

The Perfect Match, Pt. 2

Written By: CrissieBaby Commissioned By: Anon

"I think I get everything you're saying but would you mind going into a bit more detail about how this "random" match is supposed to happen," said Mother Elma, raising her extra large Americano to her lips. As a professional diaper dominatrix, she'd had her fair share of clients ask for help administering some good, old-fashioned humiliation. However, it had been a while since she'd had someone with more pie-in-the-sky ideas than these two knuckleheads, "I'm all for the element of surprise but isn't this leaving a little too much to chance."

Narrowing her gaze, Hannah blew on the steaming liquid in her coffee before taking the most delicate of sips. As JW's most recent girlfriend of just under four months, she had put up with him mooching off her high-paying job while giving nothing in return, especially in the bedroom. As someone with a considerably high sex drive, she'd hoped for a lot more from a partner, never even getting close to rounding third base, let alone making it home. While most would consider this a reason to break up and nothing more, the fact that she had been open with him from the start that she was looking for a sexual partner to explore new horizons together only for him to end up chickening out at every turn was a slight she couldn't overlook. He even attempted to use religion to justify his abstinence, yet never once set foot in a church while they dated. "Trust me, if anyone knows J-Dubs, it's me. The number of times I caught him scrolling through that app to look at girls was beyond me; some "good Christian" he is. If we tailor your profile to meet his lofty preference, there's no way that limp dicked little dweeb won't swipe right," she said, matching Elma's confidence in both posture and tone.

"Hehehe, speakin' of limp dick, were you ever privileged enough to catch a glimpse of his lil' shooter," said the final member of this round table, Kaley, prompting Hannah to giggle alongside her in large part due to her adorable southern accent, "It looks like a deformed acorn. And I'll reckon he boasted about his cock size whenever he got the chance."

Unlike Hannah, who had only known JW throughout the duration of their relationship, Kaley had been friends with JW since the two of them were thirteen. They upgraded their relationship to dating during their high school careers before finally ending it during their junior year of college. Throughout that time, she knew JW to be an incredibly flirty person, which was adorable at the best of times but horribly frustrating at the worst. He delighted in pulling pranks on her whenever he could, like hiding her clothes when she was showering or wedgying her whenever her panties were even slightly exposed. The most damning thing of all, though, were the times when he felt it was acceptable to pants her in public.

These two girls, angry and scorned by a past lover, happened to luck into meeting each other at a bar not long after Hannah had finally dumped her JW. As Hannah complained about the fallout of her most recent relationship, Kaley couldn't help but notice how similar their stories were. Turns out, it was a small world, after all. They chatted for hours about JW's shortcomings

as a partner and lover, and it was only after several hours of binge drinking that Hannah came up with the greatest drunk idea she'd ever had, "What if we didn't let him get away with it? What if...we had ourselves a little revenge..."

"Hehehe, I think *HICCUP!* that's a wonderful idea," said Kaley, raising her nearly empty glass and clinking it against Hannah's to signify the birth of their partnership. After sobering up the enraged duo spent multiple hours scouring the internet until they happened upon the homepage of Mother Elma, who boasted a 100% success rate of forcing her clients, both willing and unwilling, to submit. Several fateful emails later and the three ladies were finally meeting to set this revenge scheme into motion.

"If we can get him to wet his pants, then we can have him diapered before we even show up. He's such a chicken shit that he'll let you do this to him without much fuss," said Hannah, who had been eagerly listing her evil ideas on a notepad hours before this meeting even began, "No doubt, Dubs will be wearing his favorite tighty whities when he shows up. Seriously, I don't know why he doesn't switch to boxer briefs if he's so self-conscious about his underwear."

Hannah's side comment about JW's choice of undies nearly caused Kaley to choke on her vanilla latte in excitement. "Oh! Speaking of his delicates, you gotta make sure to pants him. Put his precious tighty whities on full display," she said, letting her past trauma guide her creativity, "I don't just want him to wet himself, either. I want his underwear ripped off entirely. Wedgie him until the fabric snaps."

