Dinner that night was an intense affair for Tommy who came down to the meal last. His diaper was wet but not too soaked and he had a pair of pants on over the top of it. He was grateful that no one made him take the pants off in a repeat of breakfast that morning. The conversation the two adults were engaged in died away when he approached the table and when he sat down his crinkles seemed to echo off the wall.

When Tommy sat down he glared across the table at his step-sister who was sitting innocently and looking like the goody-two-shoes that she always tried to be around her parents. Tommy knew what she was really like and he fumed internally about what she was doing.

“Your rear end feeling OK this evening?” Sandra asked as Tommy picked up his cutlery.

“Yes… Thanks.” Tommy forced himself to reply.

“We only do it because we love you.” George continued, “We would much prefer not having to do it.”

“Of course, we would much prefer not changing all your dirty diapers…” Sandra added. It seemed like she was doing her best to needle a reaction out of Tommy.

Tommy put his fork down and sulked as everyone started eating. He looked down at the edge of the table as his cheeks blazed red, even when looking away he could feel people watching him. He felt like an exhibit in a museum, a curiosity to be stared at by others.

After the note that Tommy had been slipped earlier that day he had half-expected Erin to have some devious plan ready for her but she just sat quietly.

Conversation amongst everyone at the table picked up and moved on to other topics allowing Tommy to hide in the background as he ate his meal. He wolfed down the delicious food as quickly as possible so he could retreat to his bedroom.

“It’ll be nice to have a proper family night tonight.” Erin said when there was a lull in the conversation, “With dad home.”

George and Sandra looked at each over and smiled. Thomas rolled his eyes, he knew that the two adults loved when their kids referred to them as mom and dad. It was something Tommy steadfastly refused to do, he would never willingly call Sandra his mom.

Once dinner was over Tommy tried to quietly slip away but his dad grabbed his arm and redirected him towards the living room. Tommy could feel the diaper between his legs as he was forced to waddle into the living room. He felt very conscious of his bubble butt as everyone sat on the seats around the room. Tommy dropped on the sofa in between his father and Sandra, Erin sat in the armchair to the side with the remote control.

Erin started switching through channels looking for something to watch as Tommy sat uncomfortably with his parents talking across him. Tommy sat back and watched the clock, he actually hoped to be sent to bed early tonight.

“Oh wow!” Erin suddenly gasped as she flicked over to one of the movie channels, “Alien Massacre 3!”

Tommy glanced at the screen to see an alien suddenly explode. Its guts splattered against the camera lens and dripped down, it was followed by a witty quip from the muscled protagonist. One of the few things Tommy and his younger step-sister had in common was their love of violent movies.

“I don’t know.” Sandra said slowly, “It doesn’t seem very age-appropriate.”

“Mum!” Erin rolled her eyes and tossed her hair back impatiently, “I’m sixteen-years-old! All my friends are allowed to watch these movies.”

“I know.” Sandra agreed, “But I wasn’t talking about you…”

“Oh for God’s sake!” Tommy exclaimed, “I’m three years older than her! If she can watch these films why shouldn’t I be able to?”

“You might be three years older physically.” George replied calmly, “But emotionally and mentally? I’m not so sure.”

Tommy was about to respond angrily but was interrupted by Sandra turning back to her daughter. Tommy noticed that Erin was wearing her smug look again, she always got her way and it infuriated Tommy.

“I’ll buy you the DVD.” Sandra said, “Let’s just find something a little nicer for family night.”

Tommy could see that Erin more than happy to comply. She’d had her fun and made Tommy look stupid again and so it was no surprise when she changed the channel quite happily. Tommy winced in embarrassment as he realised he was rising to Erin’s bait each and every time, he just couldn’t help himself.

It was a tight fit on the couch. With Sandra and George either side of him Tommy was rather squashed into the middle. It was galling to the young man because when either of the adults moved their legs it would cause his diaper to crinkle loudly. It was impossible to forget his humiliating status and even when the television was put on a non-offensive soap opera, Tommy just couldn’t take his mind off the padding.

