Pat and the Nursery

A short story by: Terinas Tiger

“There she is: Nouvelle Facade’s old abandoned day spa!” Alex, a bright yellow cheetah, his face speckled in black spots, pointed up at a dilapidated building as he brushed some brown hair out of his eyes. “And it’s my site of my manliness dare to you, Pat.” The cheetah grinned, turning around and pointing at his companion.

He was pointing at a bright blonde haired fox with pastel-red fur. White fur crested his stomach, the underside of his tail, and along the edges of his ears. “S-so you want me to spend a whole night there? In that?!?” His bright brown eyes were wide, as he thrust his paws up towards the building ahead of them. Tiles were flecking off of the ceiling of the building. The grass and bushes in the front of the building were enormous and flush with weeds. Thorny vines grew up the sides of the walls, digging cracks into the siding of the building. “Are you crazy? Is that your problem?!? There’s no way that place is up to any kind of code!” The two men stood up below an old metal arch. Where words mounted to the arch may have once spelled out “Welcome to Your New Life Inside” in colorful plastic letters, some had fallen off, been stolen, or otherwise vanished, leaving the arch to spell out “come N side” As Pat turned back to face Alex, he saw a dirty pastel green W resting on one side of the arch. Swallowing, he folded his arms against the snarky catchphrase printed on his brown t-shirt. “Come on. That place probably has rats and stuff. Pick anyplace else.”

The fox’s protest provoked an eyeroll from Alex. “Oh cooooome on. You really think there’s any manliness merit to hanging out in a 24/hour diner or something?” He grumbled. “Get with the program, man! We’re testing your bravery! Your courage! Your cunning under fire.” Alex turned back to point at the big building. “There is no better place to do that than a big old abandoned building, man!”

Pat rubbed his chin. “You know, this feels familiar for some reason.”

Alex folded his arms. “What do you mean?”

He snapped his fingers. “Yeah! I heard Jeremy at college say you did something like this with some other guys back in Freshman year. Some guy you both knew… Crispy or something, I think his name was?”

The cheetah narrowed his green eyes. “I’m certain I don’t remember ever having done that.”

“The way I hear it, it didn’t end well for any of you that time.” Pat raised an eyebrow. “So is it just a THING for you or something? Sending people into spooky abandoned buildings?”

Alex scowled. “Shut up! Look, do you want to prove you’re not some girly little prissyfox or not?”

The statement caused Pat to narrow his eyes. The faded, creamy red color fur of his was a sore spot for him. Combined with his slender, girlish frame, he’d gotten teased a lot for it growing up. “Give me the dang crowbar, Alex.” The fox snarled, as he reached for the tool he’d need to get through the front door. “Just so we’re clear here: I do this, you never tease me about my ENTIRELY NATURAL fur color ever again, got it?”

“Yeah, that’s right.” Alex gave him a smirk, handing over a crowbar, painted blue. The paint had faded over years of use. “You’ll be on the safe list. Just be sure to bring back pictures. Timestamped pictures, so I know you didn’t sneak out early.”

The fox took the crowbar, nodding, and turning to walk up the broken, battered concrete walkway up to the old building. Driving the crowbar into a crack between the door and the doorframe, he jimmied it back and forth. After a few moments effort and more grunting than he wanted to show his friend, Pat’s arms flexed as he yanked back, pushing the door open, with a snapping sound. “Hah!” He grinned. “That lock was actually pretty flimsy. Turning back to Alex, he bowed with a flourish, tossed the crowbar down onto the grass, and made a motion for Alex to come pick it up. Once the incriminating evidence had been retrieved by the cheetah, Pat chuckled, then spun back around to walk inside, his cream-red tail swaying back and forth behind him as he vanished into the darkness.

Pulling his smartphone in the darkness, Pat pulled up a flashlight app, using it to illuminate the area. He’d found his way into a large entry chamber, a pale yellow in color, with a few abandoned cushioned chairs lying around in a haphazard arrangement. Along the far wall had been erected a large stone counter. And above the counter, a sign hanging from the ceiling read, in rainbow-color baby block print, “Rebirth Registry”. “Huh.” Pat sighed, looking around the room. “I wonder what this place was for back before it closed down?” Standing around in the darkness without any clue what to do, Pat gave off a quiet sigh. Plopping down onto one of the chairs, out of boredom the fox began to fuss with his phone. “Nouvelle Facade, huh? Factipedia says it’s some company that develops and manages various themed resorts. Luxury day spas, weekend getaways, and more.” He blinked and looked around the darkness. “Sounds ritzy! So this place used to be some sort of old themed day spa or something? And they didn’t bother carrying the chairs and stuff out. I wonder if they left behind anything neat-but-portable?” The fox’s white-tipped ears perked up. “Maybe there’s something behind the counter. At least something that explains what the theme of this place was…”

Getting up, he meandered over towards the backside of the counter. It was covered with buttons, dials, and gauges. Each one was labeled, and with the help of his smartphone, Pat was able to read each one. “Goodness… ‘powder scent dial’? ‘Gender specification’? ‘Formula mixing controls’?!?” The fox frowned. “Was this some kind of children’s nursery? Except that can’t be right.” Pat frowned. “If it was, why would there be an ‘AI override switch’?!?” He reached down and toggled that switch on and off. “Huh. Guess there’s no power to the console.” He continued flipping the switch on and off as he looked around the console. “I don’t know what I was expecting, it wouldn’t make sense for any of this stuff to work after all this time! Still, it feels disappointing somehow. Or maybe I’m just bored. I mean, why would there still be power in an old abandoned building anyway?” In his fingers, the switch flipped on and off. On and off. On- “Oh!” Pat’s eyes lit up and his ears perked as he made a discovery. “There’s an ‘Auxiliary Power Source’ option here. Does that mean they had some kind of generator built into the facility?” His fingers moved towards the button.

