

Naota Nandaba sat suspended just slightly above the carpet of his room, confined in an infantile harness like device that prevented him from fully setting his bare feet on the ground. However, that wasn't the worst part of his predicament. The boy, who had once summoned the power of the Pirate King, was clad in only a thick, disposable diaper which separated him from the mesh of the baby bouncer. He gave it a tentative bounce and was rewarded with the babyish chair recoiling, as per its design, creating a fresh new wave of crinkles due to his oversized Pampers getting pressed tightly against the seat of the chair and his powdered groin.

He could only wonder where the hell this stuff came from and how Haruko had acquired it. Then again, he knew the how wasn't important. That crazy woman, who he shared conflicting emotions for, could get almost anything when she put her mind to it. Still, why did this stuff even exist? His baby blue booties grazed the floor once again, sending him bouncing slightly, as he sulked and suckled on his matching pacifier.

A blush never left his youthful, boyish face while he thought over his current situation. He was a teen, a young adult! Not this overgrown infant that Haruko had turned him into in just under a day's time. Naota's only hope was that things would return to normal once his dad and grandfather returned from their trip to Tokyo.

Normal.

How he once loathed that word. Ever since that pink haired woman came speeding into his life on that yellow Vespa, his life has been nothing close to normal. He could vividly remember each day since her arrival, but the last twenty four hours were a fresh new form of hell for him to endure. Here he sat, in a baby swing meant for an infant, contemplating why this was happening in the first place.

-Yesterday-

"Ta-Kun!?" I heard the familiar voice call out to me after she kicked open the front door.

"What?!"

"Get your butt down here!"

"Fine!" I yelled out to her from my bed.

Lately, things had been getting more crazy and intense. I had to admit that I was getting annoyed with her games. She was always caressing me and telling me stuff that got my heart going before using me in some bizarre way. Now, she was yelling out to me and she never liked being ignored.

With a sigh, I got up from my bed, exited my room and descended the stairs. What awaited me at the bottom of the stairs truly caught me off guard. The pink haired nuisance turned house guest was standing there in what could only be described as a nanny outfit. A big white apron adorned her slender waist while a dark blue dress hid behind it. For the rebellious woman who rode a yellow Vespa, it was rather traditional and conservative, attributes that weren't usually on the tip of my tongue when describing her outfits.

Regardless of that, I was more concerned at what she carried under her arms. A bright, purple package, shaped like a rectangle, stuck out from under her left arm and her right hand carried a huge bag, covered in babyish print. From my vantage point, it appeared to be little safety pins, bottles and rattles strewn across the exterior of the bag. I had to admit that curiosity got the better of me when I opened my big mouth and asked her in a snarky tone what she was up to.

"What's with the outfit and what's in the bag?"

"I'm babysitting," Haruko replied with a smirk, setting down the bag of diapers and her big mysterious bag embroidered with infantile designs.

"That's rich. Who'd trust you with a baby?"

"Your daddy did. Him and the old geezer went away to Tokyo for a few days, remember?"

I openly scoffed at that. "I don't need a babysitter. Besides, I can take better care of myself than you ever could. How many times have you almost gotten me killed this week?"

"Oh Ta-Kun. I'm gonna baby proof every inch of this house, but first I gotta get you dressed." The pink haired wild woman winked at her new charge.

"What are you talking about? I'm already dressed!" I gestured at my shorts and light blue sweater.

Haruko placed her hands onto her hips and stared me right in the eyes before giving me a declaration in a sultry tone that ended with her teasing me. "Now, we can do this the easy way or the fun way. Up to you."

I didn't think twice, typically when a strange woman like Haruko offers you a choice, neither option is going to be particularly painless. So, in this situation, I turned away from her and bolted up the stairs, running as fast as my legs could take me.

"Uuuuhh, the chase scene. My favorite!" Haruko grinned, yanking out a diaper from the purple package as she took off after me.

