

Lit only by the candles set up on the table and the gentle moonlight drifting through the window above, the darkness of the living room seemed almost oppressive, the atmosphere thick with an air of apprehension. Victor took a deep breath with an excited flutter in his chest as he looked down at the table where he'd set everything up, just like the diagram in the book had it laid out. He'd gathered all the supplies and placed them all in their positions, with the focus set in the center, under the moonlight. He'd always been at least a little bit interested in the idea of magic and spirits... and what better day to finally try talking to one than Halloween?

Sure, it might be a bit cliché, but it added to the atmosphere, and if he was going to have fun with it all, he might as well go all out, right? Picking up a "cursed" book from an online seller for the ritual, finding an appropriate focus for the center of it, waiting for the perfect time of night where he'd get just the right amount of light... it would at least be some fun to play with, if nothing else. And so with a deep breath and a little chuckle, he sat down in the chair in front of the table.

...He felt a little bit nervous, which was a surprise. It's not like these actually *did* anything, but still... tampering with things beyond your knowledge was exactly how you got into situations that you weren't anywhere near prepared for, and somewhere deep inside of him, he was worried it was a bad idea... though it didn't take much to reassure himself and push that feeling aside. This was just for fun! What's the worst that could happen?

Flipping a few pages through the book to the end of this ritual, he came to the section with the magic words he needed to speak to supposedly connect to a spirit who was willing to speak. Steadying himself and clearing his throat, he began reading one word after the other, a feeling of giddiness rising in his chest as he did. His voice calling out through the empty house, and maybe... out into the ether? He pushed through the string of strange consonant sounds, doing his best to replicate what was written down on the page... and the way his computer sounded them out when he'd looked them up earlier. And as he got to the end and looked expectantly at the center of the ritual...

Hm. Nothing. He gave it a moment, before apprehensively calling out "U-um, is... is anyone there?" He felt a bit embarrassed at how timid he sounded... he was supposed to be confident when convening with spirits! To be in control! "I... I wish to speak with you, if you are here," he said, trying to puff up his chest and make his voice sound a bit more confident. But mostly, he just felt silly trying to show boldness in front of... nothing.

He waited just a moment more, before letting out a sigh of disappointment and setting down the book. He'd at least hoped for... a little bit more? Like, it didn't have to work but... it just felt anticlimactic. Maybe he could try out a few more tonight? He got up from the table and turned around, only to freeze as he saw a woman sitting in his recliner, gently rocking back and forth as she read a book. She looked partially translucent, and was wearing a strange set of clothes – she looked like an old-timey

houseworker? Maybe a maid? He wasn't entirely sure... but blinking and rubbing his eyes didn't make her disappear, despite how unbelievable her presence might have been to him. "I do believe I prefer the first voice, dear. No need for false bravado," she said with a smirk, still not looking at him. She reached over to the side table, a fancy cup materializing on top of it just as she grabbed at the air, bringing it up to her mouth to take a sip before it vanished again. "Anyways... you wished to speak, hm? Is that all?"

He watched, still frozen as she turned away from her book to actually glance at him, clearing his throat as he suddenly tried to make himself seem less like he was being caught completely off guard, and more like this was all intentional. "Y-yes! Er, yes. I... I performed this ritual to summon you so that I could convene with the departed!" he said, the bravado returning, though she only chuckled and sighed, shaking her head with a smile. "Though... the spirit was meant to remain within the... the circle..." She stood up out of the chair and walked over to the table to examine his work, looking almost like she was judging the efforts of a child like a teacher would.

"Yes, well it seems you didn't perform it quite correctly, if that was your goal." Victor was caught off guard as a glowing purple hand appeared next to the tome he'd left on the table, scooping it up and bringing it over for the woman to reference, glancing between it and the circle on the table. "You didn't summon me to speak, you performed a ritual to call for aid from the spirits, silly." She patronizingly reached over and ruffled his short brown hair, leaving him to flick it back out of his eyes.

"Um... so... what does that mean, exactly?" He asked, his false confidence deflating like she'd poked a hole in it. Hey, he'd managed to do *something* at least, he wasn't entirely helpless... and maybe he could learn how to do more from her! That was something.