Sometimes, people change their lives by making focused, concentrated efforts to better themselves. Sometimes, their lives change by the meddlesome intervention of an unscrupulous individual. At times the fickle hand of fate changes one’s life for the better… or for the worse. But in Pat’s case, it was nothing like that.

Because Pat changed his life with the push of a single button.

The overhead lights flicked on. “Wha-” started, before feeling something *gripping* him by his armpits, pulling him up into the air. Two soft, velvet gloved hands lifted him up from the ceiling, attached to flexible appendages coming from the ceiling.

“*Scanning.*” A small appendage with a camera mounted on the edge of it slid down to face him. Lights from the camera slid from the top to the bottom of his body. “*Processing. Noticeable indicators: Bright red fur. Pink satin panties. Elevated heart rate indicating trepidation. Non-confrontational body language. Male genitalia.*” Whimpering, Pat tried to squirm out of the grip of the sudden arms. “*Categorizing: Sissy!”*

“What!” Pat gasped, feeling a robotic arm sliding down the backside of his jeans. “What are you talking about?!?”

“*Re-Initializing user interface…”* The tinny, artificial voice coming from the ceiling grew quiet. “*Hello little one. My name is Nanny, and what is yours?*” The previous voice was gone. The new voice was deep, feminine, and lacking the artificial infection the previous one had had. There was a sultry tone to it, but also warmth.

Ears flat against the back of his head, the red fox looked around, not able to find a source for the voice. “P-Pat, but I-”

Pat felt soft, warm cloth hands tugging down his pants, letting them fall to the floor beneath him. “*I like that name! Patti is a very adorable name for a baby fox.*” Nanny had a playful purr as she spoke. “*Now let’s get you out of those silly big girl clothes and into something fit for a princess!*” The arms moved up to start pulling Pat’s shirt over his head. Other automated arms tugged his arms up to make it easier.

“That’s what I’m talking about!” Pat growled, fangs bared on instinct. “I’m not a girl!” His face was hot as he felt his shirt torn away from him, one mechanical arm flinging it down along the tile floor past his pants. He watched as the vestiges of his masculinity were taken from him, tossed aside. Leaving nothing but a pastel-red furred fox in a pair of frilly pink women’s underwear, the outline of a half-erect bulge outlined along the front.

There was an amused tone to Nanny as Pat felt the arms tilting his body down, metal arms clad in soft, warm cloth slipcovers cradling him like a tiny child. *“Oh really? Then why, little Patti, have you found your way into my care wearing a pretty pair of panties?*”

“They-they-they felt nice...” Pat stammered, a blush crossing his face. He felt at a loss for words.

And then one of the gloved hands squeezed his crotch. “*And the gift feels so firm behind the wrapping paper!*” Nanny chuckled. “*You must really like feeling like a pretty girl, don’t you?*” Without giving Pat a chance to reply, the fingers of the gloved hand spread, stroking up and down along the length of his penis, the fabric of his panties rubbing against his flesh. The fox couldn’t help but moan, his cock stiffening from the attention. “*You know, Patti, this old nursemaid has seen many people who behave just like you, you know.*”

Pat felt the arms rocking him back and forth. In spite of the situation, he found himself yawning. The robotic fingers continued to stroke and caress at his panties, and the slender fox boy squirmed at it’s touch, feeling the front of his underwear growing wet and slick with precum. “You have?”

A mechanical finger in a soft white glove tickled along his tummy. “*Uh-huh. Someone who deep down doesn’t want to be dealing with the stresses and pressures of being a big boy.*” The automata carried Pat through a pair of plastic double doors, past a bronzed sign only reading engraved with the singular word “Pink”. “*But someone who has trouble letting themselves drop the pretense of being a big strong boy. Someone who needs some help accepting themselves. A siss- Oh lord lord lord… and just who left this place in such a state!?*”

“Pink” Turned out to be a wide room with soft pastel pink shag carpeting, the color darkened by a layer of gray. Tattered, well-loved toys were scattered about the floor, a fine layer of dust having settled in on them. In one corner of the room was an enormous stuffed teddy bear, easily 3 times Pat’s size in height and width, taking up nearly the entire corner. The walls were painted to appear as a surreal cloudscape: With lush white clouds swirling around a pink sky, a happy smiling sun painted off in one corner of the room. A toy-chest rest in the center of the room, appearing to be made of plastic puzzle pieces fitted together. Lining one wall were a series of four cribs, easily large enough to hold two people Pat’s size. The two closest to the doors were overturned, dusty Mimsy-Princess and Harlie bedsheets and pillows scattered along the floor. On the opposite wall was a large, padded table. Pat might have almost believed it to be a hospital exam table, save for the matching pink and white color scheme, and the slightly ajar drawer betraying its contents: several can-shaped containers of “Happy Cub” baby wipes.

But Pat wasn’t looking at any of that stuff at the moment.

