

Ever since you had been a young boy, you always knew you wanted to take of others. In daycare, you looked up to the cute girls that made sure you were safe and secure, who kept you schooled and smart, and who were careful enough to prepare you for the next few steps in your life. Your teachers, your mother, and all those guiding people had left an remarkably large impression on your psyche.

So, when you were down on your luck and looking for a way forward in life, what else would grab your eyes and show you the way other than a daycare job? You had the chance to show the next generation of kids how to grow up and become great in each their own little way. It was perfect. You didn't even hesitate to call the daycare for an attempt at interning as a caretaker, that's how excited you were.

You were so caught up in your imagination that you didn't even notice the woman on the other end giggling in a foreboding manner. You just heard that you had to show up at 9am the next day, and you'd immediately start your internship.

Naturally, you arrived early to scope the place out. One thing that did strike you as odd was the decor. It didn't seem like a place that cared for children, if anything it looked like a repurposed old folks home... Which, granted, was a different kind of caretaking facility so it wasn't THAT jarring. Still, it did manage to unnerve you slightly.

You knocked on the door to the 'daycare' the second the clock struck 9am, and the sight you were greeted by as the door opened was a stark contrast to what it looked like on the outside.

Not only was the interior clad in pastel colors from top to bottom, but there were toys and plushies strewn all about to turn the entire building into one giant daycare. There were no walls except for the outside ones, giving the entire building an incredibly open air and feeling.

Of course, looking at the pastel wallpaper was hardly what drew your attention. What DID draw your attention, was the two women that had opened the door to greet you with warm smiles.

Both women were dressed in an outfit that frankly was far too small and revealing for their profession. It consisted of a pink/cream colored top that didn't even bother covering up the bottom of their breasts, an apron that once again left their upper half semi-exposed while barely covering up the rest of the front as it emphasized the women's large thighs instead. Lastly, both women were wearing booty shorts that clung so tightly to their bottoms that it

was amazing that they didn't pop right off.

"Oh me, oh my. You must be the intern, come on in." The two women chimed in unison as they opened the door fully and took your hand, pulling you inside as the door shut behind you. "You'll love it here, dear. We've always wanted an extra hand or three to make sure every baby was kept nice and fed." They continued, their voices feeling as sweet as syrup as the words poured onto your little brain, making it hard to focus on anything except for them. It didn't help that they were walking bombshells, so both your eyes and your ears were completely captivated by them...

It was hard to tell the two women apart... But you really didn't need to tell them apart. They were cute and they were going to teach you everything you needed to know. So what if they looked like twins? It just made it easier to think of them both as teachers...

"Okay, sweetie. Before we start teaching you the ropes, you need to strip down into your undies, okay?" The sweet words that dripped off their tongues were starting to delve into unknown territory for you, but as you were the intern, you just couldn't help but obey and take every little piece of clothing off, except your undies.

The moment you stood before them with your cute and feminine frame, presenting everything in a nervous manner, was the moment they started to giggle like schoolgirls. And they had a good reason to. You never did manage to change into a new pair of boxers. Yesterday's dinner had been especially vicious towards your tummy, and the dreams you had about teaching had turned quite perverse towards the end. This meant that not only were your boxers brown in the back from the farts that had been forced through the fabric, but they were also soggy in the front from the cum you had fired off during the night. You looked absolutely adorably pathetic as you showed off your shame, and that only made the girls giggle more.

"Oh my goodness, look at the little baby boy with his messy undies, full of cummies and poopies... I think our intern needs some time being taken care of, instead of being taught to take care of somebody."

"I agree, he's looking far younger than he's trying to act. After all, only babies make such a huge mess in their undies, especially during the day they're about to come by for a new job."

The way they talked down about you was humiliating, but something about the way they said the words made your little dick squirt to life, pushing so helplessly against the front of your

undies as they continued to giggle and degrade you.

You wanted to speak up and stop them, protest that you were a real big boy, but then they suddenly surrounded you from both sides. You barely got a word in before they stepped closer, trapping your head between both of their bosoms and pinning you against their bodies. That much soft maturity was enough to make anybody admit defeat, and you did in the only way a good little baby boy knew how.

By making big squirties in the front of your undies of course. Ropes of adorably small white gunk shot forth from your tiny cock, staining the front of your underwear... only to be followed up by a small but notable stream of yellow. You were peeing yourself like a baby. And you couldn't excuse yourself either. You had just relieved yourself like an infant in front of the two motherly women, and all you could do was whimper weakly in defeat.

The two women giggled to each other as they picked you up by the legs, making sure you kept your head between your new mommies' breasts as they carried you over to a changing station, fully intent on making you nice and clean as a baby boy should be. Even as the droplets of pee slipped out of the leg of the boxers and started to dribble down your legs.

