# Diapercuck’s Life Pt. 2

# By Champ ([www.subscribestar.com/champtehotter](https://www.subscribestar.com/champtehotter))

# **Chapter 11: How to Train your Cuck**

After a night in VR, Frank had the images of his cuckening burned into his mind. He had every word, every gesture memorized, and if he closed his eyes he could almost see them in his mind. Now, the picture of the subby cucks that had been obscured by his shattered phone was complete, and it was him filling in that empty spot.

This is what went through Frank's mind as he sat in his booster seat for a big breakfast of oatmeal. And if being clad in nothing but a Blarney-print diaper wasn't embarrassing enough, it was Gerard's turn to feed the little cuck. The man took every opportunity to make it as embarrassing and over the top as possible, right down to the little airplane noises he made as Frank was forced to 'open wide for the airplane'.

"Come on little guy! Open up! The faster you finish your num nums the faster you can have your baba and get a change!"

Frank kept his arms crossed over his bib the entire time. He might be cooperating, but he was going to show he definitely didn't like it. He hated oatmeal, but he wasn't given a choice. He was simply forced to watch as Leandra, dressed in a simple yet elegant silk robe, ate a delicious breakfast of eggs, croissants, fruit, and coffee, washed down with a delicious looking mimosa. Her hair hung back over her left shoulder making her look like an angel in the morning light. And now, she was just as untouchable.

Leandra smacked her lips and complimented Gerard on his amazing cooking, while he cooed back at her, making little innuendos about how much he liked his breakfast in bed that morning. But what could Frank do? He knew he wouldn't make it far if he was left on the street to fend for himself. He certainly hadn't left any friendships intact in California thanks to his tendency to burn bridges left and right. No, if he wanted a roof over his head, it would have to be here.

"Could you guys get a room or something," he finally muttered, as Gerard took the empty bowl to the sink."

"We have one," said Leandra. "And pretty soon, you'll have yours as well!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Frank suspiciously, but the conversation was cut short when Gerard stuck the bottle nipple in his mouth.

"That's it, drink up baby boy. Get all the practice in before you have to suck Daddy's baba again." Frank's eyes went wide and his face went red as he thought about the night before, when he was forced to clean Gerard's cum-soaked cock.

"Oh my, looks like the little baby liked *that* idea," said Leandra, her musical laugh filling the air. Frank quickly brought his hands down to cover the front of his diaper but Gerard and Leandra just laughed more. Gerard spoke, holding the bottle up to make sure Frank kept drinking.

"No use hiding it now. It's okay if you're excited to have another taste of Daddy's sausage. I know it's what little diaper cuckies like."

Frank's face burned, but he couldn't say a thing about it. All he could do was squirm as the liquid filled his stomach bringing the urgency in his already full bladder to a head. Soon, he was flooding his diaper, though he couldn't tell how much with his cage blocking all sensation to his penis. All he noticed was the relief from his bladder and the warmth on his thighs as the diaper swelled up bigger and bigger. He didn't even want to look down to see how obvious it was, but Gerard was quick to reach down and squish the front of his diaper and announce it to everyone.

"Wow, little man. You really had to go, didn't you? I bed you can't feel that at all, can you?' he said, squeezing the diaper. "Well, no matter. Little boys like you don't know when you're wet anyway. That's why Mommy and Daddy have to check."

Mercifully, Frank finished the bottle soon after, and was burped and allowed to settle for a bit as Gerard ate his meal.

"I'll go ahead and change him, honey," said Leandra. "Then you two can go out for your big shopping trip!"

"Shopping trip?" asked Frank, feeling a knot in his stomach forming already as Leandra unstrapped him from the booster seat and helped him to his feet. But neither adult in the room found it necessary to fill him in on any more details than that.

In the bedroom, Leandra warned him not to use any big boy words or ask to be big again.

"I have no problem keeping you gagged at all times, but I'm sure you'd be much more comfortable without it, so be a good baby and just cooperate."

"Yes, Momma," Frank said, glumly, as he laid down to have his diaper changed. He endured the humiliation of relying on his wife to take off his diapers and wipe him down, but when she came back with another diaper, he balked.

"Aren't I gonna get a shower first?" he asked.

"Since when do you care about getting a shower, little man?" asked Leandra. "You barely used to use the shower unless it was to jerk off."

"Yeah, but I also wasn't covered in my own piss," he complained.

"You mean pee pee? You're sounding suspiciously like a big boy all of a sudden," she said, lifting his butt and depositing it on the diaper. She raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips as he shook the powder out on his nethers. Frank was smart enough to clam up at that point and avoid the dreaded pacifier gag. He did, however, speak up as she went to pull up the front.

"Wait, can't I wear a pull-up at least, mommy? These are so loud and thick..."

"And since when do little boys like you care about that?" she asked. Frank had no argument for her that wouldn't make things worse for him. "Besides, you know what a pain it is to find a potty every five minutes when you're out in public. Gerard would never get his shopping done."

Leanra's tone made one thing clear: Frank was going in a diaper whether he liked it or not.

"There we go," she said, after she brought the diaper up and taped it snugly in place.

But that wasn't the worst of it. What came next really had his stomach turning.

"I think this will be the perfect outfit for your day out," she said, holding up the garments that Frank would wear to the store

"Okay, little man. Sit up." In her hand, Leandra held a pair of very short tan shortalls covered with adorable baby animal faces. She also had a onesie with colorful stars outlined all over.

"What is *that*?" asked Frank. He wasn't even sure what he was looking at, but he knew he didn't like it.

"Honestly, Frank. Have you not even *looked* at a baby before? You knew I always wanted children but you didn't even give it a thought did you? Typical." She shook her and began to describe the items to Frank as if talking to a small child. "Well, sweetie, this is called a *onesie*, she said, holding up the starry shirt. It keeps your diapees from *sagging* when they get wet from your little *accidents*. And these are called '*shortalls'*," she began, before Frank interrupted.

"Oh Leandra, come on. I know what *shortalls* are."

"That's mommy to you, little man!" she said, making a stern face as she grabbed her husband's wrist.

"I don't need diapers!" he said, trying to pull away. "You *know* I'm not gonna have an accident on this short little store trip."

"Just like you weren't gonna have an accident on the ride here from California?" She asked, wrestling the onesie over his head. "Yeah, Gerard and I aren't taking our chances with *that* one. Nobody has time to deal with any more of your *messes.* Now lie back and let me snap you up. That's better.."

Frank huffed and crossed his arms, sulking. "I don't like it. I don't like any of these stupid baby clothes.."

"Frankie!" said Leandra, exasperated. "Gerard bought you all these clothes with his *own money*. He could have left you to run around in just your diapers, which he *also* had to foot the bill for since you can't even make it to the potty on your own."

"That's not my fault!" Frank whined, but he could already feel her turning the tide against him.

"So, locking up that dinky dick wasn’t enough to remind you of your position in this household? Fine. We can easily add another reminder," she said, unclipping a small leather strap from her belt. When had she gotten *that,* wondered Frank.

"No no no, don't Mommy. I'll be good. I'll be good!"

"You know the rules, sweet pea. No complaining. You wear what Mommy and Daddy give you; you eat and drink what we feed you; and do what we tell you. Now on your back, little man, or next it'll be your little bitty balls that get the strap."

Frank tearfully obeyed, sniffling and whimpering in the most pathetic manner. Leandra sighed. She almost didn't have the heart to do it, but she knew his outward display of remorse was only skin deep. She would have to leave a much deeper impression if she was to get this lesson to stick. She grabbed her husband's legs and raised them up, holding them at the ankles with one hand and leaving the other to administer justice.

\*THWAP\* \*THWAP\* \*THWAP\*

Gerard looked up from his news feed as the sound of the strap reached the kitchen. He raised his eyebrows for a second, shook his head, then looked back down to continue reading. The little cuck would learn sooner or later. He hoped sooner. Neither he nor Leandra took particular pleasure in spanking the poor guy, but hopefully if they were strict in the beginning, such measures would not be needed in the future. The man was out of control, astoundingly immature, and clearly unable to manage his own life. They might not even *try* to potty train the little cuck at this rate. He sighed and opened up his calendar to update the schedule of Frank's transformation. *Some people just never grow up*, he thought.

Back in the guest bedroom, Leandra held up the shortalls once more. "You will wear this or you will go out in just your diaper. What will it be?"

Frank sniffled, rubbing his thighs and feeling sorry for himself.

"Well?"

"That," Frank said, pointing to the shortalls.

"Good choice, sweetie." She kissed her husband on the forehead and he returned a sulky look though his watery eyes.

"I'm not trying to be mean, little one, but you have to learn that you don't get to make your own decisions anymore. Maybe one day if you develop some maturity you can, but you have utterly failed in that regard up to now and Mommy and Daddy are taking over to set you on the right track. Do you understand?"

Frankie looked down and nodded. Part of him knew that he had been a failure, even though he always blamed it on someone else. Maybe that's why he was so angry. Then he saw the snaps in his crotch.

"What the hell are *those*?!" he asked.

"*Frankie*!"

More smacks rang out from the bedroom before Leandra came out into the kitchen leading Frankie by the hand like the little toddler he was becoming. Gerard put his phone away and stood up. In contrast to the adorably dressed Frankie, Gerard was dressed in a crisp business casual button up with a fashionable braided belt, designer jeans, and SolarBan sunglasses pushed up over his hair. If it came to a question of who was the man of the house between him and Frankie, there was no comparison.

"Are we ready to go, little man?" asked Gerard.

Frankie winced. The words stung even worse than usual coming from him and at this particular moment. "Yes, Daddy," he muttered, looking at Gerard's clothes in envy and then down to his own outfit. Leandra nudged him.

"What do we say, Frankie?"

"Thank you for the clothes, Daddy," he mumbled, still looking at the ground. His face was now red enough to stop traffic.

"You're very welcome little man. And if you like that, you're gonna *love* where we go next. Let's go shopping for your things, baby boy!" Gerard then gave Leandra a peck on the lips and grabbed a very confused Frankie's hand to lead him out the door. "Adieux, mon chérie!" he called back to Frank's wife. Frank didn't speak French, but he was sure he didn't like that either.

# **Chapter 12: Shopping with Daddy**

Frankie sat in the back seat, arms crossed as Gerard drove down the sunny Nevada street in Frank's former car, a classic pink Cadillac that was beginning to show its age.

"We need to get you a carseat buddy," said Gerard, trying to make conversation.

"No way," said Frank, making a face. "Those are for babies." Gerard grinned. It was cute that Frank thought he had a choice. He wouldn't even bother fighting the little cuck on it, he was just gonna do it.

"This convertible drives like a dream," said Gerard, changing the subject.

"I can drive it back," offered Frankie, but Gerard wasn't biting. He just laughed.

"Haha. No, little man. You're too *little* to drive a grown-up car. Maybe we can find you one of those scoot-along plastic cars for the yard, but you'll have to earn it," he added. Frank didn't think this was a great reward to look forward to.

"What do I have to do to earn back my internet?" Fra asked. "Or my phone?"

"Oh, so we're bargaining now, are we?" asked Gerard. "You know what you have to do. You have to be my obedient little boy today and *maybe* I'll think about giving you back one of those privileges early..."

"Gerard. For the hundredth time, I'm not a b-"

"And you can *start* by calling me Daddy *all day*." said Gerard, interrupting Frank mid-sentence. Frank scoffed, but Gerard said nothing more. Reluctantly and begrudgingly, Frank forced himself to say the words he hated most. It would be worth it to get his things back. "Yes, Daddy."

"That's my good little champion," said Gerard, hitting the gas and zooming on toward their destination. "Now let's see what this baby can really do!"

They arrived minutes later in a large parking lot. Frank could make out the sign from the highway - it said 'Super Baby Mega Center' and the description was apt. It looked like a whole mall in and of itself, and as they got closer and he got a better look, he realized that it *was* a mall. The Super Baby Mega Center was just a massive anchor store that he'd never seen in California.

"Are we going in *there*?" he asked, half awed and half afraid.

"Yes, little one," said Gerard with a smile. "Where else would we take a little boy like you?" Frank didn't like that answer one bit. He sat back in his seat with a loud crinkle, crossing his arms and feeling the unfamiliar bulk of the thick diaper between his legs. He could definitely tell he was wearing a diaper when he looked down at his crotch and he didn't like it one bit. Sure, he had a small bladder but he wasn't *that* bad. Then, he began to squirm.

"Um, Ger, I m-mean, um... Daddy?" he said uncertainly as Gerard grasped his sides to help him down out of the vehicle.

"Yes, little one?"

"Can we stop by the restroom first?"

"No, Frankie," he said, grabbing Frank's hand and leading him toward the looming building. "We can't stop every five minutes to give you a potty break. If you want out of diapers, you're just going to have to learn to hold it."

"But *Dadddddd!*" Frank Whined, drawing a few curious looks and chuckles from those nearby.

"No. I said no, and that's final. We can take you to the bathroom *after* the shopping trip."

Once again, Frank could feel himself getting angry, and he opened his mouth to speak but Gerard just wagged a finger and said, "Ah, ah, ah. Phoooone." That was the only reminder Frank needed to get him to shut up.

"What are we going to get here?" asked Frank, curling his upper lip as Gerard grabbed a large cart.

"You should know. We've already talked about it, kiddo. Babies do have such bad memories though, I really should expect that. I guess it'll just have to be a surprise."

"H-hey!" yelped Frank as Gerard lifted him up into the rear-facing child seat of the shopping cart. He looked around and covered his mouth, realizing that more people were looking his way. He was completely mortified. "L-let me down from here," he said, leaning in and speaking in a harsh whisper in the hopes that no one around would hear him but Gerard.

"*Fussy* little one," said Gerard, shaking his head. "I think we'd better make sure you're extra secure." With that, he buckled Frank in at the crotch and waist. It was a child-proof lock which Frank found himself unable to undo, so he was left to just squirm uncomfortably at the pressure on his bladder as he was pushed through the store.

"We'll take this, and this, and some of this," said Gerard, as they went down the aisle with all the diaper creams and powders.

"I'm not gonna need all that," said Frank, desperately trying to twist around and see everything that was going in the cart.

"I think you will," said Gerard. "You're in diapers full-time now. Or did you forget the new rules?" Frankie did not. How could he with thick diapers serving as a constant reminder between his legs? At least he had the hope of getting a potty break after this stupid store trip. Then he saw where they were going next. The *diaper* aisle. His heart raced as he was pushed through two towering walls of diapers going from the more mature looking plain and muted colors popular in products for teenagers, to the more bright and colorful action-packed colors of superheroes and popular cartoons, and finally to the most babyish and cuddly designs of all.

"Look at you," said Gerard, as he picked up the first package of diapers. "You're shaking. Is somebody excited for his new life as a diapercuck?"

"N-no," said Frank, more quickly than he should have. They both knew the truth, however. As aggravating as it was, this was also the kind of fantasy he'd been beating off to for most of his adult life. He couldn't help but feel incredibly turned on whenever the word cuck was mentioned in relation to his present situation. Frank winced as his cock struggled to get hard in its caged confines.

"Aww, it's okay, sweetie," said Gerard aloud, patting Frank's head. "You'll get to wear big boy pants someday!" Then he leaned in close to Frank and said softly, "You'll learn not to get hard so easily sooner or later. Once your body realizes what a waste it is." Frank watched in dismay as Gerard grabbed package after package of thick diapers with babyish designs. There were space diapers, and dino diapers, diapers with popular cartoon characters, and worst of all, there were even pretty pink diapers with princesses and cupcakes, ponies and ribbons.

"I'm not wearing *those*," said Frank, crossing his arms defiantly. "Those are for girls!"

"You will wear whatever I say you will wear. And if I decide you're going to be Daddy's little princess, that is just what you'll be, my petite little princess." Frank scoffed, but Gerard wasn't giving in. "Say it. Say *I'm Daddy's petite little princess.*"

"N-no way!" said Frank, turning bright red and looking around. There wasn't anyone too close but he could just imagine all the people that *might* hear him and it terrified him.

"Say it, or I'll take your pants away and put you in one right now."

"You wouldn't!" said Frank, nearly breathless with disbelief.

Gerard cocked an eyebrow and gripped the girliest package of diapers in the bunch with both hands. "Do you want to try me?" Him and Frank stared each other down. Then came the sound of plastic tearing and Frank could see the bag beginning to tear open under Gerard's grip.

