**A Good Husband Does As He Is Told**

**By Elfy**

Brad looked out of the window next to the bed with a smug satisfaction that seemed to make him glow. He sat up in bed naked with just his lower half covered by a blanket, he had rarely felt as relaxed as he did on that Sunday morning. Sunlight was creeping in through the gap in the curtains.

Brad stretched his arms as he looked down at the beautiful woman draped across him. Samantha was topless and laying on top of the bed covers with an arm draped over Brad’s waist. It had been a fantastic night last night, Brad had never had problems with the ladies but with Samantha it was like dynamite. Something about the way they came together just created magic.

“I’ll have to get the baby up soon.” Samantha muttered tiredly without moving from Brad’s chest.

“You know… You’ve never told me how all this got started.” Brad replied as he wrapped his large arms around his lover. He was keen to prolong this moment for as long as possible.

“What? Tommy?” Samantha replied.

“Yeah.” Brad said as he brushed some hair out of Samantha’s face, “It’s so weird. I hate to tell you this darling, but I don’t think most women have their husbands locked up as babies whilst they find other men!”

“It’s not a terribly interesting story.” Samantha said, “Basically just answers for problems.”

“I don’t see how you getting your husband to use diapers could be anything other than fascinating.” Brad laughed.

“Alright… Well, it all started when I first met him.” Samantha said slowly as she finally sat herself up in bed.

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Thomas was stood at the food table of a party and looking over the snacks that were being served. He didn’t enjoy parties but had been dragged to this one by one of his friends only to be left alone whilst the friend went off with other people. Thomas didn’t really know anyone here so he shyly and awkwardly stood around in the corner with a drink.

“Not in a party mood?” Came a soft feminine voice from behind Thomas as he was leaning down to look at the sandwich selection.

“Huh! Oh, erm, not really.” Thomas jumped and stood up when he realised someone was talking to him. He spun around to see a young woman he had never met smiling at him. He immediately felt his heart skip a beat.

“My name’s Samantha.” The angelic young woman had said, “I don’t want to be here either really. I’ve been dragged here by one of my friends.”

“I’m Thomas.” Thomas replied nervously, “And my friend brought me here too. Haven’t even seen him in half an hour.”

Samantha giggled and Thomas felt his heart melt. He had never immediately been enchanted by another person the way he was right now. He felt like he couldn’t look away from her but he was worried he might creep her out.

Thomas had always been shy and awkward and he had a bad habit of putting his foot in his mouth or doing the wrong thing to embarrass himself. His high school friends had nicknamed him “Clown” due to his social mistakes which always made everyone else laugh. It had been a curse he had never been able to shake off.

An awkward silence fell between the two people and it quickly hung between them like a curtain. Thomas felt like he could see Samantha’s interest waning as he stood silently, he tried to wrack his brains to think of something to say just to start conversation.

“I like you.” Thomas blurted out before he could stop himself. He immediately started stuttering, “I-I… I mean I think you’re… I’m glad you’re here.”

Samantha had been rather taken aback but she giggled and smiled at Thomas again.

“I’m sorry.” Thomas said. He could feel sweat on his forehead as if having a conversation with this young lady was akin to an obstacle course, “I’m not very good with these things and I tend to say stupid stuff and…”

“Relax.” Samantha replied softly cutting off Thomas’ nervous ramblings. She reached forward and patted Thomas’ arm gently, “I’m glad you’re here too.”

Thomas smiled but fell silent. He was afraid of saying something stupid again so he looked away from Samantha at the crowd of people dancing. Another constant source of stress for Thomas, his own parents had said he was born with two left feet and dancing always made him feel very self-conscious.

“Would you like to dance?” Samantha had asked when she saw Thomas looking at the dance floor.

“I-I… Sure.” Thomas couldn’t say no to this woman even if he was scared of making an ass out of himself.

Samantha pulled him out on to the dance floor and started laughing and having a great time with Thomas. By the time they retired to the side of the hall the ice had been well and truly broken. Thomas had only stepped on her feet a couple of times as well.

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“Wait, wait, wait…” Brad said interrupting Samantha’s story, “You mean that he acted like a complete weirdo and you decided you would go out together?”

