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.