Rebecca laid in bed that night with her pull-up and nightgown on. She couldn’t sleep no matter how much she tossed and turned, now that she knew that her plan worked she was excited for it to happen again. It was a shame that she couldn’t be in the room to see it.

Eventually she fell asleep from pure exhaustion. She slept with a smile on her face and she was sure that even having a wet night herself wouldn’t dent her mood.

Tim was struggling to sleep as well but his issues were for a very different reason. Elizabeth was sleeping next to him, he could feel her breath on the back of his neck as he faced away from her. Despite him trying to put his confident façade back up he remembered the previous night very well and Elizabeth had told him in no uncertain terms that she wouldn’t put up with these accidents.

It was past midnight by the time Tim had fallen asleep and he was hunched up in the fetal position, a symptom of his nervousness. His last thoughts before falling asleep were prayers that he would wake up normally, he had work the next day and he didn’t want two wet beds weighing on his mind.

Thanks to Tim’s anxiety he didn’t get a very restful night of sleep. He tossed and turned a lot and woke up more than once though he was pleased when he did so to find his bed dry.

Tim’s alarm started beeping early in the morning and he knew that he was in trouble. He opened his eyes to a very warm bed and he knew it wasn’t sweat. The only reason his girlfriend hadn’t woken up was because he had been facing away from her, as he lifted the cover to see a very large wet patch he saw it hadn’t touched Elizabeth. He felt awful and there was nothing he could do, as he turned his alarm off and sat up he realised he couldn’t try to hide the evidence since his girlfriend was sleeping on it. There wasn’t time to sit around and think of a solution either, he had to get to work.

Tim stood up and covered the wet patch as quietly as he could. He was desperate not to wake Elizabeth up and have her shout at him, he quickly got dressed in his suit and in his haste he forgot to even shower as he took his briefcase and snuck downstairs. He was completely on autopilot and he skipped breakfast as he took his keys and went straight out to his car. Tim glanced up at the bedroom he had left rather timidly as he turned his car on and drove away.

Rebecca was woken up rather suddenly an hour later when she heard a raised voice from her mother. She quickly sat up and placed her ear to the wall in the hope of hearing what was being said but it seemed like after the initial outburst she had fallen silent. To make the wake up even better she gradually realised her pull-up was dry, she smiled and gave a fist bump in the air as she climbed out of bed.

In her pull-up and thin night gown Rebecca realised she had a great chance to do something here. She opened her bedroom door and hurried down the landing to the master bedroom. She couldn’t hear anything coming from inside so she knocked lightly on the door. There was a pause where no sound came from inside and then eventually she heard her mother’s voice.

“What is it?” Elizabeth’s voice was quite terse.

“It’s me.” Rebecca called out, “I heard a shout. Is everything, OK?”

“Yes… Yes, everything is fine.” Elizabeth called out.

“Can I come in?” Rebecca asked.

“Sure.” Elizabeth replied after a short pause where she seemed to be thinking about it.

Rebecca tried to hide her smile as she took a steadying breath and then opened the door. She walked into the master bedroom to see her mother standing on the far side of the room. Her hands were on her hips and she was looking away from Rebecca out the window. Rebecca couldn’t see any wet patches on the bed or anything, it looked like if anything was there that Elizabeth had hidden it under the covers.

“What’s up, sweetie?” Elizabeth said as she turned to see her daughter standing in the doorway.

“I just wanted to make sure you were alright.” Rebecca said in the sweetest voice she could put on.

“Yes, I’m fine. Just not the best wake up.” Elizabeth replied. She was quite surprised to see Rebecca standing in front of her whilst clearly still wearing her pull-up, Rebecca normally did all she could to avoid being seen in those.

“Oh.” Rebecca replied. She wanted more information but she knew she couldn’t push the issue, “Well, if it makes you feel better. I, erm, woke up dry.”

“Oh, Bex!” Elizabeth’s face cracked into a smile, “That’s great. I’m proud of you.”

“Thanks mom.” Rebecca said rather bashfully. She turned to leave the room as she planned to get dressed, she wouldn’t normally have walked into her mom’s room like this but she didn’t want to waste any time after she heard the shout.

“Oh, Bex?” Elizabeth called out just before Rebecca had closed the door.

“Yes?” Rebecca stuck her head back into the bedroom.

“I’m going to go to the shop in a little bit. There’s some things I need to get, you’ll be OK home alone won’t you?” Elizabeth asked.

“Of course.” Rebecca replied.

Rebecca backed out of the room and went back to her own. She practically danced across to her own closet, and pulled her nightie off. She pulled out a plain white t-shirt and knee length skirt and once she had put on her usual underwear she got dressed, picked up her pull-up and walked downstairs. It was with pride that she dropped the dry pull-up into the kitchen’s trash can.