“What can I say?” Samantha rested her head on Brad’s shoulder, “I like a project. I felt like I could turn him into something better.”

“Am I one of your projects?” Brad asked a little indignantly.

“Of course not.” Samantha chuckled. She ran her hand over Brad’s chiselled abs, “You are the real deal.”

“So what happened next?” Brad asked, “I’m not sure how this explains him being turned into a baby.”

“We went out on dates, we met each other’s families, and we eventually got married.” Samantha said, “All normal stuff. He never lost his awkwardness but I found it quite endearing… Until after the wedding when things seemed to get a lot worse very quickly.”

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It hadn’t taken long after the wedding for Thomas to start wetting the bed. It happened two or three times a week and seemed to be almost impossible to predict, Samantha had been very sympathetic to her husband’s issues for a while. She bought him a plastic sheet for his side of the bed and told him things would be fine. They went to the doctor’s office together but nothing could be found that would cause such a problem.

Over time Samantha’s patience ran thin and she started getting angry when she would wake up with wet sheets more and more often. The final straw had been one morning when she woke up and felt warm liquid hitting the back of her legs, it had taken a few seconds for her to fully wake up and realise what was going on.

“Thomas! For God’s sake!” Samantha scrambled off her side of the bed and stood to the side in shock and disgust.

“Huh? What? Oh no, I’m sorry!” Thomas woke up to see the large puddle he had left in the sheets and when he saw Samantha wiping her legs with an old towel they had lying around he realise what must’ve happened.

“Well that’s OK then.” Samantha said sarcastically, “Your apologies will stop me smelling like your piss.”

“Samantha, I-” Thomas timidly sat up on his bed and looked down at his crotch. He didn’t know why he couldn’t stop wetting the bed like this.

“Enough with the excuses.” Samantha held up her hand to stop her timid husband’s muttering, “I’m going to sort this out.”

“How?” Thomas asked. He actually felt rather hopeful, maybe there was something they hadn’t tried that might cure him.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Samantha replied cryptically.

The rest of the day was quite normal for Thomas. It was a weekend so he spent most of his time in front of the television watching sport, he barely even turned his head to say goodbye when Samantha said she was heading to the shops.

Thomas had basically forgotten about what his wife had said that morning so when he went upstairs to bed he was surprised to see Samantha sitting on the bed and waiting for him. She had a carrier bag next to her but Thomas couldn’t see what was in it, he stopped in his tracks and looked at his wife.

“Thomas, you’ve been wetting the bed for months now.” Samantha said sternly, “We have to acknowledge the fact that this isn’t going away.”

“OK.” Thomas replied uneasily, “So, what’s in the bag?”

Samantha took a breath and lifted the plastic bag up. She turned it upside down and a large rectangular package fell out, the plastic was shiny and a deep blue on the front was a picture of a smiling woman next to a picture of a…

“Diapers!?” Thomas covered his mouth in shock and took a step back. He shook his head before reaching out with his arms to tell his wife to slow down.

“I know it’s a shock…” Samantha tried to keep her voice soft and calm.

“I don’t need them!” Thomas shouted quickly, “This isn’t necessary.”

“It is, Thomas, it really is.” Samantha sounded a little defeated, “You wet the bed too often, the plastic sheet doesn’t catch it all. I’m tired of having to replace our sheets all the time, what happened this morning was the final straw.”

“Please… Samantha, I can’t wear those.” Thomas was virtually begging.

“You need to either put the diapers on or find somewhere else to sleep. I’m not waking up in this piss soaked bed again.” Samantha laid down her ultimatum.

Thomas looked at the serious face his wife had, it was clear she wasn’t playing around. He looked out the door, if he didn’t sleep in this bed he would have to sleep in either the uncomfortable spare bed or the couch downstairs. His gaze lingered on the diaper package and he wondered if his wife might possibly be right. It was an impossible choice for him to make, he could never just submit to wearing diapers like a toddler not ready for toilet training. He would never have suggested this himself.

“I… I don’t know how to put those on.” Thomas said quietly as he pointed a finger at the diapers.

