

Krampus's Naughty Nursery Part 8

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

Daniel has one last chance to prove he's a good boy before he's stuck playing baby with Mommy and Daddy forever. Can he prove he's a big boy and get Santa to come on Christmas Eve, or will he have much more babyish fate?

That evening, Mom and Dad dressed up in their most formal clothing, and Daniel got a fresh diaper and a Blarney shirt. Satisfied, Dad grabbed Daniel's hand and led him toward the front door.

"I can't lift your chubby butt so your booties are coming off for now, but if you go wandering where you shouldn't tonight, the babysitter has full permission to put them right back on you, got it?"

"Wait, what about pants?" Daniel said, beginning to panic as Dad looked at his watch.

"Oh, you don't need it sweetie," said Mom. "It'll just get in the way of the babysitter checking your diaper, and besides, you'll be inside the whole time."

"But we have to go out to the car..."

"Come on, sweetie," said Mom with a patronizing grin. "Do you think the whole neighborhood doesn't know about your big diapered butt already?"

"We don't have time for this, honey," said Dad to Mom. "We're going to be late."

No further argument was brooked. Daniel was marched outside in full view of the neighborhood and strapped into the backseat of Mom and Dad's car. With his mitts on, there was no way he was getting out of the seat on his own. Daniel blushed, thinking of just how helpless his Mom and Dad had made him, keeping him in mitts and booties helpless to do anything but sit in his playpen, play with baby toys, fill his diapers, and watch baby shows on TV.

Mom, sensing Daniel's frustration, put on his 'favorite album' once again.

"Come on, sweetie. Be a good boy and sing along... Theeeeeee wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round..." Daniel was obliged to clap and sing along to the music all the way to the Millers, and before he knew it, they were pulling into the driveway.

When the music turned off, Daniel realized where he was, and he felt his stomach sink. If he didn't figure something out quick, he was going to end up like Damien, stuck looking like an idiot, but with *much* stricter parents and a cage on his winky to ensure he would always be fussy and frustrated. Daniel was led toddling up the steps to the big front door, looking around to see if anyone in the neighborhood was watching.

"Momm.... hurry upppp," said Daniel, trying in vain to pull down his short Blarney shirt in an attempt to hide his enormous diaper.

"Calm down, sweetie, Mommy told you not to fuss. If you fuss, Santa won't come." The front door opened, and Daniel's stomach did flip flops as he caught sight of the checkout girl from yesterday.

"Well hello there, little boy! Welcome!" Daniel turned to his parents, a look of absolute horror on his face.

"Mommy, Daddy, is she really going to be my babysitter? She's *my* age."

"Just because you're the same age doesn't mean you're equally as mature," said Dad, looking not the least bit sympathetic to Daniel's plight.

"Girls just grow up faster than boys, sweetie," added Mom, as if it was a known fact. She patted his crinkly butt and ushered him forward. "Now be polite and thank her for babysitting you."

"Thank you," mumbled Daniel, staring at the floor and scowling as he walked inside.

"Don't worry, kid," said the babysitter with a smirk as she tugged up lightly on his exposed diaper waistband, then patted his butt. "We're going to have lots of fun. I promise."

Daniel huffed. He was already thinking about how he could ditch her so he could try to think up some *useful* way to prove he was a good boy before Santa came.

Inside were the Millers dressed up in their opera outfits. Damien jumped up from playing on the floor and waddle-ran right up to Daniel with a toy car in his hand and a big dumb grin on his toothless face.

"Baby bwooooo!" Daniel was practically bowled over by the big idiot, and pushed him away.

"Get off me, you stupid dummy!"

Mom and Dad gasped.

"Language, young man! I told you to be nice!" said Mom. Dad's face went red with anger and he delivered a few hard swats to Daniel's bare thigh while holding the boy in place.

"That had better be the *last* outburst you make tonight, little man. If the babysitter tells us you've been naughty, there will be *hell* to pay." Daniel yelped and made a face like he was going to cry, but Mom and Dad stood firm, so he gave up on that. They were always so unfair to him when he did nothing wrong. It wasn't *his* fault Damien was such a stupid dummy.

