

Diapercuck's Life Pt. 3

By Champ (www.ko-fi.com/champtehotter)

Chapter 20

"A babysitter?! I don't need a babysitter." Frank was livid, but when he crossed his arms and pouted it came across more like the complaint of a stubborn child.

"You clearly do," said Leandra, crossing her arms as she leaned against the bathroom doorway.

"Uncross your arms, little one," said Gerard, as Frank sat in the tub pouting. "I need to wash you."

"Are they still out there?" asked Frank. "I don't want to see them again. That was so embarrassing."

"Gee, it's almost as if you *need* those diapers," said Gerard, earning a dirty look from Frank while Leandra giggled behind her hand.

"They're all gone," said Leandra, ", but don't worry, you'll be seeing them tomorrow. That's when your real training starts."

Leandra wasn't lying either. Jasmine, 'The Boy Trainer', was a pro, and the next day when Leandra brought Frank to Jasmine's house, it would be quite obvious why.

"I can't believe you're taking me to a *babysitter*," said Frank, as he was unstrapped from his carseat and led by the hand, waddling to the front door of a large white house. Leandra gave him a stern look as they stood on the doorstep.

"If you don't think you can keep a civil tongue, I'll pacify you right now. Do you need mommy to put in the pacifier?"

"No, Mommy," muttered Frank, Blushing and looking down as he used his free hand to pull down the back of his shirt. He was self conscious that everyone passing by could see the obvious bulge in his shorts, and the crinkle his diapers made with each step didn't help. Frank felt and looked like the big toddler that his wife and her lover had made him into, and it made him especially nervous whenever they were in public.

Almost as soon as the doorbell rang, Jasmine was answering it, wearing a smile and a green checked apron. As far as Frank was concerned, it couldn't be soon enough because he didn't want to stand inside for another moment.

"Aww! Sweetie! You just couldn't wait to hug me, could you?" said Jasmine, catching Frank as he attempted to run inside. She pulled him into a big hug, his face being smothered in her breasts as she put a hand around the back of his head and another arm around his back.

Frank went limp immediately as his nose was flooded with her spicy scent, feeling totally relaxed, even as he felt his cage jump in his diaper and a spreading

warmth. It was just a distant feeling, he was almost disconnected from his body, and he only came to as he was being led inside, vaguely feeling his hand being picked up to wave bye-bye to Mommy. By the time he was totally himself again, Mommy was gone and Jasmine was showing him his cubby.

"We'll put your diapers from your baggie in here and your backpack goes on the hook! See?"

"Wha...? Where's Mommy?" asked Frank, coming out of his daze.

"She had to do grown-up things, sweetie. Don't worry: she'll be back later to pick you up. Now put your hands on my shoulders and step out of those shorts, sweetie," said Jasmine, getting down on one knee to slide down Frankie's pants. He did as she said without even hesitating. It only took a few seconds for his brain to catch up and make him question why he was taking off his shorts and where his shoes had gone, but that was more than enough time for her to have them off of him and in his cubby with his diapers.

"W-wait," said Frank, reaching for the cubby.

"No, sweetie. You don't need a change quite yet," said Jasmine, squishing the front of Frank's diaper. "Although you are a bit wet."

Frank looked down between his legs in surprise. "Wha? When did I do that?"

"It's hard for little boys to tell when they went, isn't it?" asked Jasmine in a voice that seemed to reach deep into Frank's psyche.

Frank furrowed his brow and shook his head. "Hold on a second... I'm not a little boy. I'm a man. And I *don't* need a babysitter... hey... why are you laughing?" he said, crossing his arms and pouting.

"Because you sound just like a little boy when you say that," said Jasmine. "And look at you!"

Frank looked down at himself... he saw a Blue Sleuth's T-Shirt with the iconic puppy peering from the corner of his breast pocket, an extra thick Pawsome Squad diaper, and his newly acquired baby belly poking out to complete the look.

"Listen, sweetie. You're going to have a babysitter like it or not, so you might as well *try* to get along. It's better than spending the whole time in punishment, right?"

Frank looked at Jasmine with uncertainty. This wasn't Frank's house. He hardly even knew this lady. Yes, this was unfamiliar territory, and Frank really didn't know where he stood at the moment.

"What happens if I don't do what you say?" asked Frank, taking a step back.

"Do you really want to find out?" asked Jasmine, stepping forward. "Duke and Pierce can tell you what happens when you don't listen to Mommy Jasmine. Let's just say you will not have a fun time at my house if you aren't on your best behavior."

She flashed him a look that made his blood run cold, and Frank squeaked despite himself.

"Uh oh, looks like you wet yourself a little more, sweetie. Let's get you to the play area then, before you make a puddle on the carpet."

Jasmine led Frankie away from the cubbies and further into the house, to a set of stairs that went down to a basement door. Frank's eyes went wide when she led him through. The basement was massive! There were tons of toys, a couple of changing tables, some cribs, a little stage, and even a big plastic playhouse. It was like an indoor playground, and there were already two little guys like him sitting on the floor, rolling a ball back and forth.

"Okay, boys," said Jasmine. "Say hi to your new playmate! You remember, Frankie, don't you?"

"Yes, Mommy," said the two men, looking at Frank, then back at her. Frank was shocked to realize that they were Duke and Pierce, Jasmine's two live-in boys. He instantly felt a little better about last night, now that he knew the neighbors were no strangers to diapers and baby treatment.

"Mommy has a big task for you both. I want you to help me train him to be a better boy, since he failed so badly at being a husband."

"How can we do that?" asked Duke, while Pierce furrowed his brow, but looked down at his feet, saying nothing.

"Maybe you can start by telling Frankie how to be good and, since he asked, what happens when you're not," said Jasmine. "The faster he becomes a good boy, the faster you two will be out of diapers and back into your big boy pants with big boy privileges."

That got both their attention.

"Yes, Mommy!" said Pierce, looking animated by this promise of a potential end to his baby treatment.

"You can count on us!" said Duke, poking a thumb into his chest.

"I know I can, sweetie. Now I'm going to get started on lunch. Play nice and I'll be back in about an hour..." She set a timer on her phone and a big red number appeared on a wall clock by the stairs. "I'll see you when that clock reaches zero."

"Yes Mommy!" said the two boys, and Jasmine promptly left, locking a five foot tall child gate behind her, so that Frank couldn't follow her up the stairs. He stood there with his hands gripping the plastic lattice, still unable to believe that he was being left in *daycare*.

"Shit," he said, stepping back and turning around, only to see the two men towering over him and glowering. "The fuck you looking at?" he began. "Oof!"

Frank fell to his butt as he was pushed by the more heavyset Duke.

"Looks like we need to teach the brat some manners," said Duke. "Rule number one. No cursing."

Frank looked between the two men as they both towered over him, Pierce cracking his knuckles.

"How's your diaper doing Pierce?" asked Duke, leering at Frank in a way that made Frank's skin crawl.

"It's pretty soggy, Duke. How about yours?"

"Yeah. Pretty Soggy, and I have to piss again. Hey kid," Duke said, addressing Frank now. "You remember what happens to your face when we have to sog our diapers, don't you?"

"Y-y-you better stay back or I'll tell!" said Frank, backing away.

"Let's get him," said Duke, grinning and grabbing at his sweatpants, and for the second time in as many Days, Frank found himself being forced to the floor and contemplating Duke's gigantic diaper descending toward him. He squirmed as he was held down by the two men, and his vision was blocked by warm wet padding. His nose was invaded with the scent of piss as he felt the squishy plastic grinding into his face. He could feel every inch of it on him. He even felt the outline of Duke's cock and balls pressing down against his nose and lips. He tried to yell out but he just got a mouthful of soggy padding instead.

"Wow, he's really getting into it," said Duke, looking down at the red-faced cuck between his legs and humping his diaper into Frank's mouth. "That's it, diaper bitch. I'm... unh.... leaking...."

Frank's eyes widened as he wetness began to drip down on his cheeks, and pool down around his mouth, filling it with the salty taste of pee pee.

"Uh oh, bro," said Pierce. "It looks like you ruined his pwecious outfit!"

"Sorry, buddy," said Duke. "We'll get you dressed up in some new clothes right away... as soon as I finish... Unh!!!" Duke grunted as he made pushies into his diaper and Frank lost it, screaming and flailing as hard as he could as the unmistakable smell invaded his nostrils.

"This is what you get for getting us in trouble, little diaper bitch," cackled Pierce, and he and Duke both laughed as Frank fought for breath and to get away from that nasty diaper.

Finally, just before Frank passed out from lack of Oxygen, Duke stood up, and Frank caught a breath before Pierce took Duke's place. Pierce decided to sit down facing away from Frank, and drop his toddler shorts to reveal another soaked diaper. "You're lucky I don't have to go," said Pierce, grinding his diaper into Frank's face. "Hey, but maybe I can make stickies if I hump your stupid face."

"Might as well try, bro!" said Duke, playing with his own massive hard-on in his diaper.

Frank was humiliated as his face was used as a fuck toy for diaper boys, and even more so when Pierce finally tensed up, his thighs shaking and straining as he gave one final hump. "Shit bro, I'm cominnnnnng!" cried Pierce, cumming into his diaper while Duke stood there with his cock pulled up over his diaper, blatantly beating it to the lewd scene before him.

"Oh gods... this is so hot," said Duke. "Shit, bro, move over. I'm gonna bust a nut!"

Duke pushed Pierce off of Frank and grabbed Frank's hair.

"Open up, or I'll knock those front teeth out so I don't need to ask. Unfff... I'm not allowed to make a mess in the nursery or I'll be in big trouble so yer gonna eat it, got it, kid?"

Frank whimpered as the pungent cum-scented monster was pressed against his lips. It was as thick as a beer can and a deep tan color, already smearing salty pre all over Frank's lips. Frank didn't want to admit it, but he was hungry for that cock. It had been obvious to Duke and Pierce from the very beginning that a part of Frank was a natural subby diaper cuck and sure enough, Frank opened his mouth, groaning as the thick mushroom head forced his jaw wider than he thought it could even go.

"Fff--uuuuuuuuuuckkkkkk!" yelled Duke. No sooner had the mushroom tip entered Frank's mouth than he blew his salty load all over Frank's tongue and tonsils. Frank found himself swallowing gob after gob of cum to avoid spilling it all over himself, and much like his bottles, once he started gulping it down, he couldn't seem to stop.

"Wow! Lookit him go!" said Pierce.

"Yeah! I'd say he's a professional diapered dick sucker!" said Duke.

The two men were both impressed by Frank's ability to take a load, and they were almost too distracted to hear Jasmine coming down the stairs. Duke just managed to get up off of Frank and pull his sweats and diaper up before Jasmine entered the room, and Jasmine found her boys standing there with their hands behind their backs looking like perfect angels.

"Is everything okay in here?" she asked. "I thought I heard some yelling... and some very bad words..."

"Y-yeah, everything's fine, mommy," said Duke in his deep baritone, smiling big. "Right bro?"

"Yeah! Great! We were just playin with our new *friend* and teaching him the rules... isn't that *right*, Frankie?" he added, giving Frank a warning glare.

"Uhh... Yeah," said Frank, shaking off the dazed smile he had on his face as he licked his lips from the tasty treat. "Rule one is no cursing."

"Uh.. huh.." said Jasmine, cocking an eyebrow. Then, she sniffed the air. "Did somebody make a poopie?"

Pierce and Frank both pointed to Duke, who gave a bashful smile.

"Of course it would be you, baby bear. Well, you two can change each other and Frankie as you need today. Mommy's busy cooking. Food will be ready in fifteen minutes~"

"Yes, Mommy!" said the two men in unison.

Jasmine turned to leave, then paused at the stairway and called out in a sing-song voice.

"Oh, and if I hear any of you cursing again, it's the hobbles for all of you!"