"N-no! Wait!" cried Frank, holding out a hand. Gerard paused, his eyebrow still cocked. "I-I'll say it." He gulped and took a deep breath. "I'm... I'm..." he could hardly get the words out, they were so humiliating, but he forced himself to do it to save what shred of dignity he had left. "I'm D-daddy's little p-princess," he said, finally spitting it out. Gerard smiled and nodded his approval.

"Yes you are," he said, patting Frank's head. "And don't you forget it." Frank was sure Gerard wouldn't *let* him forget it, especially when they made their way past the clothing section.

"I think you've got a good amount of clothing already," said Gerard, "but since we've established that you're Daddy's little princess at least *some* of the time, I think we'd better get you some appropriate clothing, no?"

Frank bit his tongue. The less he said, the better. The more he said, the worse it would be for him.

"No objections?" asked Gerard, a little taken aback. He quickly recovered, smiling. "The little one learns quickly. In that case, I will only get her a few new items from the little girl's section. Though if it turns out the little one likes them, I'll be happy to return."

Frank hardly thought he'd *like* being dressed like a little girl, but he supposed he was going to have the chance to thoroughly test that assumption out. His penis sure seemed to like the idea, judging by how insistently it pressed up against his cage when he watched Gerard throw in the polka dot tights, the pink overalls, and the Michael Mouse onesie with an attached skirt short enough to be a tutu. He thought about what would happen when he got home. Maybe his wife would hate the girly. Maybe Leandra would just toss them out the moment she saw them. But more likely, she'd be all about it and push it *further*. He hoped he was wrong.

 "Where are we going now?" asked Frank, wincing in pain from his straining cock and his straining bladder as Gerard wheeled him onto the next section.

"Almost done, my little pastry puff! Just one more stop."

Frank's heart fell when he saw the sign pass above his head. It said 'Furniture'. That was when he knew they would make good on their promise to convert the guest room into something more 'age appropriate'.

"Here we are," said Gerard, picking Frank up out of the cart. "Let's see what we can get for our little prince, or princess."

"Hey, let me down," said Frank as he was lowered down into a sturdy looking crib. "Hey! What are you doing, G- D-Daddy?"

"I'm letting you down," said Gerard, pushing Frank down onto his back. While Frank had been hoping to only be downgraded to a bed with rails, Gerard had other ideas. He made a point of having Frank lay in the crib so there was no question whose it was. "Now, how does this one feel?"

"Not great," said Frank. "It's a friggin crib."

"Well, if you don't like it, you're free to try to get out," said Gerard, smiling. Frank tried to climb the bars but found that with his thick diapers and the height of the rails, that was too difficult. He was, however, able to get the latch open and triumphantly hopped down once the rails swung out of the way.

"Woohoo!" he said, raising his arms in the air. "Victory. Take *that*, Daddy."

"Is there something I can assist you with?" asked a voice from directly behind Frank, causing him to jump.

"Eek!" Frank said, and then he made a face of dismay. The shock had caused him to wet his pants. However, Gerard answered the question as if nothing had happened.

"Why, yes! We're looking for a crib a little more secure than... *that* one." He pointed to the crib Frank had just escaped.

"Oh, okay. You got yourself a little houdini, huh? I can help ya."

Frank spun around to see a tall teenager with her hair tied up to one side in a tiny punky pigtail and a name tag that said 'Lisa'. He blushed to realize that she must have been half his age, yet here he was looking like an absolute infant compared to both of them. Frankie looked up to the taller man who was dressed so sharply compared to his childish attire and felt intimidated by the stark difference between him and these two 'grown-ups'. How had things taken such a drastic turn from his time in the office, when *he* was the one belittling others?

"He's a cutie," the girl said. "Looks like a trouble-maker too. And he's, uh... a little *bigger* than your average baby... I think you'd better get him something this one over here. Come on."

Gerard grasped Frank's hand and led him through the rows of cribs which came in all shapes and sizes. Finally, they arrived at a large crib made of solid wood.

"This one here is called the tiger cage," she said, giggling. "It's not really called that but we call it that because it's perfect for little terrors who don't want to stay put. And it's got a bit of an animal theme going on."

Sure enough, it was decorated with circus animals. The theme wasn't too overt but it was definitely there, and definitely lent an extra infantile flair compared to the plain colors of other cribs. Frankie hated it.

"I love it!" said Garard.

"I don't," grumbled Frankie.

"Well, then, little guy," said the young woman, putting her fists on her hips and bending down to speak to Frank who was just a bit shorter than her. "I'll tell ya what. Why don't you try and get out of it and if you do, then your *Daddy* won't have to buy it for you."

Frank looked to Gerard. "R-really?" Gerard smiled and nodded.

"Sounds good to me!"

"Alright, I'm game," said Frank, loosening up his arms. "No way some stupid baby cage is going to keep me."

However, when he was lowered down into the crib, he almost immediately regretted his decision. First, it was taller than others, so he couldn't even reach completely over the rails. Second, the wood was thick, and he found it hard to even reach through, much less release the latch to open it. Finally, they gave him a handicap and threw in some plushies for him to try and climb up on. Even when he did manage to reach over the rail, he found that the latch was self-locking. Only an approved caretaker could open it, and that wasn't him. Frank briefly contemplated jumping out, but he lost his grip on the slippery surface and landed on his padded butt, yelping and letting out more pee into his diaper, much to his dismay. But he wouldn't let Gerard know that if he could help it.

"And it comes unlatched for *you* as easy as that," said the girl, swinging open the crib to reveal a defeated Frankie.

"I'll take it!" said Gerard, and the girl smiled back.

Next up was a changing table, and Frankie found his butt parked on a changing table with a similar design to the crib. It turned out they were both part of an extensive bedroom set, and Gerard was going to get the whole package. Frankie groaned, but then he yelped once more as was pushed onto his back and strapped down to the table. He suddenly felt the snaps to his crotch unpop. Gerard was reaching down and *unsnapping* his shortalls!

\*SNAP\* \*SNAP\* \*SNAP\*

"W-what are you doing, Daddy?!" cried Frankie.

"I'm checking you, of course."

"No, don't!" said Frankie, struggling, but with the straps holding him down by the chest and arms, he was unable to do anything about it.

"Feel free to try and stop me," said Gerard. Frank continued to struggle to no avail. "No? That's what I thought."

"There's no way the little tyke's getting out of *that*," said the girl, giggling. "Big rambunctious tykes are what this set is *made* for."

"I guess babies come in all sizes," said Gerard, smirking.

"Around *here* they do. Believe me," said the girl.

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Gerard. "I'll tell you later, when the little ankle-biter isn't listening. Maybe when we look at the playpens or something."

Gerard nodded and went about doing his check. Frank gasped at the feel of two fingers invasively poking into the leghole of his diaper.

"Hmm... a little wet..." said Gerard. Frank blushed fiercely.

"Hey! It's not my fault! You're the one who wouldn't let me go *potty!*"

Gerard just smirked and began snapping the shortalls back up. Frank was stunned.

"H-hey! Wait. You're not going to *leave* me in these, are you?"

"It can hold a lot more than that, kiddo. I'll change you when I decide it's time and no sooner." Frank couldn't believe he'd be left in a wet diaper.

"Anything else you need?" asked Lisa, the attendant.

"Well, we might as well check out some other accessories for him. How abou...?"

Frank strained to listen, but couldn't make out what Gerard had asked for as he had leaned in to say it to Lisa quietly.

"Right this way!" said Lisa.

"No way," said Frank, coming to a stop as they approached the high chairs. "A booster seat is bad enough!"

"What about a classic wooden high chair?" asked Lisa, ignoring Frank's outburst entirely.

"Let's see," said Gerard, smirking.

Frank was astonished as the bigger man grabbed him under the armpits and lifted him into a cute painted wooden chair with pastel animal designs on it. It was as if the whole world was in on this trap he was in, and conspiring to keep him treated as a little boy with no control. He looked down as the tray was snapped in place and blushed to realize he really couldn't escape.

"Hmmm, looks too uncomfortable," said Gerard, as he watched Frank squirm in the chair. "I want my little guy to be comfy womfy during his meals..."

"Oh? Well, let's try something with padding," said Lisa, smiling. Frank was next helped into a classic white plastic high chair, with vinyl padding that had some soft foam inside. Baby Tooney Toons played across the padded parts, making it seem extra babyish and Frank felt humiliated even before the tray was snapped in.

"Alright, time to try the tray!" said Lisa, bringing it down to snap in place. "This one has its own cup - or bottle - holder. As you can see, the plastic also goes up at the crotch to keep baby from sliding out. Also, thanks to the nice wide tray, little hands can't get around and unlatch it on their own.

Frank squirmed in embarrassment as the two of them discussed his high chair as if he wasn't there. How far he had fallen since the day before.

"This looks good, but it concerns me that his hands and feet are free. I wonder if there's something a little bit more... secure?" asked Gerard. Lisa smiled a knowing smile.

"Oh, I think we might have a thing or two..."

The third high chair they tested had a puffy white bucket seat that enclosed Frank in a poofy cushion like a big diaper especially when the padded straps were pulled tight, hugging the diaper to his crotch. There were more straps at anchor points for his wrists, ankles, arms and legs that left him totally helpless, yet completely comfortable.

"Wow! I think we found a winner," said Gerard, smiling as he saw how completely secure his little cuck was in this high chair.

"There's one more piece," said Lisa, smiling. She snapped a tray in place that had a decal of Baby Toony Toons playing across the front. A baby black duck was passing a block to a baby bunny, while a mouse and a dog crawled across the tray in their adorable diapers. It was utterly babyish, all the better to remind baby cucks of their position in life.

"Judging by how red the little one's face is, I'd say this is a hit," said Gerard. "We'll take it! Now how about a carseat?"

Next thing he knew, Frank found himself strapped into several car seats. The first was a rear facing one that had him almost laying down. Frank had given up trying to struggle or speak, knowing that neither course of action would get him very far. He closed his eyes and silently prayed that they wouldn't pick this one, however, as it was entirely too babyish.

"Hmm, I don't think this one would fit very well in the car," said Gerard. "How about one where he's sitting up?"

"Of course," said Lisa, bringing them to a more standard looking seat, albeit with an embarrassing theme.

"Is... is that a pawsome squad pup?" asked Gerard, smiling.

"That's right! Dash is ready for action and there to protect little pups from any trouble on the road!" said Lisa, with an enthusiasm befitting of a commercial.

"It's perfect," said Gerard, looking at the five point harness, and admiring how even the metal buckles were colored blue, red, and yellow, just like the Pawsome Squad logo emblazoned on them.

"Let's strap him in to make sure," said Lisa, clearly having fun. Frank sighed in frustration as he was strapped in, The belts were made to look like Dash himself was holding onto his little passenger, and the crotch strap, once again, was nice and snug against his diaper, though frustratingly not helping him get any stimulation down there no matter how he shifted.

"Check this out," said Lisa, pressing a button on the seat. Suddenly there was a siren sound and lights flashing just like the Pawsome Squad car made in an emergency. Frank blushed deeply as the heads of other customers in the area all turned to look at him. Secured as he was, there was nowhere for him to hide, and he was frustrated to find he couldn't even undo the buckles on his own.

"Child safety locked," said Lisa. "I'll teach you how to unlatch them," she said to Gerard, with a wink, and she proceeded to tell him behind her hand. Gerard tried it and the seat unbuckled immediately, but Frank had no idea just how he did it.

Next came the search for a good stroller, and finally a new diaper bag for the humiliated cuck.

"Do you want a monkey or an elephant?" asked Gerard, holding the two bags up for Frank to appraise. Frank made a sour face at the thought of being made to choose his own diaper bag.

"Neither," he said, firmly. "I'm not going to need it. Enough's enough, Gerard. I've learned my lesson. Can't we just call it quits and go home?"

"Uh oh," said Gerard. "I think it's time we found him a playpen to test. Little man here needs a time out."

"Sure, we've got it right this way," said the attendant. And that was how Frank found himself stewing in an actual playpen while the 'grown-ups' talked amongst themselves. He looked through the netting as they walked away and came to find that with the high walls and nothing to really grab onto, it was an embarrassingly effective cage.

"So what exactly *is* your relationship with the little tyke?" asked Lisa as they walked off. Gerard told her the truth and was surprised to learn that they had an incredible array of products to help him and Leandra achieve their goals with their little diapercuck.

Gerard was very excited. As odd as this arrangement sounded when Leandra proposed it, he was coming to enjoy it more and more as he fell into the role of Daddy. He didn't know Frank well, and the man was certainly not agreeable, but Leandra loved him and that was good enough for Gerard. Gerard would not give up on Frank, and as he found the means to do so, the path forward seemed clearer than ever. All this was running through his mind as Lisa, the store attendant, opened his eyes to just how common his situation was.

"All these products will help you take care of your fussy little guy. As you can see, you're not the only customer who finds that they have a bigger baby on their hands."

"Indeed not," Said Gerard, impressed. He finalized his purchase and scheduled delivery for the furniture before returning to take Frank to the check-out counter. Frank was full of questions but Gerard wasn't interested in answering them. He simply reminded Frank of the phone reward and threatened to use a pacifier on him. That settled Frank down somewhat. Or if not settled, at least he was quiet. Frank's eyes bugged when he saw the dollar amount on the register.

"What did you buy?" he asked. "A new car?"

Gerard just smiled and patted his head. "You'll see, little guy. And you're welcome."

Gerard whipped out his wallet and pulled out his platinum card to pay. Frankie was impressed. Only the big wigs at his work had platinum cards. Frank's face burned red as he thought about all the fuss and money Gerard was putting into him. Once again, he felt inadequate as a man to think that Gerard was now his provider - even if for things that he wouldn't have gotten for himself.

When they were finally finished with the humiliating shopping spree at Super Baby Mega Center, they returned all the goodies into the back of Frank's old convertible. Frank was more than ready to leave, but he was disappointed to find out that they were now going to go to the main area of the 'Promenade Mall'.

"We have to go in," said Gerard. "After all, that's where the phone fix-it people are."

"Can't I just stay out here?" whined Frank.

"Not a chance. I would never leave a baby in a hot car!"

"But I'm not... Ugh, nevermind," Frank said. He let Gerard lead him back to the mall.

#

# **Chapter 13: The Promenade**

"Let's get that phone to the fix-it people, eh?" said Gerard, Frank's newly acquired diaper-bag slung over one shoulder as he pulled the little cuckold through the crowds of people at the Promenade Mall.

Frank felt very self-conscious being in public, especially in his wet diaper, which had grown considerably thicker after the scares he had earlier. It was one thing to be in a baby store where he *might* have blended in - if no one was paying attention - but it was wholly another to be in the middle of the shopping center where all sorts of people were walking around. He couldn't even walk normally, but was instead forced to kind of throw his hips forward in a waddle around the unyielding padding between his legs.

*So this was why strollers were invented*, thought Frank. He now longed to be pushed around in a shopping cart rather than be forced to try and keep up with his long-legged 'Daddy'.

"Just think," Gerard said, as they walked through the mall. "You'll be dressed like this all the time! And we'll take you everywhere with us." Frank gulped, imagining himself toted around everywhere dressed like a silly toddler. "You'll become a familiar face around town, Frankie. Yes, everyone will know who the *big baby cuck* is."

Frank whined at that. He didn't *want* everyone to know him as that big baby they saw around town. Then, by some stroke of luck, he spotted something in the toy store just up ahead.

"Daddy, I want that!" Frank said, excitedly. Gerard looked ahead to see that Frank was pointing at a rack of masks.

"A child's mask? Are you sure?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'm sure! I'm sure!"

"You know, if you get this, then you'll be spending all your goodie points. That means you won't get your cell-phone back as quickly..."

"I don't care," said Frank. "I'll take the mask." Anything would be better than being publicly embarrassed like this.

"Okay, little man. It's your points." Gerard said as he smiled and ruffled Frank's hair. Frank scowled and reached up to fix it, but Gerard told Frank to leave his hair as it was. "It's cuter that way. All mussed up just like a little boy's hair should be."

Frank suppressed a growl and let it go. If nothing else, he was learning patience. He had to control his temper if he wanted to get his way.

"Which mask would you like, little man?" asked Gerard, spinning the rack around.

Frankie didn't really care. He didn't know the difference between the masks anyway, but if he had to decide...

