

From Fatherhood to Babyhood

Prologue

Robby woke up earlier that morning, though it was nothing new in his current situation. Time was more like a strange concept now. Now, he depended on others to do everything, from walking and talking to changing his diapers, which were wet and sometimes messy whenever he woke.

What a strange situation indeed. Just a few months ago, he was a regular forty-two-year-old father. Today, he was lying on a crib with a soaked diaper, a pink onesie, and his favorite stuffy next to him. And he waited patiently for his son to come pick him up and get him ready for the day.

Why? How? Well, as I mentioned before, it started a couple of months back.

Chapter One

At Cooper's house, there was only one rule, when dad said something, you had to do it. Robby, your average jack-of-all-trades, was the father and a good provider. His wife, Carmen, was as submissive as wives came.

Jacob, their youngest, was a lot like his mother, a bit of a pushover. But, his first son, the one he was proud of the most, was just like him, an Alpha male. Tall and handsome, Chris was just like his father was at his prime, with dark hair and a body everyone would love to have. Though, nowadays, Robby was more on the chubby side, the stress of having a family and providing for them.

As I said, nothing strange was going on in the Cooper's house.

But that changed a few months back.

Robby woke up in the middle of the night. His heart was racing, and his breathing was hard. He had had this recurrent dream in which Chris would come home from work, greet his mother and younger brother like a man, and go straight to Robby, who was in his playpen, playing with his dolls. Chris would get close to kiss him on the forehead, and that's when he woke up.

He looked at Carmen. She was still sleeping. But, there was something different this time. A strange, cold feeling around his crotch. His heart was racing again. Had he peed himself in his sleep?

Fuck, he thought, not knowing what to do. He stood up, went straight to the bathroom, and got clean. He changed his PJs and returned to his room, where Carmen was still sleeping.

Maybe she would think it was her. She was a woman. After all, that was something a woman would do, not a man.

The wet spot, however, was on his side. Carmen was dull, but not that dull. He wanted to cry in frustration. He actually sobbed a little. Knowing he would have to confront his wife soon, he left the room to get a glass of water.

In the kitchen, he found Chris on his laptop. It was almost three in the morning, and his son was just typing, not caring that his father was right in front of him.

"Chris," said Robby, "Everything okay?"

"Oh, dad. Sorry didn't see you there," he said, still typing, "I'm working on a job application. I'm in the last stage of the process. So, wanna get it done as soon as possible."

"Good money?" Asked Robby, pouring himself a glass of water.

"A lot, yeah."

"That's my boy. Alright, I'll leave you to it."

But Chris wasn't done.

"Um, dad. Did you change your clothes?"

"What?" Robby felt a shiver through his body, "No, why?"

"Cause I saw you before you went to bed. You were wearing something different. Everything okay?"

His son was very detailed-oriented, but it was ridiculous that he would know that.

"All okay. I was just feeling uncomfortable with the other clothes."

"Right...," said Chris, "You sure everything is okay? You look a bit upset."

"I'm okay."

"Okay, I was just worried. You work too hard sometimes. Good night, dad."

"Good night, son."

Robby left the living room and went to his bed. His wife, still sleeping and snoring, looked so cute in her pink pajamas. Part of him, a deep one he didn't talk about, felt jealous of her. No responsibilities, wearing cute clothes, everything handed to her.

He shook those thoughts away. After all, he was a man and decided to wake her up and deal with the problem.

Chapter Two

"You wet the bed?" Shouted Carmen.

"Please," said Robby, "Not so loud. The kids will hear"

"Oh, they will," she said, "All this big talk about how men are superior to women and that women are just kids looking for a father figure. And you come and pull something like this?"

Robby has never seen his wife this angry. Thinking it better, he has never seen his wife angry before, or at least, not at him. Though, she was right. What kind of man would wet the bed?

"I'm sorry," said Robby, looking down at his feet like a kid being caught doing something naughty.

"You will. Now clean this right away while I take a shower."

"But, I'll wake up the kids."

"I told you. The kids will find out, whether by you or by me. You decide. And don't you think I haven't noticed the damp spots on your trousers lately? I'm the one fucking cleaning them all the time. I'm tired of your little wee-wee peeing on everything." Carmen kept saying as she removed her clothes that were a bit damped by Robby's accident, "I can't believe it. A man your age."