"Well, with that out of the way," said Mrs. Miller, "Let's get going, shall we?" The parents all cleared out and Danny was left standing awkwardly in the living room with his 'babysitter' and Damien, the overgrown man-baby, still grinning ear to ear like an idiot.

"Alright, kiddos," said the babysitter, smiling warmly. "It's just us now, huh? What do we wanna do first?"

"Pizza!" said Damien, clapping.

"Aww, sorry kiddo, but you can't have any pizza. You're lactose intolerant, remember?"

"Can I have pizza?" asked Daniel.

"Now I don't think that would be very fair to your big bro Damien, would it? How about you both get a nice bottle of formula instead?"

Damien clapped and squealed in delight at the mention of formula while Daniel scowled. However, when they got into the kitchen and Danny saw the two giant bottles with demon dick nipples, he knew just what 'formula' they were about to drink. Now he was interested, and his tummy gurgled in anticipation of a delicious, musky meal.

"I have to warm them up," said the babysitter, smiling. "You two just hang tight."

Daniel and Damien stood there, watching the bottles rotate around in the microwave as the 'formula' was heated up. As they waited, Danny puzzled over what he had to do to get Santa to come. If he wasn't allowed to do big boy chores, what else

could he do? What did being a good boy even look like, anyway? Would doing something big like using a potty prove he was good?

Two minutes passed on the microwave and Danny's had only become more puzzled. Suddenly, a rubber demon cock was being shoved into his mouth and he found his hands coming up to hold the bottle as he suckled out the musky 'formula'. He was smiling ear to ear as he drank down the demonic nectar, all his questions forgotten. Now this he could get used to.

The two boys fell into a horny haze as they suckled on the demon cock bottles. Damien began humping his diaper on the kitchen floor and Daniel felt more than a little envious at the sight of the big baby enjoying himself so openly.

"Aww, isn't that cute," said the babysitter. "Somebody loves their milk soooo much they want to show the kitchen their appreciation! And what about you, Danny boy? Why aren't you copying your big bro?"

The demon-spunk formula dribbled from Daniel's chin and onto his Barney shirt as he pulled the nipple out to reply. Suddenly Danny was intensely embarrassed about his chastity cage. He didn't want the babysitter to know.

"Um... I dunno..."

"Oh, that's right! Your Mommy and Daddy told me they're keeping your pee pee caged up because they don't want you *masturbating* everywhere. I guess they're not as *permissive* as the Millers." The babysitter smirked as she saw Daniel's shocked expression. "Oh dear, but I might be using words that are too big for the little boy to understand, huh? How should I put this... Don't worry, Danny boy. Mommy and Daddy are keeping your pee pee nice and pprotected."

Daniel's face went bright red. She knew? And was she... teasing him? He couldn't believe it.

"Well, it's 7pm and dinner is all finished. We can do one more thing before you sweetums have to go to bed."

"7pm? That can't be right. I just got here," said Daniel, shocked to see that the microwave clock agreed with the babysitter. "How in the world?"

"You and Damien have been sucking down milk for a whole hour, sweetie. Didn't you know?" Daniel was dumbstruck. Had he really zoned out for a whole hour?

"But... but... I'm not ready for bed..."

"Then you better make this last activity count, huh? So what do you two want to do before beddy bye time?"

"Wets pway wif toys!" said Damien.

"That's a great idea, lil guy! You can show Danny all sorts of fun games in your bedroom. You've got your stacking rings, your shape box, the animal pop up toy... And it's right by the crib, so you can snuggle up for sleepy time right after!"

"Yay!" said Damien, clapping and making a big dumb toothless grin.

"No way!" whined Daniel. "That's lame!" The babysitter's eyes flashed a warning glare.

"Do you want to be a good boy like Damien and play nice or will I have to put you to bed right now, Daniel?" Daniel's eyes went wide and he quickly backpedaled.

"N-no, I'll be good! I just need to figure out a way to show *Santa* I'm good so he'll visit!"

"Oh, *I* see. Well, *I* heard that boys who drink their babas and play nice with their baby brothers get put on the nice list. You've already drunk your bottle like a good boy, so if you play nice with Damien, that's two points out of three! What do you think?"

