

Cindy Marie's

House of Shame



Chapter One
Baby's Birth Day

Foreword

This is the story of a young boy who by unfortunate circumstances, is put in foster care. It is here that he experiences terror and humiliation for the first time at the hands of his caretaker. His playmates, though fearful of similar treatment, soon discover the pleasure and power they get from seeing him shamed. Before long they began to find ways of getting him into trouble just to see him humiliated and degraded.

Being threatened with exposure at school, he is helpless to their fiendish plots. With his self-esteem destroyed, he feels alone, pleading for someone to rescue him from this tormenting existence. His nights are filled with tears as he feels worthless, a toy for others entertainment.

By the time he leaves foster care to live at home, he has become so meek and withdrawn, he soon becomes the target of the town's bullies. Even some local girls, discovering his past, find delight in blackmailing him into submitting to their every whim. They squeal with delight as he is reduced to a toddler and babyhood. Resisting only strengthens their pleasure and determination. They even put him in dresses, turning him into a live doll they can take turns playing mommy with.

He begins to enjoy the attention, confusing it with being loved, and before long he too finds babyhood rewarding. Little does he know his diaper changes are also going to change his whole life.

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Chapter One *Baby's Birth Day*

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CHAPTER ONE

Baby's Birth Day

I came into this world in 1943, born out of wedlock and raised as an only child. In order for my mother to keep from putting me up for adoption, she boarded me out with the Brown's, a local family who took in several boarders. They also had a daughter named Carol who was about a year older than myself. I stayed with this family up until eleven years old and able to care for myself while my mother was at work.

Though Mrs. Brown was married, I only remember seeing her husband a few times. He was a farmer and had several parcels of land scattered around so I guess he always worked late. The few times I did see him, I remember he use to pick me up off the floor by just my hair and carried me around while laughing, thinking it was funny. It didn't really hurt but his strength really terrified me. It is at this boarding house my story unfolds.

My first encounter with shame started when I was six and just prior to my first year in school. Up until this point, I think I was a fairly normal young boy with few emotional issues. It was an early summer morning and I was playing in the back yard with the other children. Suddenly, I needed to use the bathroom and not wanting to stop playing long enough to go inside, I went behind a tree to relieve myself. Carol, seeing me, ran to tell her mother. I panicked and quickly zipped my pants back up. In my haste I didn't give myself time to stop completely and slightly wet the front of my pants.



**Not wanting to stop playing long enough to go inside,
I went behind a tree to relieve myself.**

Carol told her mother what I'd done and I was called inside. Mrs. Brown asked me if what she was told was true. Fearing punishment, I said Carol was lying just to get me into trouble. Mrs. Brown grew angrier as she pointed to my pants asking, "Then why are your pants wet?" I cried I wouldn't do it again as I confessed, even more fearful now for having lied.

Without hesitation, she ordered me to get undressed. I was puzzled by her demand but frightened of disobeying her as I began to remove my clothes. As I did, I heard her call the other children in and had them line up across the room. I felt ashamed that I was about to be spanked in front of the others as I got down to just my underwear and shoes.

Seeing I had stopped, she snapped angrily, "I told you to get undressed and that means all of them. Now get your clothes off." My heart was racing out of control now as I felt horrified at having to get naked in front of everyone, let alone being spanked while they watched. I could hardly untie my shoes as my hands shook with fear of my pending doom.

Just as I started to lift my undershirt over my head, I heard her tell Carol to go and get a couple of the baby's diapers and some diaper pins. Terror filled my mind as I now realized her true intent. Before I could react, she yanked my shirt off and grabbing my arm, started dragging me towards the kitchen table. I pleaded for forgiveness, promising never to do it again but she was steadfast in her intentions, slapping my bottom several times while I struggled to get free. I screamed and kicked trying to escape but she was too strong.



The daughter seeing me, ran and told her mother what I'd done.



Her daughter returned and handed her the diapers while staring at me with devilish delight.

