**The Cuckolding of Baby Anthony**

**By Elfy**

Anthony sat in the playpen miserably. It was Sunday, he should’ve been sitting in his armchair and watching football. He should’ve been sipping on a beer having enjoyed a lovely Sunday dinner cooked for him by his loving wife. The only thing he should’ve had to worry about was returning to work on Monday morning. Even that wasn’t so bad, Anthony was a doctor at a local practice and enjoyed it. At least he had before everything changed. Now he was sat amongst baby toys in nothing but a diaper and a t-shirt.

Everything had changed about six months previously. Anthony enjoyed an affluent lifestyle and what seemed like a perfect family. Then his twins pulled a prank on some kid they knew at school and everything had been flipped upside down. It was Jane, Anthony’s wife and the twins’ mother, who suggested putting them in diapers as a punishment. Anthony had agreed but wanted as little to do with it as possible.

Anthony found the punishment weird but for the most part it didn’t affect him. That was until Jane learned that the twins had used Anthony’s access to medical records to find out about the pranked kids disability.

It was obviously against the surgery’s guidelines and the law to leave these records unsecured at home. Before Anthony knew what was happening he found himself joining the twins in their baby treatment. It was humiliating, embarrassing, mortifying and every other word you could find in a thesaurus connected to shame.

For the twins the punishment had ended. They had been suitably humbled before going off to college. Anthony expected his own punishment to end then as well but Jane apparently had other plans. Now here he was several months later still in diapers and still being treated like a baby. The problem he had was that Jane had developed a liking for this new dynamic. She felt she had always been used as a doormat by Anthony even though she earned all the money and did all the chores. Now she was getting her own back.

Anthony’s diaper was wet but that wasn’t anything unusual. He was reluctantly playing with his toys, more accurately he was pushing a little fire truck backwards and forwards and trying to stop his bored brain from turning to mush. Jane was elsewhere in the house, probably upstairs getting ready to go out or something. It didn’t matter much to him, he knew he wasn’t going anywhere.

As Anthony leaned forwards to grab another of his toy cars he felt an aching fullness in his bowels. It was all he could do to not subconsciously react to the feeling with an immediate push down from his tummy. He had been in diapers for months, he couldn’t even remember when he last used the toilet, and it had had an effect on him. Whilst not incontinent by any means he found it distressingly easy to use his diaper no matter where he was or what he was doing. He now had to actively work not to just let go as soon as he felt the need.

Anthony was never going to be able to hold it for long though. There was little point anyway, no amount of begging or pleading would allow him to go to the bathroom. He had tried in the past but Jane never relented. Having to beg for the most basic of adult luxuries made him feel even more pathetic when he inevitably lost control.

With a groan of resignation Anthony pushed himself up so that he was in a squatting position. Almost immediately his sphincters started to relax and he could feel the process of soiling himself starting. It wasn’t a feeling he was used to even after all this time. The soft poop logs started squeezing out of him. At a steady but constant rate the fecal matter started emptying into his diaper, the warm mush quickly filling the space between his butt cheeks and spreading out. Anthony shivered at the feeling.

“Baby, I’m just go-… Oh.” Jane walked into the room from the hallway.

Anthony moaned as he was interrupted in this most quiet moment. He couldn’t face his wife like this. He turned away from Jane and grabbed hold of the bars of the playpen. He grunted as he pushed and felt more of the poop entering his disposable. The diaper started to sag and he was sure the back was bulging out. A shiver went down his spine as his bladder released as well. He closed his eyes in shame over what he was doing.

“Honestly, I’m running late.” Jane said. She sounded bored, “So if you could hurry up and finish…”

“This is yo-…” Anthony was going to talk back to his wife but stopped himself. It wouldn’t have done him any good.

As the diaper expanded it crinkled noisily. Anthony pushed down one more time and felt one final tiny little nugget finish the soiling. He took a long shuddering breath as he finally felt himself done. He slowly stood up and turned to face Jane.

“Come on, I don’t have all evening.” Jane said as she opened the playpen’s gate.

Anthony looked up from the floor to see that Jane was all dressed up. She was wearing a very nice long red dress, her make-up was immaculate and she had some expensive jewellery on. He sniffed back more shame and inadvertently got a whiff of his own smell. He suspected he knew what Jane was doing but that didn’t make it hurt any less.

Jane led the way for Anthony up the stairs and into the nursery. It had at one point been the room converted into a nursery for the twins but now it was Anthony’s. Everything in there felt like it belonged to him and that was an embarrassing fact to admit to himself. The changing table on the far side of the room was where he headed.

“Come on, let’s get this over with.” Jane said impatiently, “I have a date.”

The words cut Anthony like a knife. He visibly winced and paused for a second before continuing his waddling journey on to the changing table. As he laid back and stared up at the ceiling he tried to will the tears that were threatening to overwhelm him away. Jane meanwhile was getting out a fresh diaper and changing supplies, this was a well-practiced routine.

“Is… Is it with…” Anthony stuttered quietly.

“The same guy as last time?” Jane finished her husband’s question for him, “Yes. We’ve been getting on very well.”

Anthony found himself pouting. This was perhaps the worst part of his new status. The diapers and baby treatment were humiliating and awful enough on their own but the fact that Jane was actively dating someone else was even worse. Anthony wasn’t man enough for her and so she had gone out and found someone who was.

It was the not knowing that pained Anthony as much as anything else. He didn’t know who this other man was, he didn’t know what they did on these dates, and he didn’t know if they had… sex. Even the thought was enough to make him feel pathetic. Here he was, supposedly a grown man and he was not only letting his wife demean and degrade him but she was actively going out and looking for someone better. Would he be cast away like trash if she found that man? Anthony had no idea and at this point knew better than to try and ask.

“Hold still.” Jane warned Anthony, “If you get any of that mess on me and I have to change you’ll get a spanking so hard you won’t be able to sit for a week afterwards.”

Anthony knew that this was no idle threat. He remained as still as possible as the front of his diaper was lowered. The smell immediately seemed to fill the room but it was one that both he and Jane were used to by now. He simply stared up at the ceiling and tried to forget that this was all happening. What he wouldn’t have given to go back to a world where he was just a normal man…

It took several humiliating minutes for Jane to wipe Anthony clean. By the time the messy diaper was pulled from underneath him Anthony just wanted to be put into his crib so he could go to sleep and hope to dream of a better time.

“Since it might be a while before I come home I think we should double up.” Jane said as she pulled a second thick diaper from underneath the changing table.

Anthony let out a low moan. If one diaper was bad two diapers were even worse. With doubled up diapers Anthony would find that walking was a challenge. He would be down on his hands and knees crawling around with his giant rear end stuck up in the air. It also meant that Jane didn’t expect to be home any time soon and the implications of that wasn’t something Anthony wanted to think about.

“Jane… Mommy… M-Maybe we should…” Anthony’s voice was small and pathetic. He wasn’t even sure what he was going to ask for. To stop the baby treatment? For Jane not to see other men? To go back to how things used to be? Maybe he was going to ask for all of those things, as futile as it was.

“Hmm?” Jane grunted as she unfolded the two diapers and placed them in position, “What was that?”

“Nothing.” Anthony sighed. He’d asked those questions a thousand times before and the answer was always the same.

“Good boy.” Jane smiled and tapped the side of Anthony’s thigh, “Lift up.”

Anthony did as he was told. His hips left the padded table and Jane slid the freshly prepared double diaper underneath him. When he lowered back down he could instantly feel the thick padding on the table top. It was like laying on a pillow, his waist was forced up higher than the rest of him.

The first diaper was lifted up between Anthony’s legs and taped closed. Normally that would be the end of it but this time the second diaper came up over the top of the first one and was also tightly fastened. He tried to squeeze his legs together but the massive amount of absorbent material between his thighs prevented it, he couldn’t even touch his knees together.

The humiliation wasn’t over though. Anthony slowly sat up as Jane walked across the bedroom to the closet. He looked down at his crotch and blushed when he saw just how much it was bulging out in every direction, he reached down and prodded the padding as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing.

“Here we go.” Jane said as she unhooked something from one of the hangers.

Anthony slipped off the edge of the table and wobbled slightly as he looked over to his wife. She was holding a dark red onesie, it was one of her favourites. Anthony would be lying if he said it wasn’t one of his favourites as well. The white cuffs around the edges made it fit very well and the material was extremely comfortable. Anthony dutifully lifted his hands as Jane pulled it down over his arms and head.

“Hmm, I didn’t count on these extra thick diapers.” Jane said as she crouched down in front of Anthony and pulled the flaps of the stretchy material.

Anthony felt the onesie getting pulled down and was embarrassed that the clothing designed to go over people’s diapers was struggling with his extra thick padding. Eventually and after pulling on the front of the back of the onesie enough to nearly rip it the poppers were pushed together. Anthony was then turned by the shoulders towards the crib.

“But it’s so early…” Anthony whined as he looked out the window at the light that was still streaming in.

“Well I’m not going to be around to put you to bed later.” Jane said as she patted Anthony’s thickly padded rear end.

Anthony was scowling as he climbed into the crib and sat against the far side bars. He watched unhappily as Jane lifted the side and locked it into place. She smiled as she looked through to Anthony.

“I’ll see you soon, baby.” Jane said as she placed a large bottle of juice next to the mattress, “Don’t wait up!”

As Jane left the nursery Anthony could only watch on helplessly. He felt like a prisoner at the best of times but when left in his crib like this it felt more like he was in solitary confinement. He listened and heard Jane’s phone ring downstairs, she answered and after a small pause was laughing. He couldn’t help wondering if she and whoever she was dating was sharing a good laugh about him. After a few more minutes a car honked their horn outside followed by the front door opening and closing. Anthony was alone in his baby bed with only some stuffies for company.

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“You’re looking lovely tonight.” Steven said as he watched Jane close the car door.

“You don’t look too bad yourself.” Jane replied easily.

“I do my best.” Steven chuckled as he checked the wing mirror and then pulled away from the porch and crunched down the loose gravel driveway.

Jane relaxed into the passenger side seat as the car drove away from her house. She was feeling excited for what was to come, it was a feeling she had had to get used to since dating other men again. She had tried out a few men recently but there was something about Steven that kept her coming back. This was their third date together. Jane hadn’t yet told him about her husband’s situation but he did know she was married. She had simply told him that the marriage was ending. A little white lie which she would clarify soon. She would have to considering Steven and her husband worked together at the same place…

“I hope you like Thai food.” Steven said as they pulled on to the main road towards town, “I have a table reserved at the best place in the state.”

“I can’t say I’ve tried it.” Jane replied.

“You’ll love it.” Steven smiled.

“I’m sure I will.” Jane sighed, “It sounds a lot better than my husband’s idea of a date.”

“Oh?” Steven raised his eyebrows in interest.

“Well, when he could be bothered to get off the couch it was a quick trip to a fast food place.” Jane shook her head, “Then back home for mediocre sex that left me completely unsatisfied.”

“That’s awful.” It was Steven’s turn to shake his head, “A refined woman like you needs to be wined and dined!”

“Oh, I’m SURE you know how to treat a woman.” Jane reached across and placed a hand on Steven’s knee. It was a deliberately provocative move which got the desired reaction, she saw her date tense up slightly and swallow back his nervousness before giving her a smile.

It was a short drive to the restaurant. There wasn’t a lot said but Jane’s hand remained on Steven’s knee for the whole journey and that gesture said more than any amount of words ever could. It took a little bit to find a parking spot but eventually the pair of them were out of the car and walking down a busy street towards the restaurant.

“Lemongrass…” Jane read the restaurant’s sign as Steven indicated she should walk in.

As Steven confirmed his reservation Jane hung back and looked around. The restaurant did indeed look very fancy and was quite busy, booking a table appeared to be a good decision. Jane’s attention came back to the man she was there with and she looked at him appreciatively. He was very handsome, in comparison with Anthony he was practically a Greek God.

“Right this way please.” The waiter said with a toothy smile.

Jane followed Anthony across the restaurant and past numerous diners. The smell of food was making Jane’s mouth water and when she sat down opposite her date she eagerly picked up the menu.

Most of the meal was spent getting to know each other better. Steven was an interesting conversationalist and Jane was happy to do a lot of listening. She found herself occasionally fantasising about her date and knew she wanted to get physical with him before the food had even been brought out. The food was phenomenal. It had been a long time since she had so thoroughly enjoyed a meal.

As Jane finished and sat back in her seat she felt extremely content. She smiled as she watched Steven finish his own meal. This was exactly what she needed after looking after Anthony every day recently. Thanks to her position at the company she worked at she was able to arrange working from home fairly easily though in practice this meant having to combine the roles of her job and stay-at-home mommy a lot of the time. Her only respite was when Anthony was at work himself.

“Do you want to order dessert?” Steven asked as he finally swallowed his last mouthful.

“I do want dessert.” Jane replied as she leaned forwards. Underneath the table her foot crossed the distance between herself and Steven and she rubbed it against him, “But I was thinking we could get it at your place…”

Jane giggled as she saw Steven stutter for a second. He very quickly seemed to become hot and bothered as Jane’s toes tickled his shin.

“Check please!” Steven put his hand out to get the attention of a passing waiter.

Jane could only giggle like a schoolgirl as Steven rushed through the process of paying for their meals as well as leaving a generous tip before walking quickly back to the car. His eagerness was endearing to Jane and she was glad to be wanted in such a desperate way, it again drew unfavourable parallels with Anthony who had been far too lazy to want her the way Steven did.

As the two of them reached the car Jane stopped Steven and when he turned around she stepped in close and kissed him. She could tell her date was surprised for a couple of seconds before he relaxed into what was happening. Jane felt Steven’s hands on her lower back and as he leaned into her she relaxed her lips and let Steven’s tongue probe the inside of her mouth. She almost felt as if she was floating as she allowed Steven to take control of the embrace.

“Come on.” Jane said as she pulled away.

Steven nodded his head eagerly as he unlocked the car and they both stepped in. Jane could feel a dampness between her legs as Steven started the journey home. She was filled with desire, a pure need the likes of which she hadn’t felt since she had been a young woman. She bit her bottom lip as they drove through the streets.

Steven’s house was more modest than Jane’s but it was still nice. It was in a good neighbourhood and had a very nice garden separating it from the path. Jane didn’t get to admire it for very long though because Steven was in a hurry and she wasn’t about to put the brakes on things. Jane climbed out of the car and could feel her pulse racing, for some reason she just couldn’t stop smiling like the Cheshire cat.

No sooner had the front door closed than Steven turned and pressed up against Jane again. She allowed him to push her against the wall as he kissed her again. His embrace was passionate and Jane was overwhelmed by his scent, his manliness was overpowering and Jane was happy to be washed away in it.

Steven’s hands ran down Jane’s body. They felt her shoulders on the way down past her neck, they came around and caressed her breasts with soft squeezes and gentle fondles. His hands went lower, they just barely brushed against Jane’s abdomen until they reached her womanly parts. Jane took in a sharp breath as her own hands explored her soon-to-be lover. Her hands rubbed against his abs and headed south, when she felt the stiff rod in Steven’s pants she felt tingles run through her body.

“Let’s go upstairs.” Jane said breathily.

Steven pulled away just long enough to nod his head. Jane’s hand was taken as she was led up the nearby staircase and into the bedroom. It seemed typical for a man like Steven, neat but in need of a woman’s touch.

From walking into the room to horizontal on the bed in only a couple of minutes. Jane’s dress lay discarded on the floor next to the mattress and Steven’s shirt was hanging open. Pinned to the bed Jane enjoyed helplessness. She felt Steven bending over her and kissing her all over, it was the kind of attention that drove a woman wild.

Like an expert Steven reached behind Jane’s back and in one quick move unhooked her bra. Jane was surprised as her bra dropped from her chest and her breasts were set free. She bit her bottom lip again.

“You certainly have talent.” Jane gasped.

“You haven’t seen anything yet.” Steven replied in a whisper.

Jane arched her back as Steven moved down and placed his mouth over her nipple. As his tongue danced around her teat she let out a little moan. She needed more though, she wanted Steven more than she had wanted anything or anyone in her life. She pulled herself away from Steven just long enough to pull his shirt all the way off him. She looked down and marvelled at his toned muscles.

Seeing Jane’s excitement Steven’s hands hurried down to his belt. He fumbled several times in his haste before he was able to get it undone, he threw it behind him blindly. Jane leaned up and pushed her breasts together, they bulged towards Steven so invitingly. One hand continued to undo his pants whilst the other was drawn to Jane’s chest like a magnet.

Jane looked down as Steven’s pants were pulled down. His underwear followed shortly afterwards and Jane’s eyes nearly bulged out of her head when she saw what her new lover was packing. It was intimidating!

Steven slipped down Jane’s body until he was at her womanly opening. He started to lean forwards ready to use his tongue when Jane stopped him. He looked up and saw his girlfriend red in the cheeks and looking almost breathless.

“Just put it in me!” Jane demanded excitedly.

Steven didn’t need to be told twice and as Jane spread her legs he wasn’t slow to crawl up between them. He leaned down and kissed Jane passionately as his hand grabbed his stiff tool and pointed it towards his woman. There were no holds barred now and Steven’s tongue probed deep into Jane’s mouth, an almost animalistic gesture of ownership.

As the tip of his cock pressed against Jane’s cleft he could feel her wetness. She was already moaning slightly underneath him as he slowly pressed forwards into that tight yet willing hole. Steven felt his heart lift as Jane immediately arched her back. He leaned up a little and licked around Jane’s areolas, he leaned down and sucked on the tits.

Steven pushed into Jane slowly and every small movement left him gasping. Jane’s vagina seemed to grip him and pull him in as if it was just as needy as its owner. He brought his knees up and spread Jane’s legs even further giving him the best possible access.

“Give it to me.” Jane growled with arousal, “Show me how a real man treats a lady.”

Steven smirked as he pushed himself in to the hilt. He watched Jane throw her head back and moan wantonly. He started sliding back and then pushing forwards again, he grunted as he started getting into a rhythm. Jane was writhing under him and making it seem like this was the best fuck she had ever had, it was the kind of ego stroking that a man loved.

Jane gripped the pillow either side of her head as she felt the tension building deep inside of herself. Steven’s dick was thrusting in and out of her like a piston and every time he buried himself balls deep she felt the pressure rising until it felt like she was about to burst.

“You feel so good.” Steven gasped. There were small beads of sweat wetting his skin.

“I… I think…” Jane gasped as she let out deep breaths. Her eyes were closed as she lifted herself slightly.

Jane opened her eyes and looked down at her crotch. Seeing herself being penetrated in such a way was enough to send her over the edge. She tensed and lifted her hands to desperately grasp her lover. Every muscle tensed and she was only vaguely aware of her loud exclamations. It felt like the tension would never release, like the pressure would build and build forever until it suddenly exploded.

Jane’s whole body seemed to relax and let go at once. She let her head fall back as she felt her body tensing and relaxing beyond her control. She was moaning and grunting as she felt the walls of her vagina contracting and massaging the cock that was still using her.

There was no sense of time for Jane. When she eventually relaxed and went limp it could’ve been a minute or an hour for all she knew. She had never experienced a climax like it. There were still aftershocks that seemed to ripple through her body. Somehow Steven was still going, his stamina was amazing and couldn’t have contrasted more favourably with her husband.

“We’re not done yet.” Steven said as he took a moment to pause and wipe the sweat off his brow.

Jane let out a little moan as Steven pulled all the way out of her. After everything that had happened she was left feeling completely empty, as if she had been hollowed out and needed the dick to fill her again.

Steven had got close to cumming as he watched Jane orgasming on his prick but he had held back. He now moved backwards and beheld the twitching form of Jane, she had a smile on her face and was breathing very heavily. He smirked as he placed his hands on her sides and started to roll her over, Jane seemed happy to go along with it and soon she was on her front.

“Can your husband do this?” Steven asked quietly as he pulled Jane back until she got the idea that he wanted her on all fours.

“Not even close.” Jane giggled.

“We’ve only just begun.” Steven said as he took hold of his engorged cock that was shimmering from Jane’s juices.

Steven placed the head of his penis against Jane’s opening and then pushed gently forwards. Jane let out a long moan as he slowly gave her every inch he had. She was already warmed up so he was quickly thrusting deep and fast. He smiled as she lowered her back and raised both her ass and head. He could see her mouth was open in a silent exclamation of pleasure.

Steven was pounding into Jane now and could feel his own orgasm quickly approaching. This time he wouldn’t hold back, this time he would give Jane exactly what she wanted. He moved so that he was on one knee with his other leg supported on the mattress by his foot. As he pushed into Jane he pulled back on her hips until she got the idea and started moving on her own.

“You want it?” Steven grunted the question as he felt himself reaching the point of no return.

“Yes!” Jane exclaimed.

Steven’s breathing became slower and deeper as he felt his penis swell a little more. He felt his muscles contracting, the inevitability of his orgasm pushed him to bottom out inside Jane. He grunted and moaned as his eyes closed and he felt the muscles behind his balls contracting. He spurted into Jane and felt her practically squeezing his tool. He had no idea how many times his cock shot but by the time it had finished twitching he was bent over forwards and resting against Jane’s back.

The pair of them rolled to the side so they were spooning with Steven still inside her. They were both sweating and breathing heavily. For minutes they laid on the crumbled bedsheets in silence. As Steven finally pulled out of Jane a small amount of his seed dripped out and on to a sheet that was already stained with the results of both their efforts.

“Wow…” Jane finally said, “That was incredible.”

“I do try.” Steven replied with a smirk.

“I should go clean up.” Jane said as she started sliding towards the end of the bed. She stood up on wobbly legs, “My husband has never left me unable to stand!”

“It’s a shame I don’t know him.” Steven laughed, “I could give him some pointers.”

“Well, it’s funny you say that…” Jane paused and smiled like she was in on a joke that no one else was.

“What?” Steven asked with a frown, “Do I know him?”

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Anthony turned over and his eyes opened. The nursery was perfectly still and quiet, Anthony wondered what had woken him up. The sun was low in the sky which meant it was morning, he had been trapped in the crib all night and his diaper certainly showed that fact. He was soaked and as he reached down between his legs he could feel the warm thickness forcing his thighs apart.

As Anthony reached over to his bottle and stuck the nipple in his mouth he heard the sound of heels on a wooden floor. That explained his sudden wake up. Jane must be home and judging by the light that was streaming through the window Anthony guessed she must have been out all night. He shuddered as he considered the implications.

With barely a moment of hesitation Anthony relaxed his bladder. He sucked on his bottle as he flushed his diaper with a fresh warm wetting. He sighed through his nose as his urine trickled over his crotch and down between his butt.

A couple of minutes after first waking up Anthony heard footsteps on the stairs. He turned to sit sideways just as the door to the nursery opened. Jane practically stumbled in looking very much like she hadn’t had a lot of sleep.

“Hello.” Jane said as she walked across the room.

“Hi Mommy.” Anthony replied warily.

Anthony frowned as Jane lowered the side of his baby bed. Her hair was all over the place, she had bags under her eyes and her clothes seemed crumpled. She even smelled different. Anthony shuffled out of the crib sniffing the air.

“What?” Jane asked when she saw him sniffing the air, “Are you poopy?”

“No!” Anthony exclaimed, “You smell different.”

“Different?” Jane sniffed her arm, “I guess? Probably Steven’s soap, I guess.”

Steven. Anthony felt a chill going down his spine. He had obviously known Jane was going out and seeing another man even if he didn’t like it but Jane had never mentioned his name before. It suddenly felt a lot more personal, it was a lot harder to ignore what was happening when Anthony had a name. He also now had to process that Jane had spent the night with this Steven and used his soap…

“Come on, we need to get you changed.” Jane said as she walked towards the changing table.

“No!” Anthony exclaimed again, “I’ve had enough! This has gone on far too long!”

“Baby, I know you are cranky but-…” Jane started.

“No!” Anthony stamped his foot. It did little to help his argument.

“I thought we were past this rebellious tantrum phase.” Jane shook her head, “Look, I’m tired. It was a long night. I just want to get you changed and then take a nap.”

“It’s been long enough!” Anthony yelled.

Jane acted before Anthony had a chance to pull away. She grabbed his wrist and span him around, the thick diaper compromised his balance and he fell over forwards leaving him bent over the mattress of his crib. He tried to get back up but Jane was already upon him. A hand in his back kept him in place. Jane worked out and her strength was enough to keep Anthony bent over.

“W-Wait! I’m sorry!” Anthony wailed. His pathetic display of petulance was easily overpowered by Jane’s force of will.

“Have I not been disciplining you enough?” Jane asked rhetorically, “Is that the problem here?”

Anthony was almost on the verge of tears. His legs were trembling and his padded bottom quivered with anticipation of what was to come. His eyes were tightly closed and he was tensed up but when the first spank fell it still caught him by surprise. Jane’s open hand slapped against his ass and he let out a little yelp.

It wasn’t the first spanking Anthony had received but no matter how many times it happened he still felt the humiliation and shame that he did the first time. He closed his eyes and tried to brace against the impacts but it did little to help.

Spank. Spank. Spank.

Anthony was practically crying as he kicked out his legs at the unwanted assault on his butt. He was pushed forwards against the mattress with each spank. He didn’t count how many he had received but by the time Jane had stopped Anthony was sniffling pathetically.

“Are you ready to get your diaper changed now?” Jane asked pointedly.

“Yes.” Anthony answered quietly.

Another spank against Anthony’s rear caused him to yelp.

“What was that?” Jane asked.