"Uh, *duh*. Everybody knows *that*," lied Daniel, crossing his arms and rolling his eyes. "That's what I was gonna suggest anyway."

"You wouldn't be lying now, would you?" asked the babysitter, hiding her smirk with her hand. "That's not a very good boy thing to do..."

"Whatever, let's go play the stupid baby games with Dumbien."

"Daniel..." warned the babysitter. "You are on thin ice right now, buddy. Now apologize to your big bro."

"What? What did I say?" asked Daniel, shrugging.

"Apologize, or it's bedtime for you *right now*."

"Okay, okay. Sorry Dumbien- I mean Damien. Let's go play."

"Yay! Pway!" said Damien, clapping and smiling as he ran ahead of the both of them toward his room.

"You see? He didn't even need the apology," said Daniel, shrugging again.

"Daniel, that's not the point. You still have to treat him nice. You really don't get this whole being good thing, do you? Such a very naughty boy..."

"I *am* good," said Daniel. "I'm really trying to be. It's just nobody gives me a chance to prove it." The babysitter shook her head and led Daniel up to the bedroom by the hand like she didn't trust him to go by himself. She paused before they stepped into the bedroom, where Damien was already taking out his toys, his fat diapered butt sticking high in the air pointed toward the door.

"I can see why your parents keep you like this, Daniel. Frankly, I don't think Santa *will* come tonight, not with *that* attitude anyway. Now, I want you to promise you will play nice with Damien and not insult him or call him names, even if he doesn't understand. Don't be like the reindeer who were mean to Rudolph."

"Okay, fine," said Daniel. "I promise, okay? But after this, can we *please* do something more grown up? I need to show Santa I deserve my wish."

"Oh, you'll get exactly what you deserve, Danny boy, don't you worry. Now go on in there and play."

Daniel dragged himself into the nursery and reluctantly began playing with Damien. Damien was playing with a box that had various shape cutouts, and the darn thing was absolutely defeating him as he tried to shove a square peg through a round hole.

"No, no, you stup- uh... stupendous boy. You gotta put the peg here, see?"

"Yay!!!" said Damien, clapping, as he watched the cylinder disappear into the box. Daniel couldn't help but pity the easily entertained fool, even though he too felt his heart leap a bit at the infantile accomplishment just a *little*. "Oh yeah? If you think that's cool, wait til I put the *star* shaped block in the box."

Danny helped Damien put another block in the box, and another as Damien giggled and clapped in delight. Soon Daniel found himself reluctantly enjoying the game as well, and before he knew it, the blocks were all put away. Damien then moved onto the stacking rings, once again doing them all wrong until Daniel came over to show him how to do it right.

"That's the way, see? Red to purple. Just like *this*."

"Yay! Widdle bwo is so smawt!" clapped Damien. The babysitter giggled.

"Wow, Daniel, you're being a pretty good bro helping Damien like that. Maybe you'll end up on Santa's nice list after all!"

"Of *course* I'll end up on his nice list. I'm the best teacher ever."

"Oh my, how *prideful* of you. Well, you just keep it up, little guy, and I'm sure you'll get everything your little heart desires."

Next came a game of Peek a Boo with the babysitter, and then a sing along, and then some time playing with Damien's *Infernal Krampus* playset which came with miniature versions of Krampus and Boarzebub, complete with squirting cocks and two baby fuck toys that looked suspiciously familiar.

"Is this really a mattel product?" asked Daniel, squinting at the logo on the playset.

"Oh no," said the babysitter. "This is from Mat-hell. Completely different company."

"Come on, bwo!" said Damien. "Dats enough talking. Wets pway horsie wide wiff da dollies! You kan be da Kwampus Daddy and I'll be da Boawzebub Daddy!"

"Yeah... sure," said Daniel, reluctantly picking up the weird Krampus doll. He was shocked to see how perfectly the demon cocks penetrated the toy dolls. They even made pre-recorded sex squelching and moaning noises that could have been lifted right from one of their real adventures in the nursery. Danny began to wince as his dick tried to expand in the cage while Damien seemed to be having a similar reaction, dropping his doll to rub at his diaper bulge with both hands.