Lifting me onto the table, she forced me onto my back, all the while I kicked frantically as though my very life was at stake. My feet hit her face as she grew angrier and called the other boys over to hold me down. Carol returned and handed her the diapers as she wedged herself between my legs. Reaching for my underpants, she told Carol to leave the room until called as she pulled them from my feet leaving me naked.

I kept struggling frantically to get free while she refolded the diapers to fit me. Ordering the boys to lift me up, she slid the fabric under me and pulled the first corners together. Though teary eyed, I managed to look down and saw her just as she was retrieving one of the pins from the table and pulling the diaper tight, fastened it together.

My mind reeled with terror as I felt her repeat this with the other corners though she labored harder under my squirming. "Be still if you don't want to get stuck.", she warned as I felt the diapers grow snug, imprisoning me in my shame. The moment the second pin snapped shut, I felt all my resistance slip away as I stopped fighting and gave in to defeat. It was here that I lost my self esteem, my dignity stripped from my soul.

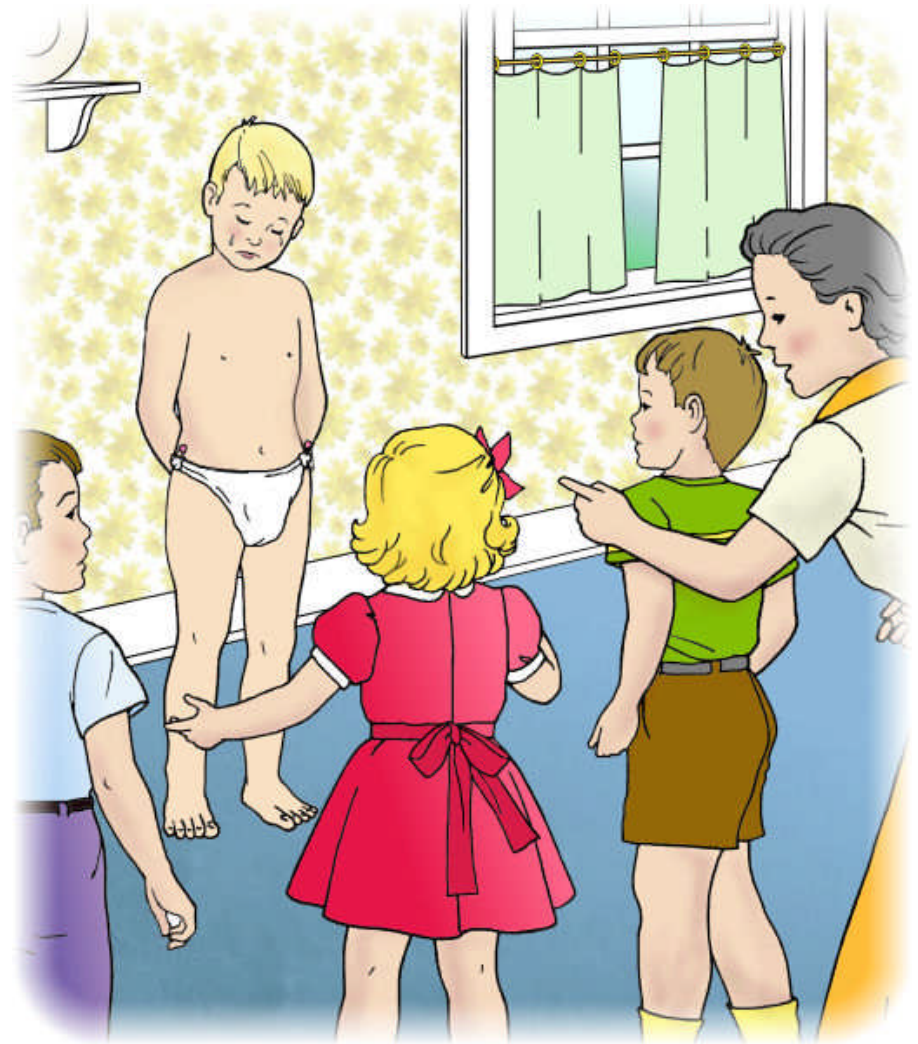
My shame was complete and I couldn't stop it. My feelings were not unlike having been gang raped. I went numb as she lifted me to a sitting position and told me that since I didn't want to use the bathroom like a big boy, now I didn't have to, I could use my diapers. Her words terrified me as I saw her smile victoriously at my helpless defeat. Letting me down to the floor, she stood me across from the others as I instinctively covered my front with my hands.