"My, my, girls! One blushy idea at a time, please," said Elma, unable to remove the smile from her face over how much she was enjoying watching Hannah and Kaley air out their most depraved revenge concepts. Still, as much as she wanted to be the "cool mom," she also had to be the one turning their words into reality, "The wedgie and pantsing are possible, though I can't guarantee he won't try to bolt out of the house naked if I lay into him this hard. So I'll need both of you waiting at the door to play defense, just in case. As for the wetting, it should be easy to slip something into his drink when he arrives. I do like to pride myself on never letting a sub go without pissing their diaper. Also, I think it would also be best if he was in my homemade bouncer when you two enter. I've had babies lash out and try to physically assault clients before, so it's in everyone's best interest if he's restrained.

Scoffing, Hannah shook her head passively, letting her beach blonde hair glimmer in the light as the strands shifted across her forehead. "If you insist, I certainly won't mind seeing him in a bouncer. It won't be necessary, though. He doesn't have the balls to fight back like that," she said cockily, "And one last thing. If his dick really is as small as Kaley says, then don't hold back. I want you to ridicule his pathetic excuse for manhood until he's a blubbling mess.

"Oh, I can definitely make that happen," said Elma raising her cup and bumping glasses with her latest cohorts as she officially joined the team.

SNAP!

"You look adorable, Baby Dubs! Go on! Give your Mommies a big smile now," cooed Hannah in the most over-the-top motherly voice that she could produce as she took picture after picture with her phone. To her surprise, JW had turned out even better than she had imagined. Even when the revenge plot was moving out of the conceptual stage, it was difficult to picture any past boyfriend or girlfriend of hers completely babified. Seeing JW now, it was amazing that she ever thought of him as an equal adult.

Rounding JW's backside, Kaley captured a few up-close shots of his fluffy diaper, which was bulging out of the bouncer in such a way that made it impossible to hide even if he could lower his hands to block her. Letting loose a maniacal chuckle, she grabbed onto the sides of his bouncer and lifted him up. "This is darn near perfect! I may be a hair weak to atomic wedgie you myself but this is an alternative," she said, feeling a cathartic sense of justice for any girl whose boyfriend felt it was okay to turn his girlfriend's panties into a public display.

"Happy to see you girls are having fun. I made some snacks so you can keep your energy up," said Elma, returning to the room with a plate of fresh chocolate chip cookies and a pitcher of ice-cold lemonade. Hannah and Kaley each rushed over to grab a cookie while they were still hot and gooey, while Elma walked up to JW to get a better look at him, shaking her head somewhat sympathetically, "Sorry, Junior. I promise it's nothing personal...well, for me anyway." She pinched his cheek and ruffled his hair teasingly.

Groaning from the other side of his pacifier, which had been lovingly strapped to his head after previously falling from his lips, JW was in a kind of hell that seldom few cisgender men would ever experience. His eyes darted from woman to woman, looking for any sign of remorse or apprehension to appeal to. Sadly, the three ladies casually munched on cookies without a care in the world, taking great joy in his punishment. If he managed to make it back home with his manhood intact, he promised himself to never use Tumblr or any other dating app ever again once he got out of this mess.

"Well, girls. I think it's time to let JW better understand your frustrations," said Elma, crossing to the far wall of the nursery and reaching up high to grab a large wooden paddle off of its mount. The face of the paddle was bright pink with white hearts carved into the wood to add a little extra sting to each hit. JW's groans fell silent as he watched Elma hand the paddle off to Hannah, his eyes growing wider with every step she took in his direction.

Twirling the paddle in her hands, Hannah took a few practice swings, letting JW get a good look at the form and power she'd soon be using on him. Moving behind her target, she got in close to JW's ear and whispered her expectations, "Alright, here's the deal, Dubs. I'm gonna paddle you, long and hard, either until my arms give out, or you admit that your whole religion excuse was bullshit. Oh, also that the only reason you didn't want to fuck me was out of fear that I'd call out your baby carrot of a cock," she said, sending shivers down JW's spine as her breath tickled the hairs on his neck.

“W-Waid! I shwear to Chwist I wasn lyin!” shouted JW, his words garbled by the bulb of his pacifier. Of course, Hannah was right. He wasn’t religious and never had been. That didn’t mean he wanted to confess to lying about something so heinous. He squeezed his eyes closed and braced himself for the first hit, his legs quivering like a frightened toddler.

