

Hunter looked furtively to his left and to his right, swallowing nervously as he stepped out of his car. The coast seemed clear.

Closing and locking his car door, he closed his trench coat and braced himself against the cold wind as he walked hurriedly up to the house and knocked. He bounced nervously on the balls of his feet.

"Oh, hey, Mister," a boy with blonde hair in a bowl cut said, looking up at him. The boy couldn't be older than about 9 or 10 and wore blue overalls over a red T-shirt.

Just like the picture. Hunter breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hey, kiddo," he said, glancing behind the boy. "Are your parents home?"

"No," the boy replied, stepping back from the door and opening it a little more. "Want to come in?"

"Yes, thank you," Hunter replied.

As the boy closed the door, Hunter froze. Chris Hansen and his camera crew stood there, waiting to greet him.

"Take a seat," the host of *How to Catch a Predator* said, gesturing.

Fuck!

"Wolfe!" the guard bellowed.

Hunter got to his feet quickly and stood next to the door. "Yes, sir?" he asked.

"Visitor. Step back."

The 35-year-old did as told, turned around, and presented his wrists for handcuffs. After a year in prison *this* time, he knew the drill by now. He felt the cold metal go onto his wrists and the guard's hand on his shoulder. He turned slowly and walked to the visitor's cell, the guard's hand on his shoulder every step of the way.

"Ten minutes," the guard said, locking Hunter in the cell with someone he'd never met before.

Hunter frowned and sat down at the table.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Your ticket out of here," the man replied with a smile, extending his hand, which Hunter reluctantly shook; he knew the guard would search him doubly for having made contact.

"I'm Jerry Rickman," the man continued, "and I represent the National Institute for Alternative Rehabilitation. The Institute is interested in having you as a test subject for our latest treatment."

Hunter's eyes narrowed suspiciously. "What treatment?" he asked.

"I can't go into the details," Jerry replied apologetically, "but it *would* get you out of here, and if you complete the program, you'd only be in it for about a week before you were free to go."

"Whoa," Hunter reeled, shaking his head. "You sure you've got the right guy? I've got ten years left on my sentence."

Jerry smiled. "I've been...rather persistent," he said.

"Why?" Hunter frowned. "Why me?"

"This is your third time in, isn't it?" Jerry asked, consulting a stack of papers next to him on the table.

"Yes, you were first arrested when you were 25, again when you were 29, and again last year. Isn't that right?"

Hunter nodded. "Yeah," he sighed, frustrated. "I can't seem to keep myself out of here."

"Well, I'm offering a way to get yourself out of here," Jerry said. "It'll be intense—I'm not gonna lie—but if you can stick with it for a week, you'll be back on your own, completely rehabilitated and ready to rejoin society."

"But I'm not doing anything wrong!" Hunter protested. "You people always want to 'fix' me when there's nothing wrong!"

"But you *do* want to stay out of here, don't you?" Jerry pressed.

Hunter huffed and nodded.

"Time's up!" the guard barked.

"What'll it be?" Jerry asked as Hunter stood to receive his handcuffs again.

Thinking forward to the cavity search he was about to endure, Hunter nodded.

"Yeah, I'll do it," he said.

Hunter rode in the back of a black SUV, still wearing his orange jumpsuit and shackles on his wrists and ankles. At least the seat was comfortable. Jerry was blathering on about how much better Hunter's life was going to be once he was rehabilitated, but Hunter didn't care. He'd do the week, get back out on his own, and then figure out how to do a better job of not getting caught next time. He still kicked himself for walking into that trap. Such a newbie mistake! He *knew* that kid talked too well in the chatroom.

Something out the window caught his eye: a light gray building painted up in brightly colored polka-dots.

What the hell?

"And here's the Institute headquarters," Jerry said, pointing out the window. "This will be home for the next week."

Hunter frowned. "It looks like something out of a Dr. Seuss book," he said.

Jerry chuckled. "Yes, it does. It's hard to keep a straight face when I show people pictures of where I work, but hey, at least it's not concertina wire and guards with guns, right?"

Hunter had to admit, *that* was true.

They pulled in, and Jerry got out and opened Hunter's door. The prisoner stepped out and blinked in the bright sunlight. It was a nice change from those damn gray walls, for sure! Jerry guided him by the shoulder as Hunter shuffled inside. The front door looked like it belonged on an office building: tinted glass with an aluminum metal handle.

Hunter stared at it in surprise, but as soon as he stepped inside, his attention was immediately drawn away. Two burly orderlies stood awaiting his arrival, and as soon as he got inside, they each grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Whoa, wait!" Hunter gasped. "Jerry!"

The orderlies then took off his shackles, and Hunter breathed a sigh of relief, relaxing a bit.

"Wow, you guys scared me," he admitted sheepishly.

"Enjoy your therapy, pervert," Jerry said over his shoulder as he walked away.

"Shit. No! Hey, where are you taking me?" Hunter cried as the orderlies dragged him down a hallway and threw him into a padded room.

"Wait! This isn't any better than the prison!" Hunter yelled. "Ugh!"

He slammed his fist on the padded wall, looking out the window of the padded door into a gray but brightly lit hallway.

"Enough of that," a male voice said.

Hunter whirled, but there was nobody there. The voice came from a speaker somewhere in the room.

"Strip," the voice said.

"Fuck you!" Hunter retorted. "What the hell is this?"

"This is day one," the voice replied calmly. "The next week can be mildly uncomfortable or hell on earth. It's up to you, but it is all contingent on how well you behave. The first instruction given to you was, 'strip.' You can choose to do it, or you can choose to suffer the consequences."

Hunter paused, thinking. If prison had taught him anything, it was that you didn't want to make life difficult for yourself. On the other hand, this wasn't prison, and as soon as he could get out of this padded room, he *might* be able to make a run for it.

"Fine," he muttered under his breath, taking off his jumpsuit.

"Push it through the slot in the door," the voice said, light suddenly coming in as a narrow slot opened between two pillows attached to the wall.

Hunter sighed and did as told, then stood back, waiting expectantly.

"All your clothes," the voice said.

Hunter rolled his eyes, took his socks and shoes off, and shoved them through the slot, then stood expectantly again.

"*All* your clothes," the voice said emphatically.

"Fine, geez!" Hunter spat, grimacing as he stripped off his underwear and shoved them through the slot.

"Now lie on your back with your legs spread and bent at the knees."

Hunter frowned. This was some weird-ass shit, but he reluctantly did as told.

The floor suddenly seemed to give way, and a strap pulled itself across his torso.

"What the fuck?!" Hunter yelled, struggling, but additional straps lashed out and grabbed his legs and arms, pinning him in place.

The door opened, and an orderly walked in, smiling and carrying a safety razor.

"Man, what the actual fuck?" Hunter growled. "Let me go, you sicko!"

The orderly smiled and said nothing. The speaker, however, took on an authoritative tone, saying, "That's quite enough of that talk, young man!"

Young man? Hunter mouthed. "I am a grown-ass adult!" he protested.

"Zeke?" the voice said.

The orderly smiled, pulled a pacifier out of his pocket, and shoved it into Hunter's mouth. Stunned, it took the prisoner a few seconds to realize what had happened and spit it out. It tasted vile.

"Was that a *pacifier*?" he asked incredulously.

Zeke nodded and smiled.

"One more word out of you," the voice in the speaker said, "and Zeke will lock it on your head so that you can't get it out of your mouth. Now shut up."

Hunter clenched his jaw and scowled at Zeke for lack of anyone else to scowl at.

"Zeke is going to shave your groin, and I suggest that you be *very* still. If you move, he might cut you, and you don't want that."

"Shave my—fuck no!" Hunter yelled, struggling.

Without a word, Zeke picked up the pacifier, shoved it back into Hunter's mouth, and fastened a leather strap around his head to keep it in place. Hunter struggled even more, trying to push the pacifier out of his mouth, but the strap held it snugly. Finally, he gave up, huffing into the pacifier.

Things started to seem kind of disoriented. His vision blurred, and everything seemed wavy.

"You've just made it much more difficult to communicate with you, so now you're going to have to resort to more primitive methods. Now, I want you to grunt for 'yes' and cry for 'no.' Do you understand?"

Hunter remained petulantly silent, reeling from whatever drug was laced into the pacifier.

"Would you like Zeke to shave you?" the voice prodded.

Hunter still said nothing. He was having trouble believing this was actually happening. Surely it must be a bad dream. Or maybe he was being hypnotized. Either way, this was too awful to believe.

Zeke shrugged and advanced on Hunter. The captive closed his legs as best he could, but Zeke was strong and easily pushed them apart enough to get in and begin shaving. As soon as the razor touched his skin, Hunter held fearfully still. The orderly took no time, and soon Hunter's privates were as bald as Zeke's head.

"Don't you look so much cuter without any hair!" the voice mocked him, and Hunter couldn't help blushing fiercely in embarrassment. *This seems mighty real for a hallucination.*

"He's as smooth as a baby's butt!" the voice continued.

Zeke pointed and laughed, making inarticulate vocalizations in his throat, and Hunter's face turned red with fury. He yelled into the pacifier, but that only made Zeke laugh harder.

"Well, at least we know you *can* still make noises," the voice said. "Good. I want to gauge your reaction to the next therapy."

The floor suddenly lifted Hunter up, and he realized he was strapped to a gurney that stopped just past his feet. *Definitely a hallucination.*

"Mmph!" he yelled into the pacifier gag.

"Now, we're going to do a little role-play. Zeke here is going to be you, and you are going to be one of the boys you raped."

"Mmm! Mmm!" Hunter yelled, shaking his head violently.

"You're not making any sense," the voice said calmly. "It's a grunt or a cry. Those are the only two sounds I will respond to."

He's bluffing. There's no way, Hunter thought to himself, still fighting hard against the restraints.

Zeke, however, was *not* bluffing as he stepped up between Hunter's legs and smiled lasciviously. He reached down and stroked the captive's shaved prick. Hunter's face burned in embarrassment as his cock responded, growing erect.

"Oh, no!" the voice said sternly. "Babies do *not* get erections!"

Zeke quickly stepped out and came back bearing a cock cage, but it was far too short for Hunter to fit into, erect as he was. The captive grinned to himself. *Ha! Too bad!*

The orderly flicked the head of Hunter's cock, and Hunter whimpered into the gag, tears appearing in the corner of his eyes as his cock shrank away from the abuse. *Fuck! Hallucinations aren't supposed to hurt!*

"No?" the voice jeered. "I'm sorry you aren't enjoying this, but this is *punishment*, little boy. You've been very bad, and you need to be taught a lesson!"