“Yes, Mommy…” Anthony sighed. His face was blazing with humiliation, “Could you please change my diaper?”

“Certainly.” Jane said as she let Anthony stand up.

Anthony felt miserable as he waddled across the room. Despite the padding provided by the diaper he could still feel that his ass was going to be bruised. He clambered on to the changing table and laid back. He’d had hundreds of diaper changes at this point but it never got less embarrassing. He could never forget that he was a fully grown adult man having his diaper changed, his whole life seemed to be about diapers. He dreaded using them, he dreaded the anticipation of a change, he dreaded the changes themselves and he dreaded the crinkling of a fresh one. They were never far from his thoughts.

Anthony heard the tapes getting pulled off the front of the diaper. The hot padding was lowered between his legs, his junk felt like it unfurled a little as the cool air of the bedroom brought a chill. Anthony braced for the cold baby wipes, he had always thought that someone touching his genitals would be inherently sexual but there was nothing exciting about the cold and calculating way Jane cleaned him up.

Once the wiping was done the old diaper was pulled out from under Anthony and balled up. There was a thump as it was dropped into the diaper pail next to the end of the table. Once or twice a week it was Anthony’s job to waddle out to the trash with his diaper pail to empty it out. It was always a particularly stinky and unpleasant job which wasn’t even to mention the embarrassment at potentially being seen whilst doing it.

A new diaper was pulled out and unfolded. Anthony lifted up to allow his wife to slip it under him but as he did so he saw her pause. She reached out a hand and touched an area that felt bruised. She pursed her lips before reaching under the changing table again.

“What’s going on?” Anthony asked as Jane seemed to search for something on one of the shelves.

“I think you’re getting a diaper rash.” Jane stated matter-of-factly, “We have some cream that should help.”

As if things couldn’t get any worse, Anthony thought. Was there anything more embarrassing than a diaper rash? Did anything signify how helplessly dependant on diaper someone was like getting a rash from wearing one? Anthony couldn’t think of much and as he felt the cream getting rubbed on his skin the smell that wafted up seemed to evoke forgotten memories of childhood. Not only was he going to look and sound like a baby but now he was going to smell like one too.

Once the area was slathered in cream Jane sprinkled baby powder over his crotch and then rubbed it in. With all of that done the front of the diaper was lifted and taped closed. Anthony was helped off the table and on to the floor. His fresh diaper crinkled noisily around his waist as he shifted on his feet.

“We aren’t going anywhere today so I think this will do.” Jane said as she pulled something out of the closet.

There was little in the closet that surprised Anthony these days since he had worn most of it. This outfit, if it could be called that, was no exception. It was probably the most basic baby clothes he owned, a simple white onesie with frills around the leg and arm holes. The word “BABY” was embroidered in red capital letters across the chest.

After being dressed Anthony was taken downstairs and all he could think about was how he was still hard in his diaper. Whether it was the diapers, the spanking or knowing his wife had slept with another man Anthony had no idea but something was turning him on and he didn’t like it at all.

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Anthony sat in his car feeling particularly angry. The previous day had been awful and there was no sign anything was going to get better. He couldn’t stop thinking about how bad everything had become recently. His wife was actively cheating on him, though he supposed she wasn’t trying to hide it so was it still considered cheating?

With a shake of the head Anthony took a deep breath as his knuckles turned white from holding the steering wheel so tightly. It didn’t matter how open Jane was about it all, she was still sleeping with another man and there was nothing he could do about it. She was the one with all the power in their relationship and she was the one with the money. If he demanded everything stop and he stood his ground it would mean he lose his wife, his home, his job and, most likely, whatever remained of his dignity.

The alarm on Anthony’s phone went off and he reluctantly got out of the car and collected his briefcase. His diaper was already damp and it hung slightly between his legs as he turned towards the building.

Anthony had been sat in his car outside his office for the last fifteen minutes trying to avoid going into the building until the last possible moment. It was something he had been doing a lot recently. He had once been known for coming in early and saying hello to everyone, now he waited until the last possible second and avoided as many people as possible. He couldn’t bear to think that people might find out about his terrible secret.

Walking into the building Anthony tried not to let the stresses from his home life show too much. He put his head down and hurried past the reception desk to his office. There was one positive to going to work though, and it was a big one. It was pretty much the only place where Anthony was able to be an adult. Apart from the ever-present diaper he looked the same as he always had. He didn’t need to worry about being embarrassed by Jane, he didn’t need to worry about having to crawl around or be spoon fed. As long as he kept his diapers private he was doing fine, it was something he had managed ever since the punishment started.

“Good morning, Doctor.” A female voice rang out sunnily, “I thought you were about to be late.”

Of course there was one person that wouldn’t let Anthony forget that no matter where he went he was a baby. Mandy was the older sister and caretaker of the boy who started all this mess, Joey. It was that young man’s humiliation that caused the twins to be punished and then when Anthony was caught up in it the punishment extended to him as well. Mandy had never let Anthony forget it despite the months that had passed.

“Mandy.” Anthony said coldly by way of a greeting.

“I was just bringing you some forms.” Mandy said as she pointed at the desk.

“Yeah, well, thank you.” Anthony said gruffly, “You may leave.”

Anthony saw Mandy smile at him. She started walking towards the office door which meant she had to walk past Anthony. The diapered man stood stiffly and waited for her to leave. She stopped when she got level with him and then, as casually as anything in the world, she slipped a hand down the back of Anthony’s pants.

Anthony tensed up. Just like his wife, Mandy had him by the balls and if he displeased her there was a good chance his whole life would blow up. He had no choice but to grin and bear it as Mandy prodded and squeezed the obviously wet padding.

“I think you can wait a while before a change.” Mandy said, “Until lunchtime at least.”

“Are you done?” Anthony growled.

Anthony knew that he was all bark and no bite. If Mandy wanted to stand there all day with her hand down his pants he knew there was little he could do to stop her. According to the rules of this bizarre set up the only person allowed to change his diaper at the office was Mandy. He was strictly forbidden from changing himself no matter what the circumstances. It meant Anthony knew that his wife and Mandy were in contact a lot, it didn’t make him feel good.

“I’ll see you later.” Mandy said as she gave Anthony’s diaper one last squeeze.

Anthony clenched his teeth in frustration as Mandy walked behind him and closed the door. As he walked over to his desk he felt his bladder release into his diaper again. He tried to ignore the feeling as he sat down and prepared for his first patient.

Work was a blessing and a curse. It was great to get out of the house and away from his controlling wife but at the same time it meant there was a risk of his embarrassment being discovered. Any time Anthony had to go near a patient to examine them he risked his secret being found out. As far as he knew it hadn’t happened yet, he could only pray that luck continued.

By the time Anthony reached his lunch break he was thoroughly soaked. He was worried about leaking and really didn’t want to have to leave his office to find Mandy. Not for the first time he couldn’t help but think how stupid it was that he wasn’t allowed to change his own diapers. He was grateful when Mandy walked in.

“Hello.” Mandy said pleasantly as she carried paperwork for the afternoon patients.

“I need a change.” Anthony said gruffly. There had once been a time where he had been embarrassed to ask for a change but at this point he had done it so many times it had become normal. The change itself was, of course, still humiliating.

“That’s not how a baby is supposed to ask for a diaper change.” Mandy said with a giggle, “Come on, baby, we’ve practised this.”

“Very funny.” Anthony said, “Just come on and get it over with.”

“Not until you ask properly.” Mandy stated. She put her hands on her hips as she waited.

“Look, I’m not in the mood.” Anthony replied. He was already unbuckling his belt.

Mandy remained silent. She folded her hands across her chest as she waited. Anthony ignored her as he stood up. He unzipped his pants and pulled them down. He never felt quite as ridiculous as when he was in a shirt and tie above the waist and a just a diaper below it. He could see how wet he was now though, the padding had swelled up and it was sagging quite dramatically.

“Come on.” Anthony said with impatience as he walked across to the examination table.

“Not until you ask correctly.” Mandy replied.

“Mandy, please!” Anthony exclaimed.

“Ask properly or you won’t be changed.” Mandy stood in place.

“I’m not playing these games!” Anthony yelled, “Just change me and leave me alone!”

“We are a grumpy pants today aren’t we?” Mandy shook her head and frowned.

Anthony curled his hands into fists. When he saw Mandy still refusing to move he felt his anger threatening to explode out of him. Not knowing how to get the anger out of him he brought both of his hands down on the thin padding of the table. His teeth were tightly clenched and, to his embarrassment, he felt tears prickling in his eyes.

“Temper, temper.” Mandy said with a smirk, “I’m just asking you to be polite.”

“Fuck you!” Anthony said loudly, “Fuck you, fuck you, fuck you! Bitch!”

Every word was punctuated by a stamp of the feet or by hitting the examination table. He knew he was having a full on tantrum and he didn’t care one little bit. After his wife and her date the last thing he needed was this little punk thinking she was better than him just because he was stuck in these unfortunate circumstances.

Anthony was still angrily stamping when he felt one of his hands being grabbed by Mandy. He tried to pull it free but her grip was secure. Just like Anthony’s wife Mandy was a strong woman and when she had set her mind to something it was clear there wasn’t much that was going to deter her. She dragged him away from the examination table and back to his desk.

“Maybe if you don’t to be treated like a baby you shouldn’t act like one.” Mandy said crossly.

Anthony was bent over his desk. He was angry and upset but also smart enough to know there was little, if anything, he could do. He needed Mandy to change his diaper, if he tried himself he was sure she would tell Jane and then he would really be in for it. He shouldn’t have lashed out and now he was going to pay the price. He knew what was coming and closed his eyes.

The back of Anthony’s diaper was pulled down. He closed his eyes as his butt was exposed to the room. When the first spank hit him it made him yelp. This wasn’t the first time this had happened.

With each spank the sound of hand slapping butt echoed around the otherwise silent room. Anthony’s legs shook and he did his best to sniff back the tears that seemed to be overflowing. The smell of piss seemed to permeate the air around him from the diaper that was halfway down his legs. He didn’t count the spanks but it was as he felt the stinging pain radiating through his skin that Mandy stopped. It was a shorter spanking than he had been expecting.

“Wait right there.” Mandy said, “If you move you’ll be sorry.”

Anthony was a beaten man. He just nodded his head and stayed where he was, bent over his desk with his soaking diaper pulled down to his knees. He felt so pathetic. He was a doctor, a respected man, but now he had been reduced to this. Being spanked by someone younger than him for having the temerity to argue that he shouldn’t be in diapers. Now he had been so emasculated he was bent over the desk simply because he had been told to stay there.

“What on Earth is happening here!?”

Anthony felt his heart stop. That wasn’t Mandy’s voice. That was the voice of one of the partners of the practice. Anthony floundered. He reached behind him to try to cover his red rear end but he couldn’t hide the obvious diaper. He did all he could to cover up, he pulled the diaper up and then his pants as quickly as possible. When he turned around the scene was worse than he could ever imagine.

It seemed like everyone was there. One of the receptionists was covering her mouth and looking horrified, the older practice partner, Alan, with his white beard looked furious, Steven one of the newer doctors to the practice was staring at Anthony as if he was seeing him for the first time. Worst of all Mandy was standing amongst them with a tissue in her hand, she was crying and being held by another of the nurses.

“I… I can explain.” Anthony stuttered. He didn’t know what Mandy had said or what he could say to explain this but he had to try something.

“He… He’s been doing this for months!” Mandy sobbed, “He makes me do things with his d-diaper and punish him when he’s been naughty…”

“What!?” Anthony eyes bulged, “She’s lying!”

“Anthony…” It was Steven that spoke. He seemed the only one not rendered speechless by shock, “We just saw you bent over your desk with your pants down. Are you really trying to deny this?”

“She makes me!” Anthony shouted. He knew he sounded unhinged but he couldn’t help himself, “Her and my wife!”

In response to this accusation Mandy turned into the chest of the other nurse and loudly cried. Anthony knew she was playing with him, he knew she was acting. Why she had decided to give up the game now Anthony didn’t know but he assumed his wife was involved somehow. Maybe Mandy had simply got bored of toying with him.

“Anthony, this is… I’m almost speechless.” Alan said, “This is entirely beyond acceptable behaviour in the work place. I fear you leave me with no choice but to…”

“Wait!” Anthony shouted, “You’re going to believe that bitch over me?”

Mandy’s crying intensified and Anthony knew he had made a mistake and let his emotions get the better of him. He saw his colleagues, people he had respected and who had respected him looking away with disgust. They all completely believed he was some pervert forcing his weird sex games on an innocent young woman. His career was melting away before his very eyes.

“Get out of this building right now.” Alan spat out. He turned to the doctors who had assembled, “One of you escort this man out of here. Anthony, you will go with them if you don’t want the police called.”

“But…” Anthony felt like he was about to burst into tears.

“I’ll do it.” Steven volunteered, “I’ll be able to handle him.”

“Right, if you need help just call for one of us.” Alan replied, “Mandy, would you like to come into my office so we can have a chat about all this.”

Anthony was frozen in place. He couldn’t believe what had happened. Just like that his whole career was up in smoke, his license was surely going to be revoked as soon as word got out. He would be labelled as a pervert and word would spread around town. He would be an outcast and even more reliant on Jane.

“Come on.” Steven advanced into the room, “Let’s not make this any harder than it has to be.”

Anthony looked at Steven and realised that even if there was a point to overpowering him he wouldn’t be able to do it. Steven was clearly younger and in much better shape than he was. He tried to zip up his pants but to his embarrassment at some point it had broken, it must’ve happened in his rush to pull them back up. All he could do was hold the pants up over his diaper.

“This isn’t what it looks like!” Anthony pleaded. He knew he had lost the battle but he wanted to try to explain.

Anthony felt Steven’s hand close on his arm and he was pulled towards the office door. To be so ignominiously led out of the building he had considered “his” for so long was almost as humiliating as being caught with his diaper on display. He stumbled as he had to have one hand on his pants to hold them up at all times.

It felt like being taken away by the police. Anthony was marched down the corridor and in front of the reception. He bowed his head as he saw the people waiting to see someone watch him pass. He felt an urge to explain himself even though these people had no idea what was going on. Tears threatened to flow down his face but he tried to remain stoic even as his only refuge from his wife was stripped away from him.

The automatic doors at the front of the building slid open and Anthony emerged into the sun. Steven wasn’t letting him go though. They walked past a couple of very confused looking elderly women who Anthony recognised as patients of his. He wasn’t let go until they had reached Anthony’s car.

“You believe me, right?” Anthony asked as he slumped against the car, “That I didn’t do any of this.”

“Anthony…” Steven said slowly.

“Look, I’m leaving, alright?” Anthony said as he unlocked the car door, “I just want you to believe me.”

Anthony sat down in the driver’s seat. He was going to close the door but Steven held the door open. He had a smirk on his face as he looked up at the building they had just left and then back to Anthony.

“Believe you?” Steven asked, “You want me to believe you aren’t some pervert forcing that poor nurse to take part in your weird sex games?”

“Yes!” Anthony exclaimed, “I would never-…”

“You want me to believe your wife makes you wear the diapers?” Steven continued.

“She does!” Anthony held out his hands as if trying to push the truth into his former co-workers head.

“And you have to do it because you took patient information home and let your twins find it to use as bullying material?” Steven broke into a wide smile.

“Look, I did but…” Anthony froze and frowned. He had never mentioned any of that in his office, “W-Wait… How did you…”

“Tell Jane I’ll pick her up at eight.” Steven said, “And ask her to wear those red lacy panties again.”

Anthony’s mouth dropped open and the pieces slotted together in his mind. He felt as if he was made of stone and that moving at all was impossible. He looked at Steven as if he was only just seeing him for the first time. The boyfriend Jane was seeing whilst Anthony was locked up in diapers… was Steven!

“See you later.” Steven finally said. He gave Anthony a wink before turning and walking away.

Anthony was sat in his car for at least half an hour. It took his brain that long to process everything that had happened. He no longer had his job, his diapers were no longer a secret amongst the people he respected and his former co-worker was dating his wife. Through a window he could see the reception staff frowning at him and he realised that if he didn’t leave soon the police would probably be called.

Not wanting to have to explain what had happened to anyone else Anthony closed the car door and turned on the engine. He probably shouldn’t have been driving because it was as if he was in a daze. He drove in silence feeling his wet diaper only grow wetter. By the time he had pulled up in front of his house he could feel a wet patch on his leg.

On autopilot Anthony got out of the car and walked towards the front door. He was still having to hold his pants up and as he went to get his keys he realised he had left them in his bag which was still at the surgery. He pressed the doorbell and waited.

“What are you doing home?” That was Jane’s hello.

Anthony didn’t know what to say. He was embarrassed and wanted some support but knew he wasn’t going to get any from Jane. Several times he opened his mouth only to close it again. He saw Jane look him up and down before her gaze fell on the wet patch on his inner thigh.

“You’re leaking!” Jane looked disgusted.

“C-Can I come in?” Anthony asked. How pathetic he felt asking politely if he could even enter his own home.

Jane stepped aside and Anthony walked in. As he walked up the stairs he could hear his wife following right behind him. They went to the nursery where Anthony was finally able to let his pants fall to the ground. Surrounded by his baby things and with his leaking diaper on display Anthony finally told Jane everything that had happened. Several times he was on the verge of tears but he held them back.

Most people, when re-telling the events of a traumatic day, would expect hugs and affirmations of love. Jane stood in front of Anthony smirking. Her face gave away her attitude before she ever opened her mouth: “I told you so.”

“You’re even less of a man than I thought.” Jane finally said with a sigh, “And, to be frank, I didn’t have a particularly high opinion to begin with.”

Anthony bowed his head. It wasn’t what he wanted to here and it wasn’t what he needed to hear. He felt emotionally exhausted. He had been humiliated completely and now he was faced with the prospect of being at home all the time and even more under his wife’s thumb.

“You are truly pathetic.” Jane continued as she walked over to the changing table, “I can’t believe I ever married you. I can’t believe you were able to give me children.”

Anthony winced and sniffed back tears that seemed to only confirm his uselessness as a man. He waddled over to the changing table and climbed on top. At this point he was just eager to get a fresh diaper and be left alone. He wanted to be useful though, he wanted to prove to his wife that he wasn’t completely hopeless. Suddenly Steven’s parting words sprung into his head and he relayed them before he could even think about it.

“Steven said he would pick you up at eight.” Anthony said quickly. At first he was pleased with himself for being useful but that quickly turned to shame.

“I guess that cat’s out of the bag then.” Jane snickered, “Did he say anything else?”

Anthony knew there had been more to the message but he cringed at imagining actually saying it out loud. He could see that Jane was waiting though, she could read him like a book and knew there was more to say. Anthony felt like the lowest of the low relaying messages from his wife’s lover.

“He said… He said…” Anthony felt like he had a big knot in his throat as if all the words were piling up and refusing to come out.

“Yes?” Jane waved her hand for Anthony to continue.

“He said to wear your red lacy lingerie.” Anthony felt like he was shrinking as he listened to Jane giggle.

Anthony was lying on his changing table in a leaky diaper and desperate for a change as he acted like a postman relaying illicit message between his wife and her boyfriend. He couldn’t believe he had sunk so low.

“Looks like Mommy is getting lucky tonight!” Jane laughed.

Anthony sobbed and looked away as the tapes on his sodden diaper were finally pulled apart. He tried not to imagine the sordid acts Jane and Steven would be getting up to but his mind seemed drawn to the image. It had been too long since he had been intimate with his wife.

The front of the diaper came down with a heavy thud. Anthony expected Jane to make a comment but she didn’t, instead he felt cold baby wipes against his skin that made him jump. One of the unfortunate side effects of not getting a lot of sexual attention is that it didn’t take a lot to get him excited.

“Aww, does hearing about Mommy’s adventures with her gentlemen friends get you all worked up?” Jane asked as she teasingly stroked a wet wipe up and down Anthony’s dick.

“N-No!” Anthony moaned.

“Uh huh…” Jane didn’t sound like she believed him.

Anthony clenched his fists as he felt the soft sensations slowly move up and down his twitching length. He wondered if this was something that he should take the lead on. He should initiate something sexual, make Jane remember that he was more than a little baby.

“This just shows that diapers are right where you should be.” Jane said as she poked the straining penis, “Baby pants for the baby dick.”

Anthony closed his eyes in shame. The touching of his cock ended before it could go anywhere and the next thing he knew he was getting tapped on the thigh to lift his ass. He was reluctant, his swollen dick almost seemed to demand attention. He didn’t immediately move and instead looked up at Jane hoping for some pity.

“You can either lift up your butt or I can tape this diaper right back on to you.” Jane said, “I don’t have all day.”

Anthony slowly arched his back. His genitals stuck out even more as he held his position and heard the old diaper get pulled away. He stayed in place until he heard a new disposable being unfolded and slipped underneath him. When his butt made contact with the changing table again it was with the dry padding underneath him.

What little hopes Anthony still had for some erotic fun was soon forgotten as the new diaper was lifted up over his crotch. His penis was pressed against his belly where it just slightly tented out the underwear. The tapes tightly held the diaper to Anthony’s waist.

“You’ve clearly had a difficult morning.” Jane said as she picked up the used diaper and dropped it in the pail, “I think we’ll get you in a nice onesie and then put you down for a nap.”

Anthony usually hated having to take his naps but for once he was grateful. He wanted some time alone to try and process the day. He sat up on the edge of the changing table as Jane went to the closet.

“This will do nicely.” Jane said when she came back a couple of seconds later.

Anthony looked over to see a dark blue onesie covered in pictures of little ducklings. It was a predictably embarrassing piece of clothing. Anthony raised his arms and the onesie was quickly pulled over his head. As Jane knelt down to push the poppers together between his legs it dawned on him that these would be the types of clothes he wore from now on. He would have no need to put on the suit he wore to work.

Jane gave the font of Anthony’s diaper a couple of pats as she stood back up. Anthony sighed deeply as he turned to the crib and reluctantly climbed inside. The bars were lifted and locked in place before he even had a chance to turn around.

“Have a nice nap.” Jane said, “Now that you don’t have work you can look forwards to lots more of this. Won’t that be nice?”

Anthony didn’t reply. He watched Jane turn and leave the room, she closed the door behind her and left the diapered man alone. It had been a crazy few hours and finally Anthony could lay down. He looked at the mobile above his head before closing his eyes. At least the dry diaper was a lot more comfortable than the leaking one that had been removed.

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“You ever going to take that shot?” Alan asked.

Anthony was looking down at a small white ball. He could feel the breeze against him, the sun was shining and birdsong was about the only noise piercing the air. He was wearing tan pants and a loose pale green t-shirt. In his hand was a golf club. He looked up to see his partner at the doctor’s office leaning on his club bag. Behind Alan was a couple of other people.

“Huh?” Anthony was confused.

“This isn’t the PGA Tour.” Alan said impatiently, “Hit the ball towards the hole. It isn’t complicated!”

Anthony could feel a lack of padding between his legs. One of his hands went to his crotch and sure enough he wasn’t wearing a diaper. He was very confused and yet elated. Re-taking his stance he swung the club and the ball flew up into the sky and towards the green. He recognised this course, it was only a twenty minute drive from his house, a place he and the other doctors were visited quite regularly.

“Finally.” Alan said, “Come on. Out of the way.”

Anthony took a couple of steps back and Alan lined up his own shot. The club swished through the air and then there was a whack as it hit the ball. Never one to hang around Alan immediately took his club bag and started walking up the fairway. Anthony hurried to keep up.

“I hope you’re ready to hand over that $200.” Alan called out behind him as Anthony hurried to catch up.

“$200?” Anthony replied.

“Don’t play dumb just because you’re going to lose the bet.” Alan laughed. The older doctor turned to look at Anthony and frowned, “Are you alright? You seem out of it.”

“I’m fine.” Anthony replied, “I just… Have you ever had a daydream that felt so real that…? Ah, never mind.”

“Daydreams?” Alan replied, “Maybe you need a nappy.”

Anthony froze. Did he just hear Alan right?

“A… what?” Anthony gasped. His heart felt like it was going at a thousand miles per hour.

“A nap.” Alan said, “You seem to be low on energy as well, come on, keep up.”

When the pair had reached their balls it was Alan that shot first. He cheered as the ball dropped safely on to the green. Anthony lined up his own shot and similarly landed near the hole. He smiled and took a few steps before hearing a crinkle, yet again he seized up like a statue. He looked down and saw a leaf crushed under his foot. He felt Alan pat him on the back and they continued towards the flag.

Anthony didn’t know what to think as Alan started talking about a business meeting. He was confused and not a little worried that he might have suffered some kind of stroke or something. The diapers, the punishments, his wife’s infidelity… it had all felt so real. Thankfully there were signs saying this was the eighteenth hole so he could soon hurry home and get the rest he clearly needed. He must’ve been working too hard or something.

“Yes, I think you’ll be wet soon.” Alan said. The words cut through Anthony’s introspection.

“What!?” Anthony exclaimed with wide eyes.

“I think you’ll be wet soon.” Alan repeated, “You should’ve brought a coat.”

Alan was pointing at the sky with his club and Anthony followed where he was pointing to see some dark clouds. It took Anthony’s shocked brain a moment to realise his golfing partner meant it was going to rain. He felt so on edge, it was such a surreal situation.

“I’ll putt first.” Alan said as they reached the green.

Anthony watched as Alan aimed his shot. He hit the ball which rolled along the smooth green. It curled away at the last moment and ended up a few inches from the hole. Alan cursed and stepped away with a shake of the head, he was muttering about the grass being cut at a weird angle as he tapped the ball in.

