of the diaper and taping it up like a pro.

"Oh yeah, he's a real handful. You wouldn't *believe* how many times we've caught him trying to put on all those big boy clothes we gave away to other family members, or trying to use the potty, or god forbid, trying to talk to the customers."

"Well, I can give you a few tips if you like... point you toward some good restraint systems too..." Little man's eyes shot open and he sat up and spat out his pacifier only for his soccer-star son to catch it mid-air and put it right back where it came from.

"NO-mmmph!"

Nico silently shushed his father as he held the pacifier in place. Marta just glared down at her husband and pursed her lips.

"That's *two*," she said, and little man began to visibly tear up.

"I'll tell you what," said Daddy, grabbing little man under the arms and gently helping him down from the changing table. "It looks like your little man is all diapered up, so I'll let you take him home before he gets himself into any *more* trouble. I can send you those tips in the Daddies and Mommies chat later."

"Thank you so much," she said before turning back to her husband. "Come on, little man. We're leaving."

Marta took her husband by the hand, leading him waddling out toward the front door in a onesie and thick diaper, and nothing else.

"You're late for your nap, little mister. Maybe *that's* why you're so cranky today. From now on, no more skipping naps."

"Goodbye," said Daddy and Nico, waving as the couple made their way to the car, where an oversized car seat was waiting for the once proud patriarch.

James felt for the man, he did, but little man *had* been a pretty big asshole before. James had never seen *anyone* talk to Daddy the way Nico's dad had, and with Nico's father as a cautionary tale, he doubted anyone would again. James was glad he was a *good* boy, and not mean or fussy like Nico's dad was.

James loved being Daddy's baby boy, and getting attention from Daddy, and his Daddy showered him in attention. Yes, losing the ability to cheat and skirt the rules had been an adjustment - he had finally been forced to give up porn, grown-up food, even the right to use the potty when Daddy wasn't home - but James never wanted for love or attention. Despite the drawbacks, he really loved his strict baby treatment. Heck, half the restrictions and changes he'd been committed to had been his own ideas from when living this life had just been a jack-off fantasy without any consequences.

"And how about *my* little man, huh?" Daddy asked, smiling down at James. James giggled and sucked his thumb, knowing that Daddy didn't really expect a big boy answer.

"Let's see let's take a look," said Daddy, attempting to lift James up under the armpits, then opting to hoist the baby up on his hip instead when he could not do so. "Oh boy, baby JayJay is getting *heavy*. And he's *soaked*. Well, let's get him over to the

changing table. I think playtime is officially over. Nico, would you do Daddy a favor and tidy up the nursery while I tend to the baby?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Nico, running off toward the carpet to the blocks away.

Daddy plopped his diapered boy down on the changing table and tickled his round belly, eliciting peals of laughter from the adorable crinklebutt. With all the formula and baby food Daddy made him eat, and with little chance for exercise outside his baby bouncer, JayJay had become a chubby little baby indeed. Daddy thought all that baby fat made his boy all the more adorable. It also made Daddy more than a little horny to see the change and know that *he* was responsible for all of it. And of course all that cushioning made Daddy's little one a much better cock warmer.

"Hairless and soft, just like a baby should be," Daddy commented as he laid James down on his back and began to unnap his light pink onesie. By now, James had no body hair left. Progressive treatments had rendered him hairless for life, just like a real baby.

"Let's get a look at that cute butt of yours, little girl." Daddy pulled open the tapes and pulled down the front of JayJay's diaper, then lifted JayJay's legs up by his ankles to admire his smooth round butt.

"I think it's about time baby Jemma had her milking, what do you think, Fanatics?" asked Daddy, turning to one of the many cameras that were recording their every move for the Purely Fanatics 24/7 livestream.

James blushed and sucked his thumb as Daddy's fingers brushed his little donut. He loved his special time being Daddy's little girl, and he loved hearing Daddy's dirty talk about playing with his pussy and making his little girl cum, but sooner or later, Daddy would address the audience with some question, or instructive bit of info, and James would remember that even in their most intimate moments, they were never truly alone. Sure enough, the comments were already rolling in fast and hard.

DprDonk: Milk her good!

ThiccDikPig: She thicc...

FurryTrash420: Looks submissive and breedable!

DprDaddy4Sissy: Fuck her 'til she needs diapers!

"Oh my, princess, the chat is going wild," said Daddy. That was part of the thrill and humiliation of it all, knowing that everything they were doing was being recorded and sent out to everyone they knew and who knows how many others. It had both

excited and terrified James even before he moved in with Daddy, though by this point, there really wasn't much status for him left to lose.