"Well, sweetie, you called out for aid without specifying what you needed, so it seems the spell just drew from what you needed most inside your little heart." She punctuated that with a little tap to his chest, which almost made him blush. "I'll be honest, I don't find myself called upon for aid all too often. Not many people have a need for a nanny and *also* the means and willingness to ask for a spirit to do it for them. So, where is your little one?"

Victor stopped for a second, confused. A nanny? That... sort-of explained the outfit at least, but he didn't have any need for a nanny. He lived alone, and didn't have any kids to take care of. "Um... I'm not sure what you mean... I don't have a kid. I don't exactly know why it would call on a nanny. I guess I must have made another mistake in there..."

"Oh no, there were no actual mistakes in the ritual, beyond performing the wrong one." She seemed to think for a moment, before slowly turning to him with a sly smile on her face. "Well... since you apparently *do* need a nanny, and there's nobody else in this house who needs to be taken care of, then

that only really leaves one option, doesn't it, little one?" Victor looked back up at her with confusion on his face. He certainly couldn't think of what it was that she was here for, at the very least. Unless she meant...

"Ah, it's been so long since I've gotten to take care of a little one. You may be a bit bigger than I'm used to, but I'm sure I'll be able to manage." Victor's face turned from one of confusion to surprise, and a little bit of concern at the lady's sudden shift in attitude... and in tone. She was already starting to talk in a bubbly, bouncy voice, one that you'd use when keeping the attention of a baby.

"I-I'm sorry, I don't think that's necessary... j-just let me do the desummoning and you can g-get back to... whatever it is you were doing before..." he said with a nervous chuckle reaching for the book, only for the spectral hand holding it to pull away, holding it higher than he could reach.

"Oh dear, you shouldn't be playing with potentially dangerous things like this, sweetie. You're far too little for that. I'll get you something much more age appropriate to play with, alright?" As she spoke, the hand holding the book vanished, and the book with it, Victor's eyes going wide at the sight. He slowly started to back away, putting together a string of words that sounded like babble in an attempt to distract her, giving his best respectful smile as he approached his front door, turning around to suddenly make a dash for it. Though he only found himself suddenly slamming into the wall, reaching for a doorknob that was no longer there. He looked in panic as he saw that the entire door had vanished, leaving a blank wall in its place.

He turned around to look at the lady, who he saw let out a happy chuckle at the predicament, before a group of spectral arms appeared in front of him suddenly, moving all around him to lift him into the air with ease, even as he struggled. "Now now, it's far too late at night to be playing outside. Let's head to your nursery to get you into some more appropriate clothes, hm?" she said, turning to the hallway and strolling down it, the arms holding onto Victor following after her, carrying him through the air.

"Um, I-I appreciate the flattery, and the, um, k-kindness...?? B-but I can assure you, this isn't necessary, lady. I'm p-perfectly capable of taking care of myself, promise!" Victor said, growing increasingly scared about the circumstances he'd found himself in. J-just what was she planning? And... what was she capable of...?

"My name is Emily, dear. But you'll be referring to me as Nana. And if you truly are capable of taking care of yourself, then you can just prove it. If the ritual was wrong about you needing my help, then we'll see, now won't we?" She walked up to the door of Victor's bedroom, but as she opened up the door, he watched in shock as a pulse of purple light ran throughout the room, settling in glittering motes of light

around each piece of furniture. “Now, to make some useful adjustments...” Emily said, a pit of worry growing in Victor’s stomach.

As he was carried into the room, he watched in worry as he saw it reshape in front of his eyes. The normal walls shifted to a pale baby blue, hardwood floors being covered by a childish playmat. The glittering lights surrounding the shelf near the door suddenly began shifting, the flat top gaining a cushion while the shelves shifted to be open on one side. The floating hands set him down on the top of what was now an adult-sized changing table, four of them moving to his wrists and ankles to hold them down.

“L-listen, I know we might have, um... g-gotten off on the wrong foot, but can we maybe talk about this?” Victor asked a bit desperately, only for the nanny to manifest a baby blue pacifier in her hand – one sized for adults. Taking a look at it, she added a quick modification, a strap on each side that could easily meet at the back of his head and keep it held in place.

“I don’t think you need to be talking about anything, sweetie. Not until you prove you can behave, at the very least.” With that, she popped the pacifier into Victor’s mouth, two hands grabbing onto the straps and pulling them around his head and buckling them together, leaving Victor to only let out an increasingly worried “Mmph!”