“Well, looks like you’ve got a chance after all.” Alan growled as Anthony went to his ball, “Make this shot and it’s a tie game.”

Anthony was finding it hard to concentrate for obvious reasons. He walked over to his ball and tried to aim as best he could. He was just about to take a shot when he felt a cramp running through his intestines. He doubled over and held his tummy.

“Hello Steven, I was hoping you’d make it.” Alan said suddenly. He was talking to behind Anthony.

Anthony looked over his shoulder but he was too late. Two hands suddenly grasped his pants and before he knew what was happening they pulled downwards. Anthony thought he was going to be left almost naked in the middle of the open but to his surprise and confusion he had a diaper on.

“W-What’s going on?” Anthony stuttered. He bent over to try to pick his pants up but they disintegrated as he touched them.

Laughter broke the stillness of the air and Anthony looked up to see Alan standing in front of him with Steven. They were pointing and laughing loudly. Anthony was about to try and run away when he felt a pressure building. Before he knew what was happening he could feel himself pooping. His diaper crinkling as the front was pulled closer to his crotch and the rear was pushed away.

The laughter grew louder and Anthony looked up to see Jane standing with Steven. That wasn’t all though as his kids, Max and Megan were standing next to Alan and laughing just as hard as everyone else.

“No… No… This is wrong!” Anthony gasped.

Anthony was still pooping. His body was pushing out a seemingly never ending amount of crap without any break. He had no idea how the diaper could take it but as he looked down he saw the diaper expanding further and further until it couldn’t possibly be following the laws of physics. His legs were forced further and further apart as the front and back pushed out in every direction.

Anthony reached out to the people laughing at them. He was desperate for help but no one was willing to move a muscle for him. He tried to take a step forwards but the diaper was already too big, his legs were forced too far apart and the bottom was sagging past his knees. Even as he looked down he could see it growing even larger.

“How pathetic.” Jane’s voice was dripping in venom.

Anthony looked up again and now he saw Jane standing behind the twins. Steven’s arm was around her shoulders as they all laughed and joked. Anthony tried to take a step forwards but the huge weight in his diaper made it feel like he was trying to drag around a ball and chain. He was still filling the diaper, it was impossible, surely he had pooped half of his body weight by now. The bottom of the huge diaper started dragging along the ground.

“Help me…” Anthony whined.

Looking down Anthony saw that his diaper had expanded into a massive sphere that was still getting larger. Soon his feet left the ground as they splayed out around the giant orb between his legs.

“And you called ME the baby!” Came a voice that was strangely familiar.

Anthony looked up and gasped as he saw Joey with his girlfriend Fiona. Behind the pair of them stood Mandy in her nurse’s uniform. All of these people were standing together and having a great time as they watched Anthony struggle desperately.

“I’m sorry!” Anthony pleaded, “Joey, I’m sorry!”

“I think it’s going to blow!” Jane yelled to further laughs.

Anthony was now lifted into the air by the diaper underneath him. He could hear rumbling inside it and the plastic seemed to creak as cracks appeared in its surface. Anthony reached down for the tapes to try and rip them off and get away but he couldn’t find them, the places where the tapes should be seemed to just have the front and back of the diaper fusing together.

“Help me!” Anthony cried out. When he looked up from his diaper he saw that everyone was gone and he was all on his own.

The diaper trembled and shook as Anthony groaned. He closed his eyes and covered his face in fear and humiliation. The shaking grew more violent until it felt like there must be an earthquake. The cracks in the diaper spread until it looked like a disordered spider’s web.

BANG!

“Ah!” Anthony suddenly sat bolt upright. He was sweating all over as he panted and looked around. He was in his crib and when he looked down at his crotch he saw his diaper, it was back to its original size and shape. He breathlessly realised it had all been a terrible nightmare. He dropped back against his pillow as he tried to fight the panic back into its place.

It took Anthony a minute to realise there was still something wrong. There was a musky odour in the room and it didn’t take him too long to come to the realisation that it must be coming from him. He rolled on to his side and reached a hand down to the rear of his diaper. As he pressed the padding against his skin he could feel something distinctly lumpy and sticky.

“I can’t have…” Anthony gasped.

As the realisation that he had actually pooped himself whilst asleep sank in Anthony covered his face with his hands and started to cry.

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“I have to go into the office today.” Jane said during Anthony’s morning diaper change.

This was unusual. Anthony could probably count how many times Jane had been to the office since the baby treatment started on one hand. As he was dressed in a light red shirt and blue shortalls he could only wonder what that meant for him. He was hopeful he might actually get some time alone. He didn’t know what he would do with it but there must be something grown-up he could occupy his time with.

“We should get you in your highchair before your babysitter gets here.” Jane continued as she took Anthony’s hand and started towards the stairs.

There went any hope Anthony had of some time alone. Now it was replaced with anxiety over who the babysitter could be. He had never had a babysitter before since Jane was always at home. It meant that someone else was going to be let in on his humiliating life.

“I don’t need a babysitter.” Anthony winced as he heard the whiny note in his voice. He sounded like a child.

“I can’t leave a baby home alone.” Jane replied as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“I’m not a baby!” Anthony rather ineffectually argued.

Jane didn’t say anything in response. She simply laughed at Anthony’s words and continued taking him to the kitchen. Anthony could only follow along and grumble. He was soon into his highchair and patiently waiting for breakfast. That morning breakfast was a bowl of mushy oatmeal and a bottle of milk. It was just as Jane put the items on Anthony’s tray that the doorbell rang. Anthony felt an immediate pang of anxiety.

“That must be them.” Jane said as she turned away from the highchair.

Anthony watched Jane leave anxiously. He couldn’t see down the hallway and he was left alone as Jane went to the front door. In a feverish bid for freedom Anthony tried to push on the tray and open an escape path but it was locked tight. When he heard the door open he froze solid and listened out for any hint as to who was at the door.

“Come in, come in…” Jane’s voice was the only one Anthony heard.

Anthony was frozen in place and he felt a trickle of urine escape into the diaper beneath him. He didn’t dare to move a muscle as he heard footsteps coming back towards the dining room. He was so still he felt like even his heart had stopped beating.

“He’s just through here.” Jane said as she emerged into the dining room.

Anthony had a few moments of tension so thick that he thought he might pass out and slump forwards over his tray. When he saw the two people walking in he almost wished he had passed out. Hell, it might’ve been better if he had just collapsed and died on the spot.

“Mr. Andrews… Long time no see.” Joey said with a wide smile.

Anthony looked into the eyes of the young man that had started this horrible descent. He felt his fists balling up in impotent anger. Joey was flanked by his girlfriend, Fiona. The two of them were standing next to Jane and Anthony was uncomfortably reminded of his nightmare from a few days ago.

“Please, none of the “mister” stuff.” Jane said with a chuckle, “He’s left those days behind him. He’s just Anthony now. Baby, if you’d prefer. Heck, call him whatever you like!”

“Of course.” Fiona replied.

“Anyway I need to get to work.” Jane said, “Anthony, be good for your babysitters. If I hear there’s been trouble you’ll be in for it when I get home.”

Anthony ruefully nodded his head as he looked away. He was in an impossible situation. As if he hadn’t been humiliated enough already now he was going to have to accept these two little punks babysitting him. They weren’t even half his age!

No one said anything until Jane had gathered her things and left. When Anthony heard the front door close he felt a shiver go through him. Submitting to Joey and Fiona was an idea that made him want to vomit but his only other choice was resisting and then getting punished much harder by Jane. He had no choice but to grin and bear what was coming his way.

“Well you’ve already been fed so that’s good.” Fiona said as she stepped forwards as if this situation was anything but bizarre.

Anthony tensed as he saw the young woman reach down under the tray. He felt the padding in the front of his diaper getting pressed forward against his crotch. His lips compressed into a thin line to prevent himself saying anything as this woman checked him. He rather pettily thought she must’ve had a lot of practice what with her boyfriend being incontinent. Not for the first time he wished he had been more careful with the patient data he had been sworn to protect. If he had done everything by the book he would never have been in this position. His kids would never have found out that their classmate needed diapers, they would never have conceived of that awful prank and… Well, it was a line of thought that was well-travelled for him.

“Still dry.” Fiona smiled as she stood up, “What a good boy.”

“Maybe you should check Joey.” Anthony hissed between his clenched teeth.

“Ooh, feeling feisty, eh?” Fiona giggled. She leaned in and whispered, “Don’t worry, baby. I’ve got some plans for you.”

Anthony couldn’t help but feel anxiety wash over him as if someone had just poured a bucket of cold water over his head. As the tray was unlocked and he was helped out of the seat he could only hope Fiona was just trying to scare him.

“How have the twins been getting on?” Joey asked as Anthony stood up and felt the padding push his legs apart.

“They’re fine.” Anthony replied stiffly.

“As I understand it they’re punishment ended some time ago.” Joey continued, “How come yours hasn’t?”

Anthony scowled. It was something he had asked himself on occasion but the only answer was that the period of this being a punishment had ended some time ago. He wasn’t being punished anymore, now he was being kept like this simply because Jane wanted him to be like this.

“It’s a nice day today.” Fiona opined as she looked out the kitchen window, “It would be a shame to spend it all cooped up inside.”

Anthony cringed. He was watching as Fiona looked out into the garden, she was staring directly at the sandpit Jane had bought him a few weeks ago. Playing in the sand was embarrassing but, perhaps worse than that, the fine grains got everywhere. Sand in the diaper wasn’t a fun experience. He was dressed in a plain white onesie, it wouldn’t do much to keep the sand out.

“Come on.” Fiona said once she’d made her mind up.

Anthony’s hand was taken by Joey. His instant reaction was to want to pull away. He wanted to punch Joey who he saw as the cause of his whole punishment but he swallowed his pride and let himself get led out into the large backyard. A benefit of being so well off financially was that they had privacy. The backyard was large and bordered by tall trees, the nearest neighbour was quite some way away. It didn’t make Anthony feel much better about being outside when dressed like this.

Summer had just started and it was a warm day. Not too hot, just a very pleasant temperature with a cool breeze that felt wonderful. Anthony thought this would’ve been a perfect day to break out the deck chairs and rest on the patio, to survey his property like a king. Instead he was going to be treated like a jester, playing for the enjoyment of his young babysitters.

Anthony waddled as he went out the backdoor and into the yard. Thankfully it wasn’t a day where his gardeners would be around. He followed Fiona as Joey continued to hold his hand. It was ridiculous that he was the one being treated like a baby when it was Joey that NEEDED the diapers. He kept his thoughts to himself though, he had learned his opinion wasn’t wanted and the only thing he would get from expressing it was more trouble.

Anthony was taken all the way up to the edge of the sand pit. He looked at his two babysitters as if they were his prison guards before finally stepping in. The sand felt cold compared to the warm day. Fiona had carried a bag out with her and she was now spreading a blanket out on the grass nearby. It seemed like they were planning to make a picnic right there in his backyard.

“Just cry if you need us.” Fiona said as she sat down.

“And make sure you play or Fiona will spank you!” Joey called out. Both the young people laughed as they sat together.

Anthony looked over in annoyance. He looked around at the sand and sighed before sinking down and sitting cross-legged facing his babysitters. He pulled over a bucket and spade and wondered what he was going to do with his time. He didn’t want to do anything but he didn’t want to invite punishment on to himself.

With no concrete idea of what he was doing he started using the sand to build. It was cohesive enough to be able to build walls and things so Anthony built. He had just put up a fourth wall when he heard some giggling, he looked up to see Joey and Fiona lying right next to each other with their arms on each other’s hips. Anthony couldn’t help but look at Joey’s butt and wondered if he could see a diaper bulge or if he was imagining it.

Anthony went back to his “playing” but after just a couple of minutes he was looking up and seeing the babysitters engaged in some pretty passionate kissing. With arms around each other they seemed to have no shame as they explored each other’s mouths with their tongues. Anthony felt disgusted. It must’ve been heavenly for them, the warm sunshine, a slight breeze and holding each other as if letting go would mean the other person would drift away.

Looking away before he couldn’t hold his tongue any longer Anthony looked back down at the sandpit. He was trying not to move too much to avoid getting sand in his diaper. He barely bothered restraining himself as he felt his very liquid breakfast put pressure on his bladder. He held his breath for a second as he relaxed his bladder and wet himself. As the urine continued to stream into his padding he went back to his building. He was trying to see if he could build a dome in the sand, it was a difficult architectural structure to make with the material at hand.

After a few minutes there was more giggling and Anthony looked up in annoyance to see Joey and Fiona still locked in a kiss. One of Joey’s hands was adventuring up and under Fiona’s shirt. He remembered back when he had been young and what he used to do with his girlfriends. Hell, it reminded him what he did with his wife until recently. To see two people doing what he no longer could, what he knew Steven would be doing to Jane, it made his blood boil.

“Have some damn decorum.” Anthony exclaimed, “Get a room or something for goodness sake.”

The two young adults finally pulled apart. Anthony watched silently as Fiona propped herself up on her elbows and looked at him. When he saw the look of thunder in her eyes, a look that reminded him of Jane, he felt a shiver go down his spine despite the warmth of the day.

Anthony started regretting his angry outburst as he saw Fiona climbing to her feet. She paused for a second to adjust her bra and then she started walking over. Behind her Anthony could see Joey smirking and shaking his head as if to say “Boy, you just made a big mistake…”

Fiona marched right up to the edge of the sandbox. Anthony almost scooted backwards in the sand away from her and although he remained in place he cringed into himself a little bit. She looked like she meant business and he was terrified about what that meant.

“You’ve been very grumpy.” Fiona said with a face of stone, “But I know how to cure babies of grumpiness.”

“I don’t…” Anthony started.

Before Anthony could say anything more Fiona had practically launched herself at him like a lioness hunting for prey. At first Anthony thought he was being attacked but then he realised it was something much worse… he was being tickled!

“Turn that frown upside down!” Fiona giggled.

Anthony could feel Fiona’s fingers dancing over him and she got the reaction she wanted. He was very ticklish and was left writhing in the sand as she found his most ticklish areas. It didn’t matter which way Anthony turned or twisted it seemed like the woman’s fingers followed with ease. Anthony was practically screaming at Fiona to stop but his words were broken up laughs that he couldn’t stop.

“Joey!” Fiona called out, “Get over here!”

“N-No… please… I can’t take it…” Anthony gasped as he continued to struggle. He heard Joey get closer and soon there were two more hands working away at him.

Anthony was losing control rapidly as he repeatedly just reacted to the stimuli. He didn’t even immediately realise when he started wetting himself yet again. His diaper was already wet and his senses were so overwhelmed from the attack that it didn’t register the flood down below. That all changed when he felt a streak of warmth going down his leg. He was still turning desperately to try and escape the fingers that were attacking him but now his mind fixated on the urine soaking his shorts and running south off his leg and into the sand.

“S-Stop!” Anthony tried desperately to get the babysitters to listen to him.

For several more seconds that seemed like minutes Anthony was tickled until he was gasping for air. Finally, when the fingers pulled back from his body, he was able to lay flat on the sand. He was panting and felt tense all over both because of fear that the tickling would start up again and that the babysitters would see what had happened. He didn’t dare look down and see how bad the damage was.

“What’s this…?” Fiona’s voice sounded curious and Anthony hoped she was looking at something other than his shorts.

Anthony let out a little yelp as Fiona crouched down and put her hand on his shorts. He knew the game was up instantly, his accident was obvious and he couldn’t look Fiona in the face as she sniffed her finger and recoiled.

“You’ve leaked.” Fiona’s voice was calm and steady. Scarily so.

“It’s not my fault!” Anthony tried to be calm but he couldn’t help that his voice trembled slightly.

“Not your fault!?” Fiona laughed, “I’m sorry, did Joey pee in your pants? Did I?”

“No but-” Anthony started.

“Get up.” Fiona ordered as she stood back, “I guess I should’ve known better than to trust a baby to tell their babysitter when they needed a new diaper.”

Anthony wanted to argue back but to his shame he was scared. He was worried about what would happen if he didn’t do as he was told, he hated being tickled and didn’t want to be writhing on the ground again. He got up to his feet and winced as he felt a fresh river of pee spill out the side of his disposable. Much of it soaked into his shorts but the rest trickled slowly down his leg tickling him in its own way.

As Anthony’s face turned red he saw Joey starting to laugh. The young man quickly covered his mouth and turned his face to the side but Anthony had already seen everything. His fists balled up and he had half a mind to march over and hit Joey. He was the one that started this whole mess after all!

“Don’t even think about it.” Fiona had stepped forwards and grabbed Anthony’s arm. She was looking at him sternly, it reminded the diapered man of his wife in the scariest way possible.

Fiona started pulling Anthony towards the house. He stumbled along behind her as she kept up a quick pace, his legs were pushed wide from the soaked padding and they rubbed against his thighs causing chafing. Joey was bringing up the rear and he felt like a prisoner being led somewhere by the guards.

“W-Where are we going?” Anthony asked as they made their way towards the stairs.

“Your nursery, of course.” Fiona replied, “I can’t have you dripping all over the floor like a leaky faucet.”

Anthony fell silent. He knew he should’ve expected it but the idea of being changed by these two people who were half his age was something he would rather block from his mind. It was soon to be reality though and as they stepped into the nursery Fiona let go of his hand and walked across the room. Anthony slowly walked into his room and heard the door close as Joey walked in behind him.

“Come on.” Fiona said as she patted the padded changing table top.

Anthony really didn’t want to comply but he had no choice. It was the only way he was going to get a fresh diaper and if he didn’t do as he was told Jane would punish him for it later. He could already tell he had annoyed Fiona. When he reached the changing table Fiona stopped him. She gingerly undressed the larger man. As she peeled off his shorts she let out a disgusted sound. She handed it to Joey who quickly deposited it in the hamper.

“Hop up.” Fiona said.

Anthony felt so embarrassed. Wearing nothing but a diaper he awkwardly clambered up on to the table and laid back. He turned his head to face the wall, he couldn’t bear looking at the smug faces of the other two. When he heard the tapes being pulled off the diaper he shivered. As the front of the diaper was lifted off his body he had to turn his head away, to be exposed in front of these young people was almost enough to make him burst into tears.

It was clear that Fiona had experience changing diapers. Just like Jane she was very quick to pull out the baby wipes and start cleaning Anthony’s crotch. To his absolute horror, as Fiona gently moved his penis out of the way to clean he could feel some excitement brewing. It wasn’t that he wanted to feel it, he just hadn’t had any sexual action in so long that it really didn’t take much to get him going.

With the cleaning continuing Anthony felt Fiona’s hands brushing his member several times and each occasion caused him to swell up that little more until he was practically fully erect. No one said a word which made it all the more embarrassing. His erection stood straight up into the air like a soldier standing at attention. He felt like he should apologise but he didn’t, it wasn’t his fault he was in this situation after all!

The more Fiona’s hands brushed his dick the more certain Anthony became that it was deliberate. When he let out a little moan it was met with laughter from Fiona who promptly pulled the diaper out from underneath him. Just like his wet shorts the diaper was handed to Joey who dropped it in the diaper pail.

A new diaper was unfolded and slipped underneath Anthony. He winced as his still hard dick was flattened against him and the disposable was taped closed. Fiona took his hand and helped him off the table, he was led to his crib which he climbed inside without complaint. His babysitter lifted the side until the bars locked into place essentially imprisoning him. He let out a sigh as he knelt in just his diaper.

“Where are you going?” Fiona asked as Joey turned to face the bedroom door.

“Aren’t we done?” Joey asked in return.

“Baby Anthony told us to get a room.” Fiona said, “This is the room.”

“Huh?” Joey frowned.

Fiona walked across the room slowly and bit her bottom lip. When she reached Joey she put her hands on his shoulders and leaned in to kiss him. Anthony was watching all of this happen from the crib, the front of his diaper still tented out and he couldn’t take his eyes off the scene in front of him.

“F-Fiona…” Joey stuttered as Fiona pulled back.

Anthony could see Joey was nervous but he could also see that Fiona was in total control. She put her hands on Joey’s shirt and then slowly let them drop until they reached the waistband of his pants. The young man looked very nervous and his eyes flitted over to Anthony and then back to his girlfriend. Fiona took the waistband of Joey’s pants in her hands and pulled down. In a flash Joey’s diaper was exposed and his hands immediately went to cover the front of it as his widened in fear.

“Don’t worry.” Fiona said quietly, “Just let Mommy make you feel good.”

Anthony’s eyes were growing as wide as Joey’s now. She wasn’t going to do what he thought she was, right?

Fiona leaned forwards and her lips were placed on Joey’s again. They kissed as Anthony watched like a voyeur, he wanted to turn away and yet at the same time he couldn’t. This was happening right in front of him after all. He watched as one of her hands went behind Joey’s head and the other went down to his padding where it squeezed the front.

After around a minute of making out Fiona, still kissing her boyfriend passionately, started pulling at the tapes. Anthony saw Joey frown but he didn’t break the kiss. The second tape came off the padding and the diaper sagged slightly. Joey looked at Anthony again with anxious eyes. The older man couldn’t take his eyes off the scene in front of him, he almost didn’t notice when his hand went down to his own diaper and pressed against it.

The final tape came off the diaper and it dropped to the ground. Anthony didn’t know what annoyed him more, the fact that Joey was still dry when he had been leaking everywhere or that the young man’s dick was bigger than his own. Joey audibly whined even as the kiss continued, Fiona finally pulled away.

“Like what you see?” Fiona asked as she looked back and saw Anthony staring at Joey’s crotch.

Anthony looked away sheepishly. He hadn’t realised he had been staring. Fiona laughed and turned back to her blushing boyfriend. She stood close to him and with one hand she started playing with Joey’s penis. She was leaning into him and whispering in his ear. Anthony couldn’t hear what she was saying but the effect was obvious as Joey’s prick slowly expanded to its full size.

Fiona took Joeys hand and led him over towards the changing table. Anthony was watching like this was some kind of live porn performed for him. His hand pressed harder against the front of his diaper.

Fiona lowered her skirt revealing a very skimpy pair of red lacy panties. When her shirt was pulled over her head it revealed a matching bra. Anthony’s eyes almost popped out of his head as the gorgeous woman undressed in front of him. He saw Joey look his way and then back at his girlfriend.

“A-Are you sure…” Joey asked.

“What’s he going to do?” Fiona asked as she reached behind her back, “If he breathes a word of this to his Mommy who do you think she’ll believe? Do you think Jane would even care?”

Anthony ruefully had to agree with Fiona’s assessment of the situation. If it ever came down to his word against someone else’s he was fairly sure he would end up on the losing side of the argument more often than not. He was soon distracted from his sulking as Fiona’s bra fell free. Anthony was almost drooling as he saw Fiona’s breasts freed from their confines. They were a little large for her frame but they looked perfect.

“I think the baby is hungry again.” Fiona smirked. She put her hands on her boobs and jiggled them a little, “Sorry, little one, no milk for you in these.”

Anthony was red in the face and his dick was straining inside his diaper desperate to be free. That was only made worse when Fiona bent over, surely deliberately pointing her ass towards Anthony, and she pulled her panties down leaving her naked.

Anthony was almost whining like a puppy that was being teased. He watched as if mesmerised as Fiona hopped up and sat on the edge of the changing table. With a single finger she beckoned Joey forwards to her. Joey still looked nervous but Anthony couldn’t have been more jealous. When Joey reached Fiona she turned the finger she had been using to call him over and pointed down at her crotch. It seemed Joey didn’t need any more instructions.

With a wide open mouth Anthony could only stare between the bars as Joey started going to town. He leaned forwards and hooked Fiona’s thighs with his arms and then placed his mouth against her opening. Fiona stared directly at Anthony as she put a hand on the back of Joey’s head and pulled him closer.

Anthony was rubbing the front of his diaper now and even Fiona’s judgmental glare couldn’t stop him. Every now and then Joey head moved back from Fiona a little and Anthony could see his tongue working on her expertly, he’d clearly had a lot of practice.

“Good boy.” Fiona said to Joey as she leaned back a little but kept her hand on his head.

Anthony felt like a Peeping Tom as he watched the illicit action in front of him. He never went down on his Mommy, it wasn’t that he found it gross particularly, it was because he had always been lazy. He never wanted to put in effort if it didn’t directly result in pleasure for himself. These days he didn’t get a chance for any sexual activity, watching his babysitters here was the most sexual action he had experienced since his enforced babyhood started.

It wasn’t long before Fiona’s head was tossed back and she was looking up towards the ceiling. She was moaning and as her chest went up and down Anthony stared at her breasts that glistened slightly from sweat. Between her legs Joey was working without tiring, his dick stood at full attention and ready to leap into action at a moment’s notice. The difference between Joey’s manhood standing proud and free versus Anthony’s that was locked up in his cramped diaper was extreme.

Anthony was still rubbing the front of his diaper. He had moved both his hands to the front and was using his forehead to lean against the bars. He knew how desperate he must look but his need was so great that he didn’t care.

“Enough.” Fiona said. Her voice was deeper and thicker now. Her cheeks were rosy coloured and she was breathing heavily.

Joey came up for air and stood in front of his girlfriend. He raised a hand and used the back of it to wipe his mouth, he was panting slightly like he had been so intently focused on his task he hadn’t even paused for breath. Fiona laid back and gestured for him to come closer. Anthony whined, he would’ve given anything to be in Joey’s position. The forbidden pleasure that was denied to Anthony was spread open before Joey.

“Not yet...” Fiona teased Joey as she reached a hand down and inserted a finger into herself. It effectively covered up what Joey was desperate to dive into.

