

The Taste of Freedom – Chapter Two

May 2024

Note to readers and moderators: this story features ageplay, BDSM, and other mature themes. As is the case for ALL my writing, every character in this fictional story is an adult over the age of 18.

If all of last week's humiliating shenanigans had been a dream... well, Joel was blinking awake into an even more humiliating reality.

"Oh, my goodness! It's so big!" "Fills pretty much the entire wall there, doesn't it?" "And it has locking bars? And a top as well? Such a good idea!"

He cracked one eye open at the swirl of feminine voices. Through the bars of the crib they appeared, glancing enthusiastically and wonderingly around the room that now served as his nursery. First was Gabriella, her dark complexion alight with delight at her surroundings. Behind her came Anil, a smile on her face and a smartphone in her hand. Sheila towered over her, her blonde hair gleaming in the late afternoon light and her skin-tight blouse showing off her ample assets. And of course, from behind them all he could hear his Mommy Tina's voice, bubbling happily as she showed her guests into the room.

"I know, right? It's a custom build. I'll be happy to give you the contractor's number if you want it! But first... aww, let's see. Is my sweetie awake yet? Company's here to see you!"

To hear her talk, one might have thought it perfectly ordinary for a wife to parade her girl friends into her babyfied husband's nursery. Joel blinked back through the bars, feeling his heart drop and his stomach churn in anxiety. They... they'd seen him just last week. It hadn't been a dream after all. He'd been toyed with: used as a training aid, forced to suckle on the breasts of each of these women to show them just how good an adult nursing relationship could be...

And now? Now he wasn't quite sure. But judging by the devious smile on his Mommy's face, it was likely going to be no less humiliating than before.

"See? It's like I told you," she began, gesturing for her friends to gather around the giant crib and its occupant. "He stays in here all the time: nights, morning naps, afternoon naps... heck, anytime he's been particularly naughty. A great way to keep a hubby out of trouble, you know!"

Her friends laughed heartily, and Joel stiffened: not only at the sound, but of the stab of tension that was currently swelling deep down between his splayed legs. Babyfied he might be. Stuck here

in this crib, heavily diapered, and dressed like an oversized infant in this cotton onesie. But his well-trained, submissive core knew damn well what it wanted. And when it sensed it... well, his stupid, pee-soaked little cock refused to do anything but respond. By stiffening in vain, pathetic arousal.

"So how did you get him to this point, anyway?" Anil wondered aloud, glancing merrily over Joel's passive form. As she spoke, Joel flinched – for he now saw her holding up her phone and very visibly recording. "Surely a grown man doesn't just agree to be turned into his wife's big baby... right?" To which Mommy Tina responded with a hearty laugh and a smirk inward at the passive, red-cheeked form of the big baby in question. "Agree? Of course he didn't just agree, Anil. He *begged* me for it!"

The burst of laughter that filled the room sent a fresh rush of blood coursing through him – to both cheeks and dick. He half-rolled away in embarrassment, desperate to escape their mockery and the all-seeing eye of Anil's camera. But the bars were already dropping with a series of loud clicks. Mommy Tina was reaching in to tug him back into view. And now he stared helplessly back into their lovely faces, unable to do anything in response but blush.

Oh, and open his mouth for his Mommy and the giant pacifier she now thrust into it. "You dropped your dummy during your nap, sweetie," she beamed condescendingly, wiggling it in place as if to verify that it wouldn't drop out again. "Go on. We all know how much you love to suck on things..."

Then she turned back to Anil and the others. "No, seriously – he *did* beg! And that's what I wanted to explain today. See, if you want to have this kind of relationship with your man, it doesn't take anything crazy. You don't need to find a super-kinky guy or do anything out of this world. All you need to do is... well, give a bit of positive reinforcement. And appeal to what we all know every man thinks about more than anything else: his sex drive."

Gabriella chuckled, her enormous bosom heaving amiably as she nodded along. "Oh, I know 'bout that, all right! My man, when he want some attention, he gonna do *anything*." "Exactly," Mommy Tina nodded, and now she reached down to the built-in drawer beneath the crib. "Which is the very best way to take your ordinary man and turn him into the sweetest, most adorable little man-baby you ever did see!"

