A Youthful Outlook (Poor Stupid Narancia 2)
by Mistahoni

Summary

Due to a mishap with his new STP, Narancia has made a real mess of things... literally. Now he must face his punishment-- a day in diapers.

He was still trying to convince himself it was just a nightmare. He would open his eyes and he wouldn't be on the floor of the cafe, sitting in a puddle of his own piss and crying his eyes out... But he just couldn't get himself to do it. Over the sound of his own sobs, Narancia heard his name.

"Take Narancia upstairs, help him clean himself up. I'll be up to check on him soon, I have some things to take care of, first."

The next thing he knew, a strong pair of arms were lifting his petit frame, carrying him from the room and up the stairs. When they had reached the upstairs landing, Narancia finally managed to will his eyes open to look blearily up at his rescuer-- it was Abbachio. Narancia struggled to free himself, but his captor only held tighter as he carried the small boy down the hall, towards the bathroom, the sign reading “Temporarily Closed for Cleaning” still hanging on the door. Narancia's face burned with embarrassment, remembering how he had gotten into this mess.

Ignoring the sign, Abbachio opened the door and Narancia started to panic. Surely they weren't going to make him clean the bathroom like this, right now, he thought. But, to his surprise, he was greeted, not by stale puddles of his own piss from last night, but by an immaculately clean room, probably cleaner than he had ever seen it. Entering, Abbachio gently lowered the boy to the floor and closed the door behind them. A moment passed in silence as Narancia awkwardly stood there, when Abbachio spoke.
“Strip.”

“What? I can't just—” He was cut off as Abbachio reached for his soaked pants, quickly undoing the button and yanking them down to his ankles. In stunned silence, Narancia found himself obediently pulling his feet out and removing his shirt. He backed against the wall, naked as the day he was born and still smelling of piss, wondering what Abbachio was going to do with him; it was common knowledge the man was into watersports, but surely he wouldn't...?

That train of thought was quickly derailed, however, as the very next moment, Abbachio had started the shower and directed Narancia to get in. “I'll take these to get washed-- I still need to take care of your pants from last night, anyway.” He said, gathering Narancia's clothes.

“Wh-what? How did you know it was me?” Abbachio shot him a dirty look and it hit him. Of course Abbachio knew, that was his Stand's ability, after all. He was climbing into the shower when something else hit him. “How did you get my pants back? They were taken by dogs this morning...”

“You were lucky, they ran right past Bruno and me while we were patrolling.” He paused for a moment, before adding in annoyed tone, “You're welcome.” Narancia mumbled a pitiful “thanks,” and Abbachio left, seeming satisfied.

A short time later, Narancia emerged from the shower, fresh and clean... and realized he had no clothes. He wrapped a towel around his waist, poked his nose out the door, and, seeing the coast was clear, went down the hall to his room, closing the door behind him. He let out a sigh of relief; at least this embarrassing ordeal was behind him, and he was safe and alone.

“Feeling better?”

Narancia nearly jumped out of his skin-- and DID jump out of his towel-- before he realized that it was Bruno, sitting on the edge of his bed. “I think we need to talk about your behavior last night.”

“Couldn't this wait until I'm dressed?” Narancia replied, trying desperately not to break eye contact while he searched frantically for his towel.

“No, I'm afraid not. The others are very upset with you for making a mess of the bathroom last night-- more so after you tried to deny it. Fugo was up all night cleaning.” Narancia tried to speak, but Bruno kept going. “You've been acting very childish lately, on top of all that-- you've been shirking your duties as a Passione member. So that's why, I've decided that for your punishment--” Narancia tried to interject again, but Bruno was too quick for him; Sticky Fingers hit him and put a zipper over his mouth, as Bruno continued. “For your punishment, the bathroom is off-limits for the next twenty-four hours.”

If he could have opened his mouth, Narancia's jaw would have dropped. Through the zipper, he tried to protest-- Did Bruno just expect him to hold it in until tomorrow morning? It seemed that Bruno understood, however, as, from a bag next to the bed, he pulled out a colorful, clearly labeled package-- diapers.

Narancia couldn't hold back any longer. He found the zipper pull and wrenched it open. “No way! No way in HELL am I-”


Defeated, Narancia lay down on his bed. Bruno pulled out a diaper from the package and, instructing Narancia to lift himself up, slipped it underneath him. He took out powder from the bag and applied
a thick cloud around Narancia’s privates before closing the diaper and taping it shut. The entire process took less than a minute, and before Narancia had realized he was done, Bruno was already headed out the door. He paused for a moment and turned to address the diapered boy.

“You’re allowed to change yourself whenever you need to, but if I catch you trying to use the toilet, I might change my mind.” With that foreboding threat, he left the room, calling back as he walked down the hall, “Finish getting dressed and come downstairs, you have work to do.”

Narancia was paralyzed in astonishment. Had that really just happened? Had his boss, only a few years older than him, really just put him in a diaper? He tapped his groin, just to make sure—the sound of crinkling plastic confirmed the infantile undergarment wasn’t just a figment of his imagination. He buried his face in his hands; he just wanted to lay in his room and hide, but was shaken from his shock by Bruno shouting up the stairs, “Narancia, hurry up!”