She had a beautiful body, though slightly on the shorter side. Her breasts were big and soft, and her nipples were completely enticing. So much so that he felt lost whenever he saw them.

"What are you waiting for?" She asked, and Robby began stripping the bed down.

She left for the bathroom, leaving Robby alone in his shame.

He stripped the bed, did his best to clean the mattress, and flipped it before putting on new sheets. Now, alone in his room, he could hear his wife taking a shower in their bathroom. So, he left the room, wet sheets on hand, and went straight to the laundry. Before he could get there, he found his son, Chris, still on his laptop.

"Hi, dad," said Chris, "You okay?"

"Yeah. Why?"

"Well, I could hear mom, and you are walking with some pretty smelly sheets. So, I wanted to know how you were doing."

Robby couldn't handle it anymore. It was his wife's words, the fact that he had wet the bed, and the fact that his son now knew about it. He began crying, a desperate cry. What kind of man would do that? But, before his thoughts could keep messing with him, Chris had stood right in front of him, towering and handsome. He embraced his father, pulling him closer and letting Robby cry on him.

"It's okay," said Chris, "It's okay."

Robby just continued to cry, not noticing that his son had moved him to the couch and sat him on his lap like a father would to a toddler.

"Chris, what the fuck are ..." Robby tried to speak.

But Chris had put his thumb on Robby's mouth. Robby tried to protest. But he couldn't. His son was too strong, a lot stronger than him, and a lot taller. Robby, not knowing what to do, just began sucking.

"Shhh," said Chris, "This will be our secret."

Chapter Three

Robby woke up later that morning in a strange place. There were books everywhere, though the room was tidy and clean. The bed was smaller but big enough for a tall man, and there was a set of weights in one corner. It was his son's room, Chris' room. Then, everything came back to him, everything about the night before. What happened was wrong, but why did it feel so good? It was the best sleep he had had in years.

Then, the door opened, and his son came in.

He was only wearing a towel, and through the towel, Robby could see the godlike body his son had. The abs were like sculpted marble, his arms twice the size of Robby's, and his dick and balls were noticeable through the towel. After what happened earlier, Robby couldn't stop feeling emasculated at his son's presence.

"Oh, you are awake," said Robby, removing the towel to show his naked body to his father.

Robby looked away, though only out of modesty.

"Robby, what the fuck is going on?"

"It's okay that. I'm pretty sure you also have a pair of balls and a penis. Don't you?"

Robby blushed.

"What happened last night?"

"Well, you fell asleep in my arms. Don't worry, mom doesn't know anything. She is still angry at you, though. I told her you crashed at my room to give her some time to calm down."

"Why?"

"Why does she need time to calm down? Didn't you pee her and the bed?"

"No, why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to," said Robby, getting closer to his father, towering over him, "Would you like me to tell her about what happened last night after you peed the bed?"

Robby shook his head, feeling small and pathetic.

"Good. Let's make a deal then."

"Deal?"

"Yeah, I won't do that again. After all, you are a strong, mature man, right?"

Robby nodded like a child pretending to be a grownup.

"Okay, but. If you pee the bed again, I'll take a bit further"

"Further?"

"Well, two times would be too much for mom. She would just send you out of the room, probably to the couch. We won't want that, do we?"

Robby shook his head.

"Then, I will offer her for you to crush with me. I have the inflatable mattress, after all. I don't think she'll mind."

"Why do you want me to sleep with you?"

"You'll find out next time you pee the bed. Though, as I said before. That shouldn't happen, should it? After all, a strong, mature father like you should be able to keep his bed dry."

Robby felt even smaller, and now he was blushing.

"Do we have a deal?"

"Do I have an option?"

Chris shook his head.

"Okay"

"Good. Now, go. Unless you wanna see me change."

Robby thought about it for a second and left his son's room. It was already morning, so everyone was doing their usual routine. Robby couldn't stop feeling like things were wrong, but he just didn't know why. What was Chris' plan? Why did he make him sleep in his arms?

He was thinking about the night before when he found his wife already dressed to go out.

"Good morning, pissy pants," she said, "Chris told me you slept in his room. Did you wet the bed again?"