I felt panic as I heard her call her daughter back to join the others. "Put your hands behind your back so everyone can see what a little baby you are.", she demanded as I offered no resistance and obeyed. "Now look down at yourself and tell everyone what your wearing and why.", she added as I felt my shame intensify at the sight of the diapers. I could only sob in response as she ordered everyone to laugh and call me a baby.

I could see they were also scared as they tried to respond, though it didn't lessen my humiliation. Lowering my eyes to the floor, I burst into further tears. "Lift your head and look at the others, little baby.", she demanded. "Now put your thumb in your mouth and suck on it like a baby." I blindly obeyed as my heart sank in helpless despair. After a few moments, she ordered everyone to return outside. My face turned flush as Carol walked pass and smiled her triumph over me.

I just stood dazed and shaking as Mrs. Brown turned to me and said, "You too!" Horrified by her words, I pleaded to stay inside. To my relief, she said, "Very well. But you'd better not try and remove those diapers until I give you permission. Now run along and play until I call you for lunch." Everything seemed surreal as I went into the living room, trying to accept this was really happening.

I felt cold and naked wearing just a diaper and it kept me constantly aware of my shameful status. I went to the darkest corner of the room and sat in the large stuffed chair. Slowly I began to calm down though each time I looked down at my attire, I felt renewed shame.



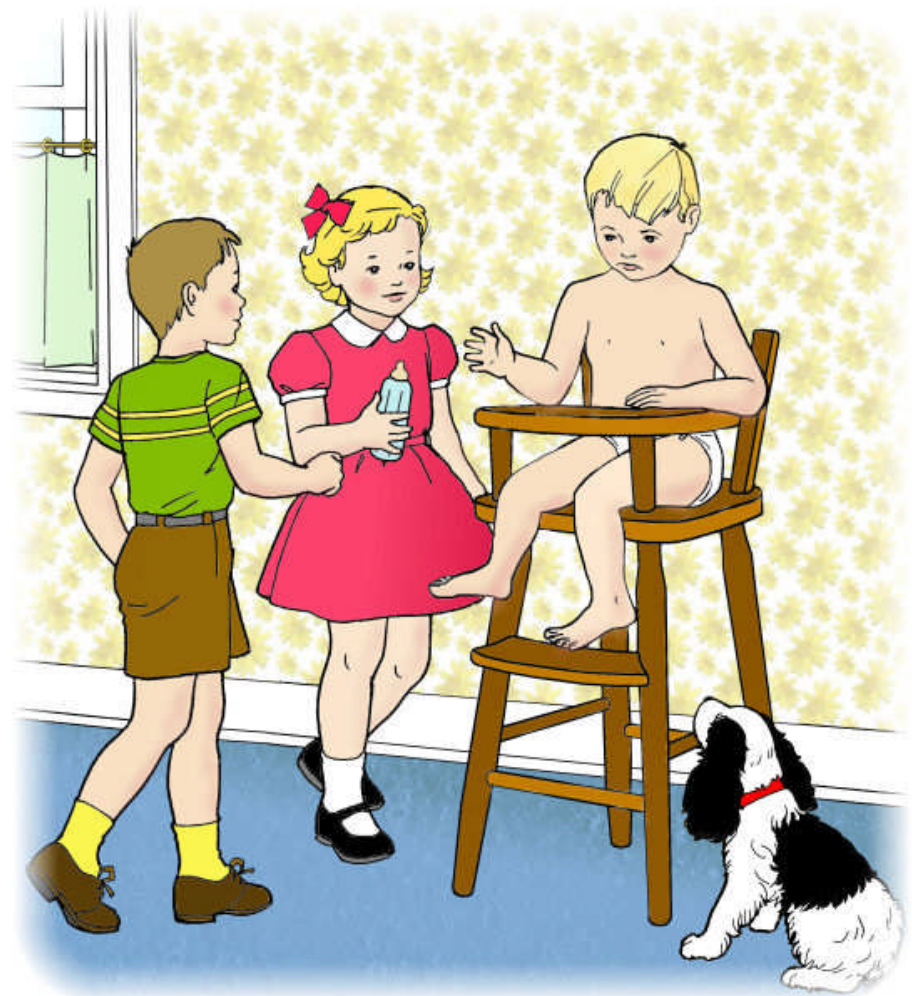
**"Put your hands behind your back
so everyone can see what a baby you are."**

