

Wrong Me

The music was the first thing I was aware of; without lyrics, half of it noise, but its words somehow lingered in my head. Then there were the colours; psychedelic, swirling, growing, receding. Contradicting. In tandem. I knew why I'd gotten lost looking at it.

My surroundings started to make sense to me. Someone else's living room. I couldn't remember how I got here, or my name; important information all stuck on the tip of my tongue, yet I didn't care. I knew enough to know this was something I wanted, where I belonged, like a subconscious reaction before I weighed up my reality. The hypnosis had worked; that I knew.

I could feel myself getting aroused, my mind aware of the thick diaper taped around me. I dropped my hand, down past my baby clothes, feeling the warm bulge between my legs, trying to grip and rub myself pleurably. But it didn't work. How babyish I thought, with a smirk.

I was still feeling lightheaded, a little woozy or drunk from coming out of the hypnotic trance, and it was probably affecting my touch, my sensations. It would come back, I told myself. I was pretty turned on, and it would surely be worth it soon enough.

I raised a hand, and realised my movements were slow, lagging behind my thought process- not that my thought process felt fast either. I was sitting on the floor, cushioned safely on a well diapered butt, and extended my legs outward to see they were reacting just as slow.

It was trippy, and should have been a little scary really, but I was so turned on from the whole situation that I overlooked it. I was in "control" of this sluggish body that felt like it might betray me if I didn't plan my movements carefully.

Despite being sure it was futile, I lowered both hands on my padding for another try, but once again couldn't feel anything to satisfy how aroused my mind was. It was so difficult to tell, but I was sure that, despite my horniness, I wasn't even hard under there. I could feel an ache though, like my balls were dying to release. The hypnosis must have been intense; I normally don't get like this unless I haven't nudded in a few days. Oh well, I knew I could fix that particular problem soon enough.

I contemplated watching more of the colours pulsating in front of me, but deciding this was too much fun being "awake", I turned away, rolling on my pampered bottom to get on both hands and knees, before pushing and lifting myself onto my feet. My hands clawed at the sofa beside me, helping me upright, but just as I knew this was a terrible idea, I let go and attempted to balance my body unaided- and I fell immediately backward, crashing my backside onto the floor, cushioned only by the diaper and the foam play mats I's been sitting on.

The shock hurt a little, having no reaction speed to save myself, and I felt myself snuffle, like I was about to wail. I managed to stifle it, mesmerised at how effective the hypnosis session had been. I felt beyond powerless, and started to crawl instead, feeling more like a toddler than any roleplay could ever achieve. I was even more aroused now.

Awareness came back to me as I shambled across the floor, the random details of the environment like pieces of a jigsaw slowly coming together. You have a lot of time to think when you're crawling at a snail's pace across a room.

This wasn't my living room. It looked like the afternoon. It wasn't one of my diapers that I was wearing. I'd asked someone to do this. I couldn't picture his face, but I could feel it. I wanted to be hypnotised, to be babied. My arousal told me as much, like a lifelong dream coming true. But as I stopped for a break, physically wearied from carrying myself so far from sofa to sofa, things started to feel odd. Not physically; my body was already a weird mess, but the details themselves. I was hungry, my tummy gurgling a little, but I knew I ate well before getting here. Did we start the hypnosis in the afternoon? How long was I under for?

I started to remember how I arrived, conversing with someone... with Daddy? I couldn't remember his name. I just knew he was Daddy. I couldn't picture him, but I could feel his presence, hear a voice, all soothing my nerves and excitement as I finished my juice and started to strip for a diaper. Indescribable is such a compliment for someone normally, but it was unnerving not being able to physically think of someone you're supposed to know.

It was a mindfuck. I remembered lying down, feeling his touch, the powder, the diaper he was putting on me, decorated with pretty bears. It was such a cute design that I'd made a mental note to buy the brand for myself. Except I wasn't wearing that diaper now. This one had baby blocks on it. When did this happen? Did he change me in my trance? How long had I been here?

I was so wet. Had I really wet through nearly two full diapers in an afternoon? If I'd thought it was the hypnosis that caused it, I would have been excited, but it didn't seem physically possible, and it became the latest in a growing line of concerns.

I must have been in the trance for longer than I thought, so I plotted to check the time. It was surely late. There were no clocks in the living room, and my phone was nowhere to be seen, probably tucked away with my clothes upstairs from when I was diapered.

I crawled again to a small coffee table beside the sofa where I could see a tablet. Hiking myself up on my knees, I ham-fistedly pressed the button to wake the display and check the time, but what I found was more horrifying.

I couldn't read, and the screen display was a picture of me dressed entirely as a baby. That was a face I definitely remembered.