Anthony watched as Fiona’s attention turned towards him again. He looked down in shame as she smirked condescendingly. He slowed down his frantic rubbing but didn’t stop as he submissively looked away from Fiona.

“You want to make cummies in your diaper?” Fiona called out to Anthony as she continued to play with herself.

Anthony was burning with shame as he slowly nodded his head. How had he been reduced to this?

“You have permission…” Fiona’s smirk grew wider as Anthony looked up hopefully, “If you fill your diaper first.”

“But…” Anthony started.

“Those are the terms.” Fiona stopped Anthony before he could argue his case, “And if you don’t do as I say I’ll tell your Mommy and I’m sure she’d be VERY upset with you.”

Anthony gulped. Now his choice was stark. He could either continue to enjoy himself and get the only sexual gratification he had experienced in months or he could refuse to debase himself and be left even more frustrated. The third option was disobeying Fiona’s instructions but that hardly seemed like a choice when the consequences would be… severe.

“What’s it to be?” Fiona asked. Her hand came away from her crotch and she reached forwards to Joey’s still rock hard penis.

Anthony was cringing but already had his mind made up. He didn’t know when he would get another opportunity, he would be a fool to pass this one up. He had been kneeling next to the side of the crib but now he brought his feet underneath him and lifted into a squatting position. He didn’t feel any desperate need to go but he did feel he could make something happen.

With closed eyes Anthony pushed down and into his diaper. He felt movement, he felt gas and then something much more solid. He held his breath and tried to stop himself from picturing the other two watching him debase himself. After a couple of seconds his hole opened up and a lump of poop pushed its way out. He spread his legs a little as it slid out of him and then settled into the seat of his padding.

Anthony would’ve loved to have stopped there but now that he had started he knew there was more to come. He took another breath and pushed down again. This time several softer lumps were pushed out of him and into the back of the diaper. By the time he was done he had a significant load sitting in the back of his disposable.

“Good boy.” Fiona mockingly praised Anthony, “You may rub your diaper.”

Anthony almost thanked the younger woman but stopped himself. He had tears in his eyes from how humiliated he was but he didn’t regret his decision at all. It was an opportunity he had to take and as he opened his eyes he saw Fiona leaning back on the table. Joey had stepped forwards until his manhood was resting on his girlfriend’s entrance. The young man looked around, he seemed unsure, but his little head overruled his big head and he pushed forwards and slowly entered Fiona.

Having fulfilled his obligations Anthony had got back on his knees and was noisily rubbing his diaper again. Every movement of the disposable going backwards and forwards was now rubbing his mess against him. In truth having to stop and fill his diaper had killed his mood a bit but he would be damned if he wasn’t going to take any enjoyment from this scene.

“Mmm…” Fiona moaned as Joey slid into her.

Anthony saw Joey reposition his girlfriend a little. He pushed her legs a little further open and bit his lip as he started pulling out and then pushing in again. Anthony watched as if transfixed. He wasn’t exactly a connoisseur of pornography but he was sure he’d never seen anything that turned him on so much, though that was likely more due to how desperate he was than anything else.

“Fill me up, baby.” Fiona said moaned as she arched her back.

This was all happening on Anthony’s changing table. He already knew that in the future whenever he was having his diaper changed he would flashback to this. When he was having his butt wiped by Jane he would know he was lying on the spot that Joey was about to climax into the woman he loved, something Anthony could only dream of doing.

As Joey pounded Fiona harder Anthony rubbed the front of his padding faster. He stared as Joey’s dick slid in and out of his girlfriend like a piston. He was transfixed by the woman in front of him, Anthony assumed that from the young man’s point of view the rest of the world had seemingly melted away.

Fiona panted and moaned as she arched her back and thrust her hips out for Joey to push into. Anthony had to admit he didn’t think the young man had it in him but he was getting reactions out of Fiona that Anthony hadn’t made any women make. Then again, he had never been particularly interested in the pleasure of his lover.

Anthony let out a low moan of his own as he felt an orgasm starting to build. He started rubbing himself as hard as he could without a thought for how depraved he looked. He grit his teeth and leaned forwards as he thrust into his hands.

“I need to pull-out…” Joey gasped to Fiona, “I’m gonna cum…”

“Cum inside me.” Fiona replied and then bit her bottom lip.

“Wha…!? But…” Joey was gasping but his girlfriend’s words combined with his own arousal were overpowering his brain.

Anthony watched as he reached the edge of his own climax. Fiona lifted her legs and wrapped them around Joey’s midsection essentially pinning him to her. The male babysitter gasped and then grunted as he pushed as deep into his Fiona as he could get. At the same time he leaned over forwards and the woman kissed him passionately, all the while Joey was still pumping his seed into her.

Anthony’s orgasm hit at almost the same moment as Joey’s. He grunted and felt his dick pump a few times as his own sticky liquid erupted out of him and into the front of his messy diaper. He started feeling shame almost before he had even finished cumming. Whilst watching two people have normal sex he had been furiously humping his poopy diaper. The high of his first orgasm in months was quickly lost in regret and humiliation.

As Anthony was lost in his thoughts Joey pulled out of Fiona and the pair set about cleaning themselves up. It was almost like Anthony wasn’t there to them, they took their time and stopped multiple times to kiss, meanwhile Anthony sank back into a sitting position and felt the mess in his diaper squish against him.

“Could you throw me my bra?” Fiona asked.

Joey picked up the bra that was by his feet and tossed it over to his girlfriend. Once Fiona was dressed she helped Joey up on to the changing table and put him into a fresh diaper. It looked like such a loving exchange with both of them smiling and being warm towards one another. Anthony could only watch on jealously. Joey was soon dressed and the couple held hands as they started making their way out of the nursery.

“Hey!” Anthony called out. He quickly shuffled forwards on his knees until he was up against the bars, “Where are you going?”

“Downstairs.” Fiona replied, “I’ve worked up quite the appetite.”

“You can’t leave me here!” Anthony whined. The air around him smelled foul even to himself.

“I think I can.” Fiona responded with a chuckle.

Anthony gripped the bars of the crib harder as he felt anger and impotent frustration course through him. He watched as Fiona gave Joey another little kiss and then led him towards the door.

“Can… Can you at least change me?” Anthony practically begged.

“I don’t think so.” Fiona shook her head sadly as if the decision were out of her hands, “I’ll leave that one for your Mommy.”

“But-…” Anthony started.

It was too late. Fiona had left the room and she had taken Joey with her. The door was closed behind them and Anthony was left sitting in his crib in the silence with only his memories to keep him company. His diaper was sticky both front and back but the worst part was that there was nothing he could do about any of it.

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“Fuck…” Steven moaned as he lay back on his pillows looking up at the ceiling.

Jane smiled as much as she could with Steven’s thick cock filling her mouth. The pair of them had just been on a wonderful date and, as usual, it had ended up in Steven’s bedroom. Her clothes lay discarded all over the floor and the couple were in bed with some soft music playing quietly in the background and low mood lighting the only illumination.

“I mean I know I asked for all this…” Jane pulled off the cock to speak, “But it isn’t all sunshine and rainbows, you know?”

“Uh huh.” Steven couldn’t really vocalise much more as Jane’s mouth enveloped his penis again. He looked down to see her head bobbing slowly.

Jane’s tongue flicked the underside of the head of Steven’s tool. She could taste the saltiness that came from such acts. Whilst some women were turned off by the taste or didn’t enjoy giving head for Jane nothing could be further from the truth. She enjoyed pleasuring men that she cared for like this. It was almost like her way of paying Steven back for such a wonderful date. If Anthony had given her more attention and took her out once in a while he might be able to enjoy Jane’s mouth instead of being locked in his crib.

Jane paused what she was doing and let the heavy organ rest in her mouth. Every time she thought about Anthony she got annoyed. So many years spent married to that slob, so much time wasted. She had sacrificed a lot for Anthony and he didn’t appreciate it one little bit. Now he was like a ball and chain fixed to her leg.

“I mean… I gave him everything. I worked a job earning far more than he did, I raised our twins and I took care of all the chores.” Jane said as she raised her head again. A thin trail of drool linked her with the tip of Steven’s penis, “Is it too much to ask for some appreciation? Some respect?”

“Not at all, Babe.” Steven replied.

Jane lowered her lips and took just the man’s helmet in her mouth. She ran her tongue over the swollen and sensitive spots. She paid attention to Steven’s reactions and adjusted her technique to elicit more of his gasps and exclamations of pleasure.

Lowering her head Jane enveloped all of Steven’s cock. He was bigger than Anthony was in pretty much every respect and what he had in his pants was no different. Despite that Jane was able to deep throat her lover, it was a technique she had picked up before marrying Anthony though she had been out of practice until she had ended up on the dating scene again. It turned out it was like riding a bike and she was very quick to learn to control her breathing and suppress her gag reflex.

With her mouth all the way down the cock and her lips pressing against the short pubic hair of Steven she found herself ruminating more. Her tongue reached out and flicked against Steven’s balls, something which made him quiver and grunt.

“I don’t know why any man wouldn’t treat you like a queen.” Steven gasped. His hand went to the back of Jane’s head and stroked through her hair.

“Well, you certainly no how to treat a woman.” Jane said after slowly taking Steven’s dick out of her mouth. She ran her tongue against the smooth skin the whole way.

“And you know how to treat a man.” Steven joked. He reached down and very gently held one of Jane’s breasts, “But you’ve done enough. Why don’t you let me return the favour now?”

“No can do.” Jane replied with a wide smile, “I pride myself on seeing my jobs to the finish.”

Jane’s hands went to Steven’s dick and any argument he might’ve had evaporated in his throat. She worked her hands up and down adding a slight twisting motion that she knew drove Steven wild. She made sure to keep Steven in ecstasy without allowing him to cum. She simply wasn’t finished with him yet.

“The annoying thing is that whilst he’s useless as an adult and a husband stuff like the house is in the name of his parents. They basically bought it for us.” Jane mused as she stroked Steven’s dick, “And if I really want to control the relationship I need to take those things under control myself.”

“Yeah…” Steven gasped. It was clear he was having trouble paying attention.

Jane was still in thought as she sunk her mouth down on Steven’s cock again. Right now Anthony was kept under control over fear of people finding out about his situation but if she really wanted to make sure he wasn’t going to go anywhere she needed more. Her head bobbed up and down on Anthony quickly and she could feel him tensing and twitching.

The control was intoxicating to Jane and after so many years treated as a servant and taken for granted by Anthony she was determined to keep the new status quo going. Whilst being humiliated and fired from his job was embarrassing for him it did remove one of the things tying him down, it was one less tether and made him more likely to run away.

“I think… I think I’m gonna…” Steven was gasping as he pushed his crotch up to meet Jane’s face.

Jane knew what she had to do. She knew Anthony wouldn’t like it but she had to sever the safety net now. People might think her cruel but in her opinion she was just looking out for herself and teaching her husband a valuable lesson.

“Fuck!” Steven exclaimed as he was pushed over the edge.

Jane felt the cock in her mouth twitch and pulse and then a second later she felt the creamy explosion shoot on to her tongue. As she nursed on the dick and sucked down Steven’s cum she formed a plan that she would put into action the next weekend.

Steven’s excitable organ finally finished and Jane pulled off it. She moved up to Steven’s face and opened her mouth showing him the load that rested on her tongue, then she swallowed it all with relish, even going so far as to lick her lips afterwards.

“You’re incredible.” Steven said as he put a hand to the side of Jane’s face, “One of a kind. I love you so much.”

Jane smiled and blushed a little as she laid down next to her boyfriend. She would have to go home at some point, the babysitters she had hired wouldn’t be there all night and she was sure Anthony would be in desperate need for a change. She didn’t want to think about any of that though. She wanted to lay next to Steven and cuddle for as long as she possibly could. But first…

“I just need to send a text.” Jane said as she rolled over to where her clothes were discarded on the floor.

Jane went through the pockets until she found her phone. She unlocked it and scrolled through her contacts to a number that she didn’t often call or interact with at all. It was really only there for emergencies. This wasn’t an emergency but it was important nonetheless. If she wanted to be the woman of the house she would have to take a big step.

“Hi, it’s Jane, could you come over to the house this Saturday?”

With the text sent Jane put her phone on silent and curled up with Steven again.

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Anthony didn’t know what was happening but that was no different to usual. Ever since he had lost his job he had been more under his wife’s thumb than ever before. With Jane working from home a majority of the time it meant that she was nearly always watching him. The brief respite from his babyhood that he had got at work was gone.

It had been a few days since Anthony was babysat by Joey and Fiona. To his immense relief Jane had never found out about him rubbing his diaper. He had thought about telling her about the naughty antics of the babysitters but in the end agreed with Fiona, there was just no way Jane would believe him, even if she did the likelihood that she cared was miniscule.

It was just past lunchtime but Anthony hadn’t been fed. He wasn’t particularly hungry but it was still unusual for Jane to change his schedule. He had recently had his diaper changed which meant he was getting to enjoy that brief period where his padding was both clean and dry. He knew it wouldn’t last long.

Anthony was startled by the living room door opening and when he looked up he was surprised to see Jane in a business suit. Normally, when working from home, Jane would remain casually dressed but on that day it looked more like she was going in to the office. Anthony worried that this would mean having babysitters again, though a not insignificant part of him was excited by the prospect of being able to watch Joey and Fiona go at it again.

“We have visitors coming.” Jane said tersely to Anthony, “Try to behave yourself, won’t you?”

“Who?” Anthony asked nervously. Sitting in his playpen surrounded by toys and dressed in a cream yellow t-shirt with a smiling airplane and diaper he was very concerned about the prospect of anyone coming to see him like this.

“You’ll see in about five minutes.” Jane smiled.

“Y-You don’t have to show them in here, right?” Anthony fretted. Subconsciously he was pulling on his shirt as if he could cover up his diaper.

“Oh I’m sure they’ll want to see you.” Jane laughed.

Anthony scowled as Jane turned and left the room. It seemed the whole purpose of his wife’s brief visit was to give him some anxiety. He didn’t like the way she had left the door open, whenever the visitors arrived they would be able to look in and see him on the floor dressed as a pathetic baby. It felt like every time he thought he hit the bottom he found there was still an abyss below him.

The least Anthony could do was keep his diaper dry though. A task he set his mind to straight away. Perhaps if the visitors saw him in a dry diaper they wouldn’t think he was a complete baby. It might have been a pathetic hope to cling on to but it was all he had.

It always seemed to Anthony like the more he set his mind on avoiding something the harder it actually became to avoid. As soon as he started thinking about keeping his diaper dry it was as if he could feel his bladder filling little by little. His control was far from perfect these days so he knew staying dry was far from a sure fire thing.

Anthony could do nothing but worry as he waited for the mysterious visitors. He wondered who Jane had invited over to humiliate him this time. Maybe Mandy would come round to see what she had reduced him to. Maybe it would be his old boss. Hell, he wouldn’t have been surprised if the local media had been invited to gawk at him and let the whole town know he was a useless cuckolded baby.

Despite waiting for the visitors arrive and anticipating the dreaded knock on the door Anthony still jumped when the loud bell rang. His heart seemed to jump into his throat as he heard footsteps coming towards him. Jane rushed past the entrance to the living room and Anthony wondered what he could possibly do to hide from the disaster that was coming. None of his toys were big enough to hide behind.

“Oh, it’s so lovely to see you!” Jane’s happy voice almost scared Anthony more than when she was upset, “It really has been too long. Please, come in.”

Anthony didn’t know whether he should look at the doorway or turn away and try to hide who he was. He knew hiding was pointless but it felt like any second spent delaying the humiliation would be time well spent. In the end it didn’t matter. He remained rooted to the spot as the visitors stood in the doorway. He expected the worst but he was still stunned by what he saw.

“Anthony?” The gruff older male voice said, “What in the blazes…”

“D-Dad!?” Anthony gasped, “Mom!?”

Anthony’s concentration had been fixed on holding his bladder sphincter closed. The shock made him forget all about that and as he sat on the floor of his playpen slack-jawed mouth hanging open he felt heat rapidly spreading around his crotch. He remained completely motionless on the floor as he flooded his diaper whilst his mother and father watched from the door.

“What on Earth is going on here?” Anthony’s mom demanded not unreasonably.

“If you want to follow me.” Jane said. She spoke calmly and pleasantly which was at complete odds with the situation, “I can explain everything.”

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Jane walked confidently through to the dining room. The large room was dominated by a large oak table. As well as the several antique chairs there was an enlarged highchair and as Anthony’s parents entered the room she was sure that was where they would instantly look.

“Jane, I demand to know what is happening with my son.” Harriett demanded impatiently. Her voice was inflected with that impossible to hide upper class accent.

“And I will tell you.” Jane replied, “Please have a seat. Can I get you coffee?”

“That would be-…” Charles started.

“Charles!” Harriett shook her head reproachfully.

“Well, she offered.” Charles shrugged, “She said she’s going to explain things so let’s not jump to any conclusions.”

Harriett looked like she wanted to argue but eventually just shook her head. She indicated that Jane should make them both coffees. Jane was happy to oblige, she turned around and started preparing her drinks as she prepared herself for what was likely to be a tricky conversation.

Jane had met Charles and Harriett not long after she started dating Anthony. She remembered being very nervous that day. She was just starting out on her career and was essentially at the bottom of the corporate ladder meanwhile Anthony was well on his way to becoming a fully qualified doctor and, came from an old money family. When Jane had first looked at her future in-laws’ house it did nothing to make her feel less intimidated.

The house Jane and Anthony lived in was large but it looked like a quaint little cottage next to the giant house Charles and Harriett owned. In the end Jane had little reason to be nervous. Although they were clearly testing Jane to make sure she was good for their son they were also friendly and within a couple of hours it was as if they had known each other for years.

As friendly as they were Charles and Harriett were never particularly close to Anthony and Jane. Anthony had always said it was because his parents didn’t want to visit until Jane found out that, in truth, he just never invited them over or scheduled anything. Apart from Christmases and major events in their lives like the wedding Anthony just couldn’t be bothered to keep in touch. Which explained why Anthony could be a baby for so long without his parents noticing.

Jane had been really upset when she found out how neglectful Anthony was of his parents. They had done a lot for the pair of them and when Jane and Anthony had got married they had gifted the pair the amazing house they were living in now… sort of.

The tricky thing was that whilst Jane and Anthony owned the house in all but the most official way the deed was still under Anthony’s parents’ names. They had said it was for tax reasons or something, Jane had always been too delighted with such a generous present to really question it. There wasn’t any hidden catches either, even when Anthony essentially neglected his parents they never raised a stink.

Harriett was the one that wore the trousers in the family even if she wasn’t the one who earned the money. She was always immaculately dressed and there was never a hair out of place. Charles was the one who had made their fortune. He had put on weight as he got older and his comb over did little to distract from the fact that he was balding. As Jane waited for the coffee to be ready she could feel them both staring at her. The silence in the dining room was incredibly tense.

They say a watched kettle never boils and it felt like the coffee machine knew everyone was waiting and refused to finish brewing. Jane turned to the side and leant on the counter she could see Anthony’s parents sitting at the table in stony silence. It felt like if they didn’t buy what she was saying they would take over the situation and kick Jane out.

Finally Jane was able to pour out the drinks and brought them over to the table. She hadn’t even sat down when Harriett opened her mouth.

“What is going on here?” Harriett asked immediately, “Why is my Anthony in the other room dressed like a… well, like a-…”

“A baby?” Jane finished for her mother-in-law.

“Well… Yes!” Harriett said.

“This coffee is lovely.” Charles said after taking a sip.

“Charles!” Harriett exclaimed at her husband again, “For goodness sake can we all concentrate on the important things here!?”

“I’ll start at the beginning.” Jane said as she took a drink of her own coffee.

Jane took a deep breath and then started to tell the story of the last year or so. She told her in-laws about the twins’ pranks and then the punishment that followed. She let the older couple in on what Anthony had done regarding his lack of patient safety and then continued with his other behaviour. She focused most on his laziness before coming to the most sensitive parts of the story.

“You see, he has NEVER been an adequate husband.” Jane said, “He is lazy, inattentive and shirks all responsibility. He never helped with the kids. He never changed diapers, even when I was ill he wouldn’t lift a finger to help out. And the worst part of all? He got fired from his job making him even more useless.”

“He was fired?” Harriett asked with her eyes widening.

“Yes, and from what I heard it was in circumstances that have left him essentially blacklisted.” Jane continued, “So now he can’t even bring home any money.”

“Sounds about right.” Charles had been silent the whole time but now he snorted and shook his head.

“I decided long ago that if he was going to act like a baby then I would treat him like one.” Jane finished, “And despite his arguments he just keeps letting me down and not acting like an adult.”

Charles chuckled and the two women turned to face him. He was shaking his head and Jane worried that things were about to go badly. Everything rested on these two people accepting that their middle-aged son would be better off kept as a baby.

“What’s so funny?” Harriett demanded.

“Sorry… I’m sorry…” Charles said as he continued to laugh, “But you’ve got to admit it’s funny. Strangely appropriate as well. You remember what Anthony was like at home? Lazy didn’t even begin to cover it.”

“He was a bit… low energy.” Harriett conceded, “But…”

“Remember how difficult it was to potty train him?” Charles continued, “He wasn’t out of diapers until he started going to school and the teachers complained”

Jane hadn’t known that little piece of information. Her eyebrows were disappearing into her hairline and she turned to look at Harriett whose mouth was still pursed.

“He wet the bed until he was practically a teenager!” Charles exclaimed, “Remember all the doctors we took him to? None of them found any problems. Then one day it just stopped, coincidentally it was right as he got his first girlfriend.”

“What are you saying?” Harriett finally asked.

“I’m saying…” Charles shrugged and leaned back in his chair, “Maybe Jane’s got the right idea.”

“You can’t be serious.” Harriett sounded flabbergasted, “Our son is in the living room playing with toys like a baby!”

“And from what Jane has been saying it’s precisely where he deserves to be.” Charles countered, “He’s been coddled and had life on easy mode. He’s never grown up. You can’t tell me you weren’t happy the night he moved out that someone else would have the burden of getting him to do anything.”

If Jane’s eyebrows weren’t already raised these last comments would certainly have sent them up her forehead. She looked back at Harriett who was suddenly looking much more bashful, she didn’t think it was her imagination that the older woman had a slightly blushing face. There was a silence as Harriett seemed to be digesting everything. Jane was on tenterhooks as she waited for the verdict, if Harriett decided her “little boy” deserved better Jane could be in a bit of trouble.

“Fine.” Harriett said rather forcefully after several tense seconds, “You’ve made your point. It may be… unconventional but maybe it will help him in the long term.”

Jane certainly wasn’t going to disabuse her mother-in-law of the idea that this was temporary. It sounded like she had actually “won” and may get exactly what she wanted from her, there was no need to throw a wrench into the works and inform her that if she had her way Anthony would be a baby until the day he died.

“Is that all?” Harriett asked Jane tersely, “Did you call us here to embarrass my son or was there another reason we’re here?”

“There is another reason.” Jane said.

Jane pushed her chair back and stood up. She walked over to the kitchen counter and opened a drawer underneath the granite surface. She pulled out a grey plastic folder and returned to the table. When she sat back down she slid the folder across to the two intrigued in-laws.

“I need some signatures.” Jane smiled.

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Anthony was in a state of shell-shock. He watched his parents walk away as if he had just seen a pair of ghosts walk past the doorway. It didn’t seem possible his mom and dad were there. He heard his parents follow his wife to the kitchen and didn’t know what to do. Should he climb out of the playpen and follow them? Was this his chance to end this interminable punishment?

It didn’t seem possible that his parents would let their son stay like this but at the same time Anthony desperately wanted to go and see them. He didn’t think even his wife could make this treatment sound normal. He realised his hand was pressed against the front of his diaper, the recent wetting causing it to radiate heat through the plastic.

Anthony stared at the doorway as if looking hard enough would somehow allow him to see what was going on. Time seemed to lose all meaning as he waited breathlessly. He thought there would be raised voices or the sound of things being thrown but there was only silence.

Hours passed by and Anthony still hadn’t heard anything from the kitchen. He needed to poop but he definitely wasn’t doing that yet. He was going to wait until his parents came back and let him out of his diapers, then, for the first time in a very long time, he would use the toilet. Maybe there was still something left of his life that he could salvage. Perhaps if he begged hard enough he might even be able to get his job back. Things could go back to normal and everyone would one day forget this whole shameful episode.

Anthony was getting increasingly impatient. It shouldn’t take that long to tell Jane that this was cruel and unusual punishment and put an end to it. Another hour had gone by and his need to go to the bathroom had only grown stronger. The pressure was constant and he found himself clutching his tummy as he waited. He started to wonder if the three of them were even in the house anymore. Jane hadn’t brought him a bottle, checked his diaper or anything…

There was no way Anthony was going to be able to hold on forever and with his atrophied muscles he was reasonably surprised he had controlled himself this long. He never thought his mom and dad would spend so long here, he was desperate not to embarrass himself any more than he had already done but his desperation for the toilet was fast outgrowing his dignity.

Anthony hadn’t shifted position since his parents arrived but now he started to squirm. To his horror the moment his butt left the floor he felt poop starting to slide out of him. He froze half an inch off the floor and the poop held his hole open. It was too late to do anything now, he was messy and so the fight to remain clean had been lost. With a sigh of resignation Anthony leaned to his side and gave his diaper plenty of room.