His eyes were fixated on a poster on the far wall. Though the room was covered in years of dust and dirt, he could make out the poster well enough. The words “N.A.N.N.Y loves making her good little sissies look as adorable as they feel!” were printed in red cursive script, underneath a picture of a distinctly adult leopard. A robotic, white-gloved hand was patting the leopard’s head as they posed. The leopard’s blue eyes were vacant, and his mouth was saturated in saliva as he suckled on the paw of a stuffed lion plushy clutched in one of his arms. A bright yellow bonnet was tied around the cat’s head, and a little bangle with a golden bell attached was fitted to the tip of the model’s tail. In spite of the appearance, Pat could tell that the poster’s model was a he. This was because although the kitten in the poster was clad in a bright peach-colored diaper with ruffles going down the front, there was a sizable tenting along the padding’s front. Someone had enjoyed posing for the picture quite a bit, it seemed.

Pat felt cold. Was that what was going to happen to him? “Nooo!” The young red fox wailed, as he renewed his efforts to try and break free of the machine holding him captive.

“*Ut-ut-ut!*” Nanny’s synthetic voice grew firm. “*You’re a fussy lil’un, but I’ve taken care of plenty sissies far worse. Nanny knows once you’re all trussed up like a pageant baby, you’ll feel far better. After all, Nanny knows what’s best for little kits.*” As much as Pat squirmed, he couldn’t break free. Just when it seemed like he’d be able to leap away from the two metal arms holding him like an oversized newborn, three more came from the ceiling to hold him down. *“This is for your own good, Patti!*” The arms turned the pastel-red fox towards the changing table, where another appendage with a feather duster was brushing it off. “*Tch, how messy the other cubs and kits and pups must have been once they shut me off. No worries for Patti’s twitchy wittle nosie, though! This ain’t anything Nanny can’t fix. Now let’s get our sissy all properly dressed.*”

“Stop it!” Pat hissed, as he felt his bottom press down into the pillowy surface of the changing table. He squirmed and tried to dart to one side, only to have Nanny’s gloved hands roll him into the center again on his back. “I’m NOT a sissy! I’m NOT a baby kit! And I don’t need a diaper!”

“*Oh really now, child?*” Pat felt another finger pressing in on the wet stain on his crimson panties. “*And I suppose you’re gonna tell ol’ Nanny that these soggy shorts weren’t an accident?*”

Pat’s expression fell. Despair was creeping into his voice. “Y-You were touching me down there! I c-couldn’t help it!” He stammered, watching Nanny’s arms fastening his extremities into leather restraints. First, his footpaws were strapped down. Then, his wrists met the same fate. He was strapped down to the table!

“*Uh huh, suuure. All Nanny sees is a little fox who tried to be a big girl and ended up in wet undies.*” The mechanical arms let go of him once he was firmly fastened down. “*And when that happens, Nanny has to clean up the mess. Let’s start with this!*” A pair of arms carrying a pair of fabric scissors descended from the ceiling, slipping the metal blades between Pat’s flesh and the side of his pink panties. “*Snip snip and allllll better!*” With a flourish, the panties and a few scraps of red fur were tossed into a wastebin nearby. The last vestiges of Pat’s adulthood vanished from his sight. “*Now let’s get Lil’ Patti all ready for beddy-bye!*”

Suddenly, the leather restraints holding his legs down pushed up, pneumatic tubes in the changing table lifting his legs, and then with them his bottom. “What are you doing?!?” The fox managed to squeak out, feeling his body contort against his wishes.

“*Well, how else is Nanny gonna lift your legs for your nice clean diaper?*” The automated voice sounded quite pleased with itself, as Pat could barely see something bright white and pink being pulled out from beneath the changing table and slid along it. “*This baby is Nouvelle Facade’s pride and joy! Allowing access to clean and diaper even the squirmiest cubs and kits without any muss or fuss!*” The poles lifting his bottom slid back down, letting his butt smack gently against the soft, pillowy surface underneath him with a crinkle. Without warning, however, the bottom part of the changing table parted to either side, spreading his legs apart. Pat flinched on instinct, but the motion stopped before it pulled any of his muscles too tight.

And then his eyes went open. “N-no! Stoppit! Don’t touch down there!”

A hand of cloth, fingers slick with baby oil, poked at the flexible fleshy pucker between his cheeks. “*Mmmhmm! No mess down here for Nanny to wipe up.*” The fox felt himself whimpering and squirming as he felt the oily fabric fingers circling his tailhole, kneading the flesh of it. Tossing his head back, Pat huffed softly, the noise escaping him as his face grew hot again. And then he felt the same baby oil slick fingers moving up to grip his hardening shaft. “*Oh my! Nanny sees her little girl really loves this sort of treatment!*” The machine giggled, giving the cock a few teasing rubs up and down. “*Maybe if you’re a good little girl for Nanny, we can see about doing a little something for the sissy. Possibly.*” The hand pulled away after getting his dick rock hard, and slick with the oil. “*But for now, it’s well past Patti’s bedtime! And someone needs to see about getting this playroom all cleaned up for the baby foxy! Corporate’s left quite a mess for ol’ Nanny!*”

As sweet-smelling talcum powder was foofed against his bottom from a tube, Pat looked over. There were more of Nanny’s arms over on the side of the room, righting the overturned cribs and pulling their contents out. The sheets were stripped and new ones descended from the ceiling, nice and clean. “Woah…” For a moment, the fox was overtaken with the sheer wonder of the situation. By all appearances Nanny had full control over the entire facility and everything in it. And no shortage of supplies with which to fix things up. “J-just what happened here when you got shut down, anywaaaaaaaAAAHHHH!” He found his question turning into a moan, as two hands from up above began rubbing the baby powder into his skin and fur. Fingers spread along his cock again, sending a hot flash of pleasure up against his body.

