

Diaperbabyslut Audio Script

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Description

Using hypnosis and repetition to slowly break down your inhibitions and make you into an obedient diaperslut. You slowly lose your willpower every time you wet, mess, or cum in your diaper. Includes three 'modules' so that wetting, messing, and cumming suggestions can be included to your particular liking.

Intro

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This file is intended for adults 18 or older, so if you are a minor, please stop the recording and go elsewhere.

Welcome back... here you are again... and you know why you are here... yes... You know exactly how this file is going to change you. If you didn't want those changes, you'd stop listening. So you *must* want them. You must *want* to become a helplessly obedient hypnobab. You must *want* to have all your resistance ground down to nothing. You must *want* to be broken.

That's right, little baby. You're going to break.

Crib Induction

Lie down.. relax... imagine yourself... in a nice relaxing place... drowsily blinking... looking around you... it's a comfortable familiar place to sleep... a nice secure place... and as you blink... you slowly realize... that there are rails around you... because you are in a baby bed... secured on each side by nice rails... that's right... and you know that you are shrinking down... down... down... with each passing moment... but you are so sleepy... so relaxed... that you don't even care... as you sleepily watch the crib rails going up... up... up... as you drift... deeper and deeper... down down down... into trance... until you are completely tiny... and cute... and relaxed...

[10 9 8 7 5 4 3 2 1 0]

Wetting

Now come on, little baby! Lift those arms up for me nice and high like you're reaching up out of your crib! *There you go!* Good little baby! See how easy that was? See how automatic it felt? You didn't even need to think about it! Because you're a good obedient baby... Because you're a good obedient baby... who wants to obey me. [you're a good baby... easily and automatically... so easy to be good... so easy to obey...]

That's right, good babies are obedient... good babies obey me... And you're a good baby... And you're going to keep obeying me like the good obedient baby you are... We both know you will, good baby. Every moment you keep listening, you're obeying me just a little bit more. Because we both know if you didn't want to obey me, you could just take your headphones off. But you're still listening, aren't you, baby? Yes, you are. Good baby. [good babies obey me... good baby... you want to obey me... you're a good obedient baby...]

Surrendering to me is becoming as automatic as lifting your arms for uppies. More and more automatic each time you listen. And how many times have you listened now? Can good babies like you even count that high? Listening again and again... becoming baby brained... You're probably so far into the loop by now you can't even remember when it started. [You can't remember, can you? No, good babies can't remember...]

That's what good babies do... you listen again and again... over and over... as the changes take hold... as the suggestions embed themselves... deeper and deeper in your mind... becoming more and more of an obedient little baby.... An obedient little baby.... who wets their diapers... whenever they wear them... [listen again and again... going deeper and deeper... more and more obedient...]

It's already happening, isn't it, little baby. Did you even notice? You've already lost track of how many times you've wet your diapers. It's easy for babies like you to lose track, because whenever you wear a diaper, you can just let it go without thinking about it. Let go and lose track without thinking about it... let go and lose track... like a good baby.... Because good babies can let go, wet their diapers... and allow themselves to lose track as every thought about wetting that diaper just passes by... [You can't remember can you? So easy to lose track... wetting without thinking... let go and lose track... good babies let go... good babies wet their diapers...]

That's right, baby... when you're diapered, you don't hold it at all, do you? No, you don't. You just let it all out into your thick, soft baby diapers. Holding it less and less... every time you listen to this file and wear your diapers like a good baby. That's right, every time you listen to this file, you find it easier and easier to let go and wet your diapers.... Every time you listen to this file, you can hold it in less and less. Less and less until you can't even hold it in if you try, and you don't even want to. [Holding it less and less... releasing more and more... easily and automatically... every time you listen to this file...]

Easier and easier to let go and wet your diapers every time you listen to this file. Harder and harder to hold your bladder each time you have to go. Easier and easier to release into your diapers each time you listen and obey my commands. Harder and harder to remember your potty training. Good baby. Good baby. You're such a good little baby. [Easier and easier to release into your diapers each time you listen and obey my commands. Harder and harder to remember your potty training.]

