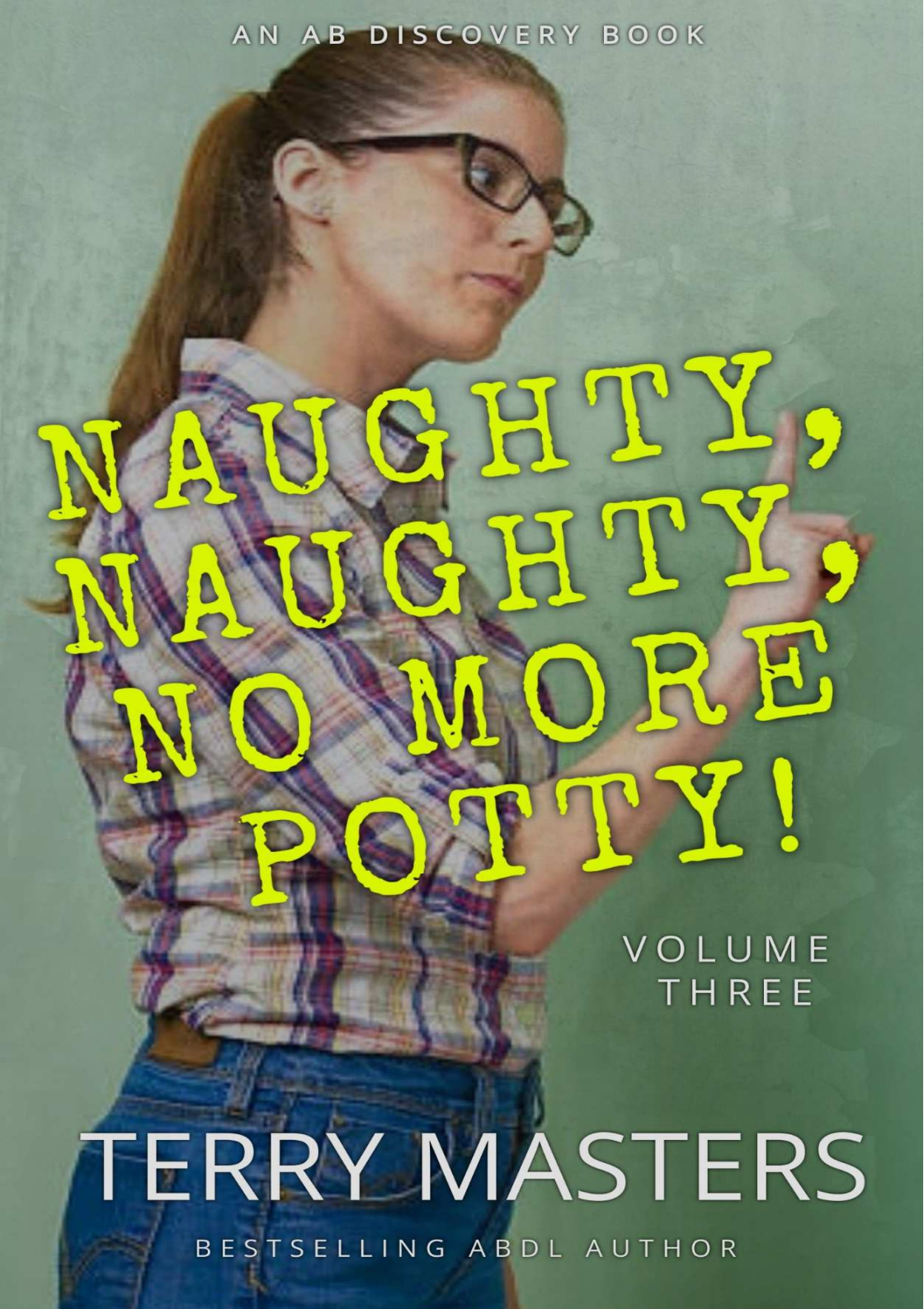


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

A woman with long brown hair in a ponytail, wearing black-rimmed glasses and a plaid shirt, is shown from the waist up. She is making an L-shaped hand gesture with her right hand, pointing her index finger up and then across. The background is a textured, light green wall.