Pierce and Duke's face went visibly pale while Frank just looked confused.

"Hobbles?"

But Jasmine was already gone.

Jasmine's two boys let out a sigh of relief as she left, then patted Frank on the shoulders.

"You didn't snitch..." said Pierce, in awe.

"Not to mention he took that load like a champ," said Duke, equally impressed. "Thanks for that, by the way. My balls needed it and Pierce has way too many... sharp bits..."

"Maybe the kid isn't such a dipshit after all," said Pierce.

"Hey. Language," growled Duke, eyeing the stairway. "Mommy might be listening..."

"Oh. Right."

"Alright, kiddo. You're okay with us." said Duke, finally. Now it's time to play dress-up!" He nodded, and that was that.

Frank felt relieved. So this was like a hazing. Maybe he wouldn't be bullied any more or have to suck any more dicks - though he had to admit that after taking Daddy's loads a few times, he was developing a taste for baby batter. In fact, Frank was actually kind of hard as he thought of what just happened to him. Was he actually enjoying the humiliation? It was almost as if they had studied up on his kinks *before* he came over. Then it hit him...

"*Leandra*..." he growled... She must've told Jasmine about his cucky videos...

"No, princess," said Duke. "That's your *Mommy's* name. We'll call you..."

"Princess TuTu!" said Pierce, giggling, as they marched the embarrassed Frank off toward the play stage. There was a big chest near the stage, and when they opened the chest, Frank could see it was full of clothes.

"We've gotta change the dirty baby into some nice clean clothes..." said Pierce, rummaging through the large chest. "Ah! Here we go! This leotard and tutu oughtta do!"

Frank stared in disbelief at the stretchy pink material and blushed. There was no way *that* was going to hide his diaper.

"Oof! Hey! Watch it!" Frank complained as he was stuffed into the new outfit. Duke was large enough to dress Frank like a toy doll, and didn't mind Frank's complaints one bit. Once he finished dressing the pretty princess in her leotard and tutu, it was time to show off her new look.

"Take a look at yourself, princess," chuckled Duke, pushing Frank in front of a full-length mirror to the side of the stage.

"Oh my gods," moaned Frank.

Frank's cage was practically biting him at this point, and he stifled a moan as his dick twitched and spurted precum into his waiting padding. Not only did the leotard do nothing to hide his diaper, the stretchy material actually accentuated it, making it more obvious than ever that he was a complete diapercuck.

"Oh my gods," said Pierce, "I think the little sissy might actually be on the verge of creaming her pamps!"

"Aww, look at the pretty pamper princess in her tutu!" said Duke, giving the thick bulge a pat. Frank whimpered and covered his face. "Gods, Pierce, this one is pretty cute. I might not be able to resist feeding the little darling more stickies and sitting on sissy's face... since she seems to like it so much..."

Frank moaned at that. "N-no! I don't," he said, gulping. "I h-hate it! Honest!"

"Oh yeah?" asked Duke. "That's not what Mama Jasmine said. Let's test that assumption. On your knees, diaper bitch."

Frank found himself getting on his knees without even thinking. Pierce rubbed his own pamps, masturbating as he watched Duke stand in front of Frank with a wide stance.

"I want you to come here and snoofo my pamps..."

Frank blushed and looked away. "N-n-no way..."

"Snoof my pamps and I might just tell you how you can make stickies in yours..."

"S-stickies?" asked Frank, who was pretty pent up after spending so much time in pamper purgatory.

"Of course you'd have to admit to me what a happy pamper princess you are as you snoofo..."

"What?!" said Frank, aghast.

"I'm waitinnnnnng," said Duke, patting his diaper. "Or maybe you *don't* want to make stickies in those thick diapers of yours..."

Frank whined and gave his best puppy dog eyes, but Duke just smirked and shook his head. Finally, Frank walked forward on his knees and stuck his face in Duke's diaper.

Chapter 21

"Good princess... Now what do we say?" asked Duke, as Frank stuck his face in Duke's swollen padding.

"I-I'm a happy pampered princess," whimpered Frank. "Who wants...um..."

"What's that, princess?" asked Pierce. "Your voice was a bit muffled by the diaper there. Say it loud and proud so we can all hear!"

"I'm a happy pampered princess who wants to be kept in diapers!" said Frank in a louder voice. And he looked like one in his pink tutu and leotard with the obvious diaper bulge showing through the skin-tight material.

"Good girl," said Duke, with a smile. "She learns quick!"

"I don't think we even asked her to say the last part. She just added that herself!"

"Hey," said Duke, "you're right!"

They both gave devilish grins to Frank, who jumped back, hands up as he began rapidly backpedaling.

"W-w-wait. I I I didn't mean- I mean... that's what you *told* me to say."

"No, we didn't," said Pierce, grinning and shaking his head as he advanced on the sissy.

"No. We didn't," said Duke in a deep and lustful voice, as he grabbed Frank and picked him up, carrying him over toward an oversized baby bouncer.

"W-w-what are you doing?" asked Frank.

"A deal's a deal," said Duke. "We're going to teach you how pretty pampered princesses make stickies."

Frank was unceremoniously deposited into the baby bouncer, which had him suspended so his feet never touched the ground. The stretchy fabric of the bouncer held him up by the crotch, and he found that he couldn't get out of it on his own because there was no easy way to pull himself out of it, especially with how bouncy the contraption was.

Pierce grinned and turned up the vibration and bouncing just enough to tease the poor baby diaperbitch but not allow a release, and Duke made sure that he brought over the full length mirror from the dress-up area so Frank could get a good view of his pathetic state - stuck in his pink ballerina outfit, showing off a ridiculously thick diaper, panting and whining as he was bounced like a big baby in the oversized bouncer. Between the stimulation and the humiliation, Frank was moaning and desperately trying to hump his padding without success.

"Let's get you changed before Mommy comes back down," said Pierce, eyeing Duke's sagging padding.

Frank whimpered. "B-b-but I thought you were gonna tell me how to make stickies..."

"No," said Duke. "Pierce is right. If we don't do it before she gets back, we're all going to be in trouble, and we won't be able to have any fun at all."

Frank whined and huffed while Duke lay down on the nearest changing table and let Pierce get to work on his diaper.

"Don't huff, there, little girl," called Pierce, "or the next thing you'll be huffing is these dirty diapers. Do you want to be known as the diaper pail princess?"

Frank vehemently shook his head no. He was definitely keeping a fair distance between him and the stinky pamper if he could help it. Pierce gave a short laugh and nodded in approval.

Just then, Jasmine walked into the room.

"Okay, boys, dinner is read- awww! Look at you!"

The three of them looked her way as if they were caught red--handed, and she snapped a quick photo - her two little ones changing each other and the little sissy in the baby bouncer looking super cute in her tutu and leotard.

"Aww so cute! We should do this to her more often..."

While Pierce finished changing Duke, Frankie was helped out of his bouncer without having made a single drop of stickies, and soon the three of them followed Mommy Jasmine up to the kitchen where the high chairs were set up.

"Alright, little one," she said. "I think you can guess which one is yours..."

It was a Goldilocks and the Three Bears situation. There were three high chairs. The first one was a brown chair with a padded yellow honeycomb patterned seat and a happy bear eating from a beehive on the tray. The second was baby blue carrots on the seat padding and hand painted bunnies frolicking across the chair back. But Frank's eyes immediately went to the pink one with all the restraints. It was bright pink plastic with a big heart on the tray outlined in pink, red, and white. The restraints were padded vinyl with a glittery deep pink color, and for some reason, Frank's dick jumped in its cage when he looked at it. He could feel his heart thumping in his chest as well.

"I think he likes it," teased Pierce, elbowing Duke.

"Well, *she's* not the only one about to eat from a high chair, baby bunny."

"Baby bunny?" Pierce said, confused until Jasmine put a carrot bib on him and put him in his baby-blue bunny themed high chair. He crossed his arms and rolled his eyes. "I shouldn't have asked."

"You're next, honey bear," she said to Duke, helping him up into the brown chair. He seemed much more pleased with his choice.

"Let's see... I have my baby bunny, my honey bear... now who am I missing?"

"I don't know," said Frank, shrugging as she looked his way. Jasmine tapped her chin and then held up a finger.

"Oh! I know! My pretty little princess! Okay, little one, up you go into the baby chair." She helped him up into the chair, and as he settled on the cool vinyl cushioning, Frank felt butterflies in his stomach. He was going to be fed by a sexy woman, and he wasn't going to be allowed a shred of dignity as he did so. He looked like a complete tool in his leotard and tutu with the very obvious diaper bulge, and in a moment he wouldn't be able to move at all. He hated his situation, but he loved it.

"That's a very good girl, letting your babysitter strap you in without any fuss."

Fuss? He wouldn't dream of it. Not with Jasmine. She was pretty and sweet... and she had the two other guys in the room scared shitless. If *they* were afraid of her, Frank couldn't imagine what she could do to *him* if he was bad. Better to be a good little sissy cuck and get the soft treatment. He liked that better, and anyway, that's what he deserved. It's what little sissy cucks like him needed. He shook his head. Where had that thought come from?

"You know," said Jasmine, cinching Frank's last limb tight against the chair. "I bet your mommy and daddy are having lots of fun right now..."

"Huh?"

"Yes. They told me about all the naughty things they were going to do while they had the house to themselves. Said they'd even like to do it on some of your stuff. You know, fuck against your crib, on your baby blankie, use your old clothes as a cum rag, stuff like that."

Frank blushed bright red and grimaced as his cock fought valiantly against its rigid confines. She patted him on the head.

"If you're good, maybe I'll let you watch a live feed of the action from your baby bouncer after lunch! You can fill your pamps as you watch your wife get railed by a *real* man..."

Frank was totally horned up and frustrated after hearing all that from Jasmine. So much for sweet. She was downright nasty - in the best way.

He looked on, unable to move an inch as she walked back to the boys and served them their food. His thighs and forearms had also been secured so he really was totally immobile. Pierce and Duke were able to feed themselves, albeit from toddler trays and with toddler utensils. But him? No.

"Mommy's boys will be all good with their meals. And no throwing food, or you'll regret it." Pierce gulped and put down the spoon that he had been preparing to launch his mashed carrots with.

"And now it's the little princess's turn! Would you like to try baby bunny's favorite meal, or honey bear's?"

Frank looked at Pierce's bowl with disgust. He figured it would be carrots, and he wasn't about to try a vegetable. Maybe Duke's would be honey? He pointed to Duke's tray.

"Oh, yeah? Okie doke! There's lots of fiber and other good things in his food. You'll be filling your diapers in no time!"

Frank gasped. "N-no! The carrots! The carrots!"

"Too late, sweetie!" said Jasmine. "Anyway, you don't really want the carrots do you?"

Frank swore up and down that he did. There was no way he was gonna mess himself in front of the beautiful Jasmine again. Jasmine began to laugh behind her hand.

"Oh, all right, princess. I couldn't say no to you. Tell you what. You get to have all this yummy tummy honeybear food AND a big bowl of mashed carrots. Aren't you the lucky one today?"

Frank groaned. He'd just made things *worse* for himself, as usual.

Jasmine smiled as she dipped her spoon to get Frankie's first spoonful. She brought it to his mouth, cooing.

"You're gonna eat up alllll the num nums and maybe after I'll let you have stickies..."

Frank blushed and opened his mouth as she cooed.

"Good sissy! Isn't it delicious?"

It was delicious. It tasted like warm cinnamon honey, was thick like a milkshake, and it was filling, like oatmeal. It was so good, he was almost able to ignore the fact that he was being held immobile, using his diaper, and trying his darndest not to wet it, but not doing a very good job of it.

Frank soaked his diapers as he was fed, unable to close his legs due to the restraints, and unable to stop the pee with his already weakened bladder muscles. He quickly gave up trying to stop the flow. It wasn't like he was going to be allowed to use the potty any time soon anyway.