“Don’t worry about that.” Samantha smiled softly as she sensed she was close to getting what she wanted, “I’ll help you.”

Thomas’ heart was beating out of his chest as he allowed Samantha to stand up and gently guide him down on to the bed. He didn’t say anything as his pants and underwear were pulled down his legs and his genitals were exposed to the room. His face was deep red as he watched his wife with an intense feeling of shame, it felt like letting Samantha do this made him less of a man and yet he couldn’t seem to work up the courage or forcefulness to stop her.

“Just relax.” Samantha cooed gently at her husband, “I’ve got you.”

Thomas watched Samantha tear open the thin plastic packaging to reveal the tightly packed plastic diapers within. He was almost mesmerised by the all padding, he had never seen a diaper made for an adult before.

Samantha had pulled one of the diapers out from the middle of the packet. It slid out between the plastic of the diapers on either side, Thomas heard the sounds of plastic rubbing together before it came lose and out of the packet.

The diaper already looked big but when Samantha unfolded it Thomas couldn’t help but gasp as his wide eyes stared at the incontinence underwear in disbelief. It looked so big, it looked so daunting. Thomas wanted to get up and call the whole thing off but he didn’t, the timidity that had cursed him throughout his life made him lay still as Samantha looked at the unfolded diaper.

“I really don’t know about this.” Thomas tried to sit up a little but Samantha put her hand on his chest. It stopped him immediately.

“I do.” Samantha said, “Relax and let me do this.”

Thomas had a voice in the back of his head that told him he should push the hand away and get up. He should put his foot down and stop this craziness but the voice was overruled by his body which remained paralysed and frozen in place.

The unfolded diaper crinkled loudly as it was laid on the bed in between Thomas’ legs. Thomas was unsure what he was supposed to do and he was about to ask before he felt his legs get lifted up by Samantha who seemed to know exactly what she was doing.

When Thomas legs were lowered just a few seconds later he suddenly felt a new padded feeling underneath his butt. He wriggled slightly and heard a crinkling that made him blush even worse.

The front of the diaper was pulled up and between Thomas’ legs. He grimaced at the warm hugging feeling provided by the diaper and as it was pressed up against his belly he felt like his crotch was being locked in a padded cell.

Thomas felt the diaper get pulled closer as the tapes were fastened until he was securely placed in the disposable underwear.

“There you go.” Samantha said as she stepped back, “How does it feel?”

“Weird.” Thomas said as he slowly sat up and heard the diaper crinkle with every small movement, “I don’t like it.”

“You’ll get used to it.” Samantha said, “And if you keep the diaper dry for seven consecutive days we’ll put them away. Goodnight, Thomas.”

Thomas watched his wife walk around the bed and climb in. He was still sat in the same position and felt incredibly self-conscious, he was very aware of his plastic padding and how every movement caused the diaper to crinkle loudly.

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“It was that easy?” Brad asked with a chuckle.

“It was.” Samantha sighed with disappointment, “I was ready for a big argument and everything but he just laid down and let me do whatever I wanted.”

Brad shook his head as he sat up in the bed and brought his knees up to his chest. He couldn’t help but laugh at how timid and beta Thomas was, he would never allow a woman to emasculate him like that and yet Samantha’s husband had practically rolled over to allow her to do whatever she wanted.

“But what happened next?” Brad asked eagerly, “There’s a big difference between wearing a diaper to bed and what we have now.”

“Indeed there is.” Samantha smiled fondly, “It wasn’t quick though and honestly I expected the diapers to be very short term. I had planned to use them to shame him for wetting the bed and then he would stop and we could all move on.”

“What actually happened?” Brad asked. This was a better story than anything he had seen on television.

“He wet the bed again two days later.” Samantha said, “And then again, and then again… What could I do? I had told his a week of dry nights and it would be over but he never reached a week. I couldn’t back down otherwise he would think I was a pushover. One thing my mother always said was to never let a man walk over you.”

“Speaking of your mom…” Brad interrupted.

“I’ll get to her in a minute.” Samantha laughed.

“OK, what happened next?” Brad asked.

“Well…” Samantha said slowly.

