

Be Careful What You Wish For

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"All done! Wow, take a look!"

As James sat on the open diaper, cock straining against the newly installed cage, he was obliged to look down at the phone in Daddy's hand. There he was on livestream, and the comments section was going crazy.

"So hot!!"

"Jealous!"

"Keep 'em locked and padded!"

"Lock 'em up!"

"Yess!!!"

"Wish that were me!"

He turned his head away and grimaced. He hadn't been allowed out of diapers for over a year and he hadn't gotten to cum in months, except for the few times Daddy made him humiliate himself by humping daddy's leg or hand, or his stuffed wolf, Mr. Cuddles. If those people only knew the frustration he felt. They got to enjoy the fantasy, jerk one out, then go do whatever they wanted. He was stuck in this. No breaks, no time-outs."

"What do you think of that, kiddo? They love it!"

"It's not Fair! C-can't I make stickies one last time, Daddy?"

"No can do, champ. You're gonna have to stay locked until we can train your peepee to stop trying to get big. I know you're a good boy and won't touch your peepee, but it still responds when Daddy plays with it, and I shouldn't be able to make anything happen down there."

James looked down and blushed. The viewers were listening to every word, and of course making their own humiliating comments. Mercifully Daddy soon taped up his diaper, hiding his shame from the onlookers. He patted the diaper boy on the head.

"There we go! My little guy is nice and snug and protected, and his little peepee isn't gonna do big boy things ever again. Tune in tonight folks when we begin training little JayJay here to cum from his little boi pussy instead."

Daddy turned off the feed and pulled his boy into a hug, giving him a kiss on the head.

"You did so good kiddo!"

"I did?" asked JayJay, breaking into a shy smile.

"You sure did, champ! Daddy has made so much money with your Purely Fanatics account that he can stop working and take care of you full time! Won't that be nice?"

The younger man felt a mixture of elation and trepidation. On the one hand he got to spend more time with Daddy. On the other, it meant no more free time for him to sneak online and look at porn, or watch grown-up shows, or sneak adult food out of the fridge, or to try to rub his diaper when Daddy wasn't around.

He did his best to hide his fears and look enthusiastic for Daddy, who was still talking as if oblivious to the storm of thoughts going on inside his head.

"And you wanna know the best part, little guy? It'll all be streaming to your fanatics! The equipment is coming in the mail."

"Equipment? What equipment?"

"The camera system! Weren't you listening, silly boy? By this time next week, the whole house will be wired up with cameras to show people what we're doing 24/7! Isn't that fantastic?"

"Yeah," said JayJay, fidgeting nervously. Truth was he was worried what the 'Fanatics' would do to his life. Not only did they get off on his most embarrassing predicaments, they loved to egg Daddy on, making the most twisted suggestions, voting for the most embarrassing punishments in the polls, and taking glee in tattling to Daddy whenever they caught sight of JayJay being bad.

And how could he blame them? He had been one of them, doing the exact same thing way back when Daddy was just babysitting littles for short visits. He'd been too afraid to try diapers himself but he loved to sit behind the keyboard and concoct the most humiliating suggestions and comments for Daddy and his boys. He'd jerk himself to a satisfying conclusion, and then the guilt would come and he would close the browser and try to occupy himself with something else. But what he'd really wanted was a chance. A chance to be one of those boys as well. When Daddy announced he was looking for a permanent adoptee, he was the first to answer the call. He knew he'd regret it for the rest of his life if he didn't take his chance. Now he feared he'd regret it for the rest of his life because he had. The phrase 'be careful what you wish for' flashed through his mind for the millionth time since this began.

That night, Daddy gave JayJay his first milking.

"Ladies and gentlemen, tonight I'm going to show you how we make little locked boys squirt in their diapers. JayJay," Daddy looked over to the diapered man who stood at attention with his arms behind his back. He gave a naughty grin. "Bend over. Tummy on the bed. There you go, good boy." He pulled down the back of the boys diaper while explaining what he was doing for both James' benefit and the audience. "We're gonna work little Jamesie's prostate, so all we need is a good position where he can relax and focus on the special feelings Daddy is giving him. I'm leaving the diaper on for a reason – when this boy shoots he's gonna make quite a mess. Last time I did this to a boy, he left a wet spot on the bed that looked like he pissed himself. Okay JayJay, here come's the airplane! Open up for Daddy!"