As soon as Anthony twisted his body he started filling his diaper. His lax sphincter that was practically useless from lack of use simply opened as his log pushed out and then dropped into the diaper, thanks to the way he was leaning he felt it basically roll down his cheek. He grunted as he pushed down and filled his disposable fully, the poop seemed to just burst out of him until he was sitting in a very dirty diaper.

“Ugh…” Anthony grimaced as he lowered himself back down on to the floor.

With a shiver Anthony felt the mess in his diaper getting squeezed around him. It was a sickeningly familiar feeling and the pressure of the floor seemed to push the smell out of the padding making the air around him stink.

Normally he would call for Jane now. He would experience the humiliation of needing another adult to change him. There was no way he was going to do that with his parents there. If they were there. He still hadn’t heard or seen them since they so briefly stood in the doorway. What would they think if they knew what he had done?

It was another agonising hour before the sound of chairs scraping linoleum let Anthony know that he wasn’t alone. He had been sat in his diaper the whole time and had desperately tried not to move. To his relief the initial bad smell seemed to dissipate and he didn’t think it was noticeable at all. Small victories. At least it meant that when his parents rescued him he might be able to sneak away before they knew what he had done.

Footsteps came down the hallway and Anthony found that he was holding his breath. He wanted to stand up so he was ready for his mom to open the gate but he was still nervous of the smell. Despite expecting it he still jumped when his parents appeared in the doorway.

“Mom… Dad…” Anthony held out his arms. He wanted it to look like he was welcoming him but in hindsight he may have looked like he was asking to be picked up like a baby.

“Good grief…” Harriett pulled out a handkerchief and covered her nose. Before her face was mostly covered up Anthony had time to see her look of disgust.

Anthony didn’t think the smell was all that bad. Heck, he wasn’t sure it was even noticeable and yet his parents looked like they had just smelled an open sewer. With a start Anthony realised he might actually just be becoming nose blind to himself. A scary prospect but it didn’t matter if he was getting out of here.

“W-Where are you going?” Anthony asked rather desperately as his parents turned away and walked towards the front door.

Anthony panicked as he saw his mom and dad disappear around the corner. Losing all his composure he got up on his knees and scooted forwards until he reached the playpen’s fence. He gripped the bars.

“Hey! Come back!” Anthony yelled desperately, “Get me out!”

Anthony listened as he heard the front door open and a few seconds later it closed. He climbed to his feet and felt his diaper stick to him as if it was coated in glue. He hurried around the edge of the pen until he could look at the living room window. Through the white net curtains he could see his parents getting into a car and after a further minute they pulled away and started rolling down the long drive.

“No!” Anthony screamed, “What the hell is going on!?”

“Oh, calm down dear.” Jane said as she walked into the living room again, “There’s no need for a tantrum.”

“What did you say to them!?” Anthony shouted, “Why did they leave me here like this?”

“If you want to be talked to like an adult then you have to sit down and stop acting like a baby.” Jane warned, “Can you do that?”

Anthony hated the condescending tone in his wife’s voice. He wanted to rage, he wanted to shout and throw things but he was already wilting as Jane stared at him. The anger dissipated and he started justifying to himself why he was about to comply with her orders. If he wanted to know what happened he would have to do as she said. He took a deep breath and lowered himself to the floor again. He had almost forgotten about his messy butt until he further smeared it all on himself. He crossed his legs and waited.

Jane was in no rush. Anthony had a burning desire to know what was going on but Jane was making him wait. His teeth were clenched as he watched his wife slowly make her way around to the couch, she brushed off some dust and then sat down. It was the first time that Anthony noticed his wife was holding a folder in one of her hands, she now placed it next to her on the couch.

“Well…?” Anthony asked impatiently.

“Patience, little one.” Jane replied with a smile.

Anthony scowled. Jane was purposefully making him wait as long as possible, it almost seemed like she was daring him to react and get angry, to give her a reason to punish him. He wasn’t going to let her do that. He watched with gritted teeth as she opened the folder she had brought with her and smiled at the contents. She took several of the papers and placed them on top of the folder.

“Your parents are really nice people.” Jane said, “You really should’ve spent more time with them.”

Anthony remained silent. He bit back the words that threatened to spill out and swallowed them back down. He told himself to wait and just let her get to the point.

“We had a lovely long chat.” Jane continued when Anthony didn’t say anything, “They were pretty angry about you’re living situation. Well, your mom was at least, your dad seemed to understand it more.”

That made sense to Anthony. It had always been his mom pushing him to do more with himself whilst his dad seemed to see who he really was. Regardless of how either of his parents thought about him he couldn’t believe either had simply abandoned him to this fate.

“Well, by the time they left they saw things my way.” Jane said triumphantly, “You see… I’ve spent some time thinking that it doesn’t make sense that despite you being a baby you essentially still had control of things like the house… in a roundabout way of course, your parents owned the house but that essentially gave you more control than you really deserved.”

“Wait… owned?” Anthony asked noticing the past tense.

“Owned.” Jane’s face broke into a wide smile. Her teeth were displayed like a shark as it approached its victim.

Anthony watched as Jane picked up a sheet of paper and held it up. He had to squint to see any of the writing but he recognised it as a Certificate of Ownership. He didn’t have time to read it all but he saw his parent’s signatures and Jane’s signature next to it. Jane then reached over with her other hand and held up another form. It was the deed to the house and it had the same three signatures.

For a second Anthony didn’t understand what this meant. Gradually the full weight of what he was seeing was falling on him. His mouth dropped open and he felt suddenly lightheaded. This must be some sort of practical joke.

“For a nominal fee your parents have signed the house over to me.” Jane said cheerily, “Along with everything else they still had their names on. This house, the cars outside and everything within our property is now owned by me.”

Anthony was used to betrayal. He had watched as Jane, his wife, started seeing another guy and Mandy had humiliated and lost him his job through her lies. But this was something completely different. His parents, his hope for rescue from this interminable punishment had turned their backs on him. They hadn’t even spoken to him, they took Jane’s version of events and signed everything over to her before driving away from his life.

“You’re still in their will, of course.” Jane continued as she looked at some of the other paperwork. She seemed oblivious to how crestfallen her husband was, “There are some… conditions now attached though. It requires you to remain with me. If you leave or if I kick you out you’ll be taken out of the will.”

Anthony’s eyes filled with tears. He had rarely seriously considered leaving because he had nowhere to go and had always believed that one way or another he would get out of this but now he realised how much he had clung on to the possibility of leaving. That had been ripped away from him now. His parents had turned away from him and now his wife had complete power. A tear ran down his cheek and he fought back against a sob.

“Oh, baby, there’s no need to cry.” Jane said softly, “Nothing’s changed. This just protects us and makes sure we all know where we stand.”

Anthony was trying to hold back the tears but it was very difficult. Soon another tear was rolling down his face and he could do nothing to stop his eyes welling up again. He felt like he had a lump in his throat that was trying to come up and out of his mouth. He had to keep trying to swallow it back.

“I know what you need.” Jane said as she stood up, “It’s that diaper upsetting you, isn’t it? You need your diaper changed.”

Jane walked around to the gate of the playpen and opened it. She indicated for Anthony to follow her and he reluctantly got off the seat of his diaper. In truth he had almost forgotten he was messy as he was trying to process everything else that had happened. He slowly followed Jane out of the playpen and up the stairs. He wondered if there was anything he could say to make the situation better, it didn’t seem likely.

Once up on the changing table Anthony stared up at the ceiling. His wife now owned the house. His parents had signed it away without even speaking to him. Just like everyone else they had abandoned him and left him even more reliant on his wife.

Anthony’s diaper was opened up and as he felt the wet touch of the baby wipes he could only look forward to more of this. He felt utterly defeated as he was cleaned like a useless baby. By the time he was clean and the diaper was pulled out from underneath him Anthony was more than ready for the nap he assumed was coming. He needed some time alone.

The new diaper was opened and slipped underneath Anthony’s compliantly raised butt. He lowered on to the familiar feeling of padding and sighed. Once it was taped closed he sat up and dropped off the side of the table. As expected Jane went over to the crib and lowered the side. Anthony had been through this process enough times to know what that meant. He waddled over with his crinkling fresh diaper and climbed inside. The bars came up behind him and locked into place.

“I know there’s been a lot to take in today.” Jane said as she reached through the bars and stroked the side of Anthony’s face, “I’m sure you’ll feel better after a nice nap.”

Anthony didn’t believe that was true at all. He didn’t think anything would make him feel better. He laid down against his pillow as Jane pulled her phone out of her pocket. Anthony watched curiously as she tapped the screen a couple of times and then held the phone up to her ear. She turned and slowly started walking away from the crib, Anthony followed her every step.

“Hey.” Jane said when whoever was on the other end of the phone answered, “It’s on.”

Anthony didn’t like the sound of that at all. As Jane rounded the door and walked out on to the landing he heard her let out a cackle of a laugh that put in mind an evil villain. Anthony pulled a teddy bear closer to him as he snivelled and closed his eyes.

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Talk about miserable. Anthony’s last few days had been no different from most of those preceding it but now he was living with the knowledge that things wouldn’t get better. He was a baby. He would always be a baby.

It had been three days ago that Anthony had seen his parents come into the house, almost completely ignore him and then sign everything over to his wife. He had been treated like an infant for a year but he never felt like a baby quite as much as he did now. He was powerless in every conceivable way.

“Do you need a change, sweetheart?” Miss. Macey asked sweetly.

“No.” Anthony replied flatly.

It didn’t matter what Anthony’s answer was. She had walked over to the edge of the playpen and was leaning over. She patted and prodded Anthony’s disposable like a mother checking a baby, there was no thought that she might actually trust his answer. Anthony sighed but could do nothing to stop the babysitter, Jane had been very clear on that.

Miss. Macey wasn’t a normal babysitter of course. Jane had found her online, she primarily looked after adults that actually WANTED to be treated like a baby. Anthony had a very hard time believing anyone could actually want what he considered hell. She was older with slightly greying hair, she had seemed bemused when Jane explained the situation but she was happy to accept the money to look after the big baby.

Whilst Anthony was stuck at home with his babysitter Jane was out on a date with Steven. Anthony had been sulkily obsessing over what his wife and her boyfriend could be getting up to. He didn’t want to know but at the same time not knowing was driving him crazy.

“Well done for keeping your diaper dry!” Miss. Macey enthusiastically said as she patted Anthony on the head, “Maybe your Mommy will let you potty train soon.”

“I doubt it.” Anthony muttered darkly.

The fact that Anthony was dry had nothing to do with any conscious choice on his part as much as just luck. The bottles he had drunk had simply not made their way through his system. There was no reason to let the babysitter know that though.

Anthony was just sitting down to return to his “playing” when he heard a car driving down the long gravel road to the house. He frowned and wondered who the latest person to see his humiliating state was going to be. He thought about standing up and looking out of the window but if somehow this person wasn’t here to see him he didn’t want to expose himself to them anyway.

Anthony didn’t have to question who was coming for long. He soon heard the key in the front door and knew it must be Jane. He felt relief that his babysitter would soon be leaving even if it didn’t mean an improvement to his situation. The door opened and he heard Jane laughing and talking to someone else. A familiar voice that made Anthony gasp.

Just like when his parents had walked in and seen him like this Anthony had no options for hiding. He could only look at the doorway in horror as Jane appeared along with Steven who had his arm around her shoulders. They looked at each other lovingly before turning to see the baby in the playpen.

“He’s been as good as gold.” Miss. Macey said as she walked towards the door, “Just one change needed and he was dry when I last checked a minute ago.”

Anthony swallowed thickly. He was being talked about like an actual toddler. He couldn’t keep looking at the lovers. It was the first time Jane had brought Steven to their home, it felt like another line had been crossed.

As Anthony looked at the ground between his legs he heard Jane talking with the babysitter. After a few small pleasantries Miss. Macey was dismissed and left the house considerably richer than when she had arrived. That left Anthony alone with his wife and her boyfriend. They remained in silence as the faint noises of Miss. Macey getting into her car and leaving just reached them through the walls.

“Hello Anthony.” Steven said, “Good to see you again.”

Anthony didn’t say anything. He had known Jane was seeing another man and ever since he was fired he knew that this mysterious other person was Steven. He had thought he was prepared but to see Steven in his house with his arm around his wife was making Anthony very mad.

“I think he’s sulking.” Jane said with a chuckle.

“Poor baby.” Steven replied.

Anthony wished he had somewhere to go. He wanted to run away from the house and never look back but there was nothing out there for him. There was nowhere to go and no one to help him. He was as reliant on Jane as any baby was on their mommy. Jane walked forwards and opened the playpen’s gate.

“Come on out, baby.” Jane said as she waved for Anthony to come out.

Anthony had nothing covering his diaper. He knew that Steven had seen his diaper before but that didn’t make this any less humiliating. He slowly stood up and tried to pull down the short pink shirt he was wearing, it didn’t help and barely concealed any of the diaper at all. He didn’t dare look up at Steven who he could imagine was smirking at this pathetic display. Every waddling step produced loud crinkles that seemed even louder in the otherwise quiet room. Anthony came to a stop just in front of Steven who, yet again, had his arms around Jane.

“Well, Anthony, I think it’s time you formally met your new Daddy.” Jane said brightly.

Anthony’s head snapped up instantly. He had long ago grudgingly accepted that Jane was seeing another man but to think of that man as “Daddy” was a step too far. He couldn’t seriously believe his wife would actually think he would go along with that.

In front of Anthony his “Mommy” was standing and looking to the side as she leaned into the very handsome Steven. He had his arm around Jane but was smirking towards Anthony in a very condescending manner. Anthony had a burning hatred for this man deep inside him. Having Steven date his wife was humiliating enough. There was no way Anthony was going to embarrass himself for this man any further. There was no reason to rub salt into this open wound.

“Say hello to your Daddy.” Jane said impatiently.

Anthony’s hands balled up and he could feel himself shaking from rage. He wasn’t going to say anything to Steven. Just because he couldn’t do anything about the situation didn’t mean he had to like it.

“There’s no need to be shy.” Steven said, “Can you say “Daddy” for me?”

“Ja-… Mommy.” Anthony caught himself just in time, “Can we talk about this?”

“Sure.” Jane smiled and nodded, “Right after you say hello to your Daddy.”

“I’m not going to do that.” Anthony said through clenched teeth.

“You’ll say hello.” Jane’s face hardened, “Or you’ll be punished.”

“I think he might like that.” Steven laughed.

Anthony’s eyes widened as he saw Steven’s hand drop down until it was resting on Jane’s ass. He patted her posterior a couple of times causing her to let out a high-pitched yelp of a laugh. Steven leaned across and started whispering something into her ear and Anthony saw her face flush. What little remained of his masculine pride could take no more.

Anthony pulled his arm back and with a yell of aggression he swung for the side of Steven’s head. Things seemed to move in slow motion. Steven had apparently seen this strike coming as he moved out of the way surprisingly quickly. Anthony stumbled forwards and felt two large hands grabbing him, one on his arm and the other round the back of his neck.

“Ah!” Anthony exclaimed as he stumbled forwards past Jane.

“I can see why Jane thinks you need a Daddy figure in your life.” Steven said.

Anthony was pulled to the side and as Steven sat down he was yanked forwards. He stumbled and then tripped over the larger man’s lap. He found himself face down and balancing over Steven’s knees. He tried to pull himself up but a large arm placed itself across his back effectively trapping him in place.

“Get off me!” Anthony yelled as he kicked his legs causing his diaper to crinkle loudly.

The first spank landed before Anthony could ready himself. He gasped as Steven’s large hand smacked into the plastic of his disposable, the sound of the hit echoing around the room. His eyes started to tear up no matter how much he tried to resist it. As if he hadn’t been emasculated enough.

The next spank landed on his other cheek and jerked him forwards across Steven’s knees. He grimaced and closed his eyes as he tried to stop from crying out. The next spank was on the first cheek again and the one after that showed that Steven was alternating each smack. The diaper absorbed a certain amount of the smacks but most of the pain made its way through to his skin where the stinging radiated out.

“Why can’t you just do as you’re told?” Jane asked. She had walked into the room and was sitting in an armchair across from Anthony.

“I…” Anthony started.

The spanking continued and picked up pace. Anthony’s composure was cracking like a thin-shelled egg. He was trying to hold back the cries but tears leaked down his cheeks and a sob was choking his throat.

Anthony could barely take a breath as he laid over Steven’s knees. The spanks were coming so thick and fast he was completely unable to get a full breath which was adding to his sense of panic. His legs started kicking out with desperation and his arms ineffectively hammered Steven’s legs.

“I’m sorry!” Anthony wailed, “I’m sorry! Please…”

Anthony was crying now. He only realised he was doing so after he started and had no idea how long he had been reduced to this. He felt like a naughty toddler more than ever. With every sense telling him he was nothing more than a misbehaving child. He was ready to say or do anything to stop the punishment.

“Mommy!” Anthony yelled, “I’m sorry Mommy!”

Anthony didn’t care that he looked like the two-year-old he had been treated as for a year. He could taste his salty tears and could feel snot running down his face. His butt felt like it was bruising and yet there was no sign that Steven was even slowing down. He was desperate for his Mommy to save him from the mean man.

“It’s not me you should be apologising to.” Jane replied grimly.

“I’m… I’m sorry, Steven!” Anthony said between sobs.

Steven started saying something without pausing his spanking. Anthony didn’t hear him though, he was not only too lost in the overwhelming feelings of his punishment but his body seemed to be losing control of its most basic functions. With nary a warning Anthony’s bladder released and he felt his diaper rapidly warming as he freely wet himself. The heat spreading around the front and rear of the padding quickly. There was no way Steven hadn’t noticed that the butt he was spanking had suddenly got warmer and it had nothing to do with his smacks.

“Please!” Anthony practically screamed.

Anthony scrambled desperately to get off Steven’s lap but he could barely shift an inch. The bigger man was like a machine with an in-built metronome, his spanking didn’t weaken or slow down no matter how long it went.

“Daddy!” Anthony exclaimed as he through all dignity to the wayside, “I’m sorry Daddy! Please Daddy, your baby is sorry!”

The spanking suddenly stopped and Anthony realised that every muscle in his body had been tensed up. He felt afraid to relax, terrified that this was a trick to get him to relax before continuing the punishment. He was still crying loudly and babbling.

“I’m sorry Daddy!” Anthony cried, “I’m sorry Mommy!”

“Aw, there we go…” Steven said as he removed his arm from the cuckolded man’s back, “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

Anthony shook his head. In truth it was one of the hardest things he had ever had to say. It was only by throwing away all his shame and dignity that he had been brought to such a level. He shifted a little and when Steven didn’t hold him down he slowly pulled himself off Steven’s lap and on to the floor.

“Say it again.” Jane instructed.

“I’m sorry Daddy…” Anthony muttered as his body was wracked by sobs.

“I think he’s learning.” Steven said, “He’s a good boy really.”

Anthony felt Steven’s hand come down and rest on top of his head. His hair was tussled like a proud father would do to his son. He remained on all fours, he didn’t want to do anything that might make the others punish him again. His butt felt like minced meat.

“That was so hot.” Jane said rather breathlessly.

“You like seeing a real man work?” Steven asked with a slight chuckle.

“How about I put the baby to bed…” Jane suggested, “And you meet me in my bedroom?”

“Sure thing.” Steven’s voice was deep. Anthony didn’t need to look up to know he was smiling widely. Steven continued cheekily, “Mommy.”

“Careful…” Jane shot back, “Or you’ll be angling for a spanking yourself.”

Anthony could only listen as his wife and her boyfriend flirted with each other over him. When he felt Jane’s hand on his back he jumped so hard he nearly fell over. He slowly got up to his feet but kept his face downturned.

“Hey…” Steven said. For a horrible moment Anthony thought his new Daddy was talking to him but it seemed his words were directed at Jane, “Don’t take too long.”

Jane replied with a giggle and closed the distance to Steven. Anthony dared a sideways look to see the two embracing. Steven’s hand was on Jane’s ass but rather than the spanking he had received his wife was simply being groped. He looked up and almost immediately wished he hadn’t. He simply hadn’t been prepared to see the other two locked in a passionate kiss.

Anthony waddled up to his nursery with Jane just in front of him. He winced with each step as he felt his bruised butt complaining, he wasn’t sure how he was going to sit down. He was sniffling as he went over to the changing table. After hopping up Anthony landed on his padded rear and winced, as predicted his battered butt didn’t like any pressure on it. He quickly shifted and laid back.

“I hope you learnt your lesson.” Jane said as she started getting the supplies out.

Anthony sniffed but didn’t answer. He wasn’t sure what the lesson was supposed to be. All he knew was that his “Daddy” was now openly getting with his wife and he couldn’t retaliate. He was a child who had just been disciplined for being too aggressive.

“It’s really not so bad. I don’t know why you have to make a big fuss about everything.” Jane said impatiently as she pulled the tapes off the front of Anthony’s diaper.

Anthony still said nothing. He thought the reason for his “fuss” was quite obvious. From being kept in diapers, to his wife’s infidelity, to his enforced babyhood, to the introduction of Steven in his life he thought there was more than enough to “fuss” about. He realised he was pouting only when he heard Jane snort with laughter.

“You live the life of luxury.” Jane continued as she lowered the front of the diaper and started wiping at Anthony’s junk with a handful of wipes, “You never wanted to go anywhere, you were hoping for early retirement, you were always happy to be lazy at home. Now you’ve got all of those things!”

“This isn’t what I wanted.” Anthony mumbled sulkily. The feeling of being a child wasn’t helped by having to lift his hips so his wet diaper could be taken off him.

“Then perhaps you should’ve made more effort when you had the chance.” Jane replied shortly, “You know what? My looking after your baby ass is more attention than you ever gave me.”

Anthony couldn’t help but wince at the truthfulness of Jane’s comments. She wasn’t wrong. He had always taken his wife for granted and that had never been clearer than after his punishment started. He remembered the day that the twins were born, he had told Jane that he was desperately needed at the surgery and couldn’t be there. In truth it had been his day off and he had in fact been sat at home alone. As far as he knew Jane still didn’t know the truth about that and he wasn’t about to tell her.

A fresh diaper was opened and slipped under Anthony’s compliantly raised hips. He lowered himself on to the fluffy padding and tried to ignore the tinge of relief he felt. He spent so much time in diapers these days that he felt anxious whenever he was outside of them. There was a sprinkling of baby powder over his crotch and then the front of the disposable was pulled up between his legs and taped closed.

Anthony was helped off the changing table and then waited as Jane went over to the closet. As he leaned back against the changing table and waited the nursery door suddenly opened. He jumped even though he knew it could only be one person. Steven slowly opened the door and stepped inside, when he saw the nursery his mouth curved into a shocked smile.

“Holy shit.” Steven exclaimed.

“Nearly done.” Jane called out from the closet without turning around.

Anthony blushed as Steven’s gaze fell upon him. Naked except for his fresh diaper there was little he could do but look at the ground like a shy toddler. He wished his wife would hurry up and dress him so he could be left alone.

“Nice room.” Steven said to Anthony.

Anthony didn’t know what to say or do so he maintained his submissive posture. Steven walked further into the room and Anthony cringed as he came over to him. He had already been humiliated once by this man, surely there was nothing else he could to make this situation worse.

“I’m sorry I had to spank you.” Steven said as he placed a hand on Anthony’s shoulder, “You’ll be a good boy now, right?”

Anthony was tensed up again. His teeth were clenched and he didn’t know if he was about to swing for Steven again or burst into tears. It was like all of his emotions were running at one hundred percent at once.

“Right?” Steven said again. The tone of warning was as clear as day.

“Yes.” Anthony growled without unclenching his teeth.

“Yes…” Steven waved the hand not holding Anthony’s shoulder waiting for him to continue.

“Yes… Daddy.” Anthony felt a piece of his spirit breaking as he said it.

“Good boy.” Steven patted Anthony on the back twice.

Anthony was saved by his wife as she walked back over with one of Anthony’s onesies in her hands. The diapered man was just grateful to get something to cover himself up and he didn’t hesitate to hold his arms in the air so Jane could dress him. The stretchy material came down over his chest and Jane bent down to pop the two flaps together.

“Alright, nap time.” Jane said as she took Anthony’s hand and led him towards the crib.

Anthony waddled across the room and climbed into the crib. He winced as he sat down and quickly laid back so that the pressure was off his butt. The side of the baby bed came up and Anthony looked out at Jane and Steven standing next to each other and looking down at him. Steven had his arm around Jane’s waist and was holding her close. Anthony thought they looked like two proud new parents looking down at their baby no matter how much he tried to get such notions from his mind.

“Have a good rest.” Jane said simply.

The pair turned and walked away. Anthony watched them until the nursery door was pulled partially closed and he was left alone. He finally allowed himself to relax a little as he brought his hands up to his face. He felt exhausted by everything that had happened that day, it was just all so much to process.

Anthony closed his eyes as he laid flat on his back. It took a while for him to be able to turn his brain off but slowly he started drifting towards sleep. It felt like he was just about to slip into dreamland when there was a sudden thump on the wall behind the headboard. Anthony quickly sat up and peeked over the solid board at the wall.

Anthony wondered if everyone was OK but then a second later there was another bang… and then another… and another. The thumps against the wall continued rhythmically from the room next to Anthony’s nursery. It was the master bedroom.

“Oh… oh… ohhhhh…” Anthony heard Jane moaning. Her voice was muffled by the wall between them but it was very obviously hers.

For just a second Anthony thought Jane was in trouble. Then his brain put everything together and he realised it wasn’t pain he was hearing. It was pleasure. Seemingly quite a lot of pleasure considering the frequency of his wife’s exclamations.