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Thomas was driving home frantically. He couldn’t believe he had let himself get trapped in this situation, he had left work like normal and started driving but had forgotten to use the bathroom. He always used the bathroom before starting his journeys but for whatever reason it had completely slipped his mind.

“Come on!” Thomas shouted uselessly at the traffic lights as he slowed down for the red light.

Thomas was squeezing his legs together and his foot was tapping rapidly as he tried to hold his bladder. Things had been bad the last few days, his wife had been getting increasingly annoyed about his continued bed wetting and he had tried arguing against the diapers the night before. Waking up in a wet bed put his arguments to rest and annoyed Samantha even more.

“Don’t think about diapers… Don’t think about diapers…” Thomas repeated to himself as he tried to forget about the absorbent padding. Just thinking about the diaper seemed to make his body think it was OK to pee.

The light went green and Thomas stood on the accelerator to get home faster. He was speeding and knew that he was taking a risk but he didn’t care, he couldn’t have an accident and there wasn’t even a place to pull over to relieve himself. He was so close to home.

Blue flashing lights suddenly lit up the car and Thomas’s jaw dropped open. He looked in the mirror to see a couple of cops in a car pointing for him to pull over. This felt like it had to be a nightmare.

“Listen, officer, I’m sorry I’m very despera-” Thomas started saying.

“License please, sir.” The officer said slowly as he walked up to the open window of the driver’s seat.

Thomas could feel his bladder hurting and even moving to open his glove box brought his desperation to new heights. He handed the license to the officer who started calling things through on his radio.

“I’m really sorry.” Thomas said as they waited for the dispatcher to check the details, “I just really need the bathroom.”

“No problem, sir.” The officer wasn’t really listening, “Do you know how fast you were going there?”

“Too fast.” Thomas nodded his head, “I’m very sorry.”

Thomas looked up at the ceiling and closed his eyes in frustration. This was not doing his control any good, he knew he wouldn’t be getting home in time now, his desperation was just too great. Even now he could feel a small trickle going into his underwear before he clamped harder on his bladder. He looked up at the officer who was writing notes down, he was trying to telepathically make the officer write his details down faster. The trickles of urine were soaking into his clothes and he couldn’t hold it much longer.

“Alright sir, I’m going to write you a ticket and give you a warning that…” The police officer stopped talking as he looked down at Thomas and his face froze.

“I’m sorry… I’m sorry…” Thomas babbled.

As everyone and everything seemed to freeze Thomas’s bladder gave up and a dark patch started soaking the crotch of his pants. Even as Thomas apologised he could feel the hot pee soaking the seat below him, urine trickled down his legs and it felt like everything below his waist had been soaked.

Thomas felt his eyes watering as he looked down at his leaky hose. He shook his head sadly as the wetness spread.

“You know what… I’ll just give you a warning.” The officer looked disgusted, “Don’t let me see you speeding again.”

“Th-Thanks…” Thomas was shaking slightly as he rolled up his window and started driving away. He had to stop himself from bursting into tears, he felt so humiliated.

Just as a last kick in the teeth Thomas was so close to home that he pulled up outside the house just minutes later. He stepped out of the car with his bag as a defeated man, he walked to the front door and let himself in with his key. He was sniffing as occasional tears fell down his face. He just wanted Samantha to hug him and tell him everything would be OK.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake.” Samantha started coming down the stairs in her dressing gown when she saw the pathetic sight of her husband, “You pissed yourself? Really?”

Thomas looked up at his wife with sad eyes. He started sobbing as he tried to explain what had happened but he just couldn’t get the words out.

“Wetting the bed at night isn’t enough for you?” Samantha stomped her way down the stairs angrily.

“I… I… The police and…” Thomas stuttered.

“Just come with me.” Samantha roughly grabbed Thomas’ hand and pulled him towards the stairs. She was furious and her poor husband couldn’t calm down enough to give any kind of explanation.

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“Wait, wait, wait…” Brad said interrupting the story, “How do you know all that police stuff?”

“He calmed down eventually.” Samantha said, “Explained what had happened in a lot of detail, I think he wanted to get it off his chest.”

“Okay, so what happened?” Brad asked.

