

Diapercuck's Life

By Champ (www.subscribestar.com/champtehotter)

Chapter 1: Frank Fucks Up

"What do you fucking mean I'm fired? You can't do this! I've been working for this company for 12 years!"

Frank ended the call and cursed. They hadn't even had the courtesy to tell him in person. Instead they had taken the precaution of locking everyone out of the system first before they began their massive layoffs.

"Fuckers!" he screamed, slamming his smartphone down on the kitchen counter.

"Honey!" called his wife Leandra, walking into the room. "Calm down! Breaking your phone isn't going to do us any good. We've got some money saved up. We can coast for a few months and then..."

"No we don't," Frank said, staring hard at the counter in front of him.

"What do you mean? Frank? What do you mean?" asked Leandra, her tone going from confused to concerned to demanding as she stood up and marched over to her husband. "Frank. What. Do. You. Mean?"

Frank's eyes fixed on the granite countertop as he white-knuckled it, but still he refused to meet her gaze. Leandra gritted her teeth.

"What did you do with the money, Frank?"

"We were supposed to get our bonuses this month," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Where's the *money* Frank? At least tell me you paid the rent?"

"I didn't *know* they were going to *fire* us... I didn't know..."

"The rent that was due on the first?" Leandra grabbed the smaller man and spun him around. "I swear to god Frank, if you don't.... Frank? Are you... are you *crying*?"

"It's not *fair*! They didn't even warn me!"

Leandra let go of her husband, disgusted, and let him crumple to the counter.

"Don't cry like you're some sort of victim, Frank. *You* spent our savings and you didn't even warn *me*. You had no right to do that. Christ. What are we going to do?"

Leandra began pacing the kitchen, running her fingers through her tightly tied hair as if she was going to grip it and pull it out by the roots.

"I'm gonna go to bed," Frank said, still sobbing. He grabbed his phone and left Leandra pacing there, but as soon as he was out of her sight, the crying stopped. He

was sure she'd be in there pacing for a while, which meant that he would have time to blow off some steam on his favorite sex site: *Subby Cucky Suckers*. Frank just *loved* seeing pathetic husbands get humiliated and forced to service their wives' new lovers - especially after said lovers just finished creaming their wives' pies. Frank had a *double platinum* membership, which may have contributed to their dip in savings, not that he cared.

The problem was, these videos seemed to be the only way he could get hard these days. For some reason, he couldn't perform in the bedroom anymore. It wasn't great for their relationship, but that was clearly Leandra's own fault because he *always* got hard when he watched the videos. He was just glad he had found a solution that worked for *him*.

Frank checked once more to make sure Leandra wasn't following him before closing the bedroom door. He smiled as he opened his bookmark to one of his favorites; some pathetic guy who was forced to live as his wife and her lover's diapered baby bitch.

"Oh yeah, cucky bitch," said the man on the screen. "Suck it. I'll bet that boy pussy of yours is sopping wet in that diaper. Maybe I'll give you something to fill it with later... a little extra helping of *baby batter*..."

It sucked that Frank's screen was all cracked now. All thanks to his stupid asshole *employers*. He'd have to trade with his wife and make *her* take the broken one. Leandra didn't look at porn anyway, so she didn't really need a working screen like Frank did.

Frank growled in frustration as he tried to make out the figures moving behind the spiderweb cracks on his screen, but it was like trying to watch pixelated porn. All he could clearly make out was the noises. Disgusted, Frank tossed the phone aside and it fell somewhere between Leandra's side of the bed and the nightstand.

"Fuck it," Frank said, and decided to sleep it off. He'd figure something out later.

Meanwhile, Leandra was desperately trying to process the situation. She was already on the phone with her best friend since college, Gerard. He had commiserated with her when Frank lost interest and stopped having sex. Consoled her whenever Frank did something selfish that hurt Leandra or put her in a bind. Discussed on more than one occasion how much good a visit would do them both. Now, Leandra was telling him about the lost job, the missing money, and the desperate situation it had put them in.

"He didn't even pay rent. We're going to get evicted, I just know it."

"What are you going to do? Does he have a plan in mind, or...?" Leandra laughed at that.

“Plan? Frank? No, he scurried off to the bedroom to wank it like he always does. I don’t know what he even looks at to get hard, but I always hear it coming from the bedroom or the bathroom, any room that he’s in and I’m not...” There was a pause on the other end, and Leandra could almost feel the pity coming from Gerard's end.

“You know you and Frank are always welcome to stay with me. Things are hard right now. A lot of people in the same situation. At least I can offer you this.”

“Thanks but... I don’t know if he’d go for it.”

“Okay, but just think about it. The offer is always open.”

“Thanks, Gerard. Thank you so much.” Leandra hung up the phone feeling a little better, as she always did after talking with Gerard.

She massaged her forehead as she passed through the hall to the bathroom. She let her hair down, combing it back with her fingers. Leandra had always had the most beautiful hair. Now she was afraid it would go gray with worry because of the man she married.

Leandra brushed her teeth – something Frank never seemed to do anymore – and made her way into the bedroom. Frank was asleep, sprawled across the bed, his mouth wide open as he snored loud enough to shake the window panes of their small apartment.

She approached the bed, shaking her head and knowing she’d never get to sleep next to him. She grabbed her romance novel from the nightstand and her pair of reading glasses and was about to go back out to camp on the living room couch when she saw some light from between the bed and the nightstand. She reached down and was surprised to see that it was Frank’s phone, still playing the video. She was surprised she hadn't heard it before. Frank's obnoxious snoring must have masked the sound.

Unable to quench her curiosity, Leandra quickly stole away to the living room to get a better look, but the screen was shattered and she couldn’t make out much of the image.

“Oh Frank. You broke another one... When will you learn?” she sighed. Then, she heard what they were saying.

“You like that baby bitch?” said a deep voice. “Yeah, you make a better diaper bitch than a husband, doesn't he, love?”

“Yeah,” came a high-pitched woman’s voice. “The little cuck can’t even get hard for a woman, but he sure gets hard with his mouth around that dick. Isn't that right, my subby hubby?”

A muffled groan could be heard and a lot of sucking noises. The deep voice continued.

“You know what that makes you, don’t you? Yeah, I think you do. Go on, say it. Tell me and the wife what you are...”

“I’m... I’m a subby cucky sucker....”

“You’re a subby cucky sucker, what?”

“I’m a subby cucky sucker, Daddy!”

“Hey, I didn’t say you could touch your diapers. Cuckies like you don’t get to cum from touching their diapers. Hands down. There you go. Now open wide, I got a nice helping of Cucky vitamins for ya. A little bit of vitamin D, and some vitamin C, U, and M! Ohhhh yeah, swallow it all, cucky!”

The sound of gulping could be heard. Leandra stared at the phone, completely shocked.

“He really likes this stuff?”

She was also wet, she realized, as her fingers found their way between her legs. Leandra was now very close to an orgasm herself. She looked at the URL – at least that part was visible – and saw the subby cucky sitename. Then, a thought occurred to her. Something so naughty it sent her right over the edge.

“Ohhhh!” she moaned, before covering her mouth to try and muffle her vocal orgasm. When she came back down to earth, she sat up and grabbed her phone. She had to talk to Frank right away.

Gerard was at home, thinking about what Leandra had said. He was worried about Leandra’s situation and hoped that he could help her. He just hoped that Frank would agree. For Leandra’s sake, Gerard was willing to help Frank too, biting his tongue about just what a jerk the man was and how much better she deserved. If anyone, it should have been *him* with Leandra, but it wasn’t his place to decide that.

Suddenly Gerard was startled by Leandra’s ringtone. He picked up immediately, afraid something terrible had happened.

“Hello? Leandra? Is everything okay?”

“Everything is fine,” said Leandra, sounding completely relaxed. “Couldn’t be better, darling.”

“Leandra... are you... are you drunk?” he asked, now even more concerned.

“No, no, no... nothing like that... I’m just... relaxed. I haven’t had release in so long and I found something that just... Well, it got my blood pumping and I certainly feel better now!”

Gerard almost had steam shooting out of his ears as his eyes went wide and his pants went very tight. “*Leandra*,” he said in a flirtatious tone. “You’re getting me a little hot under the collar here. Mind explaining what’s going on?”

“I’ve decided to accept your offer,” she said. “Frank too.”

“Well, okay,” said Gerard. “That’s good. I was worried for a minute. But what-”

“And I want you,” said Leandra, continuing. “I want *you* too.”

“Leandra what are you saying...”

“I want you to love me. I want you to fuck me. I need you, Gerard. Just like old times...”

“Leandra my, gosh!” he said, quickly untying his tie and unbuttoning his shirt to keep from overheating. “This is... uh... wow. I don’t know what to say. What does Frank think about all this?”

“Fuck Frank!” she said. “He doesn’t deserve to have a say in this! Besides... I took a peep at his phone and I found out the site he’s been spending so much time on.”

“Do tell...”

“Subby Cucky Suckers.”

“You’re kidding!”

“No. Turns out he has a secret fetish for being the cuckold and made to service his wife’s lover... You remember when we used to bet on who could get into his pants first?”

Gerard blushed at the memory. Yes, Gerard was bisexual, and they had both made a sport of discussing their gorgeous classmate’s ass when they were all in college. Unfortunately, Frank was straight as an arrow, or so it had seemed. Now, he wasn’t quite so sure.

“Well, fantasy is one thing, but how do you know he’ll want to go through with it for real?”

“Oh, he’ll go through with it, trust me,” said Leandra. “You just let me worry about that. I just need to know when you can receive us.”

“Oh, I can rent you a moving van tomorrow. How much stuff do you think you’ll bring?”

“Don’t worry about the moving van. I don’t think we need much at all. I can fit what I need in one suitcase and Frank? Well, he’s not going to have the privilege of bringing anything at all.”

“Okay, well I hope you know what you’re doing,” said Gerard.

“I do. You’ll just have to be a little patient while he gets adjusted. He’s not going to be very pleasant to deal with for the first week or so, but he’ll learn. Oh, and you’ll need to stock up on diapers.”

“Diapers?”

“Yes. I have something very special in mind for Frank. Something befitting his infantile behavior. Here’s how it’s going to go down...” As the two of them schemed, Frank snored away in the bedroom, blissfully unaware his life was about to change completely.

Chapter 2: Moving Out

“The fuck you mean we have to be out by 12?! This is fucking ridiculous!” Frank ended the call with his landlord looking like his head was about to explode.

Leandra made sure to pull the phone away from Frank before he broke it worse than it already was.

“Can you believe that guy?” asked Frank. “Sleazy landlord wants money when I’ve just been cut loose from my job. Of all the...”

“Yes, honey, I know,” said Leandra, in the tone one might use to console a toddler. “I’m packing the bags right now. Let’s just get on the road before it gets too late.” Frank grunted.

“You sure your *friend* is gonna be cool with us crashing there til we get back on our feet?”

“More than sure,” said Leandra, taking out the two sticks from her hair and re-twisting them to tighten her bun. She was fidgeting. She was excited. Frank was suspicious.

“He’s not trying to get anything out of us, is he? I don’t have money right now, he knows that right?”

“Don’t worry, you just leave *Gerard* to me, honey. Now let me get back to my packing, unless you want me to forget something important.”

“Alright,” Frank grunted, “I’ll be in the crapper.” He left, happy to let Leandra do all the work of packing while he tried to wank it out to another Subby Cucky Suckers video. It would be a challenge with his phone screen shattered, but he had many of the videos memorized now and if he closed his eyes he could almost see them in his mind.

Leandra didn’t bother packing the big stuff. She just packed their important documents – not that Frank would need those for much longer – along with the majority of her clothes, especially all her favorite outfits that she no longer wore. Those might see more use now that she had someone to show off for. She packed her toiletries, her sex toys, and her favorite shoes as well.

“Hmm... am I forgetting something?” she asked, rubbing her chin. She looked around the room, ignoring Frank’s clothes, his electronics, his pocket pussy. “Nope, looks like I’ve got everything. She pulled the few bags she had packed into the living room and called to her husband.

“Frank? I’m ready! Come get one of these bags, will ya? I only have two hands!” He popped his head out of the bathroom. “Already? Well alright. You sure you got everything?”

"Everything that matters," she said, smiling to herself. "Now get your ass over here, we're ready to go."

"Aww, but I didn't finish..."

"Frank. Now."

He grumbled and stepped out of the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

"I left the landlord a nice present in the toilet," he said, chuckling. He grabbed the handle of the rolling luggage bag, leaving Leandra with two bags she had to carry.

"Gross," said Leandra, pulling a disgusted face. "Did you at least wash your hands?"

"Do I look like I got a job? I don't gotta flush or wash nothin'." Frank scratched his ass with his free hand.

Leandra just shook her head. How had she ever fallen for this crass narcissist? Maybe if he wasn't stupidly hot, she'd have seen through his superficial charm more quickly. She cursed her stupid horny brain for wanting to do naughty things to him even still.

They made their way to the apartment complex parking garage and tossed their bags in the back seat of the car. It was a pink convertible; a classic American car from when times were better. It was what you would call a 20-footer. It still looked good from about 20 feet away, but as you got closer you saw the imperfections. Like Frank, it had lost its luster due to a certain amount of neglect. It seemed like Leandra was the only one who cared about Frank *or* the car anymore.

"Hurry up!" Frank said, once he was behind the wheel.

"Easy for you to say!" said Leandra. "You took the easy bags!"

Frank had only taken *one* bag but he wasn't about to correct her.

"Yeah, well, it was the least I could do. You did pretty good considering how much crap we had there. I guess we'll be living light for a little while."

"At least one of us," she said to herself with a smirk.

"What's that?" asked Frank, cocking his ear.

"Nothing darling. Let's get a move on!" Leandra pumped her fist in the air and jumped into the car. It felt like forever since they had taken a road trip and she was ready to go.

They pulled out of the garage and drove into the warm spring day. The sun was still high and they enjoyed the drive to somewhere new. They made it about 5 minutes before Frank had to pull over to piss.

“Oh, uh, honey...” she said, when he returned noting again that he didn’t even pretend to try and clean his hands – not even a wipe on the pants.

“Yeah? What’s up?” asked Frank as he paused outside the car.

“I don’t really wanna stop too many times this trip for bathroom breaks...”

Frank frowned.

“You know I have a small bladder, hon. What do you want me to do?”

Leandra bit her lip.

“Well, I have an idea...”

“I’m listening...”

She whispered it into his ear.

“You what?!”

“I just picked some up this morning as a precaution. I think they’ll make the drive a lot quicker.”

