Scott sat in his room in his wet nappy. He was looking out of the window at the world that was passing by. He wondered what his friends from school were doing now. He knew many were planning to go to college, Scott himself had never paid enough attention at school to really consider higher education.

Scott had finished his exams and got his results back just last week. He had actually done better than any of his teachers had ever predicted. His newly found obedience and home schooling seemed to help him out. Not that it mattered, Scott wasn’t going to be going to college or getting a job. As far as he could tell he was going to be kept at home under his strict mother’s watchful eyes forever and ever.

The crib that had become Scott’s bed had one side of it’s railings down and he was perched on the edge of it. His nursery was something he still couldn’t get used to. When he and Huw had started potty training Scott was excited at the prospect of getting out of nappies but it didn’t take long for the small child to show Scott up. Huw was now out of nappies whilst Scott was more dependent on them than ever before. The room switch had been hard for Scott to take. The only thing Scott had been allowed to bring with him to the nursery was his computer. However, the PC had the strictest parental lock settings available, he really couldn’t do or look at anything interesting.

There was a knock on the door and Scott looked up. He suddenly realised he had been spacing out for quite some time. The sun had moved across the sky whilst Scott watched the gently shifting shadows.

“Baby!” It was Elliot’s mocking voice.

“What?” Scott replied sulkily.

The door opened and Elliot swaggered in. He looked around at the nursery and smiled. Elliot had found Scott’s predicament no end of fun and hadn’t yet missed an opportunity to tease his “big” brother. This whole punishment had gotten old for Scott the moment it started, for Elliott it seemed to only get funnier.

“Do you want something?” Scott asked in annoyance.

“I’m just doing by brotherly duties.” Elliot smiled as he walked across to the crib. He reached down and pressed his palm to Scott’s nappy. He looked at Scott until the older brother looked away in shame.

Scott huffed but his thighs parted a little. It was an automatic reaction, whenever he was having his nappy checked he always made it easier for the other person. After countless checks it had become an embarrassing second nature. Any mother would recognise the wide-legged stance with hips moved forwards slightly.

“You’ll need a change soon.” Elliot’s mocking glare made Scott wilt.

Elliot was only a teenager and yet for all intents and purposes he was the older brother now. Scott turned his blushing face away. He knew Elliot wasn’t lying, he had been in this nappy for several hours and it was very wet.

“Are you going to change me?” Scott asked earnestly.

“Eww, no way.” Elliot replied. He stepped back, “I’ll leave that for Lyra…”

“Lyra!?” Scott looked at his brother with wide eyes, “L-Lyra is coming here?”

“She’s coming to babysit.” Elliot replied airily. He had picked up one of Scott’s stuffed animals to examine it, “Mom decided I’m too young.”

Scott swallowed hard. The last time Scott had seen Lyra was when they were having a pub lunch together. He remembered well how he had terribly embarrassed himself that day. The pretty young woman had also taken care of him at the day care, it felt like Scott only ever saw her at his worst and he was anxious not to embarrass himself again.

“When is she coming?” Scott asked.

“About half an hour.” Elliot replied as he dropped the stuffed animal, “Think your nappy can last that long?”

Scott knew his brother was teasing him but he nodded his head anyway. With a snort Elliot left the room and Scott took a deep breath. He didn’t really know why he could feel butterflies in his tummy, it wasn’t like he could do anything that Lyra hadn’t already seen. He had to admit that he might have a little crush on her but he knew she was out of his league. A beautiful young woman like her would never want a baby like him.

Scott was wearing just a t-shirt with his nappy so before Lyra arrived he went over to the closet and searched for something that might give him a modicum of dignity. He pulled out a pair of pants and stepped into them. When he pulled them up he had to work to get it over the bulging padding, they didn’t do a great job of hiding his underwear but it was better than nothing.

Scott’s heart was hammering as he looked around his nursery. There was nothing else he could do, it would be impossible to hide any of this stuff. A knock on the front door made the colour drain from Scott’s face. He took a deep shuddering breath and prepared for a fresh evening of cringing shame. At least it would only be a few hours.

