

## Krampus's Naughty Nursery Pt. 5

By Champ (<https://champtehottter.com/>)

"Guzzling cum and blorting your diapers are going to be the two greatest pleasures you know, Danny boy," said the smoky voice above Daniel.

Daniel was laying on his back on the familiar padded changing table. His view was blocked by the huge balls that were flying repeatedly into his face, and the gigantic pole above them. Suddenly, the motion stopped and he felt it pulse in his mouth, and it was all he could do to swallow down the musky offering that Krampus deposited within him while the boar demon continued to pound at his rump. Krampus grinned as Daniel sucked down demon seed and his belly grew and grew. Daniel's features were beginning to take on a vaguely more demonic appearance, perceptible only to the sharp eyes of a demon like Krampus; The slight elongation of the facial structure, the sharpening of the cheek and brow bones, the lightest, most imperceptible dusting of ash gray fur coating Daniel's skin. Krampus knew what Daniel didn't: That being kept in the nursery would change Daniel forever, one way or another. It would be up to Daniel just what those changes would be, though Krampus wasn't going to let him in on that little secret.

"Yes... good boy... drink it down... feed your lust... such a good little toy for Daddy. You and your brother are coming along nicely." Krampus rubbed Daniel's belly as the seed continued to flow, then looked over to Damien, who was giggling dumbly as he sat on the neighboring changing table, watching and rubbing his diapers. Damien had become a favorite of the boar demon as of late, and was beginning to sport a pug nose because of it. "The longer you stay here, the more perfect you become.... Why *not* stay with us forever?"

Daniel shook his head vehemently, his cheeks bulging with cum as Krampus forced out a final big squirt of cum and pulled out. Then, Danny's eyes went wide as the boar shoved his dick in all the way to his ruined asshole and began pumping his intestines so full of seed his belly expanded even further, if such a thing was possible. It was now so stretched it was shiny, and the boar rubbed it with affection as he kept pumping more into him.

"Hnnngh!" said Daniel, feeling too full to swallow the last mouthful of cum that Krampus had left behind, but not daring to spit it out. It would just have to stay there, coating his tastebuds with its musky masculine flavor while he groaned at the weight in his tummy. Krampus wiped his dick on Daniel's cheek and grinned for a moment, rubbing his chin before looking over to the boar.

"Well, Boarzebub, it looks like we can't pull Baby Danny's diaper up again," he said. "Not with that big belly he's sporting."

"Oh yes," said Boarzebub, rubbing Daniel's shiny stomach affectionately. "This sow is so full, I'm afraid she's going to need a new diaper. This old one can just be a stuffer."

Daniel whimpered as the diaper between his legs was ripped open and quickly supplemented by a big thick cloth diaper to cover it made of a deep royal purple fabric covered in mysterious ruins. He looked down to see his huge belly and even bigger diaper. He felt just like Damien, that ridiculous, toothless pig of a boy turned baby.

"That's right," growled Krampus, leaning in and growling into Daniel's ear as the boar did up the last of the diaper pins. "*Just* like your brother."

Daniel's jaw dropped. How did the demons always seem to know what he was thinking?

Daniel was picked up, and held in Krampus's big meaty arms. He could feel the seed sloshing around in his belly with each bounce, and with each bounce, his ruined sphincter parted to let out a glop of cum into the back of his diaper. There was no use trying to hold anything in. His hole was useless now, beyond repair. Besides, Danny was sure he had already leaked a fair amount of piss into the front of his diaper as well.

"I think the little boys have earned some rest," said Krampus, walking with his demon friend as each of them carried their punished piddlers over to a big nursery area watched over by a sheep demon. You take him, Sheep'irim." The creature, who was fluffy, soft, practically angelic looking, smiled and baahed at the sight of the adorable overgrown tykes. "

"Ahhh, what a cutie! I have been a watcher for untold ages, and it is my pleasure to watch over you cuties any time. I have a baby carrier with your name on it, little sleepers. You deserve a nice rest after a long day. Why not? You don't want to use those muscles anyway, just sleep with me, you deserve it, bahhh..." The sheep kept up an unending stream of bleating banter as he took Daniel and Damien and strapped them into two well-padded carriers. Daniel soon found with all the straps that the sheep secured on him, that he couldn't move an inch. He couldn't even squeeze his legs together as he felt his bowels empty of cum and his bladder flood into the front of his incredibly thick diapers. Was this going to be his normal life now?