You gasped and whimpered as the sensation of wriggling between their breasts, but they didn't say as much as a word in response to the soft torment they were inflicting upon you. Instead, they just let you lie down on the table, their eyes peering down on you with a disturbingly loving smile plastered on their faces.

Their sheer gaze was enough to make you cream yourself once more, that's how much of a presence they held. Their giggles, their bodies, their expressions, it was all too much... and it was just about to get much worse as they pulled down your soaked undies.

"Oh my, look at this." "Oh yes, how sad." "The little baby boy has a baby cock to match." "Not even a little inch in size." "And the sack below could hardly be called a sack at all." "He truly is a sad little baby." "It's good that he has his mommies right by his side to keep him happy."

Their words were quick, sharp and comforting in the strangest way. You should be feeling shame, but something about the way they asserted your position as a baby felt... Good. Of course it did, they were your mommies. They knew better than a little would-be-intern. Even if they made your peepee feel all good just by talking about how sad it was.

"Okay dear, lift your leggings up for Mommy, so we can get your naughty butt all clean. If you're a good boy, we'll make your pee-pee go sploo again." Their heavenly voices chimed in a cadence as they made small hand gestures to encourage you to follow along, and you did without the slightest hesitation. They had wrapped you around their pinky fingers with ease, just with their smiles and words alone.

Once you exposed your dirty crack to them, they mocked the stench by waving their hands in front of their noses. They even made fake disgusted noises, before they returned to their trademark giggling.

Then came the baby wipes, intended for dirty little butts like yours. The wet cloth made you feel all tingly as it scrubbed against your dirtiest spots, making you and your tiny kiddy cock shiver in delight. You were just about to blow as the inner parts of your crack were being scrubbed, when suddenly...

One of your mommies grabbed the tip of your dicklet with her wipe-clad hand. "Ah ah ah. No 'sploeing' unless you get permission from your Mommies, little baby." She teased you and kept the pressure down on your cocklet, while simultaneously giving it a little rub-down to get the dry cum stains wiped off.

The other mommy giggled as she watched her companion toy with your tiny matchstick sized cock. She was just about to be done cleaning you, given that the smell in the air was a lot more pleasant than it once had been.

The delightful smell and wonderful feeling around your cock was suddenly overpowered by a different sensation... Something big and wet just slipped into your butt!

You looked down in surprise and saw the culprit, one of the mommies' pinky finger had just been pushed into your tight little baby hole, kept clean by the wipe wrapped around the tip of her finger. She wiggled the little digit around, making you moan as you finally started to flush completely red. If they kept this up, you wouldn't have a chance at becoming an adult ever again. You might just get addicted to their coddling and spoiling.

Their giggling continued to bounce around on your brain as they finished their teasing, leaving both your little rear and your tiny peen high and dry as both started to twitch and pulsate from not being allowed to finish. You wanted to cum from both ends, but you didn't have permission. Something in your mind stopped you from cumming unless your Mommies said so.

You wanted to gasp out and ask them, but before your babbling little lips got a word out, they closed them with their pinky fingers. "Sssh" Was all they hushed you with, before they took an enormous diaper out from the cupboard below the table.

It was enormous, just as big as their tits if not larger. It wasn't a plain diaper either, it was decorated with a bunch of infantile things like pacifiers, bottles, teddies and everything that would make it way too obvious that you were an adorable baby boy. That monstrous diaper was going around your waist, and it would keep you from walking ever again. Just the thought made your little dicklet throb with need. Just a little more...

Their giggling trampled on your brain and made you drool a little as you lost further and further grip on adulthood, while they slowly slid that behemoth underneath your bottom. Before you could blink, they just poured a ton of baby powder on your little bottom, the absorbent padding grabbing any that spilled off your thighs. Once you had been thoroughly caked in the white stuff, they pulled it through your thighs and shut the wings, leaving your femmy butt and sissy cock trapped in their new prison.

You could barely keep your thoughts straight from the arousal peaking in your little baby bits, and the way your mummies had beaten your tiny infant brain into a pulp with just their words... But you knew you wanted to cum. You knew that the diaper felt as soft as heaven would, and you wanted to grind up against the inside of it to try and get release. You wanted to beg them for the chance to finish...

Their giggling stopped, as they leaned close to your little head and whispered something into your ears. Something that made your little cocklet throb in excitement. "You want to cum, do you? Then listen closely to Mommy..." You could barely stay still, but you listened like they asked you to, and then...

"Cum, you little baby-cocked sissy."

You squirted your last chance at adulthood away, and doomed yourself to a permanent residence within the nursery. You cared little for your new fate, it didn't seem bad at all.

After all, you were with your Mommies. They'd take care of a stupid baby like you.