“I made him take a shower and then I diapered him for the evening.” Samantha shrugged, “I thought he was trying to challenge me whilst also being lazy and unthinking. I rolled diapers during the day into the night time stuff, all he had to do was stay dry for a week.”

“He couldn’t do it?” Brad asked.

“Not even slightly.” Samantha shook her head, “In fact he got worse, he started getting lazy and more than once I noticed him wetting his diaper when he could’ve just got up to the bathroom.”

Brad was laughing again. It was just so hard to believe that a man would allow this to happen. He had met invertebrates with more spine than Samantha’s husband.

“So before I knew it I had a husband in diapers all day and night.” Samantha continued, “After a week he seemed to stop even fighting it. He would wear diapers to work, he would wet them wherever he was and whatever he was doing and he just sat around in them all day.”

“That’s how he started wearing them all the time.” Brad was incredulous, “He just gave up?”

“Yep.” Samantha said, “It was a downhill slope from there.”

“What happened next?” Brad asked.

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“How many times do I have to ask you to pick your crap up!?” Samantha shouted at Thomas as she walked into the bedroom.

“What?” Thomas pulled his covers up a little bit. He had been just lazing around in bed for a while with nothing on but his diaper. It was wet because he had been comfortable using his laptop and didn’t want to get up.

“Look around you.” Samantha put her arms out, “What do you see?”

Thomas looked around at the very familiar bedroom. It was clearly a room of two halves as Samantha’s side was almost pristine in how clean it was. All of her clothes were folded away and all her books and other things were neatly lined up on shelves. The worst thing that Thomas could say about it was the glass of water from the previous night that his wife had forgotten to take down to the kitchen. Things couldn’t have been more different on Thomas’ side, there was almost a clear divide down the middle of the room and you could see where Samantha’s space ended and Thomas’ space began.

Thomas’ side of the room was a complete mess and no part of the floor was visible. His clothes were piled up everywhere, there were old chocolate bar wrappers and fast food containers strewn around and it was a general fire hazard.

“I’m sick of it.” Samantha shook her head, “You are no closer to getting out of those diapers and you seem to love just leaving them around. Look!”

Samantha walked around to Thomas’ side of the bed and bent over. She threw a shirt against the far wall all picked up an old balled up diaper, it was clearly wet and had been there for a while. Samantha dropped it and wiped her hands with disgust.

“I’m sorry…” Thomas said rather lamely. There really was no excuse for the mess he was leaving and he knew he was being lazy with the diapers.

“It’s not good enough.” Samantha shouted, “I’m not going to let you live like this and leave old shitty diapers for me to step on.”

Thomas looked up at his wife with a shocked expression. He mouthed a few things and turned beet red.

“Oh yeah.” Samantha nodded her head and the familiar look of disgust returned, “Don’t think I don’t know about those “accidents” you’ve had. Seriously, if you don’t want me to find those diapers you could at least throw them in the trash outside rather than in the kitchen where they stink the place out till I move them.”

Thomas looked down at the bed like a toddler getting told off for being very naughty. He wished he could think of something to say, a counterpoint to his wife’s domineering assertions of his incompetence. Even then he was sitting in a diaper that he had wilfully wet, what could he possibly say to refute her harsh words?

“You don’t need a wife, you need a mother.” Samantha hissed crossly, “If you aren’t ready to grow up that’s fine but I’m not having a little boy in my bed.”

“W-What are you saying?” Thomas asked quietly.

Samantha gestured for Thomas to climb out of bed. He was reluctant but when he saw the fire in his eyes he knew he would be a fool to try and argue. He scooted across the bed under the cover as he tried to hide his embarrassing state for as long as possible. Eventually he pulled the cover aside and stood up, he wasn’t quick enough to cover himself and Samantha snorted in derision at his wet diaper.

Thomas followed his wife out on to the landing in just his wet diaper. The cold air of the hallway made him hug his chest and he walked behind Samantha to the room next to their bedroom, the guest bedroom.

“Until you can show you are ready to act responsibly you can sleep in here.” Samantha said as she opened the door on the mostly empty and little used room.