Leandra could see Frank was skeptical so she pushed it a little further.

“I can put them on you... I promise I’ll make it *fun*...” she gave him a wink.

Frank was soft. Leandra never went down on him, and there was no way Frank could turn down the possibility of road head. He’d *always* wanted road head.

“Shit... alright,” Frank said, with a smile. “One more thing to check off the bucket list!”

“You and me both, honey,” Leandra replied.

So Frank lay in the back seat while Leandra pulled down his pants, giving him bedroom eyes the whole time. She opened one of the suitcases and pulled out a fresh diaper. Thick, white, and crinkly.

He tried to get in the head space to get hard for his blowjob once he was naked and sitting on the diaper, but the crinkling sounds beneath his butt kept messing with his mojo.

“Do they have to be so damn *loud*?” Frank asked in annoyance.

“Shhh, baby, just let mommy take care of you.”

Leandra grabbed Frank's penis and tugged at it to get it hard, but as usual, it wasn't responding. He growled in frustration and she gave him a sympathetic look.

“Forget it,” he said, looking away and crossing his arms. Leandra smiled, looking, but not feeling, sorry for him as she taped the garment up.

“Don’t worry, sweetie. You’ll get it on your next change.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he said. “Wait, *next* change?”

“It’s a long drive, honey. We’ll just see how long that one holds. Now let’s get moving.” She gave the front of Frank’s diaper a squeeze and got into the passenger’s side of the car, bringing his pants with her.

“Hey! My pants!” he cried, but she wasn’t listening. She was busy checking her messages. “Leandraaaaaa!”

“Oh hush, quit being such a baby. Just go in the driver’s seat already. What happened to that naughty streak you used to have, freaky Frank? Besides, this’ll make it easier for me to see when my little man needs a change. I can’t wait to give you the special treatment you deserve.”

“Little? You know I’m sensitive about my height,” he said, misreading her meaning entirely. He grumbled to himself. “I’ll show you who’s a little man. Just you wait til the next diaper change.”

And so on they drove, Leandra covertly snapping photos of her hubby driving down the road in just a diaper and sending them to Gerard, and Frank daydreaming of his much awaited blowjob, convinced that his wife was eager enough to keep her eyes glued to his diaper so she could open it up at the earliest opportunity.

Leandra had packed plenty of drinks and kept Frank well hydrated on their drive from California to Nevada. The traffic was pretty terrible until they hit the desert. After that it was clear driving and they only had to stop for gas at the midway point. As they pulled in, Frank looked around, clearly uncomfortable with the possibility of being seen.

"Just hang tight, sweetie," said Leandra, ever the gracious one. "I can go inside to get more drinks and to tell them to turn on the pump."

Leandra took the opportunity to use the restroom while Frank was stuck in the car. He looked around for his pants, but for some reason he couldn't find them in the car.

"Shit. What the hell did she do with them? Hurry back, Leandra..."

Frank whistled a quavering tune and drummed his fingers on the door as he tried not to look too nervous. Leandra soon returned with the drinks and walked around to set the pump in the tank.

"Hey, what took you so long? Can I have my pants back?"

"Why? You're wearing a diaper."

"Shh!" said Frank, looking around. "Not so loud."

"What's the matter, sweetie? I thought you wanted me to change you and give you your special surprise."

That shut Frank up. He grumbled, but figured that the faster he got changed, the sooner he could get his road head, and that at least would be a consolation for this stupid diaper business.

As the gas began to pump, the hissing made Frank aware of his urgent need to pee. He tensed up as he tried his best to relax. She noticed the uncomfortable look on his face and smiled to herself. This would have to be caught on video. Leandra looked like she was checking her messages as she trained the camera on him just in time to catch her husband in the final moments before he let loose. Frank had his feet pressing down against the footwell, legs tensed lifting his bum off the seat, face strained. A moment later, he released his breath and his face calmed as he let go.

Leandra watched, transfixed. This was how she wanted her husband to be all the time. So vulnerable. Cute, even. He was just a boy pissing his pants on purpose. So different from the loutish vulgar man she had married.

Leandra resented Frank for many things, but she couldn't be so angry at someone too young to help it. Yes, she thought. It was better that he was a little boy to her from now on. He'd learn to get along with it. Gerard would provide the proper fatherly guidance to help Frank get there and Leandra would keep him tame.

"Well," Frank asked, looking expectantly at Leandra, and down at his soaked diaper.

"Oh, you wanna do it here, do you?" she asked, still livestreaming Frank's debasement for Gerard. "In front of the whole town? You really *are* freaky, Frank."

"W-wait, no..." Frank said, suddenly self-conscious as Leandra went to grab another diaper.

"Come on, little man. On your back. Let's see what's going on underneath the hood!"

Leandra leaned down and patted the back seat, showing her cleavage off to Frank in the process. She looked just as she had back in college when she said that. Her spark, her enthusiasm was back. It made Frank a little more excited too. He couldn't very well say no now. He had something to prove. Frank gave his soggy crotch a few gropes in preparation to step out of the vehicle and raised his eyebrows, surprised at how good it felt.

"Hey now..." he said to himself.

"Hey now yourself!" said Leandra, patting the back seat again. "Don't get started without me!"

“Coming dearest,” he said in his campiest voice. It had been a long time since he’d felt playful. This was turning out to be fun after all.

In the backseat, however, Frank's confidence shriveled as he lay on his back with his wife between his legs.

“A-are you sure no one is looking?”

“So what if they are?” she asked. “Let ‘em look. The locals probably haven’t seen any action like this in a long time! It’ll give ‘em something to talk about.”

She pulled open Frank's diaper and wiped him clean, paying special attention to his nether regions, but he was too nervous to get hard. He couldn’t do it like this, not in the open around so many other vehicles and people. A mom and her kids passed by as he lay there.

“Mommy, why is that man gettin a diaper?”

“That’s what happens when you don’t learn to use the potty when mommy tells you to. You get diapered in the back seat like your little brother. Do you want to be like that when you’re 20?”

“No mommy, I wanna use the potty!”

“Oh my god!” whispered Frank. “They saw me!”

“Shh, calm down,” said Leandra. “They’re already gone.”

But the damage was done. Frank had lost all confidence.

“N-no... please don’t play with it anymore. I just wanna get back on the road...” he said, panicking.

Leandra raised her eyebrows. “I was just gonna give you a quick stealthy handjob, but you’re the boss, sweetie. Maybe after your next change, then.” She quickly finished wiping him clean and taped a new diaper on him. “You know, if you don’t want to change like this again, I can make it so they’ll last you the rest of the way...”

“Yes. Please.” Frank said. This was suddenly not as fun as he’d thought. He looked in puzzlement as his wife brought out another diaper and slid it under his butt.

“What are you-”

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He looked on in shock as she tore a big hole down the center of his padding. She fiddled with the backing a little bit more, than pulled up the second diaper, taping it on tight over the first. He looked down between his spread legs, rocking a bit as the padding elevated his butt off the seat cushion.

“All done!” she declared, giving his diapered crotch a pat which he barely felt. Frank couldn’t even close his legs. When he looked back up she was gone. He then saw her stepping into the driver’s seat.

“I think you need a little rest from all that driving hon. Why don’t you let me take over for a while?”

Frank looked around. “W-where are my pants? I want them back, please.”

“The faster you get up here the faster we get out of here.” She said, her tone growing testy.

Frank sat up and looked around to see if anyone was watching.

“Alright,” he finally said. “Let’s just get out of here before that mom and her kid get back.”

He jumped out of the car and quickly waddled to the front seat only to hear laughter behind him. He cringed as a familiar high-pitched voice rang out across the lot.

“Look, Mama! He looks like a baby!”

Mom laughed as well, but at least tried to hide it, covering her mouth and looking away.

“He sure does sweetie.”

This attention drew more eyes his way, and pretty soon everyone at the gas station was holding their sides, practically busting a gut laughing at Frank’s ridiculous diapered butt. His unusually handsome looks saved him from looking like a creep and instead, he just looked silly, which from his perspective wasn’t much better. Frank jumped in the passenger’s seat to get away from the pointing, pictures, and phones filming.

“Step on it, Leandra,” Yelled Frank as he looked at all of the people watching. He didn’t even turn around to see his wife catching every moment on her own phone.

“What’s the matter, sweetie? Don’t you want to look for your pants?”

“No! Let’s just go!”

Leandra felt a sort of sadistic satisfaction at her husband’s humiliation as she started up the car, knowing it would be the first of many if she had anything to say about it. Once they were back on the road, she put a hand on her husband’s thigh and squeezed it.

“There, there, sweetie. You just try and relax and forget all about those people at the gas station. You can just rest until we get to Gerard’s house, I’ll do the rest. And don’t forget to keep drinking, hon. Wouldn’t want you to get dehydrated!”

“Thanks,” Frank grumbled, taking a swig of Cottonmouth Cooler. As usual, he was all too happy to let Leandra do all the work. He laid the seat back and did his best to relax. Soon, he was deeply asleep, snoring loudly while his wife drove happily forward. She was glad things were going so well. Her husband clearly was more submissive than he let on. She could only imagine what Gerard must be thinking about their little tagalong after the fun streams she had shared.

“Won’t be long now,” she said, smiling and tapping the wheel to the beat of the radio as they drove down the lonely highway to Nevada.

Chapter 3: New Home

"We're here, honey!" said Leandra in an excited voice.

"Wha?... Oh... Huh?" Frank looked around, disoriented. He was in the car and it was getting dark out. His head hurt a bit from waking up at the wrong stage of sleep, and he held it and winced as he sat forward. "Oh... uh... where are my pants?"

"Here you are," Leandra said, tossing the pants his way. She had already gotten out of the car and was rolling the wheeled bag toward the front door of a large suburban ranch-style home.

"Go ahead and grab the rest of the bags, Frank," she called back, hurrying ahead.

"What's the rush," Frank muttered as he struggled to get his pants on over his thick double diapers. He was going to be taking these stupid diapers off as soon as he got inside and had somewhere private to do so. It was one thing trying something fun and naughty with Leandra, but there was no way he'd let her friend see him this way. He stood up outside of the car and crammed the diaper into the pants as best he could, settling on having the zipper halfway up and leaving the fly unbuttoned.

"Hey, there!" came a deep voice from right behind him, and he nearly jumped out of his skin. "Whoa! Sorry about that. I didn't mean to scare you."

Frank spun around to see a tall, handsome man in dress pants and a button up shirt smiling down at him.

"The name's Gerard. I've heard so much about you." The man stuck out a hand to shake and Frank took it. Then, with a single tug Gerard brought Frank into a big hug.

Frank felt extremely awkward hugging this man he didn't know, especially in his obscenely thick diapers. At least, he reasoned, it meant Gerard would be less likely to see them.

"There we go. That's more like it," said Gerard, breaking the hug and giving the uncomfortable Frank a pat on the shoulder. "Come on, let's get inside," he said, grabbing the two remaining bags from the back of the car and walking toward the front door.

Frank looked down at his hands. He wasn't used to caring if someone else did his work for him, but this felt different somehow. As if something had been taken away from him. Frank shook his head and made his way to the front door over the flagstone pathway in the yard. He noticed there was a lot of yard around the house, and the house itself was beautiful. A far cry from the apartment they had just left. Frank strode into the house behind Gerard who dropped the bags off in their new room.

"Once you're all settled, come out to the kitchen and we'll have some beers."

“Uh... yeah, sure,” said Frank, distracted by the vision of his wife emerging from a side room with her hair down. She had on a simple yellow dress that hung effortlessly off her body, loosely spilling over a looped waist tie. She looked positively feral compared to her usual conservative style, and Frank felt a stirring he hadn't felt in quite some time under the layers of padding in his pants.

“Leandra!” said Frank, taking in the vision of this gorgeous woman. “You look dangerous in that! Don't tell Frank I said so!”

“Oh Gerard,” said Leandra. “This old thing? Please. And don't worry, I won't say a *word*.”

Frank looked between the two of them. Were they *flirting*?

“Oops!” she said, pretending to be surprised by Frank's presence in the room. “I didn't see you there, sweetie.” She ruffled his hair and whispered into his ear. “Why don't you go change out of your pampers before you get a rash and join us in the kitchen.”

Frank blushed as Leandra gave him a pat on the butt and walked out of the room chatting with Gerard like the old friends they were.

Frank was left to stand there with his pants down, staring at the thick crinkly mass enveloping his waist. Frank could feel that his diapers were wet with sweat and urine and they had become quite uncomfortable. He was happy to have them off and tossed to the side while he rummaged around in the luggage for his clothing.

“What the?” As he went from suitcase to suitcase, it dawned on Frank that none of his stuff was there. He began to feel a sense of dread in the pit of his stomach.

“Leandra?” Frank called. No answer. “Leandra!” He yelled, more insistently. Still nothing. Frank grumbled and put the pants he had been wearing back on.

In the kitchen, Gerard and Leandra were seated in two tall chairs at a large wood-topped kitchen island, happily talking over a bottle of wine and some baguette.

“Leandra.” Frank said, placing his hand on the table between them.

They both looked his way and all conversation stopped.

“What is it, Frank?” she said smiling with her mouth only and running her fingers through the hair in the back of her head. She was clearly trying not to look annoyed.

“Leandra, where are my clothes?”

“What do you mean? I thought you grabbed them from the room when we left. They should be in the fourth bag.”

“Fourth bag?” said Frank, dismayed. “I only saw three!”

"Oh dear," said Leandra, shaking her head.

"This is *your* fault. Now what am I gonna do?" asked Frank, glaring at his wife.

"Hey, hey, let's not point fingers," said Gerard. "Don't worry, Frank, you can wear some of *my* clothes until you can get to the store..."

"Oh, Gerard, you really don't have to..." began Leandra, but Frank cut her off.

"Yeah, he *does*. What else am I gonna wear?"

"Well, you could always wear the diapers," she muttered.

"What?" asked Gerard, appearing (but not actually) confused. "Diapers? What are you on about, Leandra?"

"Nothing," said Frank, his voice cracking. "Nothing at all! Such a funny sense of humor she has!"

"Frank has a small bladder," said Leandra.

"I... I see," said Gerard, raising his eyebrows. "So that's why he was diapered when you guys got here. I wasn't going to say anything, but..."

"Haha, it was just a one-time thing," said Frank, beginning to sweat from embarrassment. "Why was Leandra embarrassing him like this?"

"It's *okay*," said Gerard. "It's none of my business, really. Uh... why don't you take a seat and I'll get you a beer, huh?" Frank sighed in exasperation.

