

**From Party Pooper to Diaper Pooper**  
November/December 2022 – Commission  
Chapter Five

Oh, dear. What have we gotten ourselves into?

Here we are at last: up in this spare room-turned-nursery prison. Before us is this nasty guy who beat up poor Michael. And now it's time to set to work... punishing him. Or as I prefer to think of it, reforming him into a nicer person.

"Here, off with his stupid clothes." "Where are the scissors? Don't see any other way to get 'em off while he's tied up." "Ehh, he's still out cold! Why not loosen things up a bit?" And so we do, sweating and struggling until at last he's lying there unbound and unconscious before us, while Cassandra gleefully tugs his dirty-looking boxers down to reveal...

"Aww, shit!" Cynthia snickers, and even Jane is grinning uncertainly as she stares down at his diminutive dick. "Look what a pathetic little wiener he's got! Guess he really was overcompensating with that stupid gun of his, huh?"

Now I'm not exactly on this jerk's side. But it also doesn't feel right to be body shaming him for that limp little protuberance, either – and certainly not when he's unable to defend himself. "Oh, I dunno," I manage, trying not to sound too defensive. "No need to be mean about it, right? I mean, I think it's kind of cute, in a weird way..."

I trail off, even as Cassandra giggles and tosses a thick, folded white rectangle my way. "Oh, Jessica, you really are *way* too nice to this bastard," she chuckles, with a knowing poke at his bare and flabby thigh. "He freaking *punched* our friend and threatened to *shoot* us, remember? So why don't you can the sentiment and put those babysitting skills to work, hmm? Show us how this whole diaper business works. Just as soon as I can find the fucking powder-"

Which she does. And so, heart thumping and still not quite sure whether to laugh or cringe, I set to work with their assistance: half-rolling him over, slipping the giant open diaper beneath, and letting his limp form flop back onto it, those fat thighs sagging open before us. *Just like an overgrown baby*, I tell myself as I upend the bottle and douse his hairy groin with a liberal helping of powder. *Okay, focus on doing it up all nice and snug. Certainly don't want leaks...*

But strangely, as I proceed with bundling the guy into what's probably his first diaper in a good

forty-plus years, I find my initial burst of sympathy evaporating. This lout really did hurt my friend. He legitimately did have every chance to be nice, and he intentionally chose to be an ass. No reason why I should feel bad for him, right? And so, as the others snicker down at the strangely thick, puffy bulk of the diaper now affixed around his waist, I glance over at Sarah, and then Cassandra with a self-conscious smile. "Hey, we really better get him tied up again before he comes to, right? You don't happen to have anything better than those ropes, do you? He's a big guy, you know – and we really don't want those ropes hurting him. Or more likely, slipping off and letting him loose..."

"Do I have something better?!" Cassandra echoes enthusiastically. "You bet I do!" And within a minute she's rummaging through the heaps of half-full cardboard boxes in the corner. "I went kinda nuts in that department, gotta admit." She giggled and hefted a large white heap of canvas and webbing out of its plastic wrapping with a smirk and a flourish. "What can I say? I kinda like to make sure the guys in my life are, you know... under my thumb..."

*Eww, okay. Didn't need to know that.* "We all know you're kinky, girl," Sarah snickers, taking it from her and tossing it my way. "Here, Jess – it's a straitjacket. I bet that'll be a lot more secure and comfy than those rough-ass ropes, right?" I have to agree – and so, between all of us we get him bundled into it. Flabby limp arms crammed into the canvas sleeves. Straps drawn snug, then tighter yet around his crinkling crotch. And there he is at last – still knocked out, but this time at least with arms firmly restrained from any kind of mischief.

"Hey, don't forget the cuffs! And the Segufix locks! And – ooh, the under-bed straps!"

That's how it happens, then, that after a great deal of grunting and giggling and shifting, our new "patient" is firmly in place: not merely diapered, not simply straitjacketed, but cuffed and secured to the bed with wide, tough-looking plastic straps. Brian's even taken the liberty of whipping out a roll of duct tape from god knows where and wrapping it around the cloth gag we've stuffed in his mouth. "Can't have him spitting it out. Just imagine him hollering and waking up the entire neighborhood!" he grins with a final rub and squeeze of that tape-shrouded mouth... and so with that, we are finally, *finally* done.

"Hey, you guys done up there? I got the snacks and beers all ready!" It's Jane calling from the kitchen downstairs. We high-five. We laugh and shake our heads in amusement at the bound figure before us. And then, we lock the door behind us and head downstairs – for a well-deserved celebration.

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We're not bad people... right?

Around me the music is blaring, and the other kids are laughing and drinking, and everything in this festive atmosphere is telling me I should be partying too. And I am – or at least, I'm trying. But it's been a few hours now, and I can't help but think of that guy tucked in our upstairs bedroom. He's probably awake by now; no way he can't be, between the thumping music and the limited effects of chloroform. And he's gagged, too. Surely he wouldn't choke, or something... right?