"All done!" said Mommy, showing Frank the empty bowl.

"Huh?"

"That's right, sweetie! You ate the whole bowl! Didn't you notice?"

Frank shook his head slowly.

"Well, that's okay, because now you get to eat a whole NOTHER bowl of carrots!"

Frank groaned.

"But you *begged* for carrots, sweetie, didn't you? Are you telling me that you don't really know *what* you want?"

"N-no," said Frank, getting confused.

"Well, which is it, sweetie? Do you want the carrots, or are you too little to tell Mama Jasmine what you want?"

Frank paused. This seemed like a trap.

"Not sure, huh baby? Well, that's okay. While you think about it, why don't we give you your pretty princess pills?"

Frank frowned. "Not the pills!"

Jasmine furrowed her brow.

"Do you want that pesky pee-pee to keep hurting you by trying to get big?" asked Jasmine, talking down to Frank like he was only 2.

Frank looked down and sulked. "...I *guess* not..."

"There's a good princess. Open wide, and let me feed you your pee pee pills so we keep that little thing nice and small always."

Frank frowned but did not open his mouth.

Jasmine reached under the tray and gave the front of his diaper a nice squeeze. Even though he couldn't feel it directly on his pee pee, it still felt really good around his cage

"Aww, come on... do it for me?" She gave Frank her best puppy dog eyes and he blushed and opened his mouth.

"That's my good girl," she said, ruffling Frank's hair and smiling.

Frank blushed and couldn't help but smile too. It felt good to make Jasmine and Mommy and Daddy happy. And even Duke and Pierce. He was beginning to forget why he was being difficult in the first place. Wasn't it just easier to be a good girl and get lots of love and praise and attention?

"You can wash it down with this," said Jasmine, holding up a bottle of milk. Frank had no choice, strapped down as he was. He let her feed it to him, and it was actually pretty refreshing, but as he reached the end his stomach began to gurgle.

"Unh... Mama Jasmine, can I please be let down now?"

"Not until you're done, sweetie," said Jasmine.

Jasmine began feeding Frank, even as his tummy began to gurgle louder. This couldn't be happening to him in front of her like this, but it was. As much as he had tried to avoid it, he was going to mess his diapers in front of her again like a big dumb baby. He struggled and whined in his restraints. and Pierced and Duke giggled at him from their high chairs. They quite enjoyed the view of the poor cucked husband struggling as he was force fed mushed carrots by the smiling, cooing Jasmine.

"There you go, sweetie! Oh, you love your carrots, don't you? Yes you do! Mm, mmm! Sooooo good!"

Frank grunted and squeezed his eyes as he explosively filled the back of his diaper, the hot mush pressing out and spreading even as Jasmine shoveled more goop into his mouth.

"See? Your tummy is making room for more num nums!"

Frank groaned in relief and humiliation, his cage a throbbing dull ache from his pee-pee's last ditch effort to get off before the pills kicked in.

Unfortunately, both Frank and his peepee's struggles were in vain. He failed to stop what was happening to him and his pee pee failed to get off, though it came close from the pleasurable release of messing.

"Good sissy," said Mama Jasmine, patting Frank's head. "You finished all your carrots too! You must be a very hungry baby... we'll have to feed you this much every day!"

Frank groaned. He didn't want to get used to this, but he had a feeling he would have to. This was part of the training to turn him into a permanently helpless diapercuck. He was sure of it. And the worst part was, it was working.

Chapter 22

Despite his doubts, Frank was able to finish all his lunch num nums, which meant he could finally be let out of his high chair restraints. Jasmine smiled down at him and patted his head.

"Okay, sweetie. You were so good, so we'll give you a little reward..."

"But can I get a diaper change?" asked Frank, squirming uncomfortably.

"Oh, sweetie, you don't get to decide when you get that. That's my job, or your big brothers'. You don't worry about things like that. Just be a good sissy and wait for Momma Jasmine to get you set up for your reward."

Frank didn't want a reward. He just wanted to be let out of his diaper, but he had to wait until Jasmine finished letting down Duke and Pierce first.

"Okay, you two," she said, taking off their trays. "Down you go. You can do it on your own because you're big boys who don't need to be restrained. Your little sissy sister is still learning. One day she'll be able to sit in the chair like a good girl and we won't have to restrain her - but I think she really likes this better, don't you?"

"Definitely," said Pierce, grinning. "Little sissies love being locked up and restrained."

"Hmm, you're probably right," said Jasmine. "What do you think, Duke?"

"I think she definitely needs to be supervised whenever she's not tied up. We don't mind watching her."

"Aww, you two are so sweet! Well, okay, then. I'll make sure to keep the sissy cuck well restrained at all times unless she's with you two."

Frank scoffed.

"Hey! Why don't you ask me?" he said. "I don't need to be restrained. I'm a good girl!"

Jasmine looked over his way. "Aww, sweetie. Good babies don't talk. You know that. Or do you? You've already proven you're too little to know what you want, so... I think we're going to keep you restrained anyway. Don't worry," she added. "You'll still get that reward I promised."

"But Mama Jasmine, what about my diaper cha-"

Frank's words were cut off as his mouth was filled with a giant pacifier, which was quickly strapped around his head.

"Good little girls don't speak," repeated Momma Jasmine, firmly. She took off Frank's tray, and then unfastened the sparkly pink restraints holding him to the chair. Frank was warned not to try and remove the gag, but to crawl after her until they got to the stairs. As he got down onto his hands and knees, he was painfully aware of his full

diaper. It squished and crinkled loudly with each movement as he crawled across the kitchen toward the basement door.

Crink *Crink* *Crink*

Frankl blushed, feeling so small from his new perspective down low. All the counters were out of reach, and Jasmine and the boys towered above him. Crawling was also slower than walking, and more effort too. He would gladly opt for a stroller if it was an option.

He finally reached the basement door, where Duke carried him down for Jasmine, back to the playroom. Inside, she pointed to the bouncer he had been in.

"Put him in there for me, Duke, will you?"

"Yes, ma'am!" said Duke, clearly excited by the idea. Frank's eyes went wide and he shook his head no. He didn't want to go in again. Not with the big full diaper on!

"MMM! MMMFFF!" he protested, but it was no use. Duke wasn't going to listen. Duke's diaper was tenting as he dropped Frank into the bouncer, his legs going through the leg holes until his crotch hit the bottom, mushing the contents of the diaper against his rear and stopping his movement. He winced, looking down, but then Jasmine caught his attention again.

"Here you go, sweetie!" she said, holding up a VR set. "Your Mommy and Daddy are live and I just told them you'll be joining in to see what they're up to! Have fun watching!"

Frank whimpered, as the headset was lowered over his eyes, but there was no mercy. When his eyes adjusted, he saw Mommy and Daddy waving at him, both naked and sitting on their bed. Leandra, his wife, spoke up first:

"Looks like our little princess is joining in the superfan stream. What a dirty little princess we have, isn't that right my love?"

"Oui, my love," said Gerard. "It's okay, Princess. We know you enjoy watching Daddy's dick fuck as much as you enjoy taking it."

Without any further delay, the two of them began fucking vigorously on the bed while Frank watched on.

Frank was so turned on, but his pee pee was no longer responding thanks to the medicine. However, it didn't have to because the bouncer began bouncing and vibrating. Soon, he was panting at the humiliation of being turned into a big baby to watch his wife do it with another man while he hung there in a dirty diaper. It was all he had fantasized about, and now he was living it. He began to try and hump again, but it was no use: he had nothing to hump against. He began to growl in frustration, but it didn't help. The bouncer was going to get him off at its own pace.

By and by Frank's pleasure mounted as he slowly drew toward a mind shattering orgasm. He could already feel his balls tightening up as he watched. He was so close to cumming. A little bit more. Just a little bit... Then, just as he neared his orgasm, a cramp

hit him once again. With almost no warning, he filled his diapers again, and the pressure against his prostate set him over the edge. He spurted a huge load of cum into the front of his diaper while at the same time dumping a huge load of poop into the back. And through it all, he continued to watch his Mommy and Daddy have sex like real adults. It was such a clear juxtaposition - the difference between Mommy and Daddy sex, and diapercuck sex - that Frank was turned on even more.

Yes, this was sex for him now, said the voices that seemed to be emanating from the headset, just below his level of awareness. Sex was filling his diapers as he watched his wife have sex with other adults. Frank was just a pretty sissy princess, and nothing more. That was alright. It was all okay. Frank barely noticed the voices that had been speaking in his ear the whole time, or the drool dripping from his chin as he smiled around the huge pacifier. Jasmine smiled as she came in to check on him to find him completely zonked out and happy about it. He really was the perfect little sissy bitch. Pretty soon, she knew, that's all he would think of himself as.

Frank continued to watch as Mommy and Daddy moved the action into his nursery, banging on every piece of furniture, as promised. He came at least three more times through his tiny little cage before the feed was finally cut off and his drooly gag was removed.

"Unh... wh-wha?" asked Frank, as a cool cloth wiped the drool from his face.

"I said it's time for changies!" said Jasmine.

Frank was brought over to the nearest changing table, which was big enough to hold Duke and practically oversized for a small man like him.

"Up we go," said Jasmine, helping him up, much to his embarrassment. Frank's padding was now thoroughly destroyed, and he did not like the feeling of it one bit, so he wasn't about to complain.

He was laid down on the smooth cool padding, and the strap was brought across his chest. Next, his head was secured between two foam blocks like they use when transporting medical patients. He was now unable to see what was going on below his line of sight, which meant that everything happening in his diaper area was a mystery, not that he wanted to see *that* train wreck.

"There we go," said Jasmine, pulling down the front of Frank's diaper. "Oh my! The little princess made a big mess! Did you do all that, sweetie?" she asked, leaning forward to look Frank in the eyes. While her tone was innocent, she seemed to know just what to say to make Frank squirm with embarrassment. "I asked you a question, sweetie."

"Y-yes," said Frank, almost choking with embarrassment.

"Oh, you can do better than that, honey. I want you to admit exactly what you did, and say it like a little girl."

"L-like a little girl?" asked Frank. He didn't know what game she was playing, but he did not want to lie on that table a moment longer, so he was willing to play along.

"Say, 'I made pee pees and poopies like a big baby!'"

Frank had a hard time with this one, but it would be worth it to get cleaned off.

"I... I made pee pees and poopies... like a big baby," he muttered, trying to avoid Jasmine's eyes.

"No, no, sweetie. You have to say it louder, and look me in the eyes when you say it."

"I... I made pee pees and poopies like a big baby," he said again, forcing himself to look her in the eyes.

"No, no. You have to say it like you're happy! You want to be a good sissy, don't you?"

Frank did want to be a good girl. That was the whole reason he was here, right? Being a good girl was good. He forced a smile and put on his best happy voice to say,

"I made pee pees and poopies like a big baby!"

"That's my good little sissy cuck," she said, with a little laugh. Frank found himself smiling despite himself at Jasmine's praise, but quickly wiped the smile off his face once he realized it.

"Oh, dear. You've got poopie all over your pretty little cage, sweetie!" said Jasmine, as she messed around below his line of sight. "It'll have to come off, I'm afraid. You can be brave and go without your cage for a little while, can't you?"

Frank would have nodded vigorously if he could move his head, but he had to settle for a quick, "Yes, Miss Jasmine," which earned him a "Good girl" in response.

Frank sighed as he felt the pressure around his little pee pee and balls release, and the cage was slid off. Next, he enjoyed the feeling of cool wipes cleaning off every inch of his skin below the belly button, and there were a lot of them.

"You sure did a number on that diaper, little cucky. Next time I'll give you a bath, but we have a busy day ahead of us and no time to waste!"