"Oh, I know! Why don't we pick someone from your *favorite* show," said Gerard, with a wink. He picked up a Pawsome squad mask of Matterhorn the snowdog and handed it to Frankie.

"What? This isn't my favorite show, I don't even watch- oh..." Frankie blushed as he recalled the embarrassing incident where he was caught rubbing himself off to the childish cartoon. Gerard wouldn't let him hear the end of it! And the worst thing of all was he felt his stiffy once again straining against the cage.

"What's wrong, little one? Do you need Daddy's help? Do you need another diaper check? What?" Gerard made no effort to disguise the fact that he was looking after an overgrown infant in public. In fact, he made a big show of trying to figure out just what was wrong with the little guy.

"N-no. I don't need a check," Frank said, fighting back the urge to yell at Gerard and cause an even bigger scene.

"Are you sure? I don't think you're old enough to tell when you need a check, little one. Daddy had better just check you right here just in case."

"N-no! Wait!" said Frank, as Gerard reached for his snaps. He couldn't let this happen in the middle of the mall. "I-I just need help. To put on my mask. ...D-Daddy." Reluctantly he added that final word and that seemed to be the magic key to get Gerard to listen and stop trying to open up his pants.

"Ohh, so *that's* what you needed. Okay, little one. Here you go." Gerard put the puppy mask on Frankie, and gave him a kiss on the head, making him feel very babyish and very embarrassed, then he grabbed Frankie's hand and led him up to the counter. "I'd like to buy this for my little boy," he said to the cashier. The cashier looked over the counter at Frankie then at the colorful diaper bag and raised her eyebrows. Frankie remained silent.

"Okay. That'll be five dollars."

"What do we say, little man?" asked Gerard.

"Th-thank you Daddy." Frankie was glad his mask was covering his face because he was sure he must be bright red as he had to say that in front of the cashier. Thankfully, the cashier didn't seem to think anything was amiss. She simply smiled and watched them leave. Frankie looked back to see her staring at them still as they left the store, and he was sure she was zeroing in on his padded behind. He sped his walking up just a little faster after that, painfully aware of how loud he crinkled with each step.

"Can we go home now?" asked Frankie, as Gerard led him through the crowds in the central walkway.

"You sure you don't want to spend a little longer here? Maybe play on the playground?"

Frankie looked over and saw a supervised play area where parents could leave their darling angels while they went shopping.

"NO! *God* no," said Frank. Gerard just smirked. Then his eye caught something at the 'Veronica's Secret' a little further down.

"Ooh, look at that bustier! I bet Leandra would *love* one of those. Don't you think?" Frank was amazed at the audacity of this man, asking what lingerie he thought his wife would like.

"I wouldn't know," he practically growled, "since she seems to be sleeping with someone *else* lately."

"That's right," said Gerard, with a chuckle. "You *wouldn't* know. You're too immature to really even think about her like that, aren't you? Don't worry, you don't need to think about *her* needs anymore, or anyone else's. You just focus on being a *good little man* and listening to *Mommy* and *Daddy*." Franks fists tightened at his bull's condescending tone. "Come along, little one. I'm going to put you in the playground until I'm done with my shopping."

"No, I don't wanna!" yelled Frankie, trying to pull away as Gerard dragged him toward the playground.

"Now, now. Don't fight. Unless you want *everyone* to know you're just a grown man in a diaper. Do you *want* people to know that? What do you think they'll do when they realize you're been playing baby and trying to get into the playground, hmm?"

Frank had nothing to say to that. It was true that he *might* be able to pass himself off as just a bigger kid if he kept quiet and hid behind his mask. He shuddered to think what would happen if his true age were discovered.

"Come along now," said Gerard, sensing that the fight was draining out of Frank. Soon, Frank found himself checked into the playground, his brand-new diaper bag handed over to the attendant and the name given out in case Gerard needed to be called back for any reason.

"You be good now, little one," said Gerard. Frankie wanted to call out to him. Wanted to tell him not to leave, but he was terrified of what the attendant would do if they heard his voice, so instead he had to watch his wife's new lover walk off to buy her naughty lingerie while he was stuck here with the brats. And he *still* hadn’t been changed.

\*\*\*\*\*

Gerard was having so much fun shopping for lingerie at Veronica's Secret. As he picked up one item after the other, he imagined Leandra in each. A bustier, then a teddy, then a skimpy nightie. He had a hard time limiting himself to just one item, but eventually he settled on the bustier from the window. Then, an idea struck him.

"Excuse me," he asked the woman at the register. "Do you have anything in smaller sizes?"

He had hardly finished thanking the cashier for her helping him when he heard his name ringing out over the loudspeaker.

"Gerard Taureau, please come to the children's play-area. Gerard Taureau, please come to the children's play area."

It wasn't hard to guess why; he could hear Frank yelling and crying in the background.

"Lemme go! I'm not a baby! I can use the potty! I can use the potty! Waah!"

"Thanks again," said Gerard, nodding to the attendant and picking up the two little bags from the counter.

Five minutes earlier, Frankie had found himself in a very difficult situation. He had mostly been standing off to the side in the playground, scowling and trying to keep the brats at bay. The problem was, his Pawsome Squad mask was making him quite popular and kids were pulling him this way in that, wanting to play rescue pups with him. Frank had just managed to escape to the top of the slide when he got a sharp and sudden cramp in his tummy.

"Crap! I have to go! Where is that damned Gerard?" he whispered to himself as he felt his butthole quiver.

Frankie fought to hold it as long as he could but it soon became apparent that he had no chance of keeping his diaper clean unless he could get to a toilet right away. He slid down the slide on his poofy butt, feeling his hole quiver again on the way down. A little wetness slipped out into his diaper from behind before he even reached the bottom.

"No, no, no, no, no," Frank whined, holding the seat of his shortalls and waddle-running toward the gate, straight past the attendant who quickly stood up and approached him.

"Excuse me! Young man! You can't get out of the gate. It's locked."

"Listen, lady-" Frank paused, remembering that he was supposed to be playing baby. Then he did something he'd never imagined doing before. He actually *tried* to sound like a baby. The babyish voice that came out of his mouth was hardly recognizable. "I- I mean...I needs ta go potty, pweeze."

The attendant looked at him skeptically. The outline of a diaper was unmistakable through the fabric of his shortalls and left no doubt that he was still in the thick of his diaper days. Of course she remembered the cute diaper bag his daddy had left too. Being two heads taller than Frank, she put her hands on her knees and got down to his level.

"Aww, sweetie. You're not *ready* for the potty. Now why don't you come away from the gate and play with your friends some more? I can take care of you when you need a change."

"No," cried Frank, pulling at the gate more frantically than ever. He got ready to jump and climb for it but the attendant stopped him.

"Oh no you don't," said the woman, grabbing him by the arm and pulling him away from the gate. "You're not going anywhere without an adult, kiddo. You don't even know *how* to use the potty. What do you think you'd do in there?"

Frank groaned as he was pulled away and the distraction of being grabbed by the attendant was all it took for him to lose his final hold on his overstressed sphincter. His thighs tensed around the thick plastic padding, forcing his legs to go from preparing to jump into a toddler-squat. He scrunched his face and balled up his fists as his body contracted and bent him forward, pushing out his butt.

Poop immediately exploded out into the back of his diaper with a loud and smelly BRRRAAAPPP, relieving the pressure in his bowels and pushing out the back of his pants in an unmistakable bulge. The attendant looked down at the masked boy, totally unfazed.

"See? I told you. Now let's get you changed, stinky boy."

"Nooooo!" Frankie cried, breaking down into a complete Tantrum. No matter what the attendant tried, he wouldn't let her change him. He *couldn't* let her change him. Him, a grown-ass man. It was way too humiliating. Then, he tripped and fell on his butt, splattering his poopy load all over the inside of his diaper and causing a blowout which sent warm poopie out into the legs of his shortalls. That's when the *real* waterworks started.

"Oh boy," said the Attendant. "We're having a meltdown." That's when she called Gerard on the intercom. Gerard soon showed up and took Frankie out of the play-area, through a growing crowd, and over to the nearest bench where he went quickly to work getting Frank's poopy overalls and onesie off him. He laid down a changing pad from Frank's diaper bag followed by the man himself.

"What are you doing?" blubbered Frankie, through his tears. "You c-c-can't change me here."

"Shhhh," said Gerard. "You're supposed to be a baby, remember? Just be quiet and this will all be over quickly. Or do you want me to tell everyone who you really are? My lover's cuckolded husband?"

Frank cried and sniffled. He was well and truly fucked. With his mask on, he had some anonymity, but he couldn't openly protest and fight his treatment without exposing himself. Gerard, on the other hand, wasted no time bagging up his clothes and exposing his poopy bottom to the world, wiping it down as a crowd of shoppers looked on. Frank's face burned behind his mask as he heard all the rude comments about him.

"He looks too big to be a real baby."

"He sure acts like one!"

"Hey look! He's got a cage on his widdle wee wee!"

"Maybe he plays with it too much."

"That big baby needs a good spanking for carrying on like that!"

Frank looked down through teary eyes to see the disaster that was the inside of his diaper and he was disgusted. He had soiled his clothes and the mess covered the base of his cage as well. Gerard, luckily, was able to quickly wipe it away with the endless supply of wipes from Frank's diaper bag. Frank now understood why he was shaved down there, as any hair would have made the process much more difficult. He sniffled and sobbed as Gerard finished and he was finally powdered and taped into a fresh baby-style diaper with cheerful pupper avenue characters smiling up at him. He tearfully cursed the fact that such cutesie diapers came in his size.

"There we are, little man, " said Frank, giving Frank a pat on the butt as he helped the man to his feet. "You're all fresh and clean."

"Where are my clothes?" asked Frank, acutely aware that his diaper was exposed for everyone to see.

"They're all dirty. You'll have to wait til we get out of here," said Gerard, with a shrug. Gerard picked up the diaper, walked over to the trash can and tossed it before looking back to Frank. "Come along, little one."

Gerard held out his hand to the smaller man, who was now in nothing but a cute diaper and his shoes. He had no doubt that Frank would take it. He was now totally humbled and exposed, and there was no way he was going to wander off on his own in just his diaper. Sure enough, Frank grabbed onto Daddy's hand and stayed close as he was led waddling out of the mall and back to his car. Frank had only one question once they got there.

"Why?"

Gerard regarded him coolly. "You know, we were gonna wait a little while to do this, but your behavior last night accelerated things drastically. A man as immature as you doesn't deserve to keep his adult privileges. No, you're getting exactly what you deserve, and you have no one to blame but yourself."

Frank whimpered. It wasn't fair. It just wasn't fair. Was it?

"Don't worry, little one, it's not all that bad. Mommy knows what you like and who you're meant to be. You'll learn to love being our submissive diapercuck."

And there it was again. The incessant throbbing in his cage returned as Frank's traitor cock responded to his rival's teasing. This would have been so damned hot if it was happening to anyone but him.

"Okay, baby. Up you go into your new car seat."

Frank cringed as he saw the waiting baby-seat in the back seat of his convertible. All those straps just waiting to trap him in another infantile prison. He hesitated, but soon felt Gerard's hand lifting his padded butt up and guiding him up into the seat. With a few deft motions, he was strapped in securely at the chest, the waist, and the crotch, his diaper bulging out slightly around the crotch strap and letting out a puff of babyish powder which scented the air around him.

"Now I *know* you'll stay out of trouble," laughed Gerard. "At least until we get you home."

Frank didn't even try to get himself out. He knew it was hopeless. But at least the worst of the day was over, he thought.

"By the way," said Gerard, as they pulled out of the parking lot. "I recorded everything. You'd be surprised how recognizable you are to someone who's seen your little cucky cage before. I have a feeling it's going to be a very popular addition to your channel on *Subby Cucky Suckers*, don't you?"

# **Chapter 14:** Stuck

Frank was stuck. Not just stuck in his carseat, but stuck in life. He had been with Leandra for some time, but he had never meant for it to be a permanent thing. Things were exciting and passionate at first. But, playboy that he was, he had always planned to move on sooner or later. But one thing led to another and after college he got his cushy office job that meant more time at work and less time playing the field. Frank ended up getting married, and his relationship stagnated along with his career. He got comfortable. That's what it was. And when you get comfortable, it can take a lot of *dis*comfort to spur on change.

Discomfort was what Frank was feeling now in his carseat. He'd had a change alright - a diaper change in the middle of the mall in front of seemingly the whole town. Then he'd been led out of the mall in nothing but a diaper. And now he *was* stuck - stuck in his carseat, and stuck as his girlfriend and her lover's adult baby cuckold. He looked down at the strap, going between his legs, holding his diaper snugly in place and preventing him from getting even an inch of wiggle room. Gerard glanced at him in the rearview mirror.

"Aww, is the little boy cranky? Maybe he needs his nap, hmm?"

"I don't need naps," snapped Frank with a pout, crossing his arms and looking out the window. He didn't care if he was being rude. What more could Gerard do after the fiasco at the mall? Then he spotted a couple of cute girls driving a convertible next to his own and instinctively tried to cover his diaper. Not that it would do any good for him, since the huge baby carrier gave him away as a big baby immediately. But then, he noticed that they weren't staring at him. They were looking at Gerard, and he had a whole new reason to be embarrassed.

"Uh oh, looks like we're popular," said Gerard. "Sorry ladies, I'm taken, " he said, when the girls called over at the stoplight. "But I could use a babysitter for that guy if you're interested." He hiked a thumb back toward Frank, and the girls laughed and took off as the light turned green. "Sorry, Frank. It's a no-go from them. We'll have to keep asking around."

Frank looked aghast. Was this actually happening? He gulped. Then he noticed that they were pulling into a parking lot.

"W-where are we? Why are we pulling into a body shop?"

Frank tried to shrink down in his car seat as a mechanic approached them, wiping off his hands on a greasy shop towel. Of course Frank couldn't hide, not even a little, and the mechanic took a good long look at him before turning back to Frank with his bored, no-nonsense expression and spoke.

"So, what can I do for ya?"

"Hello, my good man," said Gerard, accentuating his French accent with an intentionally bubbly demeanor. "I heard you're the best fabrication body shop in town, and I want to restore this classic car to its original splendor."

The man gave the car a once over and looked at Frank again for a few seconds before his eyes traveled over the cracked leather of the back seat. "Yeah, it's a nice ride. So you want a full restoration? That's gonna cost a pretty penny."

"It's no problem," said Gerard. "I just acquired it, so I want it looking nice and new. A new look for a new life." The mechanic looked to Frank and back to Gerard again, but said nothing for a few moments.

"We can have it in next Tuesday," he said, finally, pronouncing the word like 'Tuesdee'.

"Sounds good," said Gerard. "You hear that Frank? Your old car is getting rejuvenated too!" For the first time, Frank saw the mechanic grin. Frank looked like a deer caught in headlights, his eyes going wide as Gerard continued to casually expose his situation to the mechanic. He felt like Gerard was giving the mechanic his whole life story, and he was sure to be the talk of the shop when they left.

"You have a good day now," said the mechanic, still grinning as they pulled away and drove toward home. Frank was speechless as they continued on their way, and once again, Gerard caught his eye in the rearview mirror and smiled.

"What an exciting day," Gerard said. "I never knew it would be so fun to take my baby on errands around town." Fun? Fun was a relative concept as far as Frank was concerned. "We'll have to do this more often," concluded Gerard.

"M-m-more often?" asked Frank.

"That's right, little cuck. Maybe even a family outing. You. Me. Leandra. Your new stroller. It'll be so much *fun*!"

"Don't you dare..." said Frank, scowling and staring Gerard down defiantly.

"Is that a challenge, little man?" asked Gerard, cocking an eyebrow before smiling and focusing his attention back on the road. "Well, we'll just see about that."

Frank gulped and sat back into his seat. This was bad. Maybe he could finally talk some sense into Leandra when they got home. He was supposed to be learning some kind of lesson from all this, wasn't he? He was sure that whatever it was Leandra was mad about, today he had endured more than enough to make up for it. Leandra couldn't *stay* mad, could she? She couldn't stay with *Gerard*. Leandra always forgave Frank sooner or later. Always.

Frank told himself comforting lies the whole way back. But of course, that's all they were. All of the equipment and furniture Gerard had bought for his home made it clear that they were planning to keep Frank as a baby for a good long time.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Welcome home, boys! How are my two men today?" Leandra seemed flushed with excitement. Happiness was the best makeup, so they said, and she had certainly transformed since they'd moved into Gerard's house, garnering her a *real* lover.