After half an hour of the boring melodrama Tommy felt a need to go to the bathroom. Just like in his room earlier he didn’t attempt to hold it and he freely wet himself on the couch. As he felt the hot liquid stream out of him and into the waiting diaper he realised how strange this was, just a few weeks ago he would have called this scenario impossible. Even after the diapering started he would’ve never thought this would happen, he thought his dad would save him.

Tommy didn’t pay attention to his wetting. There was no point in thinking about it since it would make no difference to how embarrassing it was. He just sighed and let the urine flow, it pooled quickly around his sensitive area which tickled a little. Tommy had to supress an urge to wriggle as the tickling continued.

“What’s tha- Oh, Tommy, No!” Sandra suddenly stood up from the couch and looked down in disgust. George jumped to his feet as well but seemed confused.

“What?” Tommy asked in confusion. His whole family was looking at him now and he couldn’t understand why they were making him the centre of attention again.

Just as Tommy asked what was wrong he feel a sudden dampness on the bottom of his pants. It felt like it was slowly spreading as the thin cloth soaked it in and let it through to the couch. He belatedly realised he was pissing on to the couch and, judging by their reactions, his parents as well.

“Tommy…” George sounded defeated and frustrated with his son, “Why didn’t you tell us you needed your diaper changed?”

“But… I…” Tommy was aghast. He didn’t move an inch even as he saw a wet patch appearing around his rear end, it slowly spread as more urine soaked into the cushions.

Tommy had no idea why he was leaking. It didn’t make any sense to him, sure he didn’t pay a lot of attention to his toilet habits now but he would’ve known if he was that soaked. Tommy wondered if he had already grown so used to using his diaper that he had been wetting and forgetting about it.

With a shake of the head Tommy dismissed the idea that he was losing bladder control. He had a night time problem but not a day time one and there had to be another explanation. Tommy pictured the scene just before he started wetting and remembered how squashed he had been. He wondered if the diaper’s absorbency had been affected by being so constricted, surely that was the explanation.

“No, no, no…” Tommy held his hands out as he tried to calm the adults down. He tried to ignore Erin’s silent laughter in the background, “It wasn’t my fault!”

“It isn’t your fault that your diaper leaked?” George asked his son as Sandra belatedly pulled him off the couch.

“It was your fault!” Tommy said pointing at Sandra and George, “You were crushing me and-”

“Can’t you take any responsibility for yourself?” Sandra asked irritably as she looked at the cushions and assessed the damage to the couch.

“You keep letting us down, Tommy.” George shook his head sadly. There was something about the way he was looking at Tommy that just automatically upset him.

“Dad…” Tommy could feel his bottom lip trembling.

“Your mother said we shouldn’t let you wear pants around the house.” George continued, “She said we couldn’t trust you and I fought your corner. I told her that you would be fine, that you would tell us if you needed something.”

“But…” Tommy felt tears running down his face even as he willed himself not to cry like the baby he was being treated as.

“It’s OK, Tommy.” Erin’s voice suddenly appeared in the room and she stepped forward from her chair, “Accidents happen.”

“Fuck off!” Tommy yelled as his emotions erupted. He pushed his younger sister away. She stumbled and fell to the floor in front of the chair. Tommy immediately felt his father grab his arm.

Silence fell in the room for a second and then the sound of crying filled the room. Not the crying of Tommy who was still stifling his sobs but of Erin who sat on the floor and put her hands to her face. The sound of her crying filled the room.

“Oh, darling!” Sandra quickly sat herself on the edge of the couch and picked her daughter up. She hugged her closely and looked at Tommy with a stare that would melt a steel beam.

“Come on.” George pulled on Tommy’s arm and led him towards the exit of the room.

Tommy looked back in time to see Erin look over her mom’s shoulder. There were no tears on her face as she winked at Tommy.

“She’s faking!” Tommy yelled as he was dragged towards the stairs by his father.