He wondered what she meant by that. The next thing that happened seemed strange to him, though. He heard rubber gloves being snapped on, then something was sprayed all around his nether regions and wiped off, and the changing table was wiped off too. Then he was set on a fresh diaper and he heard some package being opened.

"What are you doing down there?" he asked, afraid of what she might respond.

"Don't worry about it, sweetie. It's just a little something to help you go pee pee."

What could that mean? He was startled by something cold on the tip of his penis, and then some pressure.

"What the heck is that? Ouch!" He squirmed but was unable to move as he felt a sharp pain in his peehole. The pain quickly subsided, however, and the pressure

lessened, but he could feel the uncomfortable feeling moving upward through his penis and even higher. "What are you doing? Take it out! What is that?"

"Shh, calm down, sweetie," said Jasmine. "It's just a catheter. I promise it'll feel better in a second."

Just a catheter? he thought. That was an understatement.

"No, no, I don't like it!"

"Oh, but you will!" replied Jasmine as she finished inserting the medical device. "There we go... there we go! You're making pee pees automatically now, like a good diapercuck. And now I'm inflating the balloon so it won't come out on its own."

Frank couldn't feel himself peeing at all, but he did notice that the diaper he was wearing was extra thick with stuffers. It was obvious even without looking as she pulled the bulky stack of padding up between his legs, forcing them apart as the diaper was secured. He tried to close his legs, but was only met with more loud crinkles for his efforts. He realized with some apprehension that this sort of situation would be bizarre to most, but it was his new normal as Mommy and Daddy's diapercuck.

Jasmine leaned over to look him in the eye again, patting the front of his diaper, and causing him to wince from the sensitive state of his cathetered pee pee.

"That's right, sweetie, you won't have to worry about holding in your pee pee anymore. And when you do go pee pee, well, you will get a special reward. You'll see!"

What could that mean? Frank had so many questions, but he didn't get to ask them, because Jasmine had other plans for him.

"Alright, baby boy. I heard your adult baby pediatrician said you need more exercise, so it's time to work off that big lunch!" Jasmine spoke with excitement as she unstrapped Frank, but he was skeptical of just how much 'fun' the experience would be.

"Exercise? What kind of exercise?" Frank hated exercise.

"The kind that will keep that baby belly of yours in check," said Jasmine, with a giggle, poking Frank's soft hairless tummy. It turned out that his 'exercise' would be the most babyish workout imaginable.

Frank soon found himself on the floor of the playroom, tethered to a track in the ceiling so he couldn't run off.

"Is this really necessary?" he asked, as he looked down at the harness around his chest and arms.

"Safety first!" said Jasmine, while Duke and Pierce snickered. "Oh, you think that's funny? Watch out or you two will be in a harness too! Now make yourselves useful and pick me out a nice big pair of spreader pants from the dress-up chest, will you?"

"Yes, ma'am," the two men said, snapping to attention and running off to get the clothes.

"Spreader pants?" asked Frank, not knowing what they were at all. The two men came back with a strange looking garment. It was pink with a heart on the chest and ruffles on the shoulders, and it was shiny and very thick. It looked almost like a cross between a onesie and a romper because it went all the way up to the chest with straps over the shoulders. However, the crotch was much thicker, and looked solid. A pink pair of frilly booties and mittens were brought along with it to complete the intensely babyish look.

"Lay down, sweetie, so we can get your legs though..."

Frank complied, once again giving an adult complete control over dressing him. If he thought his diapers were thick already, he discovered that the spreader pants were like a giant diaper that hugged his body up to his chest, and thanks to the hard plastic in the crotch forcing his legs open wider than ever. The only way he was able to move was to be crawling on all fours. He looked up Jasmine and her two diaper boys.

"How am I going to do any exercise this way? This is impossible!"

"Nonsense," said Jasmine. "You just crawl around the track to the music and see how fast you can go! Duke, Pierce, why don't you show the little pamper packer how it's done?"

The two men immediately went onto all fours, and Jasmine started up the music, which played throughout the room.

"Baby race! Baby race! Move your little crinkle tush!"

The music was terrible in Frank's opinion, but the two men didn't hesitate to crawl like their lives depended on it.

"That's right! The first one to finish gets to make stickies while licking Mommy's pussy! And the loser gets the spiked cage!" That seemed to motivate the two men. They moved around the floor so fast that Frank could swear he saw smoke.

"There we go! Good job, Duke!" she said, beaming down at her big honey bear.

"No fair!" said Pierce. "He pushed me down!"

"I never said that was against the rules," said Jasmine, smirking at pierce. "Besides, I know you like your spiked cage. But you can enjoy that later. It's little sissy's turn. And what incentive can we make to motivate her?"

Frank suddenly felt the intense urge to pee, and his bladder contracted, giving him a feeling similar to an orgasm mixed with the relief of finally going after holding it too long.

"Unhhhh," he said, moaning out loud without even trying to hide it. He felt some warmth around his crotch region, which was the only indication that he had just flooded himself once again without control.

"Perfect timing!" said Jasmine. "You just had a bladder spasm. I'll bet a little CBT piggy like you just loved that, didn't you?"

Frank whimpered and shook his head, despite the obvious pleasure he had taken from his spasming release of urine.

"I've got it! If you can make three laps before the song is over, I'll let you have control over your pee again. If not, then I'll make sure to train our body so that you never have control over your pee pee again! Won't that be fun?"

"No." he said, blushing fiercely at the loss of control he had already displayed.

"I think you'd better change that attitude, little missy, or you're going to get a punishment from Mommy Jasmine..." Frank's blood ran cold when he remembered just how afraid Duke and Pierce had seemed at the mention of punishments. "Care to try again, sweetie? I said... won't that be fun?"

"Yes ma'am," Frank said, forcing a smile.

"Oh good," said Jasmine, bending down to give Frank a hug. "Mommy Jasmine is so happy."

Frank could feel the beautiful Jasmine's warmth as she hugged him, and he inhaled her intoxicating perfume. He felt a bit light-headed as he broke into a goofy grin, then shuddered as another pleasurable bladder spasm ran through him. He suddenly felt much better about the whole situation - it made Mommy Jasmine happy, and that was good. He was a good diapercuck, a good little sissy, and this is what good little sissy cucks had to do to please the grownups.

Jasmine reset the silly music, and Frank was made to crawl in a circuit around the room, as Jasmine and the boys encouraged him.

"You can do it!"

"Good baby!"

"Work off those carrots, little one!"

Frank crawled and crawled as fast as his little legs could move, his diapers crinkling loudly and his shiny spreader garment squeaking as he moved in a funny waddle around the room. Every once in a while he would stop and shudder before a look of relief appeared on his face before continuing on with his frantic crawl. Try as he might, Frank did not feel like he could go as fast as he wanted to. With the soft padding of the spreader pants pressing all around him and limiting his movements, it was like he was moving through molasses as the song went on. Jasmine put her hands on her hips.

"Oh come on, you can do better than that to save yourself from losing all control of your pee pee. Unless that's what you really *want*."

"Aww, is someone a little pants piddling princess?" called Duke.

"Yes, the little sissy definitely needs diapers," called Pierce.

Frank could feel himself blushing, hard as the three bystanders continued to tease him affectionately. He knew it wasn't meant maliciously, and yet that was

somehow more embarrassing. As if his loss of control was a foregone conclusion, which in reality it was.

The music finished just as Frank was midway through his third lap, and he was left to sit there, panting, completely defeated.

"Good girl! You did so well!"

"What do you mean I did well?" asked Frank, gesturing ahead of him. "I lost!"

"Of course you didn't, silly! You showed us what you really want is to lose all control of your pee pee so you can be an even better piddle princess! Good job, little one," said Jasmine, clapping. Duke and Pierce joined in at her behest, and Frank blushed fiercely as he crossed his arms over his padded chest and looked down at his spread legs.

They were really making it like he wanted all this to happen, and the fact that he was inexplicably hard again was making it hard to deny the possibility. But did he really want this?

"Mommy Jasmine is so glad the piddle princess is finally being honest with herself. You've made Mommy very happy."

Frank melted a little bit at the praise, but still couldn't meet her gaze. Now he was feeling like a blushy princess for another reason, and began to smile a little despite himself. Being a good baby felt good. Maybe he could learn to like it, as long as that nickname *piddle princess* didn't stick...

Chapter 23

Soon, it was naptime, and time for another surprise for Frank. Up they went, upstairs to the nursery, where several cribs were lined up, enough for a full adult daycare. And of course the crib waiting for Frank was a relaxing pink color, with a bright and shiny pink plastic mattress cover to boot.

"Alright, sweetie. Lay down in the crib," said Jasmine, lowering the crib bars and patting the mattress.

"What are all those loops for?" ask Frank, knowing the answer to his question before she answered it.

"Oh, I'm sure you know, sweetie. Your Daddy told me that you have a similar setup at home."

"But that's only when I'm bad," complained Frank. "I promise I won't try to get out of my crib."

"Now, sweetie, don't think of this as a punishment," said Leandra, as she guided the pouting man onto the mattress. "Think of it as protection, so you'll be extra safe and secure during your nap nap!"

Frank looked over at the other two guys in the room with them. "How cum Duke and Pierce aren't taking a nap too?"

"They're a little bit bigger than you, sweetie, so they don't need a nap right now."

The two men smirked down at Frank as he blushed. Jasmine continued.

"But they can sure help the little princess get ready for *her* nap. Come help me strap him in, boys."

His wrists were secured near his head, so he could look on either side and see them stuck there, but couldn't budge them an inch. His chest and tummy were strapped down too so he couldn't roll over. Then came his legs and ankles. Before he knew it, Frank fully strapped into the full Humane Protect restraint set, though there was one difference which stood out to him.

"Um.... I think you have the ankle restraints too high," he said, as he looked down, seeing himself on his back with his knees up, his feet closer to his butt. He could already feel the increased pressure this caused on his bladder, not that it made much difference with his catheter in, automatically soaking his diapers.

"No,' countered Jasmine. "It's perfect. This way you will have no problem filling your diapers as you rest, and it will help with the next part of the doctor's orders."

"Next part?" asked Frank. Jasmine was already taping the front of his diapers, and setting the catheter behind his butt to continue draining on its own.

"The doctor said, the little one needs a good milking on a regular basis," she said, tapping Frank's tummy. Frank squirmed at that, but couldn't budge and inch, as he felt his hands, arms, thighs, and body held comfortably but securely in place.

"Duke, bring mommy a pair of gloves. You and Pierce put some on too, I want to teach you how to help out your little sister!"

"Yes, ma'am," said Duke, smiling and visibly tenting in his diaper. Frank's eyes bugged out as he looked at the massive bulge in the front of Duke's diaper and remembered just how big a boy he was down there.

"Calm down, princess. You're gonna love this, I promise." Jasmine leaned forward and hugged Frank's face to her bosom, kissing him on top of the head. He was instantly flooded with the intoxicating scent of her perfume and all his worries were smothered away. His penis responded, causing a twinge of pain from the catheter within.

"Shhh, calm down, sweetie. Mommy will take care of you soon enough."

Frank's vision cleared as she backed off, accepting her gloves from Duke, and a bottle of lube from Pierce.

"W-wait," said Frank, squirming as she rubbed the cool lube on his hole.

"Shh, sweetie, don't be shy. We all know you've done this before. This is just another routine part of your day now, and the boys, they have to learn how it's done!"

Frank gasped as Jasmine wasted no time in invading his hole with her fingers. The feeling was still new to him, and so intense, as she wiggled them around."

"Mmm, does that feel good baby?" Frank blushed. She sounded breathless, and very turned on by what she was doing, which only turned him on more as he was fingered by this beautiful woman. Sure, it was backwards from what he was used to doing with women, but it was a damn sight closer to sex than jizzing in his diapers with a cage on.