"Yeah, sure." He would have to accept the loss of all his personal possessions for now. It was nothing that he couldn't replace. If only he had some money to do it with. Frank took a seat but immediately realized he was way lower than the other two.

"Don't you have anything taller?"

"Come to think of it, I have a booster seat that is actually just your size if you don't mind the infantile design..."

"I'll pass," muttered Frank, blushing as Gerard grabbed him a can from the fridge.

"Here. I've got this beer from France that's pretty good. It's called Petite Cocu. I think it might be right up your alley!" Leandra stifled a giggle.

"*Tres bien, mon ami.*" Frank looked back and forth between the two of them with his eyebrows lowered as he snatched the beer from Gerard's hand.

"*What?*" They were speaking French. Frank didn't like not understanding what they were saying.

"I said very good, my friend," replied Leandra, throwing her palm up in a shrug before taking another sip of wine.

"Is this the only beer you have?" asked Frank, looking down at the foreign drink and earning a scathing look from his wife. Frank made a face before even taking his first sip.

"I'm going to the grocery store tomorrow," said Gerard. "Feel free to put anything you want on that list on the fridge."

"I'll put some American beer on there. I don't like all this *foreign* stuff," Frank said, sliding the can away from him with a look of disdain.

Gerard was a bit taken aback by Frank's petulant behavior right off the bat, but Leandra did say this would happen. Gerard and Leandra exchanged glances. She gave him a little nod. It was time for him to bite the bullet and push back.

"I could get you some apple juice if that's more your speed," he said, putting his hands on his hips, and raising an eyebrow.

Now it was Frank's turn to be taken aback realizing that he might not get any beer at all if he pissed Gerard off. He quickly grabbed the beer before Gerard could take it away.

"No, it's fine. I'll drink it."

"Frank..." said Leandra, looking pointedly at her husband.

"Hmm?"

"Say thank you," she added, in a motherly tone.

"Oh!" said Frank, looking at the two of them. He realized that they expected an answer so reluctantly he replied, blushing a bit at being made to say it. "...Thank you..."

"You're welcome," said Gerard, crossing his arms and smirking. He was beginning to see Leandra's point about how easily Frank would yield to pressure. He decided to change tack with this difficult man. Maybe it was time to give Frank a little more attention since he seemed to want to be the center of it all the time.

"So, Leandra. You mentioned that Frankie's phone is broken... what happened?"

Frank's eyebrows raised. Did Gerard just call him *Frankie*?

"Yeah, he got a little cranky after he lost his job and kinda slammed it down on the counter."

"I'm sorry that happened to you bud," said Gerard, bending down to look at Frank.

Frank barely responded, just grunted and drank his beer.

"Well, I know things are tight for you, but I think I can help you get it repaired or replaced."

“Really?” asked Frank. He was suddenly much more interested in the conversation.

“Only if you’re good,” said Gerard. “No temper tantrums or whining in this house.”

“Hold on, just what has my wife told you about me anyway?”

“Only the truth, sweetie,” said Leandra. Frank glared.

“And what truth might that be, *dearest?*”

“Don’t give me that look, Frank. We’re under Gerard’s roof now, so we can’t keep living like we did before. We both have a lot of unhealthy habits to work on, and Gerard doesn’t need to deal with that shit.”

“I don’t have temper tantrums *or* whine,” said Frank, getting frustrated.

“Well then it should be easy for you to be good and get your new phone, right?” asked Gerard.

Frank paused. He had painted himself into a corner. “Well.... Yeah... What do I have to do?” Leandra and Gerard exchanged glances once more.

“Well, it’s funny you should ask. I have a list of house rules right here.” Gerard slid a piece of paper to the center of the table.

Chapter 4: House Rules

“Rule number one, you will respect my home and property. That means cleaning up after yourself, treating dishes, the furniture, everything in the house with respect. Do you understand what I’m saying?”

“Yeah, I got it,” said Frank, taking another pull of beer.

“Rule number two, what I say goes. My house, my way. If I say change the channel on the TV then the channel changes. If I say don’t eat the raspberry sorbet in the fridge, that raspberry sorbet better be there tomorrow.”

“Okay...” said Frank, raising an eyebrow and looking in the direction of his wife. These may have been the *house* rules but Gerard was looking squarely at Frank and Frank alone.

“Rule number three, no complaining. I understand that you don’t have any income right now, so I’ll go ahead and get all the groceries and anything else you need. Like I said we have a list on the fridge. But that means that what you get is what you get, and if you complain, you might just not get it. Got it?”

“Hold on,” said Frank. “Do these rules apply to Leandra too? Because it seems like you’re aiming all these rules at me.”

“Yes, they apply to everyone,” said Gerard, “but I *know* Leandra. She already knows what I like and don’t like. You, I don’t know. I’d like to get to know each other, but right now you are just my good friend’s partner. I just want to make sure we understand what the expectations are so we get off on a good foot. Do you get me, Frank? ...Frank?”

Frank had grown bored with Gerard’s speech and was no longer paying attention. He wished he had his phone, but he had shattered the screen and he hadn’t seen it since the car trip when he’d lost his pants. Where had it gone, anyway?

“Okay, Frank. If you’re not going to take this seriously, then we can start taking away house privileges. How does no TV for a week sound?”

“What?! No! Don’t do that,” said Frank, his eyes going wide. Without a phone, computer, or TV he’d have absolutely nothing to occupy his time. What was he supposed to do, read a book?

“Well if you want your stay here to be enjoyable, then you will show me respect. That is rule number four.”

“Right,” said Frank. “Respect.” This Gerard guy was getting on his nerves. A free place to stay was nice, but was it really worth it?

“Last rule for now is no spending,” said Gerard. “At least until you get some income. For now, you’ll get what I give you and like it, or maybe next time you won’t get it at all. Like that *foreign* beer you’re enjoying, Little Cocu.”

“What did you call me?” asked Frank, standing up.

“The beer. It’s called Petite Cocu,” said Gerard with a smirk. Of course he had actually just called Frank a little cuckold in French, but Frank didn’t know that.

“How about we make a new rule,” said Frank, crossing his arms. “No more French! I can’t understand your language, dude. I speak American.”

“American isn’t a language, sweetie,” said Leandra, rolling her eyes.

Gerard ignored Frank’s provocative comments and continued. “Leandra has given me your phone and wallet for safekeeping. I’ll take your phone to a repair place tomorrow and get an estimate. We can come to an arrangement on how you compensate me for the repair, depending on the cost.”

“What?! You can’t have my things!” said Frank, getting belligerent. The alcohol was not doing his mood any favors.

“Why? You can’t use them anyway. You’ve got nothing in your bank account, and I need to take your phone in tomorrow, unless you want it to stay broken...” Frank growled, but relented.

“Okay, fine, you can have the phone, but I want my wallet. I have credit cards I can use to get what I need.”

“And pay them back with what money? Leandra told me what you did with the savings. I’m not about to have you running up debts while you live here.”

“Hey, that’s none of your business, buddy,” said Frank, standing up a second time and raising his voice. He was seething. “Leandra, why did you tell him that for?”

“It *is* my business when you’re living under *my* roof,” said Gerard, standing up and stepping forward to tower over Frank. “Don’t try me, mister. You won’t like what you get.”

Frank took a step back. He wasn’t used to this kind of treatment from another man. It was one thing for him and Leandra to fight, but Gerard looked ready to *fight*.

“I-I was just saying... I-I just want my Driver’s license. Let me have that at least, in case I want to go out.”

“If you need to go out you can ask me or Leandra first,” said Gerard.

Frank didn’t like it, but he didn’t have much to work with. He didn’t have his wallet or his phone and he didn’t know where Gerard had put them. He’d have to snoop around when Gerard was away shopping.

“Okay, fine.” Frank said, gripping his elbows tightly as if he were cold. If he were younger, it could be described as a pout. Gerard made him sign the list and pin it up on the refrigerator where he could see it. Frank’s face burned red as he did this. It made him feel like a little kid in a way. He reached over to the beer to wash away that feeling, but Gerard took it before he could reach it.

“I think that’s enough beer for you, buddy,” said Gerard. “Leandra is right, you *are* cranky.”

“What?” said Frank, shocked. “But... but I *want* it.”

“Frank, I think you’d better go to bed,” said Leandra.

“I don’t wanna!” Frank said, balling up his fists. He was beginning to sound like a petulant child.

“Too bad,” said Leandra. “Go on, Frank. And make sure you get your night diaper on for bed as well. You did quite a number on your diapers during your nap today, and I don’t trust you to stay dry tonight either.”

“What?!” said Frank. “No way! You’ve gotta be joking!”

“Frank,” said Gerard. “You agreed to respect my things, right? Well, that’s *my* bed you’ll be sleeping in and I don’t want you getting it wet.”

“But I don’t wet the bed!” Frank protested.

“Well, then it should be easy for you to keep your diapers dry tonight, shouldn’t it?” Frank’s cheeks burned red.

“I don’t need them,” was all he could say in response.

“Okay, I’ll tell you what, bud. You *prove* to me you don’t need them by keeping them dry for a *whole night*, and you can go to bed without.”

“Oh, come on... This is stupid,” Frank said.

“Right now it’s Leandra’s word against yours and I know her a lot better than I know you, so this is gonna be the best chance you get. Otherwise, you can just go and put your diaper on and don’t make a fuss. Either way, this is the last time I want to have this discussion with you unless you want to lose those TV privileges we talked about.”

“Grr. Fine. You win. I’ll wear the damn diaper.”

“Good,” said Leandra. “You can report to us after you’ve put it on so we can see you’ve done it properly.”

Frank’s mouth went dry. “In... in front of... *him*? Come on Leandra, you’ve got to be joking.’

“No, and I want to be sure of it too,” said Gerard, smirking.

Frank was speechless. He stomped off to wash up for bed with the sound of their laughter behind him as they continued their conversation. He couldn’t help but think that laughter was for him.

After he was showered, he stood in his room looking at the open pack of diapers waiting for him on the dresser. He hated this. This must have been Leandra’s way of getting back at him for spending the money. Still, he had no choice. He decided to bite the bullet and just do it. He pulled out a diaper and looked at it. It seemed easy enough. He pulled it up between his legs while standing and tried to tape one side, but as soon as he reached over to grab a tape the whole thing flopped over. He tried it with the other side and same result. After another failed attempt he got frustrated and started fighting

the diaper. Eventually he tried sitting down to put it on and that seemed to work OK. Satisfied with his work, he put his pants back on and headed to the kitchen. They really felt almost like normal underwear, just a little thicker, and with a crinkle which made him quite self-conscious. Frank's nervousness increased as he approached the two of them. He felt like they had the upper hand, sitting elevated above him on tall kitchen chairs while he stood there in an infantile garment.

"Well?" said Leandra when he stopped in front of them. "Let's see."

"Go on, then," said Gerard in a more encouraging tone.

Frank looked from one to the other and back and reluctantly, shakily unbuttoned his pants, and lowered them ever so slightly.

"Oh come on, let's go," said Leandra, coming over and pulling down his pants to his feet.

"Hey!" said Frank, blushing brightly.

"We'll be here all night," she said, rolling her eyes. Then she saw the laughably bad job he did with the diaper and laughed out loud. "Oh dear. That's going to leak the minute *you* do. I think you'd better just leave the diapering to us."

"Us? What do you mean *us*? No way Gerard is-

"I can handle it," said Gerard. "I really don't mind." As if inconveniencing Gerard was all that Frank was worried about. Leandra smiled.

"Thank you, Gerard! That would be a great help. Only if I can't get to it, of course," she quickly added.

Frank was getting more and more frustrated over this whole conversation, and he had reached his breaking point.

"I can't talk about this right now," he said, and stomped back off to their room.

Gerard and Leandra looked at each other.

"Should I talk to him or should you?" asked Gerard.

"I think I will, but you'd better come along. I don't want him thinking he can get away with that sort of behavior in your house. And you can take this," she said, handing Gerard a permanent marker. "I'll explain in a moment." she added when he gave her an inquisitive look.

"I haven't really diapered anyone before..." said Gerard, scratching the back of his head.

"Just watch what I do," said Leandra. "It's not as hard as you think."

"Okay," he said, "You lead the way!"

Frank was in bed, in his terribly taped diaper, with his arms crossed and pouting.

“Leandra, I...” he began in an angry tone as she entered the room but stopped short when he saw Gerard come in after her. “What is *he* doing here?” he asked.

“He’s here to see how I diaper you,” Leandra said, with her hands on her hips. “Now scoot down so I can fix that diaper.”

“No way!” Frank said, his eyebrows down and his jaw set.

“SCOOT. NOW,” she said, pointing her finger at the bottom of the bed. Frank’s face got a little more plaintive as he scooted down to the edge of the bed.

“But sweetie, I don’t need them...”

“Yes. You do. Now get on your back this instant. Good boy, now keep those hands up high where I can see them. You let Momma do all the work.”

Frank had to cover his eyes from embarrassment, not daring to look as his wife reached down to grip the tapes on his diaper. When had his wife gotten so bossy?

“It’s a good thing these can be retaped,” Leandra said, separating the white tabs from the blue tabs and repositioning the diaper. She turned to Gerard and waved him over.

“Come and get a good look. I want you to see how I position the diaper and where the tapes go best for him.”

“How can you tell they’re even?” Gerard asked, inspecting the diaper.

“Well, I like to use the edge of the padding to tell me. Plus you can tell they’re nice and tight like this.”

Frank tried not to be there as his wife explained things to Gerard. He simply kept his eyes covered and closed up his ears, wishing he was anywhere but there. He was only taken out of it when he was shocked by his legs and butt lifting off the bed all of a sudden.

“And then you just check around the back of his legs to make sure it’s got a nice seal all the way around and voila!” she said, lowering his ankles back down to the bed. “We don’t have any oil or baby powder but this should do for tonight.”

Frank made to scramble for the covers as soon as his ankles were released, but Leandra stopped him.

“Hold it!” She said, and Gerard came forward with a sharpie to sign each of the tapes.

“What is this?”

“I told you. You have to go a *full night* without wetting. Leandra told me what a tiny bladder you have, so I want you to prove you can do it, which means no taking it off until I see it in the morning.”

“But wouldn’t that prove that I don’t need them?” asked Frank, even as Gerard signed his tapes.

"Waking up in the middle of the night once and going doesn't mean you won't sleep through it the next night," Gerard said with a smirk. "Or is that too hard for you?"

Frank couldn't argue with the logic, but it was still humiliating to be in this predicament.

