

Aemus swallowed as he turned the doorknob and slipped quietly inside, closing the door silently behind him. Ducking down below the height of the half-wall that separated the entryway from the kitchen, he crept towards his room. Someone watching would have thought that the well-built, 6'7"-tall horse looked kinda funny trying to sneak around like that, but he wasn't wearing his diaper, and he really didn't want his aunt to notice.

It wasn't that he *wanted* to be disobedient or contrary. He really admired his aunt. She was the smartest, most caring person he knew. He was ecstatic when she invited him to stay with her to finish his classes. His parents had moved away six months ago, and he was in a bit of a bind: he didn't know how he'd afford to rent an apartment, and the college didn't have a dorm.

Besides, he *might* have had the *tiniest* crush on his aunt.

Not like an incestuous sex-with-his-aunt thing—definitely not—no, he just had an amazing amount of respect for her. An acclaimed pediatrician, successful, caring, always had his best interests at heart —

"Ah, Aemus, there you are. Come in, drop trou, and let's check your diaper," the triceratops said without looking up from the sink.

—and maybe a little stern at times, but he liked that about her, too. Still, getting caught red-handed like this made his face burn in embarrassment.

He gulped. "Uh, Auntie," he said.

"Tut! Pants down. Be a good little colt, now."

He held his breath. Would she mind that he wasn't wearing his diaper? Not wanting to appear hesitant, he quickly did as told, dropping his shorts and underwear to the ground around his hooves and standing up straight like she'd taught him to do some thousands of times over the years.

Jenny looked up and frowned.

"Aemus," she said, "Where is your diaper?"

Aemus's face burned even harder. He could feel even the tips of his ears flushing. He dug a hoof into the ground and hung his head.

"Aemus..." Jenny said, raising her eyebrow.

"I—well, I didn't wear it today," he admitted.

"But I diapered you myself this morning," Jenny said, frowning. "Ever since you wet the bed, I've been diapering you. I'd hoped the diapers and bottle would help with the stress. Where did you get these underwear?"

Aemus's stomach turned. He *hated* letting his aunt down.

"I didn't want it to attract attention during classes, Auntie," he finally confessed. "I bought the underwear on my way to class and changed as soon as I got to school."

Jenny sighed and shook her head. "Aemus," she said understandingly, "I know it's a bit of an awkward transition, but how are you going to get used to them if you keep taking them off? I told you, if you'll give them a chance, you'll find they can really be reassuring. But you have to give them a fair chance."

"I know," Aemus replied, "But I didn't want the distraction on test day, Auntie. I'm sorry; I just...I really wanted to do well on my finals, and I thought that if I was worried about people hearing my diaper every time I moved, I wouldn't be able to concentrate."

Jenny pursed her lips and hugged him, standing a little taller than he but with a slenderer build.

"It'll get better, my little colt," she said, running her fingers through his palomino mane and chestnut-colored coat, "I promise." She stepped back. "Now, let's have a look at you."

She knelt, fished into his sheath, and pulled out his penis.

"No sores, good shape," she murmured. "You've been keeping yourself clean, at least. That's a good boy."

"Yes, Auntie," Aemus replied, sighing in relief.

"Very good," she said, slipping on a glove and gesturing for him to turn around.

This next part was a little rough, but he took it like a champ as she pressed her finger under his tail, found his donut-hole, and palpated his prostate.

"Mm, hmm, all normal," she said, deftly stripping off the glove and throwing it away. "Up on the table."

Aemus was used to the ritual. She'd been his pediatrician since birth, and anytime he came to visit her, she always insisted on giving him a thorough exam. Now that he was living with her, it was a daily occurrence. He didn't mind, though: even though he was well past pediatric age, she'd never stopped caring for "her little colt," and he felt kinda pampered for it. Over the years, the exams had changed a bit—adding the prostate exam, for example—but they were still much the same.

Aemus took off his shirt and climbed up onto the sturdy living room table. He lay still as Jenny listened to his gut. Then, as she listened to his heart, she stroked his sheath a bit. Aemus sucked in a breath; he always tried not to get aroused when she did that, and he didn't fully understand *why* she did it, but she'd said something about checking to see whether his heart rate increased or not. Regardless, she never said anything about what she found out or didn't, and he never asked.

She had him sit up and listened to his breathing next, and then after examining his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, she declared him healthy as a...well, as a horse, eliciting a chuckle from Aemus like always.

"So how has your spring been, Auntie?" Aemus asked, climbing off the table and reaching down for his shirt.

"You don't need that," she said.

Aemus frowned. "Auntie?"

"It's been a busy few months with everyone wanting to get their spring shots," she replied, leading him into the dining room, "But now that summer's here, hopefully things will slow down a bit. Most of the kids will be on vacation with their families, so I'll have a bit of time to catch up on paperwork and billing, and we can spend some time together."

She pointed to a high chair, and Aemus swallowed.

"Auntie," he protested. "I'm 23 years old; do I *really* need a high chair?"

"Only if you want dinner," Jenny replied.

Her tone wasn't exactly *curt*, but it didn't invite any argument, either.

"What's for dinner?" he asked as he climbed into the high chair, gasping at how cold the wood was under his bare buttocks.

"I should just give you your bottle since you didn't wear your diaper today," she said, a hint of teasing in her voice, "But since it *is* the last day of classes, I made you bacon and tomato oatmeal."

She smiled knowingly as she put the tray down and latched it, effectively trapping him.

Aemus's face lit up. "You remembered! Thank you, Auntie!"

"How could I forget my little colt's favorite treat?" she asked, ladling thick portions into a couple of bowls.

She put one on his tray and took another to the table for herself.

"Uh, Auntie?" Aemus said.

"Huh? Oh, right!" Jenny laughed, handing him a spoon.

At *least* she let him feed himself—when he got real food, that is.

"And what about your classes?" she asked as she sat down to her bowl.

"They're going pretty well," Aemus said between mouthfuls of the savory oatmeal. "Three As and two B-pluses."

Jenny nodded approvingly. "It's good that you're dedicating yourself, Aemus. Education is very important."

Aemus smiled and nodded. If she'd said it once, she'd said it a hundred times.

"And what will you do this summer?" she probed.

"Taking it easy," Aemus replied. "This semester was *really* hard, so I could use the break. Besides, I'm a college kid; I don't have a lot of spare money lying around to go on vacation or anything."

"You're not working?" Jenny asked, looking up in surprise.

Aemus shook his head. "Mom told me to take the summer off. I was going to work, but she wants me to catch up on sleep." He chuckled. "I dunno who mothers me more, her or you!"

"Eat your dinner, Aemus," his aunt replied simply, not taking the bait.

Aemus did as told, sneaking a glance at her. She looked easily ten years younger than she was, and the way she did her makeup always accentuated her eyes and lips so nicely. He sighed in contentment, happy to see her, and glad she wasn't mad at him.

"All right, time for your bath, and then it's off to bed," Jenny said, rising and taking their bowls back to the kitchen.

"Aww, come on, Aunt Jenny!" Aemus protested, "It's the first day of summer vacation, and I want to start it out by staying up late!"

"You'll be starting it off on the wrong hoof. Don't you remember what your mom told you? You need to use this time to rest and recover," she replied firmly.

She was right, as always. Aemus sighed. He *did* want to stay up, but she had always looked out for his best interests. She knew he was still wetting the bed long before his parents did and managed to make it not *too* embarrassing when they found out. She knew how to get him to go right to sleep, even when his mind was racing the Kentucky Derby. And if she said that he'd be starting off the vacation on the wrong hoof, then she was right about that, too.

Besides, she hadn't chewed him or punished him for not wearing his diaper to class—or anything about his "regularity" (something she commented on regularly)—and he was a tad eager not to wear her patience too thin.

"Oh, all right, Auntie," he conceded.

"Go on into the bathroom, and I'll draw you a bath."

Aemus shook his head as he went. He loved and admired his aunt, but did she really think he wasn't capable of taking his own showers after all this time? But if it was just her not wanting to let go of her "little colt," then he was happy to oblige her. Besides, it meant he got to have some close one-on-one time with her. How many furs got to be *this* close with their aunts?

She followed behind him and turned on the water, testing the temperature with the underside of her wrist like she'd done a hundred times before putting in the stopper.

"Go ahead," she said, gesturing to the tub with her head.

Aemus obediently climbed in and sat down, feeling a little self-conscious, though it was worth it to get to spend time with her. As the tub continued to fill, Jenny caught some of the water and used it to moisten Aemus's mane, then poured some tear-free shampoo into her hand and massaged it into his scalp. Aemus sighed contentedly. Whether it was the barber or Jenny, a good head-massage *always* felt good. He felt himself relaxing, and his penis slid out of his sheath into the tub.

Seeing the opportunity, Jenny quickly grasped it in one hand and used some of the shampoo to clean it thoroughly. It hardened a bit in her touch, and Aemus blushed involuntarily. But Jenny said nothing about it, and Aemus relaxed again.

