“Wakey wakey!” An annoying sing-song voice broke into Michael’s subconscious and quickly roused him from his sleep.

Michael opened his eyes with weariness and immediately remembered where he was. He would’ve loved some more time in blissful ignorance of his situation but he noticed someone was poking him in the back of his diaper. He rolled over to see Alyssa with a bottle in one hand and her other hand reaching through the bars.

“Here, take this.” Alyssa passed the bottle of milk through the bars, “I’ll let you out when you’re done.”

Michael picked up the bottle and looked at it tiredly. He felt utterly defeated and like his life had been taken away. Things had changed so utterly completely in such a short amount of time that it felt like the old Michael was dead. It felt like it had been weeks since his last wrestling match when it hadn’t even been twenty-four hours.

Michael raised the bottle to his lips and started sucking the milk down. He felt tremendously thirsty and he no longer cared that Alyssa was right in front of him watching him debase himself. The sweet liquid felt wonderful and he drank it all down relatively quickly. He dropped the bottle to his side where it rolled away from him and hit the bars.

“Good baby!” Alyssa praised sarcastically.

Alyssa stepped on the release lever on the floor and allowed the rails to rattle down to the ground. Michael slid forwards and dropped his feet to the ground, he stretched because despite the crib not being small it just felt so much more cramped thanks to the bars.

As Michael put his hands in the air to stretch Alyssa walked over and unceremoniously put her hand between Michael’s diaper and the onesie. She prodded and poked but must’ve already known he needed a diaper change. Michael had to bite his tongue to stop himself from shouting at the person invading his life.

“What a wet little boy!” Alyssa commented with the high-pitched voice usually reserved for babies, “Hop up on the table.”

Michael shuffled forwards to the changing table and lifted himself on to it without any enthusiasm. He felt miserable but also helpless, there was nothing he could do to stop this. He laid back as Alyssa began to undo the poppers on his onesie.

“Where’s Sophie?” Michael asked.

“That’s not how a baby should talk.” Alyssa smiled evilly as she pulled the front of the onesie over Michael’s belly.

“Where’s… Mommy?” Michael sighed and had to swallow what remained of his pride to ask the embarrassing question.

“She’s downstairs.” Alyssa chuckled.

“Are you two really…” Michael felt pained to ask.

“Yes.” Alyssa replied simply.

As Michael stayed quiet in deep thought the sound of tapes being ripped from the front of his diaper filled the room. It felt so wrong to not be trying to stop this but he knew he was no match for Alyssa. As the front of his padding was lowered he shuddered from both the embarrassment and the cool air.

Alyssa was in no rush to change Michael’s diaper and the young man was forced to lay quite still minute after minute whilst his diaper area was cleaned up. The soaked padding was pulled away and held up by Alyssa, she smirked as she looked from Michael’s blushing face to the used disposable.

“I think I’ll put this right… here.” Alyssa said as she turned the diaper upside down and started lowering it over Michael’s face.

Michael realised what was happening a little too late and he tried to push Alyssa’s hands away but she overpowered him as usual. Michael repeatedly tried to tell Alyssa to stop and he cringed from revulsion as the padding soaked with his urine was moved closer and closer to his face.

“I want you to see what you’ve done!” Alyssa growled.

Michael’s resistance was short lived and easily beaten by Alyssa. His arms relaxed and the soggy padding was soon laying against his face. The smell of his piss filled his nostrils and he felt the few drops of urine not already absorbed dripped on to his skin. He groaned with disgust.

“Relax.” Alyssa said as if Michael was making a mountain out of a molehill, “It’s only till I finish changing you.”

“Please… Hurry…” Michael gasped. He didn’t even want to breathe under the diaper that felt like it was wrapping right around his head.

Michael felt his legs get lifted and folded back and heard fresh crinkling. When he was lowered back down he felt the softness of a fresh and dry diaper. Compared to the one he was currently wearing on his face it felt like the softest mattress he had ever experienced. It felt like an age passed before Alyssa pulled the front of the diaper up and taped it closed.

“There you go.” Alyssa said happily, “As easy as that.”

Michael didn’t waste a second. He reached up with his hand and knocked the heavy diaper off his face, it hit the edge of the table as it fell to the floor with a squelch. Michael gasped at the fresh air as he quickly sat up.

“You’re just a big sissy really aren’t you?” Alyssa giggled.

Michael chose not to respond. He was seeing exactly what Alyssa was capable of and he definitely didn’t want to antagonise her any further. The situation he was in was quickly feeling very real and even more permanent. The humiliation, the diapers, Alyssa stealing his wife, it was too much for Michael to take and as he laid back down on the changing table he loudly sobbed, his despair grew and grew until he was bawling his eyes out. He looked and sounded just like a toddler who had just been denied a treat. Was he really supposed to live like this for a year? What would be left by the end of it?

“We’ve got some lovely clothes for you to try on.” Alyssa said as she walked over to the closet and opened the doors.

Michael looked into the closet of the former guest bedroom and felt sick. Inside the small storage space was a plethora of childish outfits. They were tightly squeezed in so it was hard to tell exactly what was in there but it all appeared so colourful and garish. Michael could see some onesies as well as full body sleepers alongside shirts and shorts.