Rebecca made herself some cereal and sat at the table. She watched Elizabeth come downstairs with the bedsheets a few minutes later, she walked through to the washing machine and shoved all the sheets into the machine unceremoniously.

“Washing the sheets again?” Rebecca asked with faux innocence.

“Yes I am.” Elizabeth said shortly, “I’m heading out now, I’ll have my phone if you need me.”

Rebecca ate her cereal until the moment her mom had closed the front door. As soon as Rebecca heard the car starting up in the driveway she ran to the living room and looked through the window to see her mom pulling away. When the car disappeared out of sight she pulled back from the window and ran upstairs.

With her heart hammering hard and fast Rebecca walked into her mother’s bedroom. She nervously tip-toed around the bed and to where she assumed Tim had been sleeping, she reached a trembling hand forwards and pulled the covers away.

“Oh my God!” Rebecca covered her mouth as a stifled bark of a laugh escaped between her fingers.

On the mattress in front of Rebecca was a large discoloured section of the mattress. It was circular and darker than the rest of the bed and when Rebecca touched it lightly with her fingers she could feel it was a little damp. She jumped up and down with the final confirmation that her plan was working.

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Tim was sat at the desk in his office and lost in thought. He thought about everything that had happened in the last two days and how his life seemed so weirdly different, so many unexpected things had happened from the more permanent moving to the wet beds. He was even planning on picking a car load of his stuff up after work to bring it to his new home.

No work had been done that day which was no different from usual but Tim knew his staff thought he was acting weirdly. Normally he would be walking around and killing work time by talking to others or creating work for himself but today he had been locked in his room completely separated from everyone else in the store.

At around lunch time Tim was broken from his stupor when he felt his phone vibrating in his pocket. He pulled it out to see a text from Elizabeth, he hesitated in reading the message because he knew she would be angry at him for wetting the bed again.

“I’m not mad, just disappointed. You’ll be living under my roof soon so I want you to know that when you get home this evening there will be changes.” Elizabeth’s text was rather ambiguous and Tim wondered how he should reply, he wondered if he should reply at all.

The day passed easier once Tim knew his girlfriend wasn’t angry but he was nervous about what she was suggesting would change. His outer shell of confidence that had never been tested before seemed to be cracked and he was feeling very vulnerable.

Tim spent the whole day ruminating on everything and worrying about what would happen when he got back to Elizabeth’s house. He nearly always found an excuse to leave early but today he made sure to stay as late as possible. When the clock hit five in the evening he picked up his bag and started to leave. It was so unusual for him to be there that late in the day that his secretary and staff seemed almost surprised to see him there.

Walking down to his car Tim drove to his old apartment and left it half an hour later with a few boxes full of clothes. Has he drove towards Elizabeth’s place he felt his heart hammering and his hands shaking, he hated feeling nervous and out of control but the closer he got to Elizabeth’s the worse he felt. When he finally pulled up outside the driveway he found himself having to take a deep breath before he could step out of his car with his boxes of things.

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Dinner that evening was a strange affair. Everyone was very quiet and Tim felt quite uncomfortable with both the women looking at him every time he averted his gaze. He knew Elizabeth had something in store for him and despite pushing her about it she had refused to tell him what she was going to do. Tim couldn’t help but wonder if Rebecca knew, he didn’t think Elizabeth would tell his secrets like that but Rebecca’s knowing look was concerning.

Tim picked up the beer that Rebecca had brought him just before dinner and he sipped from it. He looked at the liquid and swirled it around a little bit.

“I think my taste buds might be changing.” Tim said as he placed the drink down.

“Drinking less beer might be good for you.” Elizabeth replied. It seemed like an innocuous comment but Tim knew it was very pointed and aimed at one problem in particular.

Tim soon finished his meal and put his knife and fork down. He stretched and drank the rest of his drink. He waited for everyone else to finish before getting up and leading the way to the living room, as he walked past the doorway to the hall he saw the few boxes of possessions he had so far brought over and he felt a pang of anxiety. This was such a big change but it seemed to have been forced into the background by his more immediate problems.

“I think there’s an old black and-” Tim started to say as he reached for the television’s remote control.

“Nope.” Elizabeth took the controller and sat down next to Tim who looked very surprised. He was not used to being told no.

“No?” Tim repeated.

“Bex and I have some soap operas to catch up on.” Elizabeth said as she turned the television over to a different channel.

“You’re serious?” Tim said. He wasn’t happy having what he was going to watch dictated to him.