"Dis game fun!" panted Damien. Meanwhile, Daniel tried to think of anything he could do to get his erection to go down, Damien let out a loud groan as he dumped another load into the front of his diaper right in front of Daniel, making Daniel's confinement all the more frustrating.

"Look at you two playing so nicely," said the babysitter. "Now it's bedtime, so both of you get up in the crib and I will read you a bedtime story."

"Bedtime already?" asked Daniel. "But we just started!"

"Sweetie, you've been playing for hours. I guess little Daniel likes his baby games more than he thinks. "

"H-hours?" asked Daniel, once again shocked at how quickly time had passed without him realizing it. This was bad. "B-but I'm not ready for Santa! Can't we stay awake a little longer?" he asked, hoping to make it to midnight so he wouldn't miss Santa.

The babysitter put her hands on her hips and stared at Daniel for a few seconds before finally sighing.

"Oh, alright. You can stay up a *little* longer... for a bedtime story. But you and Damien are going to listen... from the *crib*."

"Okay, fine," said Daniel, getting into the crib alongside Damien. Damien pulled him into a big warm hug, and Daniel struggled for half a second before he realised that resting on the big baby was actually pretty comfortable - like a big warm pillow. In fact, it was a little *too* warm... Daniel looked down.

"Um... Miss Babysitter... I think we need a diaper change..."

"The mattress is waterproof. It can wait until after the story. Now settle in and listen up, little ones. This is a true story!" The babysitter opened up a picture book and pointed to a picture of a boy that looked remarkably like Danny. "Once upon a time, there was a little immature diaper boy who did all sorts of naughty things. He was lazy, avoided his chores, and even stole diapers from the nursery when he was babysitting. He was such a *naughty* boy that Krampus had to come one Christmas Eve and bring the bad boy to his naughty nursery for some re-education. But guess what? That boy was *too silly* to give up his soul to Krampus! Can you believe it? Krampus had to send him *all the way back* to Mommy and Daddy so that the little boy could realize that Krampus's Naughty Nursery was where he belonged... and the harder he tried to prove he was a big boy, the sleepier he got... oh so sleepy... such a very, very sleepy... little... boy..."

Daniel found his eyelids growing heavy as listened, until finally he fell into a deep, deep sleep... The babysitter smiled and kissed Damien and Daniel on the head.

"And that's the third good thing you did tonight, Danny boy, but I'll be Damned if Santa shows up. Sleep tight, you two. I have a feeling someone special will be coming very soon."

Daniel's eyes shot open. Something had woken him, but what? Everything was dark and quiet but for the snoring of the big baby Damien holding him. Suddenly, his stomach did a flip flop.

"Shit! I fell asleep! What time is it?" Danny tried to sit up in the crib, but Damien's grip was still tight. Then, he heard something that made him break into a cold sweat. It was a loud CLOMP, and it came from the roof.

"Damien. *Damien. Wake up,*" hissed Daniel, struggling to break free of the tubby man-child's grip. As Damien stirred awake, Daniel could hear the clomping footsteps moving, and the sound of something dragging along with them. "Damien!" he said, desperately, finally causing the big baby to stir.

"Huh? What's happening widdow bwo?"

"Damien, listen... there's something... on the *roof.*" Daniel's hairs stood on end as he followed the sound moving toward the chimney. Nooo, no no no... It couldn't be. He had fallen asleep without having a chance to prove he was a *good* boy and now he had run out of time.

"Oh boy!" squealed Damien in delight. The big flabby baby hurriedly let down the side of the crib and before Daniel could react, Damien was already climbing down from the crib and running out the door.

"Damien, wait! Dang It... I'd better follow that idiot to see what's going on..."

Quietly, oh so carefully, Daniel attempted to creep down the hall, his full and crinkly diaper swinging between his legs with each waddling step. He cringed as he realized how *not* stealthy he was. His heart was racing. What was he going to find downstairs?

Daniel took each step one at a time, trying extra hard to quiet his crinkles as he strained to see into the living room without being seen. The clomping sound continued, as did the creepy dragging noise. Danny came to the bottom of the steps and finally caught a glimpse of the living room. Damien was there, facing the chimney and clapping as loud, otherworldly grunts echoed down from above.

