Anthony was in a state of shell-shock. He watched his parents walk away as if he had just seen a pair of ghosts walk past the doorway. It didn’t seem possible his mom and dad were there. He heard his parents follow his wife to the kitchen and didn’t know what to do. Should he climb out of the playpen and follow them? Was this his chance to end this interminable punishment?

It didn’t seem possible that his parents would let their son stay like this but at the same time Anthony desperately wanted to go and see them. He didn’t think even his wife could make this treatment sound normal. He realised his hand was pressed against the front of his diaper, the recent wetting causing it to radiate heat through the plastic.

Anthony stared at the doorway as if looking hard enough would somehow allow him to see what was going on. Time seemed to lose all meaning as he waited breathlessly. He thought there would be raised voices or the sound of things being thrown but there was only silence.

Hours passed by and Anthony still hadn’t heard anything from the kitchen. He needed to poop but he definitely wasn’t doing that yet. He was going to wait until his parents came back and let him out of his diapers, then, for the first time in a very long time, he would use the toilet. Maybe there was still something left of his life that he could salvage. Perhaps if he begged hard enough he might even be able to get his job back. Things could go back to normal and everyone would one day forget this whole shameful episode.

Anthony was getting increasingly impatient. It shouldn’t take that long to tell Jane that this was cruel and unusual punishment and put an end to it. Another hour had gone by and his need to go to the bathroom had only grown stronger. The pressure was constant and he found himself clutching his tummy as he waited. He started to wonder if the three of them were even in the house anymore. Jane hadn’t brought him a bottle, checked his diaper or anything…

There was no way Anthony was going to be able to hold on forever and with his atrophied muscles he was reasonably surprised he had controlled himself this long. He never thought his mom and dad would spend so long here, he was desperate not to embarrass himself any more than he had already done but his desperation for the toilet was fast outgrowing his dignity.

Anthony hadn’t shifted position since his parents arrived but now he started to squirm. To his horror the moment his butt left the floor he felt poop starting to slide out of him. He froze half an inch off the floor and the poop held his hole open. It was too late to do anything now, he was messy and so the fight to remain clean had been lost. With a sigh of resignation Anthony leaned to his side and gave his diaper plenty of room.

As soon as Anthony twisted his body he started filling his diaper. His lax sphincter that was practically useless from lack of use simply opened as his log pushed out and then dropped into the diaper, thanks to the way he was leaning he felt it basically roll down his cheek. He grunted as he pushed down and filled his disposable fully, the poop seemed to just burst out of him until he was sitting in a very dirty diaper.

“Ugh…” Anthony grimaced as he lowered himself back down on to the floor.

With a shiver Anthony felt the mess in his diaper getting squeezed around him. It was a sickeningly familiar feeling and the pressure of the floor seemed to push the smell out of the padding making the air around him stink.

Normally he would call for Jane now. He would experience the humiliation of needing another adult to change him. There was no way he was going to do that with his parents there. If they were there. He still hadn’t heard or seen them since they so briefly stood in the doorway. What would they think if they knew what he had done?

It was another agonising hour before the sound of chairs scraping linoleum let Anthony know that he wasn’t alone. He had been sat in his diaper the whole time and had desperately tried not to move. To his relief the initial bad smell seemed to dissipate and he didn’t think it was noticeable at all. Small victories. At least it meant that when his parents rescued him he might be able to sneak away before they knew what he had done.

Footsteps came down the hallway and Anthony found that he was holding his breath. He wanted to stand up so he was ready for his mom to open the gate but he was still nervous of the smell. Despite expecting it he still jumped when his parents appeared in the doorway.

“Mom… Dad…” Anthony held out his arms. He wanted it to look like he was welcoming him but in hindsight he may have looked like he was asking to be picked up like a baby.

“Good grief…” Harriett pulled out a handkerchief and covered her nose. Before her face was mostly covered up Anthony had time to see her look of disgust.

Anthony didn’t think the smell was all that bad. Heck, he wasn’t sure it was even noticeable and yet his parents looked like they had just smelled an open sewer. With a start Anthony realised he might actually just be becoming nose blind to himself. A scary prospect but it didn’t matter if he was getting out of here.

“W-Where are you going?” Anthony asked rather desperately as his parents turned away and walked towards the front door.

Anthony panicked as he saw his mom and dad disappear around the corner. Losing all his composure he got up on his knees and scooted forwards until he reached the playpen’s fence. He gripped the bars.

“Hey! Come back!” Anthony yelled desperately, “Get me out!”

Anthony listened as he heard the front door open and a few seconds later it closed. He climbed to his feet and felt his diaper stick to him as if it was coated in glue. He hurried around the edge of the pen until he could look at the living room window. Through the white net curtains he could see his parents getting into a car and after a further minute they pulled away and started rolling down the long drive.

“No!” Anthony screamed, “What the hell is going on!?”

“Oh, calm down dear.” Jane said as she walked into the living room again, “There’s no need for a tantrum.”

“What did you say to them!?” Anthony shouted, “Why did they leave me here like this?”

“If you want to be talked to like an adult then you have to sit down and stop acting like a baby.” Jane warned, “Can you do that?”

Anthony hated the condescending tone in his wife’s voice. He wanted to rage, he wanted to shout and throw things but he was already wilting as Jane stared at him. The anger dissipated and he started justifying to himself why he was about to comply with her orders. If he wanted to know what happened he would have to do as she said. He took a deep breath and lowered himself to the floor again. He had almost forgotten about his messy butt until he further smeared it all on himself. He crossed his legs and waited.