There wasn't a very big chance of me getting away from her, especially since I was already cornered when I started running. She basically forced me to run to the second floor and try to hide in my room. Even though I was given a tiny head start, by the time I got to my room, she not only closed the gap but was leaping after me. Haruko landed on top of me, forcing me to the ground, pinning me down onto the carpet.

"What the heck, Haruko!" I cried out, staring up at her face which held a bizarre mixture of mischief and, what could only be described as maternal lust.

She gazed down at me, like I was some kind of prey, her golden eyes sparkling like she had just caught a mouse. "You've always been my little baby, Naota. I just never knew it."

In the blink of an eye, my shorts and sweater were stripped from my body and, as I was registering the fact that I lay trapped underneath her, in just my boxers, she finished the job. A gentle breeze blew into my room through the open window. The air felt cold on my pale skin which caused me to shiver, punctuating the awkwardness of the moment rather poetically while my keeper held out the disposable diaper in front of my face. She tugged on the opposing wings, causing it to spring back and forth like a bungee cord in her hands. It snapped back each

time she tugged at it. I could only stare up at her with an ear to ear blush, never before had I felt so vulnerable.

Now or never.

I summoned all my remaining energy and tried to break free from her hold, but all it did was entangle us together. A cloud of baby powder obscured our minor battle as I tried to escape while she powdered my junk before the cloud settled. I lay there, fully diapered for the first time in who knew how many years. Running away and trying to fight had been futile, only earning me laughter from Haruko after she got me pampered.

Still, at least I can say that I tried to run instead of just literally lying back and getting my butt wiped. I did my best to block it out when she taped me into this ridiculous baby diaper. The very situation repulsed me and the reality of what had transpired was just too much to bare. For a moment, I felt like this had to be some strange dream, or better yet, nightmare. I mean, the other night, when TV Boy emerged from my skull felt more real than this. No matter how much I wanted to deny it, the crinkly sound coming from my waist, and Haruko's cooing, told me that this was real. The words she spoke pulled me from my daze rather quickly.

"There, much better. My little Ta-Kun is all safe and protected in his Pampers." She grinned a Cheshire smile and patted my crotch.

I crossed my arms and scowled at her in response. It was the only thing I could do.

"Okay, I'm in a diaper, you win. Now, leave me alone!" I tried to broadcast my dissatisfaction and angst as best as I could, but it sounded like a pouty brat whining.

Haruko must have thought the same because she merely cooed down at me and answered me with that annoying baby talk voice. "Someone sounds awful fussy. Naughty Naota needs his formula to help him feel better. Yes, he does!"

I watched Haruko pull a large baby bottle out of the bag and hold it in front of my face, which only made me scowl harder. She gave it a tentative shake before noticing my distasteful expression. I had already been diapered like a baby, there was no way I'd let her feed me like a baby on top of it.

"Huh, I guess you don't want your baba then." Haruko said in a disinterested voice as she sat the bottle down.

"You're right for once." I retort.

She finally was getting it.

"I bet baby wants some milk fresh from the source?" The pink haired lunatic cupped her breasts and jiggled them to accentuate her point. "How does that sound?"

A huge blush covered my entire body. I definitely didn't want to suck her tit. Just as I was opening my mouth to protest, she shoved the oversized baby bottle into my mouth, silencing me before I could refuse or even utter a syllable. Her catlike reflexes were truly something else, but that was the last thing I cared about because a damn baby bottle was lodged in my mouth!

The nipple must've been huge since it filled my entire mouth with it's bulbous, rubbery presence, forcing me to drink.

"Such a good baby, drinking his milky for me." Haruko held the bottle in place, cooing to me.

I had no choice, but to try to drink the liter of milk. For some reason it tasted funny, like it wasn't just milk. Laying there, now cradled against Haruko's body, leaning into her, I had plenty of time to ponder the meaning of the word "formula" she had mentioned earlier.

"Mmmphh" I tried to ask what was in the bottle, but the maniacal moped driving, guitar weilding woman simply held the bottle firmly in my mouth when I tried to push it away.