“Much better. Now you won’t be saying anything naughty, will you? Much easier for you to be a good boy when you can’t misbehave in the first place. Speaking of...” He watched with worry as Emily once more conjured something into existence, the floating ghostly hands moving to carry the new accessories to his hands and feet – a matching baby blue set of mittens and booties, which were easily affixed to each of his hands and feet with his arms and legs held in place as they were. Victor let out a whimper, though things had only just begun.

With a snap, the boy’s clothes vanished across his entire body, his eyes going wide as he whimpered and tried to pull his legs together to cover up his privates, though the hands made sure he wouldn’t be doing anything like that. “Oh don’t worry, dear. I’ve changed hundreds of diapers in my time, it’s nothing I haven’t seen plenty of times over. Though I suppose it would be best to ensure you don’t get any ideas...” she said, thinking for a moment with a devilish grin, conjuring a small metal chastity cage. The small ring and flat head laid in her hand as she took a moment to let it sink in, before bringing her ghostly hands down to his privates.

They felt corporeal enough, if just a bit cold, which did a good job of ensuring that his dick was shrunken down enough to fit into the new cage. He whimpered desperately and pulled at the hands around his wrists as she looped the ring around his balls, putting the head over his dick and pushing it back into his

body just a bit, a key fitting into the little lock at the top and locking it. He gave her pleading eyes as she looked up at him, only to see her toss the key in the air, being caught by a ghost hand that vanished with it, leaving him without a way to take it off... even if he had the use of his hands.

“Maybe if you’re good, you’ll earn some nice feelings from Nana.” She thought for a moment, before seemingly coming up with an idea, and he struggled ever more as he saw what looked like a large plug suddenly appear in her hand. “What, don’t you want to feel good? If I were you, I wouldn’t be acting naughty on the changing table.” A hand appeared holding a bottle of lube, which was upended over the plug, covering it in a layer of the slick substance, which she brought down and placed against his asshole, the arms holding his legs apart. “This will only hurt a bit, dearie.”

He let out a muffled cry through his pacifier as she began pushing it in, feeling the large plug spreading him apart slowly. She at least took it slow, but that only made it so much easier, gradually feeling it slip into him bit by bit, before finally being pulled in the last little bit, jostling just a little as she tapped the base. He felt very full, and let out a little whimper as the little taps slightly bumped it against his prostate.

“Now, let’s get you into something appropriate for someone your age, hm?” she said, a long piece of cloth appearing in her hands that she expertly folded into the shape of a diaper, sliding it underneath his bottom with ease. She rapidly pulled it up between his legs and pinned it all together with a clothespin, taking out a baby blue set of plastic pants to slide on over the top. The finishing touch was a blue shirt with the words “Good Boy” written across it. She gave him a smile, and he suddenly felt his eyes go wide as a moan was pulled from his lips, feeling the plug inside of him vibrate for a few seconds before turning off. “I may have an affinity for some of the older ways, but I still appreciate some new advancements.”

Without any effort, the nanny lifted him up off of the changing table into her own arms, the floating ones disappearing and leaving him to be carried by her. Being so summarily bound up and left helpless, Victor wasn’t sure what to do at this point – he wasn’t sure he could break out of her grasp, much less outrun the magically appearing hands... and he didn’t even have a door to leave through! All he could really do was try to get her to let him go... though he wasn’t sure how to do that either...

“Now, I think we’d better get something on that tummy of yours, hadn’t we? And I know just the thing a growing little one like you needs...” She carried him back into the living room, which he saw had been morphed slightly – all the remnants of the ritual had vanished, a chest of scattered toys sat on a playmat in the corner rather than a television, and a new rocking chair stood nearby, which the nanny made her way towards and sat down on, moving Victor to lay sideways on her lap, cradled by her arm.

Confused about why she wasn't heading for the kitchen, his whimpering increased as he watched her unbutton her dress slightly and pull it aside, her breast lined up just in front of his face. He tried to plead with her, but she just pushed his face against it, the pacifier disappearing from his mouth just as her nipple entered it. "I think some of that fussiness might go away once you have a full belly. Now be a good boy and drink up, okay?"