In a panic, he jumped up from his bed and started digging around his dresser for clothes, quickly finding a new shirt, but he ran into a new problem as he started looking for pants—namely, that there were none, thanks to the mishaps that left him in his current situation. Thankfully he could find the skirt-like wrap he often wore… although it would be a cold day in hell before he wore THAT with no pants, especially over something as noticeable as a diaper. But perhaps the devil felt a draft, because Bruno’s shouts from downstairs were growing more impatient. Narancia tied the wrap around his waist, his diaper clearly visible from the opening in the front, but thankfully hidden from behind—unless he were to bend over. Resigning himself to his fate, he headed out of his room and down the stairs.

In the café, Bruno was sitting at a table, legs crossed, drinking a coffee, and barking orders at Mista, who was scrubbing the floor in front of the doorway. Narancia’s face reddened—but he couldn’t repress a smirk, remembering that was his “accident” Mista was cleaning. His joy didn’t last long, however, because as soon as he reached the landing, Mista looked up. “That’s a good look for you, Pissbaby,” he laughed. Narancia’s face burned with embarrassment. He was about to shout back at him, but Bruno beat him to it.

“Shut up and get back to work, Mista. And as for you,” he turned to face Narancia. “Come with me.” He finished his coffee and led Narancia to the kitchen.

They were greeted by a complete mess. A stove covered in splattered food, a floor that fared no better, and a sink completely full of dishes, on top of which Bruno ceremoniously placed his empty coffee cup. “Clean it all. There’s a bucket and a sponge for the floor under the sink. No breaks until you’re done.” With that, he turned and left. Narancia, grumbling under his breath, started to work.

Two hours later, he had completely finished the dishes and was nearly done with the stove when nature urgently called. He set down his sponge and rushed for the door… where he collided with Bruno and fell back on his diapered butt. Bruno looked down at him and asked, “And where are you going? I told you no breaks until you were done.”

Narancia muttered something about “bathroom.”

“You’re wearing your bathroom, remember?”

Narancia was about to argue, but thought better of it. With every ounce of will he had, Narancia screwed up his face and let go. His diaper grew heavier as he wet, now sagging clearly below the hem of his wrap. It was an odd feeling, but not entirely unpleasant… He still wanted it off as soon as possible, though. He stood up and looked back at Bruno.

“There, are you happy now?” He tried to push past, but Bruno wouldn’t budge.
“I just told you, no breaks.” Narancia’s jaw dropped. He tried to stammer out a response, but Bruno talked over him. “You can go change yourself when you’ve finished.” Defeated, Narancia returned to the stove.

Some time later, his diaper was still very wet and now very cold. Narancia was half done with the floor, scrubbing on his hands and knees, when he felt the need to pee again. He thought for a moment about trying to rush to the bathroom, but if Bruno caught him again… He thought better of it; not even bothering to get up, he just let himself go, feeling the warmth spread through his diaper.

“Looks like the pissbaby’s enjoying himself.” Narancia jumped and turned his head to see Mista standing in the doorway. He tried to stand, but it was no use—he could only kneel there and continue pissing his diaper. Mista took this opportunity to lift up Narancia’s wrap to get a better view. He watched it sag more and yellow slightly, and let out a roar of laughter. “Someone’s a wet wittle baby,” he said, bending over and squeezing Narancia’s diaper. Laughing still, he rubbed the front of the hot, wet undergarment against Narancia’s crotch; his face flushed and his breath grew heavier. In spite of himself, he was enjoying this, and felt a momentary pang of disappointment when Mista removed his hand, followed by an overwhelming sense of shame.

Suddenly, Bruno’s voice rang out from the other room, calling Mista’s name, and Mista disappeared nearly as quickly as he had appeared—but not before turning to Narancia to say, “You’d better clean up your own messes from now on, or I’ll make you regret it.” Narancia, frozen in shock—and a tiny bit of arousal—continued kneeling there for a few minutes, trying to process what had just happened. He got back to work, continually telling himself that it was just the surprise and the contact; he most certainly did NOT like wearing diapers.

A little while later, he was nearly done cleaning the floor, his diaper had once again grown cold, and the area around his groin was starting to itch. He couldn’t stand it any longer, the floor was clean enough and he wanted—no, he NEEDED to get out of this diaper, he thought, with a small cringe when he remembered that meant he would have to put a new one on. He stood up and poked his head out the kitchen door. Seeing the café was deserted, he quickly rushed upstairs into his room, his diaper rustling softly all the while, and shut the door quietly behind him. On his bed, he saw both his pairs of pants, freshly laundered and neatly folded. He made a mental note to thank Abbachio later; he wouldn’t have had time to wash them himself with the way Bruno was working him to the bone, and he couldn’t imagine having to spend the next several days with his diapers fully exposed.