Suddenly Danny felt a hand on his shoulder and he screamed, jumping at least a foot in the air. He spun around to see it was only the babysitter.

"Hey, there, jumpy boy. You better get down there to see Santa."

"How do you know it's Santa?" asked Daniel. "What if it's Krampus?"

"Well, you were relatively good tonight. Who do *you* think it is?"

"I... I don't know," said Daniel.

"Come on, scaredy cat." The babysitter said. She took Daniel by the hand and led him downstairs to the chimney beside Damien just in time to see a large creature emerge from the chimney.

"Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!"

"Santa!" Damien and Daniel said in unison.

"That's right, little boys. I made my list and checked it twice, and I think baby Damien has been *very* nice. Santa reached into his big bag and brought out a gift wrapped box for Damien. Damien opened it up and it was a big cake smothered in delicious frosting.

"Boarzebub cake! My favowite!" gushed Damien, immediately plunging his face into the six-layer luxury.

"Damien, you dummy, that's not from Boarzebub. This is Santa!" Daniel shook his head at Damien's naivete. Then, his nose twitched as he got a whiff of demon cum. His cage suddenly felt painfully tight, and he felt a pang of envy as he remembered the delicious treats he used to enjoy in the nursery.

"What about me Santa?" asked Daniel. "Where's *my* present?"

"I'm not so sure about you, little Daniel..." Santa said, pulling out his reading glasses. "It says here you've been pretty deep in the naughty zone for most of the year, but you may have done one or two things to redeem yourself..."

"Oh, please, please, please! I'll do *anything* to prove I'm a good boy, Santa!" Santa lowered his reading glasses and smirked.

"Well... there is *one* thing you can do for me, baby Danny."

"Anything! Just name it!" Santa's smirk widened into a wicked grin as he pulled down his big red pants to reveal a big fat cock that was hooded with a heavy looking foreskin and incredibly thick.

"Danny with your mouth so wide... won't you blow my load tonight?" Daniel licked his lips as he stared at the huge piece of meat. He hadn't seen anything *that* wide since he took Boarzebub's cock. The ring of the chastity cage bit into his flesh, restricting his

body's attempt to get hard, but Daniel didn't care or notice... all he could think about was that big... delicious cock...

"Ho, ho, ho! Get to sucking, boy. You know you want to, you greedy little porker..."

Daniel was dimly aware of the babysitter grabbing his shoulder and shaking him, trying to snap him out of it. She seemed to be admonishing him that good boys don't do that, but he didn't care... his mouth was watering, and he knew what he wanted... When the first drop of precum formed on the lip of Santa's foreskin, it was all over. Danny lunged to catch that sweet nectar before it fell, then groaned in pleasure as he stretched his jaw wide to take in the fat drooling cockhead, being enveloped by Santa's heady, musky scent.

As he began to bob up and down on that shaft, Santa grabbed his head and took over, thrusting into his mouth and causing his throat to bulge obscenely as he forced his fat cock deeper.

"Ho, ho, ho! That's a good boy! Pig out! Ho ho ho! Such a greedy cocksleeve! *HO HO SNORT* You were meant for this! *SNORT* Nothing like a little gluttony, eh, toy?"

Daniel's eyes widened as he felt the cock pulse and throb, forcing his jaw even wider as it pumped cum like a firehose down his throat. The intoxicating effect of the potent spunk sent euphoric feelings throughout Daniel's body as he was covered in an unmistakably boarish scent.

'Santa' pulled his pulsing cock out of Daniel's mouth so he could give it a pump and deposit the last glops of cum right on Danny's tongue. Daniel looked up at Santa and suddenly noticed how furry he was, and what a short, piglike nose he had. Not to mention the tusks...

"Boarzebub?!"

"That's right, Daniel! It was *me* the whole time!" said Boarzebub, smiling with glee. "Merry Krampusus!"

"You know, Krampusnacht is in *early* December," said the babysitter, rolling her eyes as she leaned against the wall.

"I know, I know," chuckled Boarzebub. "That's why I had to get creative."

"Daddy!" yelled Damien, rushing up to Boarzebub and giving him a big hug.

"Hey there, sweetie," chuckled the big boar, picking Damien up. "Did you miss me?"