“Oh, Lyra, hello!” Deborah’s voice came from the hallway downstairs as she opened the door.

Scott felt a fresh flush of heat in his nappy. The fear emptying his bladder seemed to freeze him to the spot. Downstairs was the sound of people moving around and voices. Scott heard his youngest brother, Huw, as well as his mom and step-father. Lyra’s angelic voice rang through and then… there was a mysterious male voice. Scott frowned. Was there someone else here?

Scott creeped out of his bedroom and on to the landing. He leaned over the railing to try and see what was happening but there was no one there, they had all moved into the living room. Scott wasn’t sure what to do. If there really was someone here who he didn’t know then he wanted to hide for as long as possible.

“You can’t hide up here forever.” Elliot’s voice made Scott jump.

“I’m not hiding.” Scott replied unconvincingly.

“Cool, you’ll come down with me then.” Elliot clapped Scott on the back.

Scott sighed as he followed his brother. He heard laughter coming from the living room and although he tried to listen for a voice he didn’t recognise he couldn’t hear anything unexpected. Elliot pushed the living room door open and Scott followed a few steps behind.

“There he is!” Lyra was sitting on the couch but as Scott and Elliot walked in she climbed to her feet.

Scott awkwardly stood near the door as Lyra came over and wrapped her arms around him. Scott felt embarrassed, a fact that wasn’t helped when Lyra’s hands travelled down his back and touched the seat of his nappy. When Scott was finally released he could see his parents sitting with Huw in the armchairs. Huw looked upset that Nick and Deborah were going out.

On the couch was a young man Scott recognised from school. Scott knew his name was Noah and he was a bit of an asshole. Scott blushed harder as a new pair of eyes saw his shameful state and smirked. Scott had no idea why Lyra would be the girlfriend of someone like Noah. Lyra deserved better than someone like Noah, she deserved someone like…

Scott made himself jump when he realised he was about to think of himself as a better boyfriend for Lyra than Noah! As if the mature young woman would want a little baby like himself. He really wished he wouldn’t torture himself with a crush he could never hope to act on.

“Are you sure you’re OK looking after two babies?” Deborah asked as Lyra sat back down on the couch. Deborah hugged Huw closer to her, “This one is nearly trained but might have some accidents.”

The implicit fact left out of what Deborah said was that Scott’s aborted attempt at potty training had badly failed and there was no chance of success any time soon. Scott pouted from the doorway and refused to walk further in to the room. As if being babysat by someone the same age as him wasn’t embarrassing enough he was now seen as smaller than Huw for all intents and purposes. It didn’t help that his nappy was currently wet, he didn’t need to check Huw to know that his pull-ups were dry. He hadn’t had many accidents recently.

“We’d better be off.” Nick said as he stood up and gathered his coat.

“No!” Huw cried out. He clutched his mum.

“Come on, Huw.” Deborah smiled as she pulled her son away from her and looked into his tearful face, “Mummy will only be gone a few hours. Lyra will be here, she’ll play with you and you’ll have a great time.”

Huw looked at Lyra sceptically. Lyra was an expert at looking after children though. Without missing a beat Lyra reached down and picked up a bucket of blocks that was left in the corner of the room. She looked into it and let a very childish awe come over her face.

“Wow, are all these blocks yours!?” Lyra said to Huw. She sat down cross-legged on the floor, “These are so cool!”

Huw nodded his head. His tears dried up as his attention was totally taken from his parents to the blocks Lyra was now emptying on to the floor.

Scott pouted for a second before he realised what he was doing and pulled his lip back in. The truth was that he saw those blocks as his. He was the one who played with them and Huw hadn’t wanted to play with him recently. With a startling moment of clarity Scott suddenly realised he felt resentment towards his little brother over ownership of some colourful building blocks.

