The next week for Tim continued in the same vein as it had started. His routine was as depressing as it was embarrassing and he greatly resented it all. In the mornings Elizabeth would remove his used overnight diaper and let him shower, it was his only time without padding and he made the most of it each day. Whenever he would shower he would look over at the toilet almost jealously it had been long enough since he used it last that he had forgotten what it was like. Tim was used to the warmth of his own piss and poop smearing against him.

Work was no respite for Tim and Fiona was having a great deal of fun with the predicament Tim found himself in. She insisted in conducting all of his diaper changes and each one was as harrowing as the last. It got even worse though as Fiona found new and more creative ways to embarrass her boss.

One lunch time she had walked in just as Tim was about to eat and insisted she feed him as if he was helpless. Tim had been forced to sit in his chair struggling to swallow from shame as he ate from the beautiful secretary’s hands. Her smiling face mocked him and only made it harder for him to eat.

Tim never knew what to expect and when he came into work on the Wednesday of that week he found a colouring book on his desk. He hurriedly shoved it away in a draw before someone walked in and saw it but found an e-mail sent to him from Fiona.

“I’m going to be an hour or so late this morning.” Fiona had written. She knew she had the power, the wasn’t apologising for being late but simply telling Tim it was happening, “I left something on your desk for you after you left yesterday. I expect five pages filled in when I get to work.”

Tim head and shoulders slumped as he re-opened the drawer and pulled the colouring book back out and opened it up to the first page. He picked up one of the coloured pens left on his desk and started colouring as quickly as he could. Thanks to his haste and the watery tears that filled his eyes his colouring was very messy and unimpressive. When Fiona got into work and examined what he had done she had laughed and taken photos on her phone with the beleaguered man holding the pages up.

Tim was miserable and going home in the evening never made things much better. He would have his dinner in his highchair and would have to watch television with his “mommy” and “big sister” neither of whom showed any signs of relenting with this humiliating treatment.

One thing Tim had managed to do that had somewhat helped his situation was training himself to poop in the evening rather than during the day. Every evening he would fill his diaper, usually whilst sitting on the floor and playing with whatever toys he had been given, and then get taken for a diaper change. By the end of the week it had become so normal that no one really even batted an eye when he made a stinky and Elizabeth took him for a fresh diaper.

Over the course of the week Tim noticed even more weirdness. He was never at home during the day but whenever he got home from work he would notice empty cardboard boxes by the front door, occasionally he would see some furniture that had long been in the house in the front garden and ready to be thrown away. He was very confused by these things but anytime he tried to ask he was harshly rebuked.

“Babies don’t need to know about furniture changes.” Elizabeth would say. Rebecca would nod along with a big smile. Tim knew that the teenage girl knew what was coming but no one thought it important to let him know.

Tim learnt to stop asking questions and these weird signs of redecoration or room transformation became the norm. Just like the diapers it quickly just became part of everyday life. It wasn’t a life he enjoyed or wanted but it didn’t seem like anyone cared what he wanted these days.

It was the end of the second week before Tim was given any indication of what was happening. He had spent the morning in the living room with a bottle of milk and some of the toys that had been bought for him. He was playing with some toy cars to pass the time and was constantly getting refills for his bottle whenever he required one. From upstairs there was banging and the sounds of heavy things being moved around.

Eventually there was a pause in the movement of everything and Tim heard footsteps on the stairs. He quickly put the toys down to make it look like he hadn’t touched them as the two women he shared a home with walked into the living room, they were sweaty from whatever exertions were going on.

“What’s happening?” Tim asked curiously from the floor. He moved to sit cross-legged to try and hide just how wet his diaper was.

“You’ll find out after lunch.” Elizabeth replied happily as she walked right through top the kitchen.

Tim rolled his eyes at the unnecessary secrecy and he looked to Rebecca who was still looking down at him. She walked slowly round to face him and squatted down. Her hand went down and pressed against the wet padding, she shook her head and clucked her tongue as she stood back up and started walking away.

“Bitch.” Tim couldn’t stop himself from insulting the teenager who was doing her best to annoy him.