James squeezed his eyes shut and braced himself as Daddy began to push his way into the poor defenseless diaperboy's hole.

"Oh, someone commented they like little JayJay's hole hairless. Yes, I agree, it looks much better since we removed all the hair down there. More appropriate for a little boy like JayJay."

James whined as he was reminded of the fact that he no longer had pubic air or any hair whatsoever below the waist. He knew that Daddy was planning to do more next, and it made him feel like less of a man. But as Daddy always reminded him, real men didn't let other men put them in diapers, control their peepees, or do so many other things that James had let Daddy do.

James suddenly let out a low moan as he felt an intense sensation downstairs.

"Oh my, looks like we hit the Jackpot. Does that make my little boy feel good?" Daddy knelt down and curled his finger to concentrate more pressure on the right area. He held a look of concentration and stuck out his tongue, working the prostate like a mechanic or engineer might do with a machine.

James only moaned harder as the intense feeling of Daddy working his backdoor overwhelmed him. It felt like he was being jacked off. It also felt like he had to pee badly, and at the same time his bowels urgently signaled that they wanted to empty.

"Daddy, Daddy, I hafta go potty!" he yelled. "Please stop, I don't wanna have an accident!"

"Don't worry baby boy, you won't have an accident. You're all cleaned out, and even if you do, it's okay. We can wash the sheets."

"But people will see!" he whined, not wanting to have such a thing displayed publicly.

"It's too late to worry about what people will see, baby boy, " said Daddy, tickling James's balls and pressing at his taint to add to the already intense sensations. "You've got no secrets anymore. They're gonna see everything and so is Daddy, so you might as well get used to it. Remember, Daddy *owns* you now."

He pressed hard into James's prostate with every emphasized word, making the boy moan and shiver in intense pleasure. Daddy was right, and it only made his locked penis press harder against the cage.

"Oh, that's a good idea," said Daddy, glancing over the newest comments. "Hey, little one, the listeners suggested we change your name to Jemma while you're taking it up your boi pussy. How do you like that, Jemma? Huh? Do you like being Daddy's little diaper slut? Show everyone how much you love it, princess."

James was no sissy, but he was a mess at the moment. Daddy could have said just about anything and he would have thought it the hottest thing in the world. He gave in.

He stopped trying to hold anything back and just pushed. If he messed on Daddy it was his own fault!

“There you go, baby boy. Look at how relaxed you got back there!”

His eyes popped open as he felt a whole lot more of Daddy’s fingers enter him. Instead of stopping Daddy, he had actually made it easier for the man to access his most intimate spot.

“There you go, Jemma. That’s the way. Just open up for Daddy. Daddy’s gonna make your little pussy cum. That’s right. You’re gonna do it right on camera. Tell the viewers how much you need this.”

“I need it, Daddy!”

“What do you need, Jemma?”

“Unh! I need Daddy to make my little girl pussy cum!”

“That’s right, baby girl. Go on, then, cum for Daddy.”

James could feel himself getting close. It was a slow and agonizing build up, taking him way past the limits of intensity he could reach when he played with his little pecker. Why hadn’t he cum yet? It was driving him crazy. He began to growl and shake his head, he began to twist and try to pull away from those fingers, but Daddy just drove in deeper. Finally all he could do was empty his lungs in one long continuous moan. He gritted his teeth, and his body began to tense and spasm involuntarily.

“That’s a good girl. We’re going to do this every night until your body learns. There you go. Daddy’s making you come. Maybe I’ll take your little berries as well. You don’t need those, do you?”

James just squeezed his eyes shut. He imagined himself made into Daddy’s smooth little diaper princess, and his body finally reached climax, spasming around Daddy’s invading fingers.

“That’s it, girl, get it all out! There ya go! Such a good girl! That’s how we make our locked diaper boys cum!”

He lay there with his torso on the bed totally spent and his thick butt cheeks quivered with the aftershocks. Daddy pulled the boy’s diaper back up over his butt and gave it a couple crinkly pats.

“Don’t forget to feed your little one something after you finish milking their hungry pussy. Their body needs it and it’s important aftercare.”

Daddy handed him some orange slices and held him in his lap.

There we go, little one. Did you like that?

James nodded. "Yes, Daddy, but it was still embarrassing. Everyone saw!"

"That's right, little one. Everyone saw Daddy making his little baby feel good. And it's okay if you're a little nervous about that. Daddy's here with you. You're going to be having a lot of new experiences now that we're making stricter changes to your lifestyle. You can thank the fanatics for making it all possible. Go on, baby, give them a wave!"