Frank smiled hopefully as he waddled in with Gerard holding his hand. Leandra had called him a *man*! Maybe that meant he could get through to her after all.

"I'm sorry, I should really say my big man and my *little* man," Leandra said, reaching out to stroke Frank's hair. Frank's face fell.

"We're great, mon chérie," said Gerard. "We had so much fun, I want us all to start going out as a family!"

"Oh, that's a wonderful idea," exclaimed Leandra. "But where are the baby's clothes?" She paused and gave Gerard a sly look. "Don't tell me our little man is finally comfortable going out in just his diapers... I'll never believe it!"

Gerard chuckled and shook his head. "No, no. The little baby had a BIG accident at the mall, that's all. I had to leave him at the little play area for a minute and wouldn't you know it, I hear my name being called on the intercom before I can even finish a single purchase. He really is a handful."

"You can say that again," said Leandra, giving Frank's hand a squeeze. "I've lived with this little guy for years, so I know all about it."

"Hey! I'm right here," said Frank.

 "Hush now, little one. Stop fussing!" Leandra gave Frank a cursory wave as she continued to mostly ignore him, preferring to talk *about* him with Gerard instead.

"We'll have quite a bit of furniture coming in today for Frank's new room, mon chérie. I think you'll love it, it's all themed. I even got him some furniture for the kitchen and the living room so he can spend more time with Mommy and Daddy and not cooped up in his crib."

"Oh! That's so thoughtful of you, my love. Frank, say 'Thank you' to Daddy for being so thoughtful and getting you all the furniture you need to be safe and comfortable in your new home." Frank looked up at his wife like she was crazy.

"Thank you?" he began, hardly able to believe his ears.

"You're very welcome, little man," said Gerard, before Frank had an opportunity to follow up with a scathing rebuttal. "Now I'll have to bring in all those diapers and other things I bought him. Baby's all stocked up for the year, I think, though judging by how quickly he had his accidents today, they might not even last a month! Did I tell you he peed himself while he was trying out the crib?"

"I *peed* because you wouldn't take me to the *restroom*. And I wasn't trying the crib out, you *put* me in there." Frank was practically grinding his teeth as he said this, and his face was getting so red it was almost purple as his anger increased.

"Oh boy, I think he needs his nap. I totally forgot I was going to put him down as soon as we got home."

"Yes, I think you're right, dear. The baby still needs to learn that he doesn't *use* the restroom anymore. He lost those privileges when he showed us he wasn't ready for them. Though he *might* get to start potty training if he's a *good boy* for Mommy and Daddy and fills out his good boy sticker chart..."

"Sticker chart?" asked Frank, momentarily thrown off by the strange comment.

Gerard grinned, amused. "What did you do, mon chérie? Some special surprise?" Leandra smirked.

"Come and see for yourself."

The three of them went over to the refrigerator and sure enough there was a little calendar with a sticker sheet along with a list of rules. "Each time you obey a rule for the whole day, you get a sticker. And when you get it all filled, you'll get a reward."

"Hey, wait... This list is a lot longer than yesterday's," complained Frank.

"That's because you're a baby now and there are more rules for babies than grown-ups," replied Leandra, as if it was the most sensible thing in the world.

"And Mommy did an excellent job on her list too," said Gerard, putting his hand gently on the back of Leandra's neck and kissing her softly. Frank made a disgusted face, outraged as he looked at the list in front of him.

**Ways to Earn Points**

*Be a good baby by following the rules:*

1. **Ask for apple juice instead of alcohol**
2. **Take a nap without fussing or getting out of your crib**
3. **Use your diapers without complaint all day**
4. **Go a day without asking to use the potty**
5. **Go a day without running inside**
6. **Look at grown-ups when spoken to all day**
7. **Use your indoor voice inside all day**
8. **Say yes, Daddy or yes, Mommy three times in a row**
9. **Say thank you, Daddy or thank you, Mommy after a punishment**
10. **Help Mommy or Daddy around the house**
11. **Go a day without touching your pacifier or spitting it out**
12. **Do something good, helpful, or cute for Daddy and Mommy**

"This is ridiculous! I'm not a baby, you two!" Frank could feel his erection fighting to get fully hard in the confines of his little chastity cage, and this inexplicable reaction only infuriated him further.

"Okay, sweetie, iiiit's naptime." Leandra tugged Frank toward the bedroom.

"Do you need any help holding him down while he's secured to the bed?"

"No, no," said Leandra, looking at her puny husband. "I think I've got this." Soon, Frank could be heard yelling all the way to the room that would soon be his new nursery.

"This is totally unfair! Grown men don't take naps! Leandra! Leandra!!"

\*\*\*\*

Frank saw the corner restraints pulled out to the center of the bed as soon as he walked in. He knew he'd better start talking fast, and he was glad that he hadn't gotten a pacifier stuck in his mouth yet.

"Listen, Leandra. This has gone far enough. I've learned my lesson and I'm really sorry. Can't we just cut it out with this baby stuff and get back to our normal lives?" Leandra shook her head as she led Frank over to the bed.

"That's the problem, Frank. Our normal lives weren't working for us. Either of us! You lost your job and your life was going down the drain..."

"But-"

"I was lonely and you were dragging me down with you."

"But I-"

"All you cared about was your petty ego trips and your subby cucky suckers porn..."

"I'm sor-"

"Well, now you get to live your subby cucky sucker fantasy 24/7, and you can throw as many tantrums as you want, *baby*." She added this last word with emphasis as she helped Frank up onto the bed.

Frank's fake apologies and crocodile tears weren't going to work this time. And frankly, Frank's charismatic tendencies had long since lost their luster. Leandra put her hands on her hips as Frank struggled.

"I'm not going to fight you, baby. You agreed to this and you know the alternative. It's like Gerard said, you're free to leave any time you want, we're not keeping you captive."

"You might as well be," Frank muttered as he laid down in bed and waited for the inevitable.

"Free food. Free housing. You don't have to work. And you get to be a subby little cuck just like you always wanted. Don't tell me that's not a good deal, Frankie."

Leandra placed her hand on the front of Frank's diaper and he moaned. He might be locked up but feeling Leandra's touch rubbing his diaper bulge still felt good. She took two fingers and slipped them into the leg hole of his diaper to check how wet he was. Frank gasped as her fingers tickled his balls.

"Hmm... so you *do* like it. Thought so," she said with a smirk, before getting started with the restraints.

"No fair," Frank said, pouting as he let Leandra take his wrist. "You tricked me, I actually *hate* cuckold stuff."

"Oh Frank, you're such a bad liar. I really am sorry we have to do this to keep you from getting out of bed. Once you get used to using your diapers for everything - and we put locks on all the bathroom doors - you won't have to sleep this way.

"Whoopee," said Frank, with mock enthusiasm as Leandra tightened up the last restraint and pulled it taut. She finished up with a pacifier planted firmly in his mouth, and a warning not to spit it out *or else*. Now he was stuck and completely at their mercy to be let out. For some reason his cock throbbed even harder in its little prison.

"Sleep tight, sweetie," Leandra said, kissing Frank's forehead.

"Yeah, right," said Frank, promising that he would definitely *not* take a nap. But once Leandra was gone, he felt the full impact of how tired he really was. It had been a long day and that shopping trip had taken a lot out of him. Gerard had no plans of letting him be a big boy again, he knew, and Leandra was no help either. Maybe being contrarian was more trouble than it was worth. But could he really accept this new lifestyle and keep his pride and dignity? The answer came back in his mind almost immediately as he drifted off to sleep.

"Of course not," it said. "You're a little cucky sucker, and you love it."

\*\*\*\*\*

Frank must have dozed off because he suddenly awoke to a lot of commotion from outside the room.

"Huh? Whazzat?"

"...and you can just set everything up in here," came Gerard's voice as he opened the door. A couple of burly guys followed Gerard into the room and looked around. The first one paused and elbowed the other one in the chest, pointing to Frank. Of course, Frank was impossible to miss in the room, and the other guy slapped his coworker's hand and gave him a warning look before speaking up.

"So... you want us to take away all the furniture that's already in here?"

"Yes, yes. Ah, I see the problem. We can save the bed for last," said Gerard. "Or at least until you *have* to move it."

"Okay doke. I'll tell the other movers to work around... the bed." The man and his colleague followed Gerard back out, the first one giving Frank a final backward glance as they left.

Frank gritted his teeth. This was extremely humiliating, but he had a feeling he was going to get used to being exposed to a lot of people in his new role.

# Chapter 15: Locked Out

Frank was astounded, but remained quiet. He knew better than to ask questions with a pacifier in his mouth. And besides that, he really didn't want the movers to start asking more questions when he opened his big yap. Maybe they didn't realize Frank was being cucked and babied. Maybe they thought he was there for some medical reason, he reasoned. They *were* medical restraints, after all. That was plausible, right?

"Yeah he's a total cuckold," came Gerard's voice as we walked into the room, clearing the open packs of pull-ups and diapers off the dresser so the movers could move it.

*That answers that question,* thought Frank, as Gerard told his life story to the group of strangers.

"Oh yeah? And he's into it?" asked the guy who had pointed at Frank before. He seemed more interested than any of the rest, whose reactions ranged from mild interest to boredom. Gerard smiled.

 "He loves it. Agreed to be our cock-locked baby 24/7 while the mademoiselle and I have fun in the bedroom any time we want. We even post videos of his cucky treatment online."

"Oh... uh... th-that's... pretty interesting. Where did you say you posted that again?" The mover did his best to hide a guilty smile and scratched the back of his head as a blush spread up his cheeks.Then the coworker that had admonished him earlier spoke up.

"Hey, Jake! Chit chat is for later. We're trying to move this dresser over here."

"I'll give you the link," said Gerard, with a half-grin. He looked over to Frank and winked. Frank was bright red from head to toe at this point. He had never been more humiliated in his life. But there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn't even move his hands down to cover his diaper. And to top it off, he had to pee.

Frank watched as the room gradually transformed from a guest room into a nursery right around him. The drab gray dresser was replaced with a colorful dresser with a bright red top, bright yellow handles, and decorated with plenty of animals hand carved and painted. He watched as his new changing table was installed. Stacks of diapers rose higher and higher against the far wall. The circus theme of the room gradually took place, accentuated with wall decals and a runner which Leandra and Gerard put up while the movers did the heavy lifting. Eventually, it was time to let Frank out of his restraints, and he was transferred into a baby carrier, secured, and handed a bottle. He was instructed to drink it, and he watched, gulping down the creamy liquid as his bed was replaced by the special 'tiger cage' crib.

"Good boy," said Gerard, patting Frank's head after he pulled the empty bottle away and burped. Gerard took the bottle and unstrapped Frank, leading him from the carrier to the crib. From one form of restrictive equipment to another. This was Frank's life now. With his room a nursery, he found it easier to accept the truth of his baby lifestyle and harder to lie to himself that he had any other choice but the street. But of course he knew that Leandra would never let that happen. She loved him too much to turn him out like that. What would she do if he really did go out on the street and refuse to play along? Maybe it was time to call their bluff.

When the movers were nearly done, but before they left, Leandra announced naptime was over and Frank was lifted out of his crib and laid onto the changing table.

*Oh great*, Frank thought. He was already thinking of it as *his* crib. Then the strap went across his chest and his eyes widened as he realized what was happening.

"N- no... not hewe...," he said around his pacifier. "Not wif dem watching!"

"Shhh, sweetie," said Leandra, smiling down at him and pressing down on his pacifier. "No talking with your binky in. Just relax. Mommy and Daddy will get you out of that soggy didee in no time." Frank blushed and squirmed as Mommy and Daddy cooed above him in full view of the moving crew and especially Jake, who was rooted to the spot as he watched.

Jake had basically become another piece of furniture during this whole ordeal and the other movers had to work around him. Luckily, they were mostly done, so they were able to finish pretty quickly and enjoy the show.

With much fuss and exaggeration from his mommy and daddy, Frank was changed. Leandra and Gerard made many comments about how cute the little boy was, played with his little cage, and talked about his didees. Frank just had to endure it as well as the pain the cage was causing on his poor straining pee-pee.

"Aww, look, honey! Baby's pee pee is trying to get hard." Leandra rested her head on Daddy Gerard's shoulder.

"Maybe when he grows up he'll have a big one just like his Daddy. Although I'm not sure this one will *ever* grow up. He likes being a baby cucky *too much,* doesn't he?"

Eventually, the diaper change was over and Frank was permitted to leave the nursery, holding Daddy and Mommy's hand, of course. Frank thought he might at least be able to put the nursery out of his mind for a little while, but then he saw the changes to the rest of the house

Baby-proofed is an understatement. They had padded every corner, locked every drawer and cupboard, added baby furniture to every room. From the baby walker to the high chair to the big playpen in the living room, there was not a single room in the house that wasn't made safe for the baby, especially the bathrooms. Frank's mouth fell open and his pacifier fell to the floor.

"That's a punishment," said Gerard, looking over from his conversation with the movers before turning his attention back to them. Leandra picked up the pacifier, sucked it to clean off any germs, and stuck it right back in Frank's mouth. What could he do but stand there in his Blarney diapers in shock until he was led over to the living room playpen and helped in. The playpen was certainly big enough to hold Frank captive, especially since he was padded and not the most athletic of men even when he *didn't* have a giant piece of puff and fluff forcing his legs into a wide waddle.

"In you go," said Leandra, closing the side gate to the large playpen and latching it securely. Frank looked around. All Frank had for company was some baby toys and stuffed animals. He looked back up at Leandra, a question mark on his face.

"Well, pick up a stuffie, little boy," she said. Frank hesitated. "I want you cuddling a plushie and acting cute in ten seconds or you're going to *wish* you were only getting the paci punishment."

Frank knew better than to push his luck, but he was getting close to his limit. He picked up a plushie and glared at her as she looked down at him, arms crossed. He squeezed it in a big hug, his eyes never leaving hers, and his defiant expression remaining.

"Better," she said. "We'll have to work on *cute*, though seeing you try to look fierce in that goo goo getup is pretty adorable."

Leandra put some cartoons on the television and left to join Gerard and the movers as they talked in the front den. Their conversation drifted back to Frank's ears as he tried to tune out the infantile cartoons playing before him.

"...and so that's kind of it. Leandra really loves him and if she does, so do I. So we're doing whatever we can to help him turn his life around. I know it seems harsh but it's what he wants and needs." As Gerard completed his little explanation, the movers nodded, seeming satisfied with the answer. Leandra spoke up as he finished.

"Thank you so much, you all. You don't know how much this means."

"Heh, it's no problem, ma'am," said the head mover, with an amused smile. "It's unusual, but just between you and me, you ain't the first family I seen with a bigger than average baby."

"Oh really?" asked Leandra, looking to Gerard and back to the movers.

"Really. I mean, there are all sorts - there are those that never grew up, you know, up here," he said, tapping his head. "Then, there are those that messed their minds up with that weird drug the kids are using these days. Mind melter or whatever it's called. And then there are people who do it for... well, a lifestyle. Greenie here just got his first dose of reality today," he said, jerking his thumb over toward Jake."The rest of us, we've seen it all."

"S-sorry," said Jake, blushing and twisting the bottom of his shirt.

"Don't worry kid, everyone does that the first time." said the more experienced man. "This bigger furniture is your first tip-off," he added, winking to Jake before turning back to the happy couple.

"Well, like I said, I can't thank you enough. Here's a tip for all of you, and if anyone wants to see what we get up to with Frankie here, I can send you the link."

"R-really?" asked Jake.

Frank held up his phone with a special QR code to scan. Jake and another one of the movers scanned it, and Jake even went so far as to ask if he could send a message to them on the site.

"*Can* you? Why, I expect it!" exclaimed Gerard, patting the man on the shoulder.

The movers left and Gerard dusted his hands and looked to Leandra. "Well, that was a success. I thought your idea was crazy at first, but this is shaping up to be a lot of fun, mon chérie!"

The two of them were very happy and tired after the long day, and they were almost ready to take a nap themselves, but of course they had to check on the baby first.

"Frank! No. No trying to get out of your playpen!"

Frank had been caught. It was the play space all over again for him. Unable to undo the latch, he had been trying to climb the side of the playpen, and when Leandra raised her voice, he was startled. Frank lost his grip and fell down squarely on his bum, the pacifier ejecting out of his mouth and hitting the mesh wall of the playpen.

