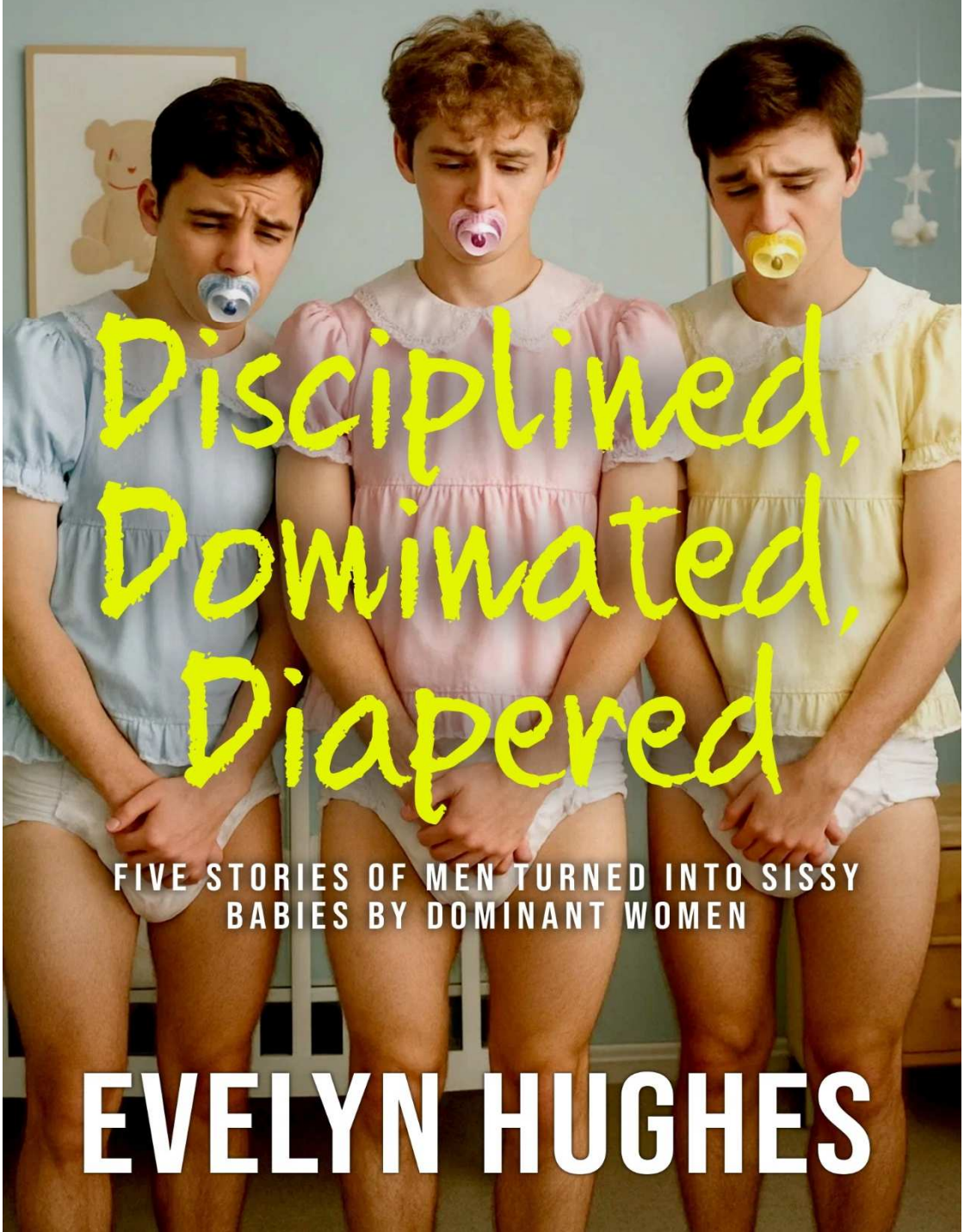


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK



# Disciplined, Dominated, Diapered

FIVE STORIES OF MEN TURNED INTO SISSY  
BABIES BY DOMINANT WOMEN

EVELYN HUGHES

*Disciplined, Dominated, Napped*

# Disciplined, Dominated, Diapered *Evelyn Hughes*

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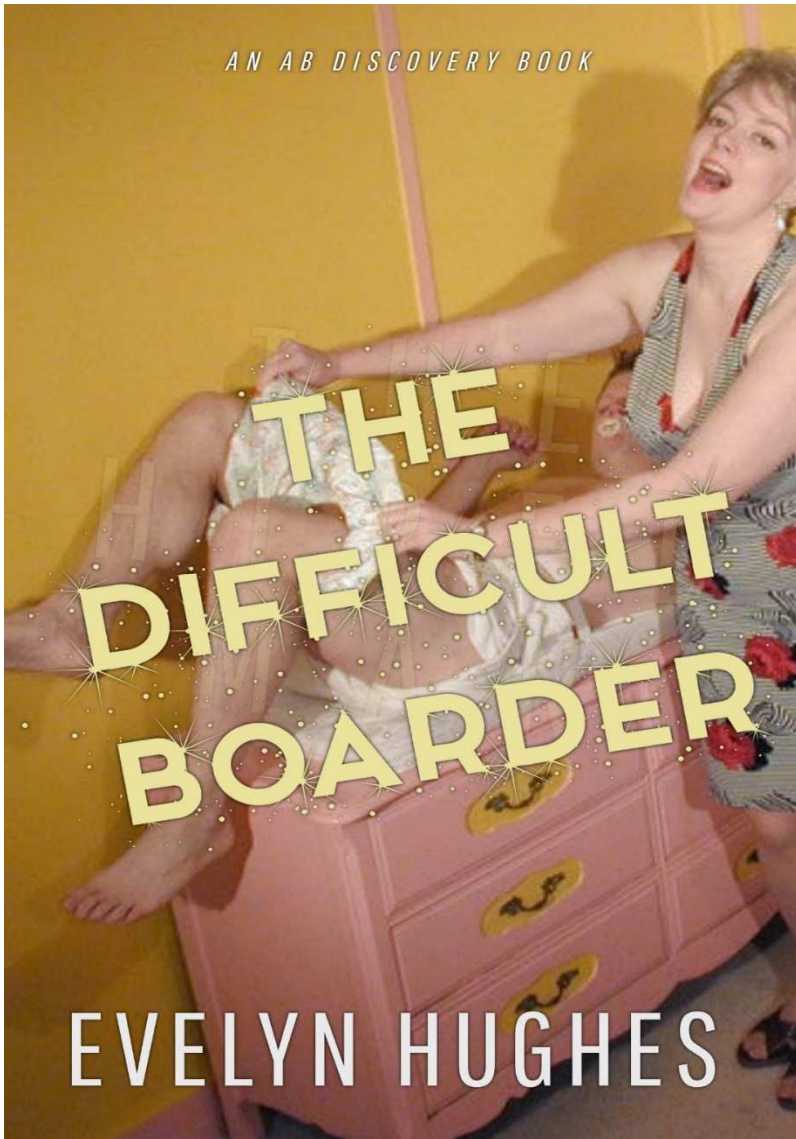
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# The Difficult Boarder

## *Chapter One: A New Arrangement*

The rain had just started tapping gently on the windows when Marjorie opened her front door. Harry Langston stood there in a hoodie several sizes too big and with a rucksack slung over one shoulder, water beading in his unkempt hair. His eyes, half-defiant and half-weary, flicked past her and into the house behind her, as though measuring the distance between himself and dry warmth.

"You're late," Marjorie said, not unkindly. Her tone had that clipped sharpness she'd carried since her husband passed, full with no wasted breath, and no unnecessary pleasantries. "But I suppose it can't be helped. Come on in."

Harry stepped inside with a vague grunt. He smelled like cigarettes and damp cotton, and the scent clung as he passed her into the narrow hall.

"This way," she said, closing the door. "The room's upstairs. I don't tolerate loud music, drugs, or filth. Rent is due every Sunday night. No guests. Are we clear?"

"Crystal," he muttered. "I'm not here to cause trouble."

Marjorie narrowed her eyes. "Hmm... we'll see."

The guest room had once been her husband's recovery room, sterile, sparse, with a tall oak wardrobe and a neatly made single bed. A plastic mattress protector still crinkled faintly under the sheets, a remnant from the unpleasant sickbed days.

"This'll do fine," Harry said, dropping his rucksack to the floor with a dull thud. "Smells like a hospital."

"Cleanliness is something you'll come to appreciate," she replied.

He didn't answer. He just collapsed onto the bed without removing his shoes.

She frowned but said nothing... for now.