The tub finished filling just as Jenny rinsed the shampoo from Aemus's mane. Jenny turned it off and began to bathe Aemus head-to-hoof with the warm, sudsy water, making sure to work the suds deep into his coat. Then she had him flip over and lie on his stomach in the tub so she could get his backside clean. She cleaned under his tail and scrubbed between his buttocks, down the backs of his legs, and in the backs of his pasterns.

Aemus couldn't help but admit that it felt *good* to be pampered like that. He was actually disappointed when Jenny began to drain the water from the tub, but as soon as she wrapped him in a big, warm towel and began to dry him off, he felt invigorated and forgot his wistfulness—and that he'd agreed to go to bed.

"All right, my little colt," Jenny said, "It's time for bed."

Aemus hesitated, suddenly remembering. "Okay, Auntie," he conceded, going towards the door. Best not to make a fuss.

"Let's make sure you pee before you go, though," his aunt reminded him.

Aemus opened his mouth to protest but changed his mind, opened the lid of the toilet, relaxed to let his penis drop, and did as told.

"Good boy," Jenny said encouragingly. "Don't want any accidents."

"Aunt Jenny—" Aemus began.

"Oh, yes, I almost forgot," his aunt said, patting a changing table. "Up you go."

"Aunt Jenny, I only wet the bed just that one time, and you said it was because of stress. Classes are out now. Can't I sleep in underwear tonight?"

The triceratops shook her head and patted the changing table firmly. Aemus's face burned with embarrassment. He could handle sitting at a high chair or being bathed, but he *still* hadn't gotten used to wearing a diaper. He was almost old enough to drink; he didn't need to wear diapers anymore! He didn't even know *how* he'd wet the bed that one time anyway! The last time he'd wet the bed before that was when he was like 12 or something.

But as he lay on his back and reluctantly spread his legs, he reminded himself that she *did* want what was best for him. Maybe it was a little embarrassing, but at least he wouldn't have to get up in the middle of the night if he had to go. That was something, right?

Jenny lifted his legs and placed the diaper under him. It crinkled a little bit as she put him back down. He felt the cool puff of powder as it hit his butt and groin, and then he felt his member cupped and snuggled up against the diaper fabric. There was the rip of the tapes as his aunt fastened him in, and then she pulled some plastic pants over his legs, "just to be safe."

She helped him sit up, and he crinkled loudly as he got to the floor, his face burning with new embarrassment as he crinkle-waddled to the door, opened it, and continued down the hall to his room. He turned on the light to orient himself, then turned it back off and made his way to the bed.

Jenny followed him in, turned on the lights, and tucked him in.

"Aemus," she said, her tone serious, "We're going to have to do something about your reluctance to wear diapers."

Aemus swallowed. "But—"

The triceratops shook her head firmly. "No 'buts,' Aemus. It's been over a month now, and you haven't been wearing your diaper. If you won't wear it willingly, then I'm going to have to make you dependent on it."

Aemus tried to sit up. "No, Auntie, please!" he protested.

She pushed him firmly back down, and he reluctantly submitted.

"It's what's best, Aemus," she said. "You'll get used to it, but it sounds like a little breaking-in would be good for you. Now that your classes are out, there'll be no distractions."

His lip quivered, and he shook his head. "I'll be good, Auntie, I promise," he pleaded. "Please don't make me need diapers!"

"Shh," Jenny said, putting her finger to his lips. Her touch was firm but gentle. "Now, you sleep well, and we'll make sure you get lots of rest this weekend," she said, smiling and kissing his nose.

"Please, Auntie?" Aemus begged again.

He felt something go into his mouth: his pacifier. He huffed, looked at her askance, and began dutifully nursing it.

Within seconds, he had passed out.

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Jenny stood outside the door, her lips pursed as she watched the second hand on her watch tick by. After some minutes, she finally nodded to herself resolutely: it was time. He might not realize how important wearing a diaper was, but she would help him understand.

She stepped back into his room and turned on the lights. The drug in his pacifier had knocked him out quickly, and there was little worry of him waking up and trying to stop her. She deftly flipped the covers off him and dragged him over to the side of the bed. Pressing a recessed switch in the wall, the left side of the bed lifted, separating from the rest of the mattress and instantly transforming into an exam table, albeit a very comfortable one with all the padding from the mattress.

Rolling Aemus onto his back, Jenny spread his legs, undid his diaper, and pulled it out from under him. Then she dragged him by the legs to where his butt just hung off the bed. Before he could slip off, though, she lifted his legs into stirrups and strapped his legs and chest into position. She didn't want him falling off the bed as she worked, or worse, waking up and hurting himself.

She opened the closet and pulled out some things she'd need: a bag stand with an enema bag already prepped, some plastic sheeting, and a bedpan.

"If you want to be a grown-up, you're gonna have to prove that you're ready," she said as she lubricated the tip of an inflatable butt plug with a tube going down the middle, "This will help make sure that you *really* earn it!"

She pushed the plug into Aemus's puckered donut, inflated it until it wouldn't come out, no matter how full he got, and then started the flow. She watched the water level in the bag drop quickly and then start to slow as the water encountered obstacles. She put her hands on his stomach and gently rocked him side-to-side, loosening him up and letting the water flow freely once more.

Once the bag was nearly empty, she closed the valve, pulled a container out of the closet, and poured it into the enema bag, completely filling it once more. Then she once again opened the valve and let it flow into her nephew as she continued to gently rock and massage his abdomen. The bag emptied again, and she filled it one more time and let it drain into Aemus until it abruptly stopped. She massaged him a little more, but he was completely filled. She nodded to herself, closed the valve, and set a timer for thirty minutes as she went into the kitchen to begin cleaning up dinner.

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Aemus awoke with the most terrible pain in his stomach; he felt bloated like he'd never imagined possible. It was hard to breathe, and he felt like his ass should explode. But it felt...*plugged*...like something was preventing him from relieving himself.

He painfully looked down, expecting to see his diaper, and cried out in shock to find himself strapped to an exam table, his legs up in stirrups, something *huge* in his ass, and his stomach feeling distended with who-knows-what. In his distress, he dropped his pacifier on the bed beside him.

"Ungh!" he groaned. "Auntie! Auntie!"

Jenny rushed in and gasped to find her nephew awake.

"Aemus! Oh, my word! You must be very uncomfortable!" she said.

She sighed. Of course...she'd forgotten that with all the water his body was absorbing, it would dilute the drug she'd given him and make it wear off much faster. She'd see to that quickly enough. But first, damage control.

"Shh—shh," she said, patting his head.

"Auntie, it hurts so bad," Aemus whimpered.

"Yes, Aemus, it does, and I'm sorry. Here," Jenny said, popping a fresh pacifier into his mouth—she'd put twice the dose on this one. "Suck on your binky. You'll feel better."

Aemus whimpered but did as told. This sensation of being helpless was completely foreign to him: as a big guy, he was used to being in charge of his life. This being unable to control even his own bowels was humiliating! Worse, it was *terrifying*!

He sucked the pacifier for all he was worth, desperately trying to distract himself from those awful feelings—physical *and* emotional.

He was out like a light.

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"Well, now! I've got to be more careful about that," Jenny said to herself. She chuckled. "It's hard to switch to adult-sized patients when most of them are smaller than his leg!"

She shook her head, turned the timer off just before it started alarming, and draped the plastic sheeting from under Aemus's butt to the floor to protect the carpet. Then she held the plug in place, deflated it, and put the bedpan in position.

In a fluid motion, she pulled the plug out, and Aemus's body began to relieve itself. She held the pan with one hand and rubbed his belly with the other, making sure he got everything out. Then she wiped him, disposed of the wipe, put the plug back into him, and started filling him up again while she emptied the bedpan. The water flowed in much more easily this time, Aemus didn't wake up, and she easily got him completely cleaned out.

Now she could start.

She went to the closet and grabbed a set of anal beads, connected together by a firm but flexible plastic rod. On the base was a metal coupling. She put the beads down on Aemus's stomach and went back to the closet, wheeling out a fucking machine of her own design. She adjusted it to the right height and angle, plugged it in, and wheeled it out of the way. Then she took the beads and dipped them into a container of lube, getting them good and slick all over.

Stepping up to Aemus, she pressed the first bead against his donut. She frowned; his ass was surprisingly resistant to the bead, especially for someone who had just had the enema he had and was knocked out cold!

She pursed her lips, put on a glove, got it well-lubed, and then pressed it against Aemus's ass.

*Good grief, has he been doing Kegels?* She grumbled to herself. If she found out he had...

She sighed and began to gently circle his ass with her finger, rubbing over it occasionally and slowly, slowly working herself in. While what she was about to do would certainly be traumatic for him, she didn't want to actually *injure* her disobedient nephew.