Shaking her head once more, this time at JW’s lack of contrition, Hannah backed up and raised the paddle into batting position. Her years of playing softball in high school would not be for nothing. “Swear to Christ, Goddess, or whoever you want to. For some reason, I don’t think anyone’s listening to you,” she said, punctuating her sentence with her first big *SMACK!* JW squealed behind his pacifier, his body writhing within the bouncer helplessly as the pain from his first spanking recoiled across his entire ass. From there, it was all over but the crying.

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Each hit that graced JW’s ass just seemed to hurt more than the last. At first, the padding provided at least a slight barrier but after several endless minutes of relentless spanking, he might as well have been naked. He tugged on his wrist restraints with all his strength, hoping to somehow free himself up enough to stand up to Hannah. Unfortunately, Mother Elma’s equipment was too well constructed for a miracle like that to happen. Eventually, his will to uphold his lies shattered into pieces, causing him to beg for a morsel of forgiveness,

“S-SHTAWP, PWEASH!!! I...I-I’M NOT WEWIGIOUS!!!”

Halting herself mid-swing, Hannah swarmed in close to JW again, this time plucking the binky from his mouth so that it was draped around his neck. “What was that, Subby Dubby?” she said, placing a hand on his forehead to keep his neck from slumping.

“I...lied to you. I’m n-not religious and I never have been,” said JW, avoiding Hannah’s intense eye contact as he spoke, “I was j-just scared you’d leave if you saw how small I was. I’m so, so sorry. If you let me go, I promise, I’ll never tell anyone about this.”

Breaking her stoic expression with a satisfied smirk, Hannah tenderly rubbed the back of JW’s hair before gripping it tightly. “There, was that so hard?” she said, relishing in self-righteousness after scoring a confession, “As for your request, I’m afraid I have to deny it. You see, I’m not the only one paying to keep you this way.” With a not-so-subtle wink, she turned away from JW and handed off the paddle to Kaley.

Thanks to her naturally athletic build, Kaley was ready to level any even harsh paddling that Hannah was able to conjure up. “Twelve years of rodeo camp, don’t fail me now,” she said, making an even bigger show of flipping the paddle than Hannah did. She approached JW and lifted his chin up with the paddle, getting good luck at his tearful expression, “Now listen here, unlike Hannah, I ain’t got nothin’ for you to confess to but I do have eight good reasons to serve up your keister on a silver platter. So why don’t you be a good, little sweet pea and count for me.”

“K-Kaley, please! I can’t even think of one reason for you to do this, let alone eight!” shouted JW in response, prompting Kaley to lift his paci-gag back into place.

Stepping back and gearing up for her first hit, Kaley responded, "Now, that's a load of cattywampus and we both know it! Now start counting, sugar, or I'll have to start over."

SMACK!

Kaley's first strike was so intense that JW unwittingly let out the tiniest stream of urine. For him, it was the most pain he had ever felt. Not wanting to add any additional spanks to Kaley's count, begrudgingly mumbled, "O-One." Somehow, the injury to his pride over saying a single number was far worse than any individual thwack.

This process repeated itself seven more times, with Kaley adding a little more sauce to each subsequent hit, using the full extent of her muscles only on the final blow. If JW was a trembling mess before, he certainly was now. Returning to face him again, she crouched down so she could look into JW's eyes with her own dark brown ones, wanting to make sure he heard every word she said, "Eight. That's the number of times you yanked my pants down in public. But don't fret, honey, I forgive you now."

"S-Sho chu wiww...w-wet me go?" stuttered JW, his words barely audible thanks to his binky. Surely, now that the girls had collected their pound of flesh, they would be satisfied. Sadly, revenge was a ravenous hunger that was hard to control. And now that Hannah and Kaley had their first taste, they were starving for more.

Waving Kaley and Elma over to her, Hannah whispered her next genius plot away from prying ears. As the girl broke away from their huddle, Hannah marched over to JW and lightly slapped him on the cheek to get his full attention. "Stay with me now, Dubby. The worst is over. We're all just friends hanging out now," she said, running her finger down the length of one of the bouncer's elastic straps as she spoke, "And since we're such good friends, you'll be more than happy to do Kaley and me a favor. You see, Mother Elma's services are no small expense, and we want to feel like we got our money's worth. So, if you agree to do some fun poses dressed up like the precious darling that you are, we promise to let you go. We also swear that these photos won't end up online and in your boss's inbox so long as you play nice."