It was over an hour before being called to lunch. As I entered the kitchen, I again felt panic as I spotted the baby's high chair pulled up to the table. "Your to sit here.", ordered Mrs. Brown as she called me over and helped me up. I still remember vividly of her struggling with the tray, trying to get it to snap into place and of how it made me feel as though I was being locked in and helpless. Being so high also made me feel I was being put on display as I lowered my eyes and starred hard at the tray.

I couldn't look at the others though I felt all eyes were upon me. I don't remember what I ate but clearly of being giving a baby bottle of milk by her daughter with instructions I was to finish it before I would be allowed down.

Having to hold the bottle up to drink it was difficult and made me feel even more babyish as everyone started to giggle. It took a long time to finish the bottle and true to her words I wasn't let down until long after the others had returned outdoors. I stayed in the living room and just sat in the chair praying this would soon be over. The diapers strangely began to feel like my regular underwear and unless I looked down at them, I began to forget how I was dressed.

A short time later, Mrs. Brown came in with some of the baby's toys and ordered me onto the floor as she placed them between my legs. "Here you are baby, you can keep yourself entertained with these.", she smiled as though gaining pleasure from my humiliation. I glanced down at the plastic rings and blocks she placed between my legs only to be visually reminded of my baby status.



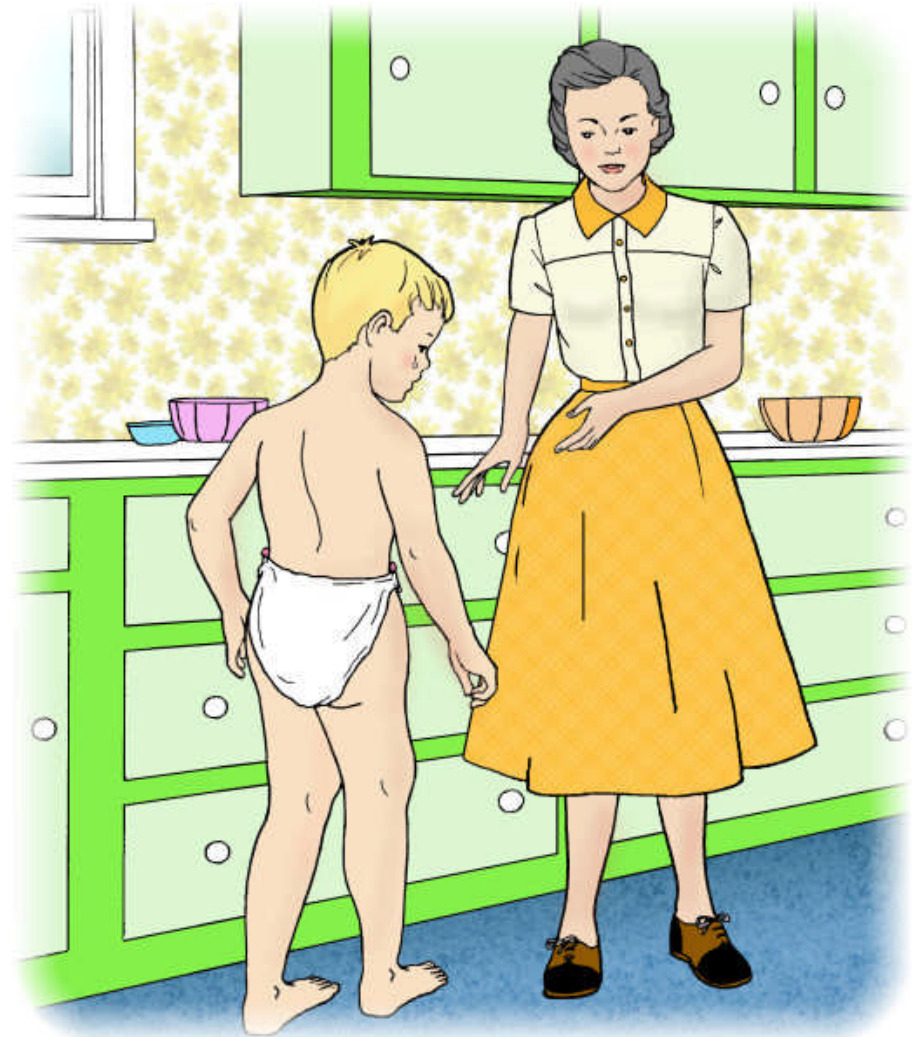
Having the daughter bring me a bottle only added to my humiliation.

A couple more hours passed before I began feeling the effects of the milk. I jumped up and went to her asking to please let me use the bathroom but she responded that was what the diapers were for. "You didn't want to use the bathroom like a big boy so now you don't have to. You can just use your diapers. Now run along and play.", she gleamed.

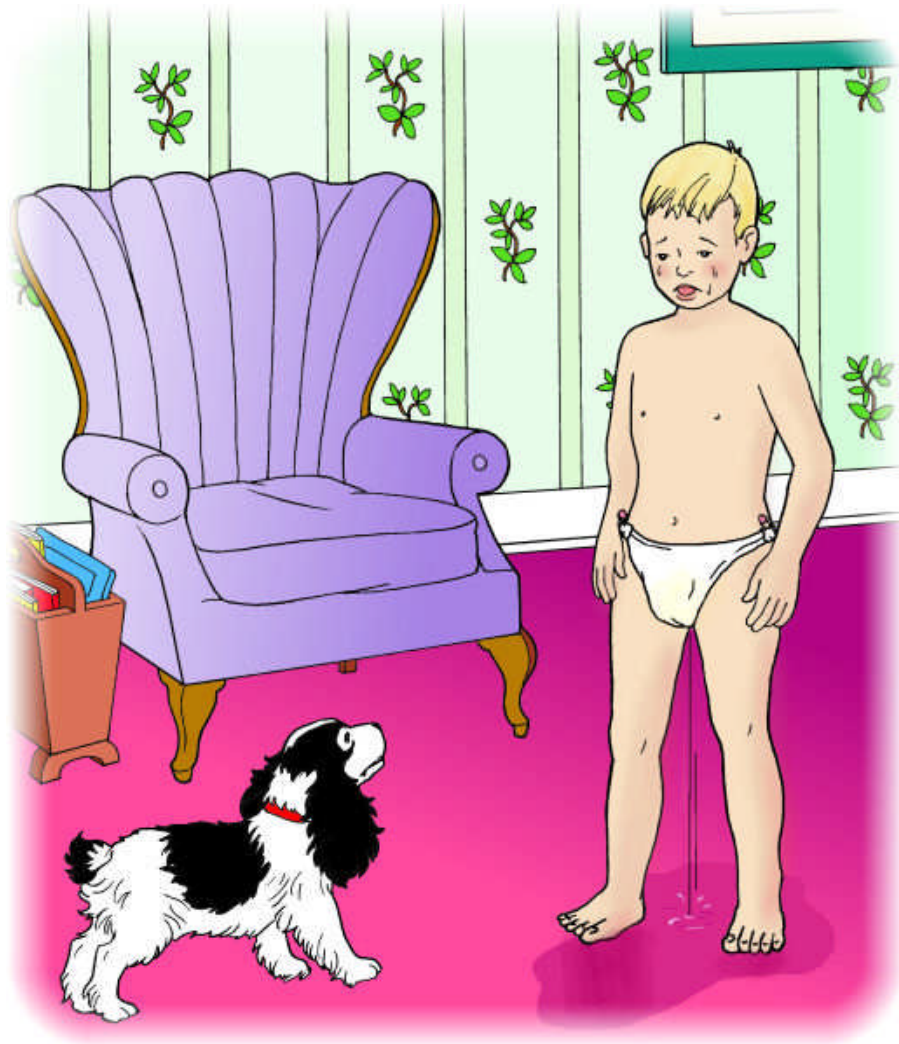
I was terrified by her words but thought she was just wanting to scare me as further punishment. Surely she wouldn't carry this that far, I thought. But each time I approached her, I grew more fearful as she repeated, "That's what the diapers are for. Babies don't use the bathroom. Now run along."

