



WHEN THE HYPNO KICKS IN

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"Soft... Sqweh... Sqweh... Shee..."

The rat lay on the lush mattress, wooden bars rising to form the borders of her simple crib. Coherent thoughts were long gone now, as she had succumbed fully to the hypnosis she had tried so hard to resist.

Her mind had become a blank slate, all past memories, thoughts, and talents both learned and naturally gifted had been stripped away. They were gone, forever, leaving behind only the pleasant fog that enveloped her waking mind in a soft, flannel blanket.

"Comfy... I wuv comfy... Comfy good... Good for whittle rattos... I'm whittle ratto... Smol..."

The simple affirmation of her identity brought comfort to the rat, her limbs tingling and growing warmer as the temperature in the room rose slightly, altered by an unseen spell to ensure that her comfort was kept at the maximum level.

Her setting was simple, only a crib and comfortable mattress to keep her company. The room is quiet, still, illuminated only by the last few beams of sunlight on a late afternoon. There was no need for there to be anything else in the room, other than the crib to hold her. Annie could not have escaped the room even if she was able to come up with such an idea.

No, there was only the wonderful reality of laying on her back, in a soft bed, and feeling ever so happy to enjoy the delicate euphoria sustained by having a mind filled with nothing.

"Baby... Goo'... Goo' guwl... I'm... I'mma goow... Gurl... Baby guwl..."

The thought of knowing that she was a good girl gave her immense pleasure, for she wiggled her bottom and tail in response to the personal affirmation. In her mind, she was a good girl, a good girl solely for the fact that she was laying quietly and obediently in her crib, where she was left to do just that.

"Goow girls... Need big... BIG diapers... Goow guwls have... Accidents..."

A delicate blush formed on the rat's cheeks, a slight rosiness saturating the normally white fur with a pleasant pink color. Annie was indeed wearing only a diaper in addition to her pink t-shirt. There was a heart on the landing zone, and the rest of the pink and white padding had been carefully wrapped around her waist to ensure that it was a snug, secure fit.

The adhesive had been magically sealed against her, though even now her paws remained too clumsy and uncoordinated to loop even a single paw pad underneath a tape. The cushion underneath her tushie was significant, lifting her up a whole two inches off of the mattress beneath her. Its front was robust, wide, and thickly layered. It rode up to her upper thighs. It was so secured and voluptuous in size that no matter

what pose her body might be in as she rolled around, it would be able to catch even the largest of floods without a single drop leaking out.

“Big... Poofy... Puh... Puh... Poopy... Goow girls go poopy in poofy...”

She mused to herself, idly dragging a limp wrist down to the front of her diaper to give her front a weak squeeze. Annie had become enamored by her diaper ever since her brain had been completely washed. It was her favorite part of her wardrobe, always there, sometimes crinkling to remind her that she was safe, and perpetually ready to hold all the messes that inevitably dribbled out of her when she was not paying attention.

And Annie could no longer pay attention.

She squeezed her thighs together, held apart by a good foot and a half by the sheer bulk of the diaper. Had she been willing, she would find that she would no longer be able to walk with such an immense bulk. Crawling too would be difficult, but given just how cozy she was feeling laying on her back she had no intention of moving anywhere. No, she would stay put, where everything was easy-going and okay.

“Good guwls... Piddle... Diapers hold baby princess ratto piddles... No puddles... Only... Soggy woggy... Princess... Pampers...”

Annie let out a little accident, trickling out of her only to be eagerly lapped up and absorbed by her diaper. It barely put a dent in the total amount the undergarment could absorb, for she had many such miniature accidents throughout her hours of languishing about.

She did not mind. In fact, Annie quite liked how the diaper felt after she had wet it, the warmth of her pee radiating back into her fur to remind her that it was okay to pee in her diapers. That was what they were for, after all, to keep her safe and comfortable as she lay in her crib.

"I'm... Mah... Mommy's widdle... Puddle princess... Goow girls... Are soggy guwls..."

This mantra would often repeat itself inside of her shallow consciousness, eliciting a sense of reward and euphoria that sometimes caused her to pass out from the sheer force of good feelings. Using her diaper was her favorite part of the day, and she could not even control when she had to go in it. It was a happy accident, every accident, and waking up from her pleasure-filled dreams into her waking stupor meant only that she would be awake for yet more accidents for her to relish and gurgle at.

"Make stimkies... Annie... Gotta go... Make... Stimkies... Gotta... Do pushies... Good guwls... Do pushies..."

Annie could feel it, the tell-tale signs that her tummy needed a little bit more room for more treats that would cause her to drool onto her shirt. Though the rat had no capacity to remember just how many diapers she had gone through that day, this was her fourth. Whenever she felt the slightest inclination to mess herself, she did without hesitation.

