Nick looked around as Kirsty stood up and walked past him like a flash. He had noticed that she had been like a coil ready to suddenly spring forward and now she walking with purpose. He stood up and watched as Sarah walked up to the doorway of the living room with a look of confusion on her face.

“What the Hell ha-” Sarah started.

Sarah was quickly cut off as Kirsty grabbed the front of her shirt with one hand and then reared back with the other to slap her in the face. Her hand came forwards and made a firm contact causing the sound of flesh on flesh to ring out painfully around the room.

Nick was wide-eyed and was about to go intervene when George grabbed hold of his hand and pulled him back to the couch.

“Let Mistress deal with it.” George muttered quietly, “She knows what she’s doing.”

Nick had to fight his instincts to protect his wife but thought it was a good idea to listen to the sissy sitting next to him. He turned around and watched the two women and prepared to intervene in case things became too dramatic. For now, everyone was quiet and it seemed like Sarah was in shock from the violent welcome home.

“What the…” Sarah started to say as her cheek became increasingly red.

“It’s not nice, is it?” Kirsty yelled, “You don’t like getting hit, do you?”

“Well, no…” Sarah replied, “But why di-”

Sarah stopped suddenly and took in Kirsty’s appearance. Her usually immaculate hair was dishevelled and there was a small tear in one of her sleeves. Sarah looked past Kirsty at the couch and saw dried blood between George’s nose and mouth, finally she saw Nick who looked absolutely terrified of everything that was happening.

“My God, what happened here?” Sarah gasped.

“What happened?” Kirsty repeated as she shook her head, “If I didn’t know better I would’ve assumed you planned for all this to happen. You let a psychopath into your house and left him with Nick unsupervised. What do you think happened?”

Sarah’s mouth opened and closed for a few seconds like a fish out of water. As she regained her bearings she pushed past Kirsty and over to the sofa. She quickly wrapped Nick in a long and tight hug. She cooed sweet nothings that were meant to relax Nick a little.

“Are you alright?” Sarah asked quickly, “Did he hurt you?”

“A little.” Nick replied quietly.

Kirsty walked in and sat on the armchair to relay the story of what happened. She was helped by both Nick and George to fill in the details and the whole time they all sat there Sarah didn’t say a word. Once the story was over Sarah sat back and covered her face.

“Mommy?” Nick said softly, “Are you Ok?”

“I’m sorry.” Sarah said. As she spoke a very audible sob escaped her lips.

“Thank God you decided to call me.” Kirsty said finally, “We found Nick in a sorry state and if we were a few minutes later who knows what might’ve happened.”

“I just wasn’t thinking straight.” Sarah leaned forwards and uncovered her face. She wiped at her eyes with a tissue, “I got the call from the hospital and I just panicked.”

“You’ve got a baby.” Kirsty said simply, “You should never ever leave them with someone you don’t trust.”

Nick was listening to everything being said quietly. He didn’t feel comfortable being here with all this grown-up talk but he didn’t want to ask to be excused, he felt like he needed to be with someone at the moment. He didn’t even try to argue that he wasn’t just like a little baby, it didn’t seem like the time to bring up that sort of thing.

“Nick, do you want to go play?” George asked, “Mistress? Is it OK if we play in the nursery?”

“As long as Nick wants to.” Kirsty replied with a smile.

Nick nodded his head. It was as if George had read his mind and he gladly took the sissy’s hand to be led upstairs. Once they were safely back in the nursery with it’s familiar smells of baby powder and old urine Nick finally let go of George and sat down on the floor.

“A crazy day, eh?” George said as he sat in front of Nick.

“Definitely.” Nick sighed.

An easy silence fell as Nick and George digested the events that had led to this point. Nick felt bad that George had got hurt on his behalf but he felt a lot of warm feelings for his good friend. Nick leaned forward and planted a small kiss on the sissy causing both people to blush and smile.

“What do you think will happen next?” Nick asked.

“Well, I mean, I’m happy to do whatever you want to…” George replied earnestly.

“I meant with Jack…” Nick interrupted with a small giggle.

“Oh! Sorry!” George blushed even harder now, “I feel so silly.”

“Don’t worry.” Nick replied.

“I know that Mistress won’t let him get away with everything.” George said, “Mistress is harsh but fair and I know she will want to make sure Jack faces justice.”

Downstairs the adults had continued talking as soon as the baby and the sissy had left the room. Sarah was eager to hear more about what had happened whilst she was away and Kirsty had her own motives for continuing the conversation which soon became abundantly clear.

“So what are we going to do?” Sarah asked, “Jack assaulted my husband and refused to leave when asked. He must’ve broken a few laws whilst he was here. We should call the police and…”

“No.” Kirsty said quickly.

“No?” Sarah repeated in confusion, “But after everything he did… You want to let him walk away?”

“Absolutely not.” Kirsty leaned forwards in her seat and had a twisted sort of smile on her face.

“You’re going to have to explain.” Sarah said.

“We know what Jack did.” Kirsty started, “We know he assaulted Nick and everything else but can we prove it? It’s really just our word against his. Not to mention if we ended up in court he would bring all the baby stuff up and that would be a whole different issue. I don’t imagine you or Nick want to stand up in court and talk about all this?”

“Not if we can help it…” Sarah admitted.

“We have ammunition.” Kirsty continued, “We don’t necessarily need to go the legal route.”

“I don’t want to do anything illegal!” Sarah quickly said with wide eyes.

“Not illegal.” Kirsty clarified, “But something that would give him an attitude adjustment. Can I have your permission to get some sweet, sweet revenge?”

“I really don’t know…” Sarah was a little uncomfortable not knowing what Kirsty wanted to do, “It felt like signing a blank cheque.”