"Ahh, that's better," she said as she was finally able to slide in up to her first knuckle.

She pulled her finger out, took off her glove, and again pressed the anal beads against her nephew's buttocks. To her satisfaction, the first one pressed in without a fuss.

“Better!” she said.

Reaching over, she grabbed the fucking machine, pulled it over, and inserted the coupling on the beads into the end of the shaft. With the flip of a switch on the machine and a hissing noise, the anal beads locked onto the shaft with a resounding *click*. Then she hooked a hose up to a small port on the side of the anal beads and connected it to a large container of lube. As the machine fucked Aemus, it would slowly draw the lube through the tube and ooze out of tiny pores in the anal beads, keeping him constantly lubricated.

She made a few final adjustments and then flipped a switch on the fucking machine. It came to life and began very slowly thrusting with strokes no more than a quarter-inch long. Jenny adjusted a dial, and the machine's stroke increased. When it pulled back, the first bead was pulled halfway out of Aemus's ass, leaving just enough of it in that it wouldn't accidentally fall out or be pushed out. When the machine stroked in, the second bead, larger than the first, pressed about a third of the way into him. Though the stroke was still only about an inch, the repetitive spreading and relaxing of Aemus's ass would make his muscles begin to fatigue as his body instinctively tried to keep it closed.

But Jenny's favorite part of the design she had yet to see. She pulled over a chair and watched the machine work. With the same, slow pace, it continued to thrust in and out of Aemus's ass. As his body began to get used to the feeling, the machine sped up slightly, and Aemus's ass put more tension on it as it tried to adapt. Eventually he caught up, and the machine sped up again. Over and over, the machine pushed Aemus's body beyond its comfort level and then waited for him adapt.

And then it happened.

Aemus's body was finally able to keep up with the machine at maximum speed. It instantly slowed down and pressed a little further. The second bead popped into Aemus's ass, and his body jerked in instinctive surprise. Jenny grinned to herself: the machine seemed to be working perfectly!

Now it slowly pulled out to the same point, but when it thrust in, it pushed until the second bead was completely inside Aemus's anus and the third was pressed up against it. Then it pulled back with the same, slow rhythm. Over and over it repeated the motions. It took a bit longer for Aemus's body to get used to with a whole bead popping into and out of his ass, but he slowly adjusted and relaxed, letting the bead pop in and out as the machine steadily sped up.

Abruptly, the machine pushed in again, now shoving the second and third beads into Aemus's ass. He groaned, and Jenny quickly checked to see if he was conscious. Relieved to find him still out cold, she took his pacifier, added another dose of sedative, and popped it back in his mouth, then sat down to watch the machine continue its wicked work for a bit before disappearing back into the kitchen.

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Jenny checked her watch. The machine had been going for a couple of hours now, and she wondered how Aemus's progress was coming. She went back to his room and found the machine still hard at work, now dragging five beads into and out of her nephew, the largest of which was about the size of a quarter. She nodded in approval and checked the lube supply; there was ample lube left, and she was glad to see the anal beads glistening every time they came out: the self-lubricating design was doing exactly what it was supposed to.

“Oh!” she gasped, looking at his groin. “Speaking of lube!”

She laughed and grabbed a wipe to clean off the huge puddle of precum that had leaked out of Aemus's sheath.

“I guess *some* part of you is enjoying this after all!” she chuckled.

Having gotten him cleaned up, she said, “Now let's see how your *other* end has fared.”

She switched off the machine, pulled it out of the way, and smiled in satisfaction to see her nephew's anus gaping slightly, even without anything to hold it open. She put on a glove and pressed two fingers in, moved them around, and then pulled out. Though slower than what she'd expect for normal, his ass closed itself up behind her. She frowned.

"Not yet," she said as she popped a fresh pacifier into Aemus's mouth and undid the straps holding him to the exam table.

She knew the dangers of bed sores and would be damned if *her* nephew suffered any! But she paused as she started to roll him over onto his side. Something wasn't right.

*Why is he still dry?* she wondered. As much water as he'd have absorbed during his enemas, he certainly ought to have needed to pee by now, and the consistency of what she'd cleaned up certainly wasn't urine!

She felt of his abdomen. It *did* feel a little swollen. Maybe he'd been trying to train himself out of bedwetting again. She shook her head; she'd worked pretty hard to get him to wet the bed that one time in the first place. This might explain why he hadn't done it again. She'd have to fix that, too, while she was at it.

"Poor Aemus," she murmured to her unconscious nephew, "I'm sorry you can't understand why this is so important. You'll just have to trust me when I say it's for your own good."

Disappearing into the bathroom, she returned with a bowl of warm water. She put his hand into it and waited.

It started as a slow dribble from his still-sheathed prick, then a trickle as his cock peeked out, and then abruptly a stream as his penis relaxed and began to void his bladder. Jenny quickly grabbed his cock and aimed it into the bedpan.

"That's better," she said, making a mental note to give him another enema and make him hold it to fill his bladder again.

Feeling satisfied with her nephew's performance, she resumed rolling him onto his side and then onto his stomach. Moving the bedsheet out of the way, she found a few D-rings, attached leather cuffs to each one, and then repeated the exercise on the other side. Then she fastened the cuffs around Aemus's biceps, wrists, thighs, and ankles, once again immobilizing him on the exam table with his ass exposed. She went ahead and strapped his tail out of the way, too, just for good measure.

"All right, let's get going again," she said, wheeling the fucking machine back over.

She pressed it to Aemus's ass, poked the first bead inside, and turned it back on, starting it out at the lowest setting. It immediately began slowly thrusting into him, but sensing less resistance than it expected to, it quickly worked through its program until four of the beads were going into and out of her nephew's ass.

"Not too bad," she murmured. "I'd expected him to tighten up a bit when I flipped him over." She smiled. "But he'll be *much* looser by the time it's done!"

She sat down and watched the machine as it pressed into him again, the beads bump-bump-bumping against his anus as they made their way inside and then bump-bump-bumping back out again. The pace quickened—Aemus was taking it like a champ!

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Aemus's eyes snapped open.

*Oh, my ass!*

"Ohh," he groaned.

It felt like a jackhammer was driving into his butt relentlessly, over and over again. He felt disturbingly loose—whatever it was seemed to be able to slide in and out of him with very little resistance. Shuddering in disgust, he clamped his ass down as tightly as he could to stop the horrible thing from invading him so carelessly. There was a mechanical whining sound behind him, and he felt the jackhammer slow significantly.

But it did not stop.



To Aemus's horror, he felt the thing press into him with impossible strength. Though it did it very slowly, he was powerless to resist it as it spread him open. He gasped as the diameter abruptly reduced and his tightly clenched ass sank into the depression, only to be slowly widened again as the diameter increased.

"Aunt Jenny!" he cried. "What is this thing?!"

There was no answer. Meanwhile, the constant clenching and carelessly penetrating machine were quickly beginning to exhaust his ass. Already it was beginning to quiver with each bump in the shaft that drove into him. He squeezed his eyes shut, gritted his teeth, clenched his fists, and tightened his ass for all he was worth. The machine whined again but still did not stop.

He held the squeeze for ten seconds. His breathing came in shallow gaps. Twenty seconds. Sweat broke out on his forehead. Thirty. His body began to shake and shudder from the exertion. Thirty-five.

"Ahh!" he cried as his body gave out, and he collapsed—or would have, had he been able to move.

Almost immediately, the machine sped back up to its original pace. Aemus screamed in fear, discomfort, and helplessness as it began ramming into him once again. Yet even the humiliation and helplessness weren't the worst part now: the sensations were so *intense*. He thought he would pass out, but his body refused to even let him do that, lingering instead at the precarious edge of overstimulation, overlooking oblivion but refusing to jump.

"What's all this?" Jenny demanded, bursting in and turning off the machine.

Aemus sobbed into the pillow under him. His face burned with embarrassment, his mind felt numb and exposed, and his whole body shuddered.

"Oh, dear," Jenny said, shaking her head. "I'm sorry, Aemus. I fell asleep. Here, suck on your pacifier and go back to sleep."

"Aunt Jenny," Aemus cried, "What was that? Why are you doing this?" He tried to roll over but finally realized that he was immobilized. "Why can't I move?!"

He'd been so distracted with the machine before that he hadn't even been able to think about any *other* part of his predicament.

"It's all going to be all right, my little colt," Jenny said as kindly as she could, rubbing one of his ears affectionately with one hand and pressing the pacifier to his lips with the other. "Just suck on your binkie. You'll feel better."

Aemus whimpered but let the pacifier part his lips and began to suck and bite it intently, taking out his humiliation and terror on the hapless nipple. As he did, he felt his cares slipping away. His worries began to fade, the room seemed to get very small, and then he was out.

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"I can't *believe* I've been so sloppy!" Jenny chastised herself. "Falling asleep on the job?"