Hunter heard a loud click and looked down his body to see his cock now securely caged.

"Ah, that's better," the voice said. "As you were, Zeke."

The lascivious look came back onto the orderly's face as he stroked Hunter's body, exploring it with his fingers *just* like Hunter had done with his first victim. He shivered and grimaced, feeling dirty from the way Zeke objectified him. Yet as the orderly again grazed over his cock, he felt it trying to harden and pressing painfully against the end of the cage.

"I think Zeke likes the feel of your body, little boy," the speaker said. "Don't you, Zeke?"

"Uh, huh," the orderly vocalized.

"See? And you know what comes next, don't you?" the voice said.

On cue, the orderly dropped his white pants to the floor, revealing a long and very thick cock. Hunter's eyes bulged, and he shook his head, screaming constantly into the pacifier. Zeke pressed his member against Hunter's hole and stroked the side of his face gently, almost kindly. Hunter paused in his struggling, bewildered by the tenderness that seemed so out-of-place.

But it was all a trick. Zeke shoved himself hard into Hunter. It hurt so badly that it took Hunter's breath away until the orderly pulled back to thrust again. And then it was just agonizing misery as the orderly raped him. Zeke pushed in harder and faster, his thick cock pressing against Hunter's bladder with each stroke. Hunter's mind began to go numb from the pain as he wailed into the gag, squeezing his eyes closed and crying. This *hurt*. It hurt so badly, there was *no* way this wasn't real. And that realization made it even worse.

"What the hell is this?" the voice demanded.

Zeke stopped abruptly and pulled out sloppily. Hunter moaned painfully into the gag. He felt something cold and wet on his hips and belly and reluctantly opened his eyes.

"Well, you *are* just the little baby, aren't you?" the voice berated him. "Pissing yourself? Filthy, *naughty* little baby!"

In his pain, Hunter had lost control of his bladder and had pissed all over himself. As cold as the piss had gotten, he didn't know how long ago it had occurred, but now it reeked like a bathroom at a ballgame, and Hunter grimaced.

"Bad boys get punished!" the voice said. "Zeke!"

In a fluid motion, the orderly undid Hunter's restraints and flipped him over, exposing his ass. Putting a hand in the small of Hunter's back, he spanked him soundly before flipping him back over on his back.

"If you're going to behave like a baby, then you're going to wear a diaper like one!" the voice barked.

Zeke seemed to manifest a thick diaper out of nowhere. Too tired and sore to kick, Hunter closed his eyes, and his face burned in shame as the cloth passed around his caged cock and violated and bleeding ass. Zeke wrapped it snugly around his waist and pinned it, and then he pulled some plastic pants down Hunter's legs and secured them around his waist.

"We can't have you trying to take that off, now, can we?" the voice said sadistically.

Zeke grabbed some thick, padded mitts and forced Hunter's fists into them, locking the mitts in place with padlocks. The mitts were so thick and slippery that Hunter couldn't even begin to take the diaper or the pacifier off.

"Now go to bed, little baby!" the voice growled.

The table on which Hunter lay dropped like a rock into the floor, becoming one with the padding, and Hunter felt momentarily nauseous at the feel of dropping so fast. Zeke opened the door and stepped out.

In a moment of clarity, Hunter rushed the door, but Zeke closed it just as he got to the opening.

"Sweet dreams, little boy," the voice said. The lights clicked out.

Hunter pounded his padded fists against the wall impotently. With the padding from the wall and from the mitts, his fists didn't even make a sound.

The lights in the hallway turned out, and Hunter was plunged into utter darkness. He couldn't see his mitts three inches from his face, even as big as they were. The ground was padded and somewhat treacherous to walk on, and so he quickly dropped to his hands and knees and crawled around the room.

He finally sat, leaning against a wall feeling frustrated, hurt, bewildered, and isolated. The weight of it all felt like it would crush him, and as he limply tried one last time to punch the wall, he felt tears come to his eyes. His body heaved with a sob as he cried into his gag, the tears now freely falling down his cheeks.

He heard a whisper and gasped.

"Mmm?" he asked.

Another whisper, somewhere else. He jumped up and listened as carefully as he could.

Another whisper. He tried to run to the other side of the room but fell down and crawled the rest of the way.

Fuck, I really am hallucinating!

The whispers came faster, from all corners of the room. Hunter struggled to follow them, but by the time he got to each one, it had faded.

"Mmm!" he huffed, frustrated, into the gag, sitting down and crossing his arms.

A whisper right next to his ear said faintly, "Relax."

Hunter whipped his head around to the sound, but it was gone. Yet he was *certain* it had said to relax. He frowned, his body tense.

Another whisper a little further away said, "Let it all go."

The whispers all became clearer, and again they came faster and faster. Suddenly Hunter was very tired. He couldn't keep up with the whispers, and it seemed better to just ignore them. He felt his eyelids getting heavy, and he dozed off to sleep.

He awoke with a foul smell in his nose. He couldn't quite place it, but as he sat up, he immediately knew what had happened. He stared in horror at his diaper to find that he'd wet himself during the night.

What the hell?! I haven't done that since I was five!

The blurry, wavy vision was gone. If he *had* been hallucinating, he sure as hell wasn't now! He squirmed uncomfortably and tried to use his mitts to get the diaper off him, but it was no use: the mitts skidded right off the plastic pants. He tried dragging his butt to get the padded floor to remove them instead, but the floor slid off them just as easily as his mitts. He groaned into his gag.

Nothing happened for a long time. He was left there by himself in the dark. Even the whispers had gone away, leaving him with nothing but his thoughts...and the feel of how uncomfortable the damp piss was against his skin.

The lights turned on abruptly, and he squeezed his eyes closed against the brightness.

"That was a pretty unpleasant night, wasn't it, little boy?" the voice said.

"Mm, hmm," Hunter grumbled into his gag.

"Tut! Grunts and cries only," the voice reminded him.

Hunter grunted agreement.

"Good."

The door opened, and Zeke stepped in.

"Zeke will now change you. Lie on your back, legs spread, and be good, or he'll leave you dirty."

Hunter grimaced. He desperately wanted out, but the idea of being left soggy, clammy, and gross-feeling appalled him. *Six more days*, he thought, trying to psych himself into cooperating. Yet he remembered all too well what had happened the last time he spread his legs for the orderly.

"Hurry up, little boy. Zeke doesn't have all day, so if you want to be changed, you'd better cooperate."

Hunter whimpered into the gag, torn between being raped and being left wet. Finally, the present discomfort won out, and he reluctantly lay on his back and spread his legs.

"Good boy," the voice said.

The ground rose up from under Hunter again, and he found himself once again on a gurney. Zeke stepped up to him, smiled silently, and reached to pull off the plastic pants.

The second the pants were off, Hunter's nose was assaulted by the stench of his piss, and he grimaced again, holding his breath.

"Looks like you soiled yourself pretty well," the voice said. "We'll have to double the diapers you're wearing. Can't have you leaking, now."

Hunter blushed crimson as Zeke opened up the diaper, so saturated with his piss that it nearly dripped as Zeke quickly wrapped it in the plastic pants to try to catch any extra.

But what really made Hunter feel self-conscious was when Zeke wiped him down with a baby wipe, making sure to catch every nook and cranny of Hunter's private parts, painstakingly covering every square inch. Despite logically knowing that such detail was necessary to avoid diaper rash, he nevertheless felt violated, especially after yesterday.

"Zeke will now remove your pacifier so that you can eat. Not a word, or feeding time will be over, and you will have to wait until your next feeding. Grunt if you understand."

Hunter's stomach growled in response, and he grudgingly grunted.

"Good."

Zeke reached behind Hunter's head and deftly undid the lock holding his pacifier in place. Hunter gasped through his mouth the second it was out, glad to have the damn thing out from between his teeth.

"Time to eat," the voice said, as Zeke held up a baby bottle.

Hunter stared in shock. He began to shake his head. "No—I'm an adult! I don't eat out of a bottle!"

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Zeke had him flipped over and was spanking his ass soundly, turning it bright red. Hunter yelped and struggled to get away, but the burly orderly easily pinned him in place and continued spanking.

"Oh, for fuck's sake!" the voice chastised him. "Stop, stop, Zeke."

The orderly looked up, surprised.

"We have the diaper off you for five minutes, and you go and soil yourself again!" the voice berated.

"You're no adult! You're just a little boy who can't control his wetting habit! Zeke, put his diaper back on before you feed him."

Hunter stared in disbelief at the puddle under him. Sure, the spanking hurt, but *really?* Wetting himself?

What's happening to me?

Before he could ponder that too long, Zeke had him flipped over, powdered, and was folding the first diaper into place. Hunter was still too dumbfounded by his loss of control as Zeke put the second one on him, pinning it tightly and sliding on the damned plastic pants from which he couldn't escape. Then Zeke sat him up and held his back upright.

"I don't need you to hold me up," Hunter muttered, deliberately sitting forward enough that Zeke's hand no longer touched him.

"No words, only grunts and cries," the voice reminded him. "Now, you didn't like being raped, did you?"

Hunter grunted in frustration.

"You *did* like being raped?" the voice asked incredulously.

"No!" Hunter yelled. "And fuck you, Zeke!" he said, leaping off the gurney and lunging towards the orderly, trying to strangle him.

Zeke gave him an amused smile. Hunter hesitated.

Something sharp went into his buttock, and he yelped.

"This is unacceptable behavior!" the voice said angrily. "If you cannot conduct yourself properly, then we'll help you! You are *not* an adult while you are here. You are a little boy, here to learn how frightening it is to be a little boy when there are adults around who want to prey on you."

Hunter's body suddenly felt very heavy, as if he was carrying lead weights on all his limbs. "What—did you do to me?" he asked, but his words mumbled together into near-incoherence.

"Since you refuse to behave, Zeke has just given you a muscle relaxant. We'll see if *that* will make you behave yourself!"

Hunter shook his head. "No," he said woozily. "N—no."

He took a step forward and then lost his balance. Zeke caught him and gently put him down on all fours. He tried to stand again, but as soon as he tried to lift up, he lost his balance and fell down onto all fours again.

"No!" he cried, tears of frustration in his eyes.

"Ah, yes, you're beginning to feel it now, aren't you? Do you feel how helpless you are?"