The diapers in question were right where Bruno had left them, in the bag at the foot of his bed, along with anything else he might need to change himself. Looking through the bag, he pulled out a fresh diaper and a plastic changing mat—he didn’t want anything getting onto his bed, after all—but steadfastly ignored any of the other babyish items. He stripped off his wet diaper, unrolled the mat onto his bed, and carefully climbed onto it, lying on his back. He lifted up his butt and tried to position the new diaper underneath himself. It took a few tries to get right, but eventually he got it straight enough. The process took far longer than when Bruno did it, and the results were less than satisfying; the front was slightly askew, the tapes had been torn off a few times and were barely hanging on now, and he still felt slightly gross and uncomfortable, but at least it was done. With a sigh of defeat, he wondered how many more times he would have to do this before his punishment was up. He didn’t ruminate on his fate for very long, however, as he didn’t want Bruno to accuse him of avoiding more work, so he pulled on his pants, which thankfully just fit over his padded butt, although it was still somewhat obvious, it wouldn’t be too noticeable if he wore his wrap.

Heading downstairs, Narancia saw Bruno talking to the others. “… Luka’s been found with his skull bashed in, the Boss wants me to find the guy who did it, so that means it’s up to all of you to collect payments today. Mista, Fugo, you take the north side, Abbachio, you and Narancia take the south.” He stole the quickest of glances at Narancia, still in the stairway, before looking back to Abbachio. “I
trust there will be no issues.” Abbachio nodded and headed for the stairs, pushing past Narancia. The others left, and Abbachio returned minutes later, carrying a small bag.

“What’s with the purse?” Abbachio’s answer was only to shoot a stern look at him. With no further discussion, they set off on their errand.

A few hours later, they were halfway across the city and had collected payment from most of their “clients,” when Narancia felt the urge to pee building in him again. He thought for a moment that Abbachio might be more lenient with his toilet privileges—but the moment he opened his mouth, Abbachio retorted with a curt, “No.”

“What-” Narancia began, but again he was cut off.

“I’m not letting you use the toilet.” Was he that transparent? “If you need to go, just go. I brought your supplies just in case.” So that was what was in the bag. Narancia had never felt more juvenile than at that moment—he was being escorted around town, wearing a diaper, his would-be “babysitter” brought a diaper bag, and, to make matters worse, he was already dancing like a toddler trying to hold it in, about to wet his diaper in public.

With the combined urgency of his bladder and futility of his situation, Narancia’s will gave out; he focused his energy and let himself go, feeling an increasingly familiar sensation of warmth around his privates… but something felt wrong, this time. Instead of pooling around his crotch, the warm wetness started to spread down his leg. Then the realization hit him like a flurry of fists. His diaper had leaked. Poor, stupid Narancia, can’t even pee in his diapers right.

He must not have put it on right, he thought. He let out a small squeal of panic, causing Abbachio to look back. One glance told him all he needed to know—the dark trail leading down his leg was a dead giveaway.

“Come with me,” Abbachio said. Before Narancia had a chance to react, Abbachio grabbed his hand and pulled him into a nearby public restroom, and locked the door behind them. Thankfully for Narancia’s sake, it was empty, because the next thing he knew, Abbachio had pulled off his pants, picked him up, and placed him on the changing table. He was mortified, not only for this infantile treatment, but also because he wasn’t sure if the fold-out table could handle his weight.

Abbachio, however, was unconcerned. He pushed Narancia into lying on the table and inspected his wet diaper. After a momentary glance, he looked Narancia dead in the eyes and shook his head. Narancia’s face flushed completely. Did Abbachio expect him to be an expert at putting a diaper on himself after less than a day? He was about to tell Abbachio off when, suddenly, Abbachio ripped his diaper off.

In a panic, Narancia tried to cover himself with his hands, but Abbachio pushed them out of the way. He pulled a package of baby wipes from his bag, removed one, and started to clean Narancia’s crotch. It was very cold, causing Narancia to jump, but Abbachio paid no mind and continued to wipe, making sure not to miss anything. As he explored every nook and cranny with the cold wipe, Narancia’s breath quickened, and, if it was possible, his face grew even more red. An invasive finger found its way into his asshole and he let out a gasp of shock and pleasure. He expected Abbachio to comment, to scoff, to make any mention of his obvious arousal, but he said nothing and only continued to clean Narancia like an oversized toddler.

After his rather intimate cleaning session, Abbachio pulled a new diaper and baby powder from the bag, slid the diaper under Narancia, applied a liberal amount of powder, and taped it closed. With a gentle pat on his exposed legs, Abbachio let Narancia down from the table. Narancia was about to ask for his pants back, when he saw Abbachio was already shoving them into his bag.
“So what am I supposed to do about pants? I can’t just walk around in a diaper in public.” Abbachio’s answer was to pull Narancia’s wrap around, so the opening was towards his side, holding it a little more closed with a few safety pins that he found in his pocket; it was almost indistinguishable from a proper skirt. Narancia was about to protest more, but he realized that wearing a skirt was certainly more preferable to walking back with his diaper on display. Leading him by the hand again, Abbacho left the bathroom with Narancia in tow.

“Let me know when you need another change.” Narancia’s face went scarlet once again.

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