“What!?” Thomas exclaimed in shock, “But… But… I’m your husband.”

“You have to earn that right.” Samantha fired back.

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“So that’s where the nursery came from?” Brad asked.

“Not right away.” Samantha answered, “That took a while. The rest of the day we moved his stuff into that spare bedroom, you should’ve seen the look on his face. I felt bad but I had to try to teach him how to be better and if making him have responsibility over his room would do then that’s what we would do. I was serious as well, any time I walked around to his side of the bed I was scared of stepping on something squishy.”

“Eww… That’s so gross.” Brad replied as he screwed up his face, “Did he really do that thing with the messy diapers? Left them in the kitchen trash?”

“Yeah. Twice.” Samantha shook her head, “He claimed they were accidents but I have my doubts. He had to have done it whilst I wasn’t there otherwise I would have seen him do it or moving them but I never did. They were in the trash when I came home from shopping or something. The bathroom would’ve been free he just chose not to use it.”

“At the risk of being repetitive… That’s gross.” Brad repeated.

“You don’t need to tell me.” Samantha replied, “When I found a third messy diaper in the kitchen trash AFTER I had told him I knew about the first two I decided enough was enough and I took away his toilet privileges entirely.”

“He did it again!?” Brad was shocked. He thought nothing could surprise him about Thomas any more but he couldn’t help but be surprised.

“He did.” Samantha said, “He said he was mad at me for everything I was doing. As if I needed more proof that he was just a bratty baby.”

“He can’t have been happy that he was being told to use his diapers for everything.” Brad said.

“Oh he put up a fuss.” Samantha agreed, “He claimed he didn’t want to use his diapers at all but the stinky evidence in the kitchen suggested otherwise. That actually takes me on to the next escalation…”

Brad eagerly started listening and stroking Samantha’s hair as she continued the story.

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Samantha was sat in her bed and reading a book. It was late at night but she didn’t have anywhere to be the next day and her book was very enthralling. She was in a very good mood because contrary to all her beliefs and expectations it seemed like her husband was actually learning his lesson. She hadn’t heard him complaining about the diapers, he was going out of his way to be helpful and doing his best to tidy up.

The biggest change that Samantha saw was his dry diapers at night. She still had the original agreement on the table, a week of dry diapers overnight would do a lot to moving things back to normal and against all the odds Thomas had made it six dry nights in a row. She was changing his diapers during the day still but that was to be expected since he wasn’t allowed to use the toilet. He didn’t even complain when he pooped himself, he simply walked up to her and asked for a diaper change. It was the night time diapers that were truly under scrutiny.

Samantha was lying in bed and wondering what she would do when she woke up the next morning to another dry diaper when she suddenly heard a bang from outside her door. It was a soft bang but it was enough to get her attention and she looked at the door suspiciously. She tip-toed over and leant against the door, she was sure she heard muffled footsteps walking past.

Waiting for ten seconds, Samantha slowly and silently opened her door ready to pounce on an intruder that seemed to be sneaking around. She slowly leant her head out of the doorway and saw the bathroom light was on.

Samantha crept down the landing with increasing suspicion that this wasn’t a break-in and when she reached the bathroom door she could hear the very obvious sound of urine hitting a toilet bowl. Pushing the door open Samantha looked in to see her husband standing at the toilet with his dick pulled out the side of his leg band as he used the big boy potty.

“Oh dear, Tommy.” Samantha had said suddenly and loudly, “Someone’s cheating…”

Thomas almost jumped out of his skin when he heard Samantha’s voice and his grip on his penis slipped. Urine sprayed seemingly everywhere as he tried to regain control and aim himself back at the toilet. By the time he had finished peeing he had managed to get the toilet, the floor around the toilet and the nearby wall wet.

“I…I…” Tommy looked turned around to face his wife with his little penis still sticking limply out of his diaper.

“Do you want to explain what is happening here?” Samantha leaned in the doorway and folded her arms across her chest.

“I’ve been setting up alarms on my phone.” Thomas admitted. He hoped he would get some credit for being responsible, “Once every hour and coming to the toilet.”

“You’ve been doing this all week?” Samantha asked.