James smiled sheepishly at the camera and waved. It was the minimum he could do before he was allowed to bury his face in Daddy's chest.

"Well, looks like little Jemma's still pretty shy. I'm going to get the little one changed and tucked into her crib. She's had a big day. See you all tomorrow. Sweet dreams and keep those comments coming. And if you've been cumming I want to know about it! Tell me what you liked and what you'd like to see me do to this little diaperbutt next!"

James would never forget the day the cameras were installed. He watched from his crib as the installation crew came in with their equipment and set up the whole system. They spent most of the day there putting cameras in every room. As a result, they got to witness several diaper changes, a messy feeding, basically everything James and Daddy did in a day. For their part they seemed to love it, and James was sure it would stick in their memories as well.

"Hey Lou!" said a husky man, elbowing his coworker as Daddy cleaned James's peepee cage, "Maybe we should get one of those for you, you horndog! I bet your wife would love to know where he got that!"

Daddy called out the website to the guy who made the comment.

"Ha! I just sent it off to your wife Lou! Sounds like it'll be coming in the mail next week!"

Lou turned bright red and stomped off. Of course he got his revenge later when Daddy told him about the latest pegging set he'd been recommending to all the mommies. Lou sent off the link and got an equally enthusiastic response from his coworker's wife.

When they left he thanked them all and invited them to check out the stream. Everyone who had helped install the system became regulars after that. Daddy just seemed to have that kind of charisma about him. He seemed to attract people wherever he went.

After they finished, Daddy said he had to go on a little errand and told James to be on his best behavior. Of course as soon as he left, James went right back to sneaking food, looking at porn, and doing all the other naughty things he liked to do. After all, once Daddy got the system online, he wouldn't have another chance. But that was a mistake. Daddy came back 30 minutes later and he was smiling a very unnerving grin.

"That was a test, little boy, and you failed hard. I made a little contest for all our viewers - told them to list every rule you broke, and if they caught them all they'd get to pick a punishment. Well guess what, baby? You've got a lot of punishments coming!"

Punishment number one was an hour in what Daddy called the humbler. Imagine wooden stocks that went against your thighs and had an opening in the middle for the testicles. James had to stay on all fours over a piddle pad for an hour, unable to move without painful pressure to his little potatoes as he grew more and more tired. At the end of that hour, Daddy returned with a switch to administer punishment number two. By this time, the absorbent pad under James was already soaked, and he was kneeling in a puddle of his own urine.

“Okay, little boy. That was for getting out of your playpen without permission, and to show you that you should stay on your knees like a good baby. Now you’re going to get 50 strikes on your thighs for taking off your diaper to use the potty and 10 on your bits for looking at naughty websites.”

The pain of the switch was searing. James hated it. The worst thing was, if James straightened his legs even an inch to move away from the stinging swats, it would tug on his balls hard. He was a blubbering mess by the time Daddy was through with that part of the punishment, but fortunately Daddy gave him a little rest after that, soothing his tears and rubbing lotion on his battered thighs and bits. He cradled and rocked the boy until he calmed down, and then an hour later it was lunch and time for his next punishment.

James was strapped into the highchair, his wrists secured out of the way and his diapered crotch secured so he couldn’t slide down. Daddy put a bib on him that said ‘Daddy’s little stinker’ and laid out 10 jars of mashed peas as well as a giant bottle of formula where he could see. James groaned as he saw the two worst foods in the world waiting for his tummy. Not only were they disgusting, they would ensure he would make a huge, embarrassing mess in his diapers.

“If you try to eat adult foods again, you’ll have this every meal for a week.”

He made a nasty face on the first bite and Daddy chastised him.

“Smile baby, show everyone how much you love to be fed by Dada! Otherwise we’ll have to start all over again.”

He had no choice but to force himself to smile as he was fed the worst meal imaginable. It may not have seemed like a lot of food, but James could feel every swallow go right into his tummy and sit there like led. He was feeling well-fed when the first jar was done. By jar number 5 he was ready to burst, and he was still only halfway there.

“Dada, JayJay full!”

“No you’re not, sweet pea,” said Daddy, massaging James’ belly, “you’ve got plenty of room in that tummy for more.”

