Diapercuck's Life

By Champ (https://champtehotter.com/)

Frank has blown it. He's lost his job, spent all the money, and oops, turns out he didn't pay the rent! Leandra is done, but when she discovers her husband taking refuge in a site called 'subby cucky suckers' she has an idea. Luckily, an old college friend is willing to help her try it out...

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Chapter 1: Frank Fucks Up

"What do you fucking mean I'm fired? You can't do this! I've been working for this company for 12 years!"

Frank ended the call and cursed. They hadn't even had the courtesy to tell him in person. Instead they had taken the precaution of locking everyone out of the system first before they began their massive layoffs.

"Fuckers!" he screamed, slamming his smartphone down on the kitchen counter.

"Honey!" called his wife Leandra, walking into the room. "Calm down! Breaking your phone isn't going to do us any good. We've got some money saved up. We can coast for a few months and then..."

"No we don't," Frank said, staring hard at the counter in front of him.

"What do you mean? Frank? What do you mean?" asked Leandra, her tone going from confused to concerned to demanding as she stood up and marched over to her husband. "Frank. What. Do. You. Mean?"

Frank's eyes fixed on the granite countertop as he white-knuckled it, but still he refused to meet her gaze. Leandra gritted her teeth.

"What did you do with the money, Frank?"

"We were supposed to get our bonuses this month," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Where's the *money* Frank? At least tell me you paid the rent?"

"I didn't *know* they were going to *fire* us... I didn't know..."

"The rent that was due on the first?" Leandra grabbed the smaller man and spun him around. "I swear to god Frank, if you don't... Frank? Are you... are you *crying*?"

"It's not *fair*! They didn't even warn me!"

Leandra let go of her husband, disgusted, and let him crumple to the counter.

"Don't cry like you're some sort of victim, Frank. *You* spent our savings and you didn't even warn *me*. You had no right to do that. Christ. What are we going to do?"

Leandra began pacing the kitchen, running her fingers through her tightly tied hair as if she was going to grip it and pull it out by the roots.

"I'm gonna go to bed," Frank said, still sobbing. He grabbed his phone and left Leandra pacing there, but as soon as he was out of her sight, the crying stopped. He was sure she'd be in there pacing for a while, which meant that he would have time to blow off some steam on his favorite sex site: *Subby Cucky Suckers*. Frank just *loved* seeing pathetic husbands get humiliated and forced to service their wives' new lovers - especially after said lovers just finished creaming their wives' pies. Frank had a *double platinum* membership, which may have contributed to their dip in savings, not that he cared.

The problem was, these videos seemed to be the only way he could get hard these days. For some reason, he couldn't perform in the bedroom anymore. It wasn't great for their relationship, but that was clearly Leandra's own fault because he *always* got hard when he watched the videos. He was just glad he had found a solution that worked for *him*.

Frank checked once more to make sure Leandra wasn't following him before closing the bedroom door. He smiled as he opened his bookmark to one of his favorites; some pathetic guy who was forced to live as his wife and her lover's diapered baby bitch.

"Oh yeah, cucky bitch," said the man on the screen. "Suck it. I'll bet that boy pussy of yours is sopping wet in that diaper. Maybe I'll give you something to fill it with later... a little extra helping of *baby batter*..."

It sucked that Frank's screen was all cracked now. All thanks to his stupid asshole *employers*. He'd have to trade with his wife and make *her* take the broken one. Leandra didn't look at porn anyway, so she didn't really need a working screen like Frank did.

Frank growled in frustration as he tried to make out the figures moving behind the spiderweb cracks on his screen, but it was like trying to watch pixelated porn. All he

could clearly make out was the noises. Disgusted, Frank tossed the phone aside and it fell somewhere between Leandra's side of the bed and the nightstand.

"Fuck it," Frank said, and decided to sleep it off. He'd figure something out later.

Meanwhile, Leandra was desperately trying to process the situation. She was already on the phone with her best friend since college, Gerard. He had commiserated with her when Frank lost interest and stopped having sex. Consoled her whenever Frank did something selfish that hurt Leandra or put her in a bind. Discussed on more than one occasion how much good a visit would do them both. Now, Leandra was telling him about the lost job, the missing money, and the desperate situation it had put them in.