Rebecca didn’t stop but continued to the dining room. She took her seat at the table and just a minute or so later Elizabeth came into the room with some hastily made plates of lunch.

“Come on, baby.” Rebecca called out to the living room as Elizabeth walked back out to the kitchen, “Time for lunch.”

Tim climbed to his feet and felt his diaper sag low with the weight of all his pee. He had been drinking very steadily all morning and that meant he had been wetting himself steadily too. He waddled his way out to the kitchen and hopped up into the highchair that was waiting for him, he tried to maintain his dignity as much as possible but it was nearly impossible in the circumstances.

Elizabeth came back out to the dining room a minute or so later and carried a familiar bowl. As usual it was placed in front of Tim who looked down at the warm baby food, he shook his head slightly in disappointment. He was already in a bad mood and being presented with this meal was doing nothing to help that. The more he looked at the lumpy and bland food the more he felt his anger rising. This had gone on too far and he had more than learned his lesson about being nice to others, this was cruel and unusual punishment!

“May I feed him?” Rebecca asked as Elizabeth sat down.

“Of course, sweetie. What a nice big sister you’re being.” Elizabeth replied with a broad smile.

Tim looked up from his food with a face of thunder. He watched Rebecca walk around to his highchair and pick up his spoon. As Rebecca dipped it into the food and stirred he could hold his silence and begrudging acceptance of what was happening no longer.

“I’m not eating this.” Tim growled angrily.

“Don’t be silly.” Elizabeth said dismissively without looking up, “Eat your lunch like a good baby.”

Enough was enough and Tim was no longer going to sit there and accept this horrible treatment. He hadn’t been restrained in the highchair except for the tray and he was no longer willing to quietly sit and eat.

With a feeling of rage Tim raised his fists into the air and then brought them crashing down on to the plastic tray. The flimsy tray immediately gave way and the bowl of food flew across the table scattering its contents as it spiralled through the air. Tim jumped out of the highchair and saw the tray now hanging limply on its hinges, he had managed to break it in some way but he was too angry to care.

“Tim!” Elizabeth stood up with a fire in her eyes, “You sit right back down before-”

Tim wasn’t listening and the red mist had very much descended. He turned to storm away from the table but Rebecca was in the way. He tried to step around the teenager but she continued to block his path. She was still holding the spoon that was about to feed him.

“Mom, said to sit back down.” Rebecca said. She tried to sound confident but Tim could see she was less confident than her mother.

Tim reached forwards with the idea of gently pushing Rebecca out of the way so he could leave the table but in his anger he made a terrible mistake. What he had meant to be a small shove turned into a much bigger push, he hadn’t realised how light Rebecca was and when he pushed her she stumbled backwards and tripped over the edge of the carpet. Time seemed to slow to a crawl as Rebecca fell backwards and on to the ground.

For the second time since this all began Tim’s anger had caused the teenager to get hurt and now his rage had disappeared. His anger had been replaced by regret for what he had done and in the silence of the dining room he realised he had just got himself in a whole lot more trouble.

Tim expected someone to be shouting at him or even hitting him but instead he felt a hand grab his arm. He turned to the side and saw Elizabeth looking at him with a stony expression that scared Tim more than if she had just been angry.

“Rebecca, are you alright?” Elizabeth asked softly.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Rebecca said as she quickly stood up again.

“Come with me.” Elizabeth hissed with a ferocity that made Tim shake. He felt compelled to follow the instructions. He looked at Rebecca as he was led past and she had an unreadable expression on her face.

“I… I…” Tim’s rage had melted away and now he just felt lost and sorry for what he had done. He was pulled towards the stairs as he looked back at Rebecca who stared straight back at him.

Tim stumbled up the stairs as Elizabeth yanked on his arm. The stronger woman pulled on him relentlessly even as Tim tripped and scrambled back to his feet. He turned to see Rebecca following at a distance it was clear she was at least interested to see what was about to happen.