"Shhh, it's okay Ta-Kun. Drink it all up and the laxatives will do their job." Haruko explained, cooing to me once more.

I struggled not to gag after being told that the milk I was currently forced to drink was laced with laxatives. Needless to say, I resumed my struggles, shocked and angered by the idea that she expected me to crap my, I mean, the diaper I was being forced to wear. It wasn't ever going to be my diaper and if I could get this bottle out of my mouth, I wouldn't have to worry about using it. but Haruko had other plans.

She pressed the rubber nipple of the bottle against my tongue and whispered into my ear a terrible threat. "Fight me and I'll spank your little butt until your daddy gets home."

Gulp As I swallowed out of fear, a bit of milk went down the wrong pipe, forcing me to gag and cough. Luckily, I was able to get the bottle away from my mouth when Haruko noticed me coughing up some of the milk. She repositioned me, practically hugging me. Between my coughing fit and trying to breathe, I had no clue what she was doing. Suddenly, I felt her patting my back, trying to get me to burp. 'That'll never work!'

BURP

A massive belch left my small frame, causing me to groan as more milk leaked from my mouth onto her apron.

"There, feeling better?" She asked.

"Ugh, yeah." I had to admit that I was feeling better after almost choking on the laced milk.

"Good, it's playtime for my little man!" My pink haired captor declared, picking me up and carrying me on her hip.

'She's strong.' I thought in awe, as I was carried downstairs to the living room where I was deposited on the ground with a crinkle.

"Now, how the hell do I set up a playpen?" Haruko muttered to herself, looking down at a new box which I had yet to see.

A flourish of her wrist unraveled a sprawling set of instructions that listed each step. She held them upside-down, sideways and eventually, she stood on her hands, trying another perspective to try and understand the blueprints.

"Eh, screw this. I'll just wing it." She pulled out a plastic panel from the box and looked it over, she then sighed and tossed it on the floor, returning to the box to retrieve a new puzzle piece: A mesh siding unit. She pulled out the other three mesh wall segments and stared at them. I had no experience with baby stuff, but even I could tell that they were meant to be affixed to the floor piece.

"Damn it!" Haruko shouted, throwing the mesh pieces at the playpen's bottom piece. Haruko's random outburst caught me off guard, startling me, but she wasn't done surprising me. Not at all, she jumped at the discarded baby furniture segments and attacked them like the crazy woman she is. A dust cloud arose around her as I watched her literally attack the inanimate objects. She pulled out her guitar and whacked the structure four times until she was satisfied. As the dust settled and Haruko took a step back, the playpen stood tall, fully assembled in one piece.

'You've got to be kidding me.' I rolled my eyes.

"Time for Ta-Kun's playtime!" The pink haired fruit loop announced from behind me.

Somehow Haruko dematerialized and appeared behind me. I didn't know what to do as she picked me up from underneath my armpits and lifted me up.

"From Downtown, baby!" That was the last thing I heard before I was literally launched from my spot on the carpet, hurled through the air, thanks to Haruko shooting me like a basketball at the playpen. I landed head first, diapered butt sticking up as I crumpled within the confines of the baby jail.

"Swish!" The pink haired woman cheered, striking a pose. "Nothing but net!"

"Hey!" I yelled angrily. "What's that for?!"

"Just a little game of baby basketball, Ta-kun." Haruko grinned from the other side of the playpen's mesh wall.

"I thought you only played baseball!" I whined.

"There's a lot you don't know about me, baby boy. Now, play with your toys like a good baby or I'll spank you."

Sighing, I looked around my infantile cage, seeing nothing to play with. "I think you forgot something..."

With a blank face, Haruko blinked a few times. "Yeah, here."

She picked up her diaper bag and emptied it into the playpen. A surprising amount of toys spilled out from the interior of the bag and started piling up around me.

"What the hell?!" I was suddenly engulfed by toys up to my neck.

