

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 6

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

"Oh my gods!"

Danny woke up, sitting in bed and covered in sweat. He looked around and saw that he was back in his own room at home. "Oh... I'm... I'm here! I'm really home!" He looked around, as if he expected some demon to jump out at him at any moment. Then his hands flew to his chest as if feeling to see if he was really there. He was, but there was no fur... and no milky moobs. He felt his face. Just a regular human nose, and no little horn nublets pierced his forehead. Even his belly was back to his normal - slightly overweight - proportions. He leapt out of bed in celebration, pumping his fists in the air, but then he heard a loud crinkle and felt a familiar weight around his crotch. He looked down to see a ridiculously thick and soggy diaper drooping between his legs. He groaned as the familiar scent of a pissy bed assailed his nostrils, and he knew instantly that he had not woken up covered in sweat at all, but had in fact leaked badly, so much so that he had soaked the mattress and blankets.

"N-no! No, this can't be..." But it was. Damien was in a diaper still, and what panicked him even more was the sound of footsteps rapidly coming up the stairs and approaching the door.

"Honey? What's all that noise?" said his Mom, barging into his room before he could tell her to stay out.

"M-mom! This isn't what it looks like!" he cried, simultaneously holding a hand out as if to hold the door shut, and holding another hand in front of his bulging diaper, as if he had a snowball's chance in hell of hiding it.

"Oh, I think it's exactly what it looks like, young mister. You wet the bed *again*, didn't you? You know what we said would happen if you wet the bed again."

"What do you mean, Mom? I don't wet the bed..."

"I don't want to hear it, Danny. I'm not even going to bother with your bedding. You're just going to soak it again. We're going to get you a waterproof mattress and crib like your little friend Damien down the street, and no more bedding for you!"

To Danny's surprise and horror, his mom began taking out some diapers from his underwear drawer and pointed down to the floor. "Well, down you go. I don't have all day."

"M-mom, *no!* W-what are you even talking about?" Asked Danny, appalled at the idea of being changed by his own Mom. His mom just shook her head and grabbed his elbow, forcing him down with surprising strength.

"It's not as if I want to be doing this, you know. Your father and I never expected to still be changing your diapers at this age," she said to Danny, as he lay there on the ground, red-faced and humiliated.

"*Mom...*"

"The least you can do is cooperate and not raise a fuss... I swear I'm going to have to ask Damien's mom to lend me one of his pacifiers..."

"Mom, I don't need diapers..."

"Uh, huh. And I should trust *you* to be the judge of that?" she asked, as she began untaping his ruined diaper. She seemed to almost be bored by the conversation, as if she was just going through the motions, repeating an exchange she had had with him many times before. Danny gave up arguing and just let her finish, glancing down only long enough to see his pathetic two incher trying to get hard, and his mom completely ignoring it as she wiped around his crotch area.

"I can do it myself," he said pathetically, much too late and not even believing it himself anymore.

"You barely know how to wipe," she said, with a snort of derision. "Do your chores for a week and maybe *then* Dad and I will believe you are ready for potty training."

Danny groaned. Whatever his diaper fantasies had been before, *this* certainly was not it. He didn't even know why he had woken up in a bed in the first place since he was used to sleeping on the couch in the garage. At least he'd be able to skulk down to the garage and watch TV like normal once the diapering was finished, or so he thought. But no such luck. As Danny's mom taped him into another ridiculously thick diaper, he was told that he would only have a little TV time because they were going on errands after that.

"You have 10 minutes and then we're going."

"But *Mooooom!* Why can't I stay at home and watch TV?"

"Because we can't afford to keep hiring a babysitter every time we want to leave the house, that's why," she said, crisply.

"Babysitter? But Mom, I can watch myself," huffed Danny. His mom didn't seem to believe that for a second.