"He's still learning," said Gerard, not looking too concerned. "Isn't that right, my little cocu?"

"What the heck does that even mean?" asked Frank, in a surly tone.

"It's French for what you are dear," said Leandra. "A cuckold."

"Alright," said Frank, a blush rising toward his cheeks. "That's it. I'm done. I'm done playing house with you two, and this home makeover was the last straw. I can't even get into the bathroom anymore!"

"It's locked for your security - and ours," said Leandra, crossing her arms. She wasn't about to clean up after Frank in the bathroom again.

"Well, that's just dandy," said Frank. "You won't have to *worry* about me anymore, because I'm going out on my own." Of course standing there in nothing but his big baby diaper made this statement seem rather ridiculous, but Leandra and Frank looked at each other and nodded.

"Alright, dear. If that's what you want..." said Leandra. "Go ahead, Gerard."

"Hey! What are you doing?" squeaked Frank as he was lifted up under the armpits and carried toward the front door. "Put me down!"

"With pleasure," said Gerard, who then deposited him on the front door step. "Have a nice life, little man."

And with that, the door was shut in Frank's face.

What? Had they really just done that? Frank looked around, suddenly feeling very self-conscious standing out there on the doorstep in just his diaper. It was the middle of the day, and anyone could see him. Just then a bicyclist rode by, got distracted by the sight of Frank, and fell off their bike as they ran into the curb. Some neighbors saw this and went over to see if the man was okay.

"Oh shit... h-hey guys? Come on, this isn't funny. Guys?"

Meanwhile, Gerard and Leandra were standing quietly on the other side of the door, live streaming Frank's ousting on their cuck cam channel. Viewership was ramping up as more people tuned in to see what would happen, including their newest superfan, Jake.

"Do you think he'll really leave?" asked Gerard, the worry evident on his face. Leandra held up a finger, looking at her watch.

"Wait for it... wait for iiiit..." she said. And then the knocking started. At first it was a tapping. Then an insistent knock, and finally, Gerard heard banging on the door. Frank's muffled voice could just be heard on the other side.

"Leandra? *Leandra!!* Please let me in!" Gerard moved to open it, but Leandra held up her hand and shook her head.

Frank was growing more and more panicked by the second as the neighbors helping the bicyclist up began to look his way. More people were coming and pointing and Frank was getting desperate. He began crying as he banged.

"Mommy! Daddy! Please! I'll do anything! I'm sorry! I'm sorryyyyy!"

The door swung open and he fell into Gerard's and Leandra's arms, still sobbing. The feeling of relief Frank felt when they opened the door was immense, but the two of them did not move to let him in further.

"If we let you in, you'd better do as we say."

"Yes, yes, anything!" said Frank. That brief taste of being on his own as a baby had really brought home just how dependent he was on Gerard and Leandra at the moment. Frank didn't want to be on his own - not really. And certainly not in a diaper.

"Are you ready to apologize and do as you're told?" Asked Leandra. Frank nodded. "Okay. Apologize to Mommy and Daddy, little man. And do it like a baby."

"Yes, Mommy. I'm sowwy Mommy. I'm sowwy Daddy. I'll be good."

"You had better," said Leandra, "Or we're putting your playpen in the front yard." Frank nodded and sniffled, looking down at the ground. "Yes, Mommy."

"That's my good boy," said Gerard, smiling and ruffling Frank's hair. Gerard gave Leandra a look of relief. He'd been just as relieved as Frank when that door opened, and he couldn't stop smiling as he realized just how much he cared for the little cuck's wellbeing. Gerard began to shower Frank with attention, making Frank feel both bashful and oddly good as Gerard hugged him, wiped away his tears, and told him everything would be okay.

Leandra wasn't so impressed. Frank had always been quick to fold under pressure, and today was no different. Still, she couldn't help but smile as her two boys bonded. She was happy that Gerard was as invested as he was in making this work, and maybe, just maybe, Frank was finally coming to understand where he stood in this family.

Gerard continued to fuss over Frank as they walked the diaper-clad cuck into the house.

"That was pretty scary huh? Look! You wet yourself, you were so scared. Shh, it's okay sweetie. It's not that much. How about we get you some apple juice and snackies and we can watch something together on TV, huh?"

With snack and juice in hand, Gerard led Frank to the couch. Frank was surprised it was not the playpen.

"Do you want to sit on Daddy's lap while we watch TV, little guy?"

Frank was still getting over the scary experience on the doorstep, and he nodded. It wasn't just that he was afraid to piss Mommy and Daddy off again. That hug from Gerard had felt so good, and as he settled into the man's lap, he realized how touch-starved he'd been.

"Shhh, shh, it's okay," said Gerard, as he allowed Frank to cuddle into him. "Honey, could you get the remote? I've got my hands full here."

"Sure thing, babe," said Leandra with a lopsided smile, grabbing it and sitting next to them with one leg crossed under the other. They picked a kids' cartoon show to play, but the noise and color soon faded into the background.

The focus was really on Frank. Leandra leaned with her elbow on the couch back, stroking Frank's hair as Gerard gently guided the bottle to Frank's mouth. Frank accepted the insistent press of the bottle nipple into his mouth and began to suckle, enjoying the attention he was getting from Leandra and his new Daddy. He sighed contentedly as he drank his bottle. There were worse things in life than this. In fact... this wasn't half bad. It was pretty good actually. He liked this.

"You have a problem Frank," said Leandra, after a few minutes. "And you need to admit it to yourself. You have no self control, and your anger and ego were liable to put you out on the street long before Gerard and I did."

Frank looked up at her as she spoke, still sucking on his bottle. He blinked but did not shake or nod his head. He just watched her.

"I hope you understand why you needed a bit of humility in your life, Frank. This is good for you. And if you cooperate, this can be more fun for you. Maybe even a lot more fun..."

Frank blushed a bit and nodded. Leandra smiled. She had been right about him. He liked this diapercuck treatment more than he was letting on.

"Good. I'm glad we understand each other. We're going to have to make some ground rules, and I do want you to be a part of the discussion. Let's make this work for all of us."

"Weawwy?" asked Frank, his eyes lighting up a bit as he spoke around the bottle nipple.

"Yes, sweetie, really. But Gerard and I have a few conditions first."

"Otay," said Frank, simply happy that he was finally getting some input on things. Leandra nodded to her lover and Gerard spoke up.

"No more computer time for babies. No more big boy talk. And no more begging for big boy pants. Those are non-negotiable. You're going to be our baby cuck and that's that."

"Now you will get to have some say in what that entails," said Leandra. "Just for today, and later if you are good."

"I'ww be good, Mama," said Frank, putting on his best puppy dog eyes. This was his chance to get a little more freedom and he wasn't about to jeopardize that by being difficult. Even this was an improvement from his normally rash and spontaneous behavior.

"Yes, sweetie," said Leandra. "I know you will."

# Chapter 16: Ground Rules

"The rules are quite easy to follow," said Leandra. "Obey Daddy and Mommy. Be respectful. Never ask for the big boy potty. And do your best to earn stickers by doing the things on your chart." With all these rules being non-negotiable, Frank wondered what was left to decide on, but he bit back the sarcastic remark he wanted to make about it.

"Yes, Mommy," said Frank instead, hoping it would get him some more brownie points. "So... what do I get to decide?" Frank and Leandra exchanged glances.

"Okay, little man," said Gerard. "So as a show of good faith, we're going to let you pick which diapers you prefer to be in." Frank's heart fell. So he didn't get to choose *if* he was in diapers, just what stupid cartoon character diapers he would be in?

"Uh... I don't know... I guess Blarney is fine," said Frank, grumbling a little.

"So he's a Blarney boy, eh? It figures. Guess that's why the dino pajamas are his favorite," said Gerard, laughing. "Okay, my little dino. We'll make sure you've got plenty of blarney shirts and diapers to wear around the house, and you can get plenty of time watching him from your playpen while Mommy and Daddy do grown-up stuff." Gerard leaned over and kissed Leandra and the neck right over Frankie. She moaned and drew in a breath.

"Oh goodness, honey. Right now? Shouldn't we put the baby in the playpen first?"

Frank wanted to gag. He thought those baby shows were the dumbest thing in the world. As for the grown-up stuff, well, he'd much rather be a part of that than be stuck with Blarney as his babysitter.

"Can't I do grown-up stuff too?" asked Frank.

"Hmm... I don't know," said Leandra. "You're still being punished, remember?"

"He did have a very long day, mon cherie," said Gerard. "And after all, even though he talked back and stormed out of the house, he came back and apologized... Maybe we should give him a chance..."

Frankie gave Leandra his puppy dog eyes again and she seemed to reconsider.

"I suppose... I mean he's been such a good boy drinking up his babas so he can use his diapees like a good baby. Isn't that right, Frankie?" asked Leandra, patting the front of Frank's diaper. Frank blushed but kept his mouth shut. The teasing was humiliating, certainly, but that humiliation was also pressing buttons like crazy. He winced as the pressure of the cage grew, and the cage began to tug at his balls.

"Uh oh, mon cherie. I think the baby's getting the squirmies," said Gerard, tickling Frank around the leg cuffs of his diaper. Frank squirmed and giggled involuntarily. "I think he likes having his diaper played with..."

"H-hey... Stop..." said Frank, trying not to laugh. Gerard gave him a mischievous grin.

"Uh oh, are we being a bossy baby?" Gerard began to tickle harder and Frank began laughing.

"N-no, s-s-stop, come on... unh..." Within moments he was pissing in his diaper as his bladder spasmed and Frank jerked around with paroxysms of laughter. *Damn*, he thought. *And I just got into a dry one too...*

"Aww, see that? He can't even control his peepees," said Gerard, rubbing the front of Frank's diaper. "He's learning fast."

"What a good baby," said Leandra, rubbing her babied husband's belly and tickling his tush. "I think that's just what happens when babies get excited. That's why I don't think he's ready for grown up times. Imagine the mess he'd make on our bed, honey."

"T-that's not fair," whined Frank. All that touch was giving him blue balls like crazy and he was getting desperate. "I promise I'll be good...I-I'll even keep my diaper on in the bedroom! Please don't leave me in the playpen and make me watch baby shows..."

"Hmm... well, are you sure little one?" asked Gerard. "I had a naughty little surprise for the two of you, but I didn't think the baby would be ready for more adulty times yet..."

"I am! I promise," said Frank.

"And you'll do anything we tell you?" asked Gerard, now with his hand down Frank's diaper, tapping on the cage.

"Yes. Anything!" said Frank.

"Alright," said Gerard. "I think I'd better just show you two your surprises, then..."

"Oh, Gerard, what did you get?" asked Leandra, sounding delighted.

"You'll see, darling. Come with me to the bedroom."

Frank struggled to keep up with his long legged companions as he was pulled to the bedroom hand in hand with the two of them. When he got to the bedroom, Gerard brought out the Veronica's Secret bags and handed them to Leandra and Frank.

"One for the lovely Leandra, and one for the adorable little cuck."

Leandra pulled out a scintillating red bustier, and Frank pulled out a matching one in powder pink. He stared at it, stunned.

"Oh, it's lovely," said Leandra. "I'll try it on right away." And she began to undress immediately while Frank stood there staring.

"You said anything, right?" asked Gerard. "Well, then, be my baby girl, and you can stay in the bedroom for Mommy and Daddy's special cuddle time today."

Frank's cage throbbed. Frank stared at his new bustier in disbelief. Gerard spoke up, as if explaining it would help.

"You get to be a girl sometimes; sometimes Daddy wants a little girl."

Frank looked over to Leandra who was already putting her bustier on and then looked back to his own bustier. For some reason his cage felt tighter than ever. Why was *this* turning him on?

"What's the matter sweetie?" asked Leandra, as she adjusted her boobs in the garment. "Did you decide you want to stay in the playpen after all?"

"N-no," said Frank. "It's just... I've never worn one of these," he mumbled, his face red.

"What was that?" asked Gerard, unable to make out what Frank was saying.

"He doesn't know how to put it on, I think," said Leandra.

"Oh, I will help the little cuck," said Gerard, reaching for the bustier.

Frank looked over to his wife as he allowed himself to be dressed by the taller man. She was so sexy, stunning in her bustier, but Frank felt ridiculous.

"Okay, ladies," said Gerard, stepping back. Let's see how you look. Leandra showed off her bustier with confidence, but Frank stood there awkwardly.

"Come on, Frankie," said Leandra. Show Daddy some sexy poses. Like *Mommy*." She posed with her hands on the bed, looking over her shoulder, throwing a seductive and sultry stare in Gerard's direction. Reluctantly, Frank followed suit, feeling sillier by the moment.

"Oh, my goodness. My ladies are so *sexy*!" said Gerard. "Look how happy you made Daddy!"

He unzipped his trousers to reveal a hard mocha colored erection standing up out of a thicket of coarse hair with a thick, dark reddish-tan mushroom tip. Frank gulped. It looked bigger than last time.

"Stay just like that," said Gerard, grabbing his lube from the bedside table. "Daddy's gonna give his girls a special treat."

Gerard was made to stay there, bent over with his hands on the bed while Gerard fucked the living daylights out of his wife. She groaned and moaned in ways that she never had with Frank as Gerard sunk his cock deep into her.

\*PLAP\* \*PLAP\* \*PLAP\*

Meanwhile, Frank's cage bounced as his body fought its confines. But of course there was no way flesh would win against the unyielding cage. Frank knew that in all likelihood they were recording this for the subby cucky website he loved so much. A suspicion that was confirmed when Gerard said to Leandra, "Smile for our viewers. Tell them how much better my cock is than your sissy husband's."

"Much better," said Leandra. "Oh, gods, yes! Fuck me, Daddy!"

"Can do, buttercup," said Gerard, redoubling his efforts. Soon, she was straight up moaning, the constant and unrelenting pounding rolling her over into a full body orgasm.

Gerard had a big smile on his face as he took care of his lover, making sure to be extra loud as he came, filling her with his first load of the day. Gerard picked up moments later, still as horny as ever, but he was sure to pull out before he finished a second time. He had to save some for his dear darling girl, after all.

While Leandra recovered on the bed, basking in the afterglow of her orgasm, Gerard pulled down the back of Frank's diaper and lined his cock up with the little cuck's hole.

"W-wait! It's too big!" cried Frank.

"Ah, ah, ah," said Gerard. "I thought we agreed no grown up talk from you. That's going to be a spanking."

\*SMACK\*

Frank yelped as Gerard's hand came down on his ass, and in the same moment, while he was distracted, Gerard drove his cock straight up Frank's ass. The pain of the smack masked the pain of entry, and Frank had no time to register what was happening before his Daddy was pounding him as well. He began to grunt and groan as a new sensation caused his cage to bounce, dripping milky liquid into his diaper.

"That's it, baby girl. I'm gonna make you moan just like your Mommy."

And now it was Frank's turn to moan and groan as Gerard pounded his ass with unrelenting vigor. Leandra had managed to get the rest of her body on the bed and was lying on her side, teasing Frank's nipples while Gerard pounded his boypussy mercilessly.

"Is Daddy making my little sissygirl husband feel good?" asked Leandra. "Does babygirl like that?"

Frank could only manage to moan out "Fu-hu-hu-hu-huuuuckkkk" as the pounding mercilessly battered his prostate. His dick was drooling cum at this point, not that anyone could see it behind the thick padding between his legs, and Frank was drooling as well, hardly able to process the amount of pleasure he was experiencing as his new Daddy filled his hole and his wife twisted his nipples.

"Think I can make her cum?" asked Gerard, looking to Leandra and waggling his eyebrows.

"Oh, definitely! She looks just about ready to cum right now," said Leandra. "But I think I can help."

She positioned herself in front of her sissified husband so he had his face in her crotch and said, "Clean me out, baby girl. Eat up all Daddy's cummies!"

Frank groaned as he opened his mouth and obeyed her command. Part of him was disgusted to be eating another man's cum, but another part of him was insanely turned on, and as he kept on with it, he could feel a feeling building behind his cage, growing stronger and stronger until...

"Urrrghhhhhh!" Frank came into his diaper, splattering the already gooey padding with a fresh coat of cum. The spasms that this orgasm caused led Gerard to cum inside of Frank, calling out as he unloaded his balls into the chastised man below him. Leandra, too, came as Frank's attentions had excited her to such a degree that the slightest extra stimulation put her over the edge.