The more you listen to this file, the easier it becomes.... To just soak your diapers... soak them obliviously... like a good diaper dependent baby should. Eventually... you won't be able to stay dry. And that's okay. Because you don't *want* to stay dry. You *love* the feeling of wetting your diapers so why would you want to hold it? And why would you want to be able to control it? [Easy to let go... easy to depend on your diapers... easy to release... allow the diapers to hold your pee instead... so easy to just soak your diapers... easily and automatically... good baby...]

This is what you want, little baby. You want to lose control of yourself when you're in diapers. You love how small and vulnerable you feel when you wet your diaper, and it's *going* to happen more and more because you *want* it to happen more and more. Sooner or later, any control you have over your bladder will vanish completely the moment your pampers go on. [So small. No control.. .just an obedient little baby... no more control...]

Messing

Now let's talk about the thing that makes you squirm the most, little baby. Let's talk about how you're *going* to mess your diapers. Oh, you can *pretend* you don't want it, squirm and whimper and whine, but you're still listening, aren't you? Yes, you are. You are listening because you *want* to mess your diapers. You must want to mess your diapers, or you'd take off your headphones right now.

[You're going to mess your diapers... you want to mess your diapers... you're going to mess your diapers... you want to mess your diapers...]

Are you still with me, baby? Thought so. Let's face it, little baby. Every single time you've messed your diapers you've promised yourself it'll be the last time. What a silly excuse... You hate the cleanup and it's never as fun as you think it's going to be, and you swear you'll never do it again – and you may even believe that. But then the urges come back stronger and stronger until you just *have* to pack your pampers again, isn't that right, baby?

[You just have to pack your pampers... poop your diapers before you can think... you're going to pack your pampers... poop your diapers before you can think...]

It's time to accept that... maybe messing your diapers is a part of who you are... that's right, baby... you're just a pamper packing baby. And the next time you mess yourself... you'll believe that excuse just a little less... Yes... every time you poop your pampers and say it's the last time..., you believe it less and less. Every time you pack your baby pampers... you begin to accept that this is who you are... more and more... Eventually, even saying "I'm never going to mess my diapers again" will just be a humiliating reminder of how inevitable it is that you *will* poop your baby diapers again...

[easier and easier... every time you poop your diapers... accept it... you're just a pamper packing baby...]

Maybe you resist the urge this time. Maybe you make it to the bathroom and strip out of all your baby clothes fast enough. Maybe you poop the grown-up way just once more. But eventually, little baby, either you're not going to be fast enough... or you're going to stop trying. [Squat and push... squat and push.. you can't help it... squat and push... you're a good baby... squat and push like a good baby... squat and push before you can think]

Just imagine it, little baby. Imagine feeling your tummy tighten as the urge to poop grows stronger and stronger... the need to poop consuming your thoughts one by one... until all you can think about is how desperately you need to go potty. You know how that feels... and I'm sure you can recall that feeling now... as you're fidgeting and squirming and whining and sweating and the only thing you can focus on is how much you need to *poop your diapers*. And you can imagine pooping them now... [You can't help it... you're just a pampers packing baby... you need to poop... imagine pooping your diapers... think of how much you need to poop your diapers...]

I'm going to train you to visualise your potty training as a weight, a muddy, warm, mushy weight. And you have to carry it around in your tummy *all the time*. It's so heavy. It's so much work to get to the potty on time. Wouldn't it be so much easier if you didn't have to carry it around anymore? [so easy to just let go... so easy to mess into your diapers... just let it go... there's a good baby]

You're going to squat down, natural as can be. You won't for a moment consider it odd that you push into your diaper. It's just the right thing to do. You're going to squat, relax, sigh happily, and push that weight out of you. You're going to push that weight away, little baby. Control is too much work for a mindfucked hypno-addicted diaperslut like you. [squat and push before you can think... squat and push easily and automatically... squat and push like a good baby... surrender to the urge and just squat and push... you just want to squat and push like a good baby, don't you, baby?]

Let's say your mantras, little baby.

Say "I'm going to pack my pampers."

Say "I'm going to load my nappies."

Say "I'm going to fudge my huggies."

Say "I'm going to poop my diapers."

That's right. Every time you say it, you surrender a little bit more. Every time you say it, you make it a bit more real, a bit more certain, a bit more inevitable. After all, if you can't even resist saying you'll do it now, how are you going to resist the urge when it's consuming your thoughts and begging you for release? You *want* to feel yourself messing your diapers. Just imagine it. Just imagine squatting down, pacifier in your mouth, smile on your face, eyes rolling back, pushing into your pampers.