On the next jar, Jamie felt a rumble in his tummy and a sudden urge to void. The pressure of his stomach was doing its work, forcing his bowels to clear themselves and

make more room. James began to squirm and shake his head to warn Daddy, but every time he tried to say something he got another spoonful of mush.

“There’s a good boy, don’t forget to smile!”

Daddy grinned wide, looking at his baby boy in the cute babyish diaper, with mush all over his face and bib. He looked every part the adorable baby boy, and Daddy loved him like this. Nothing was cuter than James when he was blushing and squirming like that.

For James’ part, he couldn’t ignore the way his cock strained in his cage during the entire feeding process. He thrust his locked cock into the wet padding and felt the diaper press tighter against him as it was stopped by the crotch restraints. He knew without seeing that he was leaking copious amounts of precum as he fought to keep his back door closed. But it was a losing battle.

With the final spoonful of jar 6 in his mouth, he let out a loud grunt and came hard as he felt the mush explode into the back of his diaper. He spurted ropes of sticky cum into the front of his diaper as his hole was forced open wide by the huge amount of poop which spread out like warm stew as it filled the back of his pampers and forced him up at least an inch or two off the seat. Daddy didn’t stop feeding JayJay, however. He just kept shoveling more mush into the boy’s waiting mouth while he was distracted by his humiliating accident.

“Still three more jars to go sweetie, and then there’s that big bottle of formula I made for you!”

After the meal was finally over, Daddy brought a bloated James back to the nursery and laid him on the changing table.

“Let’s see what presents little JayJay left for Daddy!”

He opened up the diaper to reveal James’ entire bottom, and crotch covered in muck.

“Oh my,” said Daddy. “Looks like we had a real blowout! See everybody, this is why little boys like JayJay need to be kept in diapers at all times, no matter how much they protest. You just can’t trust them to keep their pants clean!”

Daddy continued the humiliating talk as he took his time cleaning James off with wipe after wipe. He explained why JayJay needed each rule and made him repeat them back just to be sure he understood.

“And what about bedtime, JayJay?”

“I hafta go to bed at 8 o’ clock every night so I’m not a fussy baby in the morning.”

“Very good, little one! You’re so smart!”

By the time bedtime did come around, James had no desire to break any rules ever again, and he wouldn’t get the chance to. Daddy had taken complete control.

James and Daddy gained more and more followers as the weeks stretched on, and sooner or later the inevitable happened and the website was leaked to certain forums online. The live chat was immediately flooded by trolls and gawkers who jeered and said nasty things in the comments section. They did a better job than anyone of spreading the news of James' humiliating life, and Daddy soon got calls from tabloids, talk shows, and other media outlets. The first one he said yes to was 'Sin' magazine. The article was featured in that month's issue, beating out 'I did everything...on acid...again!' and "Human ponies: The new Lyft?" for top spot.

If James thought he was humiliated before, it was nothing compared to struggling red-faced in his crib as his prostate massager forced him to spurt in his diapers the third time in a row on the 'Just before Midnight Show'.

"That's my JayJay!" said Daddy with a shrug, and the audience applauded and laughed at Daddy's now famous catch phrase.

In a world of fast headlines and short attention spans, one might expect the enthusiasm to die down for little James, but that was not the case. The audience grew and grew, and he began to be taken out on more humiliating public outings, as requested by the public. These meet and greets were quite the eye-opener for little JayJay, whose Daddy learned to keep a crayon handy at all times for the inevitable signature request. JayJay signed more diapers and 'That's my JayJay' T-shirts than he could count.

It also turned out James was really big in Japan. He was flown out to do a cameo with the popular band "Omutsu Cute Bois". The crowd when they landed was like nothing they had seen before short of the Beatles.

"Daddy," James asked when they were finally back home, away from all the noise and clamor, "how come our feed is so popular?"

"Sweetie, isn't it obvious? You're the cutest boy in all the world. Who wouldn't want to watch you all the time?"

Jamie knew this was a stock answer, but Daddy leaned in and whispered the truth in his ear, where the microphones couldn't catch it.

"And I may have slipped some hypnotic suggestions into the video feed, like I did when I was looking for my first full-time baby."

James' eyes went wide as he remembered how he felt when he heard Daddy's request over a year prior. To James, it was as if someone turned on a switch in his head, but he'd had no idea how close to the truth he really was.

"Announcement everyone. I'm in search of a middle to join our little family. That's right, I'm looking for a big brother for James! So if you want to be that lucky tot, go onto the website and fill out the form, starting now!"