"Okay, pay close attention, boys. To milk the princess, you have to do it like this." She began moving her fingers upward toward his belly button in a come hither motion, causing Frank to moan and squirm in pleasure. Soon, wide beads of cloudy cum began to appear from the tip of his penis, coming out around the catheter. "There we go! See? That's what we need to do. It's up to us to make sure she's a healthy little girl with plenty of milkings! Can you two remember to help milk her prostate?"

They nodded, looking innocent as they could.

"Can I try now?" asked Duke.

"Pierce first, sweetie. Your fingers are pretty big."

Pierce took the turn next, looking down at Frank with a mix of lasciviousness and compassion as he reached down with his gloved hand to invade Frank's nethers. Somehow, feeling Frank's warmth made Pierce feel closer to him, but also quite horny as he began to tent in his diaper. Suddenly, Pierce winced, as his member began to swell in its spiked cage.

"Okay, sweetie, it's okay. You can take a little break. Let your big brother take a turn."

Duke grinned and cracked his knuckles and stepped forward, reading his massive hands. Frank gulped.

"Let's give it a try, then," he rumbled, reaching down with his sausage fingers. It just took one pressed against Frank's hole to make him shudder and moan. He could feel its head on his anus, and as it pressed forward, he could feel the stretch. Duke grinned, and Frank could feel that massive sausage arcing upward, pressing right up against his prostate and literally pressing the seminal fluid out of him.

"Ohhh jeebus," Frank gasped, as the cum was literally pressed out of him with each stroke.

"Oh, well done, sweetie!" said Jasmine. "I want you to keep it up until he's all milked out. At least 15 minutes more, okay? Mommy's going to go and work on some adult business downstairs. Can you make sure the princess is nice and milked, and then tape her up for her nap when you're done?"

"Yes, Mommy," said Duke, with a grin. He was so hard, his diaper bulge had flopped over onto the crib mattress and was pressing Frank on the side, and Frank knew he was thinking very naughty thoughts.

Jasmine promptly left the two diapered men to take care of Frank, and the moment the nursery door was shut, Duke climbed into the crib, intensifying his ministrations.

"Hey Pierce," he said, looking over to his brother, who was wincing as he watched, unable to keep from rubbing his diaper despite the pain. "Guess what?"

"Wh- ungh... what, big bro?"

"I can think of a better way to milk her prostate... Why don't we milk it with this?" Duke pulled his cock out over his diaper and Frank's eyes bugged out once more. It was even bigger than he remembered. The thick mushroom head was swollen and shiny, looking like it was ready for war, and Frank's buttocks were the enemy. "Pass me some lube, Pierce."

"You almost don't need it," said Pierce, snickering as he watched Duke practically piss out precum all over the padding of the open diaper. The smell of Duke's musk filled the room as he rubbed lube on his cock, and lined it up with Frank's hole.

"Uh... D-duke... I don't think that will fit. It's a little bi- Yahahaoooey!" Frank's cry was quickly cut off by a Pierce's hand as Duke shoved his way in, passing through Frank's tight sphincter with full force of his body weight behind it.

"Pierce. Cover the princess's face with your diaper. I don't want her making too much of a racket."

In a moment, Frank's vision was blotted out by Pierce's thick wet diaper pressing against his face. He couldn't push it off with his hands restrained, and he could barely

move his head, so he was totally trapped. Every muscle in his body tensed up as he was suddenly invaded, but he couldn't squirm away even an inch. All he could do was cry out and shake his head from side to side. Meanwhile, he could feel his hole being stretched to his limits, as Duke pressed forward.

"I've got the tip in," he exclaimed.

That was only the tip?! thought Frank, shocked. He thought Duke was much deeper in than that, and he couldn't believe he would be able to accommodate any more, but he was proven wrong as Duke made another gut wrenching lurch forward with his massive member.

"There we go. Now we're getting somewhere."

Duke began thrusting, hitting even deeper. He was passing Frank's prostate, causing him to moan out, as he felt like pee was forced out of his body.

"Wow! You're right! I think you might just have pushed the entire contents of her prostate out with that one!" said Pierce.

"I told you this would work better. Let's see what happens when I go deeper..."

With a grunt, Duke thrust again, and managed to push through some unseen barrier inside Frank, lodging himself in deeper. Frank moaned as he felt another bladder spasm come on, leading to an orgasmic feeling as the pressure against his bladder caused his body to release another flood.

"Wow, good thing she's on a diaper," said Duke, grinding his cock in Frank's hole. Frank was fighting to catch his breath as the invader stretched him beyond the furthest limits he imagined possible. He didn't have the chance, however, because Duke soon began a steady thrusting rhythm, massaging Frank's process and causing his bladder to spasm in pleasurable waves.

"Oh, yes. There we go," said Duke, his deep voice rumbling like a vibrator through Frank. "Nice hole."

Frank couldn't respond without getting a mouthful of soggy diaper, so he was forced to lie back and take it. But through the intense and almost unbearable intensity of Duke's impossibly thick beer-can cock thrusting inside of him, Frank could feel something building.

"Aww, her little clitty is jumping... looks like it went all limp, but it wants to make stickies," said Duke, chuckling. "Think I can make her do it, Pierce?"

"We won't know until we try," he said, with a snicker.

Duke redoubled his efforts, causing Frank to moan into Pierce's diaper, his mouth opening wide in pleasure, soggy padding be damned. He was now letting out a continuous rolling moan as the feeling behind his balls continued to build. It was like he was being jacked off from the inside as Duke literally fucked the cum out of him. Tensing against the restraints only made the sensation more intense.

It was hard to fully interpret as pleasure because it was just so intense, but Frank's senses were beginning to adjust and he was beginning to recognize the sensations Duke was giving him as the most intense sensations of pleasure he could imagine.

"I think the Princess is liking it," said Duke, clearly pleased at the effect he was having on Frank.

"Of course she is, the sissy slut," said Pierce, reaching down and tweaking Frank's nipples. Frank tensed up, his body being taken well beyond the point where he could normally go with masturbation. His muscles went rigid involuntarily, as Duke plowed through his contracting anal muscles, only adding more sensation to Frank's overstimulated insides, and pushing him straight into a shuddering, clenching orgasm.

"MMMMMNNNNPHHHHHH!" Frank cried out, as his body convulsed, forcing all the remaining seed out of him at once. He then yelped as he felt a stinging sensation in his penis as the cum forced its way around the thick catheter tube and out his urethra, effectively stretching it in the process.

"Wow! Look at her gush!" said Pierce. Duke was panting, his face scrunched up too hard to observe Frank's gusher, as the sissy cuck's convulsions squeezed his member and pushed him over the edge. With one last powerful thrust, he buried himself inside Frank to the hilt, grunting as he unloaded wave after wave of cum into Frank's ass.

Frank could feel the cum filling him up like an enema, and he knew it was only going to come out in his diaper later. Duke flopped down on top of him, still buried inside, panting to catch his breath.

"Unh... g-good girl," said Duke finally, pulling out and wiping his cock off on Frank's hole. "Good milking."

Frank gasped for air as Pierce got off of his face, and whined in frustration. The catheter had ruined his orgasm, leaving him completely unsatisfied, still horny, and all he was left with was an ass full of cum that was already making him cramp up. Duke wasted no time in taping up Frank's diaper, patting his butt just in time as the first blort of cum noisily forced its way out. The rude noise embarrassed Frank immensely and he felt his face growing hot as the two men clearly took notice.

"Glad you're such a good cock sleeve," said Pierce, smirking down at Frank. "Don't worry, there's plenty more where that came from."

Duke nodded and chuckled, as Frank could already see him reaching full hardness again and dripping more pre.

"H-how the fuck do you make so much?" he gasped, astonished.

"It's the special supplements Mommy Jasmine puts in my lunch. That also means that your pretty princess pussy is going to need lots more milking whenever you're here. Now come take care of your big brother Duke. He needs another draining."

Duke straddled Frank's face and smeared pre on his lips, grinning down at him. This time Frank didn't even try to resist. He just opened his mouth and accepted it, letting Duke feed him the cum-soaked mushroom head for the second time that day.

"Such a good princess," said Duke. "We're going to have so much fun playing every day."

Chapter 24

"Well, how was the little one?" asked Gerard when he showed up to pick up Frank from his first day of daycare.

"A perfect angel," said Jasmine, smiling down at the dazed Frank.

"The little princess looks tired," mused Gerard, hugging Frank from behind as he stood there, dazed and half-aware of the conversation.

"She worked out hard, and then underwent some heavy hypnosis after her nap. She's still coming out of trance, so it'll be a while before the little princess is fully herself again.

"I don't know, I kind of like her like this," said Gerard, hugging Frank and tracing down the babied husband's neck with his fingers. Frank tilted his head to allow Gerard more access to his neck and chest, and Gerard grinned and laughed. "Oh! She likes it!"

"I think she'll turn out to be a real sweetie," said Jasmine, smiling.

"You'll have to tell me what kind of workout you did."

"I can do you one better. Let me show you!" Jasmine pulled out her phone and pulled up a video of Frank on the floor of the playroom, crawling to the silly baby race music. His diaper was visibly yellowing as he moved his tush.

"Is he peeing? Even while crawling?" asked Frank.

"We used a catheter. The little sissy couldn't stop peeing if she wanted to. The bladder spasms bother some but they're really quite pleasurable for a cbt piglet like Frank.

"I'll keep that in mind," said Gerard, already tenting up in his pants at the thought of giving the poor little sissy a go on the CBT board later. Another gift from the lovely Jasmine, one that they would get hours of enjoyment from. At least he and Leandra would.

"So does that mean you'll take the little princess as a regular client?"

"Are you kidding? We love her! Why, she's practically a part of the family already. Isn't that right, boys?"

Duke and Pierce stood at attention and smiled and nodded, looking as innocent as they could.

"Oh, yes! We love our little sister."

"She's so fun, and she loves to play with us."

Of course they didn't go into detail about just what kind of play they were into.

"Let's go, sweet princess."

"Yes, Daddy," murmured Frank in a soft voice. Gerard stopped cold. He looked at Frank for a solid few seconds, then said, "Oh, my gosh! She's sooooo cute!"

He gave Frank a hug, had the sissy cuckold wave goodbye to his new babysitters, and quickly brought him to the car to be strapped into his carseat. And when he got home with Gerard, he was finally coming to, just in time to hear the good news from Leandra, who waved a sheaf of papers in his face.

"What's that?" asked Frank.

"The annulment," said Leandra. "You're not fit to be a husband, and we had plenty of proof why, thanks to your new lifestyle, the doctor's notes, and all the cameras we mounted around the house. One look at you asleep in your crib in a big thick diaper, and the judge agreed to everything we wanted right away.

"Judge? Annulment? Did you divorce me?" asked Frank, taken aback. Somehow his change in status had never felt real, despite everything. Somehow, he thought he was still the husband, even though he was a cuckold husband. If he wasn't a husband anymore, what did that make him? Leandra smiled brightly like it was the best news ever.

"That's right, sweetie! The divorce papers are final and to top it off, you're now adopted as our darling baby girl!"

"A-adopted?" choked Frank, not understanding how this was even possible.

"That's right! The doctor's notes really helped with proving you're not fit to care for yourself. We're your legal guardians, now sweetie, and we'll make sure to take good care of you forever and ever. Now let's get you into your playpen so you don't wander around. You can watch some of your favorite shows while the grownups make din dins."

"B-but, you can't... I mean..." Frank's feeble protests were ignored as he was led by the hand, toddling, to his playpen, where he was locked in. With nothing else to do, he plopped down on his padded but and sighed, crossing his arms and staring at the mindless baby show on the screen.

"What the heck am I going to do now?" The answer came to him like a whisper in his ear. *Be a good princess for Mommy and Daddy.* He shook his head as if shaking off an annoying fly, but still the thought stuck with him, and somehow he felt a smile creeping over his face. He shook his head again. No, this was too weird. He'd set things right. He'd tell them. Maybe when they came back to let him out for din dins. Or at least after this episode of Pawsome Squad...