"What's the matter, bud? You don't look so sure. You can just admit you need them now, if you think you can't-"

"I can do it!" Frank said, hastily, his face turning red. Frank knew full well that he often had to get up to go in the middle of the night, and after that beer he drank... even Frank had his doubts. Gerard smiled and shook his head.

"Alright, bud, if you say so. But if you change your mind and want to use the potty tonight, you can just wake me or Leandra up and let us know. We need to make sure your special undies are *nice and snug* after you go."

"Oh, man. Don't call them that," said Frank, groaning.

"Alright, I'll just call them what they are then. Nighty night, and sleep tight," said Gerard pulling back the covers for Frank to crawl under.

Frank couldn't meet his eyes, and attempted to pull them open a little further himself to at least feel like it hadn't been Gerard that had done it, but as soon as he was down, Gerard had the covers back up over him. Leandra and Gerard looked down at him approvingly and Gerard put an arm around Leandra's waist.

"Welcome home, buddy," he said, and with that they walked out together, turning off the light and closing the door on their way out.

Frank spent the next 20 minutes or so staring at the ceiling. He couldn't stand what was happening to him. He felt so off balance here, like he didn't have a say in anything. And he didn't like the way Gerard was so friendly with his wife. What was going on with that?

Eventually the sound of Frank's snores could be heard all the way out in the kitchen.

"Oh, god, I'll never fall asleep to that," Leandra said, looking down wringing her hands in exasperation.

"Like you were ever going to sleep in there anyway," said Gerard with a smirk. "Come on. Let's go to my room and see how I put *you* to bed."

Leandra giddily joined him ready to finally have some real action from a real man that she cared about. This was better than her romance novels by a long shot.

Chapter 5: The Next Morning

Frank woke up as the light from the window streamed over his face. He held a hand up and blinked at the brightness.

“Ugh...” he said sitting up. “Leandra...”

Frank turned to tell Leandra to let down the shades, but he was alone. He sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and yawned. He would have gone right back to sleep if he didn't feel a certain telltale twinge in his bladder. Reluctantly, Frank got out of bed only to be immediately reminded of what he was wearing. It was a diaper – thankfully dry – with Gerard's signatures on each tape. The alcohol had helped him sleep soundly but as a consequence he had to piss like a racehorse.

He considered just going to the bathroom to relieve himself, but he knew he had to prove he made it through the night or he'd just have to wear another diaper tomorrow. It was stupid, but he decided to just get it over with and go looking for Gerard or Leandra.

He spotted some clothes on the dresser. Leandra must have left them for him. At least they were something he actually needed.

Gerard and Leandra were already in the kitchen chatting and drinking coffee. They giggled at the sight of Frank wandering in in clothes that were just a little bit too big for him. He looked like a kid who had raided Daddy's dresser.

“What's so funny?” said Frank, annoyed that they were already so awake and chipper.

“Nothing, you just look cute is all,” said Leandra.

“Not my fault they don't fit,” said Frank. “You're getting me new clothes today, right?”

“Sure am,” said Gerard. “I'll need your pants and shirt that you wore here to make sure I can match the sizes easily,” he said.

“Yeah, sure, they're in the bedroom,” he said. “Leandra can get them for you.”

“Yeah, no. You'll be getting those yourself, buddy,” said Leandra, raising her eyebrows and taking a sip. Her hair was still down, she was wearing the same dress she'd had on last night, and she looked positively radiant. She reminded Frank of the girl he'd met in college. Again, something stirred within him, an attraction he'd long forgotten. He was brought out of his reverie by Gerard's warm voice.

“Let's see how you did,” he said, getting off his seat and reaching for Frank's pants.

Frank pulled back. “I can do it myself!”

He then hesitated a moment as he held his own hand over the button. He was really doing this. He pulled them down, and looked away, blushing.

"There. See?"

"Good job, buddy," said Gerard. "You stayed dry all night!"

Frank twisted up his face, embarrassed at being praised for something that most people over three could do without a problem. "Now can I take them off and go to the bathroom? I've gotta piss like a racehorse."

"Yeah, sure," said Gerard, looking at Leandra and chuckling. "You don't have to ask my permission to use the bathroom."

Frank's face went red. "I didn't... you..." His mouth flapped like a fish as he realized what he'd done. He might as well have pulled Gerard into the bathroom with him to supervise.

Gerard had already turned to Leandra and started speaking. "Does he need to wear during the day too?"

"N-no," started Frank, but Leandra spoke over him.

"Oh, he'll be fine, I think. As long as he has access to the bathroom it shouldn't be a problem. He's just got a small bladder."

"I gotta go," Frank finally said, realizing that his bladder probably wouldn't hold out long enough to explain himself. He was fully aware that he was just proving his wife's point, but he couldn't fight nature and didn't want to piss himself in front of them trying.

"Looks like he's already got the right idea," Gerard said to Leandra. "Boy, you weren't wrong about him. He's gonna be easy to convert. Sure is cute like that," he added, already thinking about the kinds of clothes he would get the guy.

"You know, I have to agree," said Leandra, laughing behind her hand. "Cuter than he is most days. I think it suits him. Maybe it's time we start adding some more things to the shopping list."

Gerard grinned and stood up. "I'll grab the shopping list."

By the time Frank came back, Gerard was gone.

"Is it just us now?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Leandra. "Gerard is out shopping."

"Oh," said Frank. "I didn't get to put anything on the list."

"No worries," said Leandra, barely containing a smirk. "I told him what you need."

“Hey, what was up with last night when you said I needed diapers? You know that’s not true.”

“What would you like me to tell him? That you were just trying them out to be kinky?”

Frank’s eyes went wide, as he thought about how much worse that sounded.

“I was just covering your ass since he noticed your diaper when you came in,” she continued. “You should be thanking me.”

“Yeah, but... did he really have to see me getting changed?”

“Yes,” she said simply, and left it at that.

Frank shook his head and wandered off to the living room to watch TV.

Meanwhile, Gerard was checking his list, having just arrived at the local Bullseye for some shopping.

“Let’s see... beer, wine, apple juice for the little guy...”

After he stocked the cart up with food, he wandered over to the boys’ clothing section. While Frank was flipping through the channels, Gerard was combing through the boys’ section looking for the most kiddish clothing he could find in Frank’s size, sending pictures of his favorites to Leandra for a second opinion.

“This ought to do nicely,” said Gerard, holding up Frank’s shirt to a shirt emblazoned with cartoon characters. He and Leandra were both excited to see how Frank would look in his new outfits. His boyish good looks would go well with them, almost like they were finally finding the clothes he was meant to be in. Gerard found himself chubbing up at the thought as he wheeled his way to the checkout counter.

Meanwhile, Frank was bored as he flipped through the channels.

“Doesn’t he have any Sports channels on here?” he complained aloud.

“I’m sure he does, Frank. You’re just looking for reasons to complain,” called Leandra from the kitchen. She was reading her romance novel and snacking lightly on some cheese while Frank stewed in the living room. What he really wanted was some porn, but Gerard had his phone, and he had no way to get online.

“Hey,” he called, leaping to his feet. He couldn’t believe he hadn’t thought of it. “Does Gerard have a computer? He’s gotta have a computer...”

“I’m sure he does, Frank. You can ask him when he gets home.”

The finality of her voice told Frank he would not be allowed to try and find it himself. He slumped back on the couch, crossing his arms. Aside from his frequent trips to the bathroom he hadn’t done anything all day except sit in front of the TV bored. He

hadn't even been able to find any beer in the house, much to his annoyance. What, exactly, did Gerard expect him to do with himself all day? That's when he heard the key in the door. "Finally!" he said to himself, leaping to his feet as Gerard came in carrying several grocery bags.

"Oh good, you're here-" began Frank, who then had the bags shoved into his arms.

"Yes, make yourself useful and take these," said Gerard. "I have more in the car."

Frank was annoyed by Gerard's tone, but he was much too preoccupied by the sudden load of groceries in his arms to reply. He hurried them over to the kitchen table, scooching Leandra off her chair as he put down everything.

"I've got more out here," called Gerard, and once Frank confirmed that there was no beer among the groceries Gerard had handed him, he went right out. If he was hoping to find the beer in Gerard's car, he was to be sorely disappointed, instead, Gerard held out several packs of pull-ups and diapers in his size for him to bring inside.

"Hey, what the heck is this all for?" asked Frank, incredulous that Gerard had brought him *more* diapers. "I thought you said we were gonna wait and see!"

"That was before I saw the state of your clothes. Did you think I wouldn't notice the wet spots in your underwear and in the front of your pants?"

Frank blushed. Gerard had indeed noticed the results of his poor bathroom habits. Failing to shake and make sure he was finished completely before stuffing his member back into his pants was Frank's M.O.

"Not to *mention* what I saw in the *back* of your pants. Besides, your wife was kind enough to put them on the shopping list for you. You don't have to be embarrassed, Frankie. I can tell that you were trying to prove something, but there are no secrets in this house."

"But.. I ... you..." Frank was speechless. He was extremely embarrassed that Gerard had brought up the *skid marks* in his undies. "Th-those are *private*! You shouldn't be looking at my underwear anyway. And what's the big idea calling me *Frankie*?"

"Are we going to have an attitude problem, Frankie?" asked Gerard, cocking his eyebrow. "Have you been keeping *my* pants dry, buddy? I think we had better check." Gerard reached down for Frank's pants, but Frank leapt back.

"N-no! I mean... Yeah... I mean... can we talk about this *inside*?" he asked, saying the last part through gritted teeth. They were out in the open and this conversation was already getting way too personal for public consumption.

“Sure thing, bud,” said Gerard, handing Frank the packs of diapers and pull-ups. “Then go ahead and take these to your room. I’ve got your clothes too, and I’ll be wanting mine back. Probably need a wash already,” Gerard said, muttering the last part to himself.

Frank stomped inside blushing so hard his ears were burning. He couldn’t believe he was being made to bring in his own diapers by the well-meaning if misinformed Gerard. How was he ever going to convince this man that he didn’t need them if Leandra kept sabotaging him? Of course he didn’t consider for a second about how his bathroom habits may have contributed to this outcome.

Frank quickly tossed all the packs on the bedroom floor and ran back out to the living room, leaving them behind as quickly as he could. He came into the kitchen just in time to see Gerard setting down the last of the foodstuffs, and his eyes zeroed in on the case of beer sitting on the counter.

“Oh, thank god. Beer!” he said, rushing up to grab some.

“Ah, ah, ah!” said Gerard, snatching the case away, and setting it up on a high shelf. “Not for you, buddy.”

“What do you mean?” whined Frank, unable to comprehend why anyone would separate him from his beloved golden beverage.

“I mean what I said. No more beer for you. I’ve seen what alcohol does to your mood, not that Leandra didn’t warn me, and it’s clear that it doesn’t agree with you. I’ve gotten you plenty of apple juice instead. That’s much better for you, I think.” Frank followed Gerard’s gaze to the bottles of apple juice that were still on the kitchen counter. “Why don’t you put some in the fridge so you have cold juice for later?” asked Gerard.

Frank frowned, and looked from the apple juice to the beer, but Gerard fixed him with a stare that told him it was not a question, and he found himself hurrying to do as he was told. Somehow, knowing that he was being made to *help* with this foolishness – having to carry his own diapers to his room and stock his juice in the fridge – it made things much worse in Frank’s mind. Worst of all was the fact that when Gerard had fixed him with that stare, Frank felt a feeling in the pit of his stomach connected right to his cock. That fact that Frank was now chubbing up for no reason only made him more upset. Then, as he was putting the last few bottles that would fit in the fridge, he remembered something that made him feel a little better.

“Oh!” he said, popping his head out of the fridge “Hey, Gerard. Do you have a computer?”

“Yeah, bud. Why? Do you want some online time?”

“Yeah!” Frank said. At least he could spend some time making his *own* fun. That was probably why he was so trigger happy in his pants.

“I don’t know, Leandra, do you think he’s earned it?”

Frank had forgotten his wife was even there. He looked over to her as she put her finger on her chin as if deep in thought.

“Gee, I don’t know. All he’s done all day is be a lump on the couch and complain. Pretty sure complaining is against the rules. Anyway, I think he’s had enough screen time for one day.”

“Aww, *come on*,” said Frank. “I’ve been bored *all day!*”

Gerard responded, ignoring Frank. “Well, maybe if he’s *very good* and helps put away *all the groceries*, I’ll think about it.”

Frank rushed to help, knowing that he would tear his hair out if he had to spend another day without banging one out to his favorite porn site. He certainly wasn’t going to spend the day with those two.

Gerard and Leandra chuckled as they watched Frank hurry to get it all done.

“See? He can be a good helper with the right *motivation*,” said Leandra, with a sly grin. “Hey! Be careful, Frankie. You know better than to run through the house!”

Frank looked like a scolded child as he slowed his movement, too preoccupied with the promised reward to realize just how childish he appeared right then with how they were treating him.

“Great job, bud!” said Gerard, when Frank was all finished. Frank had been standing proudly when he finished, showing them that he could do a good job, but it only took a word from Gerard to make him realize he was being talked down to once again. Frank opened his mouth to say something, but Gerard handed him a couple more items.

“Go ahead and take these into the bathroom, bud. Ooh, and judging by your breath you need it!”

Surprised, Frank looked down at what he had in his hands. A kid’s electric toothbrush, with cartoon characters on it, sparkly pink toothpaste and.... “Bubblegum mouthwash?!”

“Yes, you didn’t have any toiletries, so I got them for you. Now go put them in your bathroom. And brush your teeth while you’re at it.”

“But these are for *kids*,” Frank whined, looking up at Gerard.

“I said March. Do I need to remind you of the rule about doing as you’re told?”

“No, Gerard,” said Frank, scowling. He stomped off to the bathroom and did as he was told, hating the sweet taste of the bubblegum flavored toothpaste and bubble gum mouthwash.

“He’s gonna have to have an attitude adjustment pretty soon,” said Gerard to Leandra as Frankie stomped off.

“Yeah,” she said, “and I think I have just the idea...”

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN I HAVE TO WEAR PULL-UPS?!” yelled Frank, when he got into the bedroom. He had been told to go there to change into his new clothes, but he never expected *this*.

“Sorry, bud,” said Geerard. “I thought you’d like them more than your diapers, but we can go back if you want.”

“I. Don’t. Want. Diapers. Or pull-ups. I want undies!”

Well you’re certainly not going to wear *my* underwear,” said Gerard. “And I’ll kindly ask you to lower your voice. I shouldn’t even have to tell you that that’s a rule here”

“But... but...”

“Rule number one: You will respect my property. I told you that last night, and the pull-ups are part of it. Now how about you stop sulking and take a look at your new clothes.”

