

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 7

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

Daniel was reeling as he was re-dressed on the changing table, his clothing locked again before he was unstrapped from the table. How had his life changed so drastically without him knowing it? Was this just a bad dream, or had he slept through some life changing event? He thought back to the babysitting gig he had with the Millers... how Damien had acted like a big dumb baby and how Krampus appeared, snatched Daniel, and sent Damien out disguised as him to...

"Damien!" he growled. "Of course..."

"Yes, sweetie. You'll be having a playdate with Damien very soon."

"No, that's not what I..." Daniel sighed. His mom would never understand. "Yes, Mom."

"That's a good boy. Now are you okay to walk today or do you need the nice man to put you back in the cart?"

"No, Mom, I'll walk," muttered Daniel, not wanting to repeat *that* particular embarrassing experience again.

"Good. I'm glad to hear it," said Mom. She held out her hand and Daniel took it, obediently waddling alongside her out of the bathroom and back into the main shopping area of the grocery store.

Daniel tried to piece together what had happened. Somehow, Damien had managed to be here with Mom and Dad while at the same time being in the naughty nursery with Daniel. How? Were there two Damiens? Did time just work differently in the naughty nursery? Or was he in some sort of weird dream he couldn't wake up from?

When they got back to the shopping cart, Daniel was made to hold onto it with one hand as Mommy pushed it through the store. Daniel again opted to avoid making things worse for himself and follow directions, doing his best to ignore the loud crinkles he made with each step. However, his mom was not about to let him or anyone else ignore the fact that her son was now a big baby as she loudly proclaimed the babyish activities he had to look forward to.

"My, my, so well behaved all of a sudden! If you keep this up, Santa might just pay you a visit on Christmas Eve and grant you a wish! Now, let's get you home. I'll bet

my little man is hungry wungry and wants his big boy clothes off so he can run around in his diaper like he likes."

"Mom, *please*," hissed Daniel as they endured the snickers of nearby customers and employees, including his former classmates. His mom just doubled down.

"Oh, come on, sweetie, you love to run around in your diapee... you got so into it ever since you babysat your little friend Damien." Daniel smacked his forehead. That stupid idiot Damien was responsible for *all* of this. Daniel's mom quickly grabbed his wrist, alarmed.

"No, sweetie! No hitting yourself. We're going to have to put you in mitts after all, aren't we?"

"No, Mom, that's not what-" His mom wasn't listening. She clucked her tongue and shook her head.

"Dad and I thought it was too extreme, but Miss Miller was right yet again. Discipline is what you need."

"Mom, no!" whined Daniel, veering dangerously close to having a meltdown. His mother, sensing this development, reached into her purse and fished out a familiar object.

"Here, take your pacifier, sweetie. That always calms you down." In her hand was an obscene pacifier straight out of the Naughty Nursery judging by the looks of it. It was thick, veiny, and in a very familiar shape.

"Oh my god, is that a *cock*?" asked David's former classmate, who was once again recording the spectacle as Daniel's mom pressed the sinful soother up against his lips. Embarrassed, flustered, and blushing bright red, Daniel quickly engulfed the Krampus cock-shaped pacifier in his mouth to hide it from view.

"I knew you would be excited to suck on that special pacifier," said Mom, patting Daniel's head as he stood there holding the grocery cart and blushing fiercely. "And you finally stopped fussing. Miss Miller was right - it's just so much easier keeping you boys like this since boys just don't want to grow up nowadays. "

Mercifully, all they had to do now was get through checkout. They got in line and they were almost next when a new stand opened up. Daniel saw that the person in the checkstand was a really cute girl about his age. His mother changed direction and started heading toward the new line. Daniel resisted, feeling a sudden pang of embarrassment spike up again.

"But we're next in this line," said Daniel around his pacifier, pointing to the old lady at the stand in front of them. It wouldn't be so bad for him to look like a huge dork in front of an old lady. But in front of an attractive woman his own age? He couldn't handle the humiliation. His mom, however, did not seem to understand.