Frank stuck his thumb in his mouth and pulled the nearest plushie into a hug as he settled in to watch his favorite cartoon show. He didn't even notice his diaper warming up all on its own.

Frank was barely aware of what was happening until he was already being strapped into the high chair for din dins.

"Lots more num nums for the little one! We made sure to put your special medicine to keep your pee pee nice and soft too!" said Leandra, squeezing the front of Frank's diaper. "Aww, you're making piddles! Good little one."

Frank grunted as he noticed a tightness in his groin and realized his penis had once again been confined in a small cage and his catheter removed. When had that happened? And if he was no longer on autosog, why was he still wetting his diaper even then?

Frank was suddenly surprised by a spoon of mush going into his open mouth.

"Gotcha!" said Leandra with a smirk. "Aww, don't give me that look, baby. You left yourself wide open - literally!"

"Blech!" said Frank, sticking out his tongue.

"Aww, c'mon! It's tasty, see?" Leandra said, pretending to eat some herself. "Num num num. Mmmm good!"

Frank rolled his eyes.

"Aww, c'mon. Open up. Do it for mommy? Pweeeeze?" Then Leandra hit him with the puppy dog eyes.

"Fine, f-for Mommy," said Frank, who felt weirdly embarrassed, ashamed, and turned on at the same time.

"That's my good girl," she said, petting Frank's head. His eyes widened for a second as he realized it was just like when Jasmine praised him, but then his mind went foggy and he immediately relaxed, breaking into a grin as the endorphins hit. It felt good when Mommy praised him.

"Theeere we go! Mommy could feed you all the baby food in the kitchen in this state, because you're such a good girl! Yes, you are! Keep eating, sweetie. That's it... be a good girl for Mommy..."

Frank came to in his crib, and immediately groaned, holding his stomach. How much had he eaten? His tummy rumbled and he squirmed, knowing that he was likely going to fill his diaper before long. Despite the uncomfortable feelings, he felt incredibly horny, and he was grateful his cock couldn't get hard and make his cage uncomfortable.

Then he became aware of a voice speaking in a constant stream in the background.

"You're a good baby. Good babies use their diapers. It's so easy to use your diapers. So hard to hold it in. Good babies use their diapers. You're a good baby... Use your diaper, baby... good baby..."

The voice kept talking, and Frank suddenly felt a strong urge to go before almost immediately releasing into his diaper, filling it from both ends while the voice praised him relentlessly. It felt so good to use his diapers, and it felt so good to be a good baby. He grunted and sucked his thumb as he kept expelling more pee and poo seemingly without end. This felt so good. It felt better than sex. It was better than sex. He wanted to keep filling his diapers forever... he was a good baby...

The thoughts kept running through his mind as the orgasmic pleasure of going into his diapers coursed through his body. Soon, Frank drifted off to sleep, bathed in the euphoria of what he had done and was still doing. The next morning, that's exactly how Leandra and Gerard would find him: happily dozing with his thumb in his mouth and diaper so full it looked like he was wearing a water balloon. .

"Aww! There's our little stinker!" said Gerard, hugging Leandra as they both admired their handiwork. "I think it's fair to say he's ready for his appointment with you know who."

"Soon enough, he'll forget all about being a big boy," said Leandra, chuckling and shaking her head at the very notion of Frank being anything but an overgrown infant. "And it's about time he did."

"Yes, mon cherie. I suppose we'd better get the little one out of his diaper, though, don't you think?"

"Yes, I suppose you're right," said Leandra. "Though it's not going to be an easy cleanup. Maybe we'd better clean him off in the bathtub."

"A brilliant idea, as always, mon cherie."

Gerard lowered the crib rails and reached in to grab a hold of the smaller man. Frank woke up as Gerard put two hands under his armpits and helped him down out of his 'tiger cage'.

"Aww, welcome back, cutie," said Gerard, clearly enamored with his little bundle of joy. Leandra smiled as she watched Frank blush and coo before coming back to himself and becoming a little more bashful.

"Not cute," he said, squirming to get out of Gerard's grasp.

"Now, now, none of that, little one," said Gerard, firmly taking Frank's hand. "You're the *cutest*. Yes you are! Now let's take you to get cleaned up."

Frank wasn't given time to protest Gerard's assessment of his cuteness any further, because he was marched straight to the bathroom where his diaper was taken off in the tub, and he was hosed down. Leandra helped to dispose of the diaper while Gerard cleaned Frank off. At no time was Frank asked or expected to help, a fact which left Frank blushing all the more when he was told,

"Keep your hands up, sweetie, and out of the way so we can clean you up!"

And this was normal now, Frank realized. Somehow he had gotten to this point without even meaning for it to happen. It had started small with just Gerard grabbing the luggage when they arrived, but more and more, Frank realized that all responsibilities and expectations had been taken away from him. Why did that disturb him so? If someone had asked him before all the cuckening began, Frank would have jumped at the chance to have no responsibilities. But now... was this really what he wanted?

"Yipe!" said Frank, as Gerard cleaned his butthole.

"Hands up, little man," warned Leandra as Gerard continued, soaping up Frank's caged pee-pee.

"Sorry, Mommy," said Frank, putting his hands up. Why had he said that? It came out on its own, and sounded so babyish.

"That training really is working, isn't it, Mon Cherie," said Gerard, looking over to Leandra who giggled at Frank's choice of words.

"Do you think you have everything handled here, hon? I can go make breakfast, and then maybe we can have a little fun in the yard until the appointment with you know who."

"No worries, love. I'll take care of the little man, and we'll be right down!"

Frank had no idea what they were talking about, but he rarely did these days. What fun could they possibly have out there? His thoughts were interrupted as Gerard toweled him off.

"All dry, little guy! Let's get you diapered up and ready for some fun. We can try out the new kiddie pool we got. It's perfect for a hot day!"

"Oh, no," said Frank.

"Oh yes! Off we go! It's diaper time!"

Gerard's cheerful attitude continued as he hurried Frank off to the changing table, and into an extra thick pink polka dot diaper with a thick stuffer inside. Then he held up something that looked like a flat rubber pancake with two holes in the front and one on top.

"What's that?" asked Frank.

"It's a very special diaper cover," said Gerard, who then began to feed it over Frank's legs. It was tight, but when it was up all the way, it stretched over his diaper entirely, hugging it close to his skin and was easy to see through. Frank reached down and felt it - it had the consistency and thickness of a latex glove.

"A diaper glove?" asked Frank.

"You could call it that," said Gerard with a chuckle. "It's got a special power, too! You'll find out after breakfast."

Frank was then led out to the kitchen, and he did notice something quite surprising - he no longer crinkled. It was especially noticeable after weeks of having crinkles follow him wherever he went. Was this the special power Gerard spoke of?

Soon, he was strapped into his high chair for yet another meal of medicine laced mush. After yet another feeding, he watched longingly as Gerard and Leandra ate a delicious breakfast of crepes and croque madame. He would have killed to eat even that foofy french food instead of the mashed veggies he had just been fed with.

"Poor kiddo looks hungry. Do you think we should give him some?"

"No way," said Leandra. "The doctor said it's not good for him. He needs to stay on a strict diet with plenty of fiber and veggies. No eggs and crepes for him!"

"Oh, but just look at his face," said Gerard, giving Leandra puppy dog eyes.

"No, Gerard. You're as bad as my dad with his pet dog. Don't make me spank you too." Gerard raised an eyebrow.

"I might just like that."

"Oh, stop," said Leandra, smacking him on the arm.

"Why don't you make me, Mommy? A spanking might just convince me..."

Frank watched as the two of them flirted, but didn't roll his eyes. He was used to it by now. In fact, far from being put off, he was turned on at the possibility of watching. He hoped they continued their hanky panky there, and he was rewarded as Gerard was bent over the kitchen table and spanked right there, his cock jumping with each hit.

"You naughty boy," said Leandra, her face red and flushed as she spanked her lover.

"Oh, yes!" cried Gerard. "Punish me, Mommy!"

"Now look what you did to Mommy," said Leandra, stepping back and pulling up her skirt to show the wet spot in her panties. "You'd better take care of this by fucking Mommy good!"

"Yes, madame," said Gerard, obliging by leaning her against the counter and sinking his raging hard monster erection deep into her nethers. The two of them fucked like animals, while Frank watched in his high chair, unable to masturbate with his wrists strapped to its arms and his limp cock trapped in its cage. Meanwhile, the cameras captured it all, giving their superfans a great show over breakfast.

Several orgasms later, the duo was spent, hot, and sweaty, and it was time to go outside to get wet and cool down.

"Oh my! Looks like our little one saw something else he was jealous of, hmm?" asked Gerard. "Well, maybe little Frankie can participate in some fun times later. The doctor certainly didn't take *that* off the menu."

Frank blushed as he remembered Gerard fucking his own boypussy like Gerard had done with his wife.

"I think the little cuck likes that idea," said Leandra with a wicked grin. "It's so good to see my boys getting along."

Of course, Frank still had some fight in him. Especially when he saw just what the 'fun in the sun' entailed.

"Water wings? No way!" Frank said, when they got out to the front yard.

"We have to keep the little cucky safe," said Gerard, clucking his tongue and putting his hand on Frank's shoulder while Leandra filled the pool with the water hose. "I would never forgive myself if something happened to my precious princess."

"But I'll look ridiculous!" Frank said. He was attempting to hide his diaper from view as he stood there in the open in just his diaper and rubber diaper cover. Gerard

resisted commenting on just how Frank looked at this moment. He didn't want to reinforce the idea that there was anything abnormal about Frank being out in public in just a diaper. Instead he took a different tack.

"The sooner you let Daddy put the water wings on you, the sooner you can get into the pool. Unless you want to just stand there in the heat and model your diaper.

"Okay, fine," said Frank, looking around nervously. "Just make it quick."

"Oh good. I'm so glad you saw it my way." Gerard inflated the water wings but pulled the water wings back when Frank reached for them. "Ah, ah, ah! There's one more thing we have to do first."

"What is it now?" asked Frank, his annoyance clearly showing after being forced to stand there and watch Gerard inflate the wings.

"Sunblock!" said Gerard, beaming and holding up a colorful bottle of kid friendly sunblock.

Frank sighed and looked to the heavens as he was made to hold his arms out and let Gerard cover him head to toe in the goop rubbing it in. Here he was letting a man rub sunblock all over his body. There wasn't much more emasculating than that. And yet, it seemed right, somehow. The more he let Mommy and Daddy do things for him, the more normal it seemed. Little by little he was getting used to his new lifestyle, and he was thinking about it less and less. And Gerard in particular was always so cheerful and loving, Frank couldn't help but feel a little special when he got attention from the man.

"There we go!" said Gerard, finishing with Frank's face. "All protected! Now for the water wings and your aquatic adventure can begin!"

Frank allowed the man to slip the water wings on him, and they reminded him of diapers for his arms. Then he was led into the kiddie pool, by Gerard, who led him as if he had just learned to walk yesterday.

"I can walk just fine, you know," said Frank, who couldn't help but smile a little at the attention. The moment he stepped into the cool water he gasped at the temperature difference, but it felt good.

"Look out," said Leandra, giggling as she sprayed Frank with the hose. Frank looked down in a panic, thinking that his diaper would get all wet, but to his surprise, the diaper glove blocked any water from getting in.

"Why don't you sit down and splash a bit," said Gerard. Frank was sure that sitting down would lead to a very soaked diaper but to his surprise the diaper cover

completely protected his diaper from getting wet even when submerged in three feet of water.

The pool was blue and clear with cartoon fish printed on the plastic, and it was bigger than most Kiddie pools, though not outrageously so. Gerard added several rubber duckies and floating fish into the pool for Frank to play with, including a wind up plastic one that would swim through the water by moving its tail fin back and forth.