Frank’s mood lightened ever so slightly at the prospect of having clothes that fit him again. Anyway it would be nice not to have Gerard nitpicking the condition of his pants.

Frank dumped out the bags on the bed as Gerard and Leandra looked on intently, but immediately recoiled at what he saw. There on the bed were clothes that he would never have picked in a million years. He picked up a dinosaur footed sleeper complete with back spines and tail. He held it between his thumb and forefinger as if it was hazardous waste.

“Ugh... Really? These clothes are all so... *childish!*”

“Frankie!” said Leandra. “I can’t believe you! Gerard bought these with his own money. He didn’t have to get anything for you.”

Gerard came up to Frank and put a hand on his shoulder.

“Remember what we talked about last night? No complaining in my house. I got these for you, did you forget the rule?”

“No...” muttered Frank, looking down at the floor.

Leandra’s voice piped in. “Frankie. What do we say?”

Frank glared at his wife as she mouthed ‘thank you’.

Frank looked down at the floor, angry, his cheeks burning. "Thank you," he said, finally.

Gerard smiled and patted his shoulder. "You're welcome, buddy. Now why don't you try it on?"

Chapter 6: Take it or leave it...

Frank looked at the pile of clothes in front of him. There were baby tees with Puppet Avenue and Blarney splashed across the front; brightly colored shorts with elastic waistbands; pants with rainbow colored patches at the knee and not a button-fly in sight.

"Really? Elastic waistbands? These are like toddler clothes."

"All the better to check you," said Leandra, with a smirk.

"Check me?" Frank was confused until Gerard pointed over to the pull-ups. "Oh... uh... I think I'd rather wear my old clothes. You still have them, right?" Frank's tone was hopeful, but his face fell as Gerard shook his head.

"No way, bud. Those undies and pants were honestly pretty gross and the shirt needed to be replaced, so I got you a whole new wardrobe! Think nothing of it." Gerard purposely misunderstood Frank's concerns as he spoke. "These clothes are much more fun than your old ones anyway, don't you think?"

Frank didn't think so, but he knew better than to complain, so he just gulped and nodded.

"Well?" said Gerard, after a few seconds.

"Well what?" asked Frank, getting a bit annoyed again.

"You're going to take off my clothes, aren't you? Now that you have your own?"

Frank's mouth hung open at the request.

"Or do you need help?" asked Gerard, not giving Frank any time to process the situation.

"No! I can do it myself." Said Frank, drawing back and grabbing his waistband. Gerard was a big guy – Tall and well-built like one of the men on Leandra's romance novel covers. Frank hesitated as the bigger man stood over him, reminding him he wasn't exactly the tallest guy in the world.

"Uh... Can I have some privacy?"

Leandra and Gerard looked at each other and both spoke in unison.

"No."

Frank made an exasperated noise, feeling close to having a tantrum.

"*Why not?*"

"Well, you've already dropped your pants in front of me," said Gerard. "And we've both seen you naked. I think we're a little bit past that point now, aren't we?" Gerard

stepped forward and put a hand on Frank's shoulder. "It's okay if you're nervous, buddy I'm just here to help. Now let's get you out of those clothes into something that's a *better fit*."

Frank jerked his shoulder away from Gerard and took a step back.

"I don't *want* to. I want clothes like these!" said Frank, pinching the too-large shirt on his chest and pulling it out for emphasis. He was tired of feeling small around this man who seemed to have nothing better to do than butt into his business.

"Frank," began Leandra in a stern tone, but Gerard cut in, explaining as if he was talking to a small child.

"Those are *my* clothes, buddy. *Those* are your clothes," he said, pointing to the childish clothes on the bed. "And you're gonna wear those clothes or go around in pull ups, I don't care either way. But one way or the other, I'm getting my clothes back, and you have til the count of 5 before I take them back myself."

"No!" whined Frank. "It's not fair!"

Gerard held up a hand. "5..."

"I don't *wanna*!"

"4... Leandra, get me a pull-up please."

Frank's complaints were having no effect, so he switched to aggression. "You are *not* getting me in pull-ups!" he said, crossing his arms.

"3..."

Frank's eyes went wide as Gerard began to roll up his sleeves and his wife ripped open a purple and green bag of thick purple dino pull-ups.

"2..." Leandra handed a crinkly pull-up to Gerard, who got into a wrestling stance.

"Come on, guys! Knock it off! It's not funny! Leandra? Come on! You can't let him do this!"

"1...Okay kiddo... ready or not, here I come!"

"OKAY, OKAY!!!" yelled Frank, holding up his hands and backing up so fast he nearly knocked himself over. He hesitated for one more second before admitting defeat, hanging his head and letting the bigger man's pants drop to the ground without even having to unbutton them. Then he took off Gerard's shirt and looked back up to the two of them, with a pleading look.

"Undies too, little man," said Gerard.

"But I've stayed dry all day," whined Frank.

“Don’t give me that look, Frankie. It doesn’t work on your wife and it won’t work on me.” Gerard reached forward with his hand again and Frankie saved himself the indignity letting the undies drop too. Frank was now red from head to toe as he stood naked before his wife and the man that had taken over their lives, left with only his hands to hide his privates.

“Let’s check the damage, said Gerard, taking hold of the clothes. “Step out,” he said, and Frankie obeyed. Frank had to stand there awkwardly while Gerard inspected his clothing.

“Hm... yep. Just like I thought. These undies are looking as bad as the ones you handed me this morning! Just look at these pee pee stains and skid marks! I’m not even going to bother washing these.”

He was now showing Leandra the undies turned inside out.

"Oh, Frank, *really*," said Leandra, tut-tutting over the droplets of pee that had made their way into Gerard’s undies while Frank was wearing them.

Frank was tired of being naked in front of these two, so he grabbed the nearby pair of cutesy dino jammies and proceeded to unzip them using the zipper hidden along the back seam of the spike ridge. He looked up at Gerard and then back down at the brightly colored pajamas in his hands and sighed.

I hope to god this dumb dinosaur outfit doesn’t fit me, he thought to himself. Because then I’d feel really small. I mean these are seriously kid’s pajamas I’m being told to wear.

“Hold your horses, buddy,” said Gerard, putting a hand over the pajamas and bringing them down before Frank could step into them. “We still need to get you into your pull-ups.”

“Aww, come on!” said Frank

“Gee, Leandra, maybe you’re right. He doesn’t seem to be ready to behave and follow directions. Guess he won’t be getting any *computer* time today. It’s really too bad. I set up a guest account for him and everything...”

“Wait,” said Frankie, his ears perking up at the word computer. “I wanna go online! I helped with the groceries, didn’t I?”

“And yet you’re breaking the rules again and again today.” Gerard put his hands on his knees and bent down to be on Frank’s level. “What *happened*, buddy? You were doing so good.”

Frank looked down, unable to meet Gerard’s eyes. For some reason, Frank felt slightly ashamed at this. He was not used to this feeling and didn’t like it.

"Well, I... Uh... I mean... I'm not *trying* to complain. I'm just sayin'. I don't n-need pull-ups is all. Cause I made it to the bathroom every time today." The childish boast left a bad taste in Frank's mouth the moment it left his lips.

"And it was a *lot* of times," Leandra chimed in. "About once every five minutes or so I'd say."

Gerard looked to Leandra and back to Frank.

"And did all your pee pee make it into the potty where it belongs? Or did it go into my undies, where it doesn't?"

"Into the potty!" said Frank, blushing even deeper as he held his new dino pajamas closer to hide his nudity. "...Mostly..."

"It sounds to me like maybe it's better if you just try these on for now. I just don't trust you after the mess you've been leaving in your undies and pants. And what if you don't make it to the bathroom one of these times, buddy? Huh? What then?"

"That's not gonna *happen*," said Frank, balling up his fists and glaring at the ground in annoyance.

"Frankie? Frankie. Look at me. Eyes up here when I'm talking to you, buddy. My house, my way, remember?" Frank reluctantly looked up at the larger man. "That's better. Now *Leandra* said we should have you wear pull-ups during the daytime from now on, but if you're sure you really don't need them... *are you absolutely sure?*"

"Yes, I'm sure!" said Frankie, practically yelling. He didn't know how many times he'd have to repeat himself for this giant to get it through his thick skull.

"Alright Okay. Then against my better judgment, I'm going to make you a deal. If you wear these pull-ups *and prove* you can use the potty like a big boy *without leaving a mess...*" Gerard paused for dramatic effect, holding up a finger to silence any objections from Frank. "...and you can have big boy undies again. But only if you keep it up for the next few days."

"Can't I prove that with big boy undies - I mean *my* undies - to start with?"

Gerard held up the obviously-for-tots pull-ups with the smiling purple dinosaur on the front and looked back to Frank with a questioning gaze.

"Well, they make these in your size, so they're definitely *your* pull-ups..."

Angry, Frank snatched at them but Gerard easily held them up out of his reach.

"Ah, ah, ah, no grabbing. You had better ask nicely, or else you won't have the chance to prove anything. I mean, Leandra thought you were ready for pull-ups but with all this complaining, I'm not so sure..."

Frank was now in the impossible position of having to either beg for his childish pull-ups as Gerard played keep-away, or go back to diapers. *Think of the internet. Think of the internet*, he told himself. He huffed.

“Fine,” he said. “It’s a deal. Now can you give them to me?”

“Yes, you can have your pull-ups, little man, BUT,” Frank said, cocking an eyebrow. “If you should fail... I will take that as proof you’re not qualified to judge *when* you’re ready to use the potty. That means either Leandra or I will decide when that is, and you’ll have to wear your diapers until then – just like you did yesterday.” Frank scoffed.

“That *unreasonable*,” he whined.

“What’s the matter, Frankie?” asked Leandra. “I thought you said you were *sure*.”

“I am sure!” he said, almost yelling.

“Well then,” said Gerard. “It should be a piece of cake for you to keep these dry and keep from *making a mess*.”

“I can do that!” said Frank. “That’s *easy*.”

Leandra laughed at that.

“What’s so funny?” said Frank, scowling at her.

“Excuse me,” said Gerard, drawing Frank’s attention back to himself. “We’re not through yet.”

“Huh?”

Gerard got down on one knee and held the pull-ups open for him. “Step on in Frankie.”

Frank Hesitated, not wanting to have Gerard hold his underwear for him when he put them on.

“I’m *waiting*, mister. Unless you want to just give up and admit you’re just not ready for pull-ups.”

“I *am* ready for pull-ups!” declared Frank, stepping into the undies before he realized what he’d said. “I mean- underwear. I’m ready for underwear.” His cheeks burned. He just couldn’t stop embarrassing himself today.

“That’s the spirit!” said Gerard, bringing the garment up over the blushing man’s legs. “Just do your best buddy. That’s all we ask. And, uh... you’re gonna have to move your hands there... don’t worry, I’ve seen it all before.” Gerard moved his hands and looked away not wanting to prolong this embarrassing situation any longer than he had to.

They probably won't even fit, he told himself as the man's hands pulled the absorbent undies up snug and secure.

"There we are," said Gerard, looking to Leandra and wiping his forehead. "Whew. That was a lot harder than it had to be."

Frank looked down at himself and Blarney smiled back. He couldn't believe the pull-ups actually fit. He was not a happy camper.

"Now can I wear my clothes?" asked Frank.

"Oh yeah, sure. Here we go. You're gonna need my help getting that zipper up so just step into these too."

Frank rolled his eyes but stepped into the dumb pajamas anyway. Might as well. It beat staring at Blarney all day whenever he looked down at his lap. In spite of Frank's most ardent wishes, the pajamas fit him just fine too. Gerard pulled the zipper up and Frankie realized he was correct – it would be very hard for him to pull it open or closed himself. Who designed these things anyway?

"Are we good now?" asked Frank once the outfit was on.

"Yes we're good," said Gerard, Ruffling the fierce-looking hood of Frank's new dino jammies. "Gosh these look cute on him, don't you think Leandra?"

"Oh, definitely," she said, putting her hand over her mouth to hide her smile.

"So how about that internet?" asked Frankie, looking slightly ticked off but holding his tongue for the promise of returning to his beloved internet and maybe cranking one out.

"Oh, right," said Gerard. "I almost forgot. Come with me."

Gerard brought Frank over to his office and opened the door.

"You can use my computer until I can get you a new phone. I set up a guest account, one for Leandra and one for you." Gerard pulled out the computer chair for his adorably dressed guest.

"Thanks," said Frank, feeling silly in his new outfit as he held up his tail to take a seat.

"The password is 'Cocudecouche'. Here, I've written it down for you."

"What is this, French?" asked Frank, trying to make out the words.

"Yeah, it's my native language. Makes for a good password too."

"I can't type this, dude," said Frank.

"Are you having trouble with it? Allow me," said Gerard, reaching over Frank to type in the password. "There you go, buddy. And look, it's already loaded up a fun website for you. Have fun. You have 30 minutes and that's it for the day."

"Only 30?" whined Frank.

"Or you could get none," said Gerard.

"No, 30's fine," said Frank. More than enough time for him to get off, he thought to himself.

He waited for Gerard to leave before turning back to the computer. It had been left on some stupid kid's website. Online coloring books and silly kid's games. As if he would ever play with that. He opened a new tab and typed in the URL of his favorite website, Subby Cucky Suckers, only to be met with an error message.

"What the fuck?!" He refreshed the page. Nothing. He tried a different browser. Nothing. He tried another adult website, betatube, and that too was denied. Desperate, he clicked over to youtube to find at least some side boob to wank off to. All he got was kid's channels. Everything else was blocked. Frank growled in frustration and punched the desk.

"Motherfucker put an *age restriction* on my goddamn account!" He put his hands in his head. He was so pent up from being blue balled this whole time that he was truly desperate.

"Fuck it," he said, finally. He decided to just put on some of the cartoons and hope something sexy popped up. The first cartoon to pop up was some stupid puppy rescue squad thing. He watched, bored, until one pup was being bullied by another larger pup.

"Ugh.. I guess I could get into this... if I pretend he's a cuck..."

But when he tried to reach for his member, he ran into another problem. The outfit was impossible for him to take off on his own. Frank's access to his own member was blocked by both the pajamas *and* the pull-up, neither of which he could take off without help unzipping.

"No, no *no!*" he said, trying every way he could think of to get at his zipper. He tried rubbing his back on the floor. He tried grabbing his hood and pulling the jammies forward to increase his reach. He even tried hooking the zipper with a paperclip, but nothing seemed to work. Suddenly he was startled by a knock at the door.