She sighed. It *had* been a brutal several months. With everybody wanting to get their spring shots and checkups before school let out for the summer, she'd been swamped with back-to-back appointments, working 12-hour days, six days a week. It was understandable that she'd have fallen asleep at midnight, but that didn't make it right! She again toyed with the idea of hiring a resident pediatrician to help with her workload, but as late as it was, she wasn't ready to have that debate with herself again.

"All right, we need to flip you over again," she said to her unconscious nephew.

She retracted the shaft on the machine, pulling eight beads out of Aemus's ass, the biggest about the side of a golf ball.

"My, you *have* made progress!" she said, impressed as she deftly unfastened his restraints and rolled him over.

Her eyes bulged as she saw his crotch. His fur was matted with thick precum.

"He doth protest too much, methinks," she laughed, grabbing a towel and wiping up the bulk of it, then following up with a couple of wipes. "For as loudly as he was carrying on, I did *not* expect him to have produced this much!" A thoughtful smile colored her features. "Maybe I can use that to our advantage," she mused.

She finished getting him cleaned up and put him back in the stirrups, then strapped him back down. Donning a glove once more, she again tested his anus's reaction to her probing it. It seemed to quiver at her touch, but even though she ran her finger around and into it, it stayed loose. She tried again with two and three fingers, but Aemus's ass continued to gape a bit, never closing completely. She grinned. Apparently Aemus had been fighting the machine a bit and had worn out his sphincter.

"Perfect!" she said excitedly. "Now let's see how you hold up when you've got some back-pressure!"

She went to the kitchen and came back carrying a huge pot of freshly cooked oatmeal—this time without the bacon and tomato. She mixed this with several parts of water in a new enema bag and primed the ½" tube. The larger diameter would allow a much thicker enema. She then pressed the tube into Aemus and worked it in deep. She wanted to be sure she could get him pretty full before the oatmeal leaked around the tube, if it came to that.

The bag drained very slowly, the viscous mixture taking its sweet time to fill him up, but once it was about half-empty, Jenny closed the valve and slowly pulled the tube out, then wiped the little bit of oatmeal off Aemus's donut that came out with the tube. She held her breath, waiting to see some more follow, but to her disappointment, Aemus's ass closed itself up and held it captive. She sighed.

"Maybe some more pressure will help," she said to herself, working the tube back in, raising the bag stand higher to make it fill Aemus fuller, and opening the valve again.

She waited several minutes while the bag emptied itself. Surely *now* there must be enough pressure to make Aemus incontinent! She pulled the tube back out, wiped him off, and waited, but after a few minutes, he still had not let any more of the oatmeal out.

"Hmm. We'll have to resort to drastic measures," she said murmured as she went to the closet and rummaged around, looking for something. "Ah, here it is."

She returned with a rubber-coated anal speculum with a special attachment on the business end. She lubed it a bit and then slid it into Aemus's ass, spread it open, and caught the bits of freed oatmeal in the bedpan. Then she adjusted the attachment—a rubber sphere with two smooth, metal electrodes—to press it against the walls of his rectum. She plugged the cord from the probe into a TENS box and adjusted some dials until she could see his anus contract around the speculum.

"There we go," she said, nodding as she began to widen the speculum.

When the speculum was golf-ball sized, she slowed down and continued widening its diameter until it was as big as a tennis ball. Nodding to herself and looking at his occasionally twitching anus, she frowned and increased the amplitude on the TENS unit. Aemus's ass now contracted hard against the speculum, so hard that it made his tail twitch with each contraction. Adjusting another knob, she made him twitch faster and longer, with only short breaks between stimuli.

She surveyed her work and looked at her nephew's face. It concerned her to see a slight grimace, as if even in his sleep, Aemus was feeling the TENS unit's effects. She pursed her lips thoughtfully, went back to the closet, and returned with a few more TENS attachments. She fished inside her nephew's sheath and tried to pull out his cock, but it was very slippery from all his precum. It took a couple of tries, but she finally succeeded and slipped a conductive rubber cock ring around the base to trap his cock and make it stay out of his sheath. The restricted blood flow immediately made him grow tumescent, and she slid a couple more rings down his shaft, positioning them on either side of his medial ring. Finally, she slipped a ring with a short shaft in the middle of it one over the glans of his penis, positioning the ring around the crown and pressing the shaft into his urethra. She connected leads to each of the rings and connected them to the TENS unit. His cock immediately flopped backward, hardened, and grew to full size as the current passed through it, giving him a raging erection that throbbed in time to his ass's clenching.

She looked over at his face again and saw that the grimace had gone away.

Satisfied with the arrangements, she set a timer—this time for only an hour to make *sure* Aemus didn't wake up before she got back—turned out the lights, and lay down on a cot next to his bed. She'd catch a few 'z's while she waited on the shock treatment to stretch him out.

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Aemus woke with an aching pain in his ass and a fierce throbbing in his cock. As his eyes shot open, he saw Jenny standing over him. He lifted his head—it was the only thing he could move—and saw his legs spread apart, something shiny sticking out of his ass, and his cock covered in black rings and rhythmically getting so hard that it hurt.

"What—what's going on?" he whimpered.

"Ah, there you are," Jenny replied. "More training, I'm afraid.

"Is it almost done?" Aemus asked.

"Soon," she replied. "You're making great progress."

"My penis hurts," he said.

"What?"

"My penis...it hurts."

"Oh, dear. *That's* not intentional!" she said, turning a knob on some strange box Aemus had never seen before.

The pain immediately went away, replaced by a light squeezing feeling that felt *really* good.

He gasped as he felt cold air suddenly go up his ass and pass right back out, completely unchecked. He clenched his anus reflexively—or tried to. His eyes grew wide as he realized that he couldn't close his ass—something was holding it open.

"Better do that again," Jenny said.

Aemus gritted his teeth and clenched his ass again as the cold air again invaded him, swirled around, and left.

"Doing great, my little colt," Jenny said, patting his shoulder and offering him another pacifier.

He took the pacifier and sucked on it until he fell asleep again.

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"I think that's about got it," Jenny said as she turned off the TENS unit, released the speculum, and pulled it out of her nephew. His ass now hung open wide enough that Jenny could easily get all five fingers into him up to her first knuckles. This she did and spread and relaxed her fingers to test his anus's ability to contract again. To her satisfaction, it remained very much open.

"This has *got* to get it," she said, grabbing an inflatable butt plug with a bigger pass-through tube and pressing it into Aemus.

She quickly inflated the bulb, connected the hose, and refilled the enema bag with diluted oatmeal. When it was half-empty, she closed the valve, deflated the plug, and pulled it out.

"Yes!" she said ecstatically as the oatmeal continued to slowly flow out of him. "Now we're making progress!"

She quickly took the rings off of his penis, washed off the puddle of precum on his chest, and slid a wirelessly controlled bullet vibrator cock ring down his shaft. It was designed to stay in place, even if his cock retracted into his sheath.

Next, she put the plug back into him, inflated it, and began filling his entire bowel with watery oatmeal. The first bag emptied itself, and then the second, and the third had almost emptied itself when it suddenly quit.

Jenny closed the valve and busied herself getting a diaper into position, letting it hang open, suspended under Aemus's butt. Then, with a smooth motion, she deflated the plug and quickly closed the diaper over her now-incontinent nephew. As soon as the diaper touched his butt and sensed leakage, it immediately triggered the vibrator on his cock, just as Jenny sealed up the diaper around it.

Finally, she untied him, rolled him over onto his stomach, and strapped him back in. He'd get to feel his diaper filling when he woke up next.

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Aemus came to once again on his stomach. He didn't feel anything shoving into his as and breathed a sigh of relief. He tried to roll over but found himself still restrained. The motion made him suddenly aware that he was diapered, and his diaper was *full*! He groaned as awareness of the fullness crept through his mind. He could feel the pressure all around his waist and around his legs as the load tried to escape, could feel the weight of his load tugging heavily on the diaper, trying to pull it off. But Aunt Jenny had done him up tightly, and he was trapped with his mess.

"Aunt Jenny!" he called.

He suddenly felt his bowels move and gasped. But as his diaper began to fill, he suddenly felt an amazing sensation on his prick. He felt his malehood grow inside the diaper, throbbing in response to the vibrating stimulus and quickly feeling like he was going to cum.

But the feeling of being about to poop his diaper quickly brought him back to reality, and he squeezed as tightly as he could on his ass, trying to hold the bowel movement back. To his dismay, he felt himself going in the diaper, completely unable to stop himself, and what was worse, the sensation stopped, taking away the distraction and leaving him with nothing to focus on but his humiliation as his body betrayed him.

He groaned, sagging and giving up holding back. Almost immediately, the buzzing on his cock started again. He would have been bewildered by the strange timing, but he was too lost in ecstasy to think about it. He felt a thrill of pleasure from his cock and balls ripple up through his spine, felt himself shudder against his restraints, his body quivering as his orgasm neared. Though he was still filling his diaper, there wasn't much he could do about it, and he chose to focus on the pleasure in his prick instead.