“Do you want to pick something out?” Alyssa asked, “Or shall I?”

“I’ll do it…” Michael was still sobbing a little as he slid off the table and on to the ground.

Every step brought a loud crinkle as he walked across the room and looked into the closet. He obviously didn’t want to wear anything that was in there but he didn’t have a lot of choice. He pawed through the outfits without much enthusiasm and found nothing that looked like it would suit a fully grown adult.

“Come on.” Alyssa said impatiently as she tapped her foot, “We haven’t got all afternoon.”

Michael sighed and finally pulled something out almost by blind luck. A turquoise onesie with little yellow ducks all over it. On a child it would look adorable, on Michael it would look ridiculous. He pulled it out anyway, he really didn’t care what he wore since the outfits were all as embarrassing as each other.

“A wonderful choice!” Alyssa was beaming as she took the onesie and pulled it over Michael’s head.

Michael wasn’t given a moment of respite. Alyssa took his hand and immediately started pulling him downstairs as if she were a little girl and he was her new doll. Michael’s thighs rubbed against the plastic of the diaper in a way that he was sure he would never get used to. The smell of dinner was already starting to drift through the house as Michael was pulled into the living room. The gate for the playpen was open and Michael was corralled inside it. Alyssa shut the door behind him and simply walked away.

Michael sighed as he watched Alyssa walk off. He scratched his exposed leg as he looked around. The playpen was full of toys for a baby and he guessed this was what was supposed to occupy his time now. No internet or video games, now Michael only had toy cars and little action figures to play with.

As if to emphasise the difference Michael heard laughter from the kitchen as he sat down. He looked through the bars to the door and wondered what was going on out there. His mind immediately went to the idea of Sophie and Alyssa cuddling each other or kissing. He shuddered.

For an hour Michael was left alone in the living room. He stayed where he was next to the gate as if afraid to look around at the toys and teddy bears surrounding himself. He felt a need to pee as he pulled his knees up to his chest and he did little to stop it from happening. He relaxed as best he could and soon felt hot piss pouring out of his body and into the padding. He sighed in frustration and could feel himself blushing. It might be getting easier to physically wet himself but mentally and emotionally it was as hard as ever.

“Ready for din-dins?” Sophie’s voice suddenly startled Michael and he felt an increase in the flow into his diaper for a couple of seconds.

“Yes… Mommy.” Michael replied quietly.

“Ooh, calling me Mommy already? What a good boy!” Sophie praised her husband but her smile wasn’t warm as she opened the gate.

“Alyssa told me to call you that.” Michael muttered.

“How thoughtful of her.” Sophie stated, “Isn’t she wonderful?”

Michael didn’t respond. He could feel tears in his eyes again but he blinked them away as he walked through to the dining room. He kept his head bowed as he started to climb into the highchair again. He felt a hand on his butt as he climbed and the pee soaked padding was pushed against his skin like a sponge.

“Wet already!” Sophie seemed positively excited by this. It was scary to Michael how quickly she was getting into this new dynamic.

Michael froze in place and heard Alyssa hurrying over as if there was some unique sight Sophie wanted her to see. Michael felt a second hand on his rear followed by Alyssa’s giggling. He was forced to just stay bent over as his wetness was checked and probed by his two female tormentors. They described the feeling of wetness and heat for each other whilst Michael had to wait with increasing impatience.

Eventually the hands went away and Michael was finally able to turn around and sit down in the childish seat. He was pouting as the tray was moved and locked into place in front of the diapered man. Michael hated everything to do with this but didn’t know how to stop it without losing everything he cared for. He hoped this was all just a phase and that Sophie would get bored of her fling with Alyssa and then would help him.

Dinner for the two women looked amazing. Sophie had prepared a lovely looking beef casserole for the pair of them whilst Michael was given a bowl with steaming brown mush in it. There were little green and orange lumps as well as bottle of milk.

“What is this?” Michael asked with disgust as he looked at the food in front of him.

“That is baby food.” Sophie said as she reached over and stirred the food with the spoon, “Cottage pie with peas and carrots I believe.”

“Lucky baby.” Alyssa acted impressed with the sad looking meal.

“You can’t expect me to eat this.” Michael looked up angrily

“I can and do.” Alyssa replied, “Though if you don’t want to that’s fine. You can just go to bed hungry.”

Michael clenched his fists at the injustice of everything. He didn’t know what to do, he wanted to shove the bowl of food off the tray but at the same time he was feeling hungry. The women had no second thoughts about eating their food and tucked in with relish. Michael saw their meals and felt intense jealousy, his steaming bowl of mush didn’t fill him with anticipation.

Michael scooped some of the food up and raised it out of the bowl. It didn’t look any better close up and he turned the spoon upside down to let it all pour back into the bowl. He pushed the bowl to the outer edge of the tray and put the spoon down. Despite his appearance he still had a tiny amount of dignity left and he wouldn’t be forced to eat this horrid dinner.