"No," said Robby proudly, "It was just an accident. It won't happen again."

"If you say so," said Carmen, "I'm taking Jacob to his football practice. Why don't you clean the room while I'm out?"

"I can't believe we are still paying for his classes. The boy's a sissy. He won't get better at it."

"A sissy?" Asked Carmen, "At least he manages to keep the bed dry."

Those words cut deep inside Robby, almost making him tearful, but he managed to contain it.

Her wife left with her second son. And it was only him and Chris in the house, though, like most of the time, his older son was so busy with his things that Robby just felt alone, which meant he was alone with his thoughts. His dream about being diapered and babied by his older son, his bedwetting, and the fact that Chris seemed more mature than himself. He spent the rest of the day thinking about that until his wife and younger son returned home.

Chapter Four

That night, sleeping with his wife, Robby could barely close his eyes. Carmen was already snoring, but he was too worried to actually sleep. What would happen if he wet the bed again? What did Chris mean earlier? He decided that if he was not going to sleep, he would at least get some work done.

He left the bed and went to his office. But, on his way there, he noticed Chris' room open. Robby wanted to avoid him, and even when he tried his best, he found himself attracted to it like a moth to a flame. Chris was inside, sleeping, and Robby got closer, so close he could feel his son's breathing. But, before he could get any closer, Chris woke up.

"What the fuck..." his older son said.

Robby didn't know what was happening, but as soon as Chris glared at him with his alpha presence, he felt his knees growing weaker. And then, a familiar sensation around his crotch. At first, he thought it was nothing, but when he looked down, he was standing in a puddle of his own making.

Robby began crying, and Chris stood up to confront his father.

That's when he woke up. Robby's heart was beating faster, faster than ever, and he was crying. He had been crying in his sleep. Why? Though, the answer was the warmth sensation around his crotch.

No, thought, Robby, no, please, no.

His crying became a bit louder, loud enough to wake up Carmen.

"What's going on, honey?" She said, barely awake.

Her face went from slightly sleepy to angry in seconds. She stood up, checking if she was wet again. To her relief, she wasn't. Though she still blasted at Robby.

"How the fuck do you call yourself a man?" She shouted, loud enough to wake up everyone in the house, "You are nothing but a bedwetting sissy."

Robby was so ashamed that he began peeing himself even more. What was happening to him? Why couldn't he control his bladder? And more importantly, why was he dreaming about his older son?

"Are you peeing yourself again?" Asked Carmen, furious.

Robby didn't answer.

"Pathetic. How can I even think of you as my husband? After this, you are lucky if any of our kids call you dad ever again."

Her words made Robby cry even more.

"Get out," shouted Carmen, "Get out of the room, you pathetic pansy. Now!"

He did as told, his legs trembling, making every step feel like an eternity. Finally, outside the room, he sat and cried in the hallway. He did not care that Jacob, his youngest son, was staring at him.

"Are you okay, dad?" Asked Jacob.

Robby tried to speak. He tried to say something, but he couldn't stop crying. Jacob stared at his father with disgust, which only made things worse in Robby's mind. His sissy effeminate son was judging him, and Robby couldn't take it anymore. He rushed away, looking for Chris, hoping he would hold him the way he did before.

In his room, Chris heard the commotion and smiled. He knew what had happened; now, he just needed to wait to get what he wanted. His very own sissy baby and it was going to be his father.

Chapter Five

In between sobs and the uncomfortable feeling of his wet clothes, Robby's mind kept thinking about finding Chris. Why? He didn't know that. He just knew that he would be safe once he saw his older son, once he was in his arms like the night before. But, it didn't matter how hard he looked. He just felt lost. Their home wasn't that big, but he had no clue where his son could be. He knew it had been there, inside the house, but where? His mind felt like a puddle of thoughts that were too erratic to understand.

That's when he reached Chris' door, and his mind cleared up again.

He knocked, feeling a small pressure in his tummy, but he couldn't care less about it. He had finally arrived at Chris' room, and when the door opened, he would finally be safe and protected. And the door did open. On the other side, he saw his tall and handsome older son, looking towering and so mature. He was wearing no shirt, exposing his well-defined abs.