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY, NO MORE POTTY!

VOLUME
THREE

TERRY MASTERS

BESTSELLING ABDL AUTHOR

Naughty, Naughty, No More Potty! Volume 3

Naughty, Naughty, No More Potty! Volume 3

A collection of short stories

By Terry Masters

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Introduction:

This collection was first published by BBW in 1994 and has been updated and re-edited by Terry Masters for publication by AB Discovery.

BABY TRAINING

Submitted to BBW January 2017

Alex struggled helplessly in his bindings. Stuck in a diaper and dress, gagged with an oversized pacifier, and with a bright red ribbon wrapped around him, he could do nothing but wait. He supposed that was what he actually was. He was a Christmas present for someone. The only question was for whom. It was a question that had haunted him since the day he arrived at the training institute. Like everyone, he knew there was someone paying for him. Like most, he had no idea who they were, when he'd see them, or what they intended to use him for.

There were several reasons someone could end up in the institute. A scant few were volunteers - people choosing the submissive lifestyle, often for a kink, or out of sheer laziness, giving up freedom to be guaranteed food and shelter rather than work their entire lives and risk homelessness. This, in Alex's opinion, was a poor trade and a worse excuse for a career. Others seemed to think they eventually be guaranteed a place there anyway, and so volunteered.

The advantage there was that they could at least pick the manner of their submissiveness and have some control over who their eventual master was. Had Alex known that would be necessary for him, he'd have taken that route. He shifted uncomfortably in his binds, his arms getting stiff, and his diaper beginning to chafe his spanked bottom. He definitely would have done so. Alex, for himself, was one of the many who had been chosen against their will. Some of them had obvious reasons for

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going. They had committed clear crimes, were put on trial, and plea-bargained out of jail or were sentenced directly. They stood out at first in the first days at the institute, trying to look tough, with tattoos on their arms and glares on their faces, until they realized this just made them all the more ridiculous.

Alex was in the final category - those who had no idea at all why he was brought there. He had simply gone to bed one night after drinking at a bar, blacked out, and woken up already locked and dressed at the Institute, with his form of submissiveness and master already chosen for him.

Many had similar stories or were dragged from public places kicking and screaming or got into cabs that went in completely the wrong direction. There was a long list. They were usually given an explanation. Vague allegations of minor crimes, poor behavior, a likeliness of future crimes or failures, internet search histories, or having failed some kind of government test. There were plenty of so-called 'explanations'.

Alex had received a mix of these, with the same accusations of brattiness and immaturity that most who ended up in diapers had. They may be true, he knew, but he tended to believe the rumor that the Institute simply needed to sell a certain number of submissives to operate and did what was necessary to keep going. The government turned a blind eye and the public kept silent lest they be chosen. They were fulfilling a needed service, anyway. For Alex, it was hard to argue. They seemed to know everything about him, and his trove of 'secret' stories about similar kinks was brought up time and time again as a reason. Whether they knew about them when they grabbed him or coincidentally found out after searching was beyond him.

Alex moaned inwardly thinking of it. He struggled slightly, hearing the tissue paper and his diaper rustle, then stopped. He glanced at the paddle beside him. Tauntingly cute looking, but sharp and painful, he had been given a taste of it earlier and threatened

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with more if he woke anyone up. He was a Christmas present, and just like any other gift supposedly from Santa Clause, he would not be seen until morning. Waking them up would spoil the surprise, and he had been trained to obey.

That training itself had been a nightmare. When he first woke up that day long ago, he had no idea what was happening. He had woken up slowly at first, feeling a slight headache, then bolted up when he noticed he was in a strange room surrounded by bars.

“No,” he had thought, “it can’t be...”