“*Gosh, ain’t no big secret.*” Nanny chuckled, pulling the diaper up around his crotch and taping it shut. The thing was bright white, with red little hearts bouncing all around the front. Bright pink tapes were pressed up against the sides, sealing him shut. “*Plenty a’folks came here to relax and let Nanny help them escape their big kid worries fer a spell. Ain’t my fault if I got a little bit protective of my little darlings...”* The front straps were quickly undone. “*Now can Nanny trust you to sit up so she can get a shirt on you?*”

He flexed his arms, just for the freedom to flex them. But as he took a moment to enjoy his regained freedom of movement, Pat’s mind was whirring. Obviously, the fox wasn’t going to be able to escape the spa right now. Nanny’s robotic arms seemed like they could come out anywhere, and her attention was focused on him. “Ok…” he said, resigned to cooperate for the moment. Hopefully if he behaved, she’d let down her guard and he could slip out. Propping his arms behind him, he pushed himself up to a sitting position and raised his arms over his head.

“*Awww! See? Once you’re all padded up, you’re feeling less fussy! Nanny is so proud!*” An arm pinched his right cheek, and Pat grumbled. “*Now most of my clothes are being laundered, so this one will have to do.*” A pale white shirt descended from above, two mechanical arms pulling it down over Pat’s body. The shirt was actually a size too large, slipping down over his waist and halfway down his new diaper. It made him feel like a kit wearing his big brother’s hand-me-downs. Pat looked down at the front of his new garb. Along the front was printed a large happy lamb, a pale pink diaper around it’s legs, its eyes shut and a content smile painted along it’s face. The words “Sleepy Sheepy” were written in silver glitter underneath. “*Aww… I know you’re too little for that outfit, but it’s just so CUUUUTE on you!*” A gloved arm started to scoot under his bottom, while another wrapped around his waist, and the fox felt himself scooped up into the air and carried towards a changing table. “*Now Nanny’s gonna give the wittle cwinkle-fops a night time sleepy-tummy, and then you can sleep ‘til morning, ok?*”

Pat’s ears perked. “Ok!” He said, an enthusiastic grin painted along his face. “I’m super tired, too!” Bedtime. Presumably Nanny would leave him alone in the crib. Maybe even go into some kind of resting mode or run out of energy in the middle of the night. His tail swished back and forth behind his diaper, each motion making the material crinkle. It was probably the best chance to escape he had. He made a show of stretching out his arms over his head and yawning, as he felt the arms lowering him into the crib. The new sheets had Blarny the pink dinosaur printed on the front, making him blush. The singing dinosaur TV character had been his favorite growing up. “So, uh, what’s a sleepy-tummy?”

“*Just the best treat for a good little princess about to toddle off to dreamland!*” Nanny tucked Pat down under the soft, fuzzy sheets, resting his head against several pillows. “*Just one of Nanny’s special formulas! Warm sweet formula with a bit of strawberry flavoring and a special treat inside...*” An oversized baby bottle clasped between two metal hands descended from the ceiling, pink fluid sloshing around inside it. Pat opened his muzzle to protest, and found the nipple pressed inside, and a few drops of something delicious spattering against his tongue. “*It’s ok, little Patti. Just relax, close your eyes, and fill your tummy-tum!*” Still needing to get Nanny to drop her guard, as well as legitimately thirsty, Pat did as she asked, closing his eyes and letting the arms hold the bottle as he suckled on it like a thirsty toddler. The strawberry-flavored cream was warm and sugary and felt soothing going down. After drinking enough, his body started to feel heavy. He stopped nursing just long enough to yawn, kicking and stretching in his crib, before the bottle pushed back into his mouth and he kept feeding. He barely even noticed how tired he suddenly was until he drifted off into the embrace of slumber.

Pat’s dreams were fitful. The fox tossed and turned in his sleep, whimpering, his legs twitching as he squirmed. Around him, mechanical arms cleaned the nursery, dusting walls, wiping surfaces, putting away toys, and even at one point quietly wheeling his crib outside to vacuum the floor. At one point, a pressure built up in the fox, causing him to squirm and fuss a bit. It didn’t last light, as a faint “Hsssst!” sound escaped from his diapered crotch. He gave a sigh of relief in his slumber, the hearts printed on his thick night time diaper fading as the padding bloated out, swelling like a sponge. It was as if all his worries and nightmares seemed to leak away, as his troubled expression faded into a happy smile and a gentle sigh, the fox snuggling up against a stuffed lion toy nearby him. In his slumber he gently humped at it. The pressure released, his dreams felt so comfortable. He felt cared for.

Loved.

The next morning, Pat was awoken by someone tugging the sheets down and letting in cold air. “Mmm…” He rubbed his eyes, rolling over on his back, his tail moving to rest between his legs. One of his paws drifted down to try and pull them back up. He didn’t want to get cold. He wasn’t ready to wake. up yet. Squeezing something stuffed and plush against his chest with his free paw, he grumbled and fussed as the cold air hit his wet padding. He didn’t want this sleepy peaceful tranquility to end.

Someone else had other ideas. “*Nuh-uh, little kit! Nanny’s gotta check the damage down here. If you’re clean and dry, you can nap for a biiiit longer.”* The voice sounded almost like a nagging parent.