Frank was induced to play in the pool like a baby while Gerard did his best Jacques Cousteau impression.

"The aquanaut has discovered the wonders of the sea! What will he discover in his explorations?"

Frank was resistant at first, feeling quite self conscious. It was one thing to be a baby behind closed doors but Frank still hadn't gotten comfortable with being a baby in public. But Jacque's narrations were so funny and entertaining that Frank couldn't help but crack a smile. Little by little, he was coaxed into playing more wholeheartedly until he was full on giggling and splashing as Gerard narrated his adventure.

This adorable interaction was interrupted when Leandra snuck up behind Frank and stuck the water hose into the back of his diaper. The diaper swelled up like a water balloon inside the confines of the rubber cover, and stayed like that, comically bulging out around him.

"How cute!" exclaimed Leandra. "Oh, I must get a picture of this!"

Frank's face was bright red, but he fell on his but trying to turn away from Leandra's camera. As the diaper squished around him, he let out a moan, and quickly realized just how good his hyper soaked diaper felt. It didn't matter that he was limp and caged. The diaper gel seemed to squish around his package perfectly to provide unparalleled pleasure. Sex? What was that? Nothing compared to the feeling of a soaked diaper. Frank was convinced of it.

"Oh, look at the adorable little one's face! He loves it!" said Gerard.

"Of course he does, the silly little diaper cuck," said Leandra, giggling as she snapped several photos of her dorky husband grinning in his huge waterlogged diaper.

"Howdy neighborinos!" said one of their neighbors, walking up.

"Well, if it isn't Fred Landers," said Gerard. "Hello!"

"Hi there. I see you're all enjoying some fun in the sun!"

"Sure are!" said Gerard, shaking the man's hand. Leandra greeted the man with similar enthusiasm but Frank hid his face in his hands, embarrassed about his situation being diapered in public.

"Say hello, Frankie," said Leandra, pulling down Frank's hands.

"H-hewwo," said Frank, who had opted to stick his thumb in his mouth instead as a coping mechanism.

"Hi there, little neighborino," said Fred, a small smirk playing on his mustachioed lips. "Having fun playing?"

Frank just nodded and looked down into the water.

"He's a bit shy," said Leandra, laughing it off.

"He certainly wasn't shy this morning," said Fred, with a wink. Frank's eyes went wide. What did that mean?

"Do you want to stay for a margarita?" asked Leandra, smiling as if he hadn't said anything out of the ordinary.

"No can do. Never touch the stuff. I just wanted to say hi. It's the first time we've seen little Frankie outside enjoying himself, so of course I wanted to pop over."

"Well, you're welcome any time. I'm sure you'll be seeing more of our little diaperbutt out and about. We're trying to get him used to it."

After Fred left, Gerard winked at Frank.

"He's one of your most avid watchers, you know...."

"What?!" asked Frank, shocked to learn that someone so clean cut as Mr. Landers would watch his unspeakable streams.

"What can I say? Your story has mass appeal!" said Gerard. Leandra added her two cents in too.

"Half the neighborhood watches, honey. Half out of curiosity and half to masturbate, I'm sure."

Frank found this information hard to process. He didn't know how to feel, but luckily his former wife filled in the blanks for him with pleasure as she rubbed the front of his soaked diaper. He moaned and blushed at the wonderful feeling.

"That's right, sweetie. It feels so good to be yourself. So good to be the big baby you are and have everyone know what a big baby you are..."

Frank didn't know it but she was utilizing a technique which had been working on him to great effect, building associations of pleasure with all of his humiliating babyish activities. Leandra smiled as Frank shamelessly got off in his water balloon of a diaper right in the front yard. Soon enough, he would forget all shyness and be a total cucked baby anywhere and everywhere. The very thought got her as wet as his diaper was.

"That's right, little guy. Enjoy your diapers! Mommy loves it when her little guy feels good!"

Frank moaned and bucked in the water as Leandra continued her ministrations, and soon enough, he felt his muscles tensing up as his legs attempted to squeeze together around the massive diaper. He felt his little balls and pee pee contract as he filled his diaper with penis pudding, and it was his best orgasm yet.

"There we go! My poor little man was all pent up after breakfast, huh? Having to watch Mommy and Daddy go at it without any fun of his own? Aww, sorry baby boy. Luckily your diapers will always be there to take care of you and get you off when we can't milk your little boy hole. Yes they will!"

Frank was coming down from the haze of pleasure his orgasm brought, and took in his ex wife's comments with a mix of pleasure and embarrassment. She certainly wasn't being quiet about her blushy assertions. Still, she wasn't wrong. He had come to love his diapers for many reasons. And now, he was completely relaxed, having filled it with cum. All was right with the world. For the rest of their time there, he was putty in their hands.

Chapter 25

All good things must come to an end, and Frank's splishy splashy playtime in the front yard was no different.

"Oh my," said Leandra, "look at the time! I think it's time for Frank's appointment with you know who!"

"Right you are, my love!" said Gerard. "I'll go up and change him, then."

"It's my turn, dear," said Leandra.

"Aww. Are you sure? Oh, alright," said Gerard. Frank had come out of it just enough to witness the absurdity of Mommy and Daddy fighting over who got to change him, and blush about it. Ultimately, however, Mommy had won out, and she had him take his water balloon of a diaper and diaper cover off with a towel wrapped around him before they entered the home.

"There we go, sweetie. Come along now, before you make a puddle inside."

Leandra did not seem confident about Frank's ability to hold his pee for even a moment, and she made sure to wrap the towel in such a way that it looked like a cloth diaper.

Frank knew the routine from this point. Go to the nursery. Lie on the changing table. Let the grown-ups take care of the rest. Wait, where did that thought come from? He was a grown-up too! No, that wasn't right. He was a sissy baby diapercuck. No, he was an adult...

To say the least, Frank was conflicted as he lay there on the changing table getting diapered by his very attractive wife. Was he really okay with this arrangement? He was certainly turned on by it, at least, though he had to admit he did miss his adult privileges. He sighed as the scent of powder flooded the room, and the familiar feeling of the thick diaper enclosed his caged nethers.

"All diapered up, sweetie," said Leandra, patting her ex-husband's diapered front.

"Th-thank you Mommy," said Frank, blushing a bit and sticking his thumb in his mouth. Leandra paused, looking down at him as if he had grown two heads. It took her a moment to respond.

"Y-you're welcome, sweetie. You're a very good little one for saying so."

Frank smiled around his thumb. It felt good to get praise, whether he was a good boy, a good girl, a good sissy, a good baby, or a good little one. If he thought about it, he would realize that he never got praised in his adult life. But he didn't have the

wherewithal at that moment to think about such things. He just knew that happy Mommy and happy Daddy made him a happy cucky.

"Come on, sweet bean. Let's get you dressed and go, then," said Leandra, checking her watch again. Frank found himself dressed in a pair of blue and white vertical striped shortalls with a patchwork lion face sewn on the front. There was a loop on the back that would be perfect for a leash, but Leandra didn't see the need for it. Frank still wasn't comfortable going in public looking like a baby, though.

"But everyone will *know*," he said, tugging on Leandra's dress as she sent off a quick message to Gerard to get the car ready.

"Know what? That you're our cute little baby? Because that's what you are."

"But what if they make fun of me?" he asked, pouting.

"Who has been making fun of you, huh? No one. And if they do, you know what, it doesn't matter because Daddy and Mommy will be there to protect you, okay sweetums?"

"But it's embarrassing..."

"I'm not embarrassed, and neither is your Daddy. Now come along, little one, we mustn't be late for our appointment!"

No amount of arguing would stop them from getting out to the car where Gerard was waiting. Frank was once again strapped into his carseat and they headed to his mysterious appointment.

When they got there, he tried to look for a sign of what the place was. He tried to look at the sign on the building, but he realized very quickly that he couldn't make heads or tails of it. Come to think of it, he hadn't tried to read anything in a while.

"Mommy, what does that say?" he asked, tugging her dress and pointing to the sign as they approached the door to the mysterious office.

"Never you mind, sweetie. You'll find out soon enough."

Frank crossed his arms and huffed. Adults were always so secretive. Then he remembered he was an adult. Well, sort of. Wasn't he?

Gerard and Leandra looked at each other. Frank's training seemed to be going excellent. He had just shown that he couldn't read on his own, which was a big step forward, but his attitude was still mercurial. He was a little bit too pouty for their tastes, and Gerard in particular was worried about how well he might be adjusting to his new life. Unlike Leandra, he had no history with Frank and no desire to punish the little guy.

He just wanted a happy family. He looked forward to discussing all of these concerns with you know who that day.

Frank looked over at the play area with a bit of longing as they waited in the reception area, but Gerard insisted on keeping Frank in his lap. Gerard kept hugging Frank and bouncing him, which frustrated Frank just a bit. Leandra just grinned at the adorable sight and snapped a few pictures for her personal collection - well, her and their tens of thousands of fanatics online.

"Don't squeeze the air out of the poor boy, Gerard," said Leandra, with a chuckle. "You'll get him back after the appointment."

"I know, it's just... I love the little guy."

"I know, love. So do I. So do I." Though in truth, she did still hold a burning resentment toward Frank. She wondered if it would be okay to punish him still after he had completely transformed into her diaper cuck. Maybe she would talk to you-know-who about it today.

Finally it was time.

"Frank Toreaux?"

"Yes, he's here," said Gerard, practically leaping up from his seat. "Oh, sorry, little one. Are you okay?"

Frank nodded. The trio went to the door where they were called.

"Hello! I'm Doctor Erregresio. Come on back, everyone!"

They went back to a comfortable office with a big couch, a desk, bookshelves, and even a play area for Frank to play in.

"Hold on," said Frank, looking around. "Is she a shrink?!"

"I'm a psychotherapist," corrected Doctor E, "and you can call me Emily."

"I'm so sorry for the outburst," said Leandra, shooting Frank a dangerous look. "He's always had a thing against going to any sort of therapy. Gosh knows we needed it, though."

"Yes, you two have a bit of a history, don't you?"

"To say the least," said Leandra, shooting Frank another look.

"Now, Leandra," said Gerard. "Let's let bygones be bygones. We're here now, and that's what matters." Doctor E. held her hands up before anyone could say anything more.

"Hold on, hold on. Let's get introductions out of the way first, and then I'll tell you the plan. Frank. It's nice to meet you, I'm Emily Erregressio and I'm your *family* psychotherapist. I know you may have your reservations, but I hope you will give me a chance."

"Why," asked Frank, "so you can shrink me?"

"I'm not here to shrink anyone," said Emily, fighting hard not to smile over Frank's cute ideation of the process. "I'm here to help facilitate healing for those who need it, and help people untangle their thoughts and clear confusion. Do you ever feel confused, Frank?"

"All the time," said Frank, a little surprised by the fact that she hadn't called him Frankie, or little one, unlike everyone else in his life. "But I don't see how you can help with that."

Doctor E. leaned back and looked around the room.

"For today, I'd like to speak to you separately. First Frank, and then Mom and Dad. Does that sound alright with all of you?"

Reluctantly, Gerard and Leandra left the room, while Frank was left inside with the therapist.

In the waiting room, Gerard and Leandra talked.

"I wonder what they're talking about?"

"Don't worry," said Leandra. "I know how this goes. Even if Frank wouldn't see a therapist when we lived in California, I certainly did. She'll talk to us about it afterward, I'm sure."

"I hope this helps," said Gerard, wringing his hands. Leandra put her hand on top of his.

"I'm sure it will, my love. Just trust in the process." Gerard looked at her and let out a sigh.

"Thank you, love. I'm sure you're right." Then, he leaned forward and kissed her on the lips.

Back in Doctor E's office, Frank sat at a low table with a distrustful scowl on his face.