"Guess I overdid it, huh?" A smirk crossed her lips.

"Yeah, I can't play like this."

"You could be the next Michael Phelps, just swim around in the toys." Haruko winked.

"That's stupid and you know it." I immediately realized that this entire situation was pretty stupid, I was already dressed in a diaper and fed a bottle. Swimming in a sea of toys and stuffed animals could hardly top the day I've had so far.

"Fine." Haruko scooped up some of the toys.

After a few armfuls, the playpen looked sparse, just a few toy cars remained and a few stuffed animals in the corner. Obviously, I ignored the plush animals and settled on the toy cars. I simply sat there, manipulating the metallic toy car around the mat while Haruko literally watched over me. Even though I was paying attention to the Hot Wheels classic car, I could feel her staring at me.

"You call that playing?" Haruko stated in an annoyed tone. "You're not even trying are you?"

I did the one thing left that I had the freedom to do: I ignores her and her comments. Who cared if I wasn't actually playing with the car? I wasn't a baby no matter how much she pretended I was. Without warning, Haruko hopped into the plastic playpen and grabbed my arm.

"Here, slide it around and make car noises."

"Car noises?" I cooked my head in confusion.

"You know, car noises." Haruko proceed to imitate a car. "Vroom Vrooom!"

"Seriously?" I couldn't believe what I was being told to do.

"Do it or I'm not gonna change your poopy butt." As if on cue, my stomach rumbled violently, causing me to clench my gut in agony.

"How much laxative did you put in my milk?" I winced.

"Formula." Haruko corrected. "And enough to get your pampers poopy." She smirked.

"Ugghh, I'm going to overflow!"

"Cute." The Vespa driving Bohemian turned nanny chuckled at her charge. "But you gotta make the noises. Do it!"

I tried to focus on the toy car as I pulled my right hand away from my pulsating belly, reaching out for the Hot Wheels car in front of me. Finally, I got my hand around it and moved it back and forth while trying to utter the noises that my demented babysitter wanted to hear.

"Uhhh, vroom, vrooom!" I imitated the revving sounds like I was the two year old Haruko dressed me as.

"Good boy!" Haruko continued to praise me as she slowly descended to her knees and wrapped her arms around my midsection.

Like a snake coiling around its prey, she wrapped around me and started massaging my bulging belly with her hands while cooing into my ear gently.

"That's my big baby. Just let it go, Ta-Kun. Make me a present." Compelled by her sexual sorcery or the basic urges of my body, I'll never know, but I voided my bowels into the enlarged baby diaper.

A few not so pleasant sounds erupted from my bottom as Haruko held me close, kissing my cheek gently. I felt all the blood go to my head as a blush covered my entire face. At the same time, my diaper was reaching its limit, coating my nether region in a thick, putrid muck.

"I think-" Fighting back the tears, I struggled to find the words. "I need a change!"

An emotional torrent overwhelmed me, I can barely remember it, but I must have been bawling like a baby. Haruko would've probably left me in that filthy bag of crap if I hadn't started to cry. She's that kind of person, the kind who would've just left me to stew in my own juices because in her perverse mind, it'd probably be more "fun " for her to watch me squirm.

"My little Ta-Kun needs his butt wiped?" Haruko said in that same tone of voice she used to announce the dinner they had the other night: Little Prince Curry Brand.

I closed my eyes, trying to stop the tears as her words left her mouth and assaulted my ears in the childish cadence she utilized. With no other options available to me, I merely nodded as I sniffed loudly.

"Yes, I do." I answered through gritted teeth.

Luckily for me, Haruko cut the humiliation short and granted me my wish. I must admit that the first time I pooped my diaper still haunts my thoughts and is hard for me to ignore. However, I think it might be best just to tell you what happened, just don't expect a lot of details. Between me crying and her speed, it was over before it started.