Without much of a choice, Victor began sucking, feeling a heavy blush taking over his face as the milk splashed into his mouth, doing his best to swallow it. It tasted odd, beyond just drinking breast milk for the first time since he was a baby. He tried to just put it out of his mind and go through with it, hoping that she'd let up on him a bit afterwards.

Though he couldn't help but let out a cute little moan as he felt his diaper being rubbed by the hand that wasn't cradling him, putting just a little pressure against the plug inside of him and occasionally against his cage, making him squirm as he drank her milk. She smiled and let out a little giggle at his reactions to her movements, watching him wiggle in her arms each time she teased along his diaper. "Aww, you're taking to this like a natural, sweetheart. If I didn't know any better, I'd think you'd always been a little baby like this on the inside." His hips bucked up unconsciously at her teasing, both physical and mental, continuing to drink from her. He was already a bit horny from her teasing so far... but not only were her actions making it stronger, he could feel a pressure starting to build between his legs, and one of a different kind.

Victor let out a worried whimper and squirmed as he felt his bladder starting to fill, not knowing how or why, but feeling the desperation regardless. He already needed to get to a bathroom, but as he tried to pull off of her breast, she just pressed his head right back to it, keeping him there and making sure he kept drinking like he should be. At least, until he'd finished draining the first breast, at which point he was pulled off and easily moved around in her lap to lay in the other direction and start drinking from the other one. He tried to whimper, holding it back, but the pressure was building rapidly – far more rapidly than it should be.

It didn't take too long before the whimpering, squirmy mess on her lap lost control, wetting his diapers uncontrollably. He let out both a sigh of relief as the pressure abated, and a whimper of defeat as he felt his diaper growing warm and damp, filling up as he let go... only to keep going, and keep going, the stream not letting up for a while. It was only after his head was finally pulled off of her breast, pacifier reappearing in his mouth, that he was finally able to stop.

"Aww, looks like my little boy had an accident, didn't he? Ghost milk just goes right through you, doesn't it?" she said teasingly, continuing to press against and play with his diaper, his blush a deep red at this point. I guess you really aren't a big boy, are you?" Victor looked at her with a whimpery moan, a

desperate look on his face as he pressed up at the hand against his diaper. For some reason... losing control like that and wetting himself... i-it felt... really good.

"Aww, is there something you want?" the nanny asked, getting an embarrassed nod from her charge, only for her to look at him expectantly. "Then ask for it nicely, like a good boy." Victor whimpered, already feeling pent-up enough, the teasing making it worse, but... it was hard to say, both mentally, and physically thanks to the pacifier stuck in his mouth.

"P-pweashe... w-wet me c-cum..." he said through the big pacifier, his words slurred by it. Though Emily didn't seem satisfied. "You can do better than that, dear. You need to ask Nana for permission. And that's far too adult a word for you. You'll be calling it 'making stickies', like a good little boy. Now, try again."

He whimpered, his face deep red, heat running through his body. "C-can I pweashe... m-make shtickies, Nana..." he asked after building up the courage, getting a big smile from the nanny. "That's much better. I'll allow it, since you drank your milk and used your diaper like a good boy." Victor let out a moan as the vibrator suddenly turned back on, pressing against his prostate and sending waves of pleasure across his body. Her hand rested on the front of his wet diaper, gently kneading and groping it, the light stimulation to his caged bits combined with the heavy vibrations inside of him turning him into a little squirming mess.

He humped up against her hand, his whimpers growing in both intensity and pitch as he drew closer to the orgasm he'd wanted so badly, the vibrations right against his prostate making him melt. His caretaker only giggled as she watched him squirm, hump, and moan, knowing he was already getting close. It only took a few more moments for his high-pitched squeaks to hit a fever pitch, watching him hump into her hand as he crested over the edge, cumming through his cage and right into the waiting diaper taped around his waist, moaning as he let out all that pent-up sexual energy.

"Now what do we say?" she asked the now exhausted little boy in her arms. Catching his breath, Victor slowly let out a "F... fank you, Nana..." breathing deeply. She seemed satisfied by the response, rocking him gently in her arms as he recovered. Victor wasn't sure what he was going to do about the ghost at this point... though after an experience like that, he wasn't certain he wanted things to go back to normal...

Even if it was mortifying to have to ask his new nanny for permission to make stickies...~