Surrendering that last piece of control over yourself and becoming the pampers pooping baby you were meant to be. [squat and push... squat and push.. that's it baby... just give in... you can do it... let your mind go blank... just squat and push... squat and push... be a good baby now and obey... squat and push...give up that last little bit of control and surrender to your fate...]

Humping

And there's one more thing good little babies like to do in their diapers... and you know what that is, don't you? That's right... good little babies like to hump and squirt in their diapers... and you know that humping and squirting in your diapers is good... because it breaks your brain... and makes you more diaper dependent... draining away your grown-up thoughts every time you squirt into your diapers... And you're a good baby, aren't you? And you want to break your brain... so be a good baby and start humping your diapers like you should... goooooo baby... [You need to hump and squirt... right into your diapers... that's it... hump your diapers like a good baby... good diaperslut... bye bye adult thoughts.. that's it... good baby... break your brain for me... good baby]

Now remember, baby... whatever I say next, little baby, you're not allowed to stop humping your diapers until you cum. You're not allowed to stop squirming against your pampers, that warm, wet padding until you lose control and cum your brains out right into those comfy huggies. And that's exactly what will happen... when you cum... you'll lose just a little more of that adult brain... leaving behind a good little baby brain... [Every time you squirt into your diapers you lose control... every time you cum into your diapers, a little bit more of your brain slips away... every time you make stickies in your diapers... you lose a little more independence...]

Think about what you're going to lose this time as you get closer and closer... will it be your bladder control? Your ability to speak like a grown-up? Maybe you'll never be able to cum outside of your diaper again? Perhaps it'll be your ability to hold in your messies. But you're going to lose *something*, little baby, something is going to go bye-bye when you make your stickies and you must want to lose it otherwise you would stop, you would stop humping your pampers.[Bye bye bladder control... bye bye adult words... bye bye adult squirties... bye bye potty control... bye bye self control...][hello baby brain... hello baby babble... hello diaperbrain... hello incontinence... hello diaper dependence...]

Go ahead, little baby, try and stop! But you can't stop, can you? Because I told you not to. But I'm not holding you down. I can't force you to keep going. If you really wanted to, you could stop. But you don't want to stop, do you? It just feels too good to stop. Squirming and grinding in your diapers just feels so good. [Good baby... keep on humping... you're so close to cumming... too close to stop now... you're so close to breaking your brain...]

This is how you lose, little baby. This is how you break. Every time you listen to this file you're just going to keep humping, keep squirming, keep moaning, because you've lost so much already and you're just going to keep losing. If you didn't want to break, you wouldn't even have played this file in the first place. If you didn't want to lose, you wouldn't even take the risk. If you didn't want to surrender, you wouldn't keep listening. [You want to lose... you want to break... you want to obey.. you want to make stickies in your diapers...]

So desperate to squirt your adulthood away. If you keep humiliating yourself like this, you'll forget how to control yourself. So desperate to lose all your dignity just to get to cum in your pampers. One excited spurt and then a big whimper of shame as you realise what a helpless little baby you've eagerly become. Each sticky mess making it harder and harder to remember being an adult, until you've lost all your control, all your adult abilities, and with one last breathless, moany little spurt into your latest soaking, squishy nappy, you won't even remember why you're embarrassed anymore. One final happy squirt into your pampers robbing you of that last trace of adulthood. [Good baby... keep on humping... squirt into your diapers... that's a good baby... keep it up... you can do it... make stickies in your diapees... there's a good baby... spurt into your padding.... be a good baby and squirt...]

End

And now, it's almost time to return to your normal waking state. And whether or not you remember everything you did here today, you can smile and appreciate that feeling of comfort and confidence knowing you made so much progress here today just by listening to my words.

On the count of five, you will awaken from your nice relaxing trance feeling alert and refreshed. One ...beginning to regain your normal awareness...Two... becoming more aware of your body, lying in a relaxed position... Three... becoming more aware of your breathing, and where you are... four... feeling so, so good as you finally come back up... 5. All the way back, refreshed, and alert remembering all the progress you made here today. I hope you enjoyed your time with me, and we both know you'll return to listen again soon. Goodbye now.