It took a moment for him to register what was going on. Lucidity took a while in returning. But once it hit, his eyes went as wide as dinner plates. “I-I’m still here! Why am I still here!” he whimpered. He’d wanted to sneak out in the middle of the night! But he’d felt so tired and sleepy once his tummy had filled. With a sniffle, he tried to sit up. But if anything, his diaper felt twice as thick as it had the night before. Sitting up was difficult, especially as he saw a gloved hand pushing fingers down the front of his diaper!

“*Not only still here, but still in need of some of Nanny’s old-fashion TLC!*” The warm mechanical voice cooed. “*Feels like a certain little kit peed the whole ocean out down here! This soaked through your diaper and then some! Sweetie, if you were this much of a bedwetter, your mommy or daddy should have ticked the ‘Needs plastic pants at night’ box on the mandatory sign-in sheet.*” The female nursery’s arms gave Pat ’s balls a gentle, teasing squeeze before sliding out of his potty-pants.

A deep blush swept across Pat’s face. “I-I didn’t do that!” When the exclamation met with a gentle, squishy pat against his padded crotch, he tried again to sit up, painfully aware of how wet his diaper FELT against his crotch. And, as he finally managed to prop himself up, he became painfully aware of something even more blush-inducing. There was a part of him that liked how Nanny was treating him. Taking care of his every need, even to the point where she was even keeping him in and changing his diapers… there was something perversely thrilling about being able to let someone else take care of him like that. Knowing someone would even change your wet underwear made incapability so… tempting. For a moment he was lost in thought, his diaper tenting in front from the idea of indolency.

And then two hands hooked under his armpits, yanking his paws back to the sides of his body as he felt himself getting pulled up into the air. “*Oh ho ho! Looks like a certain little’un needs one of Nanny’s’Special Diaper Changes’! Well, don’t you worry, lil’Patti! Nanny’s decided since you’re so good, you’ll get to make a big sticky mess in your diapees for her before you’re put into somethingdry!*”

“B-but I!” Pat blushed, falling silent as he looked around the room. The Nursery had completely changed during the night. The dusty carpets were gone, replaced with vibrant pink shag carpeting with vacuum marks indented along it. The toychest was filled to the brim with dollies, alphabet blocks, things that made noises, and other baby toys that looked entirely new. The walls were clean and the lights had all been replaced. The horny fox’s mind boggled at the sheer scope of what had happened while he was asleep. If Nanny was capable of doing all this even after years of neglect, what else was she capable of?

As he was plopped down onto the changing table, he realized he was just about to find out. Whether he liked it or not. “H-hey Nanny, it’s ok!” He held his paws up in front of him. “I don’t mind just being changed normal.” He wasn’t sure he wanted to find out what a “Special Diaper Change” was. “J-just give me a regular change, and I’ll be ok, ok?” He blinked as he realized what had just slipped out of his mouth. He actually wanted to be in a fresh diaper. He hadn’t even stopped to consider asking for adult clothes.

“*Shoot, sissy!*” Two arms wrapped around him, patting him on the back. “*Ain’t no need to worry about being shy. Ol’ Nanny’s taken care of tons of blushy cubs before. Ain’t no secrets here, kit. Nanny knows you’re a big boy on the outside.*” As the hug broke off, one of the arms meandered down to pat at the front of his wet diaper. His ears drooped as the fox felt a reminder of exactly how much he’d shamed himself. “*But what’s on the outside don’ matter, ya hear? To Nanny, you’re a pretty sissy girl who just needs to be loved and adored and taken care of… and given thundering orgasms as rewards for good behavior.*”

“Wait, WHAT?!?” Pat shouted, as he saw a hatch opening in the ceiling, and some of Nanny’s arms descending holding a large wicker basket. A label on the front read “N.A.N.N.Y’s Special Toys for Special Girls and Boys”. “N-no! No, that’s ok! It’s really super ok! I just wanna feel dry and clean and-” Pat was afraid of two things: The first being that he would dive even deeper into the endless well of humiliations that he had been enduring at the hands of this automation who was caring for him. The second would be that the deeper he went, the more he’d enjoy it.

Two arms rustled into the basket filled with oddly shaped plastic “toys”, rummaging around. “*Now let’s see! What would be a good reward for a good little kit who piddled in her potty pants and made his Nanny so proud of her? Hmm… processing… processing! Ooo, I think I know! Nanny’s Good Girl Trick #34! Buzzy Bouncey!*” Pat stammered as Nanny’s arms gently pushed him down onto the changing table. Four of them gripped his arms and legs, holding them firmly apart. Another two started tugging open the front of his diaper. “*Lord lord lord, how wet! We have to get you into something fresh and clean sooner or later anyway, kit! May as well make stickies first!*” Her sentence finished with a coo, as the front of the diaper flipped open. A cool breeze hit Pat’s erect cock, sending a shiver up. his spine. Nanny lightly flicked it. “*Aww, someone’s got a NEEDY lil’ sissy clitty, don’they? Don’t worry, Lil’ Patti. Nanny knows how to make pretty sissy bois goo an’ giggle!*”