"Off you go, diaper butt. Better hurry, you have 9 minutes left to watch TV." Danny didn't need to be told twice. He rushed off to the garage and sat at his computer, but found it was password protected. He complained to mom, expecting to receive the password. No such luck - Mom said he wasn't ready to use the internet, whatever that meant. He turned on the TV, and all he could find was toddler programming.

"What the heck is this?!" he said. Apparently he wasn't ready for adult programming either.

"Language, little man. Don't make me take away your TV privileges and put you in the corner."

Danny's mouth hung open. Stuck watching stupid baby shows? Not even allowed to use the internet?

"This sucks," he said.

"That's it. You get to spend the rest of your TV time in the corner. Congratulations."

Danny was in shock as his mom pulled him roughly by the hand to the living room and made him stand with his nose in the corner.

"Now you just stay right there where I can watch you until it's time to leave." Danny didn't even try to argue. This was sheer and utter insanity. If he had any money of his own, he'd be leaving at this very moment, but as it was, he was still dependent on his parents' money, and therefore he was at his parents' mercy. Danny could only hope that this, too, was some terrible dream. It felt quite real, however, when his mom returned holding a pair of bright red sweats and an equally colorful block print hoodie in all primary colors and pulled him out of the corner.

"Are you ready to behave yourself? Good. Now it's time to get dressed. Step inside." She didn't wait for him to answer her question but just held the sweats open expectantly and after a moment's hesitation Damien decided that this was not his battle. "Good. I'm glad you at least didn't give me a fuss about *that*. I know how much you *hate* wearing pants."

Damien wanted to argue, but he bit his tongue and allowed her to tug the hoodie down over his head. He looked down at his bulging sweats. Danny groaned in dismay. He looked about as ridiculous as Damien now.

"What the heck is *this*?! I look like some sort of... R-Tard!"

Mom blanched, clearly appalled, and he got a feeling in his stomach like he had done something bad.

"Now, sweetie. We don't use that word. It's so we don't lose you in the store, and besides, you *love* fire engine red! Look, it even has your favorite firefighter pup! That's right, I sewed the patch on just for you!" She was patronizing him, he realized. Like he was some sort of little kid that didn't even know any better.

"I *can't* go out like this, Mom!"

"Well, then we have a problem, cause you can't stay at home either."

"I guess we have a problem," agreed Danny, crossing his arms. She couldn't make him go out dressed like this.

"Oh," said his mom, cocking an eyebrow. "I see what's happening here. You're not taking off your clothes like last time and making me chase you around the grocery store in just your diaper."

"I- Wha?" asked Daniel, as his Mom moved in behind him and grabbed at his waist. Before he could even register what was happening he heard a click at the waist, followed quickly by another series of clicks at the bottom of his hoodie. He realized, suddenly, as he grabbed at his clothes that he had been locked in. He tugged and tugged but the waistband of his pants wouldn't budge. The bottom of the hoodie was clipped on four sides to the waist of the pants as well. There was absolutely no way he could get these ridiculous clothes off without cutting them off, but he could feel a cable running through both garments that he suspected would easily defeat any pair of scissors.

His mom watched with satisfaction, her arms crossed as he struggled.

"Well, that's the end of *that* argument. Good to see that they work. Now come along, little man, or do I have to test out the mitts as well?"

Danny realized with a sinking feeling that his mom was prepared to go much further than he thought. He decided now was not the time to test how much worse things could get for him.

"No, ma'am," he said, shaking his head.

"Good," she said, taking his hand and leading him waddling out the front door. He stumbled after her, feeling absolutely foolish as he could barely keep his footing around the ridiculous bulk that rustled loudly with each step. This was so stupid. This *had* to be a dream, didn't it? As he was loaded into the back of his mom's car and taken to the grocery store, he had a sinking feeling that it wasn't. He almost wondered if it was better

to be back in the nursery, and he felt a little voice in his head tell him that if he begged hard enough, he might just be able to go back...

"Please take me back," said Danny, squeezing his eyes shut and murmuring to himself as his mom started up the car. "Please..."