\*\*\*

Marjorie always rose early, even on weekends. She had already boiled the kettle and begun slicing bread when the hallway

creaked. Harry stumbled in, yawning, wearing the same hoodie and sweatpants.

"Sleep well?" she asked over her shoulder.

Harry scratched his head. "Yeah, I guess."

She turned then, frowning. "*You guess?*"

He gave a half-hearted shrug. "It was fine."

But she caught the subtle hints. The faint flush in his cheeks. The downward glance. And when he shifted in his seat, the fabric of his sweatpants clung to him in an odd, heavy way. Her stomach sank in disappointment.

"Go upstairs and strip the bed," she said, voice even. "Bring the sheets down. Now."

His head jerked up. "What?"

"You heard me."

He hesitated. "Why?"

"Because you wet it," she said plainly.

There was a pause, and his face twitched, then went blank.

"I... I didn't mean to," he stammered.

"Clearly. But what you *meant* and what you *did* are two very different things, Mr. Langston."

He opened his mouth... then closed it. She folded her arms.

"You didn't mention this condition of yours when you moved in," she said coolly. "I might have put a diaper on you last night if I'd known."

His cheeks flamed red with embarrassment.

"That's not funny."

"I wasn't joking."

When he returned with the damp bedding, she inspected it grimly, seeing the yellowed centre and the unmistakable smell.

"Drop your pants."

"What?!"

"You heard me," she said, gripping the hairbrush from the counter. "You're getting a spanking."

"You've got to be kidding!"

## The Difficult Boarder

She took a step toward him, suddenly very close. Her presence filled the kitchen like a thundercloud.

"Do I *look* like I'm kidding?"

He looked like a deer cornered in headlights, but slowly, his fingers fumbled with the waistband of his sweatpants. They dropped, revealing thin, childish briefs. They were wet, too.

"I see," she murmured. "So your underthings weren't spared either."

She pulled out a chair and sat down. "Over my knee."

"Shit," he hissed, red-faced.

"I said *over*."

When he didn't move, she grabbed his wrist and yanked him. He stumbled forward and found himself draped over her lap, his face pressed against her skirt, his backside exposed and vulnerable.

Smack.

The first hit echoed through the room.

Smack. Smack. Smack.

"You do *not* wet your bed like a toddler and lie about it!"

Smack.

"You do *not* soil my home!"

Smack.

Each stroke was firm and practised. She didn't shout. She just scolded with measured disappointment, as though she were punishing a child who'd broken a house rule.

Harry whimpered, kicking slightly, humiliated beyond words.

When it was done, she let him stand. His face burned, and his lip trembled. He didn't meet her eyes.

"You'll be sleeping with a towel under you tonight," she said, standing. "And tomorrow, I'm buying waterproof pants. If there's another accident, you're going into diapers. Understood?"

He nodded mutely.

"Say it."

"I... I understand."

"Good. Now go clean yourself. And I suggest you wash those briefs as well. I will not be touching them."

## *The Difficult Boarder*

Later that night, from her doorway, Marjorie watched him cross the hall in borrowed pyjamas. His head was bowed, and his steps were slow. The storm outside had grown stronger, rain pattering like fingers on glass. He hesitated at the edge of the guest room, looking back briefly.

Marjorie didn't speak.

She just gave him a look that promised: One more slip, young man, and your choices will be taken from you, and Harry, as though sensing the truth of it, quietly shut the door behind him. He was terrified of the future. It wasn't just an accident. He was a regular bedwetter and it was why he was kicked out of his last two places.

## Chapter Two: Slipping Further

The third morning in a row, Marjorie found the guest room window cracked open, letting in a thin draft, and the bed unmade yet again. She wrinkled her nose. The faint ammonia tang in the air was now unmistakable.

She peeled back the covers. The towel she'd instructed him to lay beneath himself was askew, bunched halfway off the bed. The fitted sheet bore a familiar pale stain, damp to the touch. Beneath it, the plastic mattress protector glistened like glass. The bed was soaked again.

Marjorie stood in silence, hands on her hips, lips tight. The first accident had earned him a spanking. The second had earned him a stern warning. But now?

Now it was deliberate. *Lazy. Defiant.*

She stripped the bed in tight, angry motions, the fabric whipping through the air as she tugged it free. And underneath the pillow, tucked like a guilty secret, lay something that made her blood run cold.

A pair of her panties.