"Would you like to draw something?"

"I dunno," said Frank, looking down at the table. There was paper and crayons. There were also Brickos to play with.

"Why not?"

"I'm too old for that."

"You think you're too old? Why don't we talk about that."

"Okay, fine," said Frank, picking up some Brickos. Brickos were for big boys too so those would surely be okay to distract himself with as they talked. "You know, I didn't choose to become like this. I was forced to."

"So it wasn't your idea at all?" asked Dr. E.

"No. It was all Leandra's idea."

"I see. And what about the cucky subby suckers videos you used to watch?" Frank's eyes went wide and his cheeks went red.

"Y-you know about that?"

"I do. And just to be clear, there's nothing wrong with looking at those videos. This is a no judgment zone. But when it interferes with other parts of your life... like your relationships... it can be a problem. Do you agree?"

"Yeah," said Frank, looking down at the Brickos in his hand. I guess so."

"I'd like to talk about why you went to that site so often... was it... something you fantasized about for yourself?"

Frank blushed, but didn't respond.

"You don't have to speak. You can just give a little nod or shake your head."

Frank nodded.

"And would you say... you enjoy your new lifestyle?"

Frank nodded again, hesitantly.

"Maybe you're a little bit conflicted about it..."

"Yeah," said Frank, finally. It's confusing."

"I can imagine you have many feelings about the changes in your life. Maybe we can talk about it and it will be a little less confusing then..."

"Yeah," said Frank. "Maybe."

"And what about the angry outbursts? I heard that you got fired from your job. And then what happened?"

"Yeah, I got angry sometimes, but it wasn't my fault. Especially at my last job. They screwed me over!" Dr. E didn't argue or react to Frank's sudden agitation. She simply let him speak and then responded.

"Let me ask you: Do you feel like you have less anger or more since your change in lifestyle?"

"Less," said Frank, with complete certainty.

"I see."

Gradually, Frank and Dr. E talked about some of his feelings, the difficulties in his life before the move, and how his life was now. They seemed to agree that regression therapy seemed to be helping him in several ways, and Dr. E. was careful to impress upon Frank that there was nothing wrong with accepting his subby cucky desires.

"Alright, Frank. Thank you for talking to me. I'd like to talk to your mom and dad next, so let's go out to the waiting room again and I'll get them."

"Okay," said Frank, setting down the car he had built and following the doctor into the hallway. Without thinking about it he took her hand, which he always did with Mommy and Daddy. "S-sorry" he said, attempting to pull back, but Dr. E. smiled, still holding tight to his hand.

"It's okay, sweetie." Frank blushed as he walked with her out to the waiting room. He then sat down in the play area while Gerard and Leandra went in to speak to Dr. E.

I wonder what they're talking about in there, he thought to himself as he scribbled in a coloring book. He could imagine all sorts of things, most of them bad, but he didn't want to think about it too hard. It wouldn't make any difference, right? Still, Dr. E. seemed pretty nice. Maybe therapy wasn't the worst thing in the world after all.

"How would you say the changes in your lifestyles have affected Frank's mood? Does he still get the angry outbursts?"

"No, not really," said Leandra. "He doesn't have the chance to."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, he's restrained and controlled most of the time, so he can't break things or throw a fit like he used to. He's also learned that he will get the pacifier gag if he talks back too much. It's made a big difference."

"Well, you'll be glad to know that Frank agrees that his mood and behavior has improved since his new lifestyle change. And what about the two of you? How are you doing?"

"Oh, I'm great," said Leandra. "All the stress I used to carry is gone, and it's like I can breathe again."

"I agree," said Gerard. "Leandra used to confide in me all the time about the terrible state of her marriage, and how much stress she was under. I am so happy we are all together now and in a better place." Dr. E. nodded.

"And would you say that you are happier too?" she asked, addressing Gerard directly.

"Yes! Oh heavens, yes. I get to live with the love of my life, and I have an adorable little one whom I absolutely love as well."

"He really loves Frank," said Leandra. "I would never have thought in a million years..."

"Go on," said Dr. E.

"It's nothing. Nevermind," said Leandra. But with a little prodding she finally said it. "I never thought Frank would be likable to anyone. I mean, sure, he's got charisma when you first meet him, but he was really a horrible man. I never thought Gerard would take a shine to him. But I guess that just shows what a good man Gerard is compared to Frank, doesn't it?"

Gerard looked at Leandra and for once was not smiling.

"I can sense some resentment against Frank here," said Dr. E.

"Can you blame me? You have no idea what he put me through while we were married."

"I don't, but I'd be willing to listen," said Dr. E.

Leandra had told Gerard everything before, so it was nothing new to him, and Dr. E. listened intently as she aired her grievances, careful to avoid showing any disapproval or judgment about her statements.

"That must have been very hard for you," said Dr. E. after Leandra had finished. "Earlier you said you had none of the stress you used to have, but do you feel like you might be carrying a bit of that stress with you after all?"

"Yes, I... I suppose so," said Leandra, finally.

"That's what happens when we hold onto anger. Especially when we repeatedly return to past events that hurt us. Some call it ruminating, and it can lead to some negative consequences psychologically speaking."

"I... see..." said Leandra. "But there are some things that do help. Like punishing Frank."

Gerard looked shocked.

"Mon *Cherie*! That's not what punishments are for..."

"Oh, come on, you understand, don't you Dr. Erregressio?"

"Call me Emily, please."

"Sorry, Emily. But you understand, right? Frank likes it anyway. A little punishment and torture can't hurt, can it?" Dr. E. looked at Leandra for a moment before responding.

"If Frank is in an adult mindset and it is in the context of a scene, then I'd say that's between you and your partners. However I must be very clear that punishing or 'torturing' Frank for your own enjoyment while he is in a regressed state would be harmful to him. In a healthy relationship, we do not aim to hurt our partners."

"Well, yes, of course, I mean- That is to say... I wouldn't want to *hurt* Frank, I just..." Leandra stopped and thought a while. "I'll have to talk about this with Gerard."

"He's right here," said Dr. E. "Why don't you two talk?"

Leandra and Gerard looked at each other. Neither of them had expected the conversation to be about them today, and yet here they were. Clearly there was a lot more to unravel than just Frank's behavioral issues.

Chapter 26

Frank snuggled in between his wife and the man he now called 'Daddy', enclosed by the two warm bodies. By now, he was used to waking up in his crib at night, afraid of some nightmare, and being brought to Mommy and Daddy's bedroom to cuddle up between them. The feel of Daddy's legs pressing into the back of Frank's thighs no longer felt strange.

Gerard shifted in his sleep and squeezed Frank a bit tighter, pulling Frank's padded rear against his crotch. Frank wiggled back against him and was rewarded with a little thrust. Daddy sure knew how to make Mommy feel good. She made sounds she had never made with Frank when she had adult time with Daddy.

"Mmh, sweetie, go back to sleep," said Mommy. Frank let out a whine.

"Aww, does somebody have the hornies?" asked Daddy, yawning and opening an eye.

Frank nodded and Gerard gave the front of his diaper a little pat.

"We're gonna have to take care of that, aren't we?" he said.

Frank nodded again.

Mommy yawned and rolled over.

"Aww, are my boys going to have some bonding time again?"

She kissed Frank's forehead and he blushed, sucking on his paci. They didn't really expect the little guy to speak much anymore. You would never know that he had come into the house an ornery, fussy, cranky, and irresponsible excuse for a husband. The hardest part to believe was that he had been a husband at all. He was just such a perfect cucky princess, it seemed like that's how it always should have been..

Daddy opened his drawer and grabbed something out from it. Frank felt Daddy tug the back of his princess pink diaper down and Frank gasped as cold lube touched his little pucker. He loved this part.

"Do you want this, sweetie?" asked Daddy, resting his now hard member against the small of Frank's back.

Frank nodded vigorously.

"Use your words, baby." They had been working on clearer lines of consent since talking with Dr. E.

"Yeth Daddy. Pweeze put your pee-pee in my bum."

"That's my good girl. Here it comes! Open up for Daddy!"

Gerard slowly pushed his way past Frank's well-trained pucker while mommy caressed Frank's hair and helped him relax.

"That's my good little sissy cuck, " said Leandra, taking Frank's cheeks into her hands and talking down to him. Frank was still pretty tight back there but he was learning to relax better with each 'bonding session' he and Daddy had. Daddy smiled, pleased at how well his petite cocu was taking his member.

"There we go! You're doing so well. Does that feel good, baby girl?"

"Yeth, Daddy. I wuv you."

"And what about me, little one?" asked Mommy, in mock sadness.

"You too mommy!"

"Aww that's sweet!" Gerard said. "Now, hold on tight. Daddy's going to plow you like a fresh field and fill you full of babies!"

With little warning Gerard pulled out and hilted Frank, taking things from 0 to 100 in less than 10 seconds. Frank moaned with each thrust as Gerard and mommy made out over him

Plap. Plap. Plap. The front of Gerard's thighs slapped the back of Frank's. The sound of it filled the room, along with the sound of Daddy and Mommy kissing, and the sound of Frank's tiny moans. 6 months ago Frank would never have dreamed He'd be in this position, but things had changed quickly after their unscheduled move.

"Ohhh. Daddyyy," Frank squealed. "I fink I have to go pee-pee!"

Frank could feel Gerard hitting his special sissy spot deep inside, and the feeling began to grow and grow just as it had in the doctor's office so many months ago.

"Good girl! Just let it go! Your diaper is there to catch it if you make a mess." Frank nodded and screwed his eyes shut.

It was funny that he was in this position now, when he was so jealous and petty those first few weeks. He never expected the ultimatum between accepting this new life and being kicked out. If he had been more of a man, he might not have caved so quickly, but Daddy and Mommy knew exactly who Frank was, and they made sure he knew it too - every single day.

Frank began to moan, and mommy ran her hands over him telling him he was a good girl and to let it come.

"Aww, is Daddy making his baby girl feel good?"

"Yeth, Daddy," Frank cried around her paci. "I fink I'm gonna...I'm gonna..."

"Go ahead baby girl, make squirties in your diaper for Daddy! It's okay! Daddy's close too!"

Frank tensed up until his body went rigid, and Gerard had to push extra hard to keep his momentum going. Luckily his well-practiced hips were up to the task and moments later, he felt Frank's hole spasm as he squirted uncontrollably into his diapers, grunting and shuddering with each pulse. The contractions sent Gerard over the edge as well. Frank felt Gerard's cock pulse inside him and spray stickies all up in his bum.

"Ohhhhh," Gerard moaned. "That feels so good baby girl!"

Mommy moaned too, having fingered herself to an orgasm at the erotic sight of her fully emasculated husband being taken by her lover. Frankie smiled, knowing he had made Daddy and Mommy feel good.

"Awww, did the little princes lose control?" asked Gerard.

"I told you she was a squirter," said Leandra, squeezing the front of Frank's diaper. "She can't control herself. That's why she's gotta stay in her pretty pink diapers."

"Mmm, I see!" said Gerard, chuckling and tweaking one of Frank's nipples, causing him to moan and squirm.

After a minute or so, Daddy pulled out of Frank and pulled up the back of Frank's diaper. They all knew Gerard's cum would all find its way out again by morning, but for now Frank got to feel full and satisfied back there.

Frank had lost all of his adult privileges and all of his husband privileges too, and he loved every minute of it. He felt so lucky to have a Mommy and Daddy who cared enough to show him his true purpose.

"Fank you Daddy and Mommy," murmured Frank, his eyelids growing heavy.

"You're welcome, baby girl."

"Aww, you're welcome sweetie." Leandra and Gerard continued to speak, but Frank didn't hear it, because he was already fast asleep.

"You sure know how to put him to sleep, honey."

"Works every time. You can have a turn tomorrow when your new dragon-master strap-on arrives."

Fin