"Sweetie, what has gotten into you?" asked his mom loudly as she continued toward the newly opened checkstand, despite Daniel's best attempts. "Now you help Mommy unload this cart for the nice cashier or you'll get a spanking when we get home." Daniel looked at the checkout girl, mortified as she listened to the exchange and giggled. He must have looked ridiculous unloading the cart and sucking on his demon dicky pacifier while his mom talked down to him.

"Those are wipes. W I P E S sweetie. Those are for your stinky bum! Yes, they are!" She turned to the cashier and shook her head with a smile. "Some boys never grow up, do they?" Seeing an opportunity, the young lady smirked.

"Oh, yes, I know. I see it all the time. I babysit plenty of little ones, and I'm sure he's no different. If you ever need a babysitter, I'm available." Daniel's eyes went wide with shock at the suggestion, and he was even more surprised with his mother's response.

"What are your rates? We had to let our last babysitter go because we couldn't afford her."

"Oh, I'm sure we could work something out," said the cashier, looking Daniel up and down with a smirk.

"NO!" yelled Daniel, prompting his mom to shove his penis-shaped pacifier firmly back in his mouth.

"Hush, you. The grownups are talking."

Daniel wanted to pull his hair out as his mother haggled babysitting prices with the cute young checkout girl. Even if he wasn't romantically interested in anything but demon dick and diapers now, it still stung to be seen as a diapered dummy by someone his age. Daniel blushed deeply as the would-be babysitter commented on how cute his butt looked, earning him a playful, crinkly swat on the butt from his mom.

Finally, when his Mom was good and ready, they left and went to the car, where he was buckled in in the back seat. After his mom took a seat in front, she turned to face him and he braced for a typical mom lecture.

"Alright, sweetie," said his mom. "I'm not going to lecture you because you're just too immature to know any better. However, since you're Mr. Grumpy Pants today and your little paci wasn't enough, I've got something that is sure to cheer you up for the drive home." Daniel groaned as the unmistakable tune of 'The Wheels on the Bus' started playing. Would this crap be playing the whole way back? At least in Krampus's nursery, he didn't have to listen to dumb stuff like this.

"Oh, come on, sweetie, don't pout. You love this one. Be a good boy and clap and sing along. Mommy won't take us home until you do!"

"I'm not a baby."

"Well, that's hard to believe, sweetie, when you're pouting like a baby all the time. If you want to prove you're a big boy and get that special wish from Santa, you're going to have to change that attitude." Mom lowered her voice to a slightly more assertive tone when Daniel didn't budge. "Don't make me tell your father you were bad today." Daniel sighed.

"Fine... I'll sing along..." Daniel began half heartedly clapping and singing, which seemed to satisfy his mother as she finally nodded and pulled out of the parking spot. Gradually, Daniel started to get into it as he continued singing and by the time they were back at the house, he had clapped, sung, giggled, and farted along with all the classic songs, from Row Row Row your boat to the itsy bitsy spider. It wasn't until Mom stopped the music that he snapped out of it and realized what he was doing.

"Wow, sweetie, you were a very good boy, and so mature," said Mom, in her mommy voice as she unbuckled him.

"I can be big," he said, sensing her condescension. "I'll help take in the groceries."

"Sweetie, no, you're too clumsy for that."

"Am not!" Daniel said, pushing past his mom and rushing to the trunk, where he grabbed two bags and pulled them out. The bottoms immediately fell out of the grocery bags spilling groceries everywhere.

"Oh *Daniel*," said Mom, exasperated. "What are we going to do with you?" Daniel stared in shock at the empty shredded bags in his hands, looking like they had been clawed open by some demon.

"It wasn't me! I swear!" said Daniel, his voice taking on a tinge of desperation as he bent down to pick up the groceries.

"NO. Leave it, Daniel," Mom barked in an unusually forceful voice. "You're clearly not ready for big boy responsibilities of any sort. If you want to be useful, go watch cartoons while the grownups take care of things." Daniel was hurt, and insulted. Here he was actually *trying* to help out for once and his parents didn't even believe he was capable of it. Krampus's voice spoke in the back of Daniel's mind.