The lavish feeling of being unable to pick herself up, move about, or even adjust herself inside of the overwhelming thick diapers made it so she would remain laying in her mess. Whenever she pushed, her accident remained firmly underneath her bottom, the earthy scent rising up to meet her nostrils and triggering a conditional embarrassment response. She would feel self-conscious at first, messy and dirty, which would eventually progress into a state of quiet reflection.

Lastly, she would grow a little upset, and small cries would turn into sobs until tears would glisten in the corners of her eyes. That was when there was attention brought to her, soothing words and warm paws would lower the bars of the crib to change her well-used diaper. Her bottom would be lifted, wiped down and powdered with a generous helping of powder. Her 'special spot' too would be worshiped with warm, wet wipes.

She quite liked this part, though she could no longer understand why, it was just a pleasant feeling, and it always came with a final reward. A fresh diaper, snugly diapered, serving as the finest pillow for her now clean bottom, only to be defiled and distorted a few hours later when she had yet another moment of weakness.

"Hurt... Tummy ouchie... Gotta... Gotta... Go... Make pushies..."

The rat emitted a grunt, scrunching her face and balling her fists against her chest as she raised her knees upwards. The accident came, her tail swishing to the side to allow for more leverage as several loud sounds of flatulence became muffled in the seat of her princess pampers. Her bottom distorted slightly, bulging outwards and then sagging downwards as she pooped.

So came the torrent, a flood gushing into the front of her patiently waiting diaper front as she fully relieved herself. Annie lowered her legs, her weight back down on her now messy diaper as she heaved a sigh of relief. The warmth from her fresh accident comforted her, and she wriggled her thighs and hips inside of her used padding, relishing the sensation of having completely soiled herself.

Words became lost, as her thoughts could no longer articulate her feelings. Only sensations remained, the last threads of her adult mind vanishing into the abyss never to be retrieved again.

Good feeling...

Squishy feeling...

Warm feeling...

I did good to poop my pants...

Good girl.

"Goo'... Guwl... Goo'... Guwl... Goo'... Guwl..."

Only two words remained, the only two words that she needed, for they accomplished everything that she wanted. Annie only wanted to feel good, to supplicate her body and diaper with the affirmation that she was only a baby rat that used her diapers. It was sufficient, no greater desires or wishes came to her mind other than being changed into clean diapers to turn them into messy ones.

It was her sole point of interest.

Now, she guided her paw to the front of her diaper, groping and poking at the thick, sodden material as yet another jet of pee escaped her, filling it further. She felt the urine drip down her front, seeping down into the flattened cake of her messy accident and mingling with it. Like so much mud against her backside, she wriggled around further, soft gurgles escaping her mouth as the sensation of being in a thoroughly used diaper spiked her dopamine levels to obscene levels.

She would never be free from this high, her body would now be fully dependent on using her diapers several times a day to remain functional. It was her only source of happiness, and what a bountiful source of euphoria and glee it was. She would lay in her crib, piddle and push in her diapers, and reminder herself that she was a very “Goo’ guwl” for all eternity.

This was her lot in life now, and it had now become irreversible.

“Oh dear, it smells like someone just left me a little present in their diaper.”

Came the voice belonging to the large, plush lop-eared rabbit. This was the only face Annie knew, and the only one she saw. Enchanted with a spell and given life with magic, this stuffed animal remained inanimate in another room, rising only to feed, wash, change, and clothe Annie when she needed it. It was all the rat needed, spending her days laying in a crib with nothing but the sheer blankness of her mind to keep her happy.

She hardly understood the words that came from the rabbit now, but she appreciated the soft tones that she used. The rabbit spared no amount of effort ensuring

that Annie remained calm and well-behaved, keeping her well fed and hydrated to maintain the rat's only purpose for existing in her nursery. To use her diapers, to love her diapers, and to be completely dependent on her soft, pink diapers.

"Now then, let me wipe that poopy little butt of yours and let's put you into a fresh, new diaper. Doesn't that sound nice, sweetheart?"

The rabbit cooed, lowering the bars of the crib before reaching forward to gently cup the bottom of Annie's diaper. She continued, her voice slightly bemused as she shouldered her diaper bag and deposited it down on the mattress next to Annie.

"Oh my, it feels like you really did a number on this one, baby girl. Now then, let's see what surprises you left me this time around."

The nursery was then filled only with the sound of tapes being slowly ripped off, and the crinkling of plastic as her diaper was unfolded. The rabbit took her time cleaning Annie up, letting the rat enjoy her touch and the pleasant sensation of having her fur wiped. There was no rush, after all, for the rat's fate was filled with only the inevitability of a diaper change.

No cause for hurry, for Annie was never to leave the confines of her crib, standing in the dungeon's nursery, for the rest of her blissful days.