Nature's demand kept getting stronger as I grew more terrified with each refusal. The cramps soon had me folded over as I clenched my stomach in painful despair. In desperation I made one last plea as my resistance grew weak only to be told not to bother her again or I'd get a spanking. I was so desperate I even asked her if I did use the diapers, would she then remove them. She replied, "We'll see."

I could hardly walk now as I returned to the living room. I was crying uncontrollably both from the pain in my stomach and the pending shame I was about to suffer. My head was swimming with horror as I clutched my groin. Just touching the diapers intensified my feelings of shame and I instinctively let go. My stomach cramps persisted as I tried desperately to subdue nature's calling by pressing my legs together.



**I went to her several times begging
to have the diapers removed.**



The diapers grew warm and wet, quickly spreading and running down my legs.

Slipping into the den just off the living room, I grabbed hold of myself again in an attempt to hold back the horror of still further humiliation and disgrace. It was hopeless as I felt the wetness spread around my fingers. The painful cramps begged to be eased as I helplessly released my grip in defeat. The diapers grew warm and wet, quickly spreading and running down my legs to form a puddle at my feet. If there was anything left of who I was, it was also seeping out of me.

As tormented as I was feeling, I also felt relief as my stomach pains subsided. Looking down at the now soaked diapers brought feelings I'd really been reduced to the status of a baby. I felt totally defeated now and the surrender to it brought a strange calming with it. I can still remember looking behind me at my footprints on the worn linoleum as I tried to step onto dryer flooring. I was empty and without soul now as time seemed frozen in the moment.

Suddenly, I heard the woman's voice as I turned to the doorway. Looking triumphantly at me, she said, "What have we here? Has our little baby wet his diapers?" Her words deepened my shame as I burst into tears, begging to now have the diapers removed. She said she was too busy and that I'd have to wait until she had the time.

"But you promised.", I cried over and over as she took my hand and led me back into the living room. Ignoring my pleas, she took me over to the baby's playpen and told me I would have to stay in it until she could find time to change me. "We can't have you running around soiling the furniture in those wet diapers now can we."

I grabbed the railing in resistance as she struggled to lift me over it. My screams could be heard all over the house as she pulled me free. "Since you insist on giving me a hard time, you can remain in those diapers until bedtime. Now stop your crying or I'll really give you something to cry about." But I couldn't stop as she lifted me into the pen. "Now sit down.", she snapped as she picked up a pacifier and pushing it into my mouth, trying to silence my cries."