"Being a big boy is too hard, Danny Boy. You should just give up... give up and stop trying..." Daniel shut his eyes, not knowing or caring if this voice was real or just his imagination.

"Please... take me back... I really mean it this time..."

"No," came the voice. "You don't. You're just trying to run away from your problems again. And when you get back to the nursery, you'll just try to resist there too like the brat you are."

Daniel realized that the words were true. Going to the naughty nursery wouldn't solve his problems. Only he could do that - by showing once and for all he *was* a big boy. When Danny walked inside and saw that the dishes were dirty, he knew what he had to do. He walked up to the sink and grabbed a sponge. He could do this. How hard could it be? He just had to soap them up and put them in the dishwasher, right?

"Daniel! You put that dish down right this instant!" came the voice of Daniel's mom from right behind him, making him jump and drop the plate. The plate landed in the sink, breaking itself and another plate below it and Mom immediately took hold of Daniel's hands as if she was afraid he'd try to grab the broken glass. "No playing near the sink, that's not for little boys!"

"Mom, I was trying to help!"

"No no sweetie, that's not safe for you. You use plastic plates, remember?" She looked Danny up and down to see if he was hurt, and quickly spotted something amiss. "Oh, just look at you, Danny! You wet yourself and leaked all over..." Daniel looked down, completely shocked to see his red sweats damp with piss. It must have happened when his mom scared him.

"Honey," called mom over her shoulder. "Could you come in here a minute?"

Daniel cringed as his father walked into the room, looking him up and down as he took in the scene.

"What happened here?"

"Danny had a big scare because of the loud scary dishes, didn't you sweetie?" Mom didn't wait for Danny to answer. "Go get me a bath towel, would you? We don't want the little one dripping all over the floor and I clearly can't leave him unattended to get one myself... Oh, and could you grab the mitts and the... you know *what*? We're going to have to follow through with Mrs. Miller's suggestion after all."

Dad nodded with some unspoken understanding, pausing to give Danny a pitying glance on his way out.

Danny was near tears as he was pacified, stripped down to his diaper, wrapped in a big fluffy towel, and led to the living room for an emergency diaper change. Danny found his butt immediately on a big fluffy diaper, his Mom taking off his soaked one almost before his butt touched the padding. He knew better than to take out his pacifier when he was in trouble, so instead he whimpered pitifully and suckled while Mom took care of him.

"So what happened?" asked Dad as Mom wiped Danny's legs and crotch clean of piss.

"Oh, the poor thing has been this close to having a meltdown all day. First he wanted to watch *big boy* shows, then he didn't want to get dressed or come shopping, then during our shopping, he humped the seat of the shopping cart *again*, and he had an outburst at the checkout counter..." Daniel tried to protest, but his Dad talked right over him.

"Masturbating in public *again*? How many times is this going to happen? Ever since that boy babysat Damien, he just doesn't stop..."

"That's right, and when he's not rubbing his diaper, he's arguing and trying to prove he's a *big boy*, which is how we ended up with a load of groceries on our front lawn and broken dishes in the sink. I think it's time we give up trying to teach our little helper not to masturbate or do other big boy things. These mitts and the *you-know-what* will be much more effective for little boys who can't control themselves."

Daniel's face was bright red as his mom and dad each worked a mitt over their helpless son's hands, making them completely useless. Danny didn't *want* to let them do it. He wanted to yell at them that they were all wrong, but he knew that yelling would only prove their point and make the baby treatment that much more severe. Instead, he lay there helpless, mitted and naked on an open diaper while his dad opened up a little box and pulled something out.

"Sweetheart," began his Dad, hiding the mystery object in his hand. "You're not gonna like this, but Daddy has to put something on you to protect you..." At first Daniel didn't know what his dad could possibly mean, but when he grabbed Daniel's penis and shoved a hard piece of plastic on it, things clicked into place quickly.

"NO!" yelled Daniel. "You can't!"