Hunter nodded and whimpered in spite of himself.

"And now, what if a big, scary adult were to come and try to molest you, hmm? Wouldn't you feel even more helpless then?"

Hunter felt himself lifted into the air. He fought—or thought he fought—but his body was completely limp. Zeke put him on the gurney again, not even bothering to strap him in.

"Wouldn't it be terrifying to have a big, strong adult running his hands all over you and using your body for his pleasure?" the voice continued.

Zeke smiled and took the plastic pants off. Hunter had never wanted to wear them so badly in his life: with them on, Zeke couldn't molest him, but they came off effortlessly for the orderly. Hunter's diaper came next, and Zeke left the two layers draping down off the table, still stuck under Hunter's butt.

Hunter was once again exposed, but this time, there was no reason for Zeke to touch him. He was already clean and powdered. But that didn't stop the orderly. He gave that filthy, lascivious smile and began to fondle Hunter's balls and caged cock. Hunter closed his eyes, trying to block out what was happening, but he could hear Zeke's heavy breathing, reminiscent of a pedophile turned on by his young prey.

Hunter's eyes snapped open. Zeke's thick finger pressed against his ass. He began vocalizing whimpers as best he could.

"Does the baby want to be raped again?" the voice asked soothingly. "Those noises you're making don't sound like 'yes's or 'no's to me."

It suddenly didn't matter to Hunter whether he humiliated himself by crying in front of Zeke and the voice; he just didn't want to feel that pain again! His chest heaved, and he let the tears fall from his eyes, blubbering just like a baby.

"Ohh, poor baby!" the voice teased him. "I don't think he wants you to fuck him, Zeke."

Zeke shook his head.

"But so many children and babies beg pedophiles, 'Stop, you're hurting me!' Don't they, Zeke?"

The orderly nodded.

"I'm sorry, little boy, but it looks as though your cries have fallen on deaf ears."

Zeke stepped up to Hunter and substituted his prick for his finger. He didn't even bother to spit. Despite Hunter's inability to move, the muscle relaxants did nothing to dull the pain the orderly shoved inside.

"Ahh, haa, haa!" Hunter bawled as his ass exploded in pain.

He tried hard to get his muscles to move so he could fight off the orderly this time, but none of his muscles save his eyelids would work. Zeke began fucking him hard and fast, and again, Hunter felt the orderly's prick pressing against his bladder. He felt himself begin to wet. *No!* he cried in his head, trying desperately to stop the flow, but his penis was as limp as the rest of him. His cock let flow a feeble stream of piss as Zeke continued to fuck him, completely unfazed by the interruption.

The voice, however, seized upon it gleefully.

"You truly *are* a helpless, pathetic baby!" it criticized him. "No *wonder* you go around fucking helpless children! No adult would *ever* want to be caught having sex with you! But now you see that it's hard being a baby, isn't it? Remember this the next time you go to fuck some helpless child!"

Zeke finished and came into Hunter's ass, then pissed on his crotch and brought the diaper up to seal the urine against his skin.

Hunter could only moan in misery as the piss squeezed up against his skin and his ass leaked the orderly's cum.

"We can't feed you now, so you'll just have to wait until the muscle relaxant wears off," the voice said as Zeke turned to go and the gurney disappeared into the floor again. "Maybe next time, you'll behave yourself better."

The orderly stepped out, and Hunter was again cast into darkness. Woozy from the muscle relaxant and desperately needing escape, he cried himself to sleep.

The next time he woke up was even worse. His stomach growled audibly, and he had what felt like a hangover from the muscle relaxant wearing off, a kind of drunken disorientation mixed with a headache and nausea.

Light suddenly flooded the room, and Hunter winced, closing his eyes to avoid the painful lights.

"Time to eat, little boy," the voice said.

Zeke appeared presently, holding the bottle.

Hunter shook his head. "Please," he begged, "let me have a *little* dignity!"

But neither Zeke nor the voice answered him. They acted as if he had said nothing at all, and Zeke sat on the floor, pulled Hunter into his lap, and pressed the bottle to his lips.

Hunter squeezed his lips together. "No!" he protested. "I want *real* food! Prison was better than this!"

"You're going to eat," the voice said firmly.

Zeke held Hunter's nostrils closed, but the captive held his breath, ignoring both his growling stomach and his burning lungs.

"We can go all day," the voice said patiently. "But you *will* drink from that bottle before Zeke leaves."

Hunter gasped suddenly, sucking in air between clenched teeth. Zeke quickly forced the bottle between his lips, but his teeth successfully barred entry.

Ha!

The voice's patience ran out. "You're being a *very* bad boy! And bad boys get punished!"

In an instant, Zeke flipped him over, letting the bottle drop to the padded floor, and began spanking him hard. Despite the thick padding his diaper afforded, Hunter could feel the blows stacking on each other, beginning to make his ass hurt. He began to struggle, writhing to get off of the stout orderly's lap, but it

was *hopeless!* The orderly spanked and spanked until Hunter cried. Still he spanked, and soon Hunter was screaming. But still the spanking continued.

"Take his diaper off," the voice said, interrupting the onslaught.

The orderly plucked the plastic pants down Hunter's legs in a swift motion and threw them aside. Unpinning the diapers, he let the butt-flap fall down beside him. Hunter's ass was red from the spanking.

"Again," the voice said.

Hunter's eyes went wide, and he shook his head desperately, but Zeke did as told, spanking Hunter's burning ass without a care in the world. Without the diapers to protect him, Hunter felt each blow ten times worse than before, and he screamed with the first one and continued screaming as long as it went.

At last, the spanking stopped.

"Are you going to drink from the bottle now?" the voice demanded.

Hunter nodded, tears in his eyes.

He received another slap on the ass.

"GRUNTS OR CRIES ONLY!" the voice bellowed. "You idiotic little boy! This is *not* hard to understand!"

Hunter grunted as hard as he could. *Anything to avoid being spanked again!*

Zeke flipped him over again, letting the wet diaper fall to the ground. Hunter had wetted himself again during the spanking, and both layers were completely saturated.

Hunter yelped as his ass touched Zeke's lap. It was so tender that it burned to the touch, and having most of his weight on it was unbearable. Hunter tried to get up, but Zeke pinned him forcefully down, grinding into Hunter's ass with his knee. Hunter was, therefore, distracted when Zeke brought the bottle to his lips and popped it in before he realized what was happening.

"Now, that's a good boy," the voice said, its tone encouraged but exasperated. "Drink up!"

Hunter grimaced. The stuff in the bottle tasted vile. *This isn't milk!* He thought. He didn't know *what* it was, but it stank, tasted terrible, and had a thick, goopy texture. He hesitated after the first swallow.

"Drink up!" the voice demanded. "Don't make Zeke punish you again."

Choking down the urge to hurl the nasty stuff up, Hunter sucked on the bottle, drawing the fluid out of the nipple in a feeble spray that coated the back of his throat.

The captive just wanted it over with and tried hard to down the stuff and get rid of it as quickly as possible, but Zeke would occasionally lose his attention, and the bottle would slip out of Hunter's mouth. Hunter couldn't keep his focus to just get it over with when the bottle kept slipping out, and he reached up to grab and steady it.

"Tut!" the voice barked. "Unless you want another spanking, you'll keep those hands to yourself!"

Hunter started to protest, but the threat of another spanking silenced him before he started. Exhausted from all the sucking, he *finally* finished the nasty stuff and tried hard not to vomit.

Yet Zeke was not going to make that easy. Hunter felt himself lifted and thrown over the orderly's shoulder while Zeke patted his back.

I'm not a fucking baby! Hunter protested mentally, but that instant, he burped. *Ugh.* He slumped, humiliated once again.

"You did such a good job with that sucking," the voice said, suddenly sounding husky.

Hunter frowned—the voice had never sounded like that before.

"I'll bet you suck cock just as well as you sucked that nipple," the voice continued.

Ugh! It sounds like he's jacking himself off!

"I think you should suck Zeke off like that," the voice said as Zeke put Hunter down facing him, stood, and pulled his cock out of his fly.

Hunter shook his head violently. *No way! No fucking way! I'll bite the fucking thing off!*

He winced as he felt a needle driven into his jaw.

Holy hell, that hurts! He felt paralyzed with pain, afraid that if he moved, it would get worse.

"That should help you be a little more compliant," the voice said.

"Ow, hey, what gives?" Hunter asked, his speech slurring as he rubbed his aching jaw.

"That's just a little drug to make sure you can't bite," the voice replied. "Can't have you doing anything stupid. Now get busy!"

Hunter jumped and pressed his face against the orderly's crotch. *Ugh, it smells musty!* he thought, grimacing.

Zeke took his cock in one large hand while the other turned Hunter's head to face it. Aiming his cock forward, Zeke squeezed lightly on Hunter's cheeks, making his mouth hang open.

And then the orderly's cock was in Hunter's mouth. Hunter made a face around the foul-tasting cock as it began to stroke into him.

"Suck him, little boy," the voice said sternly. "We don't have boys who do a half-assed job around here!"

Fuck you! Hunter tried to bite down, but his jaw was remarkably stuck right where Zeke had left it. He growled in frustration, but he could not make his jaw clamp down.

Zeke's lip turned up into a menacing snarl, and Hunter quickly began nursing the cock inexpertly. He had never had a cock in his mouth, and the whole concept was both repugnant and foreign to him.

Yet Zeke's eyes half-closed, and he began breathily thrusting into Hunter's mouth, thrusting harder and faster. Hunter's eyes bulged as the cock jabbed roughly against the back of his throat, and he retched around the cock as it hit his gag reflex.

Then the cock went down his throat, and Hunter couldn't breathe! The cock continued to stroke in and out a little bit but kept itself buried in his throat, cutting off his windpipe. Hunter began to panic, to wave his arms frantically, but Zeke didn't see it or didn't care.

The orderly's cock abruptly spat into Hunter's mouth and pulled out. Hunter coughed, gasping for air and drooling.

"Don't you *dare* spit that out!" the voice yelled. "Good little boys swallow every drop!"

Hunter suddenly recognized the flavor as the same as what was in the bottle as he forced himself to swallow. He felt intensely nauseous, knowing he'd just downed a bottle of cum.

"You didn't like that, did you?" the voice asked him flatly. "It sucks to have an authoritarian adult around who will punish you if you don't do as you're told, doesn't it?"

Hunter grunted, hoping he might avoid getting raped again—well, in the ass anyway.

