**Daily Free-Write May 10, 2021: Granny Grabbed Pt. 10**

*Continuation of May 7, 2021, "Granny Grabbed Pt. 9"*

Davey wriggled and whined into his paci gag, his arms and legs held wide open by the restraints in his oversized baby carrier as he was rolled out of the grand estate. And of course the buzzing would have to start, teasing him and keeping on edge the entire way to the car. With the effects of the diaper drug mounting by the second, he was becoming an absolute drooly horny mess in record time. The state of the poor boy did not escape Daddy or Violet's notice, though Violet herself was driven to uselessly humping her diaper in her little plastic cage as the rubber panties between her legs also started up. The difference was that Violet's outfit would hide her diaper at least a little bit, whereas Davey's outfit *was* the diaper; he wore nothing else. What could be more babyish than that?

The cool morning air hit his skin as he was pushed outside, where anyone might see, and crashed up against the psychedelic echo of the rolling wheels in Davey's mind. He soon learned that the carrier could be fastened into the car as is, adding to the sense of restraint that he found so exciting. There really was no way for him to break free. But this is what he'd asked for. If only he'd known what effect it would have on his horny, drug-addled mind. Sure, he'd escaped the humiliation of having to admit that even without any restraints he couldn't get away. But now there was a new problem - now that he was so tightly controlled, he feared he didn't *want* to, and that set off a whole new wave of guilt and shame. Was it really okay to enjoy this? Even if it meant giving up on all the people and responsibilities he'd left behind?

At least, his thoughts resembled some version of that string of ideas, though it was jumbled up by the diaper drug.Luckily those feelings were washed away by the overwhelmingly intense sensation of the vibrations and the wetness of the diaper, soothing away his worries and hammering away the negative thought in his mind as it hammered out the folds in his brain to be as smooth and in-the-moment as a baby's.

"Alright, kiddos," came Daddy's voice from somewhere behind Davey's head. "Off we go to another day in daycare! You're gonna have so much fun being trained into my permanent little ones. I can't wait to see how much progress you've made at the end of the day. And if you're very good today, I'll take you both out for a treat..."

"A treat?" Violete asked, her eyes lighting up.

*Going out?* thought Davey, as he grimaced around his paci. That was bad, right? He was supposed to be embarrassed? Em.. what was he thinking again? Emb something... bottle.. that was it... he needed his bottle. He whined into his paci to get someone's attention.

"Uh oh, somebody's getting fussy. Don't worry, sweetie. We'll be at daycare soon enough. Violet, do you think you could give the baby his baba so he has something to distract him on the ride?"

"Yes, Daddy," said Violet, still sounding bubbly after her delicious breakfast of *real* adult food. The paci was taken out of the gag only to be replaced by a bottle which was screwed into Davey's open mouth. He began to leak from his pee-pee as he drank it up in fuzzy-brained bliss, only able to register the wonderful pleasure of release down there, but not what he was leaking nor how much.

They passed the other grand estates, the guard house, the wall, and went through the neighborhood as Davey sucked through three whole bottles in absolute bliss. He had forgotten how full his tummy already was after breakfast and his diapers tapes looked like they were about to burst by the time they neared Gran-Gran's nursery.

'D-daddy," said Violet.

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"I... I was wondering if you'd do another bet with me?"

Daddy looked thoughtful and scratched his beard as he glanced at his little sissy's face in the mirror. "What kind of bet are you thinking about, little missy?"

"Well, it's more about what I want really... I was hoping... um... I was hoping we could maybe go to a different nursery instead?"

Daddy was at the stop light across from Gran Gran's nursery already. He cocked an eyebrow. "Really, sweet stuff? I don't think that's really an option..."

"It's just... my old friends got sent to another nursery when they took Brain Melter and... I promised I'd visit them."

"Oh you did, did you?" he said, listening with real interest as the light turned green. He knew exactly who they were and where they'd been sent, as did Gran-Gran. "Well, that might be a conversation you have with Gran-Gran..."

"Do we have to talk to her," asked Violet. "I don't *like* Gran-Gran."

"Oh, you're just sore she's the one that caught you," said Daddy. "She's not all that bad. After all, she's been an absolute godsend for me," he said as he parked. and applied the parking break. He appeared thoughtful as he grabbed Davey's carrier and passed it to one of the burlier attendants in front of Gran-Gran's, When he returned to unbuckle little Violet, he spoke up again. I'll tell you what sweetie, let's talk it out with Gran-Gran now. Maybe we can arrange some visits, if certain conditions are met."

"Okay, Daddy! It's a deal!" said Violet, jumping out of her unbuckled seat and onto her feet to give Daddy a big hug. He led her toddling by the hand after ther big brother toward the entrance of their day care facility.

Davey was blissed out during the entire conversation, and had already begun to leak onto the baby carrier below him, not that he noticed. The diaper drug was in full effect now and he barely understood words anymore. He was just riding the wave as he enjoyed how good his baba and diapees made him feel. He felt like he could just smile and suckle forever, sinking into those warm feelings of the diaper and restraints hugging his body tight. That's when he had his first orgasm of the day. And coincidentally, he did it right in front of Gran-Gran and Melrose as they came to greet Daddy inside.

"Hnnnn uhnnnnnn hnnnnnnn....." he groaned, biting into the nipple and earning another squirt of sweet formula as his body convulsed and pulsed, forcing all the fluid out of his balls and prostate right into the front of his waiting diapers.

"Oh my," laughed Gran-Gran. "*Somebody* is appreciating his diapers and baby today, isn't he?"

Davey did not give an answer, nor was he expected to. He just groaned as he tensed against the restraints, his forehead beading sweat as he splattered more cum into the waiting material. He was completely unaware and uncaring of just who saw the shameful deed happening in his diaper. As he came down, he just smiled, drool beginning to collect on his chin and drip onto his chest while his baba was switched out for a paci.

"Melrose, why don't you get started with the cutie here. It seems Mr. Pennywhistle has something to discuss with me and Violet.

"Your wish is my command," tittered Melrose, who somehow managed to heft the weight of the boy and the baby carrier despite not being nearly as muscular looking as the meathead who carried him in.

"Now what was it you wanted to ask dear old Granny, hmmm?"

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The day was a blur for Davey. He was aware of some extra steps taking place during his diaper changes, the feeling of tightness in his pee-pee and butthole on occasion. A lot of soft cooing, adults talking over him with words he couldn't understand aside from 'good boy' or 'good baby', and of course, lots and lots of cummies.

He didn't start to come out of it until they were on their way back home, and his memory of the events was fragmentary and out of order. Drooling and staring at the TV screen watching cartoons... sitting in Violet's lap, her arms around his tummy... Diving into a mountain of plushies and coming out cuddling a fluffy stuffed giraffe which he saw was in his arms now. They were all happy memories. They made him think daycare was a good place. But then... wasn't there something more? Didn't his time in there involve a lot more restraints than that? He began to wonder if the memories *were* real... or if they were implanted.

"You were both very good today, so guess where we're going? Ice cream!"

Violet cheered while Davey looked horrified. He was still in nothing but a diaper even after several changes, and he couldn't imagine being seen like this in public. Unfortunately, that wasn't up to him.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*