But as his body buzzed in anticipation of going over the edge, his bowels finished emptying, and the buzzing stopped.

"Ungh! Wha?" he gasped. "No! Please, I'm so close!" he cried.

He desperately fought his restraints, tried to grind his crotch against the diaper and the bed, tried to do *anything* to push himself over, but the diaper provided too much padding, and his restraints immobilized him too well. His face dropped into the pillow, and he groaned in frustration.

"Ah, you're awake," Jenny said, breezing in. Her eyes bulged. "And *goodness*, look how full your diaper is!" She shook her head. "You've been sleeping hard, I guess. But don't worry, Auntie will take care of it. Just suck on your pacifier, and I'll get you changed."

As she spoke, she popped another drugged pacifier into Aemus's mouth, and he fell back to sleep.

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"All right," Jenny said to herself, undoing Aemus's restraints and rolling him over, "I trust the stimulation did its work and has at least planted the seed of what he has to do if he wants to feel good. Now to let it work on him for a while."

She undid his diaper and caught it as the heavily-laden fabric opened. It looked like Aemus had done a good job of finishing off the oatmeal, so now it was time to get him back to his regular routine. She got him cleaned up, opened a foil pouch, and pressed the roughly pencil-shaped, soft but formed contents into him. With his anus so stretched, the suppository almost immediately tried to fall out.

"Hmm, yes," Jenny mused, chuckling. "Forgot about that."

She put on a glove and quickly pushed the suppository deeper into Aemus, working her whole hand into him and pressing up to her wrist. She was pleased to find that though his body reflexively tried to squeeze around her, his whole passage had been thoroughly exhausted and stretched out and could only make feeble grasping motions. She found a dip in his anatomy and pushed the suppository into it, then slowly pulled her hand out. She nodded in satisfaction as it stayed in place.

"Okay, little colt of mine," Jenny said, grabbing an IV starter kit from a drawer in the closet, "Time to go into deep sleep for a bit."

She rubbed his wrist with antiseptic and then deftly started the IV, taped it down, and connected a bag of saline.

"That'll help you pee, too," she mused as she injected a light sedative into the port on his IV tube. "Night, night, Aemus."

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The sun shone through the window, a line of light creeping across the bed until it passed over Aemus's eyelids. He stirred, blinked groggily, and stretched.

*First day of summer vacation! Yeah!*

He sat up and suddenly realized he was in a diaper. He frowned.

*Oh, that's right: Auntie put me in a diaper before bed.*

He suddenly felt like he needed to poop. He started to resist, but he gasped as he immediately began filling his diaper. The feeling was *incredible*. He couldn't explain it, but he felt like he would orgasm just by going number two. He curled his toes as his cock strained against his diaper.

It was over all too soon. He shuddered and grinned in delight. Wow, he wished that pooping had *always* felt that good! Still, he grimaced, knowing that he was now sitting in a dirty diaper.

"Look who's finally awake!" Jenny said, stepping inside. "How do you feel?" she asked.

Aemus hesitated. Did he tell her that he'd just messed his diaper within five minutes of waking up?

"Whoo! Smells like somebody needs a change!" the triceratops said, making Aemus blush in embarrassment.

On the bright side, at least now he didn't have to tell her...

"I'm sorry, Aunt Jenny," he said. "It just *happened!*"

"Quite all right, my little colt," she replied, stripping back the covers and releasing the tapes that held his diaper closed.

"That's one hefty load," Jenny said. "Well, I guess it's to be expected after a whole weekend."

Aemus started. "Whole weekend?" he asked.

Jenny frowned. "Yes, Aemus, it's Monday. You slept very hard!"

The horse reeled as his aunt began to clean him up. "Wow, I—I must have been really tired," he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

"You were out like a light; that's for sure," Jenny replied, wiping him clean, sprinkling baby powder onto his butt, and pulling a new diaper up between his legs. "There, all better," she said as she taped the diaper on snugly. "Ready for breakfast?"

Aemus's stomach growled as if in answer. "Boy, it feels like I haven't eaten in *days*," he said.

Jenny gave a wry smile and shook her head. "All right, let's go, then."

Aemus swung his legs over the edge of the bed and went to stand up, but his legs buckled the second he put his weight on his legs, and he fell to the floor, catching himself just in time.

"Aemus? Are you all right?" Jenny asked anxiously.

Shaken, Aemus got onto his hands and knees. "Yeah, I—I dunno what happened."

"You've been asleep too long," Jenny said, pursing her lips and stooping to rub his shoulder. "Maybe it's just a case of sleep paralysis. It'll wear off."

Aemus nodded and sat back, resting on his padded bottom.

Jenny shook her head. "Come on, Aemus, let's get breakfast."

"But you just said—"

"I said it would wear off, but that's no excuse. You've been asleep a long time, and you need to get your body up and moving again. You got on your hands and knees well enough; why don't you try crawling?"

Aemus blushed. Especially wearing his diaper, crawling on the floor made him feel *just* like a baby. But he *did* want to eat, and Aunt Jenny was right: he probably should get moving again, especially if he'd really been out for two days! He huffed indignantly but did as told, getting back to his hands and knees and crawling towards the door. Aunt Jenny stepped past him to go get breakfast ready. His face burned even brighter as he heard the crinkle of his diaper. Being on all fours like this made him move in a way that made it rustle more, and in his already-embarrassed state, it sounded deafeningly loud. He tried to focus on something else, like how weird the hallways looked from this low to the ground. He tried to remember if they looked like this when he was a young colt, but his mind was a bit foggy at the moment.

After what seemed like an eternity of crawling, he finally made it to the kitchen. The tile was cold and hard on his knees, and he grimaced in discomfort.

"Here we go," Aunt Jenny said, lifting him into his high chair. Despite her attractive appearance and hourglass figure, she was amazingly strong, and Aemus didn't have to help her lift him much—not that he could have anyway.

Seated in his high chair, he looked forward to something tasty. Instead, Jenny handed him a bottle. He looked at it disappointedly.

"Aunt Jenny," he protested, "Can't I have *real* food?"

Jenny shook her head. "I'm sorry, my little colt, but I'm a bit worried about you: losing control over your bowels, falling out of bed...I'm afraid that if I give you real food, you might choke on it. Drink your bottle for now. Once you start feeling more like yourself, you'll be able to go back to solid food."

Aemus sighed. He didn't know what was going on, but he was feeling more and more like a baby all the time: drinking from a bottle, crawling on the floor, going in a diaper—

He gasped. He felt his stomach gurgle and tried in vain to stop the inevitable, but it was no use. He felt his diaper begin to fill under him, and his face burned so brightly that Jenny took notice.

"Aemus? What is it?"

Aemus bit his lip and squeezed his eyes closed, riding out the humiliation. He couldn't understand why he couldn't control himself! Though he clenched as hard as he could, his anus quickly tired and began to quiver. With each stuttering relaxation, he felt a wave of pleasure rush over him, only to be cut short by each stuttering contraction as his conscious mind and his body's exhaustion fought for control of his ass. Remembering how he'd felt when he woke up—how he'd suddenly felt so much pleasure when his ass gave out—he cautiously gave in to his body's need to rest. He gasped in ecstasy as pleasure washed over him, making him forget that he was soiling himself.

It didn't take long for Aunt Jenny to figure out what had happened.

"What's happening to me, Aunt Jenny?" Aemus whimpered as she carried him back to the changing table in the bathroom.

"I told you, Aemus, you're not ready to be grown up."

"But I've *been* acting grown-up for months! Years!" Aemus protested. "Except for that one time a few months ago, I haven't wet the bed since I was a foal, and I've *never* had a problem with bowel movements!"

Jenny shook her head. "I don't know, Aemus, but given as often as this is happening and as suddenly as it comes about, I think you're going to have to keep wearing diapers for a while, at least until we can figure out what's going on."

She put him down on the table and opened up his diaper.

"Goodness!" she gasped, "For as little as you've eaten, you sure seem to be full of...erm..." she trailed off, blushing at her own accidental pun, and Aemus chuckled in spite of himself.

"Aemus," Jenny said, a look of concern coming over her face, "This diaper is wet, too."

Aemus reflexively craned his neck to see. Sure enough, there was a big yellow spot on the front of his diaper.

"Did you know you were wetting yourself?" Jenny asked cautiously.

Aemus swallowed hard and shook his head. "I—I got wrapped up in my bowel movement," he admitted, "It must have happened then."

"What do you mean, 'got wrapped up'?" Jenny asked, cocking her head and frowning.

Aemus blushed fiercely. He opened his mouth to speak but couldn't get the words out. It was bad enough that he couldn't control himself. It was even worse admitting that he actually *liked* it.