"Hello there, little one," said Chris, "Is everything okay?"

Robby didn't know how to answer, though his wet clothes and red cheeks should be enough to tell the tale.

"Did it happen again?"

Robby nodded.

"Have you been crying?"

Robby nodded again.

Chris said nothing else. He got closer to his father, towering over him, and picked him with no effort. Robby felt safe as soon as his son held him, and there was nothing to worry about anymore. He felt like floating, and as if he could finally be himself, and that's when he began pushing. First, it was a fart, and then, Robby felt the mushy poo filling his wet trousers.

He thought Chris would say something about it, but he didn't. His older son just got him inside the room and closed the door.

"How is my little baby?" Asked Chris.

Robby didn't answer. He wasn't a baby, was he? He was Chris's father. He was the man of the house. Why would Chris call him a baby? He tried to understand. Was it because Chris was taller? Or maybe it was because of his accidents? Maybe it was because Chris was holding him as if he was indeed a baby. He tried to answer these questions, but his brain was too foggy.

"You feel odd, don't you?" Asked Chris.

Robby nodded.

"Would you like to know why?"

Robby nodded again.

Chris smiled.

"That's because you are a baby, silly. But you still like to pretend you are a man." He said, sitting down and placing Robby on his lap. As soon as Robby sat on his son's lap, he felt the mushy poo going everywhere inside his pants, and the smell was now unmistakable. Though it didn't seem to bother Chris.

"I'm no baby," said Robby, almost drooling as he spoke.

"Yes, you are. But you needed help accepting it. Didn't you?"

But Robby was confused and couldn't follow what Chris was implying.

"You came to me a couple of months ago. You were stressed out, burnt out, and almost on the verge of a breakdown. I tried to help you, and we came out with an idea. Remember?"

Robby couldn't remember anything.

"Of course, you don't. After all, you weren't part of that part of the plan. Let me remind you what happened. I told you I got these meditation files you could download on your phone to listen to at night. You were glad your perfect firstborn was helping you. So, you took them, no questions asked"

"You did this to me?"

"Yes and no."

Robby was now even more confused.

"The files were meant to reduce your inhibitions. Not too much, but enough. Everything else, your accidents, your dreams about being my baby girl. All of it. That's just you. I only gave you a little push in that direction."

Robby was crying again. How was he so stupid? He should've said something. When the dreams began, he should've sought help. But what would happen now? What would Chris do to him? Why did he do it?

"Now you want to know why, don't you?"

Robby nodded.

"Well. 'Cause I wanted to," said Chris, putting his thumb back again inside Robby's mouth to let him suck on it, "I've always wanted you to be my little girl. And now, all I need is to put you back in diapers and give you a little makeover. Do you know what the best part is? You won't do a thing to prevent it. I bet you'll even enjoy it. In fact, I bet you are getting hard by just thinking about it."

Robby looked down and saw his erection through his pants. His penis was slightly below average, but now it looked so big at the prospect of being his son's little girl. He wanted to protest. He tried.

"Are you enjoying my thumb?" Asked Chris, "I'm sorry, baby. But daddy has to clean you up and then. Then I will introduce my new girl to mom and Jacob. Would that be okay?"

Robby cried again. The part of him that knew himself to be a man was screaming inside. He didn't want to be seen like this, much less in a diaper and dress.

"No, please," said Robby, crying desperately.

"Why not?"

"Cause I'm your father, not a baby."

Chris chuckled.

"But, you are a baby. And not just any baby. You are my baby. My little girl, and we will have so much fun together."

"But...but..."

Chris kissed Robby on the forehead, and Robby felt any sort of fight left in him gone within seconds. He was a baby, and Chris was his daddy, and he wasn't even a he. No, he was a little girl that needed his big, strong, and handsome daddy to take care of her 'cause she was too small.

"Are you ready for your new life?" Asked Chris.

Robby nodded.

"Yes, daddy"

Chapter Six

Chris carefully removed his father's clothes, leaving him completely naked inside the bathroom. His body was that of man, but that needed to change. With a mastery of the situation, Chris cleaned his father's butt, removing any trace of poo; and only when he was satisfied with the results, he lifted Robby again and placed him in the shower.