"I knew it was you, but I pwayed pretended real good for my widdle bwo."

"You sure did, baby. Who's the bestest big bro around? Is it you?" Boarzebub didn't wait for a reply but instead gave Damien's tummy a big piggy nuzzle, making Damien giggle and fart.

"Aw, that's sweet. It makes me want to play with *my* toy too..." said the babysitter walking up to Danny and ruffling his hair. Danny was still on his knees with his cum-covered mouth hanging open in shock. He looked up at the babysitter and tilted his head.

"*Your* toy?" The babysitter shook her head and smiled ruefully.

"Still haven't figured it out, have you, Danny boy? Don't tell me you've forgotten your Daddy so quickly... Let me give you a little refresher..."

Suddenly, the babysitter began to morph and shift, growing right before Daniel's eyes as her muscles bulged and expanded. Her clothes ripped as her form grew larger and furrer, her bones shifting and snapping into place with a series of hair-raising pops. Curling goat horns sprouted from her head, and her chest flattened, nipples growing thick and dark. Her voice deepened into a familiar smoky timbre, her nose and mouth pushing out to form a handsome, masculine muzzle. Daniel was left staring up at a massive wall of fur as two massive furry digitigrade thighs straddled him, ending in huge hooves. But the most massive thing of all was the massive demon cock now hanging inches from Daniel's face. Daniel knew that cock could only belong to one creature.

"Damn," said Krampus, rotating his massive muscular shoulders and self-massaging his arm muscles. "Those slow transitions are always rough."

"Krampus?!" asked Danny. "Was that you the whole time?"

"That's right, Danny boy. Merry..."

"Say it!" said Boarzebub. "Say my word!" Krampus rolled his eyes.

"Merry *Krampus*. You've been a very naughty boy, Danny. Didn't learn a damned thing. Or rather, the only things you've learned *are* damned. Can't say I'm surprised."

"Krampus! Please don't leave me here like this. My parents are so strict and it's no fun. Not like the nursery was!" Krampus chuckled, his cock beginning to fill out and stiffen as Daniel begged on his knees.

"Oh, I love how you beg, Danny boy, It's one of your best qualities!" said Krampus, stooping down and groping Daniel's bloated and soaked diaper as he gave a lascivious smile. Daniel moaned, and whimpered, unable to feel the pleasure of the contact directly on his dick due to the cage, but still finding it very satisfying.

"Boarzebub, the sack," Krampus said, holding out his hand. The big demon hog tossed Krampus the Santa bag, which turned back into one of Krampus's signature rucksacks mid-air before it was caught in Krampus's muscular furry arm. "Let's see, here..."

Krampus reached in and dug around, licking his lips in concentration. After a moment, he pulled out a golden hourglass with sand at the top. Grains were trickling down to the lower chamber ever so slowly, having managed to cover the bottom of the hourglass with only the lightest dusting of sand.

"Look at that... all you earned after a year as my toy." At this rate it should only take another ten years or so of *perfect* behavior to earn your way back onto Santa's nice list. Krampus set the hourglass down, pulled out an infernal remote from his sack, and tossed it to Boarzebub.

"Go ahead and show him what's on *Hellivision*, Boarzebub."

"With pleasure, snorted the hog, grinning widely as he clicked the remote. The smell of sulfur briefly filled the air as the TV turned on to reveal a very special episode of Blarney.

"Hello baby Danny! Do you want to be a good boy and grow up to be a productive member of society? Well, isn't that just super dee duper! Let's take a look at what that would look like!"

Daniel saw his whole life ahead of him as a stressed and burnt out wage slave, ground down day by day, a diaperless cog in the machine of modern day life toiling through his 20s... then his 30s... and 40s... working his way to an early grave. Krampus Narrated.

"This is your reward for resisting your desires, Danny boy... taking multiple jobs to afford rent... struggling to meet society's expectations of what it means to be a big boy... a few meager decades of suffering if you're lucky, and then POOF... You'll wake up in hell where you can burn in misery for all eternity. Even if you do somehow manage

to resist temptation long enough to make it into heaven, it won't be *nearly* as fun as my nursery... and NO DIAPERS..."

"What?!" gasped Danny. "Not even in heaven?!"

