When Tommy had finished he immediately felt regret and shame about what he had just done. He looked at his father and step-mother and it was hard to tell which one was more shocked by the embarrassingly infantile display.

“This is what I mean.” Sandra said as she gestured at Tommy in exasperation and looked at George.

“Did he… Did he…” George seemed at a loss for words at what he had just witnessed his son doing. It was less that he had messed himself and more that he had seemingly done it either without control or he purposely waited for Sandra to change him before doing it.

“Dad, I…” Tommy wanted to explain himself but his furious step-mother interrupted him.

“I had JUST changed him.” Sandra exclaimed in annoyance.

“It’s OK, honey.” George replied, “I’ll deal with it.”

Tommy watched as his dad walked over to him with purpose. He swallowed in fear at what he was planning to do.

“Stand up.” George demanded with a harsh tone.

Tommy rolled off the side of his bed in a belated attempt to keep the poop off his skin. He was blushing wildly at how this awful morning was going, the last thing he wanted to do was confirm to his dad everything that Sandra had said. He watched his dad sit down on the side of the bed and wished that he could go back in time five minutes to stop all of this happening.

“What’s going on?” Erin’s voice appeared at the doorway. It seemed like she was on her way to her bedroom when she glanced into Tommy’s room.

“Oh, great…” Tommy whined petulantly. He wondered if anyone else wanted to wander over and stumble on this horrid scene.

“You have no right to complain, little boy.” Tommy’s dad said angrily. He reached out and grabbed Tommy’s wrist to pull him down over his lap.

Tommy was already tearing up. Laying across his dad’s lap in a messy diaper for what he assumed was a spanking whilst Sandra and Erin watched was something his mind wouldn’t have come up with in his worst nightmare.

Tommy felt the first hard swat on in his rear before he was expecting it and he let out a little yelp. The shock was enough to push him over the edge and he started blubbering as his dad spanked him like an unruly toddler.

“I. Did. Not. Raise. You. To. Act. Like. This.” Every single word George said was punctuated by a hard spank that pressed the mushy lump in the back of his diaper against his rear end. It didn’t hurt but the humiliation was more intense than anything Tommy could remember.

Tommy didn’t even know when the spanking had ended. He had burst into tears and even after he realised the spanking had ended he laid across his dad’s lap crying. He looked around at the faces of his family members and they all looked back at him with a mixture of pity and disgust.

“We ought to leave you in that diaper to teach you a lesson.” George sighed and shook his head, “You get on with your day. I’ll change him.”

Sandra looked scandalised as she walked out of the room and closed the door behind her. Tommy’s last view of his step-mother and step-sister were of their shocked faces, they were looking at him as if he had just suddenly grown a second head.

“Honestly, what do you hope to achieve by acting like a little brat?” George asked rhetorically as he stood his son up.

Tommy could feel his diaper sticking to him as he climbed to his feet and he winced as his own poop acted as a kind of paste to hold the diaper against his skin. It was extremely uncomfortable for the young man who had made a terrible misjudgement in his attempt to get one over on his step-mother.

Tommy was still a blubbering wreck as his dad laid him down on the bed and looked at his diaper. Tommy could almost feel the disappointment radiating off of George and he was forced to look away as he quietly sobbed.

“Most father’s get to watch their kids playing sports or getting jobs at your age.” George shook his head sadly, “Here I am changing messy diapers.”

Tommy sobbed a little harder but had no response for his dad. He had been reduced to a diaper using baby so quickly that he couldn’t even work out how it had happened, his head was spinning as he tried to untangle the mess of the last few weeks.

Tommy laid down on his bed and just looked up at his dad in a pathetic way. He didn’t care about the embarrassment any more, he was just desperate for a change.

George shook his head and looked like he wanted to be anywhere else in the world as he leaned down and started pulling the tapes off the padding. His face was a mixture of disappointment and disgust and Tommy looked away as he quietly sobbed. Tommy just did his best to pretend none of this was happening.

The front of Tommy’s diaper was lowered and the smell instantly got worse. He saw his dad wince and look away as the full extent of Tommy’s accident was revealed to the room.

“Dear me…” George sighed as he waved his hand in front of his face.

The cleaning process was slow and torturous as the mess was slowly scrubbed off with wet wipes. George grimaced silently through the whole thing and Tommy wasn’t about to start conversation. Tommy realised that he had thrown away the one card he had to get out of his diapers, his chances of convincing his dad to stop all this treatment had been basically ruined by his own idiocy.

When Tommy was finally clean of the faeces his dad pulled the old diaper away and balled it up. George opened a window to try and clear the air which was now pungent with the smell of Tommy’s shame. George pulled out a new diaper and opened it with a loud crinkling.