He felt a tremor... a rumble... yes, yes...

"Vrrrr..... Frrrraaap!" no, the rumble was just the start of the car's engine, and the tremor... was a loud and uncontrollable fart. He opened his eyes, blushing deeply, and looked around. He was still here, still in the car. Still wearing the stupid clothes that made him look like an idiot.

"Oh, honey. Are you gassy again? We really need to find out what's giving you all that gas and adjust that diet... maybe someone at the grocery store will know... I'll just have to ask around..."

"Mom, please *don't*," whined Danny, already cringing at the thought of it. Was she determined to embarrass him?

"Well, we *have* to find out. There's no point being embarrassed about it."

Great. Why couldn't she just ask a doctor like a normal person? He had a feeling his mom wasn't kidding, and sure enough, when they were in the store, his mom brought up his flatulence and diaper wearing to just about anyone and everyone who would listen, and some people who clearly didn't want to. It wasn't exactly a secret that he was diapered. The outline of the thick padding sticking out against the bright red sweatpants and the unmistakable crinkle made that obvious.

Danny was getting more and more upset until finally the cringe and the crinkle got to be too much and he stopped walking. He wasn't going to put up with this any longer.

"Honey, why did you stop? Oh, are you tired?" His mom ruffled his hair. "Well, we'll have to get you in the cart."

Danny recrossed his arms and shook his head, doing his best to put on an angry face to let his mom know he wasn't happy. He knew full well that his mom was not strong enough to lift him, so he knew she would have to relent. He did not count on the fact that there would be a strong, burly shelf stocker nearby and that his mom would ask the nice gentleman, a beefy man in a tight black shirt and cap with at least a foot on Danny, for help.

"Excuse me, sir, but can you help my boy into the cart? I'm not strong enough to lift him myself..." The man turned from his monotonous task and smiled a big friendly smile.

"Sure, ma'am, I..." The man, clearly looking down expecting to see a young toddler, was surprised to see a fully grown Danny standing by the cart, crossing his arms and pouting. After a momentary eyebrow raise, the man's face settled into a smirk as he sized Danny up "No problem," he said, and before Danny could react, Danny felt the bigger man's hands lifting him up, up, up into the child's seat of the shopping cart.

He blushed deeply and let out a loud eep as he was lifted up and plopped down. He had an instant flashback to all the time that he had spent in the nursery with Krampus had taken care of him.

"Daddy," he bleated out in surprise, before covering his mouth the instant he said it. The man just chuckled and ruffled his hair, and in that instant Danny could swear he heard the smoky laugh of his demon daddy behind that chuckle, but he was sure he was just imagining things. Then, he was being pushed forward into the produce section. Mom immediately struck up a conversation with an older woman by the cauliflower about her son's gassy bowels.

"Do you think vegetables will make his farts worse, or is it the meat? I simply can't figure out what to do about my gassy boy!"

Danny couldn't be more embarrassed. Sure, he was no longer waddling around and crinkling, but he had traded that embarrassment for an even more obvious one - riding around in a child's seat that was clearly too small for him. His diaper filled all the remaining space in the seat, the leg divider pressing into it and increasing his sense of infantile confinement.

"Come on, Krampus, take me back," he whined, under his breath. "Please?" Nothing changed. He must not be begging hard enough. What was a poor boy to do if begging wouldn't work? Maybe he could convince his mom he was still a big boy, somehow. Surely that would set things right. Suddenly, he felt an ominous rumble in his tummy and a pressure in his bladder, and he knew that it would be the perfect opportunity to prove it.

"Mommy, I need to go potty," he announced a little too loudly before covering his mouth in embarrassment.

"Sweetie, no need to yell, I'm right here. You need to use your inside voice," said his mom, like she was talking to a kindergartner. The older woman tightened her lips and gave Danny a look of pity that made his cheeks burn red.

"But *Mom*, I gotta go..." he said, in a harsh almost-whisper.