In reality, it was obvious. He had long known about the training program, and that diapered subs were one of options, but like most, he had never thought it would happen to him. When it did, he did everything in his power to deny it to himself. He quickly glanced down at himself to see he was dressed in bright pink-footed pajamas and a bulky object he later realized was a diaper. He tried to scream out, only to find his mouth full of something he later realized was a pacifier. He tried to remove it, only to find his hands were wrapped in thick, fingerless mittens, leaving them useless. He looked around himself and confirmed his suspicions. The bars he had once thought were for a cage were, in fact, part of a crib, and the room was a giant nursery, decorated cutely, with a changing table, highchair, and toys all clearly intended for him. A pit had begun to form in his stomach.

A woman, not much older than Alex, came in beaming. He still remembered the first words she said. “Hello, how’s my little baby doing?” She spoke in a sweet, familiar voice as if he truly was a baby girl and there was nothing strange at all about him being there.

The rest of the day had followed suit. He was offered no explanation and given no chance to ask for one. He was carted helplessly from humiliation to humiliation, unable to get out of the arms, baby harnesses, and strollers that held him, and unable to

BECOMING THEIR DIAPER SLAVE

Submitted anonymously to BBW Oct. 2013

I felt almost faint as we walked into her apartment. I couldn't believe this was happening and at the same time, I was weak in the knees in anticipation. The cool fall air made me think of being back in school and my long fantasies of being helplessly submissive.

Sandy had approached me as I had left the department store and told me about how she had watched me for weeks come in and wander around the women's department taking nervous glances at the silky underwear and nightgowns. She had worked her way over to block my way out the door so we could talk. She told me that she loved small young men and that we could have lots of fun together. Now I was going to her place to play for the weekend.

My parents thought I was going to a friend's house, but instead, I was spending the weekend with a thirty-year-old knockout, who promised two nights of fantasy for me dressed as a girl. Directly she led me to a bedroom and told me to sit on the bed.

"Do you want to be my baby?" Sandy asked as she walked over to a large dresser in her bedroom.

I nodded yes, not knowing exactly what she meant.

Opening one of the drawers she pulled out several items and carried them over and laid them on the bed next to me. Without a word, she smiled and turned back toward the dresser. I looked down and saw what looked like a fluffy folded diaper and large pink plastic pants on the bed. The diaper was pink. My stomach fluttered

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as I thought about what the diaper and baby pants meant.

This was almost too much for me, but I didn't think to run out of her place. I had always been a submissive boy and very small for my age, but never had I thought about being dressed in diapers and plastic pants.

"You will play for me?" she asked. "No one else will know our secret."

My small cock was rigid in my shorts. Of course, I would play for her.

"I need to get you out of those boring clothes."

I didn't look to see what else she had brought to the bed as Sandy pulled my shirt over my head and took off my shorts. Instinctively, my hands went down to stop her from pulling off my underwear.

"You silly little girl," she said with a laugh. "Let me take off these ugly panties."

Her use of the word girl for me made me even more excited and I passively let her finish undressing me.

"How wonderful!" she exclaimed. "I was right in thinking that you haven't even started growing much hair down there yet."

My face must have turned red. I had always been embarrassed about my size down there.

"Don't worry, I love how cute you look," she said as she gently pushed me backward to lie on the bed. Next, she went over and started holding up the things she had brought from the dresser.

"We're going to play baby girl tonight. These diapers and plastic panties will keep you dry because for this weekend you won't be permitted to use the bathroom. I'll be your mommy and do everything for you."

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My fantasy had always been to be dressed as a girl by an older woman, but it never included diapers. I thought about this new wonderful feeling of helplessness as I watched her fold the diapers and then slide them under my raised bottom. The thought of being locked in diapers and using them made my head feel light with excitement and my dick seemed to be pulsing with anticipation.

“These are seven layers with several inserts, so you'll have to waddle as you walk, but don't worry you won't be doing much walking.”

She told me to lift my bottom as she put the thick diaper under me. Next, she rubbed baby oil around my hard penis and finished with baby powder. The diapers were incredibly thick as she pulled them up and pinned them with large pink diaper pins. I found that the bunched material in between my legs felt erotic. After patting my diaper front, she started humming as she shook out the plastic pants.