“Yes.” Thomas replied as he lowered his head. He finally remembered to tuck himself back into his diaper, “It’s how I’ve been staying dry.”

“I’ll give you high marks for ingenuity.” Samantha said with a little nod of the head, “But I’m going to take them all away for breaking the rules.”

“But-“ Thomas felt like he wasn’t getting enough credit.

“But nothing.” Samantha interrupted, “I told you that the toilet was off-limits until further notice and you ignored me.”

“My bed’s been dry though!” Thomas whined uselessly.

“I’m not having you getting in and out of bed all night and claim that as a success.” Samantha shook her head, “Get back to bed and stay there. I’ll deal with this in the morning.”

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“How did you deal with it?” Brad asked eagerly.

“He went to work the next day.” Samantha replied, “I was home alone and as you can probably tell from the nursery I’m pretty handy with DIY.”

“You built the crib?” Brad asked.

“Not the one we have now. The current one is professionally made, but I was able to put up some bars that would be inescapable for someone in the bed.” Samantha said.

“What did he think about that?” Brad laughed.

“It didn’t matter what he thought.” Samantha replied with a giggle of her own, “He was surprised and upset but that didn’t stop me locking him in there at bedtime. He wet himself of course, he was hopeless at this point and without being able to go to the toilet a dozen times a night he had no hope of staying dry.”

“I wish I had been here to see it.” Brad said wistfully.

“You’re here now. That’s all that matters.” Samantha rolled over so the back of her head rested on Brad’s crotch and she could look up into Brad’s eyes, “Anyway, now that I was having to deal with a lot of wet and messy diapers, and because he didn’t seem like he was going to stop anytime soon, I decided we needed a changing table. It took me a week but I got it built, it’s the one we still use today.”

“I always knew you were good with your hands.” Brad winked at his girlfriend causing her to roll her eyes and laugh.

“We carried on like that for a week or two when my mother showed up.” Samantha continued.

“Ooh, this’ll be good!” Brad replied.

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Samantha had been making herself some lunch when the doorbell rang. She quickly wiped her hands on some towels and then rushed down the hall to open the front door.

“Hi Mom!” Samantha reached forward and hugged her mother.

“Lovely to see you Samantha.” Maggie replied as she returned her hug. Maggie was similar to her daughter in many ways but her voice was even sterner, “So what was this burning issue you wanted to discuss.”

“I’m not sure you’ll believe me.” Samantha laughed as she invited her mother in.

Samantha relayed the story of the last week and everything that happened. She told her about the bed wetting, the diapers, the makeshift crib, the changing table and everything in between. To Samantha’s surprise her mother didn’t seem shocked by this at all.

“You know I told you he would be like this the first time I met him.” Maggie said with a shake of the head, “I could see he was bad for you.”

“I know, I know...” Samantha said, “But my point is… Where do I go from here? I’ve done all this stuff but he is still messing up all the time.”

“Just keep going.” Maggie answered almost immediately, “If the diapers aren’t working maybe you just need to take it even further.”

“How do I do that?” Samantha asked with a frown.

“You take away what adulthood he has left.” Maggie said, “Make him hand in his notice at work and keep him as a baby. You’re already halfway there!”

“A baby?” Samantha asked, “But-”

“Hear me out!” Maggie put her hands out to stop her daughter, “He’s failing at adulthood, right?”

“He’s certainly letting me down.” Samantha admitted.

“So take the adulthood away.” Maggie continued, “Give him toys, pacifiers, bottles… I never wanted to tell you this but before you were born your father and I had a similar problem.”

“You mean…” Samantha gasped and covered her mouth.

“I had your father in diapers for months.” Maggie said.

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“Woah, woah, woah…” Brad sat up suddenly, “Your dad was babied just like Thomas!?”

Samantha looked up at Brad with a straight face for a few seconds before a small grin crept across her face. She started laughing loudly as she wriggled around with her head on Brad’s lap.

“Alright, you got me.” Samantha laughed, “Everything up until that was true though. She did suggest taking it further and after a little discussion I agreed with her.”