For the second time I ended up slamming down on to my diapered butt, recoiling and losing my balance in confusion. This time it wasn't so cute, the helplessness now scaring me. Where was Daddy, and what the hell was going on?

I didn't know when that picture was taken. I'd never seen that outfit, never mind remember *wearing* it or remember posing for a picture. Had I been drugged? Hypnotised far beyond what I thought was possible? Either way, something very weird, and unsettling was going on, and I was a fool for letting it.

"Oh baby boy, look at you wandering off! I knew I should have put you in the playpen for cartoons."

Daddy was here. I still didn't know his name, but I knew who he was, like the fog of my memories lifted, the face, his presence all fit in place as I looked upon him. I got butterflies in my tummy, excited to see him, despite feeling like I also wanted to throw up from the confusion and betrayal of his tablet photo and how long I had unknowingly been here.

I was frozen, but it appeared the man wasn't expecting a reply. He just smiled and spoke to me as if I was an infant, covering the distance from door frame to me with a speed and elegance obliterating the effort it took me to crawl across the living room floor.

His size and frame was incredibly apparent as he towered over me, stuck on my butt. I was never the biggest kid, and it was no wonder I allowed myself to come into his home. This guy could carry me, cradle me, feed me... We weren't equals in body type, and with my now pathetically weak infant body there'd be no way I could stop him if I needed to.

He switched off the TV, bringing the hypnotic patterns to an end, and crouched down lovingly bringing us almost nose to nose, before kissing mine and ruffling my hair. Joy swirled over me, and I babbled with a blush, noticing I was now dribbling down my chin. This was horrifying, like my emotions were reacting out of sync with my thought process. I felt far more babyish with him here.

I tried to speak up and ask what was going on. I needed an explanation, to know what time, or most terrifyingly to contemplate, what *day* it was. I wanted to think I was overreacting, disorientated from the hypnosis, that Daddy could reassure me in one swoop. But nothing escaped my lips except "Dada" and something more incomprehensible. My speech was gone.

Daddy just laughed and tickled my thigh as he carried on, lifting my shirt a little to get a good look at my diaper, before sliding his thick index and middle fingers inside the leg-guard to check how wet I was. I was the infant here and earlier it took me less than a minute to know I was wet! Why Daddy needed to poke his fingers inside mystified me, but it also knocked me down several steps, again making me squirm and swirl with pleasure, knowing he was here and had things under control. Part of me was horrified that I couldn't make it stop, but enough of my arousal returned as I felt daddy's fingers tickle my damp skin as they brushed past.

I shuddered a little, surely blushing, and worried I was going to freak out. But my body stayed calm, and I couldn't deny the serenity I felt as Daddy hauled me off the floor, cuddling, and propping his large hand under my butt so he could carry me from the living room. Was he about to change me?

"Who's daddy's good boy?" he said cheerily as my head rested against his shoulder. His arms wrapped around me, constraining me, comforting me. It felt amazing to be lifted and like this. I felt myself drool some more. I felt so dumb, like Pavlov's baby, giggling and wetting my chin every time he interacted with me. The complacency he brought out in me was just as worrying as my lethargic limbs.

We weren't going for a diaper change at all though, and I was doomed to sit in my soggy diaper until Daddy decided otherwise. He told me it was time for lunch, which at least helped narrow down the time of day, but it couldn't settle my mind as to what day it was. He lowered me gently into a highchair, before fixing and tightening straps around my waist, crotch, and shoulders. At least my body wouldn't take a tumble and fall... The trap was slid closed, and a bib effortlessly fastened around my neck. I squished around in the seat awkwardly, a little dumbfounded at how unexpected the chair was, and how much I could not move. I was aroused again. This should have been a perfect fantasy, but it was nightmarish.

I could see Daddy preparing food, but his back was turned and blocking my whole view of what was in front of him. This "visit" was just supposed to involve a diapering, hypnosis, and some babying. I couldn't believe I was in a high chair, and I started to dread the thought of what was coming.

Of course I was right, and the only fitting food for me revealed itself as Daddy turned around; a big jar of thick baby food. I squirmed, I wriggled, but I couldn't put up so much as a protest as the jar hit the tray. And then daddy's demeanour changed.

"You can hear me, can't you?" he observed, "I can see it in your eyes, something has changed." Daddy was looking me in the eye now. His gaze made me feel relaxed as I tried to scream internally that he couldn't be trusted. I merely babbled in response.

Daddy chuckled. "I cannot believe how long that lasted. You're doing so well!" He pulled his phone from his pocket, and I didn't know which was more ominous now; the jar of food or what his phone was for.