They were floral, in pale blue, folded neatly but unmistakably hers. They were worn, soft, and unwashed, a set she'd worn only last week. She knew what it all meant.

*He's been sniffing my worn panties like a horny teenager! What am I going to do with him?*

Marjorie picked them up between two fingers like something dead and contaminated. Then she heard the shower running.

She walked to the bathroom and shouted. "Harry!"

There was no response. She knocked harder. "Harry, open this door. Now."

The water stopped. A few seconds passed, then the door cracked open. Harry stood in the steam, towel around his waist, hair dripping.

"What?" he asked, annoyed.

## The Difficult Boarder

Marjorie held up the panties. "Want to explain *these*?"

His face drained of colour. "I... I don't know what..."

"Don't lie to me," she said sharply. "Do *not* lie to me."

He swallowed. "I was just curious. I didn't do anything..."

"You stole my worn underwear," she cut in. "After *wetting* yourself like a child for three nights running. And on top of that," she moved past him, ignoring his flustered gasp, "you left your own soiled briefs on the floor!"

She snapped the towel rack aside. There, behind the toilet, a pair of filthy grey underwear slouched in the corner like a discarded rag.

Her nostrils flared.

"This is *disgusting*," she hissed. "You are behaving like a filthy, sneaky, untrained little boy."

Harry backed away, eyes darting to the door. "I'll clean it up, I didn't mean—"

"Oh, *you'll do more than clean*," Marjorie said, grabbing him firmly by the arm. "I warned you what would happen if you kept acting like this."

"Wait, no! Please!"

But she was already dragging him, dripping and barefoot, down the hallway.

In the living room, she sat down hard on the old wingback chair and yanked him face-first over her lap.

"Marjorie, stop! I'm sorry—!"

"You'll be *more* sorry in a minute."

CRACK.

Her palm landed hard on his bare backside. Again. And again. The slaps rang off the walls. It was a lot harder than the first spanking.

"You *wet* your bed, you steal from me—"

CRACK.

"You leave *filthy* underthings on my floor—"

CRACK.

## The Difficult Boarder

"And now you think you're *entitled* to act like a brat and hide like a coward?"

Harry squirmed, kicking weakly, his towel falling to the floor. His bare bottom grew redder with every strike.

CRACK.

"This is what happens to naughty boys," she said, voice low, voice final. "And if this is how you behave in my house, then you're going to be treated the way you deserve."

She let the words hang.

He whimpered something she couldn't make out. His head was down, shoulders shaking. It wasn't clear if he was crying or seething. Marjorie let him lie there a moment before standing him up. He didn't look at her.

"You're no longer to wear adult underwear," she said coldly. "Clearly, you aren't capable of keeping it clean. From now on, you'll come to me in the morning and ask for a fresh pair of training pants. If that doesn't work..." she leaned in slightly, "you'll be wearing proper diapers by the end of the week."

"That's not fair," he muttered, not meeting her gaze.

"Fair?" she snapped. "Fair was letting you into my home. *Fair* was washing your wet sheets without complaint. *Fair* was letting this go *twice*. But now, I see who you are." She stepped closer. "You want to be taken care of like a baby? Fine. That's exactly what you'll get."

He opened his mouth... then shut it again.

"Go upstairs," she said. "You've lost bathroom privileges for the day. If you need to go, you'll ask me. And you'll use the towel for now until I've laundered something more appropriate."

He hesitated.

"Go."

And Harry, red-bottomed and humiliated, padded slowly up the stairs without another word.

\*\*\*

Marjorie sat in her armchair with a cup of tea, watching the monitor she'd quietly set up in the hallway, pointed directly at the guest bedroom. At 1:13 AM, she saw the soft flicker of movement as

## *The Difficult Boarder*

Harry crawled out of bed. He glanced around the room. Checked the floor. And then, slowly, he lifted the hem of his shirt and sniffed it.

Then, shaking, he knelt by his dresser and tugged open the bottom drawer, where she'd replaced his boxer shorts with folded white terry cloth squares and a stack of plastic pants, all waiting.

He touched one. Picked it up. Then... dropped it like it burned him. He sat back, defeated.

Marjorie smiled to herself, took a long sip of her tea, and whispered to no one at all, "Good boy."

## Chapter Three: The First Diaper

Morning came with a fog that clung to the windows and thickened the air in the hallway. Marjorie didn't need to knock. She could smell the problem before she opened the guest bedroom door. The stale tang of overnight wetness greeted her like an old enemy.