The sheep pulled down the hood of the carrier and Daniel's view was shaded. He felt an enormous wave of sleepiness come over him as he lay there, helpless, strapped down in nothing but the thickest, most babyish devil diaper, with no control over how

fast he filled it. The sheep shushed him as it held a warm bottle of... something... against his lips. Daniel took it, and despite being as full as he could possibly be, he found himself drinking down the sweet stuff. It seemed like he didn't have much control over anything anymore. As he drifted off to sleep, the rich demon milk settled in his stomach, adding another layer of fat to his body, head to toe. Daniel might not have realized it, but his body was changing quicker than he knew. Pretty soon he would really end up looking like Damien's twin - unless he could resist temptation and turn over a new leaf.

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Daniel awoke in the comfy carrier, the familiar sounds of nursery music, coos of pleasure and cries of the punished filtering into his awareness. There were no clocks or windows to tell him what time it was, so Daniel couldn't be certain, but it certainly *felt* like a long time had passed. He tried to rub his groggy eyes and realized he was still strapped down. Gradually he became aware of a heavy warmth between his legs, and knew he had wet heavily the whole time he was out.

"Aww, the little cutie is awake!" Bahhed his sheepy keeper. "Who's a sleepy little guy? Why don't you sleep some more?" asked the sheep. "No use running around when you're so comfy right where you are."

Danny did feel comfy. And unlike at home, there were no pesky parents to make him get out of bed.

"Bahhhh! That's right," said the sheep with a gentle tone and a soft smile. "You *love* to sleep in. Why not just rest a little longer? I've got a nice warm bottle of milk for you to help you get back to slumberland..."

The next thing Daniel knew, a big thick rubber nipple was shoved in his mouth as the sheep held a gigantic bottle full of what was presumably warm milk. A few drops landed on Daniel's tongue and they were sweet as sugar. He began sucking down the liquid in greedy gulps.

"That's it, lil guy, drink up. Drink up and relax... let those muscles soften... gulp down *all* that rich milk... so you can have a nice cute baby belly!"

Daniel was barely aware of what the sheep was saying. Already he was drifting off, even as he sucked down the milk. He was a bit overweight to begin with, and he didn't notice the change, but the sheep could see a layer of baby fat already beginning to form thanks to the extra special food and liquid they were giving him in the naughty nursery. If Daniel kept this up, he'd be completely helpless to the whims of the demons of the nursery. And sure enough, Daniel did drift off to sleep again. Sheep'irim grinned.

"This is too easy... Bahhhhh!"

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Daniel woke again, and once again began to yawn and stretch only to realize he was still strapped down. He managed to crane his neck to see that he was in another soaked diaper - this one gold instead of red. He must've been changed in his sleep. He farted and heard the unmistakable blort of cum coming out of his butt, or at least that's what he assumed it was based on the strong smell of sex that came along with it. Sheep'irim immediately came over to him.

"Awake again, little guy? Aww, you look confused. Well, while you were asleep you got fucked and changed again by your caretakers. Bahhhh.... Isn't that convenient? No need to do anything at all but lay back and let us take care of you. Now why don't you get some good sleep in? You deserve it, lil' guy. You can just sleep all day... you don't have to have any responsibilities at all... Isn't that what you wanted?"

Daniel stirred. That was what he wanted... wasn't it? No. Something didn't seem right. He could swear there was something *e/*se he wanted... but what?"

"Aww, don't go usin' that brain of yours trying to think, little guy. You'll give yourself a headache. Here, I'll tell you what. I've got a *nice warm* bottle of milk for you. You don't have to think... you don't have to do anything at all... just lie back and relax... and drink some nummy milk... and sleep..."

Once again, a big thick rubber nipple was shoved in Danny's mouth, only this one was shaped like Krampus's penis. The flavor of the milk had an unmistakable musky tinge to it, and he greedily sucked it down, his feeling of horniness coming back. He tried to hump against his diaper, but he got no stimulation from it, restrained as he was. Frustrated, he flopped down, limp and exhausted from the effort of pulling against his restraints. It was as if his muscles had grown weak from disuse and even that slight exertion was enough to wear him out. The only thing he seemed to have the energy to do was to keep sucking down the nourishing, fattening liquid, his body getting just a little furrer as he imbibed Krampus's essence. Danny could already feel his eyelids fluttering closed. Something wasn't right, but he was too tired to think about it now. Besides, he didn't have any responsibilities anymore. It was so much easier just to sleep... He'd figure it out tomorrow, whenever that was...