"Don't forget that!" the voice barked. "Zeke, get him ready for bed."

The orderly quickly re-diapered Hunter—three diapers under the plastic pants this time—and lay him on his back for sleep while he cleaned up the vomit.

"Go to sleep!" the voice ordered, and the lights went out again.

Hunter was awakened by a terrible pain in his stomach. He rolled onto his side, doubled up as his intestines gurgled and groaned. Hunter squeezed his eyes shut and winced, holding his stomach. Slowly the pain began to move up his right side and across his chest. He took some deep breaths and rubbed the sore spot, hoping to work it out.

Suddenly, Hunter felt the overwhelming need to relieve himself. He realized he was trapped in the room, stuck in a diaper.

He was on his feet in an instant, groping his way to the door.

"Help!" he cried. "Let me out! Don't make me do this in a diaper! Please!"

He banged on the window, and the lights in the hall clicked on.

"Oh, thank goodness!" he breathed as the urge to purge settled itself right against his anus.

"Hurry! Hurry!" he urged.

Zeke came to the door and peered inside, using his hand to shade against the light behind him. He reached over and flipped a switch, and suddenly the room was bright as day. The orderly backed up a bit, surprised to see Hunter right next to the door. He made a shooing motion, bidding Hunter to back up. Holding his buttocks together, Hunter did as told, and Zeke opened the door.

"Oh, thank you!" Hunter gasped, waddling towards the door.

Zeke shook his head and shoved Hunter. He fell over backwards and gritted his teeth as he felt his ass beginning to give way, looking up pleadingly at the orderly.

Zeke reached among the padding on the wall and fished out a metal shackle attached via a chain. He deftly fastened the shackle around Hunter's wrist and then turned to go.

"No! Please!" Hunter begged, feeling himself beginning to crown.

Zeke turned and smiled, pressed his finger to his lips, and turned and left. The lights went out.

"Ohh, *shit!*" Hunter cried as he lost control.

His bowels began to fill the diaper with squishy, vile-smelling paste that raced out of his ass so fast that he felt nauseous and light-headed. It kept coming and coming until he felt like his entire body must be empty. He collapsed, exhausted, as his mess squished up against his body. It was too gross for words, and he couldn't escape it! He was trapped—trapped!—in his own mess.

His stomach rumbled again. He shook his head wearily. "No—no..." he whimpered.

But again his ass quivered and began spewing, pressing his mess tighter and tighter against his body until there was so much of it that he couldn't keep his legs closed and spread them, his face burning in shame and disgust.

Another round would pass before Hunter could finally collapse and drift off into a disgusted sleep.

"Oh, *fuck*, boy!" the voice cried as the lights snapped on. "I can smell you down the hall!"

Hunter awoke and immediately grimaced. The room reeked of his mess, and every move he made caused it to squish up against him most disgustingly.

"Ugh," Hunter shuddered as Zeke threw the door open. The orderly immediately held his nose and made a wafting motion with his hand, pointing and laughing at Hunter.

"Such a disgusting baby you've become," the voice muttered. "Zeke, get that filthy pig cleaned up."

The orderly donned a pair of gloves and deftly pulled the plastic pants off. Without their relatively airtight seal, the stench was overwhelming, and Hunter found himself holding his breath.

"Damn, boy, what did you eat?!" the voice gasped. "I know we fed you laxatives, but damn!"

Clearly skilled at dealing with diapers, Zeke deftly undid the pins and pulled the diaper down so as to contain as much of the mess as he could. Then he began using wipe after wipe, cleaning all of the shit off of Hunter's waist and groin. While the ordeal was always humiliating, Hunter appreciated it now more than ever as his feeling of being trapped in utter squalor slowly gave way to cleanliness. When Zeke was

done, he rolled the diaper up with the wipes in it into a semi-sealed package and pinned it to keep the stink inside.

"Want powder?" the voice asked.

Hunter frowned. Since when did his opinion matter? He shrugged. "Sure," he said.

Zeke flipped him over and spanked him ten times—hard.

"We are going to break you of your inability to follow simple instructions," the voice said coolly, "starting now. Do you *want* Zeke to spank you?"

Hunter shook his head.

Zeke looked at him expectantly, waited a moment, and then continued spanking him.

"Cry, little boy, cry!" the voice ordered.

Less from the order and more from sheer pain, Hunter began to cry.

"No, you *don't* want Zeke to spank you, do you?" the voice said. "Stop, Zeke."

The orderly stopped, and the voice asked, "Do you want Zeke to leave you alone?"

Hunter nodded, his eyes wet. "Yes!" he cried.

"Don't *fucking* talk! Grunt!" the voice said exasperatedly as Zeke began spanking the captive again. He let it go for a minute and then asked again, "Do you want Zeke to leave you alone!"

Hunter grunted for all he was worth.

"Yes, I thought so," the voice said.

Zeke stopped spanking him.

This continued on and on for hours until Hunter got it right every time. Then Zeke raped Hunter for good measure, diapered him up, and sent him to bed. The torments continued day in and day out. Hunter began to realize that they weren't waking him up on a 24-hour schedule and lost all track of time. He didn't know whether he'd been at the Institute for a day, a week, or a month, but every time he woke up, he desperately hoped that he would be set free soon.

"Good news, little boy," the voice said huskily, startling Hunter awake. "Today is your last day here. But before you go, we have one more lesson for you."

The door opened and the lights clicked on. Hunter gasped. "Chris?" he gasped.

"Yes, Uncle Wolfe," the 18-year-old said.

Hunter shrank back, covering his diaper and cowering in the corner, humiliated beyond anything he had ever experienced.

"Wh—what are you doing here?" the captive gasped, avoiding eye contact.

"Uncle, why are you wearing a diaper?" the young man asked, ignoring his question.

"Yes, Uncle, why *are* you wearing a diaper?" a voice asked.

Hunter paled. Zeke was not a mute, after all.

"Your uncle is being punished, Chris," the orderly said to him, "and you are the final part. Do what you're told, and your uncle will be allowed out of here."

Hunter shook his head. He didn't know where this was going, but he was *certain* he didn't like it.

Chris looked hesitantly from Zeke to Hunter and back. He nodded slowly. "Okay," he said hesitantly.

"What do I have to do?"

"Have you ever jerked off before?" Zeke asked lasciviously, moving forward to touch Chris's shoulder.

"Leave him alone!" Hunter cried.

Zeke looked over his shoulder at Hunter and smiled knowingly but said nothing to him.

"Um, well..." Chris said, fidgeting.

"It's okay if you have, Chris," Zeke said, "it's what big boys do."

"Well...yeah, of course I have," Chris said awkwardly, shrinking back from Zeke's touch. "You're...making me uncomfortable, man," he said.

Zeke grinned wickedly. "Yes, I'm sure I am. Look at your uncle squirm!"

Hunter had curled himself up into a ball and was rocking forward and backward against the back wall of the room.

"Your job," Zeke said, returning his attention to the barely-legal teen, "is to go over there and fuck him in the ass until you cum. Do that, and he can go home."

"Ugh, no!" Chris said, recoiling. "Fuck, no, you sick pervert!"

"*Au contraire*," Zeke said, smiling. "Do you know why your uncle is here?"

Chris hesitantly shook his head.

"Why don't you tell him?" Zeke suggested, addressing Hunter.

Hunter shook his head. "N—no, please..." he begged.

"Do you want a spanking?" Zeke asked, his voice sending chills down Hunter's spine.

Hunter shivered. "N—no," he conceded, swallowing hard. "Chris, I—"

"Speak up, please," Zeke said.

Hunter hugged himself desperately. "I'm a pedophile," he managed.

Chris stared. "A"—he exhaled sharply—"A pedophile?" he asked in disbelief.

Hunter swallowed again and nodded.

"So those times I stayed at your house, you—" Chris trailed off. "Ugh! That's *disgusting*!" he said suddenly, storming over to his uncle, who cowered in his diaper in the corner.

"You *disgust* me!" Chris yelled. "Did you touch me?" he growled, getting in his uncle's face.

"Chris, please!" Hunter begged.

He felt his bladder release. *No...not now of all times!*

Chris grabbed his uncle's shoulder roughly. "Did you *touch* me?" he snarled.

Hunter swallowed hard, avoiding eye contact, but it was a direct question, and he began to cry.

Chris grimaced suddenly and began sniffing. "What the fuck is that *smell*?" he asked. He looked down.

"Oh, for fuck's sake," he said, seeing his uncle's wet diaper. "You pathetic, disgusting waste of skin!"

He punched Hunter across the face and turned to storm out.

"What do you think now, Chris?" Zeke asked him.

Chris stopped.

"Think you could fuck his ass now?"

Hunter's nephew turned slowly, a sneer on his face.

"Yeah," he said flatly, "I could and *will*."

"How do you want him?" Zeke asked. "On his belly or on his back?"

Chris considered. "On his back," he said finally. "I want to see the light go out of his eyes as his *nephew* fucks *him*."

"That can be arranged," Zeke replied. "On your feet, little boy," he growled.

Hunter hesitated, but not for long. *Nothing* was as bad as being spanked. *Nothing*.

The orderly gestured his head towards the gurney as it rose from the ground. "Go lie on your back on it. You know the drill."

Breathing hard, Hunter did as told, lying on his back on the gurney and staring straight up at the ceiling. Maybe he could just pretend it was still Zeke fucking him and *not* have to face the fact that his own nephew was the one doing it.

But Chris was having none of that.

"Look at me," he said quietly but firmly.

Hunter bit his lip and stared at the ceiling, tears falling streaming down his cheeks.

"Uncle Hunter," Chris warned.

Hunter squeezed his eyes closed, braced himself, and looked at Chris. His nephew had his cock out and was stroking it gently.

"This is what you wanted, isn't it?" Chris said, stepping up next to him. "You wanted to see my privates." He scoffed. "Well *take a good look*," he snarled, slapping his cock on his uncle's face.

"What do we do about that?" he asked Zeke, gesturing to the soiled diaper.

Zeke stepped forward, stripped off the plastic pants, and released the diaper pins, letting them fall down under their own weight. "All yours," he said.

Chris grimaced a bit as the stench of piss hit his nostrils but stepped up between his uncle's legs nevertheless.

"You deserve this, you fucker," Chris snarled, shoving himself in.