"Everyone thinks that thicc butt needs milking. That's thick with *two* cs. Maybe Daddy will use his special paci to milk you too. Would the princess like that? Tell Daddy, sweetie."

JayJay blushed and nodded. Daddy rarely allowed James the chance to speak anything but baby babble anymore.

"Yes, Daddy," he murmured in his *Jemma* voice. A line of drool went from his mouth to his thumb as he spoke, his clumsy tongue unused to doing much more than suckling.

"That's my good girl," said Daddy, smiling and ruffling James' hair.

Daddy's persistent efforts at training little Jemma had paid off. Since her first milking six months ago, Daddy had gotten faster and faster at making 'Jemma' cum in her diapers. Daddy's efforts at making the sessions as short as possible succeeded in giving his babygirl a hair trigger that left her perpetually frustrated and horny. Daddy only milked James as little Jemma, and only once every three weeks or so. Just long enough to reset her libido before it tanked and went bye bye. After all, denial was no fun if it was *easy*.

"You've been such a good girl for Daddy, Jemma. Daddy's very proud of you."

James beamed at Daddy's kind words. Being Daddy's good girl felt nice - all warm and fuzzy in the tummy.

"In fact, you've been such a good girl, that I have a special surprise for you..."

James' eyes lit up as Daddy pulled out the chain hanging under his shirt and flashed him the chastity key. Could it be that Daddy was finally letting James use his peepee for stickies again?

"That's right, babygirl," said Daddy, as he slipped the key into the tiny heart shaped lock on the miniscule cage that James now fit into. With a click and a pull, off it came, letting James see his own pee-pee for the first time in many months.

"Hello? Hello? Can little Jamie come out to play?" asked Daddy, taking James' penis and toying with it between his thumb and forefinger. The sensation of direct contact with his penishead was intense to the point that it almost wasn't pleasurable, yet aside from the steady drip of clear pre that was usually only seen dripping out of his cage, James' pee-pee did nothing whatsoever to respond to Daddy's attention. James was completely confused.

"W-why isn't it getting bigger, Daddy?"

"Well, sweetie. That's because we traded in your big boy pee-pee for a limp little baby pee-pee. Isn't that great? And guess what? You don't have to wear your cage anymore!"

"D-daddy!" James said, beginning to whimper

"Now now," said Daddy, "None of that. This is what you wanted all along, remember? You didn't want a big boy pee-pee. You *begged* me to turn you into a permanent baby with a baby dick to boot. Well, it looks like you finally got your wish. And no more cage! Congratulations, babygirl."

"B-b-but... my pee-pee..." said James, looking down and whimpering.

"Ohh... I don't think we can really call it a pee-pee anymore, can we? It's barely two inches. That's a clitty if I ever saw one..."

James whimpered louder. He was so turned on but also so frustrated as well, all because of his stupid horny brain.

"Aww, now don't worry, sweetheart. Daddy's still gonna make your little pussy cum and afterward, you'll feel *all* better. You always do... for a couple minutes at least"

Daddy then looked over to the overhead cam and flashed his best smile. "In case you are new to this channel, little Jemma here used to think she was a big boy, with big boy hair and a big boy cock, but we fixed all that, didn't we princess? Yes, we did! Pathetic men don't ever get to cum, but obedient baby *girls* do. And I know just how to do it, too..."

James moaned as Daddy brushed his hole again.

"And since we trained babygirl to cum only from her little pussy," Daddy added, licking his finger and rubbing it harder against James' boy twat, "her body eventually learned that she really doesn't need her pee-pee to be anything more than a limp clitty."

James' whines quickly turned to moans as Daddy slipped the first finger deep into his hole, followed quickly by another, and another.

"Look at how much more relaxed she is back there... she almost lubricates herself..." Daddy used one arm to keep James' legs up and the other to fingerbang his hole.

"Wow, Daddy," said Nico, causing James to jump. Nico had popped up beside the table at some point without James even realizing it. "My little sis is really loose back there."

"She sure is, Kiddo. Oh, looks like we got a big donation and a special request... What do you say, Nico? Do you wanna help Daddy milk your little sis and make her feel extra good?"

"Yeah!" Nico exclaimed, ever the enthusiastic helper.

"Go get Daddy his crisco and his gloves, okay?"

"Ok. Be right back!" James buried his face in his hands as his Daddy continued to work his hole. To say that had a bit of a crush on his 'older' brother was an understatement, and being exposed like had his heart beating like a jackrabbit. He had always had his cage on before, so there was a plausible reason to explain his tiny package, but now it was clear to everyone that he really *was* hung like a toddler.