Tim had expected to be pulled into the master bedroom but he was dragged straight past it. He saw the bathroom and felt fear hit him like a lightning bolt as he considered that maybe he was about to receive another enema but he was pulled away from that room to. Elizabeth finally stopped pulling the crinkling man when she was stood outside the spare bedroom, a room that usually stayed locked and that Tim had only been in once or twice in the past.

“What’s going on?” Tim dared to ask as Elizabeth pulled a key out of her pocket and started putting it in the lock.

Elizabeth remained silent as she turned the key and pushed the door open. She stood to the side and pointed for Tim to walk into the room. He looked at her in confusion and then stepped up to the doorway. The moment he saw the room inside he froze in place and his eyes expanded to the size of dinner plates.

The spare bedroom looked nothing like how Tim remembered it. His head slowly turned as he looked from one side of the small bedroom to the other, it was as if he had fallen through a portal into a completely different house. It didn’t make sense, this is what they had been doing whilst he was at work.

“I wasn’t going to reveal it until we had time to stock up on some more things but I can see you aren’t prepared to be around adults.” Elizabeth said sardonically.

“What have you done!?” Tim gasped.

The room had transformed from a mostly bare and unused bedroom into something very different. The small bed that had been pushed against the wall had been replaced with a large crib. The mattress was raised off the floor and the barred sides rose high into the air. The opposite wall was taken up almost entirely by a changing table that seemed fully stocked with diapers and changing supplies.

There were shelves above the changing table that were empty. Tim assumed the empty shelves were what Elizabeth was referring to when she said she was going to wait to reveal everything. On the floor was a play mat although it didn’t look like there were toys to play with. There was a closet next to the door and Tim hoped it was empty.

“It was Rebecca’s idea.” Elizabeth said as she put her arm around her daughter, “She’s such a thoughtful person… Unlike someone else I can think of…”

“I’m not staying in here.” Tim immediately said. His shaking voice betrayed how shocked and worried he was by what he was looking at.

Elizabeth closed the door and locked it. Tim watched as she handed the key to Rebecca who put it in her jeans pocket, he felt more trapped than ever and he knew he couldn’t grab the key off Rebecca without risking even more problems.

Tim watched Elizabeth walk to the side of the crib where she trod on the foot release next to one of the crib’s legs. The side facing the room rattled to the ground and hit the floor with a loud bang which made Tim wince.

“Get in.” Elizabeth ordered her boyfriend.

“But-” Tim lifted his arm and screwed up his face as he tried to protest.

“But nothing.” Elizabeth said warningly, “Get in before I have to drag you in.”

Tim felt awful for what he had done downstairs and even as he was still mired in shock he knew that he did probably deserve some punishment for what he had done. He didn’t want to walk forwards and be the good little boy following orders but he didn’t know what else he could do. Tim couldn’t leave the room without breaking down the door and pushing past Rebecca in the process, if he tried to resist or refused to follow the instructions he knew he would eventually end up in the crib anyway and his punishment would almost certainly be worse.

With great reluctance Tim stepped forwards and slowly moved towards the new crib. Even this slow acceptance wasn’t enough for Elizabeth who reached forwards and pulled him roughly towards the mattress. Tim stumbled slightly but climbed up into the bed without any further protest. Almost before he could turn around he heard the bars rattling upwards and with a heavy click he heard the latch that held the bars up.

Tim looked at the side that descended and tried to work out how he could escape the baby bed. His plaintive glances at the bars that surrounded him seemed to bring the two women quite some joy.

“Go ahead and try to get out.” Elizabeth said as she folded her arms across her chest, “It was advertised as being inescapable and I’m keen to put that to the test.”

Tim looked at the bars and slowly moved his hands towards them. He didn’t like how the women were watching him but he would love to prove them wrong and find a way out. He pushed against the bars and was shocked at how little they moved, they were so solid it was almost like they were made of solid steel. After a couple of minutes pulling at them he hadn’t made any progress.

“You can do better than that!” Rebecca said causing Elizabeth to giggle.

Tim felt his temperature rising and he leaned backwards to aim his feet at the bars. He kicked out in the hope of breaking something but all he got was a searing pain in the bottom of his foot, the bars were unmoved by his efforts.