To someone who didn't know Hannah, this may have sounded like she was willing to let JW off easy for the ridiculous amount of resources it took to get him here. Tragically, JW did, in fact, know Hannah, giving him a first-hand understanding of how her brain works. This wasn't an offer, it was a thinly veiled threat that told him his choices were to play along or else his life would be ruined forever. Having no other option, he nodded his head in agreement, accepting Hannah's terms under duress.

What followed was a barrage of babying that would make even the most willing of babies a blushy mess as the three women turned Elma's nursery into a photography studio. They had him climbing all over the crib and pretending to lay down for a change before dragging him into the playpen to play with every toy from Elma's toybox. And that wasn't even the most dreadful part as when they got bored of that, Kaley had the brilliant idea to play a little dress-up forcing a wide variety of humiliatingly infantile outfits on him, from coveralls and giant bibs to playsuits and even, shamefully, a small selection of sissy dresses. As a cherry on top, when the girls

stripped him of his final outfit, they decided to leave him naked except for the diaper, insisting they get some shots of him and his exposed padding.

“Let’s get a few in the storytime nook over there! We can get you snuggling up to all those fuzzy stuffies,” said Hannah, prompting Elma to lead JW to the large pile of stuffed animals before pushing him into it, “Don’t be shy, Dubs! I’m sure they’d all love a kiss from their baby brother! Oh, and be sure to smile this time.”

Forcing his mouth into a grimace, JW was becoming exhausted with the sheer number of requests the girls had for him. Moreover, his bladder was becoming exhausted from being held for so long. It had been well over two hours since he’d arrived at Elma’s place for their date and in that time, he’d already had one mortifying accident. To soil his diaper now would be a form of rock bottom that he wasn’t certain he’d ever recover from. Still, as much as he needed to go, it wasn’t as though he could ask Hannah or the others for a bathroom break. If they found out how sharp the pain in his bladder was becoming, they surely torture him until he flooded his diaper.

Unfortunately, JW didn’t need to say anything as his body said all that it needed to. As she crouched down to snap a low-angle picture, Kaley couldn’t help but notice that ever so subtle potty dance that he was performing, bouncing up and down as knelt amongst the plushies. She instantly got up to tell Hannah, whose thoughts were set ablaze with ways to capitalize on this urgent piece of information.

“Okay, J-Dubs. We’re at the home stretch. Kaley and I just want to do one more brief shoot with you squatting over the squatty potty,” said Hannah, grabbing the plastic basin from under the crib and setting it in the center of the nursery, “I promise this will be the last one. And since you’ve proven you can stay dry without any more accidents, we’ll even send you home in your own clothes. Elma was kind enough to wash them for you while we played.”

Unaware of any final plots against him, JW got to his feet with a reinvigorated feeling of hope. This was it. All he had to do was tough it out for a few more photos and he would be done. Stepping over the potty, she lowered himself into a squat, gritting his teeth as his stance put additional strain on his bladder. Luckily, it was nothing years of potty training couldn’t manage.

While JW celebrated an early victory in his head, Mother Elma’s mind was racing over the potential loss she had on her hands. How dare Hannah and Kaley cut their session early. After being paid for an entire 24 hours, she was comfortable taking it slow and letting the girls drive the session as they saw fit. However, if she had known there was such a limited timetable, she would’ve ensured his diaper was soaked long before now. She had a reputation to uphold, after all, and while JW had drenched his jeans, his diaper was still practically bone dry.

With little time to spare, Elma decided to take matters into her own hands. Taking the half-empty pitcher of lemonade, she circled JW and snuck up behind him. Deciding to maintain the element of surprise, she pulled open the back of his diaper and dumped the yellow liquid inside.

JW gasped as though his soul had been cast from his body before collapsing onto the squatty potty, a tidal wave of lemonade and ice splashing throughout his nappy. The rush of cold fluid shocked his senses into submission, freezing and shattering whatever hold he had on his potty training. Before he even had time to take stock of what was going on, the damp, chilly diaper he was seated in began to grow warmer.

“HAHAHAHA...oh...oh my...” said Hannah, watching the front of JW’s diaper closely as the light yellow coloring of the lemonade began to take on a much darker shade, “Guess our Subby Dubby couldn’t keep his diaper dry like a big boy, after all.” Having boasted about her perfect record over coffee, she knew she could get Elma to do something bold if she made it seem like JW would get away clean. Of course, she and Kaley never intended to let that happen, regardless if Elma reacted or not.