So, like I was saying, I'm in the embrace of this crazy lady who went from being my attacker to roommate to freaking babysitter in the span of a week. We're sharing this awkward, yet oddly comforting embrace and I had just crapped in a giant baby diaper. The next thing I know, I'm pulled off of the floor and carried out into my pitiful backyard. I pray that no one sees me even though the grassy area behind the bakery is fairly private thanks to the brick walls. Haruko sets me on the ground, her teeth glistening in the afternoon light before she kneels down in front of me. I feel tiny in her presence and the mess covering my crotch isn't helping things. She leans her head in front of my diaper and makes a dramatic, over exaggerated inhale, practically sniffing my pampers like a dog.

"Yep!" Haruko affirmed. "We got us a tinky diaper!"

Just when I thought my face couldn't get any hotter from the tears or any redder, my blush turned an even darker shade of crimson. I swear, I was going to run out of blood at this rate. Suddenly, a smack to my crotch pulled me out of my embarrassed stupor.

"Hey! Just change me already!" I demanded.

"Oh, such a fussy bossy baby. Maybe I should just leave you in it for a while. You might learn a lesson." Haruko quickly stood up and looked like she was about to walk back into the house.

"No!" I called out pitifully. "I am sorry! Please, change me!"

"Well, you did say the magic word." Haruko smiled and leapt into action.

I was ripped out of that diaper and wiped thoroughly in under thirty seconds. If I didn't know any better, I would've sworn that she had experience doing this type of thing before. After she finished wiping me, I noticed that a new diaper hadn't been taped onto me. Maybe she was done playing baby?

"Umm, where's my new diaper?" "Don't need one. You need to air out. Now go play or something."

"But-" I stammered and gestured to my nude body. "I'm naked!"

"Yeah, nakie time." Haruko smirked.

I crossed my arms. "I'm not going to run around here without my clothes on."

Haruko pulled out her Gibson guitar and held it out. "Maybe you'd like a spanking instead?" She slapped the backside of the Gibson to drive home her point.

I flinched slightly, fearful that she would fulfill her threat. Either I get a spanking and forced to play or I listen to her and play. Ultimately, the choice was obvious but not easy to accept.

"Okay." I muttered and ran around the small backyard.

There really wasn't anything to do back here. Honestly, the playpen was more fun than this, but I did my best to appease her. After what seemed like an eternity but was probably just ten minutes, Haruko called me back over to her. She had a new diaper freshly unfurled in her hand, it waved gently in the breeze. I tried not to stare at it.

"Okay, Ta-Kun." Haruko gently addressed me by that odd pet name all the girls called me. "Let's get your diaper on and then it's time for your nappy."

Normally, I would have refused outright while proudly proclaiming how mature I was or how I didn't need a nap because I was in middle school. However, after the emotional roller-coaster I endured today, a nap sounded like a good idea. So, I just sat down, naked in the grass. It was a

very odd sensation, but a short lived one since Haruko lifted me up and laid me down onto the thick disposable.

"Why does this one feel thicker?" I wondered out loud.

"That's your sleepy time diapee. Handles more wettings."

Instead of arguing, I let her tape me into the bulky monstrosity. It actually was more than just a thicker diaper, this thing went up to my belly button!

"This thing's huge!" I protested. "Shhh, it's okay, baby." Haruko shushed me and scooped me up into her arms, perching me onto her hip and carrying me into the house and up to my room.

What awaited me was not my old room. My bed had disappeared, replaced by a baby's crib!
"What did you do to my bed!?"

"Babies sleep in cribs." Haruko explained, pushing a pacifier past my lips and into my mouth. The large bulb practically gagged me, shutting me up.

"Mmpphh!"

"That's enough of that. You get some sleep, like a good boy, and maybe I'll take you out in your new stroller." She laid me down into the crib, the soft surface was rather comfortable and, under different circumstances, this would be been nice, but not like this! I flashed Haruko the dirtiest look a diapered middle school boy, sucking on a pacifier could muster.

"You're just so cute, Ta-Kun. That's why I picked you!" Haruko kissed me on the forehead and exited the room.

-The End-