"Five minutes," came Gerard's voice.

"Shit," said Frank, giving up on the paperclip solution he had been working on. He decided to just go for broke and rub himself through all the layers of cloth and padding. He began to rub the prominent bulge in the front of his peejays, and to his

surprise it didn't feel half bad. Not as good as when he had rubbed the wet one on the way to Vegas, but not bad at all.

"What am I thinking," he said to himself. "I shouldn't be liking *any* of this."

But he had a mission to complete, and that was to drain his balls. It took a lot of effort but it finally paid off as he found himself near to cumming. Just as he was getting close, Gerard burst in.

"Okay, little buddy, time to get off!" Frank was mortified. He tried to stop, but it was too late to stop himself from cumming all over the front of his padding while Gerard watched on in apparent shock.

"Oh... Oh... Oh... OHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhh... N-noooo!"

"Hey, what's the naughty little guy up to in here?"

Chapter 7: Caught Red Handed

"Sh-*Shit*, Gerard! Can't you knock?!" asked Frank, embarrassed beyond belief. It had been too late to stop his orgasm, and so Gerard was witness to Frank spunking his diapers while watching Pawsome Squad.

"Wow, I had no idea you liked cartoons *that* much, " said Gerard, unable to suppress his grin at the adorable scene of his crush's husband frantically rubbing his diapers to a baby show.

"Shut up," Mumbled Frank. "I'm not- Unh..." Frank's reply was interrupted by another spasm as he ejaculated into his diaper once more. "N-not into this!" Gerard raised an eyebrow.

"We'll talk about it later. Right now it's time to turn off the computer and come to lunch."

"No *really!*" Frank insisted. "I don't even watch this stupid show. I just didn't have a choice since you put an age restriction on my account."

"Well, it must not have bothered you too much because you never asked for me to take it off, did you, bud?"

"I didn't wha...?" Frank hadn't thought to ask for Gerard to take off the age restriction. The thought that it was an accident had never crossed his mind.

"I would have fixed it for you, but now that I've seen what you're into, looks like you don't need those age restrictions off anyway."

Frank 's mouth hung open. He sat there in his dinosaur pajamas completely speechless, and Gerard was more than happy to fill the silence with his own words.

"From now on, you are on restricted internet access and this door stays open at all times. Don't give me that look, you know better."

"I'm a grown man!" said Frank. "I can do what I want." Gerard smirked.

"We'll see what your Mommy has to say about that. Yes, don't think I missed *that* little detail during last night's diaper change, little boy." Frank was fuming.

"She's *not* my M-"

Gerard continued, speaking over Frank as if he hadn't said a word.

"As I was saying, it's time for your lunch. Stop fussing and scoot."

Gerard shut down the computer and took Frank by the hand out to the kitchen.

Frank sat at the table pouting as Leandra finished cooking a wonderful looking risotto dish. She set it on the table.

“Okay, lunch is ready. Go get your juice, Frankie.”

Frank looked at Gerard and Leandra resentfully as he walked over to the fridge and grabbed the juice.

“You'll never guess what I caught your little hubby doing....”

“No, don't tell her!” said Frank, nearly dropping his juice. Leandra just looked at him with scorn as she sat down Frankie's plate.

“Shush, little man, sit down and eat your sandwich. Mommy and Gerard are talking.”

Frank blushed when he sat down and stared at his plate, only to realize that he had been served a peanut butter and jelly sandwich instead of the delicious looking Italian food Leandra and Gerard were tucking into. And while all Frank had was a stupid bottle of apple juice to wash it down, Gerard had a nice tall beer and Leandra had her wine. And now Gerard was going to embarrass him further by telling his wife just what he had done in the computer room.

“...As I was saying, I caught him watching Pawsome Squad and rubbing his diapers through his petite dino sleeper! Isn't that adorable?”

“They're pull-ups...” Frank mumbled, pouting over his pb&j. Leandra crossed her arms and smirked.

“I don't know. I think he plays with his little pecker a little *too* much. Maybe we should do something about that.”

“Oh? Do you have something in mind?” asked Gerard, beginning to grin wickedly.

“Hey!” shouted Frank, blushing bright red. He was outraged that they would talk about his sex habits so openly at the table in front of him. He was even more angry that the discussion was giving him a raging erection.

“Okay, kiddo, that's it,” said Gerard. “It's nap time for you.”

“No!”

“Yes,” said Leandra, standing up and throwing down her napkin. The two of them pulled Frankie along to the bedroom. He struggled but he was not a large man, and he certainly was no match for Gerard and Leandra.

Leandra smacked Frank's butt hard as they entered the bedroom, eliciting a shocked yelp from the man, who had never gotten so much as a pinch from her at home.

“You're being a very naughty boy today. You may have gotten away with this behavior at home, but you're a guest now and I'm not putting up with it anymore.”

“Neither am I,” said Gerard. “Now here is what is gonna happen. We’re going to put you down for your nap, and you are not going to get out of bed until one of us comes to get you. Do I make myself clear?”

Frankie just nodded, too intimidated by Gerard and Leandra's stern tone to talk back.

“Guess he’s going to need a diaper,” said Frank.

“Yeah, I think we’d better, since he’s going to be napping,”

“What do you think, Leandra, should I get my diapering practice in now?” asked Gerard, not even consulting Frank.

“Be my guest,” said Leandra, as he laid out a brand-new changing mat with colorful Animals holding ABC blocks on it.

“Now wait just a minute,” said Frank, shocked that Gerard was actually thinking of diapering him. “I really don’t need that.”

“Pawsome Squad is his favorite, isn’t it?” asked Gerard, ignoring Frank.

“Sounds like he’s their *biggest fan*,” said Leandra, giggling in a way that made Frank blush hard.

“Then he’s going to *love* his new Pawsome Squad diapers,” said Gerard, ripping open a pack of diapers next to the Blarney pull-ups. “They match his toothbrush. It’s a good thing Bullseye had so much selection in his size.”

Frank’s eyes went wide when he saw the diaper in the man’s hand.

“Why are they so thick?!” Frank exclaimed. Gerard smiled, ignoring Frank's alarmed tone.

“I saw you were doubling up yesterday and thought you could use a thicker diaper. Aren’t you glad that I happened to get your favorites? Now you’ll have your puppy pals close by all the time!”

Gerard advanced on Frank, grabbing his wrist in one hand, while holding the diaper in the other.

“Hey, wait, those are baby diapers. I can’t *wear* those,” whined Frank.

“Nonsense. These are the same size as your pull-ups and those fit you just fine,” said Gerard. “Now no more backtalk or we’ll have to use something else I got at the store and *hoped* I wouldn’t have to use.”

“Come on, I really don’t need them,” said Frank, trying and failing to pull his wrist away. He had the sinking feeling those diapers would end up on him whether he liked it or not. Gerard sighed and shook his head.

"I warned him... Leandra, get the pacifier..."

Leandra pulled a pacifier out of the bag. Frank's eyes bugged out. It was much larger than any baby pacifier he'd seen and it looked like it would stuff his mouth good. She went ahead and put it to his lips, which he clamped shut.

"You'll open your mouth, little boy. Right. Now."

Frank opened his mouth to try and talk his way out of it, but the pacifier went in before he could say a word.

"This stays in until one of us takes it out," said Leandra. "And if you take it out on your own, we have ways of stopping that from happening again. Be glad that you have the freedom to choose to be good, because you won't like it if that choice is taken away from you."

After that Frank's sleeper was taken off without complaint. Gerard noticed the paperclip still stuck in the zipper tab and raised his eyebrow, but didn't say anything. Soon, Frankie was out of his sleeper and stepping out of his Blarney pull-ups at Gerard's behest.

"Look at that, Leandra. They're already soiled. He really must need these."

Of course Frank knew it was mostly cum – surely he hadn't wet himself or he'd have known. Nevertheless, it still apparently counted. Yet one more notch against him in his struggle to prove his potty competence.

The blushing and naked Frank was lifted onto the bed where his next diaper was waiting.

"You know, Leandra, he probably shouldn't have hair down there."

"I think you're right, Gerard," said Leandra, moving Frank's limp little pecker this way and that. "And a little cock cage to keep him from rubbing his little pee pee too much."

Frank's face was red, and he was frustrated because he wanted to respond to everything they were saying but was too cowed to take out the pacifier himself. Meanwhile, Gerard and Leandra went about talking as if they were discussing the weather over coffee, instead of his diapers over a changing mat. Somehow, despite all the frustration he felt at his situation, all this talk was leaving Frankie embarrassingly hard.

"Wow! Somebody's excited for his diapees!" said Leandra. "Don't worry little man. You'll have them soon enough. Gerard, would you do the honors?"

And so, Gerard diapered Frank for the first time with Leandra coaching him.

"Don't forget the powder! That's plenty. And rub it in nice and good. Great. Now tape it up. And don't forget to check the leg guards...great job! You're a natural!"

“Guess this means I can be a Daddy someday,” said Gerard, with a grin as he looked up at Leandra.

“I think so,” said Leandra, giving Gerard a look that Frank didn’t like one bit. There was definitely some chemistry going on between the two, and Frank wanted to break it up, but that was hard to do lying on the changing mat with a paci in his mouth. Instead, he was just zipped up into his jammies again and tucked tightly into bed by the man who had just diapered him like an infant.

“Okay, kiddo. Sleep tight. And remember what we said. The paci stays in your mouth and you stay in the bed!”

With that they were gone, leaving Frank to lay there and explore the feeling of his new ultra-thick baby diapers as he squirmed and wiggled under his tightly tucked sheets.

Chapter 8: The Ultimatum

Fuck Gerard and his 'I'm here to help' attitude, thought Frank, fuming at how he had been treated by the man who had taken them in. The man who was increasingly controlling his life, along with his wife. Why was this happening to *him*? What did he do to deserve this?

If he was honest with himself, he would admit that part of him was turned on by this treatment, so much so that even now his pee pee was hard in his diaper. But of course, he was rarely honest with others, let alone himself. He sucked his pacifier angrily. The one thing he *did* know was that he definitely *didn't* need a nap. He wasn't even sleepy. Not even a little bit, he thought, as he yawned. He would just close his eyes for a second...

Half an hour later, Gerard called Leandra over to the bedroom.

"Honey, *look at this.*" The two of them looked down at the adorable boy sleeping soundly in his pajamas and suckling his pacifier with a smile. He wasn't even snoring thanks to the sucker in his mouth.

"Oh... he's *adorable*," cooed Leandra.

Gerard put his arm around her and hugged her closer.

"And he's all ours. Even if he is a pain in the butt."

She leaned into him and looked into his eyes. She loved this man, and she could see that he loved her, and Frank too even if the man was a disappointment of a husband. She had never been happier.

The two lovers brought their lips together and began to kiss passionately in the doorway until they nearly fell over into the doorframe.

"Oh, sorry," said Gerard, steadying himself and Leandra. "Uh... he, uh, looks like he could sleep a little longer... Don't you think?"

"Yeah," said Leandra. "I think he could sleep a little longer..."

The two of them hurried off to Gerard's bedroom to finish what they had started while their little boy continued to snooze in bed, oblivious to what had just taken place right in front of him.

Half an hour later, Frank awoke, bleary eyed, rubbing his eyes as he sat up and yawned.

For a second, he was confused as he felt the rubber nipple invading his mouth, and something thick and bulky between his legs, but then he remembered. It was this ridiculous demeaning treatment his wife and her friend had dreamed up.

I don't have to put up with this, he thought. *I can just take that paci out right now if I want to*. He hooked his finger on the ring and then hesitated, thinking about what the two had said. *No taking out the pacifier and no getting out of bed*. He sighed. Maybe he would wait there just a *little* longer. After all, he was in enough trouble as it was. He just hoped an adult would show up soon. He had to pee.

Ten minutes later, Frank was fed up. He was going to pee his pants if he didn't get to the potty soon. Maybe if he left his pacifier in, he reasoned, he would be able to convince them that he at least *tried* to follow the rules.

He slid out from under the covers and gently stepped down off the bed one leg at a time. He padded over to the bathroom and walked over to the potty. Then, he remembered that he couldn't get out of his pajamas on his own.

Damn, he thought, trying in vain to reach the stupid zipper. He *might* be able to get it undone if he had a sharp hook and about 30 minutes to spare, but his bladder was not going to wait that long. He decided to go looking for a grown-up instead, holding his crotch as he waddled out into the hall and then to the kitchen in search of help.

He looked around. No one there. He grimaced as he began to feel shooting pains coming from his bladder. A final warning that he was about to have an accident if he didn't get out of his dino jammies and onto a potty quickly.

He bit into his pacifier and squeezed his legs together until the pain subsided slightly, and in that stillness, he heard a noise. What was that? It sounded like it was coming from the direction of Gerard's bedroom. Maybe there was someone in there. He waddled as fast as his legs would take him in the direction of the noise.

The noise was louder outside Gerard's bedroom door. It sounded like he was working out. He was grunting and groaning. Then he heard something else. A woman's voice. Leandra?

He felt a knot in the pit of his stomach as a terrible thought came to mind. Were the two of them *fucking*? *Well*, he thought. *If I can't have any privacy during my fun time, neither can they!*

He pulled on the handle and the door swung open revealing Gerard shoving his tool into Leandra from behind. And *what* a tool. Frankie was so taken aback by the size of Gerard's cock and the power behind it, that he almost forgot to be angry for a second. Stunned, his mouth fell open and his pacifier clattered to the floor. His own penis sprang to attention as he saw the two of them fucking in front of him.

At the sound of the plastic clattering on the ground, they both stopped and turned around to see him.

"Oh, hey, baby. What are you doing out of bed?" asked a breathless Leandra, tucking several loose strands of hair behind her ear.

"What are *you* doing under *Gerard*?!" yelled Frank in response.

"Hey! Don't you raise your voice at her, young man," said Gerard, still lodged firmly inside Frank's wife.

"Fuck you, Gerard, you French Bastard!" said Frank, his face bright red. He was red with anger, all the more so because of how *hot* he found it all. He didn't *want* to have those feelings right then. He couldn't bear the fact that part of him wished they would keep doing it like he wasn't even there.

Gerard's face went dark. He ran his hand over Leandra's cheek, and down her side as he stepped back, coming out of her with a *schlorp*.

He stepped off the bed, still hard, cock dripping with their mingled juices.

"Now what do you think gives **you** the right to come in here and start throwing a tantrum, little man?"

"Because you're fucking my *wife*?!" said Frank, his voice inflecting upwards and going gravelly as he screamed the words. "Because you've humiliated me and put me in these *stupid baby diapers* and made me take a *nap* while you're in here having an *affair*?!"

