

## STIMULUS

by Dreyer

Your teeth clamp down on the pacifier in your mouth, and you twist and squirm as you struggle to hold back the throbbing, aching pressure in your bladder. You know that if you don't, it'll begin the cycle all over again. The cycle that you've been trapped in ever since you signed up for this "research opportunity" who knows how long ago: You soak the diaper that's been taped up around your hips, and then nanomachines woven into the fabric activate. They start emitting tiny bursts of electricity, covering your genitals in a gentle tingling sensation. They gradually tingle you into arousal, until you're just on the edge of climax, and then they regulate their output to keep you there. If you try to rub or grind your way to an orgasm, they hit you with a quick and painful jolt to bring you back down... then once you've recovered from the shock, they start tingling you again until you're back on the edge. The only way out, once you're there, is to fill your diaper in the back as well — only then will they reward you with a deeper, more intense tingle, to bring you the sweet release you seek.

It's an awful, terrible cycle, and you don't want to start it again.

So, you try to distract yourself, with whatever you can distract yourself with in this little cell of a nursery you're stuck in. You scoot your padded butt along the floor of the playpen, looking for a toy that will take your mind off of the ache. You lift a stack of colored plastic rings off of their pole and scatter them about, and you see how fast you can stack them back up again — were it not for the mittens on your hands, you could hold the rings better and stack them even faster. You pick up some soft alphabet blocks and start stacking them, seeing what words you can spell with what structures. You grab a nearby rattle and shake it to the rhythm of the music box tunes playing from the speakers overhead. Nothing does the trick: all these baby toys aren't nearly stimulating enough for you.

And then, the speakers start playing 'London Bridge is Falling Down.'

Suddenly, your full attention is on the pressure in your bladder, which grows and grows until it's unbearable. The first time you wet yourself in this playpen, it was while 'London Bridge is Falling Down' was playing, and ever since then, the urge to pee intensifies whenever that song starts playing. Even if you don't need to pee, you feel like you should be peeing when you hear that song — and now that you do, it takes all your concentration not to! You're not even sure what you're going to get out of holding it like this — it's not like they're going to let you out of here to use the toilet anytime soon! You can't even remember the last time you sat on a toilet. But your bladder is the one thing that, so far, you still have control over in this place, and so you're compelled to exercise that control. You grit your teeth, you clench your thighs, you hold your mittened hands to your crotch and you squirm and wiggle and tense yourself up. You have to hold it. You have to, you have to...

You can't. You don't even feel it when it starts: all you feel is a spot of warmth and wetness between your legs. When you notice it, all the tension leaves you, and then it's all the easier for your bladder to just let go. The pee rushes out of you, soaking into the thirsty padding, the warmth spreads across your crotch, all the way back to your bottom. When you're finally done, you have just a moment to sit there and feel how heavy your diaper has grown, to feel the shame of wetting yourself like a baby.

And then the tingling begins. Barely noticeable at first, but gradually growing until it's a constant, insistent tickle all over your privates. Your breath catches, a soft moan escapes from behind your pacifier. You fidget, you shift your hips, trying to see if you can pull your crotch away from the padding. But the diaper is on snug, and the electricity is strong: in fact, the more you move, the more

intense the sensation becomes. It takes you up, up, up... and then when you're about to hit your peak, the tingling dies down, until you're just about to dip — and then you feel another little tingle, just enough to keep you up, keep you floating there, keep you teetering on the edge.

You manage to hold out for about a minute — a personal record. But you can only take so much before your body starts acting on its own. You need release. You know what's going to happen, but you can't stop yourself. You need to come! Your hands thump against the playpen floor as you crawl over to the big teddy bear laying there, and you climb on top of it. Belly to belly, you crush yourself down against its plush bulk, and your hips start rocking. Helplessly you hump your big teddy, hoping that this time, this time, you can beat the signal, reach your orgasm before—

*Kzzzt!* You flinch, you wince, your hips stop pumping and your body goes still. The pain is intense, but brief, just enough to kill your excitement. But just as soon as you've caught your breath and regained your composure, the tingling starts again, and it's not long till you're back up at that place, yearning for release. You know what's going to happen, but you can't stop yourself rubbing your diapered crotch against your teddy, hoping for something, anything besides another electric spank!

Your wish is not granted. Again and again, you hump, you get shocked, you wince, you get tingled. You hump, you get shocked, you wince, you get tingled. You're a slave to the sensations, bouncing back and forth between pain and pleasure like a ping-pong ball. You know there's only one way you're going to break out of this pattern — but you don't want to do that! Not again! It's shameful, it's gross — and you don't even have to poop right now!

At least, you don't feel like you do — until 'Old MacDonald Had a Farm' starts playing.

Was this the song that was playing the first time you messed your diaper here? You don't even remember — you just know that when you hear that song, it's like your body remembers it's holding a big load in your backside, and it gets ready to let it out! And sure enough, you feel that deep and nagging sensation between your buttocks, even though you know for sure you didn't have to go until just then! But you certainly do now — and this time, you hardly even think of holding back. Why would you? You know it's pointless! You know you're not going to get what you want until you do!

So you hold tight to your teddy, you curl your toes, you tighten your lips around your pacifier and scrunch up your face — and you push. You push and you push, and the poop comes out so easily — a big, warm, mushy load fills up the seat of your diaper with a crinkly crackle. You keep pushing, and it keeps coming, until your diaper has puffed out and started drooping! And then, your reward: a deep, warm tingle between your legs, inviting you toward your orgasm, inviting you to hump your teddy as much as you please!

You grunt, you moan, you hold your teddy tight, you bury your face in its soft fur, your hips bounce up and down, your mushy mess jostles against your butt and your soggy padding squishes against your privates. Why did you even think of holding back in the first place?! What a silly idea! You're a big diaper-baby! You belong in diapers! You pee in your diapers! You *poop* in your diapers! And then...!

You groan, you gush, you squish, you sing. Your mind goes hazy, you slump down against Mr. Teddy's belly. You lay there heavy, panting, sighing, smiling like a dope, your pacifier jostling between your lips. You lay there, in your soggy, dirty, sticky diapers, like the big dumb mess of a baby that you are.

And unseen to you, behind the mirror on the wall, two scientists in labcoats observe, take notes, exchange words about how well the study is proceeding. It's a good thing for their research that you can't hear them: It would surely disrupt the experiment, after all, if you knew that they had switched you over to unmodified diapers over two weeks ago.