"Then go. That's what your diapers are for." She said it so matter of factly, that Daniel was taken aback. He decided to try and climb out of the cart.

"I gotta get down and use the-" Daniel froze. The moment he lifted himself up enough to take the pressure off his butt, he felt the front of his diapers fill with wetness and the back of his diapers begin filling with mush, making it look almost like he was doing it on purpose. "No. N-no! Nooo! Wahhhhh! Wahhh-mmph!"

Almost as quickly as he began crying, Danny found his mouth plugged by the extra long and thick pacifier that his mom clipped to his shirt. He bit into it, scrunching his eyes as his bowels erupted and his bladder spasmed, as if his body was determined to prove what a big baby he was. There was no stopping it, and he soon found himself just trying to get it over with as he pushed, crinkled, and suckled on his binky for comfort. It didn't seem to make any difference whether he tried to hold it in or push it out, though. His muscle control was completely nonexistent, just as it had been since his unlucky meeting with Krampus, and it didn't seem as if it was showing any sign of improvement here in the earthly world. Finally, he plopped down onto his butt, exhausted. He instantly began grinning stupidly at the familiar feeling of his squishy, messy diaper.

"Uh, oh! Looks like we have a stinky boy! I guess I'd better get him a change. Can't even keep his pants clean for ten minutes," Mom said to the older lady, making Danny snap out of it and realize just how humiliated he should be. "Isn't that right, Danny? Are you my little pooper? Oh well, guess a Mommy's job is never done..." She sighed and shook her head as she pushed Danny toward the back of the grocery store where the public restrooms were. Danny's only comfort was the familiar shape of the pacifier in his mouth. Yes, it felt familiar... a little... *too* familiar...

Danny's eyes went wide as he realized just *why* it felt so familiar in his mouth. He pulled it out and looked at it. The shape of the teat.... It was shaped just like Krampus's cock. He quickly shoved it back in his mouth, embarrassed to be holding a demon dick in his hand in public. He looked around, whimpering as more memories of his time in the nursery flooded his senses and his little dicklet began to stir. Danny soon found himself moaning and humping his thick wet diaper against the leg divider through his thick red sweats. His mom sighed, clearly annoyed.

"Oh, boy. Not this gain. Now how many times have I told you no humpies or rubbies in public? We're really going to have to use that chastity cage your father got, aren't we?"

Daniel whimpered and shook his head no, but even as he did, he couldn't stop humping. He was just so horny. Nothing made him hornier than thick wet and messy diapers and a mouth full of dick. What did Mom expect, giving him a pacifier like that?

"Excuse me, sir?" asked his Mom, interrupting the burly man again. "Can you tell me if there's a restroom with a changing table for my little pooper?"

"Little pooper?" The man asked, confused. Then he sniffed the air and instantly locked eyes with Danny, the obvious culprit. "Oh. I see. Yes, go ahead straight to the double doors by the yogurt section. Inside the employees area there's a changing room that will meet your... needs."

"Thank you, young man. I wish my son was more like you. How old are you, anyway?"

"18, ma'am."

"That's my son's age! Well, I certainly hope he grows up to be like you one day." The man looked Danny up and down one more time, doubt clearly on his face, but before he could reply, the cart was moving again.

This had to be a test from Krampus, it *had* to be, thought Danny as he was wheeled into the employees area, but as he was laid down on the table, his sweats pulled off and his chest strapped down by a big thick strap, he couldn't puzzle out just what he had to do to get out of this. Danny squeezed his eyes shut as his mom untaped his diaper, knowing full well that his shame would be completely exposed and that he was about to have his poopy bottom wiped off by his mom for the first time in... as long as he could remember.