Realizing what was happening, JW’s hands shot downward, pressing up against the front of his diaper as if he could physically stop his body from peeing. In reality, the sudden cold spell that Elma had cast on him had rendered his bladder completely ineffective, resulting in him unleashing every last drop of pee inside him. By the time his bladder was finally empty, his diaper had nearly doubled in size and was sagging all the way to his knees.

“Aw shucks, the poor thing is shaking like a dog,” said Kaley, moving in to comfort her shivering Little, “Shhh, shhh. It’s okay now, lil’ darlin’. We’ll getcha changed lickity split.” She lifted him off of the potty and laid him down flat on the floor while Hannah and Elma moved in with a fresh diaper and all the changing equipment they would need.

Babbling uncontrollably, JW’s fragile brain was failing to wrap itself around the chaos that was ensnaring him. He was so close to all of this being over. With the wheels in motion for an impromptu diaper change, he feared that his window to get out of this mess early was closing fast. Hannah and Kaley pinned his arms to his sides as Elma centered up in front of his diaper, carefully peeling up the tapes of his sodden diaper one at a time.

“Time to show Mommy what you made for her,” said Elma, opening up JW’s puffy padding to reveal his unimpressive penis. Despite the fact that two of the three women present had seen his dick before, all three women’s jaws dropped as they gazed upon JW’s shrunken peen. It was practically a micropenis, having regressed thanks to the spine-chilling lemonade bath he’d been given.

Reaching in and holding up her pinky next to JW’s miniature member, Hannah was too stunned to laugh, witnessing in real time as her small digit eclipsed his cock. “Goddess damn! For fuck sake, Kaley, when you told me it looked like an acorn, I didn’t think you meant it was literally the size of an acorn!” she shouted, heaping a metric ton of humiliation onto JW in the midst of her amusement.

“Right hand to Goddess, I swear it was bigger than this. Is he going through that reverse puberty crap or somethin’?” responded Kaley, poking JW’s thingy with her index finger and watching in amazement as it recoiled much like a sea cucumber would.

Even JW couldn't believe how impossibly small he was as he craned his neck up to see what the fuss was all about. In an instant, all the blood pooled on his face as his cheeks burned scarlet red. He tried to cover his face with his hands but found that the girls had a solid grip on him despite only using one arm apiece.

While JW and his evil exes fawned over his one-inch vertical, Elma used the distraction to briefly slip away. If she was going to get JW to stay here until his 24 hours were up, she'd need to make sure he was too weak to walk out of here. Retrieving her ten-inch strap-on from her storage closet, she returned to the nursery with the long, silicon phallus jiggling back and forth. "Mind if I cut in ladies? Junior looks way too tantalizing like this and I'd be more than happy to rid him of his pesky virginity for you. Rectally, of course," she said, taking a bottle of lube and squirting a healthy dose up and down her big, black beauty.

Backing away from JW's pelvic region while keeping his arms pinned, the girls couldn't believe that they were about to have front-row seats to. In the myriad of kinky possibilities that they had debated over, never once did either Hannah or Kaley imagine he'd be losing his virginity in any shape or form. It was almost too perfect.

"Yeeshaw, cowgirl! Ride him until he begs for it," said Kaley, her only regret was that she wasn't the one getting to take JW's cherry herself, though that was small potatoes considering what she was about to have the privilege of watching.

"Yeah, fuck him until he loves it!" said Hannah without a single bit of mercy in her heart. JW had wasted four months of life that she could've used toward a real man, and now he was gonna get exactly what he had coming to him.

Earning the approval of the women funding this expedition, Elma knelt down in front of JW and placed a pillow under his butt to ensure his hips were properly raised. She made sure to keep his wet diaper under his butt so he could feel the padding squish with every thrust. With her fingers coated in lubricant, she bullied his legs apart and began priming his asshole, coating the outer rim with her thumbs before sliding one finger to initiate him. After one finger was loose enough, she moved to two and then three, until his exit was wide enough to enter through.

All the while, JW's mouth moved as though he were going to scream but not a single sound came out. With all the stress his body had already been put under, he lacked the strength to even speak, much less try to get away before his anal became a double-wide parking garage. To his shame, the amount of time Elma spent prepping his rear had stirred up his prostate, something fierce, causing his cock to grow ever so slightly.