Anthony whined and moaned as he heard his wife having sex with his ex-colleague. He wanted to climb out of the crib and stop the madness but he knew he couldn’t. There was nothing he could do to change how things were. Besides his own personal feelings it was clear Jane was happier than ever, despite everything he didn’t want to upset her.

As the rhythmic banging grew faster Anthony found himself rubbing the front of his diaper. He hadn’t even realised that he was doing it until he looked down and saw that his straining dick was tenting out his diaper. His sexual frustration was bleeding over and he felt a desperate need to relieve himself. It was just like when Joey and Fiona had been going at in front of him, anything sexual drove him crazy now that he was denied it.

“You’re so big!” Jane shouted.

Anthony had never known his wife to be so loud during love making. Half of him thought she was deliberately being loud to tease him and the other half thought that maybe Steven was just that good in bed. Either way it had him picturing exactly what was going on in the other room. In his mind he saw Jane on all fours on the bed with Steven behind her, the strong man pounding into her causing the bed to bang into the wall.

Anthony moaned himself as he rubbed the front of his diaper and listened to the intercourse happening just feet away from him. He kept asking himself if he should really be doing this, he thought about stopping but when he felt the waves of pleasure going through him he gave up trying to resist what his body needed.

Grabbing the pillows and placing them lengthways on the bed Anthony took his brown teddy bear that was always in the crib with him and laid it on top. He paused for only the briefest of seconds before lying forwards so that his diaper was directly over the stuffed toy.

Anthony knew he should be ashamed of what he was about to do but he couldn’t stop himself. Just like when his babysitters were getting sexual in front of him he felt an irresistible horniness. He had tears in his eyes as he pushed down and the front of his diaper pressed into the teddy bear, he let out a little moan as his dick pressed against the soft front of his diaper.

Feeling ashamed, Anthony started pushing into the teddy bear at the same rate as the bangs on the wall. He closed his eyes and imagined himself next door. He pictured himself with his wife underneath him as he slowly sank into her. The muffled moans he heard were for him, the banging headboard was because of his own virility.

As the banging became faster Anthony sped up as well. He still had his eyes closed as he desperately tried to convince himself that he was on top of Jane rather than thrusting into his cuddly toy. The diaper around his waist was impossible to ignore, of course. It was so bulky and every movement caused the shifting plastic to crinkle.

“Yes! Oh, Steven, yes!” Jane exclaimed.

Anthony winced even as he continued humping his toy. It was very hard to keep up the illusion when he could hear his wife screaming another man’s name. That didn’t stop his frantic thrusting though. He continued to push his hips into the teddy bear’s stuffing and could feel his straining hard on sending rewarding feelings of pleasure through his body.

“Tell me I’m bigger than Anthony.” Steven was talking loudly and grunting in between words as he thrust, “Tell me I’m better than him in bed.”

“You’re a thousand times better than Anthony!” Jane called out, “He could never fuck me like you do!”

Anthony knew they were deliberately shouting loud enough to make sure he heard. Their hurtful words stung even more because Anthony completely understood where it was coming from. It wasn’t at all hard for him to imagine that Steven was both bigger and better than he was, he had never put too much effort in to his love making.

“Harder!” Jane cried out, “Give me everything you’ve got!”

Anthony started thrusting as hard and fast as he could into his stuffed partner. He knew he wasn’t going to last much longer but it didn’t sound like what was happening in the master bedroom had long to go either judging by the screams and exclamations. Anthony quickly approached his tipping point.

“Fill me up!” Jane cried out at just the right time.

Anthony gasped as he strained every muscle and then felt himself climax into his diaper. The sticky fluid spurting into the fluffy folds of his disposable. As he squirted his excitement he heard one or two bangs against the wall before they came to a stop. As he drooped down over his teddy bear with sweat on his forehead he couldn’t help but feel humiliated by what he had done.

As Anthony came into his diaper his new Daddy had emptied his balls into Jane. Whilst Jane and Steven had engaged in proper grown up sex Anthony had humped his toys like the pathetic cuckold he was.

Anthony leaned back on his knees somewhat out of breath. When he looked at the bear he felt nothing but shame. He pushed it to the side and quickly put his pillows back in their proper position, he didn’t think he’d be able to take it if one of the other two came in and saw what he had done. He laid down against the pillows and found he couldn’t even meet the eye of his stuffed lover. He turned over so he didn’t have to look at the bear’s accusing eyes.

Anthony slept fitfully that night. Twice he was woken up by banging on the walls and the sounds of sex coming from the master bedroom. All he could do was wrap a pillow around his head to try and muffle the sound whilst waiting for his wife and her boyfriend to finish.

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The next month represented a new low for Anthony. Steven spent more and more time at the house until, after a couple of weeks, he had moved in. Anthony sat in his playpen obediently as he watched his “Daddy” move bring his stuff into the house. Anthony’s adult stuff, things he hadn’t seen in a long time, were taken up to the attic to be stored and likely forgotten about.

Steven and Jane had sex frequently and Anthony was never left in any doubt as to what was happening. All he could do was listen and sometimes rub his diaper. To Anthony’s consternation Steven took on the role of Daddy with gusto. He shared parenting duties with Jane and now half of Anthony’s diaper changes, cleanings, feedings and everything else was done by the new man. It was unquestionably more humiliating for Steven to be taken care of by the man who had replaced him.

Every day started blending together again. Anthony had originally been knocked out of his repetitive day-to-day life by the arrival of Steven but now a new routine had been established. Apart from the added humiliation of having Steven looking after him not a lot had changed. Anthony spent his days listlessly playing, watching children’s television and playing with baby toys. His Mommy and Daddy took care of everything else. He felt like he could feel his brain turning to mush.

The routine was broken one morning when Anthony was hurriedly changed and fed by Jane. He was taken downstairs, put into his pen and promptly forgotten about which suited him just fine. He spent the morning looking out through the bars of his pen as furious activity seemed to be taking place. A lot of cleaning and moving things around, to Anthony’s surprise Steven even seemed nervous, he wasn’t used to that.

“What’s going on?” Anthony asked when Steven came in to check his diaper.

Steven didn’t say anything as Anthony stood in front of him in the classic “diaper check” position with his crotch pushed out in front of him slightly. He blushed as his former friend pressed his hand into his crotch distractedly. He seemingly decided that Anthony didn’t need a diaper change and walked away without a word.

Anthony huffed and puffed but soon went back to his spot in the playpen. He didn’t expect to be told much these days. It wasn’t like parents usually went out of their way to explain their plans to babies. He winced and shook his head. He hated thinking of his wife and her boyfriend as his parents but it was a mind-set he seemed to slip into with increasing easy and regularity.

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“I wish we didn’t have to do this.” Megan sulked in the corner of the high-end car that had been sent to pick them up.

“Just chill.” Max replied.

“Chill?” Megan gesticulated angrily, “After what SHE did?”

“You mean Mommy?” Max asked.

“I mean MOTHER.” Megan replied with clear emphasis, “You need to stop calling her Mommy. It’s creepy.”

“I only do it because it annoys you.” Max smirked.

“Ugh… I can’t believe you’re not as annoyed I am about this whole damn thing.” Megan scowled.

“You’ve just go to get over it, sis.” Max shrugged.

Megan couldn’t believe her brother was so blasé about everything that had happened. The punishment had been the most humiliating and shameful think she could ever imagine, it was something she felt like she needed therapy to get over.

Once the summer of diapers and enforced babyhood was over Megan had tried to immediately go back to panties with predictable consequences. She wet her panties and had urine running down her legs before long. Max experienced the same issues though that did little to make her feel better. If she had thought the diaper punishment was humiliating what came next was almost worse.

In the last two weeks before heading off to college the twins were given a crash course of potty training. They had to re-learn the skills they had suppressed during the summer, fortunately it didn’t take too long for most of the old habits to come back. Every night the twins would go to bed in diapers, they would wake up and rush to the little plastic potties their mother had bought them. Slowly but surely they found that they didn’t have to rush quite as much.

There was more long term consequences though. Megan hadn’t told Max and she certainly hadn’t told anyone she had met at college but she wasn’t completely out of diapers. To her intense embarrassment and frustration she still had difficulty keeping the bed dry consistently. She still wore diapers to bed.

“I just wish I could’ve stayed at college this summer.” Megan muttered as she leant against the window.

“It’ll be nice seeing Mommy and…” Max paused and frowned, “Do you know anything about what’s happened with dad? Is he still…”

“I don’t know.” Megan replied quickly, “I haven’t spoken to either of them since we left.”

The car was now driving through familiar streets as they neared the family home. Megan wasn’t entirely sure what they’d find at home. When they had left their father was still being treated as a baby, she had no idea if his punishment had ended as well. It was such a ridiculous situation and whenever anyone at college asked about her family she was reminded how weird they all were, she tried to move away from the topic as soon as possible.

“You really should be thankful.” Max tossed out casually.

“For what?” Megan spat out in reply, “For Mom giving my therapist a lot to work with?”

“You have a therapist?” Max asked with a frown.

“Not yet.” Megan admitted.

“Well, like I said, you should be thankful.” Max repeated, “I think last summer really helped focus me.”

“I can’t believe you’re defending it.” Megan shook her head.

“I’m just saying…” Max shrugged, “It made me realise I can’t just do whatever I want.”

Megan frowned at her brother. He couldn’t sound more different from the sibling she had known growing up. At college they had soon split apart into their own social circles and whilst Megan’s grades were middling she was shocked to find out that Max was among the top of his class. She resented her brother not only for doing better than her but for proving that the punishment actually had some worth.

The car rumbled along and then turned on to the long gravel driveway leading up to the house. When the car came to a stop Megan wanted to hide out and just be driven away again, she had no such luck though and the driver held the door open until she reluctantly stepped out into the warm air.

Megan was still scowling as she walked across the drive and up the steps of the porch. Max was ahead of her and ringing the doorbell as she reached the top. The door opened and she was surprised to see someone who wasn’t her mother or father. She briefly wondered if they’d accidentally ended up at the wrong house.

“You must be Max.” The man said, “And Megan, I presume.”

“Who are you?” Megan asked.

“Me?” The man smiled, “I’m your new Daddy!”

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Anthony couldn’t believe his eyes. Max and Megan were standing in the living room doorway and staring at him. They had obviously seen him like this before, they had all experienced the punishment together for a while after all, but from the way his twins stared at him it was obvious they didn’t know he was still diapered.

“Mom!” Megan called immediately.

“Geez Anthony, still being punished?” Max asked.

It hurt Anthony to hear his son not call him Dad but it made sense in the situation. The twins had gotten used to calling him by his name when he was essentially their sibling. He blushed hard, Max and Megan looked so grown up now, the one year away from home seemed to have changed them both a lot. Max in particular seemed to give off an air of maturity that he hadn’t had before.

“He doesn’t bite.” Steven chuckled, “Go on in.”

“You still haven’t told us who you are.” Megan answered before looking down the hall and calling again, “Mom!”

Anthony saw that his son didn’t have any hesitation. He walked into the room and stood leaning against the top of the playpen. Megan was still staring at Steven. Anthony felt so ashamed, he could tell his offspring who the man was but there was no answer that didn’t make him look pathetic. As the tension in the room seemed to ratchet up a level he felt his bladder void into his already wet diaper.

“Ah, twins!” Jane’s voice came from the hallway and from the sound of her footsteps she was hurrying towards them, “It’s so lovely to see you! How are you both? Did you get here OK?”

Anthony saw Jane appear and try to wrap Megan in a hug but the young woman fended her off and took a step backwards which led to her being in the living room. Jane looked a little hurt but quickly recovered as Max hugged his mother with no hesitation.

“What’s going on?” Megan demanded. Anthony melted under her glare when she looked towards him.

“What do you mean?” Jane asked as if there wasn’t a big Steven shaped elephant in the room.

“I mean…” Megan’s voice betrayed her impatience, “Who is this? And why is dad still in diapers?”

“Please, sit down.” Jane gestured to the couch, “I’ll catch you up on everything that’s happened.”

It was humiliating to live through it and it was humiliating to hear the whole sordid story being re-told. Anthony spent his time looking at the floor but whenever he did dare to look up at his grown-up children he saw their ebbing respect for him slipping away. It wasn’t like he could blame them.

“So you’re… cheating on dad?” Megan asked her mother.

“Not at all.” Jane replied with a chuckle, “I simply needed a man in the house to help look after the baby. Anthony agrees that this set up is for the best don’t you?”

Anthony swallowed hard. Obviously his ideal situation would be to go back to how things were before he had been forced into that first diaper, that wasn’t possible so it was about making things the best they could be in his current situation. His choices were simple and stark. He either accepted Steven as his Daddy and Jane’s lover or he was kicked out of the house with nowhere to go and nothing to his name.

“This… is for the best.” Anthony muttered. His face went crimson, “Daddy is great for Mommy.”

Max immediately burst into tears of laughter. Even though he had become more mature it was obvious his old self was still in there. In contrast Megan looked disgusted. In Anthony’s opinion Megan’s reaction was the only valid one someone could have to all this. Anthony tried to hide his face by picking up his bottle and sucking on the teat.

“This family is insane.” Megan shook her head.

 “Are you OK, Max?” Jane asked her son, “You’ve been very quiet.”

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Max replied as his laughter died away, “It’s just a lot to take in.”

“I know, sweetie.” Jane said with a sympathetic smile.

“Look, I’m not trying to replace Anthony for you and your sister.” Steven said as he took Jane’s hand but looked across at Max.

Anthony couldn’t help but look up and raise an eyebrow. Replacing him was pretty much exactly what Steven was doing. He understood though. Steven wasn’t looking to be the twins’ dad, there was no fun in that. Anthony supposed he should be grateful about that but he was hardly in a position to be a dad himself.

“Why don’t we get some drinks?” Steven suggested to Jane, “Let the kids talk to Anthony for a couple of minutes.”

“Sure.” Jane replied as she stood up with her boyfriends. Hand in hand they left the room.

Anthony looked at Max and Megan sheepishly. Max was leaned back and seemingly at ease whereas Megan looked extremely wound up, she was hunched forward with her arms and legs crossed. Anthony saw an opportunity.

“Pretty crazy, huh?” Max said, “What’s it been like being a baby all this time?”

“What do you think?” Anthony snapped angrily, “I hate it.”

“Why don’t you put a stop to it then?” Max shrugged, “Just leave.”

“It isn’t that simple.” Anthony sighed, “A lot has changed…”

Anthony told the twins about what had happened regarding the house and all the family assets being signed over to Jane. He made it clear that leaving wasn’t an option any more than just deciding he wasn’t going to be a baby anymore. He left out the part where he was nearly completely incontinent now though as he spoke he was acutely aware of his diaper becoming freshly warmed.

“This is so dumb.” Megan said, “Why can’t things just go back to how they were before all this?”

“I know…” Anthony sighed. He would’ve given everything for life to go back to normal.

Anthony watched as Megan frowned. She pursed her lips and then slowly looked up at him. He knew that expression, it was something he had seen a lot as Megan grew up. She was hatching a plan. Anthony immediately felt his interest piqued. If Megan had a way to end this madness he would be all ears.

“What if…” Megan seemed to have second thoughts and after a couple of seconds of hesitation she shook her head, “Forget it.”

“What?” Anthony quickly asked.

“Don’t worry about it.” Megan said dismissively.

“Tell me.” Anthony crawled forwards until he was as close to Megan as he could get without leaving his play area, “I’m desperate. I want to hear your idea even if it is far-fetched.”

“Fine.” Megan leaned forwards conspiratorially and Max followed suit, “What if we split mom and Steven up? It won’t fix everything but it will restore some normality and as mom is emotionally recovering you, dad, can be there for her.”

Anthony slowly nodded his head. Megan’s plan made sense, if they could get Steven out of the picture maybe it would be just the opening he needed to get back in Jane’s good books. It was surely worth the effort even if it only gave him a slim opportunity.

“I don’t know…” Max interjected, “They seem happy together.”

“Max!” Anthony tried to summon some remaining vestiges of authority hidden deep inside him, “I’m your father! I, not Steven, belong with your mother.”

Max seemed unconvinced as he leaned back leaving Megan and Anthony alone to decide their plot. Anthony knew that splitting up the happy couple was easier said than done and he wondered if Megan had any ideas about how they might achieve their goal.

“I think I have a way.” Megan said, “It’s the nuclear option but I don’t know if we have a choice if we want this done whilst we’re still here.”

“I’ll try anything.” Anthony replied desperately.

“Then follow my lead tomorrow.” Megan said quietly.

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The next morning Anthony had no idea what Megan had planned but he made sure to keep an eye on her. He didn’t know if he had to be involved but he wanted to be ready just in case. He didn’t have to wait long. At breakfast he was in his highchair with Max sitting opposite him. Steven was reading a newspaper to the side of the table whilst Jane was preparing breakfast. Conspicuous by her absence was Megan.

It seemed like Megan wasn’t going to be coming down for breakfast at all as Jane came over to the table and placed food in front of everyone. Anthony was given a bowl of oatmeal but before Jane could feed him a single mouthful there was a bang from the hallway followed by scampering footsteps to the kitchen table. Megan stood in front of them all with tear streaks running down her face.

“Megan, wh-…” Jane started with a frown.

“He tried to-…” Megan started as she pointed accusingly at Steven.

“Stop!” Max loudly interrupted.

All eyes went from Megan to Max. The kitchen had suddenly become a soap opera and Anthony was a spectator.

“What’s going on?” Jane demanded to know as she looked from an upset daughter to an annoyed son.

“I was about to say that Steven-…” Megan started. The emotion in her words had completely disappeared. She looked like an actress who was forced to go off script.

“Megan. Stop.” Max demanded. He looked disgusted as he turned to Jane, “Megan and Anthony are trying to split you and Steven up.”

“We’re not!” Anthony lied as his eyes flew open. He couldn’t believe he was being betrayed like this by his own son.

“They discussed it yesterday when neither of you were in the room.” Max continued, “And last night she tried get me to back her up in saying… Well, in saying that Steven had tried to… touch her.”

Silence fell over the kitchen. Anthony could feel his pulse racing. He didn’t know Megan was going to go THAT far. He wanted Steven out of the picture but surely there would’ve been a better way. Now with Max blowing the plan up right away Anthony felt very worried.

“I… I didn’t know she was going to suggest that!” Anthony quickly babbled.

“Shush.” Jane snapped, “I’ll deal with you later.”

Jane stood up and walked around the table. Anthony watched her with trepidation. Just the warning of future punishment was enough to make him feel his diaper warming with a fresh wetting. Megan seemed frozen to the spot as well, she seemed to be in denial that her plan had not only failed to succeed but was backfiring badly.

“Ow! Hey! Stop it!” Megan squealed as Jane pinched her ear between a finger and a thumb.

Anthony was trapped in his highchair as his wife dragged his daughter over to the kitchen table by the ear. Megan was exclaiming loudly as she was pushed over the table leaving her butt in the air. Max was scooting his chair away to give more space for the punishment that was coming.

“How dare you!” Jane exclaimed.

Jane grabbed the waistband of Megan’s pyjama pants and yanked them down. Megan was trying to scramble away but Jane was an expert in delivering spankings and held her in place as she got into position herself.

“Mom! Stop!” Megan shouted.

Anthony could see the anxiety in his daughter’s eyes from across the table. He had been in this position himself several times and felt pity for Megan. She had only been trying to help him and get her old family back. Despite this there was no way Anthony was going to intervene and bring attention on to himself. His diaper warmed around him as he freely wet himself in his highchair, his bladder seemed to dribble all the time at the slightest provocation.

“You are a naughty girl!” Jane exclaimed.

The first spank made everyone wince. Megan yelped but her scrambling to escape stopped, she seemed to have accepted that the punishment was happening and nothing she could do could save her from it. It was something she had gone through before and survived so no doubt she was just bracing for more.

“What are you?” Jane asked with a second spank to punctuate her question.

“N-Naughty…” Megan started through gritted teeth, “No! I was doing the right thing to save this fu-…”

Megan was cut off by the third spank. The sound it produced was not unlike a slap to the face. Anthony cringed and sunk into his toddler chair. A fourth and fifth spank rapidly followed.

“Do you want to end up like your baby brother?” Jane demanded as she leaned over so Megan could see her pointing at Anthony, “A pathetic baby for your whole life?”

A sixth spank made Megan gasp and was her cue to answer.

“No…” Megan hissed as she tried to get through the stinging pain.

As soon as Megan spoke her seventh spank was delivered. From his position opposite her Anthony could see tears shimmering in her eyes. She seemed determined not to cry but she was definitely having flashbacks to her own time in diapers where these spankings weren’t as uncommon.

“Then. What. Are. You?” Jane asked. Each word had a spank in between.

Anthony could see that the words she had to say were seemingly causing as much pain as the spanking she was enduring. Anthony knew his own punishment was still coming but he still wished his daughter would say the words that would end her own suffering.

“I’m…” Megan grimaced. Her hesitation cost her another spank on what must’ve been a very sore butt. “I’m a naughty girl.”

The spanking ended abruptly but Megan wasn’t let up off the table. She was quietly sobbing, Anthony could tell from the way her body shook though she covered her face with her arm. Anthony looked up at his wife who was still holding Megan down with one hand.

“Steven, I insist you give my daughter the last spank.” Jane said.

“No!” Megan looked up with wide eyes and tear streaked cheeks.

“I don’t think I should.” Steven said, “I think she’s learnt her lesson…”

“I have!” Megan exclaimed.

“Just one.” Jane said, “She tried to accuse of something heinous after all.”

Anthony saw Steven shoot him a furtive glance before standing up and walking around the table. He didn’t seem very sure of himself. He lined up and looked at Jane once more for permission, she gave him a small nod and smile. Steven took a breath and pulled his hand back. A second later it came streaking forwards and slapped against Megan’s likely bruised backside. The young woman let out a grunt as her body was pushed forwards on the table.

Finally Jane stepped back and Megan was no longer held down. Anthony watched his daughter reaching down to pull her pants back up as quickly as she could, she stood up and without looking at anyone she turned around and ran out of the room. The last Anthony saw of her she was turning to go up the stairs, a couple of seconds later there was a slamming door as she locked herself in her room.

“I hope that’s put an end to any silliness.” Jane said as she sat down in the seat next to Anthony, “Open wide.”

Anthony was belatedly fed his breakfast by Jane who wouldn’t let him even touch the spoon. He had no idea what his punishment might be or when it was coming which seemed to just make the prospect worse.

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Anthony spent the whole day worrying about his punishment. He spent the day in the garden thanks to the nice weather. He was attached to a toddler leash which was clipped to a peg in the ground. He could sit in the sandbox or move to a shaded area of trees but otherwise was trapped. Every time Steven or Jane came outside he tensed up thinking it was time for his punishment but it was only ever to change his diaper or bring him a fresh bottle of juice, thanks to the heat he went through a lot of both.

Dinner was a tense affair because Jane practically forced Megan to be at the table for it. She slowly lowered herself into her seat and winced. She remained silent and was a dark cloud over proceedings. Anthony was still waiting but he started to wonder if his punishment had been forgotten about.

Anthony’s wait was finally ended in the evening. The twins had gone off to their separate bedrooms and Anthony was in the living room alone. He had thought he was in the clear when Jane walked in, she was rubbing her tummy and smiling.

“Right, time for your punishment.” Jane said cheerily as she walked over to the playpen and opened the gate.

“Y-You really don’t have to…” Anthony said anxiously, “I’ve learnt my lesson.”

“Uh huh.” Jane scoffed in disbelief, “It’s best if we really drive that point home. Come on.”

Anthony’s butt was pre-emptively stinging as he got to his feet. The last thing he wanted was a spanking but Jane wasn’t likely to change her mind no matter what he said. He followed his wife out of the living room and up the stairs, normally he was spanked in his nursery but when he stopped in front of that door Jane simply took his hand and pulled him along to the main bedroom.

“What’s going on?” Anthony asked.

“You’ll see.” Jane replied.

The master bedroom door was opened and Anthony was pushed in. It wasn’t a room he saw very often these days, when he looked over to his half of the room he felt sad, his stuff was all gone and instead he saw Steven’s clothes and trinkets. It was a stark reminder that he wasn’t the man of the house anymore.

“We just have to wait for Steven.” Jane said as she sat down on the edge of the bed.

Anthony wasn’t sure what to do or where to go until Jane motioned for him to come over to her. He came over and stood in front of his wife as she started to undress him. He was starting to think this wasn’t going to be a spanking after all.

“You know we have to punish you to help you, right?” Jane said softly as she pulled at the poppers of Anthony’s onesie.

Anthony didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know how any of this was supposed to help him. He nodded his head anyway because he thought it was what Jane wanted to hear.

“I think this has been so hard on you because you’re still clinging to the idea that you might be a man one day.” Jane continued as she pulled the other poppers apart, “You think there might be some way that I drop Steven and decide to take you as my husband again.”

The door opened behind Anthony but he was prevented from looking around. Jane’s words rang true. He hadn’t accepted he was the baby of the family, he would never accept that Steven had fully replaced him. He nodded his head again. The onesie was pulled over his head leaving him naked except for his diaper.

“Sweetie, you have to know that is never ever going to happen.” Jane said with a small shake of the head, “I think it’s time we rip of the Band-Aid.”

Anthony didn’t know what was happening but jumped when he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to see Steven stood right behind him wearing nothing but a towel, it looked like he was fresh out of the shower.

“Get in the corner.” Jane ordered Anthony.

“But-…” Anthony started.