Jenny looked at him expectantly for a few seconds. "It felt good, didn't it?" she asked quietly.

Aemus gasped and whipped his head to look at her. But her expression wasn't accusatory, more...understanding. He swallowed again and nodded.

Jenny nodded but said nothing more as she cleaned him up.

"You're not mad at me, are you?" Aemus asked timidly. The *last* thing he wanted was for Aunt Jenny to be mad at him.

"No, Aemus," she replied, "but I'm resisting the urge to say, 'I told you so.' You may have it in your head that you're ready to be an adult, but your *body* says otherwise. Having a bowel movement before didn't feel as good as it did today, did it?"

"Well, no..." Aemus replied hesitantly.

"You see? Your body is saying, 'It feels good not to be a grown-up.' It's doing everything it can to get you to slow down and let it move at its own pace. There are *many* studies on what happens if you try to rush foals into toilet training and the like." She sighed. "I'm sorry, Aemus. I've let you down. I should have been more forceful with your parents when warning them of the dangers of getting you started too soon."

"What dangers?" Aemus asked, his ears pricking forward curiously.

"All sorts," Jenny replied. "What you're experiencing seems like a classic case: it seems you've repressed a deep, subconscious resentment at being robbed of your infancy. With constant stress at school and lack of sleep, your mind has lost its ability to hide the resentment, and now it's reared its ugly head. You finally got enough sleep for your body to reset itself, and your subconscious has taken the opportunity to reset you back a little further than you expected."

A look of panic came over Aemus's face as he sat up. "What do I do, Aunt Jenny?" he cried. "Am I going to be stuck like this forever?"

Jenny pushed him back down firmly and began powdering his bottom. "Like I tell any patient recovering from trauma, 'go slowly.' In your case especially, your body already feels wronged at not being given time to be an infant. Now that it's rebelled, the *last* thing you want to do is rush it again!" She sighed and pursed her lips, patting his shoulder. "I know you want to be an adult, Aemus, but I must urge you—as your aunt, as your pediatrician, as someone who cares about you—take it *slowly*. Don't rush it and make it worse. Your body will tell you when it's ready."

She hesitated.

Aemus frowned and looked at her curiously. "Aunt Jenny? What is it?"

Jenny swallowed. “There are...*steps* that we can take...they might be a bit embarrassing, but they might help your body recover a little more quickly without making it feel cheated again.”

Aemus’s face lit up. “Really? What—what are they?”

“If your body wants to be a baby, then we give it what it wants,” Jenny replied. “We keep you in a diaper, have you crawl around, drink solely from a bottle, use your pacifier, and enforce a strict bedtime to give your body the impression that it finally got its way.”

Aemus grimaced, shaking his head slowly at first and then emphatically. “N—no,” he said. “I don’t *like* wearing a diaper, but it’s summer vacation! I want to do something *fun*, and I can’t do that if I’m stuck crawling around all day!”

Jenny nodded slowly. “I didn’t think you’d go for it, but I wanted to put the option forward.”

“Thank you, Aunt Jenny,” Aemus said as she taped him in. “I really appreciate how you consider all the options.”

Jenny smiled and kissed his forehead. “I wouldn’t be a very good pediatrician if I didn’t,” she said, “Or a very good aunt.”

She turned and washed her hands, then handed him his bottle. “Here you go. Probably better for you to have this now rather than stirring up your guts by crawling back to the kitchen again.”

Still starving from before, Aemus didn’t protest and quickly seized the bottle, working the nipple over hard as he tried to sate his hunger.

“Take it slow, Aemus,” Jenny warned.

But Aemus’s stomach only growled more, and he quickly finished off the bottle.

“Sorry, Auntie,” he said sheepishly. “I guess I was really hungry.” He hesitated. “May I have another one?”

“Probably best to wait a little bit,” Jenny replied. “You’ve been asleep for—”

She was interrupted by a loud growl from Aemus’s stomach.

“Oh, all right,” she chuckled, disappearing and leaving Aemus on the changing table.

Left alone for the first time since Jenny had come to get him for breakfast, Aemus began mulling over all that had happened and what she had said. *My body is rebelling? Demanding to be treated like a baby?* Aemus had never heard of such a thing, but then again, he wasn’t a pediatrician, either. He hoped his body would get over whatever it was doing quickly so that he could enjoy at least *some* of his summer break!

Jenny returned promptly with another bottle. She handed it to Aemus, who seized it and began devouring its contents.

“Slowly, Aemus!” Jenny urged. “You’re going to make yourself colic!”

But Aemus had already downed the bottle and lay back contentedly, his stomach *finally* not growling anymore. Jenny just shook her head.

“All right, let’s get you down off of there,” she said, picking him up and putting him over her shoulder.

Aemus’s eyes went wide as she began patting his back.

“Aunt Jenny!” he protested, “I’m not a baby! I don’t need you to—”

He let out a loud belch and instinctively covered his mouth with both hands, snickering in embarrassment.

“You were saying?” Jenny asked, smirking as she put him down on all fours on the ground.

“Humph,” Aemus replied, avoiding her gaze.

“Now, why don’t you go and play while I get some chores done?” Jenny suggested.



Aemus brightened, and he nodded, trying to stand up. But no sooner did he get his hoof on the ground than he began to topple over. He caught himself in the nick of time and quickly got back on all fours.

"*Slowly*, Aemus!" Jenny exasperatedly urged. "If you keep pushing it, your body is going to rebel even more. Don't be a bad patient who makes things worse by trying to rush things. Take it slowly. Let your body heal!"

Aemus groaned but dutifully nodded as he began to crawl out of the bathroom. Jenny stepped past him, and he made his way to the living room. He might not be able to stand, but his mind was still plenty sharp, and he could still hold a controller! He blew the dust off his console and powered it on to play Call of Duty.

He winced and couldn't help chuckling sheepishly. He'd been answering the "call of doodie" a lot lately.

"Aemus, that you?" a voice asked on his headset.

"Oh, hey, Ben!" Aemus replied excitedly, glad to hear his friend's voice.

"Where you been, man? I thought we were gonna have an all-weekender," Jake, another of his friends, asked.

"I'm sorry, guys," Aemus replied. "I, uh, I guess I got really tired on Friday night after I got home. I don't remember it, but I didn't wake up until this morning."

"Geez! You okay, man?" Ben asked.

"Yeah, I think it's just all the lack of sleep studying for finals," Aemus replied, "But I'm here now. Let's go kick some ass!"

"Oh, uh, sorry, Aemus," Jake replied, yawning, "But we *did* pull an all-weekender, and we were both about to call it quits and catch some 'z's."

"Oh," Aemus replied. "Well, it's all right. It'll give me some time to catch up."

"But hey, maybe we can all hang out afterwards," Ben suggested. "Go bowling or something."

Aemus hesitated. "I—I'd like to, guys, but, uh...Aunt Jenny...um...she needs me to do some stuff around the house. Yeah. So, uh...I'm gonna be busy for a while."

"Hey, no problem," Jake chimed in. "We'll just come over there and watch you work."

"Yeah, no helping, 'cause, you know, your Aunt Jenny likes things done kinda particular-like," Ben chuckled.

"Uh..." Aemus said, looking down at his diaper.

As if in response to his gaze, his stomach rumbled, and he closed his eyes, whispering, "oh, no" as his diaper began to fill yet again. Though he initially tried to fight it, he remembered the pleasure he felt at just letting it happen and forced himself to relax. Sure enough, his groin instantly stirred and began throbbing in his diaper as he let himself go.

"Dude, are you *jacking off* over there?"

Ben's voice startled Aemus. How long had he been out of it?

"N—no, uh, no," he replied quickly.

"You *were*! Dude, I thought we had a rule for that," Ben needled him.

"Totally did. Rule number three," Jake said matter-of-factly.

"You guys are so full of shit," Aemus managed.

*And I'm not...*

"Dude, you were sure moaning like you were jacking off," Ben said.

"Been listening to me jack off a lot lately?" Aemus retorted.

"Ooh, he got you, dude!" Jake laughed.

"Oh, fine, keep your secrets!" Ben replied, chuckling. "Anyway, we're off. We'll stop by to see you soon. Over and out!"

And before Aemus could protest, the two signed off.

*Great.*

Fortunately, the rest of the day went mostly uneventfully, save for Aunt Jenny's helicoptering around him and his frequent visits to the diaper change table. Despite his friends' threat to come visit him, they never showed up. Aemus figured that after a weekend of staying up, they were probably as tired as he'd been and didn't hold it against them. Besides, the *last* thing he wanted was for them to see him crawling around on all fours wearing a diaper! He'd managed to keep it mostly concealed at school with classes, finals, and projects eating up enough time and providing enough of a distraction to keep the focus off him, but now that there wasn't anything else they *had* to be doing, it was gonna be a lot harder—especially if he couldn't get back on his feet!

