Daily Free-Write March 8, 2021 Granny Grabbed Pt. 8

*Continuation of February 26, 2021 ”Granny Grabbed Pt. 7”*

Davey lay there in the crib struggling with himself. He wanted to stay, but his pride told him he shouldn’t give in so easily. He wasn’t some hipster daddy’s toy, and he wasn’t really a baby. He was an adult and he had a life to live. Granted, it wasn’t a very exciting life, and much of the things he did in it weren’t even satisfying, but it was the principle of the thing, right? He sighed. That didn’t sound convincing, even to him.

Still, he thought, it was a big step to commit to this life *forever*. He just didn’t feel ready. If he didn’t leave tonight, while the training was still fresh, he might never have a chance to back out.

With his mind made up, he lay there until he was sure Violet was fast asleep, then slowly, carefully sat up.

“Violet?” he whispered. “Violet?”

No answer. Good. When he sat up, he didn’t feel quite so wobbly as before, and he cautiously got to his feet, holding onto the bars to support himself.

“So far so good,” he whispered to himself. Now he just had to do the impossible. He had to escape.

With a gargantuan effort, he pulled himself up. He threw his leg over the crib rail, then he shimmied around so he was hanging over the outside, his two arms laying over the top and keeping him from dropping. He looked down.

“Ohhh, I shouldn’ta done that,” he said to himself. Instant vertigo.

Carefully and after a few deep breaths he reached down with his right hand, then his left, grabbing the bars. Then he slid down, dropping to the floor softly.

“Not a bad landing,” he murmured to himself. He looked around to see any sign of movement from the crib or elsewhere, but the room was quiet, except the soft sound of crickets piping out through the speakers. The music and the crackling fire had both died down until they disappeared completely. It really felt like he was outside under a sky full of stars and he wondered if the real outside would be a let down after being in here.

“No,’ he said to himself, shaking that thought out of his head. This was crazy. It must be that damn training acting on him. He was not going to get sucked into this world of… complete decadence and debauchery. He needed to stay strong. But exactly why, he didn’t really know.

It didn’t matter, though. The time for thinking was done. It was time for action. As quietly as he could, he waddled over to the walk-in ‘closet’. Sure enough, inside he found daddy’s pants complete with key fob. The first thing he would do is take of his diaper. But then he thought about it.

“Hmm, better not,” he said to himself. “I it wouldn’t do to go out naked, and I sure as hell don’t want to go home in wet clothes either.”

So it was decided. He would go out in his new lost boys sleeper – no way he was getting rid of that – and his diaper. He could take it all off at home.

Key fob in hand, he returned to the nursery door. He tested the knob and found to his surprise the door swung wide open. He didn’t even need the key! This man took no precautions at all!

Shaking his head he stepped out into the hall. It was empty and silent, and yet the presence of so many others pressed in on him as it always did. It was as if he could sense all the people – servants, perhaps family members – whom Daddy had told to remain hidden. Hidden for Davey’s benefit.

He slowly crept down the hall to the grand balcony. He looked down. The doors were in sight. But would that way be too obvious? He snuck down the great staircase, down to the landing. He looked around. No sound still.

He thought it would be best to try and sneak out a side entrance, so down he went to the side past all the tall French windows. Once he got tired of walking, he stopped. The mansion was just too big, and with every step deeper in, he risked bumping into another person. But just when he thought he would give up, he saw a door at the end of the hall that appeared to lead outside. It couldn’t’ be more than a hundred feet away. He’d exit and run across the lawn, over the hill, and into the trees surrounding the property. He could taste his freedom.

Just then his padded rubber diaper cover started vibrating.

"N-Noooo" he moaned, as he let loose in his diapers and fell to his knees, crawling toward the door as his hips convulsed involuntarily. With every inch he traveled, the stimulation to his groin became harder to ignore and his diapers expanded, becoming softer, warmer, squishier.

Crawl crawl hump. Crawl crawl hump. Crawl hump. Hump hump hump.

He struggled mightily, whining and whimpering softly as the distance between him and the door seemed to grow ever greater. In the end, he stopped completely as he continued to hump the floor – his penis was still so sensitive from the residual high, and he was still horny as heck. Cumming was the only thing on his mind. He needed to get one off into his diaper before he could do anything else. But no matter what he did, the vibration would lesson and cut off whenever his pleasure rose above a certain point. He was tuck in an endless loop of edging, certain that at any moment he would be able to get off and finally continue his escape.

He was not aware of how much time had passed, but eventually, he was picked up by Daddy who lifted the poor horny boy into his arms. Sentinel circled around and sat, tail wagging. Daddy spoke up.

“I was watching you, sweetie. That was quite an ambitious move. Foolish, but still very cute, my little diaper humper.”

"you mean you *knew*?" asked Davey, disappointed that his master plan wasn’t as clever as he thought.

Daddy looked down at him and raised an eyebrow.

"Little boy, you underestimate me. I was watching you on closed circuit tv the whole time!”

Davey scoffed. *He* hadn’t seen any cameras. But he was also beginning to get very worried. Violet had warned him not to try this. Why hadn’t he listened? He gulped. .

“Y-you’re not gonna spank me, are you, Daddy?”

Daddy smiled. “No, sweetheart. I wont punish you. You did exactly what you were supposed to do. I just wanted to show you that you couldn’t get away. I think you understand now that the adults are in charge, don’t you?”

Davey gulped and nodded. He did understand. He understood perfectly. He was Daddy’s toy, and as long as he was here in the Mansion, there was no escape possible for him. Granny’s nursery seemed just as secure. Violet was right after all.

“Okay, little lost boy, now that that little demonstration is over, it’s back to the nursery with you.” And Daddy carried him up the stairs with the happy dog following closely behind.

“Hey, don’t feel so bad, Champ. Even if you somehow got out, Sentinel would carry you right back by the scruff of the neck."

David whined as he imagined Sentinel carrying him around like a pup. His dick responded immediately. It was enough to send him over the edge and he came in his diaper once more as he was carried, moaning and shuddering back to the crib.

*-Written by Champ*