"I think someone is enjoying the attention," said Elma, giggling as JW's body responded exactly how she wanted it to. With his asshole ready to go, she inched forward, pressing the tip of her strap-on against his colon, "Any last words, Junior?"

With a horrified expression growing on his face, JW squeaked out the tiniest, "Pwease don," too weak and helpless to mutter out anything more. His words fell on deaf ears, though, as Elma's faux manhood pierced through his boy pussy, coming to a stop halfway as his hole

became too tight to move any further without causing injury. His tongue fell from his mouth and he let out a painfully erotic moan, much to his chagrin.

“Uh oh! Bear with me. This might take a sec,” said Elma, her casually flippant tone betraying her comforting words. Wiggling her hips back and forth, she slowly opened JW up, pushing far past his prostate in the process until the base of her strap-on was finally mashed against his pelvis.

Flexing every muscle in his body, there was no amount of bracing for impact that would've prepared JW for the monster that was moving inside him. At some point, amidst his silent screaming, his voice returned, becoming audible mid-scream. It was like he was being stabbed with a knife that was constantly being twisted. And yet, in spite of the overwhelming pain he was experiencing, his pecker refused to cooperate, extending another half-centimeter as his aching prostate threatened to force every ounce of jizz out of him.

“Oh my! Don't go making cummies so soon! Mommy's just getting into a rhythm,” said Elma, the dildo of her strap-on finding it much easier to thrust in and out of JW's booty now that it was adequately expanded. It was rare she got to use these on a client, as not many adult babies and diaper lovers enjoyed moving the fun outside of the diaper. Having the privilege to ruin the ass of someone she was being paid to dominate was just icing on the cake.

As Elma ramped up her speed, Hannah and Kaley could only watch, fascinated and terrified by their pricy dominatrix's prowess. The two girls exchanged glances with each other, recognizing their own feelings within each other. No amount of research on Mommy Domes could've prepared them to witness something so depraved and horny.

Banging his head up and down as his asshole was banged to pieces, JW's body convulsed, unable to resist the strenuous stimulation for a second long. Bellowing out a moan from deep in his chest, his body froze in place, tensing up whilst hurling toward an impending climax. He didn't want this. He didn't want ANY of this! None of that mattered anymore, though. He was well on his way to becoming nothing more than a baby doll now, designed to cum on command whenever his female overlords desired.

SQUIRT! SQUIRT! SQUIRT!

“Ooof! You're cumming already?! But we're just getting started!” said Elma, hammering her sex toy into JW's rear with added vigor as he experienced the highest of highs. She patted him on the chest as she continued to pound his butt into the ground, showing no signs of slowing down, “Go ahead and wave bye-bye to your anal virginity. It's mine forever now, and there's nothing you can do to get it back.”

Flopping to the floor like a soggy noodle, JW's entire body went limp. That didn't mean he couldn't feel what was happening to him. Far from it actually. It was just that he had nothing left in the tank to give. He may as well have been a sex doll to Elma at this point. The only part of his body he could move were his eyes, which wandered around the room until homing in on Hannah and Kaley's faces, each of them wearing impish expressions.

“See, I told you having sex would rock your world,” said Hannah, running her fingers through JW’s hair before leaning down and planting a kiss on his forehead, “Looks like we’re all going to be spending the night here. There’s no way you’re in any condition to leave now.”

Copying Hannah’s actions, Kaley kissed his cheek, her ruby red lipstick imprinting on his skin. “We’re gonna have a real fun time tonight! It’ll be just like a sleepover! Just watch out, cuz I just might give you a diaper wedgie if you’re not careful,” she said, clapping her hands together excitedly.

Sipping shallow breaths through his teeth, JW felt the sands of his adulthood finally slip through his fingers entirely. In the back of his mind, all he would do was agonize over how he let this happen to him. Worse than anything was how much his body seemed to crave what was happening to him against his will. Every spurt of jizz that shot out of his body was a shameful reminder of his new status for the foreseeable future. Letting his eyes shutter closed, he began to blackout from the overpowering euphoria that was coursing through his body as his three new Mommies ushered him into a brand-new, far more gratifying life.

THE END.