Pat opened his muzzle to respond, and a thick pacifier, the bulb filling his whole snout, was pushed inside. “*Nanny knows her sweet Lil’ Patti likes to say ‘no’ lots and lots, and it’s just sooooo cute that you’ve learned a word or two, tyke! But now’s not the time. Suckle and enjoy fer a spell, gotcha?*” Cloth straps wrapped around his cheeks, affixing to the back of his head with a velcro attachment. The pacifier, the mouthguard shaped like a pretty pink and blue and yellow butterfly, was stuck there for the foreseeable future. It bounced back and forth, bobbing in and out of his mouth ever so slightly. It was literally all he could do. Pat whimpered, as he watched a small green plastic egg with a string attached being pulled out of the toy basket. Another appendage, a mechanical arm ending in a large tube, lowered down and began to spurt a clear goo all over the egg. Two more cloth-gloved arms began slathering it all over. After a few moments, one of them moved down to press the goo-slick gloves up against Pat’s pucker. “*Now Nanny’s jess gonna make you feel a little pinch fer a spell, Patti! Be good now.*” A finger gently pushed inside his tailhole. Pat’s body tensed, and he flailed against the metal arms holding him prisoner. His head tossed and bucked, his hair bouncing every which way as the finger pushed back and forth, curling and wiggling inside him. “*Goodness gracious, so tight!*” The finger inside him made lewd “schlick” sounds as Pat felt Nanny pressing up against each of the muscles of his pucker. “*Aaaaallllmost done, kit!*” Nanny giggled, as a second finger slid inside. Pat flailed more, precum dribbling down his erect cock as he felt the two spreading his hole. A hot flash swept across his body. “*Calibration complete! You’re all stretched out, Lil’ Patti! Safety first!*” Nanny sounded pleased with herself, as the fingers receded.

For just a moment, Pat found himself feeling an emptiness. He actually found himself disappointed that the fingers weren’t squirming around down there anymore. The realization caused him to suckle on the binky- HIS binky, some part of him whispered to him- a bit faster. His face was flush with need. His cock twitched desperately, feebly, with no relief in sight. And then, the egg was lowered… and he felt it pushing into his bottom. “*Don’t worry nohow, kit! This is just a teeensy big bigger than what Nanny put in before!*” The robot, like many loving parents, were lying a bit to get their kits to take their shots. It felt much bigger. Even as slick and lubed as he was down there, Pat felt his hole stretch. Pain and pleasure intermingled for a few moments as the egg slid in. And then, seconds later. It was done. A gentle snort escaped Pat’s nostrils, as he started to relax.

It was too soon. With a slight tug on the cord that was dangling out of his booty, Nanny activated the egg. Suddenly, the fox felt a stiff buzzing against his prostate, as the egg did what it did best. He arched his back and yelped out a muffled moan, barely audible through the pacifier. A splash of precum spattered against his tummy fur as he squirmed. His senses were overwhelmed with bliss. As his breathing grew deeper and heavier, he could only watch as Nanny pulled out a tube of gray goo, a label reading “Smartstim Oil”, and began to dribble it along his cock before tugging the soggy wet diaper back up around his crotch. “*Now child, there’s just one thing I want to say: You’re feeling this way because you were a good little sissy and wet your diapeys without a fuss fer your Nanny! Remember that through the next part of the game: Your diapers make you feel good!”* The spongey, soggy padding pressed up against Pat’s bottom, which he barely noticed with the egg inside. “*But first, let’s get that little kit-ty sissy clitty all ready for fun!”*

“H-h-huh?” The fox stammered, having to exert effort to keep his words from turning into another lewd moan. “Y-you mean with like with a diaper change with wipes and baby powder or something?” If that were the case, though, why did she put his wet diaper back over his front? His breathing was shallow but quick. Every buzz of the egg inside him sent another flash of pleasure up his body. Every flash made him squirm, and the oil against his cock seemed to make his skin down there tingle with a sensitivity he’d never known. Against the wet diaperfront, it was almost too much to bear. The sensations served to drill Nanny’s point home. She was doing this for him because he’d wet himself for her in his sleep. Because he’d been her good sissy baby.

“*Yeaaaah, or something. Something allllmost like Baby Oil.*” Nanny’s voice sounded both amused and evasive to the fox’s perked ears. He could only watch as a robotic arm reached for the bottle of lubricant again. “*Just try to hold still for Nanny, lil’ Patti!*” The front of his wet diaper was tugged open as more of the oil was spurted down into it. The lube felt cool and oily as Nanny dribbled it over Pat’s crotch, and around his balls. For a moment he felt it dribbling down his cock, mixing with his precum and the wetness of his diaper. The sensation provoked a flush little snort from his nose.

He didn’t start moaning until he felt one of the gloved arms grab his cock and begin rubbing the SmartOil lube into it. There was an excess of the substance; his meat was practically marinating in it. And then, just as he felt like her paw leave his needy nether regions, another toy was pulled out of Nanny’s basket of goodies. It looked like a long white plastic wand, with a ovular pink nub jutting out of the tip of it. A label, black sharpie written on scotch tape, read “N.A.N.N.Y’s Luv Stick”. She pulled the diaper up over his crotch, sealing the tapes back shut and patting the front of his crotch to let the lube soak into the front a bit. The whole time, he watched the wand hanging above him, without Nanny ever using it.

The part of Pat’s mind that was still able to string together conscious thoughts wondered what it was for. The pink fox didn’t have to wonder for long. One of Nanny’s arms flipped a switch on the end of the wand, and the pink part began to buzz and rumble. The robotic nursery thrust the tip down into the front of Pat’s soggy-slick diaper, pressing up against his cock through the spongy padding. A white flash swept over Pat’s vision. His eyes rolled back in his head. Beset on both sides by buzzing sensations, he went almost feral at first. Groaning, the slender fox boy humped at the wand, drool running down his lips as he suckled on his binky fast and hard. He needed to cum, to make stickies! He needed it so badly!