"Daddy, what happened to my balls?" James asked, surprised to see that his balls seemed to be roughly the size of M&Ms.

"Oh, don't worry, princess. You won't have those for much longer. I just put them up for auction in the chat."

"W-wha? Daddy, what do you me-ohhhhhhhhh...."

"Shhh, princess, just trust daddy."

"Unhh.... D-Daddy..." James' mind clouded over in pleasure and he began to drool as he surrendered to the delicious sensations coming from between his legs.

"Ohh, there it is. We found my babygirl's *happy* spot. No more thinking now, sweetie. Just lay back and make those pretty noises for Daddy..." Soon he got a steady rhythm going into JayJay's hole, and his rock hard cock was standing at attention waiting for its turn in that soft warm opening.

In the few minutes it took Nico to grab Daddy's supplies, James' belly was wet with precum, and so were Daddy's boxers.

"Thanks little buddy," he panted, when little Nico showed up with the requested accoutrements. "Daddy wants a quick turn on your little sis's hole before we stretch it out too much." Daddy simply couldn't resist. He lowered James back down onto the diaper with a loud *paff* and stripped off right then and there to reveal his cock, standing straight out and dripping precum. He didn't even need lube. He just stepped up a couple steps at the base of the changing table, pulled James' well-trained ass to the edge of

the table, and pressed his hips forward, letting his cock slowly sink into James's nethers.

"Let Daddy show you how it's done, Nico. Then you can try..." Nico looked very excited for this. He'd never put his pee-pee in anything yet. He was still a virgin. Luckily Daddy was a good teacher. Soon Nico's pull-ups were soaking up as much pre as Daddy's boxers as he watched Daddy fucking jemma on her back while her nonresponsive dick flopped around and splattered precum everywhere. A *crink* *crink* *crink* could be heard as James' body rocked back on the crinkly padding with every thrust.

With great effort, Daddy pulled out, his Cock bouncing and hitting his belly as it popped free. He turned to Nico and nodded.

"Okay, buddy. It's your turn. Go ahead."

James blushed as he watched Daddy pull down Nico's shorts and pull-ups to reveal a surprisingly long dick which bobbed in the air. Daddy helped Nico step out of the garments, and then led Nico up the little steps til his hips were in line with the bottom of the changing table.

"Alright, kiddo. It's time to lose your virginity. Nothing to be scared of. All you gotta do is push it in and let nature do the rest." Nico gave a nervous nod, and James made grabby hands that told Daddy he needed a plushie to squeeze onto. The two young mens' hearts were hammering in their throats, but Daddy was in control. He kept his cool, and coached Nico as he sank his full 10 inches into the mewling James.

"I-It's so warm, Daddy," said Nico, surprised at the new sensation. He looked up to Daddy for confirmation that he was doing it right.

"Yes it is," said Daddy. "That's why we love our babygirls. They make us feel so good. And we make them feel good. Nature made us a perfect fit. Now just do what feels natural, buddy..."

Nico nodded, his mouth agape as the hot hole pressed and massaged his member from every side. He hunched forward, as he bottomed out in his baby brother and put his hand around James' neck. He was feeling this sensation of emotion welling up in this chest and all he wanted to do was to lean down and...

James' eyes went wide as Nico came in for a deep kiss, locking lips with him as he began to slowly piston in and out of the loose hole. James' moans were muffled by big bro's mouth as Nico dominated his lips and his ass, becoming more insistent with his kisses and his thrusts. James was in heaven. They both were. And James' limp little

dick was all but forgotten as it jiggled uselessly and dripped more pre on his soft baby-belly.

Pretty soon, Nico was approaching climax. "Daddy, I'm gonna..." began Nico.

"Hold up, kiddo," said Daddy, putting his hand on Nico's shoulder "Go ahead and pull out. You gotta build up your stamina like Daddy."

"Yes, Daddy," said Nico, pulling back until his cock popped free like a cork from a bottle.

"Daddy's turn again..."

After a few times going back and forth, Daddy finally looked satisfied and told Nico they could take a break for a bit and move on to using their hands. "Looks like we hit our \$15,000 goal today, which means it's time to give baby her first fist."

Nico nodded, disappointed but still enthusiastic to learn more fun games from Daddy.

"Okay, sweetie, time to flip you over onto your tummy."

James's eyes went wide. The moment James heard those words, he knew Daddy had been holding back until the *real* show started.