Hunter gasped and squeezed his eyes shut, his body wracked with pain as his nephew fucked him violently. Being raped by Zeke was terrible because of his size and strength, but *this* was a new kind of terrible that made even the dreaded spankings pale. This was *personal*. Chris was personally exacting revenge on him—revenge he deserved to have; Hunter *had* looked at him lecherously many times over the years. Each thrust hurt both physically and emotionally. But Hunter couldn't just tune it out this time; this was punishment he *really* deserved, and to block it out would be to refuse to learn his lesson. And so Hunter endured thrust after thrust, slam after slam against his aching hole until his nephew finally came inside of him, spat on his face, and turned and left.

"That was rich, you only being able to tell him you didn't touch him by crying!" Zeke laughed after the door was closed. "Good luck out there when that's the only way you can say, 'no!'"

The orderly got him cleaned up and told him to follow. He led Hunter down the white hallway and to the main entrance.

"As promised," he said, gesturing towards the door, "you're free to go."

"Wait," a voice said.

Hunter knew that voice and turned to see a wiry white-haired man in a gray suit approaching. He carried Hunter's clothes with him.

"You'll need these," the man behind the voice said coolly.

Hunter took them sheepishly. In his haste to get away, he'd almost gone out naked.

"Remember this," the man warned, "You are free unless you screw up. If you so much as *look* at an under-aged person the wrong way, the police will arrest you and bring you back to us. Hunter," he said, looking him in the eye, "If they bring you back here, you will *never* get out. Do I make myself clear?"

Hunter swallowed hard and grunted, nodding.

Zeke chuckled, and even the man behind the voice cracked a faint smile.

"That will wear off eventually," he said. "Now get out. Don't let me see your face around here ever again!"

Hunter rushed out of the building and took his first breath of fresh air as a free man in over a year.

It was hard getting readjusted to normal life. Of course, having been in and out of prison for the last decade and being registered as a sex offender didn't help him to find a job, but it wasn't his first time, and he finally picked up a job doing truck maintenance for a local garbage-collection crew. He found an apartment that he could afford on his meager salary and began life again.

It was strange, though: when he'd gotten out of prison before, he had to report to a probation officer for months after his release. Yet now there was no such requirement. He had only been off on his own a couple of weeks before he got caught up in the Chris Hansen incident the last time he was out. Now he had time to himself. But the treatment had worked. Now, far from objectifying children, he recoiled from them and secretly pitied them.

Things got better. He got a promotion, started making a little more money, and found a nicer apartment.

It was on his moving day that he saw *him*.

As Hunter struggled to help the mover move a heavy sofa, he caught sight of a young kid, probably around 14 or 15, wearing a football jersey. Hunter stopped in spite of himself and started at the youth as he stretched and warmed up before going to practice.

"Come on, bud!" the mover protested, snapping Hunter out of it.

Shit. Keep it together! You've made it a year; don't blow it now!

That night, as Hunter sat on that very couch watching TV, he found his thoughts drifting to the boy in the jersey again, thinking over how his ass looked in the tight spandex.

No! No, no! he yelled in his head, forcing himself to think instead about how horrific his time at the Institute had been, how humiliated he'd felt. He willed himself to pity the youth for how he mentally objectified him, and after some concerted effort, he got there. He breathed a sigh of relief, turned off the TV, and went to sleep.

The next few days were easier; Hunter didn't see the kid, and for all he knew, he was just visiting and would never be back.

Until he ran into him on the stairs.

"Oh, sorry!" he gasped breathlessly as the and the kid nearly collided.

"It's okay, man," the kid replied, disappearing down the stairs.

Hunter jacked off that night fantasizing about the kid in the jersey. He felt guilty the second he got off and immediately went to take a cold shower.

What is wrong with me? He asked himself as the frigid water poured down him, making him shiver. *I can't risk getting sent back to that place!* He shuddered thinking about it. *I just won't talk to him anymore*, he resolved. *Just don't even say anything.*

He got out of the shower and went to bed. *Things will be better tomorrow.*

But things weren't better the next day. The harder Hunter tried to avoid the kid in the jersey, the more often he seemed to run into him: on the stairs, in the hallway, in the parking lot.

"Just don't even say anything" turned into "Hi, I'm Hunter." He learned that the kid's name was Cole, and he lived across the hall. *Shit.*

It was taking everything Hunter had to avoid fantasizing about Cole. The kid was nice, really attractive, and so...available. Cole was a latchkey kid; his parents both worked until late in the evening, so he was left by himself until 8 or 9 most days.

There's plenty opportunity...I'd never get caught. No chat rooms, no Chris Hansen...

No! Quit thinking about getting caught and think about what's right! He's just a kid—a nice kid—and you wanna go rape him!

I'd be gentle! Fuck, I'll bet his pubes are just beginning to come in.

Shut the fuck up! Go take a cold shower!

Hunter jumped into the shower to quench his raging hormones.

For a few days, he buried himself in work. If he could stay at work until after 8, Cole would be back with his family, and it wouldn't be an issue.

But his boss wasn't helping.

"Wolfe, get off the clock. You've been racking up unauthorized overtime."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Jenkins. I—just wanted to get the work done."

"You're a hard worker, Wolfe," his boss said, clapping him on the back, "but I can't afford to pay you overtime. Go home."

Hunter clocked out and walked heavily out to his car.

"Fuck," he said as he started the engine and put his head on the steering wheel. "Things were going so right, but now it feels like everyone's out to get me."

Hunter trudged up the stairs to his apartment. His heart skipped a beat.

"Hey, Hunter," Cole said, leaning against the wall. His jersey draped down his body just so damn perfectly and was dripping with sweat.

Oh, yeah...today's Tuesday, isn't it? Cole had late practice.

"Oh, uh, hey, Cole," Hunter mumbled, fumbling for his keys and trying hard to ignore the urge he felt.

"Something wrong?" the kid asked.

"No, um, I just...I gotta do some stuff inside. Bye!"

Hunter closed the door behind him and leaned against it. *That was close.*

There was a knock on the door. "Hunter? Mr. Wolfe?" Cole's voice called.

Hunter sighed. "What is it, Cole?" he asked.

"Can—can I talk to you a minute?" the boy asked hesitantly.

No!

Hunter opened the door and stood in the doorway. "What is it?" he asked.

The dripping-wet athlete looked embarrassed. He lowered his voice and asked, "Can we talk privately?"

Hunter huffed, not sure what to do. The kid seemed so damn earnest, but this level of temptation was just... *Fuck*. But what was he supposed to do, tell the kid no? He reluctantly stepped back and let Cole in. He guided him to the couch and brought glasses of water for Cole and himself. He deliberately sat in the chair furthest from where Cole was.

"What's on your mind?" he asked.

Cole hesitated. "Well, look," he said, "I—my dad's in jail, and I don't really wanna talk about this with guards watching us. But I've got a...well, a *guy* question, and I didn't know who else to ask."

Red alert! Get the fuck out of here!

"What about a counselor or a coach or a teacher?" Hunter asked uncomfortably.

Cole shook his head. "They're all so afraid of being labeled pedos that I can't even broach the subject. They run for the hills. But what am I supposed to do? I don't have an older brother, my dad's in jail, and nobody else will talk to me!"

I know exactly how they feel. Hunter sighed. *Might as well get it over with, and then maybe I can send him on his way without any problems.*

Hunter swallowed and forced himself to remember how *bad* it felt to be raped, to be stuck in his own feces and urine and helpless to escape. Slowly he pushed the question of what Cole was wearing under his uniform out of his mind.

"So, uh...what's the problem?" he asked.

"Well, see, some of the guys in the locker room, they look different...*down there*," Cole said, lowering his voice and blushing. "I don't know what it is, but it's like my dick is smoother than theirs are." He swallowed nervously. "Is there something wrong with me? Am I getting an STD?"

The last question made Hunter frown. "Have you ever had sex?" he asked carefully.

Cole shook his head. "N—no, but don't tell the guys!"

We could fix that—NO! Hunter moved one leg over the other to hide his instant erection.

"Not even oral sex?" he asked, his voice quivering with lust.

Cole shook his head.

Fuck, that mouth must feel amazing...Shit!

"Well, you can't get an STD if you don't have sex," Hunter forced himself to say as calmly as he could.

"As for your dick looking different, well, everybody's dick is different."

"But theirs all look really similar and way different from mine!" Cole protested, standing. "Look, let me show you."

Hunter sat, paralyzed, unable to breathe, unable to move. It was like his darkest fantasy had become his biggest nightmare—and it was actually happening!

Cole took no time unbuckling his belt and dropping his pants.

Compression shorts... oh, fuck. Look how good they make his ass look! Shit, how do I get out of this?

Hunter's palms began to sweat, but he couldn't look away, couldn't say anything to get Cole to stop what he was doing before things got out of hand.

And then the compression shorts started to slide down the boy's muscular legs.

Shit...

Cole did his best to look away, but he couldn't control himself. The compression shorts moved out of the way to reveal a blue jock strap.

Come on!

Hunter had a thing for jock straps. Well, all athletic gear, really. Cole was a gorgeous specimen of a boy, and with that sweat dripping from him, young musk hitting Hunter's nose, and naïve innocence, it was just too much...

Do SOMETHING!

"Uh," Hunter finally managed, holding up a finger.

Cole paused, his jock strap down but his chest blocking Hunter's view. He looked at him hesitantly.

No, don't stop—YES, DO STOP!

"M—maybe I don't need to see," Hunter stammered, swallowing over and over again.

"Mr. Wolfe, are you okay?" Cole asked, straightening up.

There it was, thick, uncut, and hard—why was it hard? Hunter stared, then caught himself and looked away.

"You're just uncircumcised," he said, shielding his eyes and pressing himself deep back into the seat.

"You, uh, you can pull your pants back up now."

"But *look* at it!" Cole protested, stepping forward.

Are you fucking serious?!

Hunter reluctantly looked. Yup, it was a cock. A pubescent, beautiful cock that he suddenly *really* wanted to grab...

He jumped up suddenly and backed away from his neighbor, putting up his hands. "I—I'm sorry," he said in response to Cole's questioning and almost hurt-looking expression, "but I—I shouldn't be here."

"In your own house?" Cole asked, cocking his head obliviously.

"No—uh, I mean, *here*, with you...alone," Hunter stammered, his body shaking with a mixture of anticipation and fear. "P—please, put your clothes back on," he pleaded.

"Are you afraid of being called out as a pedo, too?" Cole asked, disappointed, yet he made no motion to pull his pants back up.

"Cole, I—"

Damn it! Hunter growled under his breath in frustration.