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Samantha worked secretly with Maggie for the next week. They made sure all of their ducks were lined up in a row before they acted. When they did eventually act they did so quickly and made the changes happen so fast that Thomas didn’t know what was happening.

Thomas woke up on the Monday morning just like he always did. At first there were no indications that anything was wrong, his diaper was wet and the bars on his bed stopped him leaving until his wife came to let him out. Everything was how it usually was these days.

Thomas leant against the wall and waited for the door to open, it never usually took long and he was eagerly eyeing up the dry diapers underneath the changing table. Despite his general dislike of the diapers he had grown to love the dry ones and he eagerly looked forward to his morning changes.

When the door finally opened that morning Thomas smiled and got ready to be let out of his cage. He watched Samantha come in and then, to his horror, his mother-in-law followed Samantha into the room.

Thomas’ eyes flew wide open and he quickly tried to cover himself up with his cover but it was useless, Maggie had seen everything. She was smiling at him and looking around the room approvingly.

“You’re handing in your notice today.” Samantha ordered as she pulled a letter out of her back pocket, “From now on you’ll be staying at home with me.”

“My notice? What do you mean? How will we pay the bills?” Thomas couldn’t make sense of any of this.

“Mother will be paying our bills from now on. As you know my parents have a lot of money and they agree with me that this is the best for you.” Samantha stated as she started unlocking the bars, “We’ve decided that you have proven you can’t be an adult.”

“W-What?” Thomas whispered. This was all so sudden and strange but with Maggie grinning at him he had to believe his wife was being totally serious.

Maggie walked to the door and threw it open. Thomas saw a pile of boxes outside and Maggie dragged one in, she opened it up and started lifting out teddy bears. She started putting them up on shelves before bringing in a second box that had an elaborate musical mobile to hang above the bed.

“What’s happening!?” Thomas asked with panic as he watched his wife join in on the redecoration.

“You’re no longer my husband.” Samantha stated casually, “You’re my baby.”

Thomas couldn’t believe what he was seeing as the room was slowly filled with toys, teddy bears and other baby paraphernalia. He was stunned into silence and he just shook his head.

“From now on you are going to be my baby.” Samantha repeated as she took Thomas’ hand and helped him out of the bed, “Now get up on the changing table and lay down.”

Thomas knew he should be complaining or trying to stop Samantha from doing this but he found his mouth paralysed. He was completely out of control of the situation and unable to stop things, it already felt like everything had gone too far. Thomas couldn’t see a way to argue with his wife or mother-in-law, he looked up at them with scared eyes.

Thomas felt his diaper getting removed and blushed as Maggie looked down at his bare crotch. She shook her head and laughed as she assessed her son-in-law’s manhood.

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“So it was just like that?” Brad asked, “You and Maggie just told him that was how it would be and he quietly accepted it?”

“Yep, like I said he put up a pitiful resistance.” Samantha finally sat up with a yawn. She stood up and put her dressing gown on. She let it hang open exposing all her most womanly parts.

“So has he ever tried to fight back and end this?” Brad asked.

“Once.” Samantha replied, “But it was a miserable failure for him. He got punished enough to know not to cross me again.”

“This is so crazy.” Brad stood up now and started gathering his clothes, “Seriously, this could be some kind of story. You have to know there are people out there that would eat this stuff up!”

“Stop it!” Samantha laughed, “You know this isn’t fiction. This is real life.”

Brad walked around the bed and wrapped his arms around Samantha. He leaned down to kiss her on the lips before standing back up.

“Speaking of real life, I should be getting to work.” Brad said, “And you probably have a stinky butt to change.”

“Ugh, don’t remind me.” Samantha replied, “Maybe I’ll have breakfast first.”

As Brad and Samantha left the bedroom Samantha opened the door to the nursery and poked her head in. She saw Thomas sitting on his mattress looking forlornly at the door, the air was thick with the smell of used diapers. She saw Thomas perk up at the sight of her before she closed the door again and walked downstairs.

Thomas sat in his messy and soaked diaper and hoped his wife would be back soon. There was a staged battle with his toys downstairs that he wanted to get back to and some children’s shows that he liked to watch in the mornings. He had to make do with what he had and though it wasn’t much, it was his life.