“*Aww! Soooo cute!*” Nanny cooed and giggled through the whole lewd display. “*Look’it little Sissy Patti! So needy, so pent up!*” A gloved hand stroked at the fox’s golden-blonde hair. “*Just remember, kit. All these good vibrations came about because you made puddles for Nanny like a sweet little sissy SHOULD!*” The longer Pat squirmed against the new toy, the slicker, thicker, and soggier the diaper seemed to get as more lube soaked in. Nanny giggled, and brushed a few of Pat’s blonde bangs out of his eyes as he bounced against the toy. “*Yup, you’ll REALLY need a change after this, but it’s worth it, sissy! Trust in Nanny!*” The automated nursery watched the fox feebly hump at his yellowed, oily diaper for a moment longer, before moving the wand away. “*Looks like Nanny’s little sissy really LOVES Nanny’s Special Games, huh? Remember that only good little sissies get to play them! But why, Nanny hears her sissy ask, is it called the ‘Buzzy Bouncy’ game?*”

The pacifier still gagging his muzzle, drool running down his cheeks, his eyes glazed over in bliss, Pat was not in any condition to ask that question.

The voice continued anyway. “*Because of this!*” A panel on the wall pushed out and slid away. Behind it, an adult-sized chair mounted on springs on a tripod wheeled out. The chair was suspended by the springs on the tripod, dangling lazily between them as Nanny’s many arms wheeled the toy out. Pink plastic trays surrounded the chair on all sides. “*Nanny thinks before you get to make stickies for her, you should spend sometime going hop-hop like a silly sissy bunny!*” The arms holding Pat down scooped him up again, one arm supporting him by his butt, while two more lifted under each armpit. “*Calibrating!*” Like a reverse-claw game, Nanny slowly lowered the big baby fox down, adjusting his legs to fit them through the leg holds, as his cushy bottom sunk into the plastic seat. The egg inside his bum pushed up against his prostate again, provoking another squeal of bliss from the horny fox. “*Now time for the final step, child!*” Nanny wedged the pink vibrating part of the wand of joy between the crotch guard of the bouncer and Pat’s diaper. Cooing and whimpering in bliss, Pat gently humped at it. With every hump, he started bouncing up and down, his footpaws barely touching the ground at the apex of his descent. With every bounce, his cock slid against his padding, against the pink plastic crotchguard, and against the vibrating end. Every bounce made his diaper rub against his crotch more, the lube-slick diaper overwhelming his mind with sensations as he went for the wildest ride of his life.

And there was no escape. Even when he tired of bouncing, his fur caked with sweat, he felt the bouncer he was sitting in start to bounce of it’s own accord. His mind melted into mush. At times, Nanny would whisper something to him. “*Nanny’s Lil’ Sissy.*” Her words went past his conscious mind. “*Loves usin’ her diapers for her Nanny!*” The robotic nanny’s voice sunk into his subconscious like fluid into a dry sponge. “*No control, don’ ever want potty training!”* Overstimulated, Pat made incoherent whimpering noises as he felt each flash of pleasure, white hot and intense, flooding his mind. “*Wanna be Nanny’s lil’ sissy kit for ever and ever!*” It might have been seconds. It might have been hours. But at some future point Pat couldn’t remember, he felt a warm, sticky surge of fluid spurt out of his sissy clitty. Then, and only then, did Nanny turn off the electronic bouncer and take the wand of joy away from his crotch. Bathing in the afterglow, Pat’s resistance had been entirely broken. The experience had been nothing short of euphoric. He’d never felt anything like it, and a growing part of him craved more. For just a moment, in his hazy bliss, he realized he never wanted to leave. He was happy here. He was loved here. He was…

He was Nanny’s sissy.

**(Choose. Your. Ending!)**

Light Ending:

Three diaper changes and an indeterminate amount of time later, Pat lay in his playpen, suckling on his binky while idly stacking alphabet blocks. He was aware of how simple the activity was, but there was something soothing and stress-releasing about it. He giggled as he felt an arm from the ceiling reach down and pet his hair. “Wats up, Nana?” He lisped around his nuckie, his tail swishing as he looked up at the ceiling.

“*Sorry Kit, but our time’s up today! Your papa’s come to pick you up!*” Before he could protest, two arms scooped him up and cradled him between them, rocking back and forth.

Tears formed in the Cream-red furred fox’s eyes. “B-but-”

“*Sssh!*” The arms rocked him back and forth, squeezing him gently. “*Nanny’ll miss you too, child. But you can always come back when your Papa’s saved up more for another visit. Remember to come back to Nouvelle Facade’s ‘Nanny Rebirth Spa’ soon, ok Kit?*”

Riding on rails in the ceiling, the arms carried Pat back out of the nursery and into the entry hall he’d been in before. Though the fox was sad that it was over, a bit of him was relieved to know it COULD be over. As pleasurable as it was, the closer he got to the light at the end of the tunnel, the more relieved he was to find out his fears of being Nanny’s sissy forever were unfounded.

And then, he saw who “Papa” was, and relief drained away into his diaper.

Alex stood there, paws on his hips, tail thrashing about in irritation as he waited, footpaw tapping against the ground. “Geeze! About time you get back here with Pa-” He stared up at the red fox. A white bonnet had been tied around Pat’s head. The pink butterfly pacifier bobbed back and forth in his muzzle, a blush crossing his face, as his diaper sagged with his most recent wetting. The edges of the cheetah’s lips trembled. Uncontrollably, he started laughing, clutching his sides as he fell over on the ground, rolling in laughter.

“*Here’s your lil’ girl, sir!*” Nanny lowered Pat down to the ground, setting him on his footpaws before waving. “*Have a nice day! Thank you for using Nouvelle Facade!*” Nanny’s arms pulled back into the ceiling, leaving them both alone.