“In the corner.” Jane repeated, “And get down on your knees.”

Anthony walked backwards without taking his eyes off Steven and Jane. When he felt the wall behind him he slowly dropped to his knees, he didn’t know what was going on or what his punishment was actually going to be.

“I want you to stay there.” Jane said, “No matter what.”

“I don’t understand.” Anthony shook his head causing Steven to laugh.

“Oh, baby.” Jane sighed and looked at Anthony as if he was stupid, “Your Daddy is going to show you how a real man treats a woman. He’s going to show you why you will NEVER share my bed again.”

Anthony’s eyes opened and his jaw dropped to the floor as Jane started undoing the buttons of her blouse. It dawned on him what he was about to witness and he started getting back to his feet, whether he planned to try and stop them or just run away he wasn’t sure.

“Get back down.” Jane said warningly to Anthony before he could get up fully.

Anthony’s automatic reaction was to do what his wife said and he was back on his knees again. This punishment was so much worse than a spanking. He hated to think about what he was about to see but at the same time he couldn’t look away.

Jane’s blouse came off revealing her large breasts that were barely constrained by a lacy red bra. Steven got closer and leaned down to kiss Jane. He was looking down and Jane was looking up as they locked lips. Jane was slowly pushed back against the bed with Steven leaning over the top of her. Anthony could hear the wet sound of their lips smacking together and the small exhalations of pleasure.

Anthony wondered if he could get up and sneak out of the bedroom. The other two certainly seemed very distracted. He wouldn’t get far though, he would be found and then dragged back to watch the carnal show and then would likely face even more punishment. For several minutes he knelt obediently whilst his wife kissed another man.

Just as Anthony felt hope that he wouldn’t have to witness anything else he saw Anthony’s hands go down to the loose pants Jane was wearing. With one hand he pulled them away revealing a pair of skimpy panties that matched the bra. Before Anthony could even adjust to that Jane’s hand went down to Steven’s waist and pulled at the towel until it came away from her boyfriend’s body.

Anthony was left speechless by what he saw as Steven rolled to the side. The sheer size of the tool between Steven’s legs was unbelievable, it was like something from the porn Anthony used to watch when he had access to the family computer and it wasn’t even fully hard yet!

Anthony heard Jane laugh and belatedly noticed she was watching him whilst pulling down her panties. With his cheeks going a bright red Anthony looked away. The two lovers on the bed adjusted themselves so that they were head-to-crotch with each other. Anthony found he was holding his breath as he watched the two shuffling closer together. He missed being able to do this with Jane though he would admit he was never as adventurous in bed as she would’ve liked. He was very much a missionary and rush to the finish person. Sex was a race to get to the finish line and go to sleep rather than spending time enjoying each other.

As the two bodies on the bed entwined Anthony didn’t know which side was worse. Watching Jane wrapping her lips around that monstrous dick was tough but watching Steven parting Jane’s forbidden lips with his tongue wasn’t exactly easy either. Thanks to their occasional shifting of position Anthony got to see everything. To his immense embarrassment he was rock hard inside his diaper.

The room was quiet except for the sound of the bed when the couple moved. Occasionally Anthony would hear a moan from one of the participants. It was eerie, like he wasn’t in the room with them but outside somewhere. His rapidly swelling cock was pressing on the padding in front of it and he reached down to re-arrange himself, the diaper crinkled as he put his hand on the front of it. It was loud enough for Steven’s eyes to dart up and see him.

“The baby’s enjoying it!” Steven pulled his face away from Jane long enough to say with mirth. There was a wet sound as Jane pulled herself off Steven’s rod.

“No, I-…” Anthony started.

“Then he can keep going.” Jane smirked. She continued in mocking baby talk, “Go on, baby. Rub your little thing whilst Mommy gets fucked by a bigger and stronger man.”

Anthony really didn’t want to. On his knees in the corner of what used to be the bedroom he shared with his wife Anthony placed a hand over the tenting front of his disposable and started to joylessly rub as Steven and Jane, laughing, went back to their own pleasure.

Anthony was a mess. His heart rate was through the roof, he could feel his face blazing with heat and he was helplessly watching his wife getting pleasured in a way he had never been able to do. The way Jane and Steven writhed together it was like they were of one mind designed to cause the other maximum pleasure.

Eventually the couple separated though it was clear things were heating up. Steven was fully erect and his tool intimidated Anthony greatly, it jutted out from his body with the purple head glistening from a mixture of his pre-cum and Jane’s saliva. Meanwhile, Jane was wiping her mouth but still looking towards Steven hungrily. Anthony wanted to stop rubbing the front of his diaper but every time he moved his hand away the couple stared until he quickly got back to work.

“Come here, big boy.” Jane said as she gestured towards Steven.

Anthony watched on with trembling knees as Jane and Anthony locked lips. They laid next to each other on the bed and after the more intense action just previously it seems they were letting things cool down a little. Jane was on her back with her head turned to face Anthony, whilst the man kissed her his hand trailing down to her breasts where he stroked and gently tweaked Jane’s nipples.

For minutes they seemed to lay there on the bed engaging in heavy petting whilst Anthony rubbed himself. How he wished he could abandon his submissive position and climb up on to the bed, if he couldn’t take Steven’s place he would’ve at least liked to join in. It had been so long since he had enjoyed his wife’s body.

Steven’s hand snaked its way down Jane’s body. Anthony had a prime view between his wife’s legs and could see how wet she was, it was a far cry from when he had sex with Jane when they would frequently have to resort to lube because he failed to take the time to properly arouse her. Anthony had come to believe that was just normal for her.

“Ooh!” Jane broke away from the kiss and breathed in sharply as Steven’s hand finally rested over her sex.

There was an immediate physical reaction as her body seemed to experience tremors. Steven’s hand slipped over the top of her mound and down towards her opening. With expert ease he slowly circled the entrance with two fingers whilst his thumb rested over the clitoris. Anthony was transfixed, he was watching a master at work.

“You like that?” Steven said quietly, “Do you want more?”

“Oh, god! Yes!” Jane cried out.

Anthony saw Jane lifting her hips desperately to get more contact. She was like putty in Steven’s hands and Anthony now realised why their sex was always so loud. Anthony’s fingers dipped inside Jane and started moving in and out as his mouth went down to one of her breasts.

Jane was moaning constantly and bucking her hips as the Anthony’s fingers slid in and out of her repeatedly and with ever growing speed. Anthony increased the speed of his rubbing to match Anthony’s hand and was soon on the way to an orgasm. He bit his lip as he stared between Jane’s legs.

“Oh fuck!” Jane exclaimed, “You’re gonna make me cum!”

Anthony watched his wife lifting her body up as Steven kept the same fast pace. Her breathing became ragged and loud as she tensed up, her mouth opened and her eyes almost seemed to roll into the back of her head. She held her breath and after a couple of seconds everything seemed to release at once. Her breath came out in a long groan and her body relaxed whilst her limbs twitched.

It was too much for Anthony. As he watched his wife climax spectacularly he grunted and shot his load into his diaper. His dick spurted against the padding and he could quickly feel the sticky discharge against his skin, he almost immediately felt great shame for what he had done.

Steven slowly removed his fingers from Jane’s vagina. Anthony could see that they shined with his wife’s juices. He watched as Steven kissed Jane again and rolled to the side. Anthony was stunned. Was that it? He had just watched Steven rock his wife’s world but was now separating from her without getting anything in return.

“I’ll be back for round two in a minute.” Jane finally said as she slowly sat up, “I need a drink after that.”

“Bring me a beer?” Steven asked.

“After what you just did I’ll bring you whatever you like!” Jane replied with a giggle.

Anthony could see that’s his wife’s legs were shaky and her cheeks were flushed red. Before leaving the room she stopped in front of Steven to put on her robe, he didn’t resist the chance to fondle her ass.

“I’ll be right back.” Jane said as she headed towards the door, “Have fun with the baby whilst you wait.”

Anthony’s eyes widened. He was very worried about what type of “fun” Jane might be referring to. He looked back at Steven and saw the man smirking. He quickly averted his eyes and looked past his diaper at the ground where his knees were starting to hurt against the carpet.

“She’s a hell of a woman.” Steven said with a sigh, “How’d you let her go, man?”

Anthony didn’t know whether the question was rhetorical or not. Surely by kneeling in the corner in a diaper it was clear it wasn’t his choice. If he had it his way he would be the one in bed with Jane though he knew he had never made her cum. It was very obvious that she had been faking it the entire time she was with Anthony.

“You really messed up.” Steven continued.

It felt very strange to have a naked man, a person who used to be a friend, berating him. Anthony just did his best to avoid eye contact and certainly didn’t say anything, he didn’t need Steven’s comments to make him feel ashamed of himself, he was perfectly good at that himself.

“Well, whilst Jane is gone there is something I need taken care of.” Steven said as he stood up.

Anthony felt himself tensing up. He could see Steven coming towards him, surely he couldn’t be expected to do something gay with this man. He didn’t have a homosexual bone in his body!

“Stand up.” Steven ordered.

“Please, I don’t…” Anthony started.

“Get up.” Anthony said again, “I want this done before Jane gets back.”

Anthony felt weak at the knees as he slowly stood up. He winced in pain. He had been in that position too long and his muscles, not to mention his knees, were complaining. He didn’t know what he was supposed to do so he stayed still. It felt like the differences between himself and Steven had only been emphasised by the latter’s nudity. Where Anthony was slightly pudgy and lacking in definition Steven was slim and clearly had low body fat.

“Just some quick relief before Jane gets back.” Steven said as he took his semi-hard cock in hand.

Anthony wasn’t sure what was going to happen but he prepared for the worst. He felt Steven pulling on the waistband of his diaper and a second later he felt something long, thick and fleshy being pushed in. He gasped as he opened his eyes and saw that Steven’s dick was now sticking down the front of his diaper.

“There’s plenty of room in here.” Steven joked, “Maybe if you had a little bit more manhood you wouldn’t be such a pathetic baby. Huh, maybe that’s why they call it MAN-hood.”

“I don’t…” Anthony gasped again and fell silent as a familiar but alien sensation occurred in his diaper.

Steven was pissing! Hot urine poured down over Anthony’s sorry genitals and into the diaper. Just like if he had been wetting himself the padding soaked in the urine thirstily. All Anthony could do was stand there as he was used as a urinal by the man who was cuckolding him. It just seemed to go on and on. Anthony could feel the wetness soaking the front of the padding and rising up the rear, he was terrified that he was about to spring a leak.

Just when it seemed like Steven was going to go on peeing forever the flow trickled to a halt. Anthony felt him shake his tool a couple of times before withdrawing himself. He had a massive smile on his face.

“I’ve been wanting to try that for ages.” Steven laughed as he turned away and went back to the bed.

Anthony stood in humiliation. He could feel how much bulkier his diaper had become. The padding had swollen significantly and the wetness indicator had gone from a deep blue to a yellow-green colour. More than anything he was humiliated to be soaking in someone else’s urine. It felt like Steven was marking his territory in a very animalistic fashion. Anthony was on the verge of sobbing when the door opened and Jane walked back in.

“Here you go, babe.” Jane said as she handed a bottle of beer to Steven, “And here you go, baby. Though it doesn’t look like you need more hydration, you’re soaked… Why are you standing up?”

Jane held out a baby’s bottle filled with juice. Anthony took it as his bottom lip trembled. He slowly sunk back down on to his knees. What was Anthony supposed to say? If he told Jane that her boyfriend had relieved himself in his diaper she would laugh and it might even give them more ideas in future. As humiliating as it was, it was better to let her think he had soaked himself, it wasn’t like she expected anything else.

For a minute not much happened. Anthony sucked on his bottle, the amber teat providing him some comfort, whilst Jane and Steven remained on the bed talking and sipping their drinks. No sooner had Steven finished his beer than he was ready to get back to work. Anthony watched him kissing Jane’s neck making her giggle as she put her glass down on the bedside table.

Anthony finished his bottle and dropped it in front of himself. He still couldn’t get over the warmth in his diaper but as he looked up and saw Steven and Jane getting back into it he was soon distracted. As they kissed Steven slipped his hands under the shoulders of Jane’s robe and eased it down her back. Anthony saw the thin material hanging off her arms as her breasts came into view, for a minute she was in the pose of an ancient marble statue or an old painting. She was beautiful.

Despite everything Anthony felt his penis twitching again. It had received so little attention in recent times that it was ready to spring up at a moment’s notice, even when he had only just cum. One of the good things, perhaps the only good thing, of having Steven wet his diaper is that it washed away the sticky ejaculate he had previously made. His hand went to the front of his disposable as he stared at Jane’s bouncing bosom.

Whilst round one had been tender lovemaking round two seemed more animalistic. Steven was taking control and Jane seemed to love it. Anthony watched as Steven rolled Jane on to her back. His hands held hers to the mattress as he leaned down and kissed her. Unlike the loving caresses of earlier this time it was clear that Steven had taken the initiative, something Anthony could only dream of. He worried a little for Jane until he heard her moaning and saw her pussy glistening again. She was loving it.

Steven worked his way down and shoved Jane’s legs obscenely wide open. Anthony saw him lick his lips as he looked down at Jane’s nether regions. Steven was on his knees in front of Jane, he took her ankles and lifted them so they draped over his shoulders. He took hold of his rock hard cock and aimed it Jane’s entrance. Steven glanced up at Jane’s face and she quickly nodded her approval.

Anthony felt a line of drool dripping out the corner of his mouth. He was so wrapped up in what he was doing that he hadn’t even noticed it. He didn’t realise that both the lovers on the bed had seen him staring nor that his rubbing on the diaper was obscenely loud. All he saw was Steven’s gleaming dick pushing against Jane’s lips.

“Fuck!” Jane exclaimed as her hands gripped the sheets either side of her. Her body rose as she lost herself in ecstasy.

As Steven pushed forwards his length started to disappear into Jane’s body. He let out a low grunt as he slid in slowly but relentlessly. Anthony heard Jane moan in a way that made her sound like an animal in heat, her legs slipped off Steven’s shoulders as she opened them as wide as possible.

“You’re so wet.” Steven growled.

“Just fuck me!” Jane replied aggressively.

Anthony couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He had never seen his wife so animated in bed. He wouldn’t have believed she had a submissive side from the way she dominated him but Steven had brought it out of her. He rubbed harder as Steven started to pull out and then push back in.

It wasn’t long before Steven was so deep in Jane that his balls rested against her skin. He started to pump into her slowly but with power, each time he bottomed out in her he grunted and Jane exclaimed. Anthony started to match his rubbing to the thrusts. Instead of moving his hand quickly across the smooth surface he pressed harder and with both hands, he rubbed only as Steven pushed in. It was the closest he could come to feeling like he was taking part.

The pace increased and so did the animalistic noises. Neither of the copulating couple were trying to keep their voice down and it seemed like they had forgotten Anthony was in the room at all. Soon Steven’s thrusting was fast enough to make the bed springs creak. Jane’s hands reached up to the top of the headboard and she held on as if she might be swept away otherwise. Anthony was biting his lip as he started thrusting his hips into his hands, it didn’t matter that he had so recently cum, he was desperate to do it again.

The primal passion on the bed was unlike anything Anthony had ever seen. There were no words or tender kisses, it was just grunts and hard thrusts like two cavemen going at it. The noise levels continued to rise, a part of Anthony wondered if the twins could hear what was happening, it seemed impossible that they wouldn’t.

Quite suddenly Steven pulled out of Jane eliciting a moan partly from surprise and partly from disappointment. She didn’t have to wait long to find out what was happening next though as Steven flipped her over and she got on to her hands and knees. Initially she was facing the headboard but Steven turned her until she was looking at Anthony.

Anthony flushed with humiliation. Jane, on the other hand, was red in the face for very different reasons. Her hair was all over the place and she had sweat glistening on her forehead. She looked at Anthony and smiled, it was an expression he couldn’t quite place. She was clearly loving what was happening but it felt like there was a touch of malice in there, it was like she was pleased she was getting fucked but even happier that it was happening right in front of Anthony.

Anthony watched Steven get to his knees behind Jane and grab his cock. Anthony saw the tool and was shocked anything like it could fit inside Jane, he felt more inadequate than ever but it did nothing to slow down his desperate diaper rubbing.

“You like what you see?” Steven asked as he saw Anthony’s wide eyes directed at his crotch.

Anthony quickly looked away in embarrassment. He wasn’t into men, his staring was simply through surprise.

“No, no. You look back this way.” Steven said with a laugh.

Anthony slowly turned his head back towards the bed. The contrast between him and his wife’s lover had never been so pronounced. Whilst he remained on his knees and rubbing his piss-soaked padding Steven, with his well-toned body glistening in sweat, was like a king.

“Just put it in me!” Jane whined as she remained bent over. She lowered her head without looking away from Anthony causing her ass to become even more focused.

“What do you see?” Steven asked as he pointed down to his crotch.

“Your… Well, it’s your erm…” Anthony’s throat was full of shame making the words hard to get out. When he was able to spit them out they sounded so pathetic and unsure, “It’s your penis?”

“Wrong.” Steven smirked, “This is a cock. A proper manly cock made for pleasuring women.”

Anthony remained silent. He was distracted somewhat by Jane wantonly pushing back and trying to impale herself on Steven’s organ. It was like she had lost all reason and only wanted to satisfy her deepest craving.

“Say it.” Steven continued.

“It’s… It’s your cock.” Anthony found the words hard to say.

“Good boy.” Steven mockingly praised Anthony. His finger that had been pointing at his own crotch now pointed to Anthony’s, “And what’s in your diaper?”

“My cock?” Anthony replied. Again his answer sounded like a question. It truly sounded like he wasn’t sure what he had in there or whether it was the same thing Steven was using to make his wife scream in pleasure.

“Wrong again.” Steven laughed, “That’s your tiny, little baby pee-pee.”

“Steven, please, I need…” Jane moaned. She sounded like Anthony when he was whining about his unfair treatment.

Jane was cut off when Steven’s hand quickly but lightly spanked her rear end. She let out a little yelp but bit her lip and smiled. Anthony agreed with Jane. He wanted this all over so he could escape from witnessing the scene. It was simultaneously hotter than any porn he had ever seen and crushing in the most embarrassing and humiliating ways imaginable.

“Say it.” Steven demanded. It was clear dominating Anthony was turning him on even more.

“It’s my… tiny, little baby pee-pee.” Anthony muttered.

“Louder!” Steven demanded.

“It’s my tiny, little baby pee-pee.” Steven replied in a regular speaking voice. He cringed as he heard the words.

“Shout it!” Steven exclaimed, “I want the neighbours to hear you!”

“IT’S MY TINY, LITTLE BABY PEE-PEE!” Steven yelled. His face warmed from the humiliation as he thought about who might actually hear him. The neighbours were a long way away but his twins were in a bedroom just down the landing.

Steven pushed into Jane as Anthony yelled and their grunts filled the air. Anthony had no more dignity or pride to worry about and he started rubbing himself even more furiously. He saw Jane watching him with her eyes half-closed and mouth hanging open. Every time she was thrust into she let out a moan of ecstasy.

Steven wasn’t going to make this last any longer than he had to. He looked desperate to cum and as he slammed into Jane a wet slapping sound echoed around the room. He pushed Jane lower until her face was in the sheets and her legs were spread as far as they could go. She was gripping the sheets so hard Anthony though they might tear.

“I’m gonna cum.” Steven said breathlessly as he continued to piston into Jane.

Anthony wasn’t going to be far behind and as he saw Steven suddenly slow and then grunt he felt his second orgasm of the session hit him. His pee-pee twitched and throbbed as it forced out what little he had left after the first orgasm. On the bed Steven’s climax seemed to last a lot longer and by the time he slumped down bit he and Jane were panting hard. He slowly pulled out and laid back on the bed.

“That was… the best yet.” Jane said between pants, “I think I came three times!”

“A new record.” Steven joked as he raised his arm in tired victory.

Jane’s legs shook as she adjusted her position and then fell back into Steven’s arms. Anthony was slumped down himself. He was sweating all over and recovering from his own orgasms. He was also burdened by a metric ton of shame. He heard the two lovers gently pecking each other with kisses until it all went quiet. He started to wonder if they’d fallen asleep and forgotten about him.

Anthony shifted awkwardly. His diaper was soaked from Steven using him as a toilet earlier and the sticky mess in the front of his diaper was uncomfortable. He shifted position and intentionally made as much noise as he could in the hope of attracting attention so he could have his diaper changed.

“I suppose I should change him.” Jane sighed without sitting up.

“Don’t worry.” Steven replied, “I’ll do it.”

“Are you sure?” Jane asked.

“Yeah, you just relax.” Steven sat up and stretched. Anthony could see that he was still half-hard as he picked up a robe and put it on.

Steven nodded his head to tell Anthony to follow him. Anthony got to his feet with a little difficulty, his muscles didn’t want to cooperate at all. He staggered a couple of steps before he had to get back down on his knees. All that time on his knees had seemed to make his joints seize up.

“Maybe you should crawl.” Steven suggested.

“I…” Anthony started.

“Crawl.” Steven repeated.

Anthony looked over towards Jane but she was lying on the bed still. She wasn’t even looking his way. Anthony wasn’t sure he’d be able to walk too far anyway, with his legs aching from the prolonged kneeling he flopped forwards on to his hands and started crawling. The wet padding between his legs effected his movement and his bulbous rear swayed behind him as he made his way out of the room behind Steven.

Halfway down the landing Anthony heard a door open and just when he thought his day couldn’t get any worse he saw Megan step out. She turned towards the bathroom when she must’ve caught sight of the odd pair out of the corner of her eye. She did a double-take and then stared with disgust.

“You two could at least keep it down when we’re here.” Megan said towards Steven, “It is disgusting hearing mother…”

Megan shivered and stopped. Her eyes closed, clearly thinking about the exclamations of ecstasy from her mother was not something she wanted to do. Either way when she opened them again she looked down at her father and shook her head. It seemed a mixture of disappointment and pity. Anthony looked away.

“What can I say?” Steven shrugged, “I’m just that good.”

“You’re so gross.” Megan said.

“Don’t be such a prude.” Steven replied with a chuckle.

From the ground Anthony felt like he should be speaking up. This man was talking to his daughter in a way that was entirely inappropriate. Sure she was an adult but the last thing she wanted to know about was her mother’s sex life yet alone see her father crawling out of the room afterwards. He didn’t say anything though, he just watched as Megan looked at him for a few seconds before shaking her head and turning away.

As Megan stomped her way downstairs Steven led the way to the nursery. Anthony crawled along behind him just wanting to get things over with. He went straight to his changing table and climbed up with a little difficulty, thankfully the movement of his legs was slowly reviving him.

Anthony chose to zone out as the diaper was opened and Steven started to clean him. He didn’t listen to what Jane’s boyfriend said, he simply looked at the wall and felt defeated. What little delusions he had managed to maintain about possibly winning his wife back had been smashed. He had never seen Jane so happy whether sexually or not.

Anthony was taped into a new diaper and then helped over to the crib. He was grateful to have some time alone, it felt like he had a lot to digest. The rails rattled up and he curled over on his side with his bottle.

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The next few days were relatively normal. Anthony wasn’t invited into the bedroom again and instead was left in the crib to listen to the passionate love making, the only difference now was that he had much clearer mental images about what might be happening. He still felt ashamed but that often didn’t stop his hands from travelling down to his diaper.

Jane appeared to be unwell. Anthony had noticed her having to run to the bathroom a few times and had heard her throwing up once. She didn’t seem concerned though and when Anthony suggested she see a doctor she simply laughed and the conversation moved on. It wasn’t a surprise, who takes advice from a baby after all?

The twins were scheduled to leave soon. Anthony thought that they looked like they couldn’t wait to get away, Megan especially seemed to be counting down the minutes. So everyone was dismayed when Jane announced that on the day before the twins left she was hosting a barbeque for friends and family. Anthony felt fear flash through him at this. He had long been a baby at home, work had found out and promptly fired him and his parents had basically disowned him but now he was going to have his dignity trashed in front of everyone the family knew. If the news hadn’t spread already it soon would, he would be the subject of rumours and gossip until everyone knew he was nothing but a big baby.

“Please don’t make me be there tomorrow.” Anthony begged when he was in his nursery with both Jane and Steven.

“Why would you want to miss a party?” Jane asked with raised eyebrows.

“You know why!” Anthony answered indignantly.

“It’s a family event.” Steven chimed in, “We’re all going to be there.”

“If it’s for family then YOU shouldn’t be there!” Anthony exclaimed petulantly before he could stop himself.

“Really?” Jane asked with a sigh of resignation, “Are we still doing this?”

As Jane rolled up her sleeves and stepped forwards Anthony knew a spanking was coming. He was sitting on the floor surrounded by toys and he scooted himself backwards. He was wearing nothing but his diaper and a short shirt.

“I’m sorry! I’m sorry! I’m sorry!” Anthony pathetically called out. To his relief Jane stopped.

“So why don’t you want to be at the party?” Jane asked as she let her sleeves fall back down.

“Because…” Anthony still hated saying the words out loud, “They’ll see all of this… They’ll see my diapers, they’ll see you two…”

“Is that all you’re worried about?” Jane let out a quick laugh and shook her head, “Baby, most of them already know.”

“T-They do!?” Anthony’s eyes went wide as his mind started running through all the worst scenarios.

“We should get things ready.” Steven said, “We have a lot to set up and get ready for tomorrow.”