Jane was in no rush. Anthony had a burning desire to know what was going on but Jane was making him wait. His teeth were clenched as he watched his wife slowly make her way around to the couch, she brushed off some dust and then sat down. It was the first time that Anthony noticed his wife was holding a folder in one of her hands, she now placed it next to her on the couch.

“Well…?” Anthony asked impatiently.

“Patience, little one.” Jane replied with a smile.

Anthony scowled. Jane was purposefully making him wait as long as possible, it almost seemed like she was daring him to react and get angry, to give her a reason to punish him. He wasn’t going to let her do that. He watched with gritted teeth as she opened the folder she had brought with her and smiled at the contents. She took several of the papers and placed them on top of the folder.

“Your parents are really nice people.” Jane said, “You really should’ve spent more time with them.”

Anthony remained silent. He bit back the words that threatened to spill out and swallowed them back down. He told himself to wait and just let her get to the point.

“We had a lovely long chat.” Jane continued when Anthony didn’t say anything, “They were pretty angry about you’re living situation. Well, your mom was at least, your dad seemed to understand it more.”

That made sense to Anthony. It had always been his mom pushing him to do more with himself whilst his dad seemed to see who he really was. Regardless of how either of his parents thought about him he couldn’t believe either had simply abandoned him to this fate.

“Well, by the time they left they saw things my way.” Jane said triumphantly, “You see… I’ve spent some time thinking that it doesn’t make sense that despite you being a baby you essentially still had control of things like the house… in a roundabout way of course, your parents owned the house but that essentially gave you more control than you really deserved.”

“Wait… owned?” Anthony asked noticing the past tense.

“Owned.” Jane’s face broke into a wide smile. Her teeth were displayed like a shark as it approached its victim.

Anthony watched as Jane picked up a sheet of paper and held it up. He had to squint to see any of the writing but he recognised it as a Certificate of Ownership. He didn’t have time to read it all but he saw his parent’s signatures and Jane’s signature next to it. Jane then reached over with her other hand and held up another form. It was the deed to the house and it had the same three signatures.

For a second Anthony didn’t understand what this meant. Gradually the full weight of what he was seeing was falling on him. His mouth dropped open and he felt suddenly lightheaded. This must be some sort of practical joke.

“For a nominal fee your parents have signed the house over to me.” Jane said cheerily, “Along with everything else they still had their names on. This house, the cars outside and everything within our property is now owned by me.”

Anthony was used to betrayal. He had watched as Jane, his wife, started seeing another guy and Mandy had humiliated and lost him his job through her lies. But this was something completely different. His parents, his hope for rescue from this interminable punishment had turned their backs on him. They hadn’t even spoken to him, they took Jane’s version of events and signed everything over to her before driving away from his life.

“You’re still in their will, of course.” Jane continued as she looked at some of the other paperwork. She seemed oblivious to how crestfallen her husband was, “There are some… conditions now attached though. It requires you to remain with me. If you leave or if I kick you out you’ll be taken out of the will.”

Anthony’s eyes filled with tears. He had rarely seriously considered leaving because he had nowhere to go and had always believed that one way or another he would get out of this but now he realised how much he had clung on to the possibility of leaving. That had been ripped away from him now. His parents had turned away from him and now his wife had complete power. A tear ran down his cheek and he fought back against a sob.

“Oh, baby, there’s no need to cry.” Jane said softly, “Nothing’s changed. This just protects us and makes sure we all know where we stand.”

Anthony was trying to hold back the tears but it was very difficult. Soon another tear was rolling down his face and he could do nothing to stop his eyes welling up again. He felt like he had a lump in his throat that was trying to come up and out of his mouth. He had to keep trying to swallow it back.

“I know what you need.” Jane said as she stood up, “It’s that diaper upsetting you, isn’t it? You need your diaper changed.”

Jane walked around to the gate of the playpen and opened it. She indicated for Anthony to follow her and he reluctantly got off the seat of his diaper. In truth he had almost forgotten he was messy as he was trying to process everything else that had happened. He slowly followed Jane out of the playpen and up the stairs. He wondered if there was anything he could say to make the situation better, it didn’t seem likely.

Once up on the changing table Anthony stared up at the ceiling. His wife now owned the house. His parents had signed it away without even speaking to him. Just like everyone else they had abandoned him and left him even more reliant on his wife.

Anthony’s diaper was opened up and as he felt the wet touch of the baby wipes he could only look forward to more of this. He felt utterly defeated as he was cleaned like a useless baby. By the time he was clean and the diaper was pulled out from underneath him Anthony was more than ready for the nap he assumed was coming. He needed some time alone.

The new diaper was opened and slipped underneath Anthony’s compliantly raised butt. He lowered on to the familiar feeling of padding and sighed. Once it was taped closed he sat up and dropped off the side of the table. As expected Jane went over to the crib and lowered the side. Anthony had been through this process enough times to know what that meant. He waddled over with his crinkling fresh diaper and climbed inside. The bars came up behind him and locked into place.

“I know there’s been a lot to take in today.” Jane said as she reached through the bars and stroked the side of Anthony’s face, “I’m sure you’ll feel better after a nice nap.”

Anthony didn’t believe that was true at all. He didn’t think anything would make him feel better. He laid down against his pillow as Jane pulled her phone out of her pocket. Anthony watched curiously as she tapped the screen a couple of times and then held the phone up to her ear. She turned and slowly started walking away from the crib, Anthony followed her every step.

“Hey.” Jane said when whoever was on the other end of the phone answered, “It’s on.”

Anthony didn’t like the sound of that at all. As Jane rounded the door and walked out on to the landing he heard her let out a cackle of a laugh that put in mind an evil villain. Anthony pulled a teddy bear closer to him as he snivelled and closed his eyes.