Nick was breathing heavily as he tried to suck oxygen back into his lungs. He was on his knees at the feet of Jack who was standing over him like a prize fighter who had just landed the knockout blow. Nick had tears already running down his cheeks and like a submissive animal he tried not to move. He was trembling slightly as he tried to recover.

“You can’t.” Jack said quietly, “You can’t even make me leave your house.”

Nick could hear the menace in Jack’s voice. The man who had slept with his wife and had now brought Nick to his knees was standing over him, he was being taunted by an alpha male. A sob escaped Nick’s lips as he slowly shifted his weight, the mess in his diaper pasted the padding to Nick’s skin.

“I… I don’t want any trouble.” Nick stuttered in between deep breaths, “I’m sorry. Just please don’t hurt me.”

“Hurt you?” Jack sounded bemused, “I don’t want to hurt you. Sarah wants me to look after you, silly baby.”

Nick didn’t like the tone of Jack’s voice and bearing in mind the hit he had just taken to the gut he didn’t believe Jack didn’t intend to hurt him further. Nick considered springing up and bolting towards the front door but he was trapped in place, Jack was standing between him and escape. Nick remembered back to high school when he had been bullied, he felt exactly like this. Small and insignificant, Nick was being humbled.

There were a few moments of silence. Nick was finally starting to get his breath back but he was hesitant to stand up. A car drove past outside and Nick had another of his moments where he wished he was someone else living a normal life. How different things would’ve been if he had just been a normal husband. He thought all the way back to the speeding ticket he got at the start of all this mess, maybe if he hadn’t got that he would still be his regular self and maybe Jack would never have appeared on the scene.

“First things first.” Jack said as he clapped his hands together to break Nick from his reverie, “I think we should have something to eat.”

Nick didn’t know if Jack was waiting for him to respond but being eager not to anger the dangerous man he gave a quick nod of his head. He still wouldn’t look up from the floor, the only part of Jack he could see was the bottom of his legs.

“Well go on then.” Jack said impatiently, “Crawl out to the kitchen.”

Nick didn’t want to keep Jack waiting and he started scampering down the hallway. His diaper was high in the air behind him and he was sure Jack must know he had pooped himself, even if the diaper hadn’t changed colour the smell would easily give it away.

Nick felt very vulnerable and he was keen to keep Jack happy in an act of self-preservation. He couldn’t believe Sarah had left him alone with this man, he wished he had some way of contacting her and telling her what was happening.

With his hands and knees moving from the carpeted hallway to the linoleum of the kitchen Nick stopped next to the table. He didn’t dare to look up from the ground as Jack strode in behind him and went straight to the fridge.

“Right, let’s see what we’ve got…” Jack said to himself as he reached into the fridge and started moving things around.

Nick had tears in his eyes even though his breath had returned. He felt the bottom of his ribs with one of his hands and could feel the area already beginning to bruise, he winced but managed to stop himself from blubbering like an infant.

“Baby food!” Jack exclaimed with a bark of a laugh, “That’d be about right.”

Nick heard Jack gathering some things from the fridge before he walked over to the kitchen counter. Nick wondered whether he should get up and sit in the chair but thought it would be safer to remain where he was. He had the table and most of the chairs separating himself from Jack but he watched the larger man’s feet moving backwards and forwards as he prepared lunch.

Looking back down the hallway Nick saw the telephone next to the front door. He wondered if he would be able to get down to it and call for help. Who would he call? The only person Nick could think about calling would be Kirsty. She knew his diapered status and she was tough enough to stand up to the bully in the kitchen, there was no one else Nick felt confident to ask for help from. He briefly considered his friends, Steven in particular, but that was out of the question.

“Here you go.” Jack said as he walked around the table.

Nick started to climb to his feet but he quickly felt a foot on his back keeping him on all fours. He felt himself getting pushed down slightly and he wished it would stop because his hands and knees were already sore.

“No, you can eat down there.” Jack said as he took his foot away and then leaned down to place the bowl on the floor.