Realising he wasn’t going to break the bars he stood up on the mattress and looked at the top to see if he could climb over it. The bars were very high and if he succeeded in jumping over the top he was sure he would fall to the ground with quite a thump. He was sure the pain he would experience from such a drop would be worth it to prove the two females wrong.

The horizontal bar at the top of the crib was shoulder high for him. He wasn’t very tall and he certainly wasn’t very strong but he tried jumping up anyway. He couldn’t even get close to lifting himself over the top. It didn’t help that the top bar had sections that spun making it impossible to get a good grip, the top of the bars curved inward slightly as well making it even harder to lift himself up.

Tim jumped up one more time and he tried to kick off one of the vertical bars for extra power but his foot slipped around the slippery and spinning pole causing his foot to go out into the room. He lost his grip at the top and with a small yelp of fear he fell backwards against the mattress with a small bounce.

“Good. That seems like a successful test.” Elizabeth said as she clapped her hands together, “Rebecca, would you be a dear and get me a fresh bottle of milk for Tim please.”

Rebecca was happy to oblige and she gave the man a smug look of victory as she left the room and hurried downstairs. Tim watched her go feeling angry at himself for losing control and pushing her.

“I made a mistake and I’m really sorry.” Tim said once he heard Rebecca at the bottom of the stairs, “This is really not needed, it won’t happen again.”

“You’re damn right it won’t happen again.” Elizabeth said quickly and seriously, “And you’re wrong. This is needed until you learn that your childish actions have consequences.”

Tim sat up and grabbed the bars with his hands. He leaned his head against the bars and remained silent as they waited for Rebecca to come back. Tim eventually looked up to look around the rather bare nursery, he didn’t like any of it but the worst part was the changing table. The diapers and changing supplies on the shelves facing him seemed to be making fun of him.

Eventually the door to the nursery opened again and Rebecca walked back in with a large bottle filled with milk. She smugly walked across the room and held it out for her mother to take.

“How about you feed him his bottle?” Elizabeth suggested, “You were going to feed him dinner anyway.”

Tim cringed as the smiling Rebecca stepped forwards and stuck the bottle through the bars a little further down the crib. After a glance at Elizabeth who nodded encouragingly Tim slowly moved down the crib, his crinkling baby pants a constant reminder of how all of this started.

Once Tim was centred in front of Rebecca and the bottle he leaned slowly forwards. His cheeks were a deep red and the look he was getting from Rebecca let him know that he was completely defeated, she was lording her victory over him and he could do nothing to turn the tables. Despite everything Tim had tried to do he was at his lowest ebb and for the first time he considered that maybe he should just give up.

Tim leaned in until the nipple was just an inch from his face. He sighed in resignation and gave up on trying to fight the inevitable. A tear rolled down his cheeks as he closed his eyes and opened his lips. When he felt the latex teat against his tongue he knew to close his mouth and he started sucking on the bottle. As he swallowed the milk he felt his bladder give the merest of hints that he needed to pee.

Tim didn’t even try to hold it in. As he noisily sucked on the bottle he relaxed the muscles down below and he allowed the urine to flow straight into the padding. He soaked his underwear as he drank from the bottle and felt more like a baby than ever before. As he finished the bottle he leaned backwards and sat on his newly warmed diaper.

“Now you can think about what you’ve done.” Elizabeth said.

As the two women started to walk out the room Tim knew he would definitely be thinking about everything he had done that had led him to this point. He would be thinking about all of the times he had cheated on Elizabeth or hurt her in some way. He would think about his snide comments about Rebecca and the things he had done that had hurt in some way.

As the door to the nursery closed and Tim was left alone he laid back in his caged bed and closed his eyes again. He didn’t know how long he would be left in this crib and he had no idea how long this time in diapers would last. All he could do was wait and hope for the best as he reached down and felt the warm front of his disposable pants.

Whilst Tim slowly fell asleep he hugged the pillow hard and began dreaming of his life before all this had begun. A life where he had made better life choices.