“Of course I am.” Elizabeth replied authoritatively, “If you don’t like it you can go to bed now. Is that what you want?”

“N-No…” Tim replied quietly. He felt almost like he was under attack as Elizabeth dominated the room so easily. He didn’t know quite what to do, normally he would assert himself again but something about the way Elizabeth was looking at him made him wilt. It was a strange and unpleasant feeling for the controlling man.

Rebecca smiled from the nearby chair. This was an unexpected but very welcome change of pace, as Tim was forced to go by someone else’s rules for once. She had dropped a couple of the pill into the man’s drink at dinner so she was able to sit back and enjoy some television with her mother for the evening.

Tim was bored out of his mind. These soap operas were dreadful and they had atrocious acting, he really wanted to take control of the situation but instead he sat quietly and continued to watch what he was told.

Tim slowly grew increasingly sleepy as he leaned against his girlfriend and had little to interest him. He found his eyelids growing heavy and before he knew it he was yawning widely, he knew he should probably go up to bed but he felt very lazy and comfortable where he was. His blinks took longer and longer until eventually he closed his eyes and didn’t open them again.

Tim had no idea how long his eyes were closed for but when he suddenly opened them again he found that a different show was on the television but it wasn’t the flashing lights or loud noises that had woken him up.

Sitting up but leaning on Elizabeth’s shoulder, Tim felt a sudden creeping warmth in his pants. It was a horribly familiar feeling as his crotch and inner thighs heated up. He clamped his bladder muscles closed and stopped the flow before too much damage was done. He casually tried to reach down and feel the seat beneath him to see how bad the damage was, Tim winced as he felt a reasonably big wet patch on the couch.

Trying to stay calm as he felt embarrassment threatening to overwhelm him Tim lifted his head slowly and looked towards his girlfriend. She seemed only semi-awake and was watching the television rather serenely. Rebecca across the room was leaning back in her chair and texting on her phone. Tim saw his drink on the table and realised he had one way to hide his shameful wetting.

Tim casually reached forward for his beer and brought it towards him. He made sure no one was watching as he brought the glass up towards his mouth and then deliberately spilled the cool beer down his front, he made extra sure it soaked his pants and the couch cushion.

“Oh no!” Tim said rather theatrically, “I spilled my drink!”

Tim tried to act normally as he jumped to his feet. He saw Elizabeth jumping up and looking cross as Rebecca looked over frowning.

“Oh for heaven’s sake!” Elizabeth exclaimed as she looked down at the wet crotch and couch, “Go upstairs and get changed! I’ll be up soon.”

Tim didn’t stay around to argue. He quickly turned and left the room with a face that was very red and threatening to give the game away. He hurried straight upstairs and into the bedroom where he stripped his clothes off and waited for Elizabeth.

Downstairs, Elizabeth had gone out to the kitchen to get some absorbent kitchen roll and she returned to the living room in a terrible mood. Rebecca was sat on the armchair to the side and watching proceedings with curiosity.

Elizabeth knelt down and started patting the liquid on the cushion. She dabbed at it several times before she paused and realised that the liquid in some parts of the seat was warm. Tim’s beer was cold or room temperature so the warm liquid must’ve come from somewhere else. There was only one source that Elizabeth could think would cause the spill.

“Unbelievable…” Elizabeth muttered angrily.

“What’s wrong?” Rebecca asked. Her curiosity was burning inside her and although she had an idea what might’ve happened she couldn’t let on that she knew.

“Don’t worry about it.” Elizabeth said rather mechanically.

Rebecca decided not to press the point but she had to work to stop herself from smiling as the cover to the couch was stripped off and taken away for washing. She quietly walked over and smelt the area, she couldn’t be sure but there definitely seemed to be a hint of something that definitely wasn’t beer.

“I’m going to bed.” Elizabeth’s face was stony as she walked back through the living room, “Don’t stay up too late and make sure you are suitably dressed for bed.”

“I will, mom.” Rebecca replied with a smile, “Goodnight.”

Rebecca watched her mother go upstairs with a smile. She lifted her phone up and found Piper’s name in her contact list. She furiously started typing out a message to her friend.

“You won’t believe what’s happening!” Rebecca typed, “I’ll tell you at school tomorrow.”

Elizabeth went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and generally get ready for bed. She was in a fiery mood when she stomped down the landing and opened the door to her bedroom. She wasn’t happy to see Tim naked and lying on top of her covers, he looked to be sleeping.

The angry Elizabeth strode forwards to the bed and roughly pushed Tim to wake him up. His eyes shot open as he stared at the woman who was towering over him. He could see from her wide eyes that she knew what his spill had really been.

“I know you’re angry…” Tim quickly started to say as he held his hands out above him.