"First thing first. Let's clean yours properly and remove any trace of manhood you might still have," said Chris, smiling at his new sissy baby, "I only mean your body hair, by the way. Don't get too anxious."

Robby didn't complain. He actually did nothing as his older son began washing him. He used some sort of body lotion. It burned at first, but then it was over, and when he rinsed Robby, his body hair was gone. He looked down at his balls and penis, nothing. It was as clear of hair as the parts of a baby, and that made him cry inside. What had happened to him? He wasn't in control of his own body, but at the same time, he was. That deep part of him his son talked about was in charge now, and that part was enjoying every second of what was happening.

"Much better. Don't you think, little one?"

Robby nodded, feeling his soft smooth skin and smiling.

Chris proceeded to dry him carefully. Then, he picked Robby, carrying him in his arms and into the bed. There, a large, oversized diaper was waiting, right next to a beautiful pink dress with ruffles and the words I Love Daddy front and center.

"Let's get you ready, and then we can introduce the new baby of the house to mom and Jacob."

Robby nodded again, but inside he was screaming. The adult part of him, the father part of him, wanted nothing but to avoid his future. He didn't want his wife to see him this way, much less his younger son. He was now the sissy, and he couldn't do anything to stop it.

First, Chris placed him on top of the diaper, pushing Robby so that he could lie on bed. He opened the diaper, lifting Robby's now smooth butt as if he was just a baby. He masterfully

placed the diaper on him, applying the necessary amount of baby lotion and powder to prevent any rash and odors. Then, he sealed Robby in his new white, fluffy prison.

“How does it feel? Better than those horrible, big-man undies. Don’t you think? You look even better now, such a cute little baby.”

“Thanks, daddy.” Said Robby, even if he didn’t want to, “Thanks for making such a pretty little princess baby.”

“You’re welcome, little one. Now, let’s get you in your brand new pink dress so mom and Jacob can finally meet the real you.”

Robby nodded again.

Was there a way out of this trance? Could he do something to set himself free from his older son? Or was he condemned to live life as a baby girl until his son decided otherwise? He tried to think of every possible scenario in which he could set himself free. But, without control of his own body, any option seemed impossible to him.

He didn’t know how or when, but he had started crying. He didn’t even notice when Chris placed the pink dress on him.

“I think we are ready. There, there, baby girl. There’s no need to cry.” Chris said as he carried Robby once more and stood right in front of the mirror.

Looking back at him was no man. What Chris was carrying in his arms was an oversized toddler girl wearing a very noticeable diaper and a pink dress. No signs of body or facial hair on him, and his skin was looking smoother than it had since he was a kid. The reflection was that of a baby girl holding onto her daddy for love and protection.

“I think a bow will do the trick with your hair until it grows long enough. What do you reckon, little one?”

Robby nodded, sobbing.

“Well, there’s no better time than now,” said Chris, walking towards the door with Robby in his arms, “Let’s show your real you to the world.”

Chris opened the door, and they were gone.

Chapter Seven

Carmen and Jacob were sitting in the living room, waiting for Chris, who had called them down for something important. For Carmen, whenever her son said anything, she would just do it. He was, in her eyes, the man her husband could never be, and she was loyal to him. For Jacob, his brother was everything he wished he could be. Tall, strong, and masculine, but unluckily, he wasn't.

They both began hearing steps.

Jacob turned to see Chris with someone in his arms. At first, he couldn't recognize it. All he could see was an overgrown girl wearing a very noticeable diaper under her dress. But when Chris got closer, he finally saw it. It was his own father. The one that had called him a sissy or effeminate so many times before.

He couldn't help but laugh.

The laugh got Carmen's attention, who also turned to see what was happening. She recognized it immediately. Her husband, mister macho man. The one that had always looked down on every woman, wearing a ridiculous dress and a very obvious diaper.

She also laughed.

"Family," said Chris, holding Robby tighter, "I would like to introduce this family's newest member, baby Roberta. Say hello, Roberta."

Robby was crying inside, but he couldn't control his actions.

"Hewos," he said with his thumb on his mouth, "Hewos mommy Carmen and uncle Jacob."

They laughed even harder.

"I knew you were a pathetic excuse of a man, but this... this is another level," said Carmen, standing up to get a clearer picture of her husband, "That's a pretty dress, Roberta."