"That's right, Danny boy. You can never touch another diaper in life, or the afterlife..."

Krampus paused while Boarzebub changed the channel. The TV now displayed an image of Daniel as a fat, happy, toothless goat baby clapping and giggling on an infernal changing table as cum gushed out of his gaping hole.

"Or you could give up, give in, and come with us, your *real* family... back to the nursery... your *real* home... Come on, Danny, boy, wouldn't you rather be a stupid happy baby goat in my nursery where you belong?" Krampus cupped Daniel's chin so they were looking deep into each others' eyes. "I can end this all now, little man. All you have to do is give me your soul for all eternity... give into temptation... give in to *me* and become corrupted."

"My soul?" asked Danny, recalling all the warnings he had ever heard about making a deal with the devil. Krampus bent down, his warm breath washing over Danny and causing the poor diaper-brained boy to shudder with desire.

"Think about it, Danny. It's been a year and what have you learned? Let's face it, you're hopeless... so just give in... take the easy way out... you know you want to..."

Daniel thought about the sisyphian task ahead of him, the hourglass and the 'reward' he would get for all the toil and hard work, which was a whole lot of nothing. And of course, there was the fact that he would never, ever be able to enjoy his super duper diapers. He thought about it for all of five seconds.

"I give up! I don't want to be a big boy! What are we waiting for? Take me back to the Nursery!" Krampus threw his head back and let out a deep booming, bone-chilling laugh of triumph.

"I knew you would see it my way, Danny boy," said Krampus, leaning in and forcing his tongue down Danny's throat. At that moment, Daniel doubled over with an intense need to relieve himself. A year's worth of pent-up sexual frustration went right into his oversaturated diaper as he emptied his balls, his bladder, and his bowels all at once in an explosion so stupendous, his diaper poofed out like a big shiny balloon, crackling and crinkling as the already saturated garment grew and grew. Daniel froze, his hands still on his knees as his parents and the Millers walked into the room. Krampus released him and he pulled his head back, his eyes wide.

"Mom! Dad! Th- ungh... this isn't what it looks like!" Daniel said as he squatted and spurted and blorted more goop into his diaper. His cheek was smeared with Krampus's drooling cock as the infernal beast draped an arm over his shoulder.

"Of course it is, Danny boy. You've given your slutty butt up to your demon daddy, and you're finally moving out of Mommy and Daddy's house for good. Mommy and Daddy must be so proud..."

Mom, Dad, and the Millers cheered and applauded this Earth-shattering announcement. Then, they began to grow in size, gettin furrer and transforming back into their true forms: Sheep'irim, Ram'iel, and Wolfeus, the werewolf demon. In a flash of smoke, the house disappeared, and Daniel found himself in the middle of a coliseum made entirely of red stone. He couldn't tell if they were inside, outside, or in a cavern of some sort, be he was damned sure they weren't on Earth.

The stone benches of the coliseum were crowded with demons, many with human companions in their charge. Daniel grinned as he watched all those poor souls being teased, licked, pinched, tickled, and fucked by their demon companions. How lucky they were, even if they didn't know it.

Directly in front of Daniel was a huge stone dias with Krampus on his big red throne, and on smaller thrones sat Boarzebub, Ram'iel, Sheep'irim, Wolfeus, and the other nursery demons. All were dressed in full black robes with prominent red sigils, just like the pictures on Daniel's infernal high chair.

"Welcome to the council chamber of the elder demons, little one," baahed Ram'iel gazing down at Daniel from his seat, his voice reverberating through the stadium despite the lack of any visible sound system. "You have built up quite a debt, tiny human, and it is time to cash in. We don't want you baaaaa'cking out, so we're gathered here today to make it official. Consider this, oh, something like a wedding."

"W-wedding?" asked Daniel, blushing deeply.

"That's right," said Krampus, with an amused smirk. "My baby bride. Now come to Daddy..." He patted his lap, and Daniel waddled over. "Good boy... Down on your knees..."

Daniel got on his knees, his diaper-balloon making a perfect chair for him to rest his chubby butt on. Krampus looked down at his toy with a predatory stare that was positively demonic, making Daniel's dicklet stir in its cage.