"Cole, I *am* a pedo, and I'm trying *really* hard to recover, but please, for gosh sakes, put your *damn* clothes back on!"

Cole gaped as he stood, shocked and staring at Hunter. A smile slowly crept over his face.

"So you *like* what you see?" he asked, swaying his hips.

It was Hunter's turn to gape. He shook his head. "Please, don't even *joke* about that! I—I cannot get caught again. It will be the end of my life!"

Cole's eyes narrowed.

"I have an idea," he said, stepping out of his leggings and underwear.

Picking up his jock strap, he advanced towards Hunter.

"How about you do *exactly* what I say, and I don't tell anyone about our little get-together?"

Hunter swallowed nervously. "Wh—what do you mean?" he asked. "I'm—I'm not doing anything! *You* came on to *me*!"

Cole scoffed. "That's not what I heard," he said. "I heard the three-time pedophile lured the neighbor kid *right next door* over and fucked him silly." He gave puppy-dog eyes. "The poor boy begged for help, but the pedophile was way too strong for him. And then the pedophile got arrested, and his life was over." His expression turned businesslike. "Is that what you want? 'Cause it's my word versus yours, and *nobody* is gonna believe a pedophile. *Nobody*."

Hunter hung his head. Trapped. In his own house. He *knew* the kid would be trouble...

"What do you want?" he asked, beaten.

"I just want you to do what you want to do," Cole said, his face brightening. "I want you to have your way with me!"

But Hunter didn't take the bait. His life was over: he knew that, and he didn't even have to go back to the Institute for it to happen.

Cole's expression changed. "Fine, if you want to play the victim, *I'll* be the bad guy."

He shoved Hunter forward; for 14, the kid was surprisingly strong. Hunter retreated to his bedroom—that was where Cole wanted to go anyway, wasn't it?—with Cole hot on his heels.

"I'll bet this drives you crazy, doesn't it?" Cole asked as he pulled his jock strap down around Hunter's head and forced him to his knees.

Hunter shuddered at the scent of barely-pubescent musk and sweat. His cock throbbed in his pants. He was losing the fight, and he didn't know how to win.

"Yeah, smell my crotch!" Cole laughed coldly, stepping forward to grind his cock against Hunter's face. "Has that got you all hot and bothered, yet?"

It was too much, and Hunter snapped. He was up in a flash and shoved Cole hard, knocking him backwards onto the bed. Cole's face suddenly looked genuinely frightened as Hunter dropped trow and positioned himself between the jock's legs.

"You wanted this," Hunter growled as he pressed himself up against the virgin ass.

"Police! Freeze!"

Fuck.

"Well, well, welcome back," the voice said as Hunter struggled against the shackles that held his arms to the floor. "You lasted far longer than I would have expected, but you *did* nevertheless fail. He *is* quite the looker, though, isn't he? And a great actor."

"Wha—?" Hunter gasped.

"Oh, come now! You didn't think we'd *actually* put a child in danger of getting raped, did you? No, Cole—or Derek, his real name—was working for us all along, and he's 19."

"This is entrapment!" Hunter protested. "I was fighting it! Really, really hard! If he hadn't been so damn persuasive, I would *never* have..."

"It was accelerated testing," the voice replied. "Step up the strain, and you fail faster. You *almost* made it. Had you just told him 'no' that last time, he would have gone, and you would have been able to go on living your life. Sucks, doesn't it, that you were so close to making it?"

"This isn't fair!" Hunter cried. "How can you expect me to turn down something I want over and over again when it keeps begging me to take it and then outright demands it?!"

"Simple: stop wanting it," the voice replied. "No *normal* person would even entertain such a notion. Derek told you that everybody else ran off as soon as he brought it up, and that should have been your reaction, too."

"I *would* have, but I didn't want him to be left with *nobody* to talk to about it!" Hunter retorted. "He seemed to really need help. How was I supposed to know?"

"That's neither here nor there," the voice said. "He would have eventually figured it out, same as a bunch of other kids do. And when he started pulling down his pants, *that* should have been your clue to get the fuck out of there!"

"I—I froze. I didn't know what to do," Hunter said, his face burning in embarrassment.

"I know, I know," the voice said condescendingly. "But fortunately for you, that will never be a problem again. If you have any last words, I suggest you say them now, because this will be your last conversation as an adult. Shit's about to get *real*."

Hunter opened his mouth to speak, but everything tried to come out at once, and what actually happened was he burst into tears.

The voice snorted derisively. "Fitting. Zeke?"

The orderly stepped in and smiled. "Welcome back, little boy," he said.

"Well, at least you won't be feigning being a mute this time," Hunter spat.

"Nope, not this time," Zeke said. "Let's get these clothes off of you."

"Should have thought of that before you chained me up, asshole," Hunter smirked.

"Oh, didn't you know?" Zeke grinned, holding up a pair of safety scissors, "It's all part of the plan. As I cut your clothes off, I cut the last of your independence away from you. Since you are *never* getting out of here again, I don't have to worry about getting them off in one piece!"

Hunter's smirk faded as it dawned on him that Zeke was right. *Never* getting out of here. He shook his head and struggled.

"I'm not going down without a fight!" he yelled.

"Good," Zeke said with a smile. "I wouldn't have it any other way."

He advanced on Hunter. As soon as the orderly was in range, Hunter kicked out with both feet, aiming for the orderly's groin. Zeke grabbed his foot and twisted, making Hunter wince in pain.

"One for me, zero for you," Zeke said as he began cutting up the pant-leg of the foot he grabbed, the scissors gliding effortlessly through the thin fabric.

He made it to Hunter's knee before the captive pulled away and kicked again. Zeke grabbed his other foot and repeated the process.

"And now the easy part," Zeke said.

Hunter thrashed his legs, trying to prevent Zeke from being able to grab hold of them, but the orderly did so anyway and pinned them down. He sat on Hunter's legs and continued cutting up his pants, making far more cuts than were necessary and slowly shredding them in the process.

"See that?" the voice asked him. "Zeke and I will cut your mind into tatters just like your pants. By the time we're through with you, all you'll be able to do is cry, grunt, eat, shit, and piss. If you're good, we might even let you crawl around between customers."

Hunter stopped thrashing abruptly. "Customers?" he asked nervously.

"Oh, you'll find out soon enough," the voice said. Hunter could *hear* the malice in it.

While his captive was distracted, Zeke made short work of his shirt and undershirt. The feeling of them being ripped off his body brought Hunter back to the present, where tattered remains of his clothes were heaped next to him, and all that remained were his underwear.

Zeke lifted up the waistband and began cutting tiny pieces off the underwear at a time, as if shredding a credit card. Hunter squeezed his legs together to bar access, but as soon as he did, Zeke found something else to cut. Piece by agonizing piece, Zeke cut the last of Hunter's dignity from him, until all that remained was a small, jagged piece of fabric that used to cover his perineum. Zeke smiled and held it up where Hunter could see it, and then cut it in two as if in slow motion, letting the pieces fall to the floor.

"Welcome to hell," the voice said. "From now on, you are a baby. Babies do not talk. If you try to talk, we'll gag you. If you keep it up, we'll just cut your vocal chords out. Do I make myself clear? Grunt."

Hunter closed his eyes as tears flowed down his cheeks. He grunted understanding.

"Good. Zeke will now prepare you for your new role."

"My—" Hunter caught himself and shut his mouth tightly.

"Uh, huh, that's right," Zeke said, glaring at him. "No talking."

The orderly stepped back as surcingle straps materialized and lashed Hunter down. With Hunter immobilized, Zeke let his wrists go, and the floor rose to bring him up to waist height.

"Time for your operation," the voice said.

Hunter's eyes went wide. *What operation?!* He struggled but in vain against the many straps that held him still as Zeke pulled on the gurney and started it rolling over the padded floor. They rolled out into the hallway, and Hunter had to squint to avoid the blinding fluorescent lights directly overhead.

Zeke wheeled him into what looked like an exam room in a doctor's office, but Hunter's gurney took the place of the traditional exam table. As soon as Zeke had the gurney in place, he went to a counter on the left with some kind of electrical medical device on it. He turned it on silently and picked up a handheld tool connected to the equipment by a long cord.

"Our customers like their boys smooth," he said, "so all this hair has to go." He smiled as Hunter bucked in protest. "Don't worry; you can keep your eyebrows and eyelashes, since babies *do* have those."

With that, he brought the tool to Hunter's leg. Hunter tried to kick against the restraints.

Zeke shook his head and put the tool down, turning off the electrolysis machine. He reached up into a cabinet and took down a syringe and a vial.

"You've gained weight," he said. "Apparently you were eating well on the outside. No matter; I'll just give you a little more."

Hunter felt a burning sensation in his butt as Zeke injected the muscle relaxant.

"We'll let that work a few minutes, and then I'll start again," the orderly said, smiling coolly.

It didn't take long for Hunter's bucking to cease.

"And there we go," Zeke said, turning the machine back on and bringing the tool to Hunter's leg again.

With a glance at Hunter's face, he touched the tool to the first hair follicle he found and zapped it.

It didn't *hurt*, per se, but it was uncomfortable, about like getting snapped by a rubber band.

Satisfied that Hunter was sufficiently paralyzed, Zeke threw off the rest of the straps to give himself free access to Hunter's body and began electrolyzing with gusto. *Zap, zap, zap!* went the follicles. Each one felt a little worse than the one before it, and Hunter's breathing and heart rate picked up a bit as sweat beaded on his brow. The worst parts were his inner thighs and his groin, where every zap elicited a breathy exhalation. This went on for hours.

"Damn, you have thick hair," Zeke grumbled. "I wish Dr. Leto was here to help."

"Ask and you shall receive," a voice said.

Hunter glanced at the door. Now he had a name for the voice and the face of the man who had tormented him so long. *Not that it matters*, he thought bitterly, *since I'm forbidden to speak!*

"Have a minute to help with this?" Zeke asked.

The doctor shrugged. "Sure. Might as well get it done."

Another tool appeared, and now they both set to work on him. Dr. Leto began working on Hunter's scalp as tears formed in the captive's eyes at its loss.

"Lunch?" Dr. Leto asked hours later.

"Yeah!" Zeke replied as they both turned their tools off and put them down. "What do we do about him?"

"He'll wait," the doctor replied with a smile. "Oh," he added, "better give him another dose."

Hunter felt the sting as the needle stabbed into him.

"Want to do Charlie's?" the doctor asked as they left.