I must have sat there for an hour before I heard the other children come in from play. I could hear Mrs. Brown talking to them in the other room but couldn't make out what was being said. I felt horrified of the others seeing I'd wet myself yet I was helplessly entrapped. Within minutes they entered and gathered around the playpen with Mrs. Brown watching from the doorway.

The oldest boy was first to respond by picking up a stuffed animal and offering it to me. "Here you go little baby.", he taunted with visible uneasiness. Carol was next as she held up a baby bottle and told me to drink it like a good little baby. I could see the boys were scared and only following orders but Carol seemed to enjoy my baby status. It wasn't long before she had the others enjoying it too as everyone started chanting, "Baby's wet his diapers. Baby need his diaper changed?" over and over while I helplessly cried.

I could see Mrs. Brown looking on and smiling. She eventually told everyone, "That's enough. You can all run along and play now." I felt abased and devastated. As promised, I remained in the playpen until bedtime. I was then let out and sent to my bedroom to wait for her.



**"Here you go little baby. Here's a
Teddy Bear to play with."**

All I could think about was my punishment was about to end as though the end of the day also brings an end to everything else. I thought of how good it was going to feel to take a bath and finally have my clothes back. The diapers still felt damp and cold as I watched the boys return from their baths and climb into bed. Everything seemed unreal as though I wasn't really there but seeing the room through a window.

When Mrs. Brown entered, she walked right past me as though I wasn't there and went over to my bed. It wasn't until I saw her pull back the bed covers and spread some sort of sheet over my bed that I again became alarmed and felt panic return. I again burst into tears as she ordered me over and told me to climb in. "You can stay in those diapers until morning just to make sure you've learned your lesson." My whole being shut down again as I meekly did as I was told. "Now roll over on your stomach and get to sleep.", she ordered. Doing so caused the wet fabric to press against my groin, deepening the awareness of my baby status. She then left the room, turning out the lights behind her.

Within minutes the other boys started to giggle and torment me with baby remarks. I laid silent trying to ignore them until they finally quieted down and the darkness slowly shut out the world. As I laid there, the days events kept running through my mind seeming as though just a bad dream. I reached down and touched my diapers only to confirm this wasn't a nightmare but really happened. I quietly cried, feeling I truly was a baby again. Without thinking, I slipped my thumb into my mouth for comfort as I drifted off to sleep.



I saw her pull back the bed covers and spread some sort of sheet over my bed.

I woke very early desperately needing to again use the bathroom. I grew frightened knowing it would be some time before Mrs. Brown would be up. I tried to lay very still which seemed to ease things for awhile but nature's call kept growing stronger. Desperately, I turned my back to the room and grabbed hold of my groin. I silently cried for Mrs. Brown to please wake up and rescue me from again surrendering to the shame of again wetting myself.

My grip grew numb as I watched the sun's rays slowly brighten the room beckoning for everyone to wake up. Glancing across the room, I became terrified as the two boys woke up and slowly slipped out of bed. It didn't take but a minute before they remembered my plight. With renewed delight, they started giggling as they approached my bed. I pleaded for them to leave me alone. Seeing my desperation, the older boy leaned over and seeing my hand began to chuckle, "What's the matter little baby? Does baby need to go pee pee?"

Grabbing my arm, he pulled me onto my back forcing me to lose my grip as I burst into tears. My kidneys quickly gave way as I once again felt my diapers grow wet with renewed shame. The boys just watched with delight as I cried uncontrollably. Hearing Mrs. Brown coming down the hall, they rushed back to their beds fearful of reprisal for their malicious deed. Seeing my freshly wet diapers, she asked, "Are you sure your ready to be a big boy again?" She then took me to the bathroom to remove the soaked diapers and told me to take a bath. My regular clothes were then returned with warnings of a return to diapers if I misbehaved in any way. I promised I'd be good from now on and I really, really meant it.



He grabbed my arm and pulled me onto my back causing me to again wet myself.