"Alright, sweetie. I just need to grab the wipes and the diaper and... oh dear! I can't believe it. I forgot your diaper bag in the car! I'll be right back..." Danny tried to protest around his mouth full of rubber demon dick, but before he could even try to make himself heard, his mom had rushed off. What's worse, she had left the door open, leaving a clear view of her son, strapped down and helpless with his diaper open and his poopy butt and balls on display, not to mention his pathetically tiny drippy pee pee. He immediately started to thrash about, trying as hard as he could to reach some sort of strap release, but he was stuck. Then, he heard a noise and stared at the doorway with apprehension. Danny tried to be quiet, and hoped silently that it was his mom coming back. He heard a familiar voice, but unfortunately it wasn't his mom.

"OMG, is that a MAN strapped down on the changing table? He looks like a big baby, guys! I gotta get this on camera..."

"Hold up, wait a second... is that *Danny*?!" came another voice. Danny's eyes widened and he protested into his pacifier as he recognized the voices of his former high school classmates, now graduated and, apparently, working at the grocery store.

"No way! He pulled a *Damien*! Wait til I post this up on the alumni page! This is going to be the talk of the town!"

Danny was now struggling again and cursing into his pacifier, kicking his legs in a babyish display that only made the video even more entertaining. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't seem to get the stupid strap off his chest, for it seemed the buckle release was around the edge of the table and out of reach. Even if he could get out of it, though, it's not like he could clean off or cover himself up with anything but his poopy diaper. He was well and completely fucked, and just had to lie there and wait for Mommy to come back and rescue him.

"Peeyooo! What a stinky pooper!" said one of the guys, laughing. "Where's your *mommy* to change you?" he asked.

"Right here," came his Mom's voice. The guys burst out into even louder laughter, but Damien knew that his mom would at *least* shut the door. Instead she said, "Well, you're free to keep filming. It's not every day you see a fully grown man get his butt wiped like a toddler. Maybe a little humiliation will get him to take his chores seriously so he can start potty training soon."

"P-potty training?" asked the guy filming, nearly out of breath now. He was laughing so hard, he was shaking the camera and had to pass it off to his companion. "This is too funny! I'm going to pee my pants!"

Danny wanted to sink into a hole and disappear, but no such luck. Instead, his mom set upon the task of wiping his butt off inch by poopy inch. By the time she got to his pee-pee, he was squirming and begging to be let down, but instead, she took her time wiping off his front, and especially around his little pee-pee head. David's breathing began to grow more rapid as he squirmed under her ministrations.

Oh no! Not here! Not on camera! He thought, but the stimulation of the wipes on his skin and the thick rubber cock in his mouth were too much for his hair trigger dick. With a grunt, Danny let out a torrent of cum, releasing a year's worth of pent up jizz out of his tiny pee pee, spurting rope after rope of cum onto his belly in uncontrollable jerks and spasms. It had been so long since he had cum that it felt more like pissing than anything. He was so embarrassed but he couldn't stop jerking and moaning. It seemed that he had no control over *any* of his bodily functions. Finally, after what seemed like several minutes, Danny was spent. His mom had patiently waited and when he was done, she wiped his belly off like it was just another mess. Then, she tossed the wipes

into his dirty diaper, balling it up and tossing it in the trash. The guys filmed the whole thing, and were not shy about their commentary.

"Wow, Dude! The big baby loves his diapers so much!"

"I've never seen so much jizz come out of one place! What a freak!"

Soon, another diaper was placed under Danny's butt, a disgustingly peach-pink one with stupid fairies and unicorns all over it. Damien groaned in frustration as his mom slid it under his butt and pulled it up between his legs, the thick crinkly material trapping him like a prison - a familiar, comfortable prison that he knew he needed. The guys who were filming found his Princess diapers hysterical and when Mom was done with the change, she unstrapped him and made him sit up and wave.

"Smile for the camera, sweetie! Show everyone your beautiful face! Don't be shy, this is what you wanted, isn't it?"

Finally the guys realized they had to get back to work and moved on, but Danny knew his reputation was ruined. All he could hope to do was to earn those potty training privileges and prove to his parents that he could be a big boy after all. He resolved to do just that as his sweats were pulled back up over his legs and over his diaper by his mom.