Nick felt shame coursing through him as she saw the bowl full of baby food underneath his face. He wanted to stand up more than anything but with Jack right there he didn’t feel it would be safe. The baby food hadn’t even been warmed up and he didn’t want to eat off the floor like a dog.

“Eat!” Jack shouted forcefully.

Nick trembled but he couldn’t make himself bend down like that. He didn’t have a lot of dignity left but he had enough to not want to be treated like an animal, he was coming to terms with pleading with Jack again when he suddenly felt a large hand roughly grab the back of his head.

“Ouch!” Nick cried out as he felt the hand pushing his head towards the bowl.

Nick tried to resist but he was much weaker than Jack and soon his face was pushed down into the bowl. He felt his nose dip into the food first but Jack didn’t stop pushing down until his whole face was submerged. Nick struggled and then panic started flowing through his system as he thought he was going to drown, baby food splashed everywhere as Nick struggled. Jack finally relented and Nick pulled his face out of the bowl, he took deep breaths as the cold food dripped down his face. Jack was looking at him expectantly and he knew he had to eat, if he didn’t he would be pushed under again.

Nick trembled as he leaned forwards. His messy ass pointed into the air as he lowered his face to the horrible food. He opened his mouth and filled it with the food, he swallowed it and quickly continued. He was eager to end this humiliating meal as soon as possible, his butt was itching and he was desperately hoping a diaper change was on the horizon.

“Maybe you should be a dog rather than a baby.” Jack snorted with contempt, “Bark for me.”

Nick paused his swallowing to look up at Jack again. Baby food dripped down his face and off his chin as he tried to see if Jack was serious, he was.

“Woof…” Nick muttered quietly. His eyes were tearing up again and he started quickly putting his head back down to his food.

Jack didn’t let Nick stop eating until the bowl was empty. Nick was forced to run his tongue around the sides and bottom to lick up everything that was in front of him. He finally finished and sat back a bit, his face had large splotches of quickly drying food but Nick wasn’t about to try and clean himself up unless he was told to.

“We should change that shitty nappy.” Jack spat out a few moments later, “Come on.”

Nick followed Jack out of the room and up the stairs. As he passed the phone he looked at it longingly but didn’t take it, in his desperation he even considered flinging the front door open and running outside but that wouldn’t help at all. Like an obedient child he followed the bully upstairs and into the bathroom rather than the nursery.

“Stand up in the tub.” Jack ordered as he opened a window.

Whilst Nick climbed awkwardly to his feet and into the bath Jack pulled the showerhead from it’s holder and examined it. Once Nick was stood with his legs slightly apart Jack reached forward and roughly pulled at the tapes.

Nick felt the messy nappy fall away from his body. It landed in the bottom of the tub with a thump, Nick looked down to see the full nappy and closed his eyes, he was trembling slightly from fear but also the cool air in the room. He was completely naked in front of this alpha male who was regarding him with disgust.

Jack turned on the shower and pointed it at the bottom of the tub where some of the faecal matter had fallen out of the disposable nappy. Nick watched as Jack turned the temperature way down so instead of the nice warm shower Nick was used to he could feel freezing water surrounding his feet.

Nick noted that Jack didn’t seem to care about making a mess and water was spraying everywhere around the room. He picked up and closed the messy diaper before dropping it behind him where it fell to the floor again, thankfully it didn’t lose containment.

Jack picked up the showerhead again and without any hesitation he turned it on Nick’s body. Nick felt the water hit him and cascade down his body, the water was absolutely freezing. Nick tried to reach out to stop the stream but he couldn’t do anything. He felt like he was in shock as his brain struggled to catch up to events.

“Ah! Please! It’s too cold!” Nick moaned as his naked body was soaked. He wanted to escape the tub and get away but Jack prevented that from happening.

Eventually and mercifully the water was stopped and Nick, trembling violently, wrapped his arms around his chest. He was so cold he was surprised the water hadn’t turned to ice against his body.

“And I thought it was pathetically small before.” Jack let out a bark of a laugh, “Turn around.”