Better go check. And better bring him something to drink, too. Cassandra's been giggling about how dorky and pathetic he's gonna look sucking that laxative-laced formula out of a giant baby bottle – so much so that I happen to know she's already fixed up a full bottle of it for him in the fridge. So it's really not that difficult for me to crack open the door, slip it out, and ease out of the room without anyone noticing.

Because sure, he might be an ass. But that doesn't mean they would be justified in leaving him without food or water, right? Even if it *is* going to give him the shits...

He's most definitely awake when I enter. I can tell immediately: from the restrained twitching of his bound limbs, and the feeble moans and muffled grunts escaping his gagged mouth, and the half-resentful, half-terrified look in his bleary eyes as I stare down at him apprehensively. "Hey," I begin, and he lets out an angry moan. "Hey, I- I brought you something. I bet you're... you know. Pretty thirsty."

"I know you're probably upset," I continue, and now it's as if my babysitting instincts are kicking in. "But you see, you were really nasty to my friend, remember? You punched him, and you threatened us, and you know that's not very nice at all..." I'm tugging at the tape as I speak, mentally chewing out Brian for his quality work. "You're going to be with us for awhile," I tell him, and he lets out another muffled moan of anger. "It's for your own good, okay? I promise you're going to be all right. You just need to learn to be a better person..."

"See?" I enthuse in a bright, saccharine tone I normally reserve for bratty two-year-olds. "Look, we got a bottle just for you! Now I know you might think bottles like this are for babies, but trust me, it's the best way for you to drink when you're lying down." I hold it up before him, and oh – the look of horror that crosses his face! "No, really," I assure him – and now we're down to one wrap of tape left. "I know you must be hungry and thirsty after your little nap. And this stuff is gonna be

super good for you, too. So why don't you open up and drink up this nice, cool milk for me? As long as you promise not to scream or anything, I'll take this tape off, and it will all be okay..."

I guess I honestly wasn't expecting that nod he gives me. It's a slow, resentful nod, but a nod nonetheless.

"Now that's a good boy!" I enthuse, and once more the babysitting instincts kick in as I remove that final wrap of tape and tug the spit-soaked rag from his dry lips. "Here, let's give you this nice, cool-"

*"Fuck you! Untie me, you mother-fucking cunt! Get that fucking shit away from mmmpphhh-!"*

Oh, god. He really can't be trusted, can he?! My hand is frantically clamped down over his foul mouth, and I'm shaking – not so much from the effort as from the sheer surprise and betrayal. "Hey, you- you- I thought you promised!" Anger is welling within me, but after a few moments I wrestle it back down. *He's just like a little brat. Don't let him see you're angry. Just be calm, cool...*

"Bob, you're being ridiculous," I warn him, and I find myself slipping into the no-nonsense tone of a babysitter laying down the law. "Listen, if you don't quit screaming after you promised not to, you're not going to get your bottle – or any meal tonight, for that matter. Now, I don't want to do this the hard way, but if you don't calm down, I'm going to find a way to make you behave..."

He's such a piece of work! Of course he nods again, and of course I believe him, like the credulous idiot I am. So my next move – drawn directly from my years of babysitting – is clear. "Fine! You don't want to drink? I'll help you!" Easily done, too: my hand over that cussing mouth, and my fingers pinching closed on his nose. I'm feeling my temper rising with every second, and every moan from him is now awakening a strange, deep sense of satisfaction within me. *Oh, yeah?* I find myself wanting to sneer. *Moan all you like, loser. You brought this on yourself!*

And then his gasping mouth finally opens. *Yep, that'll do!* Between his spluttering lips I force that giant bottle nipple – and in that moment, I feel that I just might have won. He's gasping and moaning behind the nipple, true. But that formula is also dribbling down into his mouth from the sheer force of gravity, so he's literally being forced to swallow in order to avoid choking...

"Good boy," I soothe, and for a moment sweet Jessica is back. He's gulping it grudgingly down, and I stroke his hair, and it all seems to be going well. The bottle is beginning to drain, and I smile at how he's finally behaving for me. "Aww, it's pretty good, isn't it?" I ask brightly, and lift the bottle

out momentarily to let him respond. "See, I told you it was goo-"

*Ppffffitt!* "Go fuck yourself, you goddamn fucking *cunt!*", he snarls, as I reel back and wipe the warm spit and formula off my astonished face. "No fucking way I'm gonna put up with drinking this disgusting shit! I'm not a fucking baby, you *bitch!*"

Okay, listen. Maybe this is just me, but I don't take too well to being called a cunt, or a bitch, or any of the other choice words this bastard has for me. Nor do I particularly enjoy being spat upon. Here I was, trying to be nice and sweet and all – and all the thanks I get is *this?*

That does it. No more Miss Nice Girl.