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The process repeated for several months, unbeknownst to Daniel, and his muscles grew weak while his hole was stretched ever wider as he slept, his body pumped full of demon cum from both ends and his unconscious mind denied the

pleasure of even the release of being used. He only knew the pleasure of slothful sleep and delicious demon milk, as he grew weaker and chubbier, hairier and more krampus-like, little by little. His teeth began to soften as well, since he never brushed them and only drank the sugary liquid all day. But he didn't notice that much either, not until he woke up one day rubbing the sleep out of his eyes only to realize he was no longer restrained but in a big crib.

"H-huh?" he said, sitting up quickly before realizing he had over compensated and flopping over. He lay there for a few seconds, stunned. Why wasn't he in his comfy carrier? He sat up and felt unusually wobbly. So much so, in fact, that he had to grab onto the crib rails. Something was wrong. Why was he so unbalanced? And why were his fingers so chubby? He looked down and noticed his wrists looked softer as well. And his belly... It was big and smooth, and hung over his diaper like a big baby belly, with a wispy coating of brown fuzz. Even his diaper seemed to have grown incredibly thick compared to the last one he remembered wearing. He tried to stand up but promptly plopped down onto his padded butt with a squish. And then, just like that, he began sniffing, then crying, then bawling like a big baby.

He couldn't help it, it just came on, starting with a little snuffle and then exploding into uncontrollable crying. He didn't even know *why* he was crying, he just had to. Within moments, the familiar boar demon, Boarzebub, came running and picked Daniel up, bouncing and shushing him.

"Awww, there, there, lil' guy... it's alright... Daddy Boarzebub is here. You're okay. Everything is fine..." And just like that, the tears stopped. Aside from a few whimpers and hiccups, Daniel managed to get his crying under control. "There we go, that's better... Now let's see what's the matter... hmm, no, not *too* wet," said the boar, giving the front of Daniel's diaper the squish test... He then lifted Daniel up and sniffed the back of his diaper where the leg guards met his chubby legs. "Nope, no poopies either...." The boar then snapped his fingers. "I know what you need... you need a nice big *meal*." The boar gave a devious grin. "It just so happens I was about to feed your big bro Damien. Why don't we get you a chair next to him?"

*Big bro?* Thought Daniel, ruefully. Since when was that little diapered freak bigger than *him*, except size wise?

"Now, now, that's no way to think about your brother," chided Boarzebub. "After all, you're more like him than you realize." Daniel hung his head, cowed, as he was brought over to the nearest changing area, a familiar island in an infinite sea of repeating infantile accommodations.

Soon he caught sight of the big happy baby Damien sitting in the high chair with his characteristic idiotic grin, clapping and giggling at the sight of his diapered companion.

"Baby bwo! You back!"

Daniel was plopped into the high chair next to Damien and slightly facing him so they could watch each other being fed. Once again, the tray was snapped into place and a bib was tied around Danny's neck. The high chair seemed a bit tighter than it was before, and as he looked down at the babyish bib with duckies all over it, Danny could see that his belly was spilling over the tray by about an inch before he even had his first bite. Did they make his high chair smaller?

"Guess what I have for you today, boys?" asked Boarzebub, rubbing his hooves together. He opened up a big silver platter to reveal their meal.

"Cake! Two fat slices for my best babies. Oops! Can't forget the icing..."

It was then that Daniel noticed the hog's raging boner leaking out copious amounts of pre. The tunnel vision of seeing real food must have done it, though a porker of that size was surely impossible to miss. Daniel now had tunnel vision of another sort as he watched, dazed, while Boarzebub took his firehose of a cock and pumped it a few times. The pre went from clear to milky white as it began to pour out even faster. Boarzebub waved it all over the two pieces of rich cake to drench them in the creamy goop, concentrating like a true artisan of his craft. Meanwhile, Daniel was mesmerized and drooling as he watched those fat hog balls swing back and forth like a pendulum. The boar paused for a second when he noticed, and then his look of excited concentration changed into a naughty grin.