Nick followed his gaze down to his genitals. He was unsurprised that the cold water had caused things to shrink quite a bit and he was too cold to be overly concerned with the teasing. Nick slowly turned so that his back was to Jack, he felt very vulnerable but despite everything he was hopeful he would get his messy butt cleaned.

The cold water hit Nick like a bullet. He hadn’t been prepared and he almost fell forward against the wall from the shock. The water was sprayed all over his body but the colour of the water coming off his body let Nick know that he was being cleaned at least.

By the time the water was turned off Nick was clean but freezing cold. When he felt a towel drape around his shoulders he quickly grabbed it and pulled it as close to himself as he could. He stepped out of the bath and waited for Jack to give him an instruction.

“Follow me.” Jack grunted. He walked out of the room without waiting for Nick to properly dry himself.

Nick was still dripping as he walked down the landing and into his nursery. He looked at the changing table but Jack walked to the opposite side of the room where the crib stood waiting. He lowered the side and pointed for Nick to climb in.

“But I’m still wet.” Nick croaked out.

Jack walked back over and although Nick knew he had made a mistake he had no time to prevent the bully from grabbing his arm. He was roughly pulled forwards where he crashed into the side of the crib. Jack didn’t relent and pushed Nick into the baby bed before raising the side.

“You can stay there.” Jack said simply as he turned around and started walking to the door.

Nick was confused and despite feeling a little hurt he had to speak up.

“But… What about a nappy?” Nick asked quietly.

“Are you really so pathetic that you can’t wait in there for an hour or so without a nappy?” Jack asked with a sneer. He didn’t even wait for the answer as he stepped outside the room and closed the door behind him.

“… Yes.” Nick whispered to himself. He looked down at his wet and naked body, it was only a matter of time before it betrayed him.

Nick heard heavy footsteps going down the stairs and then the slamming of the front door. He shivered slightly as he realised he was alone and stuck in his crib. The silence was scary and Nick felt very unsafe without padding between his legs, it was the first time he had been without a nappy in quite some time. He sniffed slightly and pulled his towel closer to him, he was still quite wet and the sheets underneath him was starting to get wet.

Nick was confused and worried. He wondered if Jack was coming back or had even really gone in the first place. He listened to the silence for any sign of another person but there was none. Nick laid down on his towel and tried to stay calm, he knew his wife was at the hospital but she wasn’t going to be there forever.

Time ticked by and Nick was still alone. His fear was abating a little bit as he realised that being alone was probably better than being with Jack. However, the thing that had worried him most was bound to happen sooner or later.

With barely a twitch or conscious urge Nick suddenly felt himself pissing. He felt the hot urine start flowing over his left leg and he quickly sat up.

“No… Stop!” Nick called out uselessly as if his weak bladder would listen to his commands.

Nick did the only thing he could do and pushed himself against the bars. He thrust his tool between the bars and watched as his urine fell to the floor next to the crib like a waterfall. Nick started crying as he ruined the carpet and watched an ever expanding wet spot. He wanted to stop wetting but despite his best efforts he could barely even slow the stream. He was angry and annoyed at himself for his weakness.

When the stream finally stopped Nick collapsed backwards against the side of the crib closer to the wall. His penis was still dripping slightly but he barely noticed since the sheets and mattress were already so wet from the bath water.

Nick cried long and hard like a baby who needed his mummy. He was no more an adult than any other toddler and he desperately wanted Sarah to come back home to hold him and tell him everything will be alright. He fell sideways so his head rested on his pillows and the tears joined the water and urine in wetting all the cloth around him.

Just when Nick felt things couldn’t get any worse he heard a sound that terrified him. In a gap between loud sobs the naked man heard the sound of the front door opening and closing again. He trembled slightly as footsteps echoed on the stairs, they were loud footsteps, they were a man’s footsteps.

Nick held his breath and closed his eyes as he saw the handle to the nursery twisting. He gritted his teeth and tried to hide underneath his towel as the creaking door slowly opened.