Alex kept laughing. For the first few moments, Pat stood there, blushing and whimpering. And then, when it was clear he didn’t seem to want to stop, the fox took out his pacifier, walked over to the cheetah, and gave him a swift kick to the ribs. “Jerk.”

The cheetah wheezed and gasped for air, still recovering from his fit of laughter. “O-ow! Ok! Ok! Ease up!” he rubbed his side, pushing himself up to a sitting position. “Geeze, some respect I get for coming to see what happened to you!”

Pat narrowed his eyes. “You knew what used to go on here, didn’t you?” He snarled, baring his fangs at his feline friend. “You knew how to get Nanny to bring me out. I’m not an idiot.”

Alex lifted his paws up in front of him, ears drooping. “Ok, ok, yeah I did, but there’s no way I could have known anything here was still operational! I mean, how COULD I have?”

With a pronounced sigh, Pat looked away, folding his arms against his pink sissy t-shirt. “Yeah, ok. I guess that’s a bit unbelievable. Still not convinced I shouldn’t give you another swift kick.”

“And after what you’ve been through, maybe I deserve it.” Alex sighed, standing up. “Look, I didn’t want this to happen. I just figured it might be spooky, you know? Making you spend the night in some big old abandoned nursery, with all the dusty baby stuff way too big for any toddler? Come on, you gotta admit that sounds a BIT scary.” He pointed at his chest. “And when you didn’t come back today, I came to try and find you! Doesn’t that earn me back some points?”

The fox’s white-tipped ears drooped. “Y-yeah…” Then, his ears perked up. “Wait, why did you know all about this place in the first place?”

Alex began to blush. “I, uh, kiiinda have a problem. One s-staying dry. Sometimes. And it led to, um, interests, so I r-researched some stuff out of c-curiousity a few times. Found out about this place while studying, um, stuff. And, uh, once I found out it was so close, came here once or twice.” He wasn’t able to look Pat in the eyes. “F-for supplies. Cheaper than ordering them online…”

“Oh?” It took a moment for what Alex was saying to hit home for the fox. “OH!” His eyes went wide. “So you’re into-”

Alex covered his face with his paws, but nodded quickly. He said nothing, but the silence spoke volumes.

Sighing, Pat thought back to his night spent in the crib. And the day spent out of it. “I…” he found himself blushing back. “I guess I’d have to say I might be into, uh, ‘that’ too, now.” He reached out and took Alex’s paws in his. “Maybe you and I can come back together sometime and play?” The fox found himself earnestly and eagerly grinning.

It was getting good to be a sissy!

**The End!**

Dark Ending:

“Paaaaaat!” A large cheetah in a varsity football jacket looked around the dusty old nurseries abandoned entryway. “You around buddy? I got worried when I didn’t see you coming to classes today!” Alex’s ears drooped as he looked around. There were pawprints in the dust on the floor, but they ended behind the electronic control console. “Geeze man, you couldn’t have just vanished!” The cheetah sighed, cupping a paw around his muzzle. “PAAAAAT!” he shouted into the darkness. “COME ON MAN, DON’T MAKE ME HAVE TO CALL THE POLICE OVER A DARE!” He whimpered, for the first time starting to feel worry about the fate of his friend. Pat was sensitive. Maybe a night in the spooky abandoned nursery had been too much. Or maybe some crazed homeless person was squatting here, and they’d done something terrible. Alex’s ears drooped as he imagined all the terrible things that could have happened to his college buddy during a night alone in a strange place. Things that were all his fault.

“*Why hello there, little’un!*” And then, something far worse than the scenarios that had played out in his imagination swooped from above, as two big metal arms with white gloves on yanked him up into the air, dangling him by his armpits.

“N.a.n.n.y?!?” Alex gasped. “You’re still active! But- but-” he blinked realizing too late what that meant for him. He’d read the ABDL community websites spilling about Novuelle Facade’s failed little experiment. “N-NOOOOOO!”

“*Scanning…*” Nanny didn’t respond, as a camera on a metal arm ran a brightly colored blue light along his body. “*Processing. Noticeable indicators: Bright yellow fur. Black spots. Muscles built to overcompensate for the Mimsy Princess training pants hidden under the jeans.*” At the mention of his pull-ups, a blush crossed Alex’s face. “*Categorizing: Sissy!*”

“W-what?!?” Alex raised his paws up in front of him. “M-Miss N-Nanny Ma’am, let’s take a step back or twenty! I’m a caretaker, not a baby cub! I’m here, uh, I’m here to pick up my kit, Pat!” Alex tried the one thing he could think of, squeezing the tip of his tail in nervous energy. “Is-is he ok?”

An arm scratched him between his two ears. “*Aw, look whose tryin’ to act like a big kitten! It’s ok, lil’un. Nanny thinks it’s adorable you care about your friend.*” A fat bulbed pacifier was shoved into the cheetah boy’s muzzle, then strapped to the back of his neck. “*Nanny’s Lil’ Patti is fine. She’s learning how to be a sweet little baby kit for her Nana.*” The arms cradled Alex, pulling him away into darkness. “*But Nanny imagines she’s awful lonely without a playmate around. I had lots of big-little sissies to take care of once. I was the best caretaker. Simply the best. Don’t worry, you just need to learn how to be a good little sissy for Nanny. Like Patti is now.*”

The cheetah whimpered, as Nanny dragged him off to his new life…

**The End!**