"All right, my little colt, it's time for bed," Jenny said.

"But the sun's still out!" Aemus protested.

"It's *summer*," Jenny replied. "The sun is out until almost nine, well past your bedtime. Your mom's orders were strict: she wants you to rest."

"I just slept two solid days..." Aemus replied weakly.

Jenny raised her eyebrows and gave him a look.

"Oh...okay, Aunt Jenny," he said, sighing and conceding.

"Tomorrow's another day, full of new adventures!" Jenny replied consolingly, "And you want to be awake and full of energy to face it!"

She checked his diaper and nodded, satisfied that it was still clean—he'd finally made it a couple of hours without messing it—then scooped him up, put him into his bed, and tucked him in.

"Good night, my little colt," she said as she turned to go.

"Um, Aunt Jenny?" Aemus asked.

"Hmm?" she replied, turning.

"Could I—can I have my pacifier?"

Jenny smiled and chuckled. "Of course, Aemus," she said, disappearing a moment and returning carrying it. "Here you go."

She popped it into his mouth, and Aemus sucked on it thoughtfully, quickly dozing off.

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"Well! He's certainly been productive today," Jenny said to herself as she turned the lights back on and went to his bed. "He's doing a better job of using his diaper, but I want to make sure the reinforcement stays there."

She opened up his diaper, checked to make sure that his ass was still loose, and pressed a suppository into him as deep as she could get it to go without shoving her hand into him. Then she put the vibrating cock ring back on him, turned the intensity up a notch, and sealed up his diaper.

Within minutes, his cock began to vibrate as the suppository worked its magic.

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Aemus woke up the next morning feeling pretty refreshed. To his relief, he didn't feel the immediate need to have a bowel movement, so he threw off the covers and swung his legs over the edge of the bed.

He hesitated. He remembered how yesterday had gone.

*Maybe I'll just see if I can put a little weight on my legs,* he thought.

He slowly lowered himself to the ground. The floor felt good under his hooves as he continued to put more weight on them.

All at once, he felt them collapsing under him, and he yelped as he caught himself, dropping to all fours.

"Aemus! Are you all right?" Jenny asked, rushing in. "I heard a loud thump!"

Aemus grinned sheepishly. "Sorry, Aunt Jenny," he said. "I tried to stand up."

Jenny frowned. "What was that, Aemus? You're mumbling."

Aemus blinked. He didn't *think* he was mumbling...

"Sorry, Auntie," he said, slowly enunciating.

Jenny hesitated just a second and then scooped him up, put him back in bed on his back, grabbed a flashlight, and shone it in each of his eyes. Aemus winced and put his hands up to keep the glare away.

"Did you hit your head when you fell, Aemus?" Jenny asked anxiously, taking his pulse and feeling of his head for bumps.

"No, Auntie, I'm fine," Aemus replied. "But what's wrong? Why are you acting so weirdly?"

"I want you to repeat after me, Aemus," Jenny said anxiously, "Rick and Sally shop at the Last Chance Junkers Garage."

Aemus frowned and shrugged, repeating the line back to her.

"Aemus, can you understand me?" Jenny asked. "Blink once for yes, twice for no."

Aemus blinked.

"Okay...good..." Jenny replied slowly.

She pressed a button on her cell phone. "This is what you sounded like, Aemus."

Aemus heard his voice, but rather than the words he thought he was saying, what played back was a set of incoherent mumbles and grunts. His eyes bulged.

"What's happening, Aunt Jenny?!" he cried. "What's wrong with me?"

"Shh, easy, Aemus," Jenny said consolingly. "I think you might have overdone it a bit yesterday. You remember how I said that your body might rebel even more if you pressed too hard?"

Aemus gasped. She *had* said that!

"I'm afraid that might be what's going on here," Jenny continued. "Your body is telling you to slow down. I know you don't like it, but I'm going to have to insist that you take it completely easy, and I'll set up a schedule that should let your body recover. It won't be easy, but you'll make it through; I promise."

Aemus sat there, stunned. His voice...why couldn't he talk? He *sounded* normal to himself when he talked; why wouldn't his mouth cooperate?

"Let's get you fed," Jenny said, putting him back down on all fours.

Almost immediately, he felt his stomach gurgle. Too distraught at the loss of his voice, he didn't even bother to try to hold back. He nearly collapsed from pleasure as his diaper began to fill. His mind reeled, and he saw stars as his cock sprang to life in his diaper, throbbing hard and almost instantly just a touch away from orgasm. But his bowel movement was over too soon, and the pleasure stopped, leaving him teetering on the edge of climax. He whimpered aloud as he tried to put his hand down his diaper to finish himself off.

"Aemus!" Jenny gasped. "Don't put your hand in there! It's dirty!"

Aemus knew that, but he didn't care; he desperately needed to get off!

"No, no, no!" Jenny said as he persisted, finally smacking his hand. "We can't have you touching the inside of your diaper and making yourself sick, Aemus! Do you want to get E. coli poisoning?" she scolded him, picking him up. "Whoo! Looks like you need a change anyway!"

She carried him into the changing room and quickly got the dirty diaper off him, gasping in surprise to see his cock hard and throbbing.

"Is that what this is all about, Aemus?" she asked. "Were you just trying to get yourself off?"

Aemus's face burned, and he nodded.

Jenny pursed her lips as she wiped him down. "I still don't want you putting your hand in your diaper," she said thoughtfully, "But here, let me see if I can help you."

Aemus's eyes bulged in humiliation as his aunt wrapped her fingers around his cock and began to gently stroke him. He squeezed his eyes closed, trying to escape the embarrassment of having someone—especially a family member—*especiallly* a female (even if she was his pediatrician)—jacking him off.

"It's okay, Aemus," Jenny said gently. "I know your body has been making defecating pleasurable for you. It must be very frustrating being right there and not being able to get off."

Aemus whimpered in response. It would be easier if he could just jack *himself* off; he knew where and how to touch, and more importantly, *she* wouldn't be touching him. He moved his hands towards his crotch, hinting.

Jenny shook her head. "No, Aemus. With your body doing unusual things lately, I don't want you to hurt yourself."

Aemus whimpered and persisted, inching his hands closer.

"No, Aemus!" Jenny scolded him sharply, releasing his cock. "If you're going to misbehave, then I'm not going to help you."

She reached into a cabinet in the bathroom and took out what looked like socks.

"Make a fist," she instructed him.

Aemus whimpered, still agonizingly close to orgasm, but did as told. Jenny slipped a sock over each of his hands and then wrapped some duct tape snugly around them to keep them on his wrists.

"This is for your own good, Aemus," she said. "It'll protect your hands as you crawl around, and it will keep you from making yourself sick by sticking your hands down in your diaper."

"Don't do this, Auntie!" Aemus protested, but Jenny just smiled, not understanding a word.

"I know it's frustrating, my little colt, but I *promise* you, it *will* get better."

She kissed his forehead, powdered his bottom, wrapped him up snugly, and ran a ring of duct tape around the top of the diaper—careful to avoid getting it on his coat—making his diaper too tight for him to get his gloved hands into.

"There now," she said, putting him down on all fours, "Let's go get breakfast."

With his hands reduced to clumsy stumps, holding the bottle was a lot harder than it had been before. He found that he had to sit or lie on his back and use both hands to hold it still as he sucked on its teat. As a silver lining, though, at least his aunt let him stay on the floor instead of putting him in his high chair...

Only minutes after he ate, his stomach rumbled. Aemus gasped, but this time, it wasn't with dread. Rather, he was *looking forward* to his bowel movement, and he eagerly pushed to get it to happen faster. Sure enough, the second his diaper began filling, his body was wracked with ecstasy.

*Come on, come on, come on!* he urged his body, feeling so very close to orgasm but also afraid that he wouldn't make it.

Sure enough, his body denied him sweet release once again, and he cried out in frustration.

"Aemus, what is it?" his aunt asked, rushing in. She shook her head and smiled. "Oh, Aemus, is your diaper full again? Come on."

She took him into the bathroom and got him cleaned up. Seeing his hard, throbbing erection once more, she gave him an expectant look.

"Are you gonna be a good boy?" she asked. "If so, I'll help you. If not, you can just let *that* subside on its own."

Aemus whimpered, beaten, and nodded. He couldn't *stand* the anticipation anymore, and if his aunt was offering to help him, he wouldn't object.

She took his cock in her hand and began to stroke up and down. He shuddered and bucked at her touch as her smooth hand slid over his shaft. She reached up with her other hand and rubbed his glans. He began to breathe heavily, rasping hoarsely as his leg jerked reflexively, his mind clouding as his orgasm *finally* neared.

The doorbell rang.

"No!" Aemus cried as Jenny turned to look. "No, please! I'm so close!"

All that came out was a series of *very* perturbed grunts and whimpers, but it should have been clear enough.

"Sorry, my little colt," Jenny said. "I'll be right back."