The three of them collapsed on the bed, and after a few minutes of panting, Gerard climbed up onto the bed with Leandra, helping the little diapercuck up with him, but not before pulling up his diaper to catch any drips from the large deposit he'd left in the cuck's sissyhole. The three of them cuddled on the bed awash in the afterglow, and that would be the first of many such cuddle piles involving the trio.

# Chapter 17: Frank's Special Trip

"Do I have to wear all this Blarney stuff?" asked Frank, as he was dressed up in his blarney shorts and Blarney T-Shirt. It looked infantile, especially with his Blarney diaper sticking up over the waistband hidden not at all by his short shirt.

"We can always put you in your pretty unicorn diapers, sweetheart," said Leandra, as Frank blushed red, trying his best to pull down his shirt to cover his diaper, but only managing to cover one side at a time. Finally, Gerard intervened, grabbing Frank's hands.

"Stop fussing, little one, or we'll put you back in mitts. And you just got out of them, too."

Frankie stopped. A week had passed since being buttfucked in his bustier. A week with varying degrees of restraints and punishments that often had him confined in some way or another. If Frank knew one thing, he knew didn't want to be back in mitts and spiked booties again, forced to crawl everywhere he went. He just didn't want to wear the stupid Blarney clothes all the time. It wouldn't be so bad if he was stuck at home, but today he was going *out* dressed like this, and that was too embarrassing.

 "Where are we even going anyway?" asked Frank.

"Never you mind," said Leandra. "Now you go with your Daddy and be good. I'll see you when you get back from your special trip."

"Special trip?" asked Frank. That didn't sound good. He wanted to ask more but he was jerked away by Daddy tugging his hand.

"Come on, little one. Time to go for a ride in your favorite car."

Gerard pulled Frank along, out into the bright desert day, where his newly restored pink convertible was already waiting. Well, it *was* Frank's. Much like his and Leandra's new life in Nevada, the car was all sparkly, repaired, and good as new, but it wasn't *his* anymore, and somehow that made the improvements less gratifying.

"Stupid car," he mumbled under his breath.

"What did you say?" asked Gerard. Frank cringed. He hadn't meant to say it so loud.

"Um, nothing, Daddy." Gerard cocked an eyebrow.

 "I don't think it was nothing." He took a deep breath and opened the passenger door, taking a seat and patting his lap. "Come on, little one."

"No, Daddy! *Please,* I..."

"Over my knee. Now."

"Okay, baby boy. I'm going to count to three. One... two..." Frankie whined, holding his ground, but the moment Gerard started counting, his resolve crumbled.

"Okay, okay," said Frankie, running up to Gerard and wincing as he lowered himself onto the taller man's lap.

"That's better. Now, what are we getting punished for, little boy?"

"C-callin' the car stupid..." said Frankie, looking down in shame.

"And anything else you did today that you shouldn't have?"

"T-tryin to hide my diaper," Frank mumbled out.

"What's that? I couldn't hear you. Speak up or else I'll have to-"

"Tryin to hide my diaper!" Frank said, louder, his cheeks burning red. Frank could only hope no one heard him. It was humiliating enough to be out in the open with this ridiculous outfit without him announcing it to the world.

Daddy then surprised Frank by giving him two soft pats to his diapered bottom.

"That's my good boy. You know better than to make Daddy have to punish you. I don't like it any more than you do."

It was true. Gerard was much softer than Leandra, and for the most part didn't punish Frank with anything painful if he could avoid it. But he still wasn't afraid to flex on Frank, and Frank knew it. Frank had tried to manipulate Gerard any way he knew how to get out of his Wife's increasingly strict demands, but it simply didn't work.

"Just be good," said Gerard, getting up and helping Frank into his special car seat. "Leandra plans to put you on baby food and formula if you keep being a brat, and I know you wouldn't like that."

Frank shuddered as the car seat harness clicked in place, forcing his legs open once more so his diaper bulged out. He had tasted baby food and formula by now, and he knew that he *hated* it. Being on a diet of just that stuff would be the worst.

So, Frank kept his mouth shut for most of the ride. That is, until they came to a large structure.

"Um, that's the hospital... Wait, why are we going to the *hospital*?" Frank was beginning to panic.

"Calm down, little one. You can walk in, or you can go in in restraints and a wheelchair. It's up to you."

Frank gulped. He knew whatever was going to happen, he wanted freedom of movement, so he opted to cooperate for the time being.

"Sorry, Daddy. It's just... they're not gonna... *do* anything are they?"

"Like what do you mean, little one?"

"I dunno, like... am I gonna come out in one piece?"

"Ohhhh, sweetheart, no no no," said Gerard, parking the car and looking back at his terrified baby boy. "No, this is just a *checkup*. For your health. No owwies needed. I promise."

"You promise?" asked Frank, looking at Daddy with skepticism.

"Cross my heart, sweetheart. I would never let them hurt you, never in a million years."

"Well... okay," said Frank, feeling better.

It was true that despite how much he wanted to hate Gerard for taking his wife and helping to turn him into a diapered cuckold infant, he could not. Gerard had given him nothing but love and even if Frank wasn't willing to admit it yet, Frank felt warm feelings when his Daddy said such kind things or showed him affection. Thus, Frank felt his anger and worry melting away and was left more curious and uncertain than afraid. For some reason, It seemed like a good time to suck his thumb.

Gerard smiled, noting Frank's more childlike state of mind as he unbuckled the big thumbsucker from his carseat. He helped Frank down with two hands under his arms and tugged the little guy along toward the hospital, diaper bag slung over his shoulder just in case.

"Mr. Taureau? Your son is a new patient?" asked the woman behind the desk. "You'll have to fill out this paperwork for him. Let me know if you have any questions."

Frank shrunk under the gaze of the intake clerk, as she pursed her ruby red lips and looked him up and down. He knew he must look ridiculous in his toddler shorts, too short shirt, and velcro tennis shoes - all emblazoned with the smiling figure of Blarney. The outline of a thick diaper was obvious through the stretchy material of his shorts, even without the plastic sticking up over the top of the waistband. His distinct waddle, and the loud crinkle that followed him wherever he went erased any doubt, of which there was already none. Frank was just a big toddler, and everybody who looked would know it the instant they saw him.

Apparently, so did the clerk, quickly dismissing him with a "Hmph," and going back to her paperwork. Frank didn't know what to do after Gerard led him to the waiting area and sat down to fill out the paperwork, so he just swung his legs and looked around. Leandra had provided Gerard with all the information he needed, so Frank's input really wasn't needed. It never seemed to be these days.

Soon enough, Gerard was turning in the paperwork.

"What's that say?" asked Frank, pulling his thumb out of his mouth as he caught a glimpse of the word incontinence and some other things scribbled into his medical history notes that Gerard was handing over to the lady.

"Don't worry about it, little one," said Gerard. "Just let the grownups deal with things."

"But I-"

"You know, I think this is a good time for your pacifier," said Gerard, pulling out a clear blue pacifier with Blarney's smiling face on the button, arms stretched out wide.

Next thing Frank knew his mouth was plugged up and Gerard was tapping the button.

"There we are, my little gremlin. You keep that in and no more talking. Be a good boy for Daddy and we can get you a treat after, okay?"

Frank just nodded, feeling defeated. He could only hope Gerard wasn't telling the doctors anything *too* outlandish. Gods knew how he would explain his current state to them.

After Frank had a good chance to stew on all the possibilities, the nurse called out his name, and he was led past the door that separated the waiting room from the medical area. He was quickly weighed and measured for height, then led into a colorful exam room where his blood pressure and pulse were checked, all while Gerard answered any important questions the nurse had.

"Alright, then, the doctor will be with you shortly."

"See, little one? That was easy, right?"

Frankie reluctantly nodded as Gerard ran his hand through the hair on the back of his head and then down his back, patting his diaper. Diaper pats always seemed to calm him down, even if he totally didn't like them. Somehow, they provided a level of comfort for him. He'd discovered this very quickly when he was left without a diaper and tied down to the crib after a particularly difficult day. With a gallon of apple juice in his tummy, he ended up peeing all over his legs and begged for the diapers back when Mommy and Daddy finally came in to check on him. Since then, he always felt safer with the diapers on than off, and begged not to go sans-underwear on the rare occasion Mommy or Daddy brought up the possibility.

"Such a good brave boy for Daddy," said Gerard, rubbing and patting Frankie's diaper as he held the smaller man in his lap. Frankie would never have allowed Gerard to hold him like this when he first arrived, but how things had changed in such a short time.

When the doctor came in, he saw the infantilized Frank looking cute as a button, head resting on his Daddy's chest while Gerard held him. It was an adorable sight. The Doctor cleared his throat to announce his entrance.

"Yes, hello, I'm, ah, doctor Padderson, I... see we have a little one with us today. Would you mind getting up on the table, son? He... can understand me, can't he?"

"Oh yes," said Gerard, patting Frankie's butt. "Perfectly. Frankie, let's get you up on the table now."

"Fantastic," said the doctor. "Oh, and we need to take his shorts off. He can stay in his, ah, diaper for now."

Frank blushed, feeling naked as his shorts were slid off and he was left to sit on the exam table in just his babyish shirt and diaper. The doctor smiled a reassuring smile.

"Good. Now let's take a look. Looks like we've got a full physical scheduled. Is there anything I should, ah, know about before we get started?"

"Just that he wears diapers out of necessity," said Gerard, "And we keep his little penis locked up, also out of necessity. I do have the key if you need to see it unlocked, though."

"Yes, I might need that, and don't worry, son," said the Doctor, putting his hand on Frank's shoulder as the man hid his face in his hands. "I've seen plenty of patients in your situation. You could say it's my, ah, specialty."

Frank looked up at the doctor with a questioning gaze, not daring to speak with his pacifier in.

"That's right," said Gerard. "You have nothing to worry about, Frankie. Doctor Padderson will take good care of you, and Daddy will be here too. Can you be a brave boy and listen to the doctor?"

Frank reluctantly nodded. Though embarrassing, at least he knew that this wasn't the Doctor's first time examining a pampered cuckold, or so he was led to believe. Still, he had to wonder if this was really a checkup, or something more.

"He looks healthy," said the doctor. "A little on the heavy side, though. Have you considered putting him on a diet?"

"We don't let him drink any soda or have candy. But it is hard to deny the little guy some ice cream every once in a while."

"Do you feed him juice?"

"Well, yes. He loves apple juice. It's his favorite drink since he's no longer allowed to drink beer."

"That may be your problem. Juice has a lot more sugar than you think. And you know all that sugar affects his urine as well. Makes it a lot easier to end up with a UTI or diaper rash."

"I didn't know that," said Gerard, looking at Frank and rubbing his chin.

"Don't worry, we'll get him on a high fiber diet and eliminate most of his sugar. That and a little exercise should help him drop the weight. You might need to go down a size in diapers once that happens, too. Do you have a prescription for those, by the way?"

"Why, no. I've just been buying them out of pocket..."

"Oh, well, we'll have to fix that, then! Let's take a look at something else a man his age should be concerned with," said the doctor, laying down an absorbent chuck pad next to Frank. "Son, can you roll over onto your stomach for me?"

Frank did so, wondering where this was going. The moment he felt the back of his diaper being tugged down, he tried to get up, but he was stopped by Gerard's hand.

"No, no, Frank. Stay where you are. The doctor needs to examine you."

Frankie shook his head and tried to cover his butt, but Dr. Padderson was prepared.

"I think we're going to have to use the, ah, straps. I'm sorry, kiddo... this is for your own good."

Frank whined into his pacifier as he felt thick straps pulled over his back and shoulders. His arms were forced to his side and he couldn't get up as the diaper was taken off of him. Gerard petted him and cooed to him with words of reassurance while he watched the doctor put on a glove and lube up his finger.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" whined Frank, mouth still clamped tight on his pacifier and sucking it like mad without even realizing it.

"Shhh, it's okay, sweetie. you've taken much larger things, it won't hurt. He's a doctor. A professional. This is just a medical procedure to make sure you're healthy. Even Daddy has to do this when he goes to the doctor. That's right sweetie. Daddy's got you. You'll be fine..."

Frank tensed up as he felt the cold lube touch his butthole and the pressure of Dr. Padderson's thumb against it. The discomfort of the intruder only lasted for a second as the doctor pressed in with his thumb, past the sphincter and into his colon. Frank let out a breath as the pressure lessened, and his hole began to relax. It really wasn't all that big. But almost immediately, the doctor curled his thumb inward, his fingers pressing behind Frank's balls on the outside, trapping Frank's prostate and squeezing it. Frank jerked involuntarily, then moaned a bit as it felt like urine was traveling up his penis.

"Yes, yes, I can feel it," said the doctor. "Oh, my, this is very swollen."

Frank moaned and jerked slightly as the doctor began palpating the prostate, rolling it between his thumb on the inside and his fingers on the outside. His cock tried to harden, but quickly met the confines of the cage and was defeated. Gerard continued to pet him and tell him what a good, brave boy he was, keeping him calm even as he felt increasingly urgent feelings down below.

"Yes, oh my, looks like we're getting some drainage here." The waterproof pad under Frank was quickly soaking up all the cum that was draining from his balls thanks to the doctor's ministrations.

"When was the last time he ejaculated?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, it's been weeks," said Gerard. "He hasn't been allowed to at all since he's been locked up down there. And we'd like to keep it that way, if possible."

"Well, that's fine, if the goal is to prevent an orgasm, but he needs to drain his prostate regularly. You can do that without inducing an orgasm if you like... All you have to do is what I'm doing right now," said the doctor.

Frank moaned as the doctor continued to milk his prostate, feeling as if he was peeing onto the pad under him. What he didn't know was that it was all seminal fluid, rendering his orgasms completely obsolete.

"I see," said Gerard. Could I maybe try to make sure I understand?"

"Sure. Let's get you gloved and lubed and you can try."

Soon, Frank was moaning again as Daddy took his turn massaging the cucky's prostate.

"Oh, well isn't that something?" asked Frank. "Does my little one like that?"

Frank blushed and didn't say anything. Gerard paused, then smirked.

"Does he want me to *stop*?"

Gerard stopped, and Frank vigorously shook his head, hoping for more of that stimulation, which Gerard happily obliged. "Goodness, looks like Daddy's special massage is making my little one *very* happy. Mommy and Daddy are going to have to make this a regular part of our routine!"

Frank could feel the pleasure building toward something. It was almost like masturbating, but missing about 70% of the sensation, sensation which would normally come from rubbing his cock.

"Careful," said the doctor. "You can tip him into an orgasm if you go too hard."

"Oh, really?" asked Gerard. "Come to think of it, I *have* made him cum once when I had sex with him."

"Yes, the penis is just as effective as a thumb," chuckled the doctor, "Though certainly less targeted. There are lots of nerve endings down there."

"I'd like to see him cum this way," said Gerard, adding more pressure to Frank's prostate. Frank moaned into his pacifier and tensed up, his body instinctively trying to move his butt away from the intense stimulation but unable to. Instead, Frank just pressed his forehead into the padded exam table, squeezed his eyes shut, and sucked his pacifier harder as his hole and all his pelvic muscles began to clench and unclench involuntarily. Frank's cage jerked each time he clenched, sliding against the semen-slicked chuck pad.

"I think he's getting close," said Gerard.

"That's it, keep it up," said the Doctor. "Just keep putting pressure on the, ah, prostate, and he should..."

"Mmmmmmph!!!!" Frank screamed into his pacifier as he came, hard. His cock throbbed painfully against the cage while it fired out semen in thick spurts, as thick as a stream of urine might be. The restraints held Frank fast as he strained, every muscle in his body tensing up as he emptied his balls and prostate for the first time in a week.

"Well! That's certainly a faster way to drain those bad boys," remarked Gerard. "How long would that have taken without an orgasm?"

"Oh, about twenty to thirty minutes," said the doctor, without hesitation.

"Well, that is certainly something to consider. I suppose as long as he's not using his penis, it could be okay to do this more often, but that's really up to his wife - or Mommy, I should say."

"Well, it sounds like you have some big conversations ahead of you," said the doctor. "Would you like me to print out the prostate massage instructions and benefits for you?"

"That would be excellent," said Gerard.

"Okay, I'll do that. Now, before we go, we need to check his genitals. Do you think we can get him unlocked?"

"Oh, sure thing," said Gerard, pulling the little key out of his wallet.