“These are so wonderfully noisy,” she said. “They're Jim's favorite.”

I should have asked then who Jim was, but I was too lost in my fantasy world coming true that I didn't care about anything else except being her baby girl. As she pulled the plastic pants over my diaper I moaned with pleasure.

“Well, aren't we excited about being a little girl,” she replied. “You are so little and cute. These clothes are actually a little big on you.”

After that, she stood me up and made me waddle around the room for her. The diaper forced my legs apart and the plastic pants rustled loudly. I could feel the wetness from my cum.

“Let's finish getting you ready,” said Sandy.

The next thirty minutes were dream-like as she continued to

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turn me into a little girl. Sandy had a closet full of satin dresses that were made to fit someone my size. She chose a pink dress for me that, with the petticoat I also wore, was not long enough to cover my diapered bottom. I was also forced to wear ruffled socks with black little girl-type shoes. While she fixed my hair, I sucked on a large baby bottle of milk she had brought back from the kitchen.

“Now I'm going to put you down while I get ready for tonight.”

She led me to the living room where she had spread out a shower curtain on the floor in front of the TV. She took the bottle from me and pushed me down to my knees. I felt suddenly very relaxed and almost sleepy.

“Open your mouth,” she said as she walked around to stand behind me.

I did what she asked and found a large rubber penis gag being forced into my mouth. I tried to spit it out, but she was stronger as she pulled and buckled the strap behind me.

“Now, lay down on your stomach and put your hands behind you,” she demanded.

Things were changing fast, and I became very scared. Quickly I did what she wanted and felt her begin to wrap a soft rope many times around my wrists. Then she wrapped the rope between my wrists and pulled tight leaving me secured and helpless. Next, she did the same to my ankles and then pulled them up to be tied to the rope at my wrists.

“That should keep you in one place while I get ready.”

I had never felt so helpless and little as I looked up at her with a large penis gag filling my mouth. Droll ran around the gag and on to the shower curtain. Despite being eighteen, I found myself starting to cry.

DIAPERS OR DIVORCE

Discovered

“I have had enough! Pull down your pants this instant.”

He stared at his wife frightened by her outrage and clumsily fumbled with the button of his jeans. Pulling down his pants to his ankles he stood back up and held his head down in embarrassment.

“Just as I thought, you are wearing a disgusting diaper again.”

“Clearly you are no longer the man I married. Come to think about it you have never really been much of a man in our bedroom.”

“I want to be with a man, not a little baby. Since you cannot seem to respect my demands for you to stop wearing pampers maybe in diapers is exactly where a pathetic excuse of a husband like you belongs.”

“I am going to make this very simple for you. Diapers or divorce?”

Tears started to well up in his eyes as he tried to look at his wife. Clearly, sneaking around behind her back wearing diapers had finally pushed her over the edge. What was his wife of ten years asking? After years of hatred and disgust over his diaper fetish, was she now seriously considering leaving him?

“I will not repeat myself again. Diapers or a divorce?”

Instinctively he cried out ‘diapers’, not fully understanding

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the consequences of his choice. He would soon find out.

A smile grew on his wife's face. She had expected her husband to decide on diapers and she wickedly thought about what that meant for her. Her panties started to get wet over the thought she could finally now go out and find a real man and her diapered husband would have no say in the matter.

"Diapers it will be then. Tell me who wears diapers?"

"Babies do."

"Babies do, what?"

"Babies wear diapers."

"Babies wear diapers... what?" she exclaimed.

He looked at his wife completely confused. What was she demanding he tell her?

"How about babies wear diapers, Mommy!" she repeated

His heart began to beat faster. Never had his wife ever role-played with his fetish before and now she was standing in front of him demanding that he call her Mommy.

"Babies wear diapers, Mommy."

"That is right, babies wear diapers. What do babies do in their diapers?"

"They potty in their diapers, Mommy."

"That is right, both pee-pee and poo-poo, don't they?"

"Yes Mommy, babies go pee-pee and poo-poo in their diapers."

"How many times have you shit in your diaper?"