Robby couldn't argue.

"And you are also wearing diapers. Are they wet? They must be, you big baby."

Jacob didn't say anything. He only took his phone out and began taking pictures. When they had assimilated Robby's presence, the three sat on the couches, and Robby sat on his daddy's lap. He felt safer in his daddy's lap, so he held tight and buried his head against Chris' massive chest.

"I bet you'd like an explanation," said Chris.

Both Carmen and Jacob nodded.

"Dad came to me a couple of weeks ago. He had never actually felt like a man and had problems keeping his pants dry. He said, begged in fact, that he wanted to be a baby again. But, not a baby boy...a girl. And he wanted me to be his daddy."

That was a lie, thought Robby. He wanted to tell them that it was a lie. But, instead of words, the only thing that came out of him was a loud wet fart. Carmen and Jacob looked at him with disgust.

"I think someone needs to make a little poo," said Chris, releasing Robby into the floor, "Go on, Roberta. Show mommy and Jacob your true self."

Robby fought it with all his strength, but it was in vain. He squatted right in front of his family and began pushing. It must have been the most entertaining spectacle ever 'cause no one said a thing until it was over. And, when it was over, Robby could feel his warm mess

spreading all over his crotch. Then, he released his bladder and placed his thumbs right back in his mouth.

"Classy," said Jacob.

"I don't know why, but this doesn't surprise me at all," said Carmen.

"This is who dad, I mean Roberta, really is. She is a baby, and we will treat her like one."

"We?" Asked Jacob.

"Well, I cannot be home all day," said Chris, picking Robby again and sitting him on his lap.

Robby felt his mess spreading all the way up his penis and even higher. He should start leaking all over his dress soon. That uncomfortable sensation made him start crying, which was a terrible mistake. Chris answered by making him bounce on his lap. The bounce only made Robby feel even more uncomfortable, but for some bizarre reason, he started laughing like a dumb toddler.

"You see," said Chris, "Just a dumb little baby that his daddy, mommy, and uncle."

Robby wanted out. He wanted his freedom. His manhood.

But he was defeated.

Chapter Eight

Robby was in his usual spot. Sitting in the living room, inside his playpen, completely diapered and wearing the most beautiful baby dress ever. He was sucking on his big pacifier, and his "favorite show" was on TV: My Little Pony. This was his new life, and he had no say in the matter. Chris, his daddy, was sitting on the couch, working.

So many changes in the last couple of months for little Robby. But, for better or worse, he was getting used to it.

Carme, his wife, had sent him to sleep full-time in Chris' bedroom. She was not interested in sharing her bed with a bedwetter, diaper-messer, or sissy baby girl. Those were her actual words, and they made little Robby, or now Roberta, cry the entire first night she slept in Chris's room as her new baby girl.

That wasn't even the worst part.

Chris had made it clear that Roberta was the lowest form of life in the house. It meant that even his younger sissy son was more of a man than himself, or herself, as everyone kept treating him like the little girl Chris claimed him to be. However, the worst had yet to come, and Robby had no idea what it was.

The bell rang.

Chris said nothing to him. He just stood up and went to answer the door.

“Oh, Chris. My darling, I’m so glad to see you,” said a familiar feminine voice, making Robby turn to the door.

So far, no one besides Carmen, Chris, and Jacob knew about Robby’s new status. He liked it that way. Chris had managed to get Robby off his work, no questions asked. There were some calls from coworkers and friends wondering what had happened to the once proud head of their house. But, Chris had assured them that there was nothing wrong and soon they would be able to see Robby again. Robby had taken this comment as a promise to be set free once more.

To finally be a man.

But that was not what Chris meant.

Before Robby could react, he saw Helga, his former assistant, entering the room. A chubby-looking woman with a bit of a mustache. Had it only been her, Robby would have endured it. But it wasn’t.

Right after Helga got in, she was followed by three other people. The first one was the man who had once called Robby his mentor. Tom, a tall and good-looking fella. He was leading the way for two others. Both women. Both young, probably in their twenties. Natalia, an average-height brunette with beautiful blue eyes and lips to die for. She was a coworker; Robby had always been interested in her. Though he had never had the courage to cheat on his wife, that didn’t stop him from flirting whenever possible. Finally, Linda, early thirties and one of the most beautiful and tall women Robby has ever met. She was almost as tall as Chris and was in a different league.