He unlocked it tenderly, tapped around for a bit, and then turned it towards me. There were pictures of me happily diapered on the floor, asleep in a crib, being fed, being changed. Different outfits, daytime, nighttime. I was going to be ill. How long had this been going on for!? "Isn't it everything you wanted and more?" he smiled.

His finger then swiped to a video and pressed play. I was standing, clumsily, clapping my hands and dancing to a TV show. Pacifier locked in place, and a plushie at my feet. As much as a genuine toddler could dance. I had *no* memory of this, of something so utterly humiliating and babyish. It was all that spared me from total embarrassment as I watched it. I was aroused. Again.

"You've been daddy's perfect little boy!" he gushed, "you should be very proud."

I was raging, unable to comprehend the infancy I felt, the warmth, the powerlessness, the arousal, the fear. I tried to grab the straps with all my strength; straps and a buckle I could easily escape from any other day, but I couldn't articulate enough to set myself free. I'm sure I looked like a fussing baby so much in that moment, desperate for something he couldn't communicate.

Daddy tried to hush my resistance, and sadly it worked. No sooner had my feeble legs started to kick, he had placed his hand lovingly on my cheek, and whispered for me to calm down. I must have been trained to obey some trigger words, because the simplest mention of "marshmallow" shut down my fussing, like a deep exhale. I was still upset, but my own body felt distant. Like I was pushed back to watch someone else at the controls. I couldn't move, just observe, feel.

The "exhale" continued until I felt the most horrifying sensation I was yet aware of; I farted gently into my diaper, an action that carried far more with it. Daddy had relaxed me so much that I filled the seat of my diaper without so much as a grunt. I couldn't move, but I could feel it, spreading, bunching up between my cheeks with nowhere else to go. I was peeing too, I realised, as I started to feel the wetness build up between my legs, pushing the diaper beyond what absorption it had left. I felt so wet that I was sure it had leaked, out of sight. It was going to be hard to decide what was the worst thing I was suffering, but this over-used diaper came pretty high on the list.

"Oh pee-yew!" Daddy joked, "Better get your yum-yums finished so daddy can clean you up!"

I couldn't influence any of my own actions, and simply watched while he took a spoonful and guided it toward my mouth. I opened up willingly for him, of course, and like the diaper in need of a change, I wasn't spared how it felt. Goopy, sticky, disgusting; the "fruit" baby food was mashed

around my tongue and teeth as if I was trying to learn how to eat, repeatedly lathering my taste buds with its flavour. I wanted to scream at myself to swallow and be rid of it.

It took an age to get it down. And then the second spoonful came. And the third. The fourth. The fifth, until I lost count. Daddy just smiled at me, and I wondered if my face showed any signs of the discomfort I felt.

“Good boy!” he said happily, wiping some of the remains of the food from my chin. He seemed so genuinely satisfied with me, and the phrase had a worrying effect too. I was daddy’s good boy. His drooling, baby food munching, sitting-in-his-shit baby boy.

I was released and lifted from the chair with incredible relief, carried away once more, this time across to another room I didn’t remember but clearly knew; the nursery. For the first time, I saw the crib I’d been sleeping in in those pictures, the table I’d been changed on, and the toys I’d been given. It should have been the dream room, really.

Daddy laid me on the soft vinyl atop the table, strapping my tummy down with a large colourful belt, before following up his promise with no hesitation. He opened the diaper and took to my cheeks with wipes.

“Are you feeling better now?” he asked. “Is it everything you hoped for?”

I couldn’t answer, of course. Was he taunting me? It didn’t seem so; his voice was so gentle, so enthusiastic like he wanted me to be happy. But I was his prisoner; I didn’t ask for *this*. I couldn’t make sense of it all. Trying to think, to remember was exhausting, which didn’t help not hammer home how weak and infantile I was now. I just knew I wanted out, and could do nothing about it. What had this man done to me?

“I think some time to relax is just what you need, to calm your mind. What you’ve gone through is very powerful, but Daddy is here. It might be scary right now, but Daddy has you. I won’t let anything bad happen.”

I suffered through the whole changing process with a little control returning. I was able to turn my head, lift my wrists, and wriggle a little. My legs were helpless though, and Daddy lifted and cleaned my butt deftly. I had to admit it felt much better to be naked and free of the soiled diaper, and the follow-up powdering and fresh padding felt just incredible on my clean skin.

It was hard not to remember this was what I came for, and as more of my pent up arousal swirled, I was able to lift my head enough to peek at my penis. I felt like I should be rock hard, but it was flaccid, and tucked into place as daddy closed a fresh diaper around my crotch. Either the

hypnosis had made me impotent, or my weakened body had nullified it. Either way I wouldn't get to scratch that itch.