“These are great!” Lyra smiled as she picked two of the blocks up, “I’ll tell you what… I’ve got some sweets in my bag. How about whoever can build the best tower wins the sweets?”

Huw’s eyes grew wide and a smile grew across his face as he nodded his head. No longer looking at or clutching his mother he scrambled down to the floor. Deborah raised her eyebrows and nodded her head at the impressive way Lyra had distracted a toddler on the verge of a tantrum.

“Alright, well, be good everyone.” Deborah said as she stood up and grabbed her bag, “Lyra, you’ve got our numbers in case of emergencies.”

With that Scott watched his parents leave. The front door closed a few seconds later and the only sound left in the room was of little blocks banging together. Scott continued to stand awkwardly. It was impossible for him to miss the looks of amusement on the faces of Elliott and Noah. He wished someone would tell him what to do.

“Would you like to play as well, Scott?” Lyra asked as she held out a block.

Scott felt shame flooding his system but he forced himself to nod. He crinkled loudly as he stepped over and sat down to the side of the others. He couldn’t speak because he knew opening his mouth would probably start him crying like a baby.

“I can’t believe it!” Noah finally said as he leant forwards in his chair, “He’s actually treated like a baby? Seriously?”

“I told you I wasn’t joking.” Lyra replied with a small chuckle, “You owe me £20.”

“I’ll gladly pay.” Noah laughed.

“You should see his bedroom!” Elliott piped up from the couch.

“Oh yeah?” Noah looked over to Scott.

“I’ll show you it later.” Elliott’s favourite pastime seemed to be humiliating his older brother. He loved talking about Scott’s recent history, “We went on holiday and…”

Scott tried his best to tune out and focus on building his blocks up. He was blushing deeply as Elliott launched from one story into another, every one of them true and every one of them humiliating. Noah, a man whom Scott knew throughout school as an acquaintance was hanging on this teenager’s words. Elliott seemed delighted to be getting so much attention from a “cool” older teen.

“Do you want to go see his room then?” Elliott finally asked after telling Noah about the time Scott had to be found by a lifeguard and was changed on the beach.

“Sure.” Noah seemed infinitely entertained by everything Scott was going through.

Noah stood up and followed Elliott out of the room. Scott heard their footsteps going upstairs, he hated that he didn’t get a say in who saw his room. He didn’t get a say in any part of his life.

“Why did you bring him?” Scott sulkily asked as half his tower of blocks toppled over.

“When I told him about you he couldn’t believe it.” Lyra replied with a chuckle, “He thought I was making it all up so I invited him to come see.”

“You’ve told people?” Scott felt his heart sink. He knew that a lot of people had seen what he had become but it felt different when it was people that knew him.

“Just Noah.” Lyra replied. She turned to Huw, “Oh wow, look at that tower! We’ve got a little architect over here.”

Scott looked over to see that Huw’s tower was indeed better than his own. It wasn’t a surprise when Scott was so distracted by everything going on, it did make him feel a little embarrassed though. It seemed like he couldn’t even play as well as his toddler brother.

“Alright, Huw, why don’t you help your brother whilst I prepare some dinner for everyone?” Lyra suggested, “Can you do that? Can you be a big boy and help your brother build a cool tower like yours?”

“Uh huh.” Huw nodded his head happily.

Scott ducked his head a little as Huw got praised and Lyra stood up. To be left in the care of Huw was embarrassing in the extreme but the toddler seemed to revel in it. He took no time at all to start directing Scott as if he was a master engineer.

“No, not like that.” Huw said when Scott placed a block, “Like this.”

Huw took the block from Scott and placed it on the ground. He made it so the base was four blocks instead of one. Scott had to admit that it made sense, it would give the tower more stability but he didn’t think they were taking this seriously. He could only blush in humiliation as Huw praised him.

“Bossy pants.” Scott muttered under his breath.

“Huh?” Huw asked.

“Nothing…” Scott said.

“I need the potty!” Huw quickly stood up. He hurried halfway out of the room and then stopped and looked back, “Can I leave you alone?”