"Listen, you jerk," I begin, and even as he begins to protest once more I jam the old gag deep into his filthy mouth. "That's *enough!*" It is indeed. Into my mind flashes a tantalizing memory: the memory of Cassandra showing Cynthia some kind of device she was buying for him last week. It was a "feeder gag," I think she called it: a grotesque, torture-device-looking thingie that fitted into the wearer's mouth and had this long tube, and a big cup or something...

I find it after only a minute or two of searching – unfortunately for him, I suppose. His hateful little eyes are staring up at me as I stand over him, tugging open the straps and getting ready to position it around his head. Perhaps there's a flicker of fear there... or maybe it's just my imagination. But I'm pissed now, and even if he *is* scared, it's nothing more than he deserves.

Out goes that icky old cloth gag – and predictably enough, he starts spluttering and protesting. "Wai- Hey! Heyuuuummghbb!" Into his stupid mouth the new gag goes, its rubbery bulb slipping easily down in, the stout leather straps fitting easily over his face and head. It's quite a harness, but in the end I figure it out; and in a matter of minutes, he's lying there, mouth completely silenced beneath a web of leather and rubber.

"See? I *told* you I didn't want to do this the hard way!" I'm giddy with tense elation as I screw open the oversized baby bottle and pour the creamy contents into the cup attached to the front of his new gag. Down the clear hose it streams, and as I watch his eyes grow wide... his muscles tense and squirm... but in the end, he gulps. And gulps again. And gulps once more.

Because he now literally has no choice but to swallow every last drop of that laxative-laced formula. Speaking of which... hmm. Should I tell him about that? No, maybe it's better he finds out for himself.

"Aww, I know," I console, watching our bound patient with shaky relief. "It hurts me more than it hurts you, baby. Now maybe next time you'll be a good boy and drink your bottle the first time, hmm?" Of course he can't answer; he's breathing hard, gulping, staring up at me in undisguised anger and fear. But there's nothing else I can do, is there? He needs to accept that he's not in charge right now. It's all part of teaching him, after all...

Minutes tick past as the formula slowly drains down into his working mouth. He finishes it at last, and so of course I have to praise him – even if it's the praise of a babysitter for her bratty little charge finishing his medicine. "See? That wasn't so bad!" I beam – and out comes the feeding gag, to be swiftly replaced by that old cloth and tape affair. I've learned my lesson, after all. "Now, I know you're having a hard time staying quiet, so this is gonna help you, okay? Nice and snug and quiet..."

The tape pulls tight around his jaws once more, and I decide to simply ignore the hateful little moans and grunts he gives. "There, all done!" On impulse I bend down and plant a quick peck of a kiss on his forehead – the sort of kiss I might give a little kid before naptime. "Now you're gonna be a good, quiet boy for me, aren't you? Yes, you are!"

A muffled burst of cheers and laughter echo up the stairs and into the room, jarring me back to my senses. Oh, yeah. The party is still thumping along beneath me, isn't it? I really ought to get back there before folks wonder where the hell I've gone. "Okay, I'm going downstairs again, Bob," I tell him, turning from his bedside and once more feeling like the babysitter explaining to a toddler why he has to stay in bed and take his nap. "Now you stay there and enjoy your rest, okay?"

I step over to the wall above him, remembering now what Michael has just spent all of yesterday afternoon installing. "Oh, and see this?" I smile, gesturing at the white dome of the super-deluxe night-vision nannycam mounted there, and flipping the tiny power switch on its side to ON. "Thanks to this we can keep an eye on you the entire time! So don't worry about anything; we'll be sure to notice if anything's the matter with you..."

It's then that I catch sight of that thick white diaper bulging out between the straitjacket straps – and a devious little smile crosses my face despite myself. *Wonder if he even realizes yet what he's wearing...* Before I can help myself I hear the words slipping from my lips. "Oh, and don't worry if you need to go potty, either! Just go in your nice fresh diaper, baby. That's exactly what it's for, you know!"

*Heh. heh.* That's how I leave him: snapping out the lights on his horrified expression, feeling the most curious mixture of relief and sympathy and shaky elation as I lock the door behind me. He's stuck in there, well and truly: a bound and gagged jackass who just finished gulping down his formula like a great big, helpless baby. I dunno how quickly that laxative formula takes effect, but I guess that doesn't really matter. In the end he'll be forced to make a mess, won't he? Lying there, unable to move or talk... losing control over even that most basic of bodily functions... Goodness, that's going to make him feel like such a pathetic little baby, isn't it?

Believe me, I know it all sounds pretty freaky. But honestly – after all I've just seen and experienced this evening, I'm more certain than ever that that is *exactly* what he needs. He *needs* to be taken down a notch if he's ever going to become a decent human being.

Now, then! Time to let the others know. Maybe Michael will pull up that nannycam on the TV for us? Ooh, that should be quite a spectacle – especially once that formula kicks in!