"Shhh, shhh, shhh," said Mommy, holding down his mitted hands as he kicked and squirmed while his father sat on his legs to completely immobilize him. "It's okay. You did such a good job letting mommy and daddy put on your mitts my brave boy... be good and I promise you can make stickies when you are at home with Mommy and Daddy's help..." Daniel blushed imagining being completely dependent on his parents to get off.

"You don't need to do this..."

"Oh, but we do, sweetie," said Mom. "Ever since you babysat Damien, you've been rubbing your diaper everywhere you go, and today was the last straw. You'll be much more behaved with this on."

"That's not fair!" Yelled Daniel, frustrated that he couldn't explain those behaviors to his parents without sounding crazy.. "It wasn't me!"

"Oh? That wasn't you today in the shopping cart humping your little diapees?"

"That wasn't my fault! I couldn't help it! No!"

Daniel fought valiantly but with weakened muscles and lowered stamina from being idle in the nursery for so long, all his parents had to do was wait him out. It was not even a minute before he tired himself out and was left exhausted and panting as his limp pee pee was locked up by his father.

"There we go, fussy little fella," said Dad. "Don't worry, you'll forget about that little thing in no time. Just be a good boy and stay out of the way while Mommy and Daddy put away the groceries, and maybe you can make cummies at bedtime."

"Let's put him in the playpen," said Mom, satisfied with their handiwork.

"Good idea," said Dad. "I brought the spiked booties so he won't try to stand up like a big boy and get out on his own. There's no way our flabby little doughboy will be able to climb over the sturdy walls with these on."

Danny's feet were wrestled into the special locking booties and now he was truly helpless. Unable to walk or use his hands or even hump his diaper to get off as he was placed in the playpen in just his diaper and left to watch Blarney on TV. Being a big baby was not the easy lifestyle Danny had imagined before all this started. He just wanted to be free to be lazy and masturbate and play video games whenever he wanted, not *all this*. How was Danny ever going to prove he was ready to be a big boy again when he was stuck and helpless like this?

Danny tried standing up, and sure enough, the spikes in the booties pressed painfully on his feet, making him fall on his butt and squirt a little pee out into his thick absorbent diaper. Danny felt a rumble in his tummy and knew that he was going to make another poopy soon, which would only prove how much he needed diapers.

"That's it!" said Danny, his feeble mind working on overdrive. "I just have to make it to the potty and then they'll *have* to potty train me!"

It was a race against his tummy now. Danny tried to pull himself up with his arms, but his upper body strength was nonexistent, and the extra weight he had put on made lifting himself up an impossibility, so his pathetic escape attempt ended in failure almost as soon as it started. One minute his tummy was rumbling, the next, his seat was filling with mush. He just didn't have any control down there after what Krampus did to him.

"Uh oh, is somebody a stinky boy?" said Mommy as she approached the playpen.

"I couldn't make it to the potty, mommy!" Daniel instantly blushed and covered his mouth. Why did he cry out to mommy like a big baby?

"I know, sweetie. I know." said Mommy, helping him out of the playpen. "Let's just get you changed. Are you all finished making poo poos for Mommy?" Danny nodded, blushing deeply at the question, and his mom smiled softly and began to change him. Danny sighed and relaxed as his butt was wiped clean. He had to admit being changed felt nicer than using the cold hard potty.

That night, as Daniel lay in his comfy bed, he overheard Mommy and Daddy talking.

"It's just too bad he could be a good boy and get that wish from Santa... at this rate, he's never going to grow up again."

"You're right. He's getting worse, I think it's time we give up trying to rehabilitate our boy and just face the fact that he's going to be a big baby like Damien from now on."

"The crib and changing table will be here in time for Christmas. We can make the nursery his Christmas present," said Mom.

"Well, honey, I'm all on board for that. It'll make caring for Danny a lot easier, after all, since we can leave him in the crib and know he won't get into trouble, and that changing table will save both our backs."