Scott nodded his head as his cheeks flushed red again. Everyone acted like he wasn’t really eighteen-years-old, they all seemed so deeply convinced that he was an infant that it made it hard for Scott to remember he wasn’t. It had been so long since he had experienced life out of nappies and he felt further away from getting his underpants back than ever before.

From the hallway he heard Huw calling for Lyra and then the two rushing up the stairs. Scott stayed alone in the living room and felt himself wetting his nappy. He sighed as the warmth tickled his skin and trickled down between the cheeks of his bottom. Regular underpants definitely felt further away than ever before.

Scott sat in silence and built the little block tower. Upstairs he knew Huw was using the toilet like a big boy and Elliott was impressing his new older friend. Scott definitely felt like the baby of the family.

A few minutes later there were more footsteps on the stairs and it sounded like everyone was coming back down. Huw walked into the living room with a big smile on his face and a proud swagger, Lyra wasn’t with him so had presumably returned to the kitchen to continue cooking. Elliott and Noah walked in shortly after Huw, they had these horrible condescending smiles on their faces like they were in on a joke that Scott didn’t know about.

“Lyra wants us all in the dining room.” Noah said from the doorway, “Dinner is nearly ready apparently.”

Scott was the last to leave the room. His bulbous rear end crinkled as he stood up, his clothes did next to nothing to hide what he was wearing underneath. As he was about to leave the room Noah put his arm out and blocked the doorway. Scott froze, he heard his two brothers going out into the dining room and felt a childish desire to call out to them for help.

“I always knew you were pathetic but this is more than I ever imagined.” Noah muttered, “What sort of man lets this happen to them?”

Scott had asked this question of himself many times and he didn’t have an answer. The “bad boy” who did whatever he wanted was now the baby boy with no control over his life. It had been so easy for his to fall into this submissive position.

“C-Can I just go…” Scott asked as he kept his eyes on the ground.

“Of course.” Noah’s smirk of dominance made Scott feel half as tall as he was.

Scott waited for Noah’s arm to move and then he started through the doorway. He was almost out in the hall when he felt a hand grab the rear of his pants and pull down. The soft material of the pants seemed to just glide over the nappy and drop down his legs. He froze in place with horror etched over his features.

“What are you-” Scott started but his question was answered before he could ask it.

Scott felt his wet nappy pushed up between his legs and against his crotch. It was Noah’s hand of course and Scott stayed as still as possible as this almost stranger checked him. He saw a second hand reaching towards his front and he closed his eyes in shame as he felt Noah assessing the obviously wet underwear.

“I can’t believe you actually use these…” Noah was practically whispering but he was so close to Scott it still made him jump.

“I-I don’t have a choice!” Scott pathetically tried to plead.

“Step out of your trousers.” Noah ordered.

“Can’t I…” Scott started.

“Step out of them and go for dinner.” Noah insisted. To make his point he stood on the trousers that were against the ground and around Scott’s ankles.

It seemed like any adult could order Scott around. With a groan of despair Scott started moving his feet to try and kick his trousers off. They weren’t easy to dislodge and he almost tripped himself up.

“Woah, careful there, baby.” Noah said with a chuckle.

Scott felt overcome with humiliation as he grabbed hold of Noah’s arm to balance himself and get his pants off. His wet diaper was on display and he felt like he couldn’t even undress and embarrass himself without help.

“There you go.” Noah said as he kicked Scott’s trousers into the living room, “Now you’re dressed for dinner. Say “thank you, Noah”… Wait, wait, wait, say “thank you, Uncle Noah.””

Scott physically winced. He chanced a look up at Noah’s face and saw him truly enjoying it. This was a game to him, Scott was a new toy that he was having fun playing with. Scott knew the look, he had seen it on so many people’s faces at this point. He took a deep breath and looked down at the floor.

“Thank you Uncle Noah.” Scott muttered.

“Good boy. Run along now.” Noah was failing to stifle his giggles.