"Daniel. Do you agree to give your soul to me for all eternity? To be released from the shackles of mortal laws? To be a champion of Sloth, Greed, Gluttony, Lust,

Pride, Envy, and Ignorance? To follow no other moral compass than to be a good sex toy for your Demon Daddies?"

"I do," said Daniel, bowing his head solemnly.

"Then so it shall be!" Declared Krampus. There was a cheer from the stadium, as all the elder demons rose and circled around them. "Oh, Danny. You've made me so happy," said Krampus, his erection parting his robes as he stood up with a lecherous grin. He grabbed Daniel's chin and bent down to force him into a passionate kiss, his tongue invading Daniel's mouth and throat once more."

The circle of demons closed, and Krampus and the rest of the demons pointed their hard, drooling shafts toward Daniel and pumped their meat. They began pumping more and more fervently, splattering precum on Daniel's skin. Wherever it touched, Daniel felt a tingling warmth that penetrated deep into him. Thicker and thicker came the jizz until finally they were cumming fully, painting Daniel in demon batter. The intensity of the tingling grew, until it became an itching sensation, like pins and needles all over his skin.

"Oh! Urgh! Eep!" cried Daniel, as he began to rub his skin... but instead of feeling his normal skin, it was all prickly. Soon, he could feel and see fur bursting out everywhere.. "What is ha'a'a'apening?"

He looked down, watching his tummy, arms and legs grow plumper as the demon semen soaked into his skin, converting from baby batter into baby fat. He looked at his hands in shock as his chubby fingers became tipped with hoof-like ends. Daniel put his cloven paws to his head as he felt an uncomfortable pressure above his eyes that gave him a heck of a headache. He bleated as two little hornlets burst forth, his teeth falling out as his goat snout pushed out into a short, cute muzzle.

"Daddddyyy... wahhhh," cried Daniel, feeling overwhelmed by the rapid changes.

"Aww, don't worry, little one..." said Krampus. "You're becoming who you were always meant to be... my little baby... it will all be over soon. Here, let Daddy speed things up for you..."

Krampus picked the bleating manbaby up and sat on his throne, positioning Daniel's diapered butt on his engorged cock. He pushed Daniel down, busting right through the back of his diaper and penetrating his ruined asshole with a loud SQUELCH. Inspired, Boarzebub did the same with his piglet, Damien. As the two boys rode their demon daddies, they completed their transformations, their legs bending back

into an animalistic, digitigrade shape, their holes stretching easily to accommodate the girth of the cocks they were born to accommodate.

"Yesss.... Take it, toys... let us fuck what little intelligence you have right out of your big baby balls and bladders and butts as you empty it all out into your diapers..."

Daniel cried out, making adorable baby Krampus noises as he came into his diaper again, his hole spasming around the huge invading cock inside of him. Finally, the transformation was finished.

"Congratulations, little Daniel!" announced Ram'iel. "You are now no longer a punished baby, but a fledgling demon."

"Bahhh! Bahhh!" replied Daniel, unable to say anything but baby goat noises now, which were quickly calmed by an extra thick demon dicky pacifier that Krampus shoved in his adorable little mouth. Krampus looked at his adorable kramplet, sitting there on his cock, sucking a rubber dick with a dumb grin on his face. He was now a big fat dumb goat baby, a complete parody of his former self, and of his demon daddy. Pathetic. Stupid. Adorable. Perfect. Krampus grinned.

"Oh, Daniel, I do hope you will forgive me for this deception with your so-called parents. I had to break you by giving you the illusion of returning home, lest you somehow find a way to earn your return. I just *couldn't* leave any chance of losing my favorite toy..." Daniel couldn't care less. His mind was too far gone. A corrupted idiot. "Mmm..."

Krampus tweaked the kramplet's milky moobs, causing white liquid to dribble down the overgrown goatlet's fat furry chest and tummy, and over Krampus's thighs to mingle with the cum. Then he turned to the audience, who were watching the spectacle unfold.

Naughty Boys can't control themselves... I teach them never to even try.... and neither should you...That's right... I'm talking to YOU... Give in to your diaper desires... give up on being a grownup... be a bigger baby every day, and maybe one day Krampus will take you too!

THE END