She disappeared and left Aemus on the table by himself. Seizing his chance, he immediately tried to grab his cock, but the infernal socks prevented him from doing anything more than rubbing the sides.

It would have to do.

Like he'd done with the bottle, Aemus sandwiched his prick between his hands, pressing them towards each other to give himself enough friction to feel what he was doing and began awkwardly and frantically trying to jack himself off.

"Now you two just wait here, and I'll go and get him," his aunt said to someone.

Aemus stopped. His blood ran cold.

"Aemus, your friends are here," she said as she breezed in. "Let me just get you finished up, and then you can go and see them."

Aemus shook his head violently. His friends? *Now?! When* he couldn't even talk?

"No, please, Aunt Jenny! Make an excuse, send them away! Please, *please*, not now!"

"My, you're fussy today," Jenny said, frowning. "Aemus, stop fidgeting, or you're going to fall off the table!"

She managed to get him diapered up and the duct tape applied and put him on the floor.

"Run along, now," she said pleasantly. "Your friends are waiting."

Aemus just looked at her, a pained expression on his face as he shook his head pleadingly.

"Come on, Aemus. It's rude to keep guests waiting," Jenny said sternly.

When Aemus continued to hesitate, she scooped him up and carried him into the living room.

"I'm sorry for the wait, boys," she said, putting Aemus down on the ground.

His friends' jaws dropped, and Aemus curled into a ball, covering his face with his gloved hands.

"Aemus has been having some problems since he got on break, boys," Jenny said gently. "I'm sure this must be very surprising for you, but as with any kind of illness, it's good to try to keep social contact."

"A—Aemus?" Ben asked, his eyes bulging, "Is that really you?"

Aemus was too mortified to speak—or mumble—or whatever he did now. His humiliation complete, he burst into tears.

"Oh, poor Aemus," Jenny said, going to him, picking him up, and rocking him. "Here, have your pacifier."

She popped it into his mouth, and he squeezed his eyes shut, focusing on it with all his might. As embarrassed as he was, what did it matter if his friends saw him sucking a pacifier, too? It was the *only* comforting thing at this minute. It wasn't fair! *Why* did this have to happen to him? *Why* did his friends have to come over? *Why* did Aunt Jenny let them in? Surely she must realize this was mortifying!

"What happened to him?" Jake asked, still in shock.

"He woke up unable to speak today," Jenny said. "I suspect his body is giving him a bit of trouble. Rest assured, it will get better, but we *all* have to encourage him to be patient and let himself recover. At first it was just bed-wetting—"

Aemus grunted loudly, giving her a dirty look. Did she need to go telling *all* his embarrassing secrets all at once?

"Shh, Aemus," Jenny said, rubbing his forehead. "Anyway, it was just bed-wetting a few months ago, but after he slept all weekend, other things started happening, too. He's on all fours now because he can't stand up."

Ben and Jake sat forward, alarmed.

"But don't worry; I'm sure it will get better. He just needs some down-time," Jenny added quickly.

The gentle rocking made Aemus's belly gurgle again. Had Aunt Jenny put a laxative in his bottle or something? *Why* was he going so much?

*Oh, no...*

"Oh..." Aunt Jenny said, gasping as Aemus's face turned bright red, "Yes, there's that, too."

"What?" Ben asked anxiously.

"He's uh, also lost control of his bowels," Aunt Jenny said.

Aemus's friends' eyes bulged. There, right in front of his friends, he felt himself lose control. He tried to hold it back, desperately straining to maintain his last thread of dignity, but his body was relentless, and he gave up.

The second he did, pleasure flooded over him. He clung to that pleasure, focusing all his attention on it, doing *anything* to avoid the gaze of his now-staring friends. He gasped in pleasure, his eyes fluttering and rolling back in his head.

"Wow, he's really getting into that," Jake said, a bit unnerved.

"Don't blame him too much," Jenny said. "It's not his fault. His body is rebelling against him, so there's really not much he can do about it."

"But the gasping?" Ben prodded.

The two friends suddenly looked at each other.

"Aww!" Ben groaned.

"He wasn't lying when he said he wasn't jacking off," Jake said.

Both shuddered just as Aemus's bowel movement stopped.

"Let me go get him changed, and then we can continue the talk, okay?" Jenny said with all the gentleness of telling a couple their precious baby had three hours to live.

Ben and Jake nodded slowly, reeling in shock as Jenny carried Aemus back into the bathroom.

As soon as they were out of earshot, Aemus began sobbing. Tears of humiliation streamed down his face.

*My life is over. My friends are going to disown me, or worse, tell everybody in school about this. I'm never going to live this down.*

"Shh, shh," Jenny said, putting him down. "It's all right, Aemus. I know this is a very tough time for you, but it may *take* some time, and you need your friends' support."

She peeled his diaper open. Despite his distress, his cock still stood erect, throbbing desperately.

Aemus closed his eyes and tried to disappear from existence as his aunt wiped him clean. How was he ever going to get past this? This was *not* the way to get his friends' support! He'd be the laughing stock of school! He couldn't *take* that!

There was a quiet knock at the door. Aemus's eyes shot open, and he tried to look around his aunt to see what was going on.

"Miss Jenny, we, uh..." Ben's voice trailed off.

"We just wanted to know if you needed any help or anything," Jake said.

"Oh, boys, it's all right," Jenny said, her voice conveying a combination of surprise and gratitude at the offer.

"It's just, well, he's our friend," Jake continued.

"And if we can help him through this, we want to," Ben finished.

Jenny smiled and cocked her head. "Well, there *is* one thing," she said, turning and letting them in.

Aemus looked up to see his aunt in the middle, Ben on the left, and Jake on the right. He wanted to die.

"How you holding up, Aemus?" Ben asked reassuringly.

Aemus squeezed his eyes shut, sucking his pacifier furiously and trying harder than ever to cease to exist.

"Hey—hey!" Ben said. "Aemus, it's okay, all right? Shit happens."

Jake stifled a snicker, and Ben grinned in spite of himself.

"Okay, maybe literally in your case," Ben continued, "But we're here for you, okay?"

"We all are," Jake agreed, nodding.

"Just like finals, we'll get through this together!"

Aemus looked uncertainly from person to person. Seeing nothing but smiles and compassion, he almost burst into tears again as Jenny picked him up, and all three hugged him close.

"What was it we could help with?" Jake asked as Jenny laid Aemus back down.

"Well, you see, it's his penis," Jenny said matter-of-factly. "You mentioned his moaning earlier. His body has rebelled, and every time he has a bowel movement, his body pushes him right up to the edge of orgasm but never lets him get off."

Ben and Jake exchanged glances.

"I've tried to help him with it, but...well, I suppose it *is* a little awkward having your aunt masturbate you," Jenny admitted, looking at them expectantly.

"So...you want us to..." Jake began.

"Yeah, I get it!" Ben interrupted. "It's not as bad when it's another dude. Right, Aemus?"

Aemus blushed. Now it wouldn't be his *aunt* jacking him off; it'd be his best friend! He couldn't say for certain whether that was better or worse, but he suspected it might be a *little* better. He swallowed hard and nodded faintly. Jenny stepped out of the way, and Ben got in front of Aemus, reached down, and grasped his cock. Aemus's member throbbed in response.

"Damn, dude, I didn't know you were *this* hung!" Ben said.

"Jealous much?" Jake teased.

"Aww, shut up, man," Ben retorted. He took a breath. "Okay, here goes."

He began to stroke Aemus's cock up and down, gripping it firmly. Embarrassing or not, the feeling was terrific, and with just a few strokes, Aemus felt his balls contract. He bit hard into the pacifier, squeezed his eyes closed and clenched his fists.

With a loud groan, he fired out, splattering the wall behind him.

"Holy shit!" Jake gasped. "Geez, you cum like a horse!"

"Language, boys," Jenny warned.

"Oh, uh, sorry, Miss Jenny."

Aemus sagged onto the table, his eyes glazing over as he *finally* got relief. He began to doze off as Aunt Jenny tucked his quickly-deflating member into his diaper and sealed him up tightly.

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The rest of the summer went much more easily than the first couple of days. Realizing that his friends and aunt still loved him no matter what happened to his body, Aemus began to grow comfortable with the changes. After a week, he no longer worried about his bowel movements and just let them happen when his body told him they needed to. He was always rewarded with pleasure, though Jenny only permitted his friends to jack him off occasionally, saying that it was only to prevent his body from getting too pent-up and rebelling in even *more* ways. Soon, he got comfortable enough with her being around while he orgasmed that she took over, keeping him to a strict schedule of waking, eating, relieving himself, playing with his friends, getting off, bathing, and going back to sleep.

As Aemus lay there with his pacifier in his mouth, he thought to himself that though it was never a life he would have imagined himself enjoying, he had it pretty good. He smiled, sucked on his pacifier, and faded into sweet dreams.