Out came the wand that Joel knew all too well. Out too came a slim white remote: seemingly innocuous, but deadly effective. And as Sheila obligingly plugged the wand in and Gabriella took the remote from Tina's hand, Joel shivered... at last beginning to realize the sort of humiliation that now lay in store for him.

"Well, first things first," Mommy Tina began, reaching in and deftly undoing the snaps that concealed the heavy bulk of his well-used disposable diaper. "He's diapered up, obviously. That's the most important part of all this. He needs to be *inferior* to you in his mind – and there's no better way to do that than lock him up in a diaper exactly like he's a little baby!" She chuckled, her fingers massaging the thickened, visibly swollen and soggy bulge between his splayed thighs. "And the wetter he makes it, the better. Because you know the other lovely thing about diapers, ladies?"

She paused, more for effect than anything. "The fuller and wetter they get, the more like a nice warm pussy they feel!"

Over the musical, wondering laughter of these four gorgeous women cut the buzzing of the magic wand. "So once you have that, all it takes then is a fun little bit of teasing," Mommy Tina explained candidly, pressing the vibrating white head deep into the soiled crotch of Joel's diaper. A whimper of mortified pleasure escaped from behind his pacifier, prompting a fresh round of giggles from the observers. "Though you can mix it up, too! Gabriella, why don't you give that remote a couple of presses?"

"What does that do?" Anil inquired eagerly, her dark eyes sparkling as she brought her phone camera closer. A grunt escaped poor Joel, the audible sign of the vibrator deep in his ass bursting into action. "Oh, nothing much. Just turns on the vibrating butt plug I put in him this morning," Tina chuckled, working the wand back and forth between his now-twitching legs. "I'm working on getting him used to anal. Thinking I might try switching him over to that sometime, y'know?"

At that Joel let out a groan of despair – but his Mommy merely laughed and nodded to Sheila. "Oh, I know! Why don't you get on up there and give him something else to suck on? Something tells me you both would love a little round of boobie sucking..."

Sheila needed no second invitation. Up she slid, and before Joel could do more than blink up from his haze of mortified arousal, she was slipping behind him, half-lying down with her head propped on one arm while the other began unbuttoning her taut-drawn blouse. Out burst one gorgeous breast, full and heavy, her rosy nipple erect with excitement. Out from Joel's suddenly slack mouth she pulled the pacifier. Over her bared nipple she ran it with provocative slowness, leaving a thin line of his drool glistening alluringly on the surface of her skin. And then, before he could resist, she hitched herself closer... slipped her hand under his head... and forced her warm breast squarely into his mouth.

"See? This is what I mean," Mummy Tina exclaimed, gesturing at the incredible sight before them. Joel was struggling with all the pathetic inelegance of an infant: grunting and moaning, bare thighs jerking, full diaper on display, his mouth and mind both full of shame and the intoxicating delight

of being so dominated. "He's a little puddle of hormones now, ladies," she continued, with evident satisfaction. "You've got him by the dick *and* by the ass. Keep this up with any man – pleasure him for doing whatever it is you want him to do – and he's yours. He'll eat you out. He'll suck your boobs. He'll crawl on the floor and piss himself and beg you to step on him... all so long as you tickle his silly little pee-pee and bum-bum. Won't you, baby? *Won't you?!*"

Joel would have answered, perhaps. But he was too busy suckling... and cumming... and spasming uncontrollably. Just like the baby these four women so clearly wanted him to be.

Only later – as the post-nut clarity hit and he lay prone and helpless once more in his locked crib – did he realize what these four women were now discussing. About how they were going to try something similar with their partners. About how they'd love to hear Tina's recommendations for diapers. About whether they could bother her to give them another session sometime: one in which they could play with little Joel a bit more...

Which is how he finally realized, with a jolt, that he was no longer even a baby. He was a toy. A dolly. A little plaything to be experimented upon openly and publicly... by one beautiful woman after another.

A fate, he reflected with a shudder, that actually might not be so bad.