"Aww yeah... \*SNORT\*... gonna fatten you boys up... make you nice and soft for Krampus and me... perfect cushy holes for us to push our fat meat into... yeah... that's right..." The boar was clearly enjoying himself as his semen production increased. He tweaked a nipple and grunted, but managed to stop himself before he blew his entire load all over their just desserts. Daniel shook his head briefly as the balls stopped swinging as if clearing his mind.

"That's it, boys," said the hog, grinning wickedly as he placed the plates on each tray. "Dig in with those chubby little hands. Enjoy Daddy Boarzebub's special treat..."

Danny watched as Damien gleefully dug into the cake, munching away without a care in the world. There was something he was supposed to remember... wasn't there some reason why he was supposed to... resist? The boar snorted and grabbed Daniel's hair, forcing his face to within a centimeter of the rich dessert.

"What's the matter, little toy? Forgotten how to eat solid foods? Go on, you can do it, lil guy... dig in and enjoy... you *deserve* it..."

Instantly, Damien was overpowered by the intoxicating musk of Boarzebub's cum, and his mouth began watering like a fountain. Yeah, that *must* be it. He wanted to eat up that yummy cake... And why not indulge? He deserved it... He could think about the consequences later...

The boar squealed in victory as Daniel grabbed a handful of cake and shoved it into his mouth, smearing chocolate and cum all over his chubby hands and cheeks in the process.

"That's it! *That's* it! Eat up and give in! You can always try again tomorrow, baby Danny." Danny was too lost in the pleasures of his feeding to catch what the boar had said, too busy greedily wolfing down handful after handful of rich dessert as drool and cum dripped down his chin. As he ate, his belly grew and grew, the rich cake packing on the pounds much faster than the milk had done. He was quickly coming to resemble Damien more and more, though he didn't realize it yet. It was obvious.

Krampus wandered over, smiling and crossing his arms with satisfaction as he, too, could see Daniel's baby fat filling out as he gorged on the cake. Adding a layer of softness to his already husky frame.

Daniel finally looked up to realize his Daddy Krampus was staring at him and his heart caught in his chest as an excited spurt of pee escaped into his diaper.

"Dabby!" he said, crumbs flying out of his mouth as he spoke. Krampus laughed. Danny was quite the sight, face and hands covered in cum, cake, and chocolate.

"Aww, how's my messy little toy," said Krampus, stepping forth and ruffling Daniel's hair.

"I got cake!" said Daniel, happily.

"Yes, you did. Such a good toy... And looks like you got a nice pair of moobs to go with it," he said, reaching down to tweak one of Daniel's nipples.

"Huh? Ohhhhhh..." Daniel went from confused to euphoric as he moaned in sudden pleasure while Krampus began to play with his man boobs. He was suddenly awash in a new sensation of pleasure he had not known before.

"Oh my! Looks like my boy has *milky* moobs too... bring the suction cups, quick!" Daniel moaned as his moobs spurted a dribble of milk over the tray, and soon with the suctioning cups on them, they were dribbling continuously. It was a pleasurable feeling that seemed to take the place of the sensations that once emanated from his numbed

dick. Yes, the feeling of being milked felt something akin to being jacked off. At least that's how it seemed to him in his delirious haze, with his full, happy belly and his senses set into overdrive between the effects of the nipple stimulation and the aphrodisiac pheromones of the two demons' sex scent invading his nostrils.

"Such a susceptible little toy... you're a sloth and a glutton... and lustful too... so perfect... *just* the way you are, Daniel. All you need is a few more changes and with our help you'll be the perfect toy and live out the rest of your days in the nursery with us... won't that be fun?"

Damien nodded without thinking. Listening to Daddy seemed like the best decision.

"*Such* a good boy... just a few more temptations to test you and you'll soon be ready to stay permanently. I know you'll fail *all* our tests with flying colors, little guy. You've been doing so well so far.

Daniel grinned at that. He was good at something. His baby-brained haze didn't quite pick out the condescension in Krampus's words, but it was okay. He was happier than he had ever been. Maybe the nursery wasn't so bad after all.

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"That's it, little Danny! Way to go! You did such a good job pooping your diaper like the big dumb baby you are!" Krampus tickled Daddy's chubby belly as he lay there on the changing table, his furry rolls of fat bouncing and jiggling as he giggled. More time had passed. More changes. Each time Danny had taken a load of Krampus cum into his fat, gormless face, or his useless, ruined ass, he had taken on a bit more of a krampus-like appearance until his face and body resembled a chubby, toothless, cartoonishly pathetic parody of his demon daddy.