Michael could see Alyssa look up as he pushed the bowl and she smirked for a second. He wasn’t going to lower himself to the level of eating baby food, he would simply go on hunger strike if he had to. He folded his arms in front of his chest as a gesture of defiance.

Dinner took forever and Michael was left watching the two women eating their lovely dinners whilst he went hungry. He contented himself with picking up the baby bottle and drinking from it. By the time he was finally allowed out of the highchair he was already feeling hungry but he was simply led away from the table and into the living room.

“Do you want to go in your playpen?” Alyssa asked as if she were talking to a baby, “Or you can go in your bouncer? We have a rocking horse we could bring out as well. What would you like to do?”

Michael simply shrugged and scowled. He didn’t care what he was going to do since it was all as embarrassing as everything else. He hated every minute of this life.

“Come on, sweetie.” Alyssa encouraged Michael with a couple of swats to his diaper, “Pick one or I’ll choose for you. I can promise you won’t like what I select.”

“Playpen.” Michael finally muttered as he imagined Alyssa getting her way with a shudder.

“What was that?” Alyssa asked as she tilted her head towards Michael.

“The playpen, please.” Michael forced himself to say more loudly.

Alyssa smiled and then tussled Michael’s hair. She stepped forwards and opened the gate of the pen and held it open for Michael to walk inside. Michael stood in the centre with no plans to do anything else. Maybe his defiance showed on his face because Alyssa didn’t immediately leave the room.

“I’ll be in with my lover in a minute.” Alyssa smirked as Michael barely repressed another shudder, “You had better be playing with something when we come in.”

Michael watched Alyssa leave the room and wanted to punch a wall with his pent up frustration. He took several deep breathes and eventually brought himself under control. When he heard footsteps coming towards the living room he quickly sat down on his padded behind and grabbed the nearest toy to him to make it look like he was playing. The toy was a truck that zoomed forwards when you pulled it backwards a little bit. He laid on his front and started aimlessly playing.

Alyssa walked back into the room with Sophie a few seconds later. Michael’s wife had brought another bottle for him and she placed it next to his head. Michael sighed and watched Alyssa and Sophie sit down on the couch and turn on the television. As bold as anything Alyssa reached her arm around and cuddled up close with Michael’s wife. He felt so emasculated to allow this to happen whilst he laid on the floor in his wet diapers.

Michael tried to ignore the loving display on the couch and drank some more of his bottle whilst playing with his toy cars. Shortly after Michael had found a few other small cars and started to do little races he felt the need for the bathroom growing. He didn’t even hesitate to relax and almost before he knew it a fresh wetting warmed up his diaper.

Michael played listlessly until nine o’clock when Alyssa nudged Sophie and nodded towards the man. Sophie nodded and stood up, she reached over and took the baby bottle before heading to the kitchen. She returned a couple of minutes later with a fresh bottle of milk. Sophie opened the gate to the playpen.

“Come on.” Sophie said to Michael.

“Where are we going?” Michael asked without getting up.

“It’s bed time. I don’t want a cranky baby.” Sophie smiled.

“But it’s only-” Michael started to complain.

Alyssa loudly cleared her throat. Michael looked over and saw the female wrestler giving him a very pointed look. He sighed and after a moment of hesitation he climbed reluctantly to his feet. Immediately he felt the saturated padding hanging low, the tapes were pulled taut as the diaper sagged low between his thighs. Michael slowly waddled out of his playpen and towards the stairs.

Michael followed his wife up the stairs and into the converted nursery. He noticed that Sophie didn’t even need to check him she just started getting a fresh diaper ready. Michael clambered up on to the changing table with some difficulty and laid down on his back. He was undressed and the tapes of the diaper were pulled away.

“You’re a very wet baby tonight.” Sophie giggled as she lowered the front of the diaper. The smell of urine burst out into the air before slowly diluting into the air.

“I didn’t have much of a choice.” Michael practically growled.

“Come on now, don’t be like that.” Sophie grabbed a handful of the nearby baby wipes.

“I can’t believe you and Alyssa… you know.” Michael muttered sadly as his sexual equipment was wiped clean.

“We’ve been through this.” Sophie rolled her eyes, “Now be quiet or I’ll get Alyssa to change you.”

Michael wanted nothing to do with Alyssa so folded his arms across his bare chest and let Sophie continue the change. Sophie pulled the diaper away and taped it closed before dropping it in the diaper pail. Michael could enjoy the fresh air for a few seconds before a fresh diaper was unfolded and slipped under his waist.

The front of the clean diaper was pulled up and taped closed. Michael watched Sophie step back and lower the bars of the crib. He dropped off the table and felt the new much lighter diaper hugging him. He climbed into the crib and heard the bars rattle up behind him almost immediately.

“Have a good night, baby.” Sophie said as she left the room.

Michael wanted to call out and say something that might make his wife realise that she was making a terrible mistake. He tried to think of anything that might get her back on his side but he came up empty and as the door closed all he could do was sit back on his padded butt and lay down. The room wasn’t even dark thanks to the relatively early hour and Michael stared up at the ceiling in silence. He had nothing to do but think about his horrible situation.