“Angry?” Elizabeth replied with a little shake of the head, “I’m furious!”

Tim started trying to sit up but he found himself pushed straight back down on to the bed by Elizabeth. He was not used to being dominated like this and he wasn’t quite sure what to do, the look of anger on his girlfriend’s face left him feeling very timid and cowed. He felt like he was shrinking under her withering stare.

“I don’t know why it keeps happening.” Tim said quietly as he looked away from Elizabeth. He was very embarrassed.

“Well I don’t care.” Elizabeth backed away and opened the closet at the foot of the bed, “Luckily I’m prepared for this.”

Tim watched from the bed nervously as a dark plastic bag was lifted on to the bed. He read the name on the side of the bag as “Johnson’s Pharmacy” and he wondered what could possibly be in there.

Elizabeth wordlessly reached into the bag and pulled out what seemed to be a heavy rectangular block. She dropped it on to the bed as Tim stared at the tight plastic wrapping. It took a few seconds for his brain to work out what he was looking at. The light blue plastic had a lot of text on it as well as pictures of a smiling elderly couple, he could see a diagram with instructions and realised that this was a pack of adult diapers!

“No!” Tim started vehemently shaking his head, “Absolutely not.”

“You seem to be under the misapprehension that this is a choice.” Elizabeth tore the packaging open to reveal the tightly packed white diapers within. She watched Tim squirming as he saw the tapes at the top of the rectangles. “Elizabeth, please…” Tim shook his head, “This is crazy!”

“Is it?” Elizabeth asked as she pulled one of the diapers out of the plastic packaging, “Because my daughter wets the bed and wears protection to help. Why should you be any different?”

Tim had nothing to say which was an unusual situation. He was lying on the bed and looking up at the ceiling and feeling his face go ever redder, his eyes threatened to tear up but he did his best not to show any weakness. He felt very vulnerable as he laid down completely naked.

Watching the rectangle get unfolded made Tim whimper a little. He wanted to get up and leave but he felt chained to the bed mentally and emotionally, he didn’t want to leave Elizabeth and at that moment he was frightened to even get off the mattress. The diaper unfolded and Tim was shocked at how big it was. It looked like it could wrap around his waist twice as Elizabeth manhandled it into position. The diaper was nearly completely white but it had dark blue tapes and a wetness indicator that was a light yellow in colour.

“Lift up.” Elizabeth ordered as she laced the padding between Tim’s legs.

“Can we talk about this?” Tim asked rather desperately. He couldn’t imagine being put into a diaper like this.

“I’m done talking.” Elizabeth said simply.

Tim was mouthing the word “no” as he suddenly felt his legs get lifted into the air. He flailed his lower legs as his feet were pushed over his face and the breath was squeezed from his body. He had no idea his body could even bend this was and he was geeing a closer look at his genitals than he had seen in decades.

Tim felt like he was going to topple over backwards when he felt his legs slowly lower back down on to the bed. He could feel the fluffy padding beneath his butt and he immediately felt his body tense up. Even as his weight came down on the diaper he could hear it crinkle slightly, each movement echoed around the quiet room. Tim was stunned and wasn’t sure what to do, his body was frozen to the spot as Elizabeth straightened the diaper out.

With his face becoming as red as a tomato Tim looked up at the ceiling as the soft diaper padding was pulled up between his legs to cover his genitals. The diaper was flattened against Tim’s belly by Elizabeth’s small and feminine hand, Tim couldn’t bear to look down and see what was happening and he felt more humiliated than ever before.

The tapes were pulled tightly and closed on the front of the plastic padding. Tim thought the diaper was very tight but he didn’t dare complain to the woman who suddenly seemed to have a lot of control over him. When the tapes were placed Elizabeth smoothed them out before standing back up and examining her work.

“It’s looking good.” Elizabeth said as she smiled.

Tim was practically shivering as Elizabeth walked around the bed to her side and climbed in. She turned off the lights and pulled the cover up over herself.

“Goodnight.” Elizabeth said softly in the darkness.

Tim didn’t reply. He finally took his eyes off the ceiling and looked sideways at his girlfriend who had suddenly shown such a different side of herself. He tried to lay completely still but inevitably his leg would twitch or something occasionally, each and every time he moved a crescendo of crinkles filled the otherwise silent room. To Tim this diaper was the loudest thing in the world.

Even though Tim attempted to be as silent and slow as possible he still made a lot of noise as he slipped under his cover. He was too scared to touch the plastic padding around his waist, he didn’t want to believe it was really there. It took a long time for Tim to fall asleep that evening but eventually he closed his eyes and didn’t open them again until dawn.