"Look at what a good job you did! Such a good diaper pooper. Who's the cutest, stupidest little baby goat around? Is it *you*? Is it *you*?"

"Awabafabububbbuh.." said Danny, clapping and babbling with sheer delight. Krampus smirked.

"Your words don't even begin to make sense anymore, do they? That's okay, baby, because you're such a *good* toy. And like I said, you did a *good job* pooping your pampers for Daddy! Now smile and wave to the naughty sinners in the diaper pail as we shove another poopy diaper in!"

The wails of the damned filled the changing area briefly as Krampus slammed his hooved paw onto the pedal and the lid lifted. Out came the cries of the nursery's



naughtiest inhabitants, only to be muffled by Danny's giant poop diaper. Damien laughed and giggled.

"Dey funny Dabbah!"

"That's right, baby... that *is* funny! You should *laugh* at them... they *deserve* it!"

"Heeeehheehheee!" The fat goat baby kicked his hooved feet in delight, letting out a loud fart into the back of his diaper and falling onto his back on the changing table and then rolling around a bit, unable to get up on his own with his underdeveloped belly muscles.

Krampus sighed. At one point in time, it would have been possible to catch a glint of sadistic pleasure in Daniel's eyes as he reveled in the suffering of others less fortunate than himself, but he was too witless now, too stupid to feel such complex emotions of schadenfreude.

"Oh well. Can't sin 'em all," said Krampus, throwing up his hooves. "But I know my little monster can still feel *pride*! Isn't that right? Cause you *know* you're the best pampers packer this side of Hades, don't you, little guy? Are you the best dumb pooper there ever was?"

"Me beswesss!" said Danny, throwing his arms up in victory as Krampus helped him sit up again.

"Yes, you are!"

"We'll see about that," snorted Boarzebub, walking up with Damien cradled in his massive muscular arm and rubbing his belly.

"Well, then, I do believe we have a draw," chuckled Krampus, looking at the two of them. They almost look like twins now, don't you think?

"Yeah, \*SNORT\*, like Tweedledee and Tweedledum. Two big fat diaper babies swaddled in thick diapers."

While Danny had undergone his goated transformation, Damien had experienced a porky proliferation of changes himself, becoming a little more piglike each time he received a deposit from the big horny hog's massive malehood or had Boarzebub's tongue forced down his throat or ass. By now, neither boy was any stranger to being manhandled, the slap and flap of fat flesh a familiar sound as they were frequently flopped onto the changing table and plopped onto the demons' hot rods.

"These big babies are two incontinent peas in a pod," said Krampus with satisfaction. "Oh, Danny boy. How far you've fallen. Further and further down the rabbit

hole, becoming just like the baby brother you once looked down on. And you aren't even upset, are you? You *love* it, don't you?"

Both boys clapped and giggled, drooling on themselves as their man tits jiggled and dribbled. Damien began rubbing the front of his diapers and moaning and Danny soon followed suit, copying his big baby bro even though his pee pee wasn't able to send any sensations at all to his body.

Poor Damien was such a needy baby always needing to make stickies in his diapers and unable to control his urges... if he wasn't able to do it he would cry and have a meltdown... and his bad behaviors seemed to be rubbing off on Daniel, though in this realm, what was bad was good, and Krampus was happy to encourage his spoiled little diaper boys to be more and more dependent on and attached to the thick soggy padding between their legs.

"Just think Danny boy... if you stay with us a whole year you could get your feeling back and make stickies in your diapees like your big baby bro... but I doubt you'll ever make it out at this point... You're too far gone. You can't even understand me. But who knows. Maybe tomorrow you can try again!" Krampus laughed a deep belly laugh that shook the nursery, his cock already engorging as he taunted the witless man. He so enjoyed breaking boys like Danny and Damien and turning them into totally hopeless diaper babies.

"So... do any other diaper boys and girls out there care to play? There's plenty of room..." He smiled and licked his lips, looking off to some unseen audience as if he knew they were watching and enjoying the show. "Just remember to be good, because Krampus is always watching and waiting to add new little monsters to his naughty nursery!"