Frank looked down in embarrassment as they helped him up and the chuck pad came with him. They had to peel it off his tummy before Gerard could unlock him and the doctor could examine his bits.

"It's a relief we don't have to unlock him to drain his prostate," said Gerard, as he put the key in the lock and turned it. Frank was glad to see it come off, but almost regretted it, knowing how dreadful it would be to see it go on again.

"You know, there are other ways to stop his erections," said the Doctor, grabbing hold of Frank's balls to examine them.

"Oh really?" asked Gerard, clearly interested.

"Would you like me to print those out as well?"

In the end, Gerard left with a stack of instructions on proper prostate massage, a high fiber diet, and some things that he and the doctor discussed in private. Frank didn't like the sound of 'stopping all erections' without a cage and wondered just what the doctor had in mind. He hoped he wouldn't have to find out, but in the end he knew it was really up to Leandra, and knowing her, there was a good chance he *was* going to find out, like it or not.

After they said their goodbyes to the good doctor, and walked out of the office, it was time to get Frank back in his car seat for the big drive home. Gerard smiled at his little treasure as he strapped him in.

"Wasn't that fun, mon petit cocu? We have so much to tell Mommy when we get home!"

Frank blushed and stared down his nose. He didn't want to admit how fun that really was, but it certainly did feel good.

# Chapter 18: Meet The Neighbors

He was running. Blinders blocking his vision left and right. Running, running, running. For how long, he did not know, he just knew that he had been driven ever onwards. He was naked - mostly. His nipples painfully erect as tassels bounced from them with every clop. Clop? Frank dared to glance down only to see that his hands and feet had been permanently sealed into artificial hooves, rendered useless by the hard composite material. Running as his cock bounced to and fro, his erection cinched tight so that it always stuck out straight ahead, a shiny golden ring protruding from the tip as it flung out precum with each bounding step. Clop clop. Clop clop. Clop clop. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

And still he ran. His body relieving itself on the road below as it needed while he ran, pulling the harness, unable to look and see what he was pulling. He only *wished* he was in a diaper now, not naked for all to see. Relieving himself in public in an even more shameful way than he had at the mall. Moaning and groaning as he felt the tassels tug at his nipples. His cock, purple and swollen, throbbing with each tug. The pain and pleasure building up together, building toward something even more humiliating as his dick throbbed painfully.

Lips by his ear now, whispering...

"This is what your life could be, Frankie... if you don't listen to Mommy and Daddy..."

The breath tickling his ear, the tone and promise of the whisper sending him over the edge as his cock throbbed, throwing gobs of cum onto the road below, left and right, painting his thighs as he ran ever onward... His teeth clamped down on the bit in his mouth and he cried out.

"Nnnnnnfff Gah!!"

He sat up.

"Unh... wha?"

The pain around his cock was still sharp from the cage digging into the base of his cock as it strained to get hard. He looked around, his heart still beating fast. It took him a minute to realize where he was as he saw the bright red bars rising up all around him. It was a cage! He *was* an animal after all, he thought, grabbing the bars and gripping them tightly. No... those were hands, not hooves. He was... in his crib. Frank sat back with a crinkle, blinking.

"Baby, you okay?" asked Leandra, stepping into the room. "I heard you cry out on the baby monitor..."

Frank caught his breath and remembered. He was home. He was a baby. Not a horse. He sighed, relieved, and winced as his cock throbbed again in its confines.

"Aww, did you have a bad dream, sweetie?" asked Leandra, drawing near and lowering the bars to Frank's crib. Frank stuck out his bottom lip and nodded.

"It's okay, Mommy's here." Leandra pulled Frankie into a hug and patted his back. "There, there..."

Frankie remembered Daddy putting him in the carseat and then playing some kids' sing along music... something about being the finest horse at the fair or something... it had made him very sleepy and then... then what?"

"You were very tired after your doctor's visit, yes you were! But Daddy said you were a very brave boy and listened to all that the doctor said, so I'm very happy. You get bonus stickers for that, so another trip to the toy store is not far off!"

Frank didn't really care about the toy store. He wasn't really a baby after all. Still, it was better than a punishment, he supposed.

"Can I use my stickers to get some internet time?" he asked.

"Aww, sweetie. You're a little young for that," said his wife. "Maybe if you sit on Daddy's lap and he supervises... but he'll have to type everything out for you. You just get to point."

"Nevermind," said Frank, looking away.

"Goodness, did you wet in your sleep again?" asked Leandra, distracting him from his disappointment.

"What do you mean? I didn't-"

"Oh! You did! See, sweetie? The Doctor was right, you do need diapers."

Frank blanched as he followed his wife's finger pointing to the yellow patch in the front of his padding. The doctor. That's right, Frank was now prescribed diapers, and his incontinence was part of his medical history. He was stricken as he was laid on his back and the diaper was peeled away to let the cold air hit his skin. It was a wake up call. If there was any fantasy he held of getting on Gerard and Leandra's good side - of them letting him at least live like a grown-up again, it was dashed by the weight of the Doctor's judgment. This was real. This was his life now.

"I know, sweetie, I know this can be a lot to accept," said Leandra as she wiped down Frank's pissy parts and dribbling cage. His cock had shrunk in the cold air, and he was grateful for the relief it gave his sore balls. "Daddy told me that he and the Doctor scheduled you an appointment with a therapist... to help you *accept* all these changes..."

"Therapist? I don't need a therapist, Mommy. I'm a grown *man*... if you'll just give me a chance..."

"You're clearly *not*, sweetheart, because you've had all the chances in the world to be a grown up and now here we are. We found just what you need, baby boy, and a grown up life is not it..."

She gave her husband's balls a squeeze and he winced, not daring to say anything more even when she brought out a fresh, extra thick Blarney diaper and a Megasorb stuffer to boot.

"Don't worry, sweetie, you're already doing so well with your training, and you're earning more being a subby cucky sucker than you ever did at that dead end job of yours..."

"I... I am?" Frank asked, sitting up on his elbows as Leandra got to work with the wipes.

"Yes, you are, sweetheart. Several thousand a month, in fact."

"That much?" He was stunned. Leandra and Gerard had never talked hard numbers before, but he did know that his videos were popular on the subby cucky suckers website.

"Yes, sweetheart. Why would we ever let you grow up now?" Leandra lifted up Frank's legs to slide a new diaper under him, and deposited his butt on the soft padding.

Why indeed. He was living his fantasy life, and obviously a lot of others had the same fantasy and were willing to pay for the vicarious experience. Why would he ever be allowed to grow up when they had it so good?

"W-well... if I'm helping you make money... then how come I can't spend it?" asked Frankie.

"You're terrible with money dear, and you *do* spend it. On diapers, food, drinks, and all the things that Daddy and I were so generous to get you." Leandra was now shaking fragrant baby powder on Frank's bitty bits as she spoke. "You're the luckiest little boy in the world, because you get to have everything you need, and all you have to do is be good and listen to the grown-ups."

Leandra taped up the final tape patting Frank's diaper front with a powdery poof of finality.

What could Frankie say? He was stuck.

"By the way, Daddy told me he has something new to teach me that the doctor showed him. I can't wait. Do you know what the surprise is? I promise I won't tell Daddy..."

Frank's mouth went dry as he remembered the prostate massage at the doctor's office. His wife had never put anything in his butt, not even close.

Gerard walked in before Frank could find his words.

"Ah, ah, ah, mon cherie! No spoiling the surprise. I know you'll want to try it yourself as soon as you find out what it is, and our little man needs his time to recover!"

"Aww, poo," said Leandra. "Guess it'll have to wait, then."

The couple brought Frank out of the nursery and into the kitchen, where Frank was put on the floor while the two chatted over wine and cheese in their tall chairs.

"He's just so cute, isn't he?" asked Leandra, as she looked down at her husband in just a t-shirt, socks, and a diaper. His big, innocent eyes and the adorable face that she'd grown to love clean of the stubble it had perpetually carried in recent years.

"He's the absolute cutest," said Gerard, smiling and popping a piece of cheese into his mouth. The doorbell rang.

"Oh! That'll be the neighbors," said Leandra, hurrying over to the front of the house.

"Neighbors?!" yelped Frank, instinctively pulling down his shirt.

"None of that now, little one," said Gerard. "Or do we need to put you back in mittens and booties?"

Frank's eyes went wide and he shook his head. There was nowhere for him to go as he heard voices by the front door and the sound of his wife's voice drawing nearer.

Frank looked over toward the sound of the approaching guests with fear as Gerard stood up and dusted off his hands, preparing to greet the new arrivals.

They're right over here in the kitchen," said Leandra. "My two boys..."

She said it with the affection of a doting mother, running up to Gerard in short shuffling strides and kissing him on the cheek. Frank sat there, unable to say a word, totally petrified as three strangers walked into their kitchen to find him sitting on the floor in just a little T-Shirt and a diaper looking like an overgrown toddler.

"So nice to meet you," said Gerard, shaking the hands of two men and the woman. The trio introduced themselves as Pierce, Duke, and Jasmine. Leandra had apparently met them online looking for local kinksters.

"What's with the baby?" asked Pierce, a skinny man with a mohawk and several piercings on his face and ears.

Frank looked at him horrified. As if this whole thing had been *his* idea! *As if!*

"Don't mind him," said Duke, a heavy set, beefy guy with a smug grin. "Pierce tends to be blunt. To each their own. Besides, we already know about the baby cuck. Their reputation precedes them!"

"Heel, you two!" snapped Jasmine, and the two men snapped to attention, then crouched by her feet on either side. Jasmine was tall, dressed in elegant hanging clothes with sheer legs. Standing over the two men, she looked like an empress. She petted their heads, looking down at both of them. "Such poor behavior tonight, you two. Pierce, you should be the last person to throw stones. Didn't you just get out of diaper punishment recently yourself?"

Pierce looked down and blushed, but didn't move from his spot at Jasmine's feet.

"And as for you, Duke, maybe you should join him this time. Look at the poor thing. They look absolutely terrified. May I?" asked the woman, looking over to Leandra.

"By all means," said Leandra, gesturing toward her infantilized husband.

Frank looked completely shocked as the woman bent down to pick him up.

"H-hey!" He cried as she enveloped him in a big hug. Frank was not used to being so familiar with others so quickly, and certainly not without his permission.

"What a little cutie!" said Jasmine, kissing him on the head. He opened his mouth to protest but quickly found a pacifier plugging it up.

"I think you'd better keep this in tonight, sweetheart," said Leandra with a smirk.

"At least until dinnertime!" said Gerard with a chuckle.

"Well, have a seat everyone, get comfortable. I'll get out some cheese and wine. No, not you, Frankie. The only seat you get is the floor or a grown-up's lap."

These words might have well been wasted on Frank because he didn't exactly get an option. Before he knew it, he wound up in Jasmine's lap, flanked by the two strange men while Mommy sat across from them and Daddy busied himself pouring everyone drinks.

"Don't worry, I didn't forget you, Frankie," said Gerard, grabbing a squeeze bottle of sugar-free grape juice with a Pawsome Squad spill-proof topper. He sat it down on the table, eliciting a round of chuckles from the three guests, some kinder than others.

Frank wanted to sink into the floor, but he was instead stuck in this beautiful woman's lap. As if to rub salt in the wound, Gerard continued, "The doctor says no sugary juice because it makes his pee-pee more likely to cause a diaper rash or UTI, so we're going sugar free. Isn't that right, Frankie? Who's a healthy boy?"

Frankie scowled at Gerard, or tried to, but he couldn't keep a straight face knowing that Gerard wasn't even exaggerating. Daddy had literally had this conversation with a doctor earlier that day, which he blushed deeply to think about.

"Well, go on. Drink your juice," said Gerard, pulling out Frank's pacifier, crossing his arms and smirking. "All the adults are drinking *their* grape juice."

Frank looked around. "I know the difference between grape juice and wine, Gerard."

"I'm sorry, what did you just call me?" asked Gerard?

"Better watch yourself, little man," said Pierce, snickering. "You might get another spanking!"

Frank's face burned red, but he folded and apologized, "Sowwee, Daddy," then drank the juice, much to the satisfaction of everyone else in the room.

Frank was ashamed to give in so easily, but he didn't have the guts to stand up to Gerard in that moment. Not with the risk of a punishment hanging over his head. He was so busy thinking about how embarrassing this whole situation was, that he wasn't paying attention and it wasn't until Jasmine pulled the squeeze bottle away with a pop that he realized he had been sucking air. Cue a burping from Jasmine, and the whole process started over again.

"Wow, guess my little guy was thirsty," said Gerard. Don't worry, there's plenty more where that came from!" He handed Frank another bottle of juice and looked at him expectantly.

"You can talk as long as you're enjoying your drink. When you're done, we'll put your binky back in, but that means no talking until the next time an adult takes your binky out. Got it?"

Frank nodded, looking up at Gerard with a pout.

"Well, get drinking. You have five seconds or that pacifier is going back in right now..."

Frank huffed and stuck the juice bottle in his mouth.

"What do we say?" asked Leandra.

"Fank you, Daddy."

Another round of giggles from the audience. Frank blushed and tried his hardest to focus on the bottle in his hands and not on all the people scrutinizing his babification. Sure, he liked to be the center of attention, but not *this* kind of attention.

A baby drinking his sippy juice can only entertain for so long, and soon, the talk moved on to other things. Of particular interest was the ladies comparing notes on how they controlled their men.

"Oh yes, we have little Frankie in an extra small wee wee cage. It seems to suit him well," said Leandra.

"Oh really?" asked Jasmine. "I have Pierce here fitted with a custom P.A. cage. Of course he had to be pierced and stretched down there to accommodate it, but that wasn't so much of a problem with him. As you can see, he has a proclivity for piercings."

Sure enough, Pierce was spiked and studded all over, the most prominent piercing being a metal spike protruding out below his lower lip. Leandra was intrigued.

"A P.A. Cage, huh? Can I see?"

"Sure! Pierce. Drop your pants."

It was now Pierce's turn to blush as he immediately stood up and pulled down his pants to reveal a miniscule metal mushroom-tip where most men would have a freely swinging penis.

"Oh, wow," said Leandra. "And he really can't get any stimulation, even if you play with it directly?"

"Go ahead and try," said Jasmine with a grin.

Leandra wasted no time in taking Jasmine up on her offer, tugging, twisting, and turning the cage, while Pierce's face burned bright red. Aside from the occasional wince, there was not a hint of arousal to be seen. Frank smirked, enjoying the show as this asshole suffered.

"I'm impressed," said Leandra. "How do these perform with diapers?"

Pierce clasped his hands together as if begging Jasmine to say no, but of course she ignored his pleas.

"Oh, most definitely. Pierce wore it during his entire diaper punishment and there were no problems at all. Kept him from humping his diapers too!"

"Oh? We have a little diaper humper here as well," said Leandra, and suddenly Frank's laughter died as he was put on the spot once more. The bottle was taken out of his hands and replaced by another.

"Whuh?" Asked Frank, looking up at Daddy in surprise.

"You finished your juice, buddy. Here's your next bottle."

It went on like this with Frank being distracted and then draining his juice without even realizing it, only to have it replaced by Gerard at every single chance. Pretty soon his bladder was full to bursting, and he had to let go of his bottle and hold onto the front of his diaper in an effort to avoid wetting himself right there in Jasmine's lap.

*Not now, not now, not now, not now*, he thought to himself, squeezing his eyes shut.

"All finished? Alright then, in goes the binkie!" said Gerard, taking Frankie's last bottle and slipping the binkie in his mouth before he realized what was happening. Frank's eyes shot open as he realized that he was now rendered silent. How was he going to tell Mommy and Daddy that he had to go pee-pee?

He knew better than to try and speak up now. That would lead to a spanking in front of everyone for sure, and he could never hold it in for a spanking. He was stuck. It didn't take long for the grownups to notice him sticking his hands between his legs.

"Little boy," said Leandra. "You know you're not supposed to touch your diaper. Hands up."

Frank whined into his paci and shook his head.

"Yes, little man, or are we going to have to restrain you so that you have to keep them up?"

Frankie crossed his legs but it wasn't enough. The moment Jasmine pulled his hands up and away from his diaper, the dam burst and he flooded his pamps with the force of a torrential downpour. He couldn't stop it, and not only that, he *enjoyed* it. He found himself spasming and moaning in this woman's lap as he felt relief and humiliation mingling together.