She entered quietly. Harry was still curled under the covers, facing the wall, pretending to sleep.

"Up."

He didn't move.

"I said up, Harry. Or would you prefer I pull the sheets off myself and inspect the damage like I've had to every morning this week?"

Harry gave a groan, and rolled over, his eyes puffy, and shirt damp with sweat... or worse.

"Please," he mumbled. "Can't we just... skip it today?"

Marjorie strode forward and yanked the covers down. The sheet was stained, unmistakably. The towel was uselessly twisted beneath him. And his underwear? A sagging, sodden mess.

She let the silence hang, full of accusation.

"That's it," she said quietly. "I've given you more chances than you ever deserved."

"I didn't mean to," he whispered.

"And I didn't *mean* to have my guest room smell like a nursing home. But here we are."

She stood tall, arms crossed. "Get up and come downstairs."

The table had already been cleared. In the centre was a folded stack of white terry cloth diapers, a bottle of baby powder, and a pair of shiny pink plastic pants.

Harry froze in the doorway.

"No."

"Yes," Marjorie replied calmly, pulling a towel over the arm of the couch like it was a makeshift changing pad. "You've lost the right to argue. You are not toilet-trained. You've wet the bed six nights out

## The Difficult Boarder

of eight. Your punishment was meant to teach you responsibility. It failed. So now we try something simpler.”

“I’m not wearing that,” he said, voice cracking.

“You are. Right now. Or you’re out of my house.”

That stung. He swallowed, eyes flicking between her and the humiliating pile of nursery garments on the table.

“You *said* I could use training pants,” he tried.

“I said you *would*, if you proved capable. But you haven’t. Have you?” He didn’t answer. “Now take off those wet things,” she said. “And lie down.” He stood there, trembling. “I’ll do it myself if I have to,” she warned. “I’m not shy.”

Finally... *finally*... he stepped forward, hesitating only slightly before pushing down his wet briefs and letting them fall to the floor. His thighs were sticky. His posture was small. He was also embarrassed by the smallness of his penis, something he had been humiliated over most of his life. Girlfriends took one look and laughed, and at a mere two inches fully erect, it was barely able to even be felt during intercourse and now, when flaccid, was barely visible. He lay back on the couch, covering himself with his hands.

Marjorie said nothing. She lifted his legs, expertly folded the thick white cloth, and slid it beneath him.

“You’re very quiet today,” she said softly, as she dusted his skin with powder. “Do you know what babies are supposed to be during diaper changes?” Harry didn’t reply. “Still. And quiet. Just like this.”

The cloth came up between his legs with an obscene softness. The bulk spread him slightly, forcing his thighs apart. She pinned it in place with two pastel-headed safety pins, one on each hip. Then came the plastic pants. She held them up.

“I thought these would suit you. They’re very girly. Very babyish.”

He squirmed. “Please...”

But she ignored him, sliding the shiny plastic panties up over the bulky diaper, tucking in every corner with care.

“There we are,” she said, stepping back. “Stand up.”

He did so awkwardly, like he’d forgotten how to move.

## *The Difficult Boarder*

"You'll stay in those until you prove you can wake up dry, and no more using the toilet without my permission. Understood?" He nodded, humiliated. "Say it."

"I... I understand."

"Good. Now you're going to spend the day just like that. No pants. No hiding."

"What?!"

"If you're going to act like a baby, you'll *look* like one too."

Later that day, Harry sat on the floor in the corner of the lounge, his thick diaper crinkling beneath him as he shifted uncomfortably. His cheeks were red, his knees were drawn up, and the pink plastic pants gleamed under the sunlight streaming through the window.

Marjorie watched him from the kitchen. She felt no pity. Only a strange satisfaction. This wasn't cruelty. This was *order*. Order brought to chaos. Structure brought to weakness.

She then entered the room holding a tall baby bottle filled with warm milk.

He groaned audibly. "No. No way."

Marjorie didn't flinch. "Drink it. All of it, or you can go back over my knee."

He took the bottle. The teat felt absurd in his mouth. He fumbled with it, feeling embarrassed.

"Suck properly," she said. "Babies don't sip. They suck."

Slowly, shamefully, Harry began to nurse from the bottle, and Marjorie smiled at just how easily he had taken to it.