“I wouldn’t have believed you could act like this if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes.” George shook his head as he lifted Tommy’s legs and slipped the diaper underneath him, “When Sandra told me what she had been doing… Well, I guess she knew what she was doing the whole time.”

“I’m sorry, dad.” Tommy sniffed tearfully, “I don’t need all this though… I really don’t!”

George let out a bark of a laugh as he pulled up the front of the diaper and taped it closed. It seemed like the idea that Tommy didn’t need his padding was a great joke to the rest of his family. Tommy could hardly blame them with his recent actions.

When the diaper was finally taped up George stood up and shook his head at his son. He picked up the messy diaper that had been balled up on the floor and held it as far from himself as possible, he looked at it with disgust.

“I’m going to get rid of this.” George said, “Try not to make a mess before dinner, OK?”

Tommy nodded his head at his father even as he blushed furiously. He watched his dad leave before slowly sitting up and hearing the crinkle from his waist. He wiped his face of the tears that had stained it before working out what to do with the day. After the scene he had caused during his change the last thing he wanted to do was go downstairs and face the rest of his family. When he had finally summoned up the energy he got up and walked to his computer, he didn’t bother covering his diaper up.

Tommy grabbed the cola that was always kept in the room and started drinking. The sugary taste gave him some relief from the relentless negativity that had been swirling around him. As Tommy daydreamed and stared out of the window he heard a small ding come through his speakers, he instantly recognised the noise as being his instant messenger notifying him of a new message.

“Yo, Tommy!” The screen read. It was Tommy’s friend Rob who Tommy usually spent a lot of time with. They were virtually inseparable at school and even during time off they usually hung out together a lot.

“Hi.” Tommy replied simply. He really didn’t want to be talking to anyone right now but he hadn’t spoken to his best friend in a while.

“Jesus, dude. Have you been ignoring me?” Rob asked, “You’ve been like a ghost.”

“Sorry.” Tommy replied. He wasn’t feeling very talkative after everything that had happened, “Been busy.”

“Do you want to hang out?” Rob asked, “Come over, play some video games… Maybe some football?”

“I can’t.” Tommy replied quickly, “I’m busy… I have to go shopping with my mom.”

“Really?” Rob didn’t sound too convinced. Tommy didn’t blame him since it was such a lame excuse for a man to make.

Tommy wasn’t sure how best to respond to his friend’s scepticism and he panicked. Not knowing what else to say he just right-clicked on the chat window and signed out immediately. He felt his diaper between his legs and almost subconsciously put his hand to it. He could feel his heart racing and he knew that his absence was being noticed by his friends, he wouldn’t be able to keep things hidden forever and sooner or later he would be found out. The thought of that moment terrified him.

Tommy sat on his computer for a few hours playing games and wondering if he had any hope of ending this diapered nightmare anytime. It seemed like he had never been further away from getting out of diapers than at this very moment.

When Tommy stood up to stretch he looked over to his bedroom door and saw a folded over piece of paper laying on the carpet underneath his door. It didn’t look like it was there by accident and Tommy slowly waddled over to it. As he moved he felt a feeling of fullness in his bladder and saw no reason not to just let go. He wasn’t allowed to go to the toilet and wasn’t even expected to go ask someone for permission to go to the bathroom.

Tommy stood still and closed his eyes. He was prepared to wait for a little bit before he could start wetting but he surprised himself by wetting almost immediately.

The hot urine spurted against the padding before becoming a steady stream. The padding greedily soaked up the liquid as it cascaded down between his legs and settled in the bottom of the diaper. All the cola Tommy had drunk spilled out of him as he soaked his padding and shivered slightly at the spreading heat.

When the accident finally ended Tommy briefly stood in place and fretted over the ease with which he wet himself. A consequence of long term wearing that he might have overlooked until now was that he was finding it worryingly easy to wet himself. He wondered if there was a risk of losing his potty training, he shuddered to think that he might one day be no better at keeping himself clean than a baby.

Shaking the thought out of his head Tommy walked to his door and picked up the paper. Tommy was correct in thinking that the paper was out of place because when he unfolded it he recognised his sister’s handwriting. It wasn’t hard to work out since the writing was in pink with little hearts dotting the “I”’s.

“I still have those pictures.” The note read, “I hope you’re ready for some fun and games.”

Tommy read the two lines of writing about five times as his anger escalated. He eventually sat back on the edge of his bed and crushed the little note up in his fists. Throwing the balled up paper to the side he felt his face flush as warm as the wet diaper between his thighs rested against him. As if everything else wasn’t bad enough he now remembered the pictures his step-sister had of him. He knew he couldn’t do anything she didn’t want unless he could get rid of those photos and since he had been told they weren’t even stored in the house he knew his chances of getting to them were slim to none.

It was just another nail in Tommy’s coffin. It was another circumstance tying him to this life of diapers. He had so many things to overcome he was starting to think it was impossible.