Hunter was left alone in the room. He could escape if only it weren't for the damned drugs, but his body had once again betrayed him, and he was stuck here, unable to move, unable to escape. All that he could do was reflect on his situation and to berate himself time and again for his poor choices in life.

He didn't know when it started, but as a child, he was attracted to other children, and as he got older, he continued to prefer children. The psychologists over the years had tried to figure out what his problem

was, but he had never suffered a head injury, was not PTSD, and had—as far as he knew—never been molested. Something about children's innocence appealed to him, though, and seeing their hairless bodies. If Hunter was being honest, Cole was probably a bit too old for him—and Derek *really* was. But to really pinpoint what *started* it all, it was probably the chatroom.

It started innocently enough; he was in a sex chatroom and was bored—such chatrooms were often full of wallflowers with their dicks in their hands but not feeding the fantasies of others in the room. A private message notification from 'youngsmoothboy' popped up, and he answered it without thinking.

A/S/L? youngsmoothboy asked.

24/m/nowhere u?

10/m/next door

Hunter sat back from his computer. *10? Next door?*

Huh?

The other person didn't answer right away. Hunter's heart pounded.

What do u mean?

He had just about decided not to worry about it when a picture appeared of a young boy, probably about 10, naked and spreading his legs.

U like?

Hunter recoiled, pushing himself back from his desk and quickly closing the browser window.

Shit! I'm gonna get arrested! My life is over! They're gonna find kiddie porn on my computer!

He panicked for a good hour before he finally started to calm down.

It wasn't my fault the guy sent that, he reasoned. That should afford him *some* kind of plausible deniability, right?

But the image of that kid was burned permanently into his mind, and as time went on, he couldn't stop thinking about it. A few days later, he tentatively went back to the chatroom and sent a message to youngsmoothboy.

Um, about the other day...

Ya, where'd u go?

I was kinda freaked out.

Don't like kids? :(

No, it's just...I wasn't expecting it.

k.

Was that you?

Ya, I've got more pics if u want.

Hunter swallowed nervously.

Sure.

Things went downhill from there. After talking for several months with youngsmoothboy, he finally agreed to meet him. The kid looked just like his pictures, but Hunter couldn't go through with it; he liked the kid too much from talking to him, and his dark fantasies had gotten dark enough that he didn't want to inflict them on the kid. He quit talking to him, left the chatroom for good, and went hunting for kids that he wasn't quite so attached to.

"All right, time to get finished with the boy," Dr. Leto's voice said, interrupting Hunter's recollection.

The doctor and Zeke walked in and went back to work without a word to Hunter. The twin snapping rubber bands recommenced, and Hunter couldn't really focus on anything else.

A few hours later, Dr. Leto sighed and said, "Well, I think that's enough for a day."

Zeke nodded. "Fuck, he's got a lot of hair. It'd take months to do it this way!"

Dr. Leto gave a cold smile. "Or a lot more hands. Diaper him up and get him back to his cell. We'll hire some temps to come work on him around the clock. First customer is scheduled for two weeks from now, and since he's an investor, we've *got* to make this work!"

Zeke nodded and quickly diapered Hunter's limp body before wheeling him back into his cell and letting the gurney drop to the floor, leaving Hunter lying there helpless.

"See you tomorrow, little boy," Zeke said, smiling as he left.

Hunter awoke the next day with a wet diaper that Zeke changed quickly before shooting him full of muscle relaxants again and wheeling him back into the electrolysis room. Had Hunter had any control of his facial expressions, he would have widened his eyes: there were at least two dozen guys in there, each holding an electrolysis tool.

"Start with his groin," Zeke instructed them. "That's the most important part. Balls, dick, perineum, ass, all of it has to go."

Then he left Hunter there at the mercy of the temps. There were so many of them that they couldn't all work on his groin at once, and so the others spread out to work on anything they could get their hands on. One tackled his feet—the hairs being shocked off his toes were particularly painful—while another tackled his arm.

Hunter lost all track of time while locked in the room. Save for the periodic shots he received to keep him unable to move, there was nothing to indicate how long he'd been there. At some point, the incessant pinching sensations became a dull ache, and he was able to sleep through them.

He awoke with a start. He didn't know how long he'd been out, but he was able to move his hands, so it had to have been at least 8 hours. His head ached, and he felt shaky all over as he sat up.

Oh, shit! He looked down to find that he had no hair anywhere on his body. His skin was as smooth as a baby's, and as he nervously brought his hand to his head, he shuddered: there was no hair on his head, either, just as Zeke had told him.

But something suddenly caught his attention: his hands were free. They weren't in those damned mitts, and that meant he could take the damn diaper off! Wait. There *was* no diaper. That explained why his hands weren't mitts, then. He stood and paced his cell.

"Ah, you're awake," the voice said. "Don't worry about your lack of a diaper; we didn't want you getting infected after we took all the hair off. Rest assured, you'll be back in one tomorrow, and then your real training begins. In the meantime, is baby hungry?"

Hunter's stomach growled, and he nodded.

"Be a good baby and grunt for me," the voice said, "and get back on all fours! Babies do not walk!"

Hunter's lip curled into a sneer, but what was the point of fighting it? He'd save it for another day. He grunted and got on all fours just as the door opened.

"Time to eat, little boy," Zeke said, beckoning for Hunter to come to him.

Hunter hesitated, but the growling in his stomach was not going away, and he reluctantly crawled over to where the orderly stood.

"That's a good baby!" Zeke cooed, sitting and pulling Hunter into his lap. He pressed the bottle to Hunter's lips, and despite having a good idea of what was in the bottle, Hunter began slurping at the nipple hungrily.

"Such a hungry baby!" Zeke said, angling the bottle to let Hunter completely empty it. "That's a good baby, drink down all my milk."

Hunter shuddered at the thought. It was bad enough knowing in the back of his mind what he was eating, but when Zeke brought it up, it was even *more* disturbing!

"Time for your burp, Baby," Zeke said as he put Hunter over his shoulder and patted his back. Hunter grimaced but burped in spite of himself. The whole thing was so damn humiliating!

"Such a *good* boy!" Zeke put him down. "Now don't go anywhere, Baby," he said as he stepped back out.

Hunter sat against the wall, trying to figure out what to do. He was *not* going to stay here like this forever; he just *couldn't*! There had to be a way out of this, but with Zeke constantly locking him in and being far stronger, Hunter just couldn't see any way around it!

"Are you feeling all right?" the voice asked him.

Hunter frowned. Given the circumstances, he guessed so. He shrugged and grunted.

"That's right, little boy. Good boys grunt and cry. Why don't you lie down and listen to what I've got to say for a bit? It's not like you're going anywhere anyway."

Hunter shrugged again and lay down. *Why not? What else have I got to lose?*

"I want you to lie there and think about how helpless you are," the voice continued.

That's easy enough.

"I want you to think about how weak you're becoming, how your legs don't feel quite right anymore."

Huh? But as soon as Hunter thought about it, his body *did* feel really...heavy, like if he wanted to lift his legs, he'd have trouble doing it.

"That's right, just focus on your weakness. Embrace it. Our customers want you weak, so it's best if you truly *are* weak and helpless. Think about rolling over now. Don't do it; just *think* about it. Doesn't it sound like an *awful* lot of effort? Boy, it must take all the energy in your body to roll over!"

What is he doing to me? Hunter wondered. It *did* seem like it would be exhausting to roll over.

"Why don't you try it, little boy?" the voice suggested. "Try rolling over. Come on, now...unless you can't."

Suddenly fearful that he *couldn't* roll over, Hunter immediately began trying. Why was he so tired? He'd rolled over effortlessly every day of his life since he was a child...*Oh, wait.*

It took a lot of exertion, but Hunter finally managed to get himself onto his stomach. His arms were stuck underneath him, and his legs splayed out froglike, letting his naked and hairless penis press against the padding.

"Very good!" the voice praised. "Now let's see if you can crawl."

The door opened. Hunter waited for Zeke to step in, but there was nobody there.

"Freedom is through that door," the voice coaxed. "All you have to do is get to it. You can do that, can't you?"

It's a trap. Hunter didn't care; suddenly *all* that mattered was getting to that door! Forgetting how much effort it had taken just to roll over, he tried to raise himself up to stand.

He managed to get his arms out from under him, but his body collapsed on the padded floor.

Why can't I move?! He began to breathe heavily and grunted and winced to get up on all fours. It took all his concentration to put one limb forward and pull himself limb-by-limb towards the door.

He made it about halfway across the cell and collapsed, exhausted and frustrated.

"Oh, poor baby," the voice said. "You sure look tired. Wouldn't you like to cry and get it out of your system?"

That sounded like the best idea in the world at the moment. Hunter sniffled and let his body heave as he threw a temper tantrum. He couldn't get his body to move like it should, was too tired to escape to his freedom, and was now bald, hairless, and crying on the floor...in a puddle of his own urine.

Wait, when did that happen?! He paused crying and tried to roll over to get out of the puddle of the quickly-cooling, smelly liquid, but he had used up all his energy reserves and was now helplessly stuck in the stinky puddle. It frustrated him even more, and he began crying again, even louder than before.

Zeke rushed into the room.

"Oh, poor baby's wet!" he said, scooping Hunter up and leaning him against the back wall of the cell.

To Hunter's dismay, he had lost the balance and tone to hold himself upright, and he fell on his side. This brought about a fresh bout of frustrated, bewildered crying.

"Poor, poor baby," Zeke said consolingly, propping him in the corner.

"I don't think he liked those drugs in his bottle," the voice said.

"Nope, didn't like them a bit!" Zeke laughed as he removed the soiled flooring and replaced it with fresh, clean padding.

Drugs? That explained why everything was so damn hard! Hunter felt a little better knowing that as soon as the drugs wore off, he'd have his body back. Maybe *then* he could think of a way to escape.

"Let's get you into position, little boy," Zeke said.

Hunter frowned and then gasped as Zeke picked him up and put him on all fours, kneeling behind him.

"Time for your daily injection," the orderly told him. "Got to get you limbered up for the customers."

The captive braced himself for the sting of another muscle relaxant, but he wasn't prepared for Zeke to shove his dick down his ass and fuck him roughly. Exhausted and too tired to fight, Hunter just cried again in helpless, frustrated pain.

"Boy, he's getting close to where we want him, isn't he?" the voice said.

"Yeah, and fortunately, that muscle relaxer in his drink didn't weaken his ass at all!" Zeke replied, continuing to drive into and out of Hunter. "Still nice and tight."