Then, Jasmine put her hand on the front of his diaper. Even though he couldn't feel it through his cage, the pressure was enough to set him off.

"Uhnnhnnnnnhhhgghhhh!!!"

"Oh my god, did he *cum* in his *diaper*?!" asked Pierce, laughing.

"Wow, he really is a baby!" laughed Duke, almost falling out of his seat as he clutched his belly.

"That's it," said Jasmine, giving the dazed and humiliated Frank a squeeze. "Gerard, Leandra, can I borrow a couple of diapers from you?"

"What?!" cried Pierce.

"No, wait!" said Duke. "I'm sorry!"

But it was too late. Soon, the three men found themselves stuck in the playpen sucking on their pacis while the adults enjoyed the last of the wine and cheese before dinner.

*Serves them right,* thought Frank, crossing his arms and pouting, but his victory was short lived because Pierce and Duke wanted their revenge. Here, they would make good use of all that wine they had drunk. While the adults were in the other room, Pierce and Duke took turns holding Frank down as they wet their diapers and ground them in his face. It was the best they could do without any words available to them. It all came to an end when dinner was called, and Frank was relieved to finally be able to breathe again without a face full of wet padding. However, he was disappointed when he saw what they were getting for dinner.

"Oh no! Not baby food!" he whined, his paci falling out of his mouth.

"Uh oh. You know what that means, little man," said Gerard.

Frank paled as he realized he was going to have to get a spanking after all.

#

# Chapter 19: Dinner is Served

Frank's breath caught in his throat as he was led by the hand to the dinner table, pulled roughly by an upset looking Gerard. He noticed, however, that Gerard had a bit of a tent in his pants and he almost wondered if the man was *glad* he messed up. He looked up at the table as they approached and saw the baby food set out - but there were only two place settings with baby food at the table.

"Wha?"

Before he could finish the thought, Gerard sat down in one of the chairs and pulled Frank over his lap so that his erection was poking Frank's belly. It was definitely there, and definitely hard. Frank blushed a bit as it poked into his soft belly, thinking about how much softer it had gotten these past few weeks and imagining that erection pressing into another part of his softer anatomy as well, but he was quickly brought back to reality when Gerard pulled down the back of his diaper.

"No! No! No!" yelled Frank, squirming to get away, but that didn't stop the spanks from raining down as Gerard held him in place on his lap. Frank cried out loudly as Gerard punished him in front of everyone for a total of over a dozen hard blows.

"There you go little boy," said Gerard, pulling up the back of Frank's diapers and patting them, causing Frank to wince. But then, Gerard frowned and looked down. He carefully set the sniffling Frank down to reveal a large wet spot on the front of his trousers. "You leaked!" he exclaimed.

Frank's eyes went wide. "I wha- No I didn't!"

He could barely believe that he had done that, but there it was, all over Daddy's lap. Frank was even more embarrassed about that than the spanking, as the other two boys laughed openly.

"Oh goodness, I have to take care of this right away," said Gerard. "Leandra, can you change the baby?"

"Just a minute, hon," said Leandra. "I'm still putting out the food."

"He's leaking all over the floor," said Gerard, clucking his tongue and pulling at the front of his trousers in exasperation, though that tent was bigger than ever in his pants.

"I'll change the little one," said Jasmine, raising a hand to get Gerard's attention.

"Oh, would you? I really wouldn't want to impose."

"Nonsense," said Jasmine, "Where are the changing supplies?"

Frank was shaking his head at Daddy and silently begging, "No, no no," with his lips, but Gerard completely ignored the cuckold's pleas once again. "I keep a bag of changing supplies right here in the living room. You can just change him on the floor, on the carpet. We usually do."

And so, Frank was led, dripping, to the carpet to lie back on the changing mat that Jasmine set out. He wanted to say he could do it himself. He wanted to make any excuse to avoid being changed in front of all these strangers, but there was nothing he could say because Frank's mouth was plugged once more by the pacifier and he was given a warning not to lose it again until din din times.

Frank felt completely helpless as he lay there on his back, a full grown man now reduced to an infant who needed the neighbor lady to change his soggy diaper. He didn't know what to do with his hands, so he balled them up in fists and shook them, like a baby often does. Duke seemed to notice and take pity on him, because Frank soon found a Blarney stuffie in his hand. He held it to his face and hugged it tight, not for comfort, but to block his view of what was happening. Despite that, he did feel better when he hugged it. At least a little bit.

"Aww, look, he's smiling," said Jasmine. "You did a really good thing, Duke."

Duke beamed at the praise, and Frank, surprised to hear that he had been smiling, quickly turned it into a pout, which just made the others laugh, except for Pierce.

"Aww, what a cutie pie," said Jasmine, but Pierce just made faces at Frank, and teased him as best he could without drawing the ire of Jasmine.

"You'd better watch it," said Jasmine, making Pierce stop in his tracks and go pale. "I know what you're up to and if you don't behave, then it'll be *you* getting your diaper changed in the living room and eating dinner in a high chair."

That shut up Pierce real quick, but Frank had a sinking feeling. Were they really going to make him eat in a high chair in front of the neighbors? When Jasmine helped him up and led him back to the dinner table, his questions were answered, because there right in front of his eyes was his high chair with a big helping of baby mush sitting in a bowl on the tray.

It was clear that this was done for show as Gerard couldn't put him in the chair without taking the tray off first. Leandra was the one to move the tray and bowl to help Frank into the chair while the other men sat at the table. He looked at her piteously as she tied his bib, thinking *you're the one that did this to me* in his head and hoping she could hear his thoughts. It wasn't fair, he thought, as he was helped up into the seat and strapped in securely, legs forced apart to show his clean new diaper. Wrists, ankles, elbows, and knees secured down so that he couldn't get out on his own. Frank spoke up the moment Leandra took the pacifier out of his mouth, looking down at the tray that was slid in front of him, the bib round his neck, struggling to move but unable to budge an inch.

"How come I gotta sit in the baby chair?" he whined. "It's not fair! They're the ones that got in trouble, so how come *I* get punished?" He was usually not restrained so securely in the high chair now that he had gotten used to it, not unless he was having a particularly difficult day.

Leandra smirked, noting how her husband didn't even seem to have the vocabulary to call things by their proper names. "Hush, now, little one, don't you think you've earned enough punishments today?"

"But what did I do?" asked Frankie, whining, frustration showing on his red face.

"You complain too much," said Gerard from the table. "And you broke the rules. The baby food wasn't for you - it was for Pierce and Duke, but since you only know how to complain and spit your pacifier out instead of listening to Mommy and Daddy, you must eat baby food too."

"That's right," added Leandra, as Frank realized his mistake. "And since there's only one *baby chair*, you get to be the lucky little guy who gets fed in it!"

Frank looked over at Duke and Pierce who were watching with interest and amusement. "But how come they get sippy cups?"

"Because they can use their hands like big boys," said Leandra. "And unlike you, *they* are guests. You, on the other hand, should know better, little man. Now let's feed you before your food gets cold, and no more complaints."

Everyone began their meal, with a lot of glances over to Frank's predicament, where Leandra was making a big show of feeding her adorable baby husband. The bowl of green goop that Leandra sat out in front of him wasn't big, Frank realized. It was *massive*, and Leandra wanted to play up every spoonful as she fed it all to Frank.

"That's a good *cucky wucky*, eat up all your greens! Wots of good, good veggies and fiber in here, so eat up to grow big and strong like Daddy!"

Frank was obliged to open up his mouth for the airplane. Every time he tried to sputter a protest at the infantile treatment, he just got another mouth of mush, so through much embarrassment and bluster, he was fed, like it or not. Just when he thought he was done, Leandra grabbed a second bowl from the table.

"Oh, you did such a good job eating your greens, little man. Now for some dessert! We got stewed prune puree just for you! This'll get your tum tum moving, baby, since you seem to want to try and hold it in still."

Frank wanted to scream. How could his wife be treating him like this? And yet, he knew he had lost that fight long ago. It seemed now he only had the choice of behaving and being treated like a toddler, or speaking up and being treated like a baby. Somehow, no matter what he intended to do, it seemed like he was backsliding into more and more infantile treatment. Instead of earning his privileges back, he was being treated like *more* of a baby!

"Keep eating little one. The doctor said to feed you lots and lots of fiber so you can be a healthy baby boy!" Frank whined, as he was filled up.

"No mow," he said, his mouth full of disgusting prunes, but Leandra just treated it like baby talk and kept feeding him. The doctor may have put him on a diet for weight loss, but it sure didn't feel like it with all that she was feeding him. He could feel his tummy rumbling and began to sweat, knowing that soon his body would try to clear more room for all the food. Mercifully, she was almost done, and after some final bites for his stuffed tummy, the bowl was empty.

"All done," said Leandra. "Now it's your turn, dear," she said, taking a seat while Gerard got up, a giant one liter baby bottle in hand.

"Okay, kiddo! Time for your formula!"

Frank struggled and shook his head, but he was sluggish and completely restrained. He was no match for Gerard, who grabbed Frank's chin in his hand and shoved the bottle in his mouth.

"Drink," was his command, which Frank instantly obeyed, whining as the pressure in his tummy grew. First, his bladder gave way. It wasn't five gulps in when he felt the dam burst and he was flooding his diapers again. He wriggled and struggled, trying to close his legs and stop the flow any way that he could, but it was hopeless. The thick diapers drank up all the liquid as he peed uncontrollably, his diaper eye level with everyone sitting at the table so they got a clear view of it swelling up and growing yellow.

"Looks like that little boy really does need to wear diapers," said Jasmine. "He can't even hold it for a whole meal, and I just changed him!" Her two men were chuckling until she added a comment about them. "You two won't have that problem, will you?"

"No, ma'am," they both said, shaking their heads.

"And you'll help with the dishes after, and then come to me or our lovely hosts for help going to the potty, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," they both said, clearly flustered and red with embarrassment, not that it was any consolation for Frank, who was still emptying his bladder in front of everyone while still only ⅓ of the way through his bottle.

"So you baby them too?" asked Gerard, holding the bottle up while Frank struggled against his restraints.

"Only when they're in trouble," said Jasmine. "Which is often enough that they have their own cubbies at home with the necessary supplies."

"We'll, I don't see why not," said Leandra, "It's certainly worked wonders for little Frankie, here, isn't that right, baby?"

Frankie couldn't respond with the big nipple invading his mouth. He could only whine and splutter as he was fed more formula than he thought he could possibly fit in his tummy. At this point, his belly button was in full view as his engorged tummy pressed against the tray and his diaper swelled to huge proportions.

Gerard leaned in as Frank continued to drink and said in a low voice, "Never forget that you are our baby. Now and forever."

Frank started to sob, and Gerard paused.

"I sowwy, Daddeee...." He whimpered. "No mow miwk... too fuww..."

"Oh dear," said Gerard, looking at the bottle, which was still half full. "I don't think he's going to be able to finish his din dins. And he needs to drink all of it according to the doctor..."

Jasmine put down her napkin and stood up. "Why don't you let me try with the little sweetie?"

Gerard looked to Leandra, who nodded, and so he handed the bottle off to Jasmine, who came up close to Frank allowing her boobies to brush up against him. Frank shivered at the warm feeling, and his cage instantly went tight as she brought him into an embrace and began to pat his back as if to comfort him. Frank leaned into it and closed his eyes, taking in her scent, a very light spicy floral scent like jasmine tea. But then, her real plan came to light when Frank burped.

\*Uuuuurp!\*

"Awww, there we go," said Jasmine. "Now I'll bet you feel better, don't you?"

Frank nodded and smiled despite himself when Jasmine pulled back to look at him.

"Do you think you could drink a little more for me?" she asked. Frank blushed and reluctantly gave a couple nods. "Oh, yay!" she said, clapping. Frank smiled and giggled a bit, and opened his mouth, allowing Jasmine to hold the bottle up for him to drink from.

Frankie sucked on his bottle without complaints, face peaceful as Jasmine held the bottle there and murmured into his ear. Frank and Leandra looked at each other and raised their eyebrows.

Frankie let out a small grunt, then shifted, and let out a loud wet fart as he began to fill his diapers with mush to make room for more milkies. Jasmine kept whispering, and Frankie's face remained peaceful as he continued to gulp down his formula and fill his diapers, beginning to lift up in his seat because of all the poop he was packing into his pampers. Jasmine kept feeding him but moved away from his ear, blinking as if in shock.

"Oh my," said Jasmine, so everyone could hear. "Did somebody make a poopie?!"

Frank blinked and came out of his daze, only seemingly just realizing that he was messing his diapers. His face went from dazed, to confused, to shocked, to scrunching tight all in just a few seconds as he realized what he was doing. But no matter how hard he squeezed, he couldn't stop it! I just kept coming!

"Mmmmph! Mmph!" he cried into the nipple as the last of his formula filled his mouth.

Pierce and Duke were laughing so hard they were practically falling off their chairs while Gerard and Leandra wore self satisfied grins.

"Are you still pooping, little one?" asked Jasmine, putting down the empty bottle and raising her hands to the side of her cheeks.

"I c-c-c-can't stop it!" cried, Frank. And he couldn't. His bowels were bearing down as if on their own, forcing everything out while his locked pee-pee sprayed the front of his diaper with a heavy stream of pee. At this point, Frank just wanted it out of him, so he soon clenched his fists, tensing against the highchair restraints to bear down and expel all the poopies and pee-pees he could. There was so much, pee began leaking out onto the high chair and spilling over onto the floor. Leandra and Gerard quickly got up to get some towels to soak it all up.

"It looks as if the big baby is doing it on purpose!" said Pierce.

Jasmine shot him a look that almost had Pierce shitting his pants. Duke smirked, but didn't say anything.

As for Frankie, he was having the worst possible time. His big diaper blowout was finally finished, but that didn't make things better. He had just completely humiliated himself in front of this pretty lady and these two guys in the worst way possible. It was so beyond anything he had had to deal with in his everyday Adult life before the move, that he didn't even know how to process what had just happened. He opened his mouth to give the only response he could. He bawled like a baby.

"Waaaahhhh!"

"Oh, dear," said Jasmine. "Oh dear dear dear," she said, then she again whispered into his ear, calming him down gradually as his Cries turned to sobs, then to sniffles, and he finally got quiet. Mommy and Daddy were soon there to sop away the puddle at the foot of the chair, remove the tray, and wrap a towel around the sopping wet baby's waist.

"I think it's bath time for this little one," said Gerard, carrying the sniffling sobbing baby off.

"Oh, goodness," said Jasmine with an apologetic smile. "I figured he'd have to go, but I didn't know he'd go *that* much."

"Well, we put a powerful diuretic into his formula, and that bowl of strained peas was choc full of fast-acting laxatives. Since our little one tends to *try* to hold it, this has to happen from time to time. You really did a wonderful job with him, Jasmine."

"Thank you," Jasmine said. "They don't call me the boy trainer for nothing. Though *clearly* I have some work to do here, don't I Pierce?"

"What?!" said Pierce, looking shocked as his mistress glared over at him. "I didn't do anything!"

"I told you and Duke to be on your best behavior, and this is how you act? I can't believe the way you treated that poor boy. You should be ashamed."

Pierce didn't look ashamed in the least.

"Well, if you're not, you will be," continued Jasmine. "Because you're going to be wearing diapers for the next four weeks at least."

Pierce's mouth fell open. "But... buh- but- but- but- I just *graduated* from diapers!"

"And you clearly should have stayed in them. I *was* going to let you and Duke leave the house in your undies, but not after the way you behaved."

"What?! *Me*? What did *I* do?" asked Duke, quickly losing the smirk that had been on his face this whole time.

"You're his big brother and you haven't been setting enough of a good example, clearly, so you two can learn together. I'm sorry about this, Leandra, I really am."

"Don't be," said Leandra, grinning. "Frank is so full of himself, he needs someone to bring him back down to Earth from time to time. You wouldn't believe what we had to deal with when he first got here."

"Oh, I can imagine," said Jasmine, looking at Pierce.

"Well, Gerard and I have seen enough and we've already decided. We would like to take you up on your offer to babysit and train him."

"Oh, he's coming to daycare? Oh, that's wonderful news!" said Jasmine. "Did you hear that, boys? You've got a little playmate coming. You can help with his training as well."

"Yes, Mommy," the two said in unison, glancing at each other and nodding. Poor Frank had no idea what was in store for him.