Danny groggily puzzled over his parents' mention of Santa. Santa wasn't real, was he? As Danny drifted off to sleep, he saw a dark shadow over him and heard a smoky voice in his ear, as if Krampus was leaning in to whisper to him.

"It's almost Christmas... I wonder what Santa will say when he sees what a big baby loser you are? I'll give you until midnight Christmas day to prove you have the capacity to learn *something* about being a good boy before I make this your new reality forever. Don't try *too* hard, Danny boy. We both know you'll fail like you always do."

Daniel drifted off to sleep, and dreamed again of getting railed by demons in the naughty nursery. The next day was much like the last, with Daniel waking up in a soaked bed, his diaper having leaked in the night. The only difference was he could feel his chastity cage painfully digging into his balls as his dicklet tried to chub up over his naughty dreams.

"Owwie," whined Danny, as he tried in vain to get some sort of relief. His mom showed up almost immediately.

"Oh, dear, you've soaked the sheets again, haven't you? Well, we might as well just set the bed up to dry. It's going to smell like piss no matter what we do until those cloth nighttime diapers come in. Come along for your bath, baby, and Mommy will see if you can make poopies too."

Daniel could tell that this day would be full of humiliations, and reminders of how far he had fallen. As he discovered in the bath, there was also the added frustration of being horny and feeling the painful tug of the cage every time he started to chub up. There was nothing he could do to relieve himself, not even suck on a hot demon cock. The closest thing he got was his paci.

After his bath, it was breakfast time. Mom gave him a gigantic bottle. Daniel's eyes bugged out and his face went red when he saw the 2 liter monstrosity topped with a giant nipple shaped like Krampus's cock. Mommy looked at him, concerned.

"What's the matter, sweetie? You love your milk, and this is your favorite nipple. Be a good boy and drink up, honey." Despite his embarrassment, Daniel knew he had to be a good boy if he wanted any hope of changing his situation, so he put the big

demon cock in his mouth with his mom beaming proudly. As he sucked it, he tasted the familiar musky taste of demon seed, and pulled his head off the cock, looking at the bottle again in confusion.

"Come on, sweetie, drink it up," said Mommy, grabbing the bottle and pushing the nipple back in his mouth, forcing the demon cock down his throat. He moaned slightly as dribbles of musky cum tickled the back of his throat. Daniel began to suck his meal down ravenously as his mom held it there. He winced as his cage got painfully tight, but he kept on suckling. This was the closest thing to sexual satisfaction he could get now, and he was going to thoroughly enjoy it. His mother cooed at him as he humped his diaper in vain, unable to get any stimulation aside from what was happening in his mouth and tummy.

"Miss Miller was right... you boys sure do love this special formula!"

When he was finally done, Daniel groaned from how full his tummy was. Mommy burped him, and his burp filled the room with the smell of demon musk, just like the nursery used to smell.

"How soon is Cwismas eve, Mommy?" asked Daniel, his voice coming out very babyish. Mommy smiled down at him.

"Why... Christmas Eve is today, sweetie! Didn't you know that?"

"What?!" asked Danny, his eyes wide. How could he have known? It wasn't like he was allowed to go online or see anything but baby shows.

"Oh yes! We hired a babysitter to watch you and little Damien tonight while we go out with the Millers to see Faust. It'll be a big baby sleepover! Won't that be nice?"

Daniel's heart skipped a beat. There was no time. How was he supposed to prove he was a good boy by the end of the day and avoid being stuck in this hellish scenario?

"If you're good, maybe Santa will show up and give you a wish. Remember, Daniel: Santa shows up for good boys and girls. Bad boys and girls get to meet Krampus instead." Daniel thought he could hear a smoky chuckle beneath that voice.

Daniel gulped. He was both excited and afraid of that possibility. Krampus was the very reason he was in this mess, but he so missed his Demon Daddy's face and cock. Daniel's stomach suddenly rumbled and moment later he felt mush spreading out into the back of his diaper

"Right on schedule," said Mommy in a singsong voice. "Let's get you out of this high chair and down on the floor. Oh, this will be so much easier after you get your Christmas present, just you wait!"