In two strides, the taller, naked man had Frank by the arm.

"Now you listen here. This is *my* house and *I* make the rules," he yelled in a booming voice that left Frank stunned and silent. "You're being treated like a little boy because that's exactly how you've behaved for *years*. You've had *years* to get it right, and you couldn't, so now you're here. With me. And this is what's gonna happen. You will live here with us. You will do as we say. You will call Leandra Mommy and you will call me Daddy. And you will *never. Ever.* Have an adult life again."

"But I-"

"You will not *dress* yourself. You will not *diaper* yourself. You will not make *stickies* in your little *didees*. And you most definitely will *not* be fucking your wife. But you can watch *me* fuck her, because now it's time for me to finish what I started."

Gerard turned to climb back up onto the bed.

Frank spoke but his voice came out sounding smaller and more plaintive than he'd intended.

"But I have to go pot-"

"Use your diaper," barked Gerard, cutting Frank off. "You sure as hell don't know how to use the toilet."

"He's right, sweetie," said Leandra. "You can't even flush properly. Now *you* just stand there and piddle your pampers and watch our wife get fucked by a *real* man."

Frank stood there, speechless, as Gerard climbed back on top of his wife and resumed his fucking. He then realized that he didn't have to pee anymore. Gerard's booming voice must have shaken it out of him, because only a few spurts remained, flowing out of him as he watched the two of them go at it.

"Fuuuhhuuhhuuhhuuuckk Me!" cried Leandra.

"You like that, my beautiful treasure?" asked Gerard as he relished the sensation of fucking his beautiful lover in front of her bratty husband.

"Yes, Gerard! I love it! Fill me up!"

"Does it feel even better to do it in front of your pants-pissing limp-dicked husband?"

"Yes! Oh yes, it feels amazing!"

"I think so too," he said, turning his head and looking Frank straight in the eye as he neared his climax. "I'm going to cum!" he bellowed.

"Me too!" cried Leandra as the two of them began to cry out like animals in heat.

Without even thinking about it, Frank's own hand had found its way to the front of his soggy diaper. The wet padding felt amazing on his dick. So good in his already highly aroused and emotionally excited state, that he was close to cumming himself, not that he was aware of that. He was too focused on what was happening in front of him. He had only seen it through the tiny screen of his phone, but never in person. Never like this. He was so enthralled by the raw animal sexuality of their coupling that he had forgotten to be anything but an observer.

Gerard pulled out and semen spilled onto the covers of his bed, with yet more cum still dripping from his hard dick. Frank leaned forward unconsciously, opening his mouth and drooling.

"Thought so," said Gerard, standing in front of Frank with a smirk. "You're no man. You just watched your wife get fucked and all you can do is play with yourself. Didn't I tell you you weren't *allowed* to play with Mr. Peepee?"

"Wha?" said Frank, coming to his senses. "N-No! I did NOT enjoy it. And I don't need to stand here and be insulted by you. I'm out of here!"

"And just where do you think you're going dressed like that?" asked Gerard as Frank turned to leave. Frank looked down at himself and realized how he looked.

"Y-you're gonna take these off of me, and then I'm gonna leave." Frank said, his voice faltering.

"Okay. If you want to leave then I can take them off of you. Then I'll lock you out of the house in just your diapers and you can figure out what to do from there."

"I have a car..." Frank began, but Leandra jumped in.

"No you don't. That's *my* car now. *You* spent all our money so *I'm* taking the car."

"And we have the *keys*. And your *wallet*. And your *phone*." added Gerard. "Just what are you planning to do when you leave here, little one?"

"I... I..."

"He doesn't know," said Leandra. "He's too little to figure that sort of thing out on his own."

"Then I guess we'll just have to teach him *exactly* where he stands."

On the word 'exactly', Gerard reached forward and grabbed the smaller man's wrist, pulling him in.

"You've been a very bad boy, little Frankie," he said, unzipping the man's pajamas and pulling them down. Frankie very quickly found himself sitting in the naked man's lap in nothing but his soggy diaper.

"No! Lemme go!" Frankie said, Kicking and screaming like a toddler having a tantrum.

"Honey, get the little one's pacifier,"

"On it," said Leandra, bending down to pick up the fallen pacifier and cleaning it with her mouth before popping it into her struggling husband's mouth. She held it there while Gerrard held the smaller man firmly down on his lap.

"I'm going to let go of this pacifier," said Leandra, "and when I do, it stays in your mouth. You've already broken this rule once. Break it again and see what happens."

Frank gave her a defiant look, but a sharp look from her and a smack on his naked thigh settled him down real quick. Frank already knew he was no match for either of them but clearly Leandra needed to give him a little reminder. When she finally released the pacifier, he looked annoyed, but it stayed in place. That was progress.

"Little boy, we are going to have to have a talk about your behavior," said Gerard, looking down at the smaller man in his lap. In nothing but a soggy puppy-print diaper, Frank looked nothing like the mature adult he claimed to be.

"First of all," said Gerard, "you do not go into Mommy and Daddy's room without permission, little one. And you should not be out of bed and wandering the house alone. You could get hurt!"

"She's my wife, Gewawd! Not my Mommy! Leandwa," said Frank as he spoke around the pacifier, "teww Gewawd to wet me go!"

Frank looked desperately at his wife who just smiled and shook her head. "No, I'm not, sweetie, I am your *mommy* now, and you are our little boy so you have no reason to be upset about Mommy and Daddy's adult time. When was the last time *you*

did anything sexual with me, huh? You've proven you'd rather be a silly little boy who makes stickies in his pampers instead."

"You can't do dis! When I get out of hewe, I'm gonna teww ewevyone what you did!"

"The choice is yours, Frankie." said Gerard, holding the man firmly in place. "You can follow my rules and be our submissive baby cuckold, or you can go out on the street with nothing but a soggy diaper. And do you think that *anyone* is going to listen to a diaper pissing baby who tried to run away from home?"

Frank's eyes went wide as he slowly shook his head.

"So what'll it be," asked Gerard. Are you going to be our subby cucky sucker, or are you going to try explaining to a stranger how you let another man put you in a diaper and fuck your wife in front of you?" Gerard pulled out the pacifier so Frank could answer clearly.

Chapter 9: Frank's Decision

Frank's cheeks burned red as he lay there on Gerard's lap, but he knew the man expected a response.

"F-fine... I'll do it," muttered Frank, finally.

"What will you do, little boy?" asked Gerard. "I want to hear you say it."

"...I'll be your subby cucky sucker." mumbled Frank, his face growing even redder.

"What's that? I couldn't really hear you. Say it louder"

"I'll be your subby cucky sucker!" cried Frank, so they could hear.

"Good," said Gerard. "Now clean me off."

Frank's eyes went wide as he was brought down between Gerard's knees, face to face with the larger man's dripping cock.

Frank couldn't believe he was actually doing this and was hesitant to actually commit to sucking another guy's dick. He opened his mouth and slowly stuck out his tongue, but Gerard wasn't patient enough for Frank's glacial pace and grabbed the back of his head.

"Do a good job, and maybe you'll get stickies," he said before tightening his grip on Frank's hair and forcing the pitiful hubby's head down on his cock..

Frank squeezed his eyes shut as Gerard's cock plunged into his throat. He was forced to taste his wife on Gerard as well as a healthy helping of Gerard's spunk.

"This is the closest you'll ever get to a pussy again, diaper boy," said Leandra, as Gerard forced him to bob up and down several times before releasing the gasping Frank.

"Good, now clean *her* off." Frank said.

Frank whimpered as he licked the semen off of his wife's thighs and up between her legs.

"Good. Get in there nice and deep, cuck," said Gerard in a commanding tone.

Frank did as he was told, feeling turned on and horny at their complete dominance of him. It was just like the videos he watched. No, better! And he was the star of the show.

When the pair were finally satisfied, they announced that Frankie was going into a fresh diaper. Frank had not gotten off during this entire ordeal and he was to the point of begging as they dragged him out the door.

"Please.... Let me at least cum!"

"You call them stickies from now on," said Leandra.

“Let me at least have... s... s-s-stickies...” he said, choking back his embarrassment as he forced the demeaning term to leave his lips.

“No. Little boys shouldn’t spend all their time thinking about Mr. Pee Pee,” said Leandra. “We’re going to have to lock up your little cucky dick so you can focus on being the best little boy you can be.”

“But, I-“

“You don’t really have a choice any more,” she said, cutting him off in a clear indication that the discussion was over.

Gerard sat Frank in his lap once more as Leandra went to grab a fresh diaper from Frank’s room.

“Before we take care of those diapers,” said Gerard, “we have to discuss your punishments.”

“Punishments?!” moaned Frank. “What did I do?”

“You really don’t know, little one? Let’s go over the rules one more time, shall we?” said Gerard, bringing up his hand and holding out his fingers.

“First, we told you not to take your pacifier out on your own and not to get out of bed. Did you do those two things?”

“But I had to go pott-“

“Did you do them?” interrupted Gerard.

“...yes...” said Frank, in a sulky voice. “But I-“

“Second, I told you no raising your voice and no temper tantrums. Did you do either of those things?”

“But you were with my *wife!*”

“I’m not your wife, sweetie, I’m Mommy now,” said Leandra, walking back into the room with a thick diaper in her hand.

“And I’m Daddy,” added Gerard. “Mommy and Daddy were having '*adult time*' when you came in without permission. And after you came in, did you raise your voice and have a tantrum? Tell the truth now or you’re going to have a very sore bottom.” Franked huffed.

“Yes, but-“

“That’s right, little man. But you should say it more politely. That’s yes *Daddy* to you. I want you to say it again and call me Daddy.”

“I’m *not* calling you Daddy, Gerard.”

“You’re not going to get your phone back unless you’re good, and you’re not showing me you want to be very good, little one,” said Gerard giving the man sitting in his lap a little hug.

Frank thought about this for a second. Having a phone would make getting his independence a lot easier. Still...

“I can’t call you that, it’s *weird*,” he said, staring down at the smiling Pawsome Squad characters on his diaper.

“It’s no weirder than being a fully grown man who blows his wad rubbing his pampers to baby shows.”

“But I couldn’t-“

“Say yes, Daddy, or I will spank you right here and now until you do,” said Gerard, the threat evident in his voice.

“Yes, Daddy,” said Frank in a subdued tone.

“Good boy,” said Gerard. “You’re learning. Third, do you remember the rule about respect?”

“...yeah,” sighed Frank.

“Yeah? That’s all? Care to try that again, little man?” said Frank. “Or are you too little to be allowed to talk?” He held up the pacifier and Frank knew that it could easily end up in his mouth again.

“You told me to respect you, and your house and property... Daddy.”

“Very good, little guy,” said Gerard, with a smile. “You’re such a smart little boy. It looks like you will get to keep your big boy words for now. But let me ask you this. Did you keep your diaper dry today like you promised?”

Frank’s eyebrows went up in alarm. He remembered the bet he had made with Gerard in an effort to get out of diapers, and he was now regretting it.

“I didn’t have a choice!” he blurted out.

“You’re already in enough trouble as it is, little man. Do you want to make it worse by lying about your diapers? All I want is a simple yes or no. Did you keep those diapers clean and dry?”

Frank shook his head, intimidated and embarrassed.

“That’s right,” said Gerard, bringing his arm around Frank’s chest and giving the front of Frank’s diaper a squeeze.“

“You know what that means, little guy. No more potty for you!”

“But that’s not fair!”

“Have you forgotten what you agreed to this very morning? You said you were sure you could wear your pull-ups and use the potty without leaving a mess. Well, this looks like a pretty big mess to me!” said Gerard, his hand still cupping and squeezing Frank’s soggy diapered crotch.

“That only happened because nobody let me out of bed,” whined Frank, squirming under the larger man’s grip.

“A big boy could have held it,” Leandra chimed in.

“And did you hold it?” asked Gerard.

“No...” said Frank in a low voice, blushing red.

“And what does that make you?”

“...a little boy...”

“Now we’re getting somewhere,” said Gerard, pulling Frank in closer and bringing his arms in underneath Frank’s to give him another little squeeze.

“Now that we’ve got that sorted, here are the consequences for your behavior: by getting out of bed on your own and coming into Mommy and Daddy’s room without permission, you’re telling me you’re not ready for a big boy bed. Instead, you will be getting a toddler bed with rails, or perhaps a crib to replace the one you’ve been using. Further, since you took out your pacifier and raised your voice, you’ll be getting more paci time today and we are going to make sure you can’t take it out. Also, since you were not respectful, but used a curse word and threw a tantrum, you will lose all internet and tv privileges for the week.”

Frank listened to each consequence with growing dread but gasped in horror at the last one.

“That’s right, little one, bad behavior has consequences. And you already know the other changes that will take place. Can you tell me why and avoid a spanking? First, you are in diapers full time now. Can you tell me *why* you need to be in diapers, little one?”

“...because I couldn’t keep my diapers dry...” said Frank, quietly.

“Very good. And why is your little cucky dicky going to be locked up from now on?”

“Because.... s-so I can focus on being the best little boy I can be?” Frank was practically whispering at this point.

“That’s right, honey,” said Leandra. “I’m so proud of you for admitting that you need these things, and I’ve got everything on tape in case you ever forget and need a reminder.”

Frank gasped at the revelation. Not only did they have all his IDs and documents, they had blackmail material as well.

“You can’t let anyone see that!” he said.

“Oh, I already am,” Leandra responded. “It’s being uploaded to your favorite website as we speak, and you will be watching it tonight for homework *after* we install your cucky cage.”

Frank began to cry as he was laid onto his back and his diaper was opened up. Gerard pressed the paci back in his mouth, this time securing it with straps so it would stay in place, and Frank began to suck on the big rubber bulb and whimper. The funny thing was, it actually made him feel a little better (but only slightly) as his pissy bottom was wiped clean by his mommy.

“We’re going to leave the cage off for now until we can get all that big boy hair off,” said Leandra, looking at Frank’s hairy crotch.

“But don’t go rubbing your little diapers,” said Gerard. “We’ll know if you make stickies and your balls will get a paddling you’ll never forget.”

Frank’s breath caught in his throat. He didn’t know if he could stop himself, but he would have to try.

Once he was powdered, the thick diaper was brought up between his legs and taped into place. Then, he was carried back to his bedroom and laid down on the bed.

Gerard gave him a stern look. “You will stay in your room until dinner and you can think about what you’ve done. And if one toe gets out of that bed, we will be getting you that crib instead of the toddler bed.”