"I wonder if he'll be that tight after our first customer gets done with him," the voice wondered, chuckling. "Marty's a pretty big guy from what I hear."

Zeke grunted and shot into Hunter. "I wouldn't want to be you," he said, patting him on the shoulder. "Just eight more days until you get to meet him! Won't that be fun?"

He pulled out and left Hunter there, leaking cum down his smooth, hairless ass and balls.

"Fuck you," Hunter tried to say.

All that actually came out were some grunts and whimpers.

Hunter awoke on his back, padded with so many diapers that he couldn't close his legs.

"Time to eat, Baby!" that damn orderly said, scooping him onto his lap and holding him upright.

Hunter tried to lean forward to get away from Zeke's hand, but as he did, he lost his balance and toppled forward. He would have hit his head if Zeke hadn't caught him.

"Careful, Baby!" Zeke warned. "You haven't got the muscle tone you used to. You can't sit up on your own anymore!"

Can't...sit...up... Why was crying such a good idea *all* the fucking time now? He burst into tears.

"Oh, such a fussy baby," Zeke pouted. "Here you go, Baby. This will make it all better."

He put the bottle in Hunter's mouth, interrupting Hunter's crying. Hunter began to suck the bottle, no longer even caring if it was cum or formula or full of drugs. What more could they do to him? Seriously. He couldn't even sit up on his own!

The idea made Hunter cry again.

"Oh? Maybe he's not hungry," the voice said, intrigued. "Is he wet?"

Zeke stuck his finger between the diaper and Hunter's leg. "Nope," he said, shaking his head.

"Maybe just mad because he's helpless, then," the voice suggested. "Speak, little boy: what's wrong with you?"

"What's wrong with me?!" Hunter cried, "You assholes tricked me into coming here, removed all of my hair, made it so I can't even *fucking sit up*, and now you want to know what's *wrong* with me?!"

Zeke frowned, perplexed. "Did you catch any of that?" he asked.

"Sounded like gibberish to me," the voice replied.

"Don't fuck with me!" Hunter yelled, trying to shake his fist but barely managing even to *make* one. "You fuckers can pretend I can't talk all you want, but you *know* what you did, and when I figure out how to get out of here, I'm going to fucking *kill* you both!"

Zeke raised his eyebrows and shrugged helplessly. "Boss, I've got nothing!" he said.

"Little boy, it seems we've made a breakthrough: I have no idea what you were trying to say, but here, have a listen to what you sound like."

Hunter's jaw dropped as he listened to what was unmistakably his voice making all manner of very agitated-sounding babble, but even *he* couldn't understand what he'd said.

"No!" he cried. "No! How will I talk? Fix me, you assholes!"

He wrenched himself out of Zeke's hands and fell on his face. He wanted to cry, but more than that, he wanted to escape. He struggled hard to get to his hands and knees and began toddling slowly towards the door.

Just got to get through the door. Then I'll be able to walk out of here! Just got to make it!

He felt his body getting limp and willed himself to keep going. His lungs burned, and his chest pounded as he struggled to keep moving. He took another step. And then one more.

He collapsed as his ass farted a mess into his diaper.

"Wow, boss," Zeke said, impressed.

"It's even better than I planned," the voice said, awe-struck.

"Should I change him?" Zeke asked.

"Nah. Let him suffer a little bit. I'm sure whatever it was he was trying to say was punishment-worthy anyway."

Zeke stepped out, closing the door behind him and leaving Hunter collapsed in a heap in the middle of the room with his diaper continuing to fill.

Hunter again lost all track of time. He couldn't tell which was worse: being changed, fed, burped, and raped, or being left by himself for hours on end. At first, the banter from Zeke and Dr. Leto gave him some kind of mental stimulation, but they soon wised up to that and now said absolutely nothing to him ever. He babbled and mumbled, trying to get a rise out of them, but soon it was only the voices in his head that kept him company. His body wouldn't cooperate. He didn't know if he was being hypnotized while he slept or if the drugs they put in his bottle were really just *that* strong. In a desperate attempt to get his body back, he tried skipping meals. He would cry and force his mouth closed when they tried to feed him until

they shrugged and gave up. Without the doses of drugs every day, he hoped that his body would eventually remember how to do the most *basic* things.

He never got to find out.

"All right, Baby, we can't have you starving to death, so it's time for tough love," Zeke said, bursting in and wheeling in an IV pole.

Hunter jumped; it was the first thing anybody had said to him in days.

Great... he thought...I hate needles.

But he didn't have to worry about that too much. Zeke put him on all fours, lifted the ground out from under him, and strapped him on his belly to the gurney.

The hell?

He felt something poking around his butt. *Oh, no!*

An enema nozzle shoved its way inside of him and quickly began inflating. Hunter whimpered in discomfort as the nozzle plugged him up, preventing him from pushing it out.

Suddenly he felt movement through the nozzle and felt a growing warmth in his rectum.

"If you won't eat your dinner like a good boy, we'll just have to feed it to you this way," Zeke said. "You're four meals behind, so we're gonna get you all caught up."

The fullness in Hunter's bowels got stronger until he began to feel bloated, dizzy, and nauseous. Something inside of him suddenly released, and he felt the warmth spread up into his chest as the liquid flooded further into him. But the fullness stayed and continued to grow, filling more and more of him. He felt the pressure growing across his chest to the point that it was hard to breathe, and he began to gasp, sweating in discomfort as the last of the liquid drained into him.

Zeke closed a valve and then took the IV stand out and left, leaving Hunter plugged with all that liquid inside of him. He desperately needed to void, but the plug ensured that couldn't happen, sending chills down his spine. He cried, hoping it would get Zeke or Dr. Leto to let him go, but all it did was make him sleepy. He dozed off still bloated with the liquid.

The lights clicked on, and Hunter awoke groggily. It had been several days since he was force-fed his meal, and he didn't fight it anymore. Zeke sat and held a bottle for him.

Wonder what it'll be this time, Hunter thought. More muscle relaxants? Diarrhea? Something to make me cry a little more?

He dutifully sucked down the bottle and burped. But then Zeke went to leave without changing him. Hunter sniffled a bit. Zeke still strode towards the door. Hunter cried out. Zeke turned, cupped his face, and said, "not until afterwards, Baby." Then he left.

Afterwards?

He felt his belly rumble. *Ugh, he groaned. Diarrhea, then.* He lay on his stomach, moaning as his bowels emptied themselves violently into his diaper.

Fuck, this feels bad, he thought tiredly to himself. But as each new wave pushed itself through him, he realized something was wrong. He was having trouble thinking in complete sentences.

Did they...? Drunk? Dr—druuuuunk. DrunnnKK! He giggled a bit. *Can't...think.*

"Feel it?" the voice said—it was the first he'd spoken to him in days—"That's the last step. Pretty soon, you won't understand what I'm—"

Hunter blinked. *Understand what he's...what? Last...step?*

The realization hit him suddenly: the last step was the last of his ability to understand speech, including in his own head! He struggled. *No!* he thought. *N—*

He began bawling on the floor.

The door opened, and Zeke walked in. Hunter heard sounds...voices? He didn't know what they were saying. He felt himself being changed, and he felt someone tickle his belly. He giggled.

Something pressed up into his ass, and he began crying again. Then the diaper was back, the lights were out, and he was left on his back to cry himself to sleep.

"I believe you'll be very pleased with the results," Dr. Leto said as he escorted Martin—Marty for short—down the hall. "As of yesterday, he was no longer processing speech, or at least as best as we can tell.

He opened the door to Hunter's cell and stepped inside. Hunter blinked and opened his eyes, peering at them curiously.

"Hello, Hunter," Dr. Leto said, bending over. "Do you know who I am?"

Hunter just giggled and played with his feet.

"Wow, very impressive," Marty said. He glanced at Dr. Leto. "Is he...?"

"Yes," Dr. Leto replied, "Completely hairless, save for eyebrows and eyelashes."

"Let me see."

The two advanced on Hunter, and he beamed up at them innocently. The floor rose under him, and he began crying in bewilderment, but a gentle pat from Dr. Leto and a soft shushing quieted him and dried his tears.

Dr. Leto pulled off the plastic pants and let all the diapers fall down. "We purged him last night to make sure he'd be nice and clean for you," he said to Marty.

"Wow, he's...he's perfect," Marty said, running his fingers along Hunter's perfectly smooth skin. "Damn, he feels *just* like a baby!"

"Cries like one, too," Dr. Leto muttered wryly. "Would you like to try out your investment?"

Marty nodded, his eyes shining and his breathing husky. "Yeah," he said.

"I'll leave you to it," Dr. Leto replied.

Marty pulled off his pants and underwear and stood touching himself with one hand. "Man, they really got every detail with you right, didn't they?" he asked. He stuck his finger into Hunter's mouth, and Hunter began sucking it automatically.

Marty shuddered as his cock hardened.

"Fuck, yeah," he breathed.

He played with Hunter's hairless dick. It didn't even get hard.

"Wow..."

He let his fingers trail lower, down Hunter's smooth perineum, and pressed a sausage-like finger against the smooth, powdered ass.

"Fuck..."

Marty couldn't take it anymore and substituted his prick for his finger. Hunter whimpered.

"Shh," Marty said. "Take it like a champ, little guy. This won't hurt too much."

He shoved himself in, eliciting a wail from Hunter.

"Fuck, that sounds like the real thing!" Marty exulted. His cock throbbed inside, and he shot off a second later.

"Damn," he shuddered, pulling out of Hunter's gaping ass and watching his cum drip out unhindered to fall onto the diaper below.

He shuddered again in ecstasy, got his pants back on, and stepped to the door. It opened, and Dr. Leto stood anxiously awaiting Marty's assessment.

"Well," Marty said, "you may have failed to rehabilitate him, but creating a sustainable, legal alternative for pedophiles to get it out of their system without actually harming any children..." he paused for emphasis as Dr. Leto leaned forward breathlessly. "Complete success!"

Dr. Leto breathed a sigh of relief and shook hands with Marty.

"I gotta say, you guys really outdid yourselves," Marty said. "I mean, every detail was just perfect. Just one thing..."

"Yes?" Dr. Leto asked anxiously.

"Maybe pull the teeth out next time; then I could fuck his face."

"Duly noted," Dr. Leto said as they left.

Hunter didn't understand a word of any of it as the gurney put him back down to continue leaking the strange man's fluids onto his diaper.