Anthony watched the two adults leave and stayed on the floor. Unlike Jane and Steven he had nowhere to go and nothing to do. His world was pretty much the nursery around him and anything outside of that seemed scary. The party was a terrifying prospect, he wished there was a way to avoid it but his “Mommy” and “Daddy” would never give him that opportunity.

“Hey Anthony.” Max’s voice made Anthony look up from his toys.

“Hi.” Anthony replied.

“Look, it’s been eating me up.” Max sighed as he stepped inside and leaned against the nearby crib, “I wanted to apologise for ratting you and Megan out.”

“Oh…” Anthony hadn’t expected an apology. In truth he hadn’t really thought about Max giving the game away. What had followed it had taken up all the real estate in his head, “It’s fine.”

“I just really didn’t want to end up back in diapers.” Max laughed a little insensitively. He seemed to remember who he was talking to, “Not that… I mean…”

“It’s OK.” Anthony sighed, “I get it.”

“We’re cool then?” Max asked hopefully.

Anthony nodded his head. Max immediately broke into a big smile and came striding across the room. He knelt down and wrapped Anthony in a hug. It was the first hug Anthony could remember his son giving him since Max was in diapers the first time round.

“Thanks baby bro.” Max said as he pulled away, “I’m glad I could clear my conscience. I’ll see you later, alright?”

Max left the room without waiting for an answer and Anthony watched him go in shock. To hear his son call him his “baby bro” was humiliating in the extreme. There didn’t even seem to be any malice in Max’s words, he genuinely had just accepted that Anthony was now his little brother.

For an hour Anthony was left alone and that was perfectly OK with him. His diaper was growing progressively wetter but he was a long way from needing a change. The diapers Jane bought him seemed extremely absorbent, not that Anthony paid any attention to them. Whatever was taped around his waist wasn’t his choice and it all ended the same way regardless.

Anthony was looking down at some little plastic toy soldiers when he heard the sound of someone clearing their throat at the door. He looked up to see Megan standing and looking around at the nursery. Anthony could almost see her re-living her summer in such a place. It looked like she was having flashbacks.

“Megan?” Anthony said.

“Oh, right. Well, Mom and Da-… Steven are heading to the store for the food for tomorrow. They wanted me to come up and check if you needed any supplies.” Megan said awkwardly.

Anthony nodded and looked back down at the ground. Megan walked in and went over to the changing table to start looking at the various supplies. There was an awkward silence in the room. Ever since Megan’s plan had collapsed and she had received a spanking over the kitchen table she had barely said a word to him. He didn’t blame her, she was clearly just anxiously waiting until she could leave.

“Are these all your diapers?” Megan asked as she pointed at the meagre number on the shelf under that changing table.

“No, there are more ove-…” Anthony was standing up and twisting to go to the closet when he stopped suddenly.

“Anthony?” Megan frowned. Like her brother she had stopped calling him “Dad” some time ago.

Anthony felt panic flood his veins as he felt a sudden pushing in his bowels. He was only half-standing and he could already feel a sticky mush pushing into his diaper. There just wasn’t any stopping it. He squatted down in front of his daughter and pushed down hard. There was an explosion in the back of his underwear as his butt was suddenly covered in excrement. He grunted as he took another breath and moved his legs further apart.

“Oh my god!” Megan exclaimed.

“I’m sorry!” Anthony grunted, “I’m…”

Anthony’s desperate apologies to his daughter were broken up by another push. The back of his diaper pushed out and he simultaneously wet himself, the yellow urine pouring down into the padding turning it into a horrible swampy mess. He shivered as his disposable underwear became heavier and heavier, it drooped between his thighs dramatically.

Megan had seen enough. Anthony could see her disgust for him. Whatever remaining respect she had for her father after seeing him led out of her mother’s bedroom behind Steven was clearly evaporating. Anthony watched her look away and take a deep breath before leaving the nursery. She stopped at the top of the stairs whilst Anthony slowly stood up and felt the squishy contents of his diaper press against his skin.

“Mom!” Megan yelled, “You need to change Anthony.”

“I can’t. We have to go now.” Jane called back in response, “Change him yourself.”

“What!? No way.” Megan replied, “I’m not goi-…”

“Megan.” Jane’s voice was deep with authority and Megan immediately stopped talking, “You will change your baby brother’s diaper. If you haven’t done so by the time we get back you’ll be joining him.”

“But-…” Megan began.

Anthony, who was standing in the nursery in shame listening to the argument, heard the front door open and then close. There was silence until he heard Megan let out a loud growl of frustration. A second later she was back in the doorway to the nursery with a face like thunder. Anthony couldn’t blame her. He had thoroughly wrecked his diaper.

“Once I get out of here I am never coming back.” Megan muttered darkly as she walked into the nursery.

Anthony didn’t know what to say. He was humiliated. When Megan had been a baby in diapers it was seldom that he had changed her but that was how it was supposed to go, it wasn’t the daughter that was supposed to change her father. Then again it was very clear that no one saw him as the Daddy of the family anymore.

As his wrist was grabbed by Megan he was forced to accept that this was part of what being a baby was about. He didn’t get to choose who changed him anymore than he got to choose when he went to bed or woke up. He was left completely at the whim of adults around him. That had been made very clear and after watching Daddy railing his wife he really understood how little influence he had on his own life now.

“Get up.” Megan said unhappily as she pointed at the changing table.

Anthony sniffed as he put his hands on top of the padded surface and lifted himself up. He spun around and laid back against the surface doing his best not to spread his accident any more than he had to. It was the least he could do for Megan, really it was all he could do for her. If she appreciated or noticed his efforts she didn’t let anything show.

“I mean it.” Megan said as she walked to the foot of the changing table and looked down at the diaper with disgust, “As soon as I finish college I am going no contact from this family.”

“You really think Jane would allow that?” Anthony asked in response.

“She won’t have a choice.” Megan snorted. She was reluctantly getting the changing supplies ready.

“And yet here you are changing me.” Anthony sighed.

“What’s your point?” Megan frowned.

“My point is that your mother has a habit of getting exactly what she wants.” Anthony said.

It looked to Anthony like Megan wanted to say something in reply but after opening and closing her mouth a couple of times she got to work on the diaper change. The disposable was opened and Anthony thought his daughter was going to throw up, it took a minute for her to regain her composure and get to work. Anthony could do nothing to assist the cleaning and as soon as the new diaper was taped on Megan turned and left the room without a word.

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It was Anthony’s worst nightmare. He was sat in the playpen in the backyard as everything was set up for the barbeque around him. There were long fold out tables that had been set up with garden chairs next to the, the twins were sitting on two of the chairs looking like they wanted to leave right then rather than wait till the next day. Jane was hurrying around putting out snacks and drinks for each of the incoming guests and Steven was at the grill getting it fired up.

Anthony had tried everything he could think of to get out of this. He had begged for mercy, he had pleaded and bargained and finally he had a tantrum. None of it had helped. He was changed into a fresh diaper, placed in a light blue t-shirt covered in little cartoon sheep and had been put in the pen where he currently sat amongst his toys. His diaper was completely exposed.

The guests were due to start arriving at any minute and Anthony felt on the verge of a panic attack. He didn’t know who was coming but judging by the amount of chairs that had been put out it was more than a few.

“Who is coming to this stupid thing?” Megan asked as she looked over to her twin brother.

“I don’t know.” Max replied with a shrug.

“Well, how long do we have to stay before we can excuse ourselves?” Megan asked. The exasperation in her voice was evident.

“Why do you think I know?” Max asked.

“I don’t know.” Megan tossed her head back and looked up at the clear blue sky, “You talk to mom more than I do.”

“If you just apologised I’m sure...” Max started.

“No.” Megan said simply.

Anthony watched as his daughter stood up and walked several seats away. She sat back down with her legs crossed and her arms folded across her chest. Max snorted with laughter and turned away. Before Anthony could react the sound of the front doorbell rang and Jane hurried inside. Anthony swallowed hard as his pulse quickened.

A few seconds later the first guests started walking in and it was worse than Anthony could’ve possibly imagined. Arriving in a group were his former co-workers and golfing buddies. The doctors and a couple of the receptionists were led in by the man that had fired Anthony. Alan was dressed smartly and holding the hand of his wife, their eyes scanned the yard before falling on Anthony.

Anthony saw the looks he was getting. He saw the people he used to think were friends whispering to their partners. He saw the amused smiles and giggles as they walked into the backyard. Steven went over to greet his co-workers whilst Anthony was left alone in his pen. Everyone was dressed in smart-casual clothes which made him feel even more inadequate in his babyish outfit. He was the centrepiece of the party. His playpen was placed on the grass just to the side of the table and the grill, it meant anyone walking to the house, table or barbeque would look right at him. He was sure it was on purpose.

Not long after the staff from the surgery arrived the doorbell rang again. Anthony could only look on in dread as his parents walked into the yard. His mother and father were both dressed up nicely and smiling as they met the other guests, when they looked his way the smile disappeared. Any hope he might’ve had that they would be more sympathetic to his plight evaporated instantly.

The next arrivals were people Anthony didn’t know. They seemed to be Steven’s friends from the way they greeted each other. Whilst Anthony was a known quantity for the other guests these new people had clearly never seen him like this. They burst into laughter and went over to Steven, Anthony had no doubt he was the topic of conversation as they kept looking over and laughing again. He wished there were enough toys to build a fort and hide behind it. These boisterous young men made him anxious.

Following the men a group of women arrived. Anthony recognised some of them at least, these were Jane’s friends and they had a similar if not slightly more muted reaction to Steven’s guests. Anthony assumed they already knew about how he lived even if they hadn’t seen him.

“I don’t even know any of these people.” Megan complained from her seat. She hadn’t moved a muscle since sitting there.

“I said you could invite your friends.” Jane replied from behind her. She was clearly closer than Megan expected as she jumped when she heard the words.

“Oh yeah…” Megan scoffed, “I’ll just show my friends… this.”

Anthony ducked his head as Megan pointed at him. He understood. He was an embarrassment. To Jane and Steven’s friends he was a curiosity but it would be humiliating to his kids if people they knew saw how he lived.

The last guests seemed to be the most important. That was how it seemed to Anthony at least as Joey, Fiona and Mandy walked out into the backyard. Both Steven and Jane immediately hurried over and started introducing them to everyone else. Anthony sighed. It was because of Joey that he was in this position. He would never have expected such an ordinary young man could have such a massive impact on him.

After a couple of minutes Anthony saw a tense scene unfolding in front of him. Both Max and Megan had stood up and were next to each other as Joey and Fiona, holding hands, walked over. It looked awkward. Max’s eyes dropped to the ground whilst Megan folded her arms across her chest with her mouth pressed as small as possible. Joey and Fiona looked straight ahead not breaking eye contact and for a second Anthony wondered if there was going to be a fight.

“Look, man, I’m really sorry.” Max said. Everyone seemed taken back by his words, “What we did was just… horrible. I just want you to know I’ve changed and I’m sorry.”

Joey looked from Max to Megan who was looking very standoffish still. Anthony saw her mouth move as if there were a hundreds words that made their way to her mouth to be swallowed again. Finally she took a deep breath and let her arms drop to her side.

“I’m sorry too.” Megan said simply.

Now everyone turned to Joey who seemed to almost be hiding behind his girlfriend a little. Anthony saw the young man look at Fiona and then over his shoulder at his older sister. Mandy was hanging back, close enough to give support but far enough away to make sure what happened next was all Joey’s decision.

“I accept your apologies.” Joey said with a smile, “It’s water under the bridge now. I might never have got with Fiona without what happened after all.”

Max held his hand out and Joey shook it. Yet again everyone looked at Megan and the young woman rolled her eyes. She held out a hand and they shook for the briefest possible time. Anthony wondered if Joey was going to come over to him next, if he got a chance to apologise maybe it would finally end his interminable punishment.

Anthony’s hopes were dashed when Joey and Fiona turned and walked in the opposite direction to the playpen. He found himself alone as the young people walked away. He was back to being little more than a curiosity, a sideshow to be gawked at by all the real adults. There was once a time when Anthony would’ve been one of them but now he couldn’t feel more different. For all the wives, husbands, sons and daughters he was the only baby there.

“Foods ready!” Steven called from the grill, “Everyone come help yourselves.”

Everyone made their way to the barbeque. Anthony could hear laughter and jokes as he clutched at the bars. His mouth was watering as he saw all the tasty meat getting placed on people’s plates.

“Here you go.” Jane said as she walked over with a small plastic plate.

Anthony looked at the food as the plate was lowered over the edge of the playpen. Anthony was pleasantly surprised to see he had been given a couple of burgers though they had been cut up for him. He was also given a bottle of juice.

“How long do I have to stay out here?” Anthony asked.

“Is the baby missing his nap?” Jane asked with a smirk.

“No… I just don’t want to be here.” Anthony replied honestly.

Jane laughed and Anthony knew that he was going to be out there for the long haul. After the initial humiliation of being seen in such an infantile state he found that the embarrassment was lessening although it was obviously still massive. People seemed to be staring less now, most seemed to have had their fun and now Anthony was being left alone. They were giving him no more attention than they would any other baby.

“Be a good boy.” Jane said simply as she stood up. Anthony notice her wince and puff out her cheeks as she straightened up, “We have a special surprise for you later.”

“I don’t want it.” Anthony immediately replied, “Whatever it is, I don’t want it.”

“Silly baby.” Was all Jane said as she turned and walked away.

Anthony didn’t like the sound of a surprise. Surprises rarely if ever meant something good for him, it was just another thing for him to fear. Anthony quietly ate his burgers as he looked out at the partygoers. After an initially awkward start where people didn’t really know each other there seemed to be much more mingling between individuals and groups.

It wasn’t long until the alcohol was being served. Anthony was left wishing his bottle was filled with something stronger as he saw beers being handed out. Steven was talking with the other doctors at the surgery and tipping back beer like it was water. Jane was nearby talking to Fiona and Mandy, Anthony shivered and hoped the women didn’t have anything planned for him. Whilst the other women were holding beer and wine Jane seemed to just have a glass of water. Anthony picked up his bottle and started sucking down the sweet liquid.

“Not such a big man now, eh?” Alan said as he leaned on the edge of the metal pen.

Anthony jumped and dropped his bottle. He looked down at the ground as his former boss laughed. For all the stares and laughs this was the first time someone had actually come over to speak to him, he wished he could just be left alone.

“You can’t imagine how tiresome it was having you at the surgery.” Alan continued, “I think we were all relived to be rid of you. The amount of complaints about your brashness and how rude you were filled a filing cabinet all of its own.”

Anthony sniffed. He knew he hadn’t always been easy to get along with, he knew that he rubbed people the wrong way sometimes and he knew wasn’t Mr. Popular but he never thought everyone would be glad to get rid of him.

“I think this is the best place for you.” Alan went on, “Look at you. No longer the loud annoying man you once were. I have to commend Jane on a job well done. When she told us about all of this we could hardly believe it but the more we thought about it the more sense it made. Well, I can’t stand here talking to a baby all afternoon, I have grown-ups to see. See you later, baby.”

Anthony was thankful that Alan had excused himself. It seemed his former employer no longer thought that the diapers were a weird fetish for him but that hadn’t softened his attitudes at all. In fact, now that Anthony thought about it, he wondered if there hadn’t been a plan between Jane, Mandy and Alan to get him caught in the compromising position. It seemed to suit all of them to get him fired.

“Nice to see you again.” This time the voice was female and it came from behind the other side of Anthony’s playpen.

Anthony swivelled around to see Fiona. For once she was without Joey. Anthony remembered the last time he had seen her, when she and Joey had made love right on his changing table. He blushed at the memory. He looked down between his legs, he could see that his diaper was clearly wet and he blatantly realised he had been showing everyone that fact as he sat with splayed legs.

“Come on…” Fiona chuckled, “Surely you’re Mommy has raised you better than that. When someone greets you you’re supposed to greet them back.”

“Hello.” Anthony muttered reluctantly.

“Good boy!” Fiona praised him. The excitement in her voice only made Anthony more embarrassed.

“You’re looking a bit wet.” Fiona said as she nodded towards his crotch, “Do you need a change?”

“N-No!” Anthony was quick to reply.

“Come over here.” Fiona said as she curled a finger.

“I told you I…” Anthony started.

“Before you continue I should probably tell you something.” Fiona smiled and held up a hand as she interrupted Anthony, “I’ve been talking to your Mommy and apparently she is VERY happy with the job I did babysitting you. So much so that she has asked me to babysit you more.”

“What!?” Anthony swallowed hard.

“Apparently your Mommy is keen to go out more often and may need to go into the office as well.” Fiona nodded her head, “She said I’ll probably be looking after you once, maybe sometimes twice, a week! And with the rates she’s offering I’ll be coming over as much as I can.”

Anthony felt his stomach do a flip. He remembered the first time Fiona had babysat him and it had been more than a little embarrassing. He wasn’t looking forward to the idea of her looking after him more often, he could only imagine what humiliating things her and Joey might get him to do. The worst part was that he would be powerless to stop them.

“So why don’t you do what your Aunty Fiona tells you and come over here?” Fiona said as she pointed to the ground at her feet.

“Aunty…” Anthony repeated breathlessly.

“I thought it was appropriate. We’ll be seeing A LOT of each other after all.” Fiona pointed to the area of the playpen right in front of her, “Now, if you don’t want Aunty Fiona to give you a spanking in front of all these people you’ll get over here right now.”

Anthony didn’t need a second warning. As mortified as he was he knew Fiona could make it ten times worse if he failed to listen to her commands. He got to his feet and heard himself crinkle despite the noise from the rest of the party. He was very conscious of how much his diaper drooped between his thighs. He had known he was wet but he seemed to be worse off than he thought. With a pronounced waddle he made his way quickly to Fiona who was waiting impatiently.

“Turn around.” Fiona ordered as soon as Anthony had reached her.

Anthony did as he was told and felt his heart sink when he saw he was now facing the rest of the partygoers, many of whom were staring right back at him. When he felt a hand grab at his crotch he jumped and yelped in surprise prompting laughs from the audience. He looked down to the front of his diaper and saw Fiona’s hand and her pink painted nails groping and squeezing him.

“You’re very wet.” Fiona said loudly enough that the nearest people heard her and started laughing.

Anthony was frozen like a statue. He wanted to run and hide but there was nowhere to go. All he could do was pray this would all be over soon, he was sure he would never recover from this shamefully public humiliation. The dreadful truth that he had tried, and failed, to keep secret was now right in front of so many people. If it hadn’t already news would spread far and wide before long.

“Bend over.” Fiona said as her hand left Anthony’s disposable.

“Aunty Fiona…” Anthony tried to sound pleading but he knew he came off more as whiny.

“Now.” Fiona’s tone of voice brooked no argument.

Anthony’s eyes watered as he slowly started to bend over. He felt Fiona’s hand on his back and he was pushed down until his back was practically at right angles to his legs. His shirt was lifted and the waistband of his diaper pulled back.

“Hmm, well you’re still clean at least.” Fiona loudly stated as if that were a shock.

Anthony closed his eyes as he heard more laughter. He recognised some of the voices that were now openly laughing at him. The high-pitched one was Mandy whereas a very gravelly laugh that sounded like it was about to turn into a cough at any moment was his own father. Not even his parents were on his side anymore.

“Off you go.” Fiona patted his rear end, “Back to your toys whilst the grown-ups talk.”

Anthony hurried away before Fiona thought of another way to embarrass him. It seemed like it might be a portent of horrible things to come. He looked over his shoulder as he sat back down in the same spot as before to see Fiona making her way back over to Joey. Anthony sniffled as he looked at Joey, more than anything he wished the places were reversed. Joey should be the one in the playpen anyway, he was the one that needed the diapers. The fact that Anthony now needed diapers just as much was pushed to the back of his mind, it wasn’t his fault he ended up like that.

“Well I have to say I wasn’t sure about all this but it seems… appropriate.” Harriett’s voice made Anthony turn to look in front of him again.

“Mom, please, I…” Anthony started. He briefly tried to beg for help.

“Yes, we both had our doubts.” Charles cut in, “But having met Steven I think we both see why Jane has chosen him. A very impressive young man indeed.”

Anthony couldn’t take listening to his dad talk about Steven’s positives. He had already been replaced as husband and father, was he now being replaced as a son?

“We both feel very confident that Steven will take care of Jane.” Harriett said happily, “And I think transferring her all the money is for the best since we won’t be able to visit again for the near future.”

“W-Why not?” Anthony asked as he looked up from the ground.

“Oh, yes, I suppose we haven’t told you.” Charles chuckled, “Your mother and I are selling the family home. We’re heading south for retirement, I think we’ve put up with cold winters here for long enough.”

“You… You can’t…” Anthony said desperately, “I need you to help me!”

“Anthony…” Harriett looked at her diapered son with a sympathetic smile, “Look around you. You’re not like these other people. You never took responsibility for anything. I think you’re right where you should be.”

Anthony looked up at his parents with disbelief mixed with crushing disappointment. Sitting on his heavily padded butt and feeling his wetness wrapping around him like a warm sponge Anthony found it hard to argue that he wasn’t like anyone else here. With shame he wondered how many of the men and women around him would ever let themselves end up in this situation and knew the answer was none of them. He was different. He was an overgrown baby.

“We’ll keep in touch.” Charles said.

Just like that Anthony watched his parents turn away from him and walk back into the party. He was despondent as he looked through the bars of his pen and saw all the adults having such a good time. To think there was a time not so long ago where he would be the one manning the grill and loudly regaling his guests with stories, though from what he had heard since it seemed he was barely tolerated by the people he had once thought of as friends.

As more time passed he found himself increasingly resigned to his position. His diaper was soaked and with everyone basically ignoring him again all he could do was listlessly pick up and move around the toys he was surrounded by. It felt like the party had reached its zenith and everyone was having a good time. Most people were sat around the tables that had been set up on the lawn.

Anthony was just wetting his diaper. He had no idea how many times he had done so at this point but the diaper was full to bursting and, to his horror, he felt a sudden warmth spreading over the inside of his thighs. He looked down to see that he was leaking. He moaned as his hands went down to his crotch but there was nothing he could do to stop the urine that continually trickled down his legs. He really needed to get an adult’s attention to ask for an emergency change but he certainly didn’t want to be shouting for it across the backyard. He crawled up to the bars of the playpen and looked out, as the pee ran down his legs he tried to silently get the attention of his wife.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention for a minute.” Steven had stood up and was banging a spoon against a glass.

The murmuring of the myriad guests died down. Steven was looking down at Jane and trying to tell her to get to her feet. Jane was smiling but seemed bashful, eventually she relented and stood up. Her cheeks were red but she was beaming as she looked across at her assembled guests.

“Now is the time we admit there is alternative reason that you’ve all been summoned here beyond a friendly get together.” Steven said, “I know most of you haven’t known me for long, some of you have met me for the first time today but you’ve all been extremely kind and I want to thank you.”

Anthony wondered where all this was going. His diaper was sagging distractingly and he could feel just how wet the padding had become, every time he moved more pee went straight down his thighs. Whatever it was Anthony hoped it would be done soon and that he could get a quiet word with Jane.

“So… Jane and I have an announcement to make.” Steven continued. He looked at Jane and they shared a long smile before he nodded his head.

“I’m pregnant!” Jane happily announced.

For Anthony everything seemed to freeze. He thought that there was no way he could’ve heard Jane correctly. He looked around and saw the other guests clapping and congratulating her, people were walking up to the top table to hug Jane and shake hands with Steven. This was like a strange nightmare.

“What the fuck!?” Megan had looked as shocked as Anthony was but now she was rising to her feet and shouting at her mother.

Anthony saw Megan looking at him again. He wasn’t sure what she was trying to say with her stare. Either she was telling him to get up and reclaim his life or it was pure pity for the position he was now hopelessly trapped in.

“Now Megan you shou-…” Steven started.

“I’m done.” Megan put her hands up, “I’m finished with this whole circus.”

Anthony watched his daughter march out of the garden but she wasn’t joined by Max. His son looked just as shocked as Megan had been but instead of leaving he was going up to talk to the expecting couple.

As Anthony remained on his knees the full reality of what was happening was beginning to sink in. His wife was pregnant with another man’s baby. The alpha male Steven had left his seed in her Jane’s womb and as they celebrated Anthony was crouched in his playpen with piss pooling beneath him.

Anthony began to sob. Then he began to cry. Finally he started to wail as he realised just how hopeless his situation was. He didn’t care how he looked to others, he didn’t care that they were staring at the grown man crying like the baby he looked like. It felt like crying was all he had left.

“Aww, baby…” Jane said as she walked over, “This baby doesn’t mean Mommy loves you any less. It just means you’ll have a little brother or sister to play with. You look like you need a change, come on.”

“I… I don’t want to!” Anthony cried out between sobs. He couldn’t speak properly as he hiccupped the words out, he was trying to tell his wife he didn’t want to have a baby sibling.

“But look at you, baby.” Jane said, “You’re leaking! What a big baby!”

Anthony couldn’t take it anymore. He dropped on to his back and beat his hands and feet against the floor in a helpless tantrum. All he could think about was watching Jane’s belly grow bigger and then having to be a baby alongside the boy or girl who was born.

“And you wonder why I needed a real man in my life…” Jane muttered.

Something broke in Anthony as he cried. He finally truly accepted that he was nothing more than an infant. A baby that would be treated no different to the child Jane was having with her boyfriend. His co-workers, his parents, his kids and literally everyone else thought he was nothing more than a baby and now he thought exactly the same way.

Anthony was just a useless baby who needed looking after. So it was a good thing he had a Mommy and Daddy to do it.