“I promise there will be no lasting harm done to him.” Kirsty put a hand over her heart, “I promise there would be no repercussions for you. We have to do something to teach him a lesson or he’ll keep escalating this stuff. If he knows he can do whatever he wants then who knows what will happen next.”

Sarah sat back and exhaled deeply as she tried to work out if there were any alternatives. If the police got involved there would be a lot of dirt brought up and even then there was no guarantee of winning the case. There wasn’t a lot of physical evidence that couldn’t be explained away and Jack would be able to afford a very good lawyer. Sarah knew Kirsty was almost certainly right about things escalating if nothing happened.

The conversation and Sarah’s contemplating were interrupted when there was a sudden small knock at the door. George was stood awkwardly looking into the room, neither of the women had heard him coming down the stairs.

“Yes?” Kirsty asked as she put on her best mistress voice.

“I, erm, really need a nappy change.” George muttered with embarrassment.

“OK, head back upstairs, I’ll be with you in a minute.” Kirsty said as she waved the sissy away, “Sarah?”

“Just give me some time to think about things.” Sarah said as she stared into the middle distance.

Kirsty nodded her head and put her hand on Sarah’s knee for a couple of seconds before standing up and following George out of the room. She could smell George’s issue as soon as she reached the doorway and she made sure to keep a little distance as she walked up the stairs.

Kirsty walked into the nursery to see Nick sitting on the floor still. She gave him a small smile and a quick ruffle of his hair before turning to George who had already pulled his feminine shorts down and was laying on the changing table.

“Nick, could you open the window for me?” Kirsty asked.

Nick quickly clambered to his feet with all the associated crinkles. He walked over to the window and opened it as he heard the tapes being pulled off George’s nappy. Nick took a deep breath of fresh air as he looked out at all the people going about their regular lives, it felt like a different world now. Nick’s pre-baby life felt like it belonged to a different person, it was hard to believe how much things had changed this summer.

When Nick turned back to face the changing table he saw George’s legs high in the air as his messy bottom was wiped by Kirsty. As he watched the diaper change he felt a burst of heat within his own diaper, a fresh wetting making Nick sigh. Despite everything it was a very comfortable feeling.

“Is everything alright?” Nick asked as a new nappy was taped on to George.

“Everything is fine.” Kirsty replied, “Your Mommy and I just have some grown up things to talk about.”

After George was lifted down from the table and redressed Kirsty walked over to Nick and without any hesitation she stuck her hand down his pants. Nick pushed his crotch out a little like a compliant toddler getting his nappy checked.

“I’ll send Sarah up to change you in a minute.” Kirsty said as she prodded and poked the wet padding, “George, stay up here with Nick. We will be leaving soon.”

Kirsty headed back downstairs and as she walked through into the living room she saw that Sarah had been active. Sarah was holding a bottle of wine and a couple of glasses, she smiled as Kirsty walked in and sat down.

“OK.” Sarah said, “Do what you need to do.”

Back upstairs Nick was joined on the floor by George again. Nick looked at George and felt very curious emotions and feelings, his bisexual feelings were still something he was struggling to come to terms with but he felt very comfortable with the sissy.

“Sorry about that.” George mumbled apologetically when he sat down.

“Huh?” Nick was brought out of his thoughts about sexuality by the sissy’s apology.

“The stinky nappy.” George blushed as he spoke, “Sorry I made your room smell.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Nick shrugged, “I’ve been in nappies so much by this point it just kind of happens to me too.”

“Does that worry you?” George asked, “I mean, this is all something I’ve wanted my whole adult life. I’m very grateful to Mistress for helping me achieve this level of sissy helplessness. I know you aren’t the same.”

“I… Haven’t given it much thought in a while.” Nick replied honestly.

It was true. Nick had been very worried when he noticed his control seemingly starting to slip but it had become so normalised for the big baby that he had learnt to ignore it. It was only when George brought it up that he realised it should occupy more of his mind than he was letting it. He didn’t want to end up totally dependent on nappies and yet he knew he was already practically there.

“I guess… Mommy can just potty train me…” Nick added.

“It’s not always that easy.” George replied with a wry smile, “Believe me…”

“You’ve tried?” Nick responded. He tried to hide the anxiety he suddenly felt, he had never thought about whether potty training could be successful a second time.

“Not by choice.” George replied with a sigh, “Mistress did it to humiliate me. She made me tell her whenever I needed the potty, she would bring out the little pink toddler potty that she bought from the shop. She would always take ages getting it until I went in my diaper then punish and humiliate me for it.”

“That sucks…” Nick said with shock.

“Sucks?” George chuckled, “I’d never been so turned on before!”

Nick looked at George with a frown.

“Doing the potty dance for Mistress, losing control in my diaper and then getting punished…” George looked up at the ceiling whimsically, “It was magical.”

“It didn’t work?” Nick asked despite already knowing the answer.

“Nope. To be honest I barely got a few seconds of warning before using my diapers most of the time. If I really, really concentrate I can last longer but it’s super hard.” George confessed.

Nick looked down at the ground. He was lost in thoughts as he wondered if he would ever regain his bladder and bowel control. Subconsciously, Nick reached down with a hand and caressed the front of his diaper. The warmth from his recent wetting could be felt right through the clothes he was wearing.

“George!” Kirsty’s distinctively authoritarian voice called out, “Come on, time to go.”

Like a dog being called by their master George quickly scrambled to his feet and made sure he wasn’t leaving anything behind. He closed the gap to Nick and gave him a kiss on the cheek, Nick smiled up in response even as he felt all of the confusion and stress of the day weighing on top of him.

“Goodbye.” George said with a wave, “See you soon.”

“Bye.” Nick replied as he watched the sissy waddle out of the nursery.