He once again looked down in shame and could not find the words to answer his wife.

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"How many times have shit in your pants? I will not ask you again!"

"A few, Mommy."

"I knew you were that pathetic. Well, guess what, I hope you are ready to become very messy. Do you know why?"

"No, Mommy."

"You will now be wearing diapers permanently, baby. I am not talking about an every-once-in-a-while thing either. You wanted to wear diapers so much and now you will get to wear them for the rest of your life. At first, it will be difficult for both of us but hopefully, eventually, we both will accept our new roles in our marriage. In time, my guess is that by going potty in your diapers all the time you will become completely unpotty trained. You will have no choice but to be diapered all the time unless I decide to humiliate you by making you go potty in your pants when we are out and about."

He was in complete shock. Who had invaded his wife's mind? She had gone from demanding no diapers at all to diapers all the time for the rest of his life! Part of him was excited yet part of him was scared of the new life he had chosen for himself.

"Now that I have shared with you that you will be permanently wearing your potty, I think it is time for Mommy to explain to you your new life as my baby."

"Since I can never look at you as a man ever again from this day forward, I think it is best that you become my little girl. As of right now, I have no intentions of removing your wee-wee or your pathetic little balls but your behavior could change my mind if you chose to be disobedient. When you are not busy at work providing for us I will be constantly reminding you that you are no longer the man of the house. At work, you will still be required to wear diapers and use them of course but I have not decided yet if you will wear

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something more girly under your pants to remind you of being my little girl.

“At home, you will be dressed as a complete sissy baby girl always in an appropriate dress or onesie. This is non-negotiable and you will do as I say, or you will be severely punished. I am still not completely convinced that I should not divorce you. The hardest thing you will have to accept is that since you are no longer a man, you will no longer be allowed to do grown-up things in the bedroom. Do you know what a cuckold is?”

“No Mommy, what is a cuckold?”

“Something you will most definitely soon become. That is one thing I know for sure.”

With a devilish grin on her face, she left the room without saying another word and he was left standing there with his pants pulled down and his diaper exposed. He could not help but wet himself.

Cuckold - Second Thoughts???

With her out of the room, his mind was racing. His thoughts were everywhere as he tried to figure out exactly what had just happened. It was shocking to him how much his life had just changed in a matter of a few minutes. His mind suddenly began to focus on the last thing his wife had told him before she left him alone. What was a cuckold, he curiously thought to himself. Still with his pants down he grabbed his phone and got on the internet. He began nervously typing the word. C-U-C-K... there it was... cuckold.

The first link on Google was an online dictionary. He curiously clicked on the link and his heart sunk deep into his chest

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as he read the definition. Noun. A man who has an unfaithful wife. Is this what his desire to wear diapers had cost him? His wife's fidelity? As he started to cry, he reached for his diaper almost immediately, intent on ripping it off and showing his wife he was a man. When his hand reached for the tapes, he suddenly stopped. Wait a minute, he thought to himself. How long had it been since he had last fucked his wife?

While he was lost in thought, his wife had meanwhile come back into the room. She stood behind him as he found out what the word cuckold meant, and his dismay sent a tingle to her pussy. She saw him reach for the tapes of his diaper and became very upset.

"What do you think you are doing little girl? Do babies take off their diapers?"

"I do not want to be a baby anymore, or wear diapers, or be your cuckold. I am a man, your man."

"Really?"

His wife reached down and forcefully grabbed his crotch through his wet diaper.

"What is this? Do men wear diapers? Do men go potty in their pants? Does a real man have a tiny cock? No, they do not. You are wearing a diaper that you pissed in, and you have a very small and unsatisfying wee-wee. I can barely even feel it through your diaper. You are far from a man. You are a bitch."

"I do not want you to cheat on me!"

"Maybe you should have thought about that before you decided to choose diapers over your sexy wife. I gave you a choice. If you take that diaper off, I want you to start packing your things and get out of my house because I will divorce you."

She once again left the room and grabbed a bar of soap from the master bathroom. She returned to find her husband still