“Oh my,” said Helga, getting closer to Robby, who was trying to hide his completely soaked diaper with his tiny dress, “Whatever happened to you, boss?”

Chris chuckled.

“Well, my dad...I guess I cannot call him that way anymore. Little Roberta had a bit of a meltdown, and she just started regressing. When the potty accidents began...Well, you can see for yourself.”

Helga lifted Roberta’s dress.

There was a long second of silence, followed by laughter. All of them, even Helga, who Robby had always treated with respect. They all laughed at the state of his diaper, making little Robert cry.

“She’s a bit sensitive,” said Chris.

“This is...pathetic...” said Tom, inspecting Roberta’s soaked diaper and the bows in his hair.

“Not gonna flirt now, are you?” Asked Natalia, “Are you wearing make-up? My god”

The one that didn’t say anything was Linda. She just got close to Robby, who was still crying and picked him up. She then sat on the nearest couch and sat Roberta on her lap.

“It’s okay, little one. No one’s gonna hurt you,” she said, turning to see Chris, “I love it.”

“Well, your daddy delivers.”

Robby couldn't understand what they meant. Then, everyone took a seat. All of them were in silence, staring at Linda and Robby.

“I guess now's the time to come clean,” said Chris, sitting next to Linda, “May I?”

Linda lifted Robby again, placing him back again in his daddy's arms. Once Robby was secured in Chris' arms, Linda stood up and began undressing. No one seemed to be surprised by it except Robby, who felt his little manhood grow inside his soaked diaper. There she was, a gorgeous woman, completely naked, but for her very own diaper, which was as soaked, if not more, than Robby's.

Nobody seemed to react to it.

Then it was Natalia's turn to get naked. And once again, with a soaked and, this time, messy diaper. Tom continued, undressing himself to showcase a pink plastic pant covering what was a very full diaper. Finally, Helga, the old-chubby assistant, wearing a messy diaper of her own.

Robby didn't know what to say.

“Good babies,” said Chris.

The four newcomers got on their knees and crawled towards Chris, acting like dumb babies themselves.

“I bet you might be wondering what's going on...” said Chris, placing Roberta on the ground alongside the other diapered adults, “I started this little project a long time ago. Remember when you used to take me to your office? Well, Helga used to take care of me. But that wasn't what was going on. Right, adult Helga?”

It was like a trigger word. The older of the group stood up, crying in humiliation.

“Please, please. Let me go,” she said.

“I don't think so, baby Helga,” said Chris smiling, and Robby saw how Helga's eyes changed. She was not the adult her anymore, but a baby again.

He then turned to Robby again.

“She's far gone now,” he said, “I made her my baby first. Then came Tom, actually. He was already a bit of a sissy. It was easy. And through Tom, I gained access to Natalia. She was the easiest one. The real problem came when I tried to do Linda.”

He said, turning to see the beautiful adult baby at his feet.

“She's a strong woman. She had to be 'cause she was the boss. At first, she fought it. A lot more than you did, but I guess she just has bigger balls,” he said, patting Linda in the head, “She fought it long and hard, but now she is just a dumb baby.”

Linda just smiled with her thumb in her mouth.

“Why?” Asked Robby with his thumb stuck in his mouth.

“I wanted to. I wanted you first. I just needed practice. And I’m not done yet. Mom will come next. Though I think I’ll make her a little baby boy. That’d be fun. Don’t you think?”

Robby was crying.

“There’s no going out. You’ll be a baby forever. Or until I decide otherwise. But why would I do that?” He asked, chuckling and picking him up again, “Go on. Make a poopy for daddy.”

Robby shook his head.

“It’s cute that you think you have a choice.”

Robby fought it for as long as he could. But there was no fighting the power Chris had over him. He felt himself pushing, and pushing, and pushing. And then, once it was over, he began crying.

The other babies did the same.

“We are gonna be a nice family,” said Chris, “And I’ll take care of you, baby Roberta,” said Chris, bouncing Robby in his lap.

Robby just chuckled like a baby.