Gerard tucked Frank in tight, as was becoming the routine, and kissed him on the forehead before he turned off the light and left with Leandra, leaving the little boy to stew in his own juices for the next several hours.

Chapter 10: No More Big Boy

Somehow against all odds, Frank was able to get to sleep without rubbing his pamps, and that's how Gerard and Leandra found him when they came back in to wake him up. At first, Leandra didn't believe he was really asleep.

"I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes," said Leandra. "Usually you could hear him snoring all the way up the hall, but that pacifier made his snoring disappear completely!"

Gerard pulled back the covers and put his hand on Frank's crotch to see if he was wet - he was not, but the check was enough to wake Frank up and he sat up with a nasty look on his face as well as some choice words which, for his sake, were luckily muffled to nonsense by the pacifier.

"Watch the attitude, kiddo," said Gerard, pushing Frank back down onto his back. "We need to check to make sure the little boy didn't cum in his didees without permission.

Frank crossed his arms and looked away, cheeks burning red and indignant as he allowed another man to untape his diaper for a chastity check.

"Nope," said Gerard, turning to Leandra and smirking. "All I see is a dinky little dinky."

"Now you see what I've had to work with this whole time," she said.

"Wow, really?" asked Gerard. "I can't believe this little dinky was ever allowed out of a cage. It shouldn't even be allowed to grow hair. But I guess we'll take care of that after dinner."

Frank's eyes went wide. Were they seriously going to do that *now*?

"Oh don't look so surprised," said Leandra. "This is what happens to little cucks. You're watched enough of them to know."

He was taped back up into his diaper and led to the kitchen with Leandra and Gerard holding each of his hands. Waiting for him was a booster seat with a strap across the lap, a bowl of mush, and a big bottle of juice.

"Upsie daisy," said Gerard, lifting Frank up under the armpits and depositing him in the booster seat. Frank was quickly secured in place so there was no getting out of the chair on his own and a bib that said 'silly baby boy' was tied around his neck. "We're going to give you one choice tonight, and that's who gets to feed you. Will it be Daddy or Mommy?"

Frankie pointed at Leandra. He wasn't happy with either of them doing it, but he couldn't stand the thought of the man he had caught with his wife feeding him. Besides, they would have to take off the paci gag to feed him, and maybe he could use the opportunity to speak with Leandra and get her to see reason. He was pretty good at manipulating her when he wanted to.

"Okay, little man," said Gerard. "Mommy it is."

Leandra moved behind Frank to loosen the strap around his head, while Gerard took his seat in front of a plate of delicious looking lemon-herbed chicken breast and a full glass of freshly corked wine.

"Bon appetit!" he said, with a grin.

Soon, Leandra was spoon feeding Frank his mush, which was the same food blended up without the seasoning, and with a much more generous helping of veggies. He tried to speak but he couldn't get a word in edgewise as his mouth was crammed with spoonful after spoonful of the bland mush, precluding any conversation.

"Thank goodness we're finally gonna get that diet of yours under control, sweetie," said Leandra, filling the silence left by Frank's inability to eat. "Goodness knows I never got you to eat a helping of vegetables in your life!"

"Hey- GLUMPH" His protest was cut off by another heaping spoonful of whatever they called that goop they were feeding him, and before he could even let that settle, the large bottle of juice was in his mouth.

"You're going to drink every drop of this before I let you out," warned Leandra, as Frank began to struggle. Not only was he feeling very full, he felt an intense need to pee, and there was nowhere for him to go but in his diaper even as he gulped down the juice. His face grew dark red as he fussed and tried to cross his legs around the thick padding, but it was no use. Soon, a spurt of pee forced its way out and into his diaper, followed by a flood of hot piss that had Frank's crotch surprisingly warm and stimulated. The combined feelings of relief, warmth, and squishy padding were almost enough to make Frank cream his pants right there.

"Uh oh," said Gerard. "He looks like he's enjoying it!"

"Good boys love to use their diapers," said Leandra. "It feels so good when they do. But we don't want it to feel *too* good, do we Frankie?" she asked, pinching her husband's thigh and bringing him down from the ecstatic sensation he was experiencing. Of course it was a rhetorical question because he was still drinking the bottle of juice.

When Gerard finished his meal, he took hold of the bottle so Leandra could enjoy her plate. They were all soon done with their meal and the next step was something that Frankie had been dreading since they mentioned it.

"Bath time!" sang Leandra. "Luckily I won't need my body razors since Gerard likes his ladies European style."

"Absolument!" exclaimed Gerard.

Frankie gulped as he was led into the bathroom, standing there awkwardly as he watched his 'mommy' fill up the tub. He was not comfortable being in just a soggy diaper in front of his wife and the man who cucked him. He was even less comfortable with them giving him a bath, but here he was. The worst part of it was, he verbally agreed to everything they were doing and the reasons they were doing it. For the first time, he

began to think that maybe he had in some small way brought this on himself, but the shock of everything that was happening and how fast it was happening didn't afford him the time to think much about it.

"Okay, buddy, the water's warm," said Gerard, swirling the water in the tub with his hand. "I'm gonna let you and mommy have some bonding time on this one." He nodded to Leandra.

"T-thanks," Frank muttered, looking at the tiled bathroom floor and rubbing his arm.

"Alright sweetie, said Leandra, looking at Frank's diaper and reaching for the first tape. "Let's get that soggy didee off my little man."

Gerard left the two of them, shutting the door behind him as the yellowed diaper hit the floor with a plop. Leandra made a big show of stirring the water up with her hand to make sure it wasn't too hot for the baby, then held her husband's hands.

"Okay, little man. Step into the tub. One, two. Easy does it."

Frankie eased himself into the steamy hot water, slowly lowering himself down. It had been longer than he could remember since he had a real bath and the water actually felt very nice. It still wasn't enough to wash away the shame he was experiencing though, or the frustrated arousal he felt of being the center of the very sort of scenario he masturbated to daily.

Leandra smiled and petted Frankie's hair, then she picked up a washcloth and squeezed some warm water out on his head and neck, before working up a rich lather. It felt really nice, and Frank felt some of the tension he had been holding leave his body. However, he was still very much hoping he could talk sense into her. He just wanted to enjoy being pampered a little bit longer. Figuratively speaking, of course.

Eventually, he spoke up. By this time she was working on his feet.

"Lean- I mean... Mommy?" he asked, quickly correcting herself when he saw her raised eyebrow.

"Yes, sweet pea?"

"I'm sorry for how I behaved..."

"Yes, you should be. That was very rude barging in on us like that."

Frank winced, since most any husband would have done the same, but he let it slide. "No, I mean... About before... you know, when we were... well, you know..."

Leandra's eyebrows went up, the washcloth pausing at the top of her husband's thighs. She had been ready for many reactions from her husband, but not this one. "Do you really mean that, Frank? After all these years?"

Frank nodded. "I do... and... I hope that you would give me another chance to be a husband... eventually..."

Leandra smiled and shook her head, then she cupped her husband's chin. "Sweetie, sweetie, sweetie. It's too late for that. I just don't see you like that anymore. Besides, you're just so cute as my little boy..."

"But... I'm not a baby, Leandra..." Frank said, a hint of whining coming back into his voice as Leandra began to scrub his nether regions. "And... I- I can do that part myself!"

Leandra had seen all this before. Whenever Frank went a little too far, he would come back apologetic and sweet, and just start the whole cycle over again because he didn't have the capacity to work on himself and improve. This time would be different.

"Yes," she said, her voice taking on a sterner tone as she grabbed her husband by the balls, "you *are* a baby. You're *our* baby cuck, and you're going to stay that way. It's the only way I see for you to improve your nasty habits, and from what Gerard told me after dinner, your video is already making quite a bit of money. This is going to be how you earn your keep, baby boy. Diapers aren't cheap. Butt up so I can clean your little behind"

"But Leandra, I-" Her eyes flashed at him and she squeezed his balls just enough to send a message. He shut his mouth and lifted his butt.

"The next time you speak, that paci gag is going right back in, so you'd best just shut it now." Leandra began to work the washcloth between Frank's cheeks and shook her head causing him to blush bright red as she scolded him. "You're a baby, and that's all you will ever be from now on. A submissive baby cuck who lives to please mommy and daddy. And now that you're all clean," she said, wringing out the cloth and standing up, "I'm going to do the next step in your transformation."

She opened a shelf under the sink and pulled out a razor and shaving gel.

"Leandra, please!" Frank cried out, but she just called Gerard.

"Gerard! Please bring the baby's pacifier! He's fussy!"

Gerard came in with the gag and they put it around his mouth even as he kicked and splashed.

"Stay still, boy," said Gerard. "This is happening with or without a red bottom, but it's your choice how painful it will be."

Frankie wasn't listening, and so he ended up being taken out of the bath and spanked. A couple smacks to the balls took the fight right out of him, and he was tied down to his bed on a disposable changing pad for good measure, his hands and ankles splayed out to the four corners.

"Well, this is going to go a lot quicker this way, I think," said Gerard, testing Frank's bonds.

"Yes, it will," said Leandra. "I was going to just shave his diaper area, but I think we'd better go ahead and take off everything below his eyebrows. I think he'll feel more submissive knowing he's not allowed any body hair."

"Sounds good to me, my love. You take the top, I'll take the bottom?"

Frankie shook his head and cursed into the pacifier at the idea of his bull removing the hair himself. And yet, at the very same time his cock was rock hard, which made it doubly humiliating.

"Aww, I think he likes the idea," said Leandra. "Such a good little cucky."

The two of them began to work methodically toward Frank's mid-section, teasing him all the while. Frank was hard and dripping the whole time. Then, he noticed the camera that was recording this whole ordeal, and knew that people were probably watching and sending money at that very moment.

"That's right, sweetie," said Leandra, as she watched Frank's eyes go wide in recognition. "You're on camera! I even went ahead and sent the link to all your former co-workers so they could see what happened to their hot-headed boss. A few of them donated extra to your pamper fund. You have made a lot of enemies at work, little man."

Frank couldn't confirm or deny this with his mouth plugged up, but it was true. He had been an asshole at home *and* at work. Perhaps that's what got him promoted so quickly. It was definitely what got him fired.

"Hold still, little man," said Gerard, as he got to Frank's genitals. "You wouldn't want to get nicked down here, now would you?" Frank froze. Gerard took a hold of Frankie's penis, moving it this way and that to get all the hair around it. He used a little more up and down motion than he really needed to, acting as if he had a hard time getting a grip on Frankie's little pee-pee and warning him not to cum while uncaged. Frankie's heart was beating a mile a minute as this happened, and he squeezed his eyes shut to try and keep that from happening. He wanted to avoid cumming at all costs, both for his pride, and the safety of his poor balls.

Eventually, somehow, Frankie made it through the whole ordeal without blowing his load. Gerard and Leandra brought out a mirror so Frankie could fully appreciate just how he looked with no hair, and he couldn't believe the difference. It was like he didn't even recognize his body, especially his hairless pee-pee.

"Then we just need one more item before you're diapered up for the night," said Leandra, smiling. "Gerard, will you do the honors?"

"Why certainly, dear," said Gerard, walking over to the open package of diapers on the dresser, grabbing a fresh diaper, and picking up a little box that had been left right next to them. He opened it and out came a cage that looked like it came straight out of the baby toy section of the nearest toy store. It was a bulky contraption in bright primary red, yellow, and blue, and it was impossibly small even compared to Frank's modest erection. Once again, Frank struggled and was subdued by another smack on the balls. He yelled into his pacifier but the invading nipple swallowed up all the sound. Then, a fresh diaper was slid under his butt and Gerard grabbed the base ring to put around his cock and balls.

"Honey, I think we're gonna need some ice," said Gerard, noting Frank's stubbornly persistent erection. Leandra quickly stepped out and returned with the ice to get Frank's boner under control.

"It doesn't matter how you fight it, little man," said Gerard. "The dick doesn't lie. You were clearly made to be a cuck, and you'll come to love it as much as your little pee-pee does very soon.

Frankie's face was bright red as he heard these words from his bull, who was holding onto his nuts. This man had seen every part of him in the most intimate detail, and he realized that once that cage was on, his sex wouldn't be his own.

Leandra came back and immediately cooled Frank's rod with a handful of ice. Right away, Frank's bits shrank to almost nothing, and his cock and balls were quickly pulled through the ring and the tiny cage was slotted together. The ice was left on the diaper where it came to rest under Frank's balls and slowly soak into the padding. Gerard patted Frank's cage. "There we go, little cuckold. You look much better like this."

Frank nearly busted his nut right there, and he moaned as he could feel the cage getting tighter already. However, with nowhere to go, his cock was left to strain uselessly as the smell of baby powder assaulted his nose. Gerard was shaking it on him, then working it into his skin ever so gently. Frankie wanted to bite that hand off, not that he could with his paci gag in place and his hands and arms tied down. Soon, the thick diapers were being pulled up, and secured, completing the picture of a perfect cuck. Gerard squeezed the front of Frank's diaper causing him to moan, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Okay, sweetie, looks like you're all ready for bed," said Leandra. Frankie's eyes went wide. Were they really going to leave him like this? "Oh, we can't leave him like this," she said to Gerard, causing Frank to sigh in relief.

"No, you're right, honey. What were we thinking? We almost forgot to put on his evening entertainment to fall asleep to." Frank's eyes went wide. What were they talking about?

He soon found out as a VR headset was brought over his eyes and ears. The next thing he saw and heard was the video of him being spanked and forced to clean his bull's semen off his own wife. He winced and moaned into his gag as his cock instantly tried to get erect in its tiny prison. Soon, he was dribbling copious amounts of precum into his diaper, having already been blue balled for the better part of a day. He had no sense of where Gerard and Leandra were, except to feel the blanket being pulled up over his nearly hairless body. The sensations of the cool material were amplified on his newly bare skin, reminding him that he was now smooth as a baby.

Once the video was over it looped, then switched to the previously recorded livestream of him being shaved and caged. He struggled and moaned for what felt like hours, eventually catching snatches of sleep before being woken up by the soreness in his arms from the long-term restraint, and the soreness around the base of his cage from his poor pee-pee's futile efforts to get hard. It was a long and exhausting night for Frankie.

Meanwhile, Gerard and Leandra enjoyed dessert; a delicious sorbet eaten off each others' bodies as they watched a livestream of Frankie struggling in bed, and counted the donations that flew in.

"I was skeptical at first," said Gerard," but I have to admit, this is perhaps the most sexy fun I've ever had."

"I'm glad you enjoy cucking my husband as much as I do," said Leandra. "The fun is only getting started."