I wanted to touch it, to try and wake it up, but it was quickly sealed out of sight as the tapes were pressed down on the plastic landing strip. Judging by how difficult it was to try and get free from the highchair straps, I didn't fancy my chances trying to undo diaper tapes either. I'd likely never get my hands on my penis again with daddy around.

Daddy had me released from the table and lifted up again with a comforting grasp on my back and bottom. I was so dependant on him just to move from room to room. This was torture.

He sat me down in the playpen at the end of the living room while he left the room. The short bars now intimidating without being able to stand or uproot them. I didn't know what would be worse, being stuck like this knowing I could do nothing to help myself, or lose myself, lose days potentially, to whatever hypnosis video he turn on at his leisure.

Control started to return as I lingered in the playpen. I was almost crawling again by the time Daddy had returned with a bottle of milk. He lifted me out, once more with his reassuring grip of my padded backside. I started to squirm again, trying to reject the warmth that was impressed upon me as he cradled me expertly, my head resting against his bicep as he turned the giant bottle of milk towards my face.

Truth be told, I welcomed the bottle, despite my embarrassment; the flavour of the baby food still resided in my throat and any drink would be a relief. Any drink, except baby formula, which I cursed not expecting, almost spitting up after a few over eager suckles of the nipple.

I whimpered, trying to resist limply in Daddy's arms, but the nipple was stuffed back in my mouth and I realized his power over me extended to me drinking on command, as if programmed to accept and swallow a bottle when presented to me.

Just like the baby food, I lay there, suffering as the unpleasant milk trickled onto my tongue in a steady, consistent fashion, spread over an eternity. The bottle itself was so large, I thought I'd never be able to hold one by myself in this state. Another symbol of how utterly reliant I was on this man.

With a little more control over my body this time, I fought to turn my head, to protest, and even if I really did just resemble a grumpy infant, it was enough for me right now. I'd been reduced to taking victory in *this*.

Daddy withdrew the bottle as milk dripped across my chin and bib.

"My my it's a fussy day today, isn't it? Someone isn't being Daddy's good boy"

That's right! I thought, relieved that the message of my exhausting, pitiful rebellion was getting somewhere. Childish babble escaped me.

"Fine" he said, addressing me a little more like the adult, and picking up the TV remote. I feared he was going to subject me to more of the hypnosis, but instead he navigated towards something else. If only I could have read the words.

The footage that began shocked me; it was me, sitting, camera looking at me face on, but my gaze wasn't meeting it. Daddy's voice echoed off camera. I was calm, and agreeing to being subjected to heavy, long term hypnosis.

No.

How long had this been happening?

Daddy didn't comment, but the bottle was stuffed back into my mouth. I lay there in silence, drinking the awful milk while watching a video of me asking for all of this. I tried to force the bottle away but daddy held it and me too firmly in place.

The revelation hit me like I couldn't believe. My question answered, abstractly at least. I wanted to beg, to plead, to simply just communicate with daddy, but I was cut off. How far in was I? How much was left, if I was ever going to be normal again? I didn't believe I was in sound mind in the video; I could only remember wanting a short hypnosis session. I couldn't accept I'd asked for this.

I didn't trust Daddy. And I didn't trust myself anymore. I was fucked. A helpless infant until someone else decided this would end. I was aroused again.

I was aroused. I was ruined. The weight of everything I'd lost was starting to hit me in the quieter moments. Couldn't speak, couldn't read, couldn't walk, couldn't feed myself. Could I even control my bladder anymore? I realised I'd been awake for a while now and never noticed any urge to go. I knew I'd find out if this fresh diaper ended up wet without me realising...

The stunning turn of the video at least distracted me enough from the bottle to finish it. Daddy burped me, and told me it was time for cartoons. That I was going to be daddy's good boy again. I tried to close my eyes, to fight one last time as he turned the hypnosis back on, and plopped me down on the play mat in front of the tv, but the music had a way of burrowing into my subconscious.

My eyes opened, obedient, and lost in the patterns. Maybe it would be better this way, I thought, that I'd just be happy and accept my new place. I would have wanted this before, would have jerked to this many times. Why did this daddy have to take it from me against my will and wreck a fantasy?

Was it against my will though? Did I do this to myself?

Would I ever know the answer? How long had I'd been suffering this? I tried to stay strong, to stay aware, to stay rebellious, but with a useless body and a willing mind, it wouldn't take long. The colours were so pretty after all.

No. I tried not to watch, but the colours, the patterns were impossible to take my eyes off. I felt myself start to fade, my thoughts slowing beyond a crawl.

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