“What on Earth has gotten into you!?” George shook his head as he pulled his son away from the living room and up the stairs.

Tommy was even more frustrated than ever now as he followed his dad up the wooden stairs. He could feel the large wet spots on his legs and they made his pants stick to him uncomfortably. Tommy expected to go to his bedroom but he was pulled to the bathroom instead. He was still teary-eyed and he rubbed his face to try and clear up the evidence of how upset he was.

George spared no time or thoughts about Tommy’s comfort when he pulled his shirt over his head. His pants came down soon afterwards and Tommy could see that he was much wetter than he had anticipated, it was a humiliating revelation.

Tommy stepped out of his pants with his dad’s help and hung his head. His father just looked so disappointed in him and how he was behaving. Through his actions Tommy was doing the exact opposite of what he wanted to do, he wanted to prove he was an adult and yet he kept making mistakes.

Tommy stepped into the bathtub when his father directed him that way and he allowed his dad to pull the tapes off his diaper which fell to the bottom of the tub with a wet splat. Tommy blushed as his father bent over and balled the diaper up, it was embarrassing to watch his dad shake his head at how wet he was.

“Sit down.” George ordered his son.

Tommy had been expecting a shower but as he sat down like his dad asked he saw the faucets turned on and the tub began filling with water. Sitting in the tub quietly Tommy didn’t know what he could say or do to make the situation better. The warm water started rising up in the tub and Tommy was very aware of his dad watching him as if trying to work out what he was doing.

The water was shut off when it reached Tommy’s belly button and his dad began washing him. Tommy didn’t move or say anything as his back and chest were washed as if he couldn’t do it himself.

“I really don’t know what’s happened.” George said as he rubbed soap on Tommy’s chest and rinsed it off.

“Dad, I…” Tommy started.

“I don’t want to hear it.” George closed his eyes and held his hands up to silence Tommy.

Tommy bowed his head as his father continued washing him. Slowly he was working his way down Tommy’s body and towards his most sensitive areas.

“When I left here you were fine.” George seemed to be mostly talking to himself, “I come back and it’s like you’re a different person. Lashing out, swearing, pushing your sister, wetting the couch… What would you mom have said if she could see you now?”

“But…” Tommy felt fresh tears welling up as he tried to explain things.

“I DON’T WANT TO HEAR IT.” George repeated loudly causing Tommy to hang his head once more.

George didn’t say anything else as he quietly cleaned his son. Occasionally he would look over to the balled up diaper and wet pants and shake his head. He spared no part of Tommy from his scrubbing, he even paid attention to Tommy’s most private areas much to Tommy’s embarrassment.

When Tommy was finally allowed to step out of the bath he was wrapped in a towel and told to dry himself thoroughly. As Tommy nodded his head George left the room.

Tommy was still lightly sobbing as he towelled himself dry. Today had been the worst day of Tommy’s life by far, it felt like the whole world was against him and every time he tried to fight back he only made it worse.

Sitting on the towels Tommy looked straight in front of him to the pile of wet clothes. He sighed sadly and once he was fully dry he stood up, wrapped the towel around his waist and walked out of the bathroom. He expected his dad to be waiting for him in his room and he wasn’t wrong, a diaper was laid out on the bed and George was standing by the window looking out at the passing people.

Tommy closed his bedroom door and dropped his towel. It was hard to have modesty when the person in front of you had just been washing you in a bath. He laid down on the bed without a word and positioned himself over the padding. When George didn’t turn around he wondered whether he should tape up his own diaper, the more time that passed the more ridiculous he felt to be lying on his bed naked.

Eventually George turned away from the window and back to the bed. He remained silent as he lifted the front of the crinkling diaper up and over his son’s waist. He flattened the diaper against Tommy’s belly and pulled the tapes round.

Tommy couldn’t look his dad in the eyes as the diaper was taped up and it was with a sadness that he felt the new diaper grab his waist.

“It’s probably best if you go straight to bed.” George said as he opened the bedroom door, “Maybe you’ll finally start acting like an adult tomorrow.”