"He didn't even pay rent. We're going to get evicted, I just know it."

"What are you going to do? Does he have a plan in mind, or...?" Leandra laughed at that.

"Plan? Frank? No, he scurried off to the bedroom to wank it like he always does. I don't know what he even looks at to get hard, but I always hear it coming from the bedroom or the bathroom, any room that he's in and I'm not..." There was a pause on the other end, and Leandra could almost feel the pity coming from Gerard's end.

"You know you and Frank are always welcome to stay with me. Things are hard right now. A lot of people in the same situation. At least I can offer you this."

"Thanks but... I don't know if he'd go for it."

"Okay, but just think about it. The offer is always open."

"Thanks, Gerard. Thank you so much." Leandra hung up the phone feeling a little better, as she always did after talking with Gerard.

She massaged her forehead as she passed through the hall to the bathroom. She let her hair down, combing it back with her fingers. Leandra had always had the most beautiful hair. Now she was afraid it would go gray with worry because of the man she married.

Leandra brushed her teeth – something Frank never seemed to do anymore – and made her way into the bedroom. Frank was asleep, sprawled across the bed, his mouth wide open as he snored loud enough to shake the window panes of their small apartment.

She approached the bed, shaking her head and knowing she'd never get to sleep next to him. She grabbed her romance novel from the nightstand and her pair of reading

glasses and was about to go back out to camp on the living room couch when she saw some light from between the bed and the nightstand. She reached down and was surprised to see that it was Frank's phone, still playing the video. She was surprised she hadn't heard it before. Frank's obnoxious snoring must have masked the sound.

Unable to quench her curiosity, Leandra quickly stole away to the living room to get a better look, but the screen was shattered and she couldn't make out much of the image.

"Oh Frank. You broke another one... When will you learn?" she sighed. Then, she heard what they were saying.

"You like that baby bitch?" said a deep voice. "Yeah, you make a better diaper bitch than a husband, doesn't he, love?"

"Yeah," came a high-pitched woman's voice. "The little cuck can't even get hard for a woman, but he sure gets hard with his mouth around that dick. Isn't that right, my subby hubby?"

A muffled groan could be heard and a lot of sucking noises. The deep voice continued.

"You know what that makes you, don't you? Yeah, I think you do. Go on, say it. Tell me and the wife what you are..."

"I'm... I'm a subby cucky sucker..."

"You're a subby cucky sucker, what?"

"I'm a subby cucky sucker, Daddy!"

"Hey, I didn't say you could touch your diapers. Cuckies like you don't get to cum from touching their diapers. Hands down. There you go. Now open wide, I got a nice helping of Cucky vitamins for ya. A little bit of vitamin D, and some vitamin C, U, and M! Ohhhh yeah, swallow it all, cucky!"

The sound of gulping could be heard. Leandra stared at the phone, completely shocked.

"He really likes this stuff?"

She was also wet, she realized, as her fingers found their way between her legs. Leandra was now very close to an orgasm herself. She looked at the URL – at least that part was visible – and saw the subby cucky sitename. Then, a thought occurred to her. Something so naughty it sent her right over the edge.

"Ohhhh!" she moaned, before covering her mouth to tray and muffle her vocal orgasm. When she came back down to earth, she sat up and grabbed her phone. She had to talk to Frank right away.

Gerard was at home, thinking about what Leandra had said. He was worried about Leandra's situation and hoped that he could help her. He just hoped that Frank would agree. For Leandra's sake, Gerard was willing to help Frank too, biting his tongue about just what a jerk the man was and how much better she deserved. If anyone, it should have been *him* with Leandra, but it wasn't his place to decide that.

Suddenly Gerard was startled by Leandra's ringtone. He picked up immediately, afraid something terrible had happened.

"Hello? Leandra? Is everything okay?"

"Everything is fine," said Leandra, sounding completely relaxed. "Couldn't be better, darling."

"Leandra... are you... are you drunk?" he asked, now even more concerned.

"No, no, no... nothing like that... I'm just... relaxed. I haven't had release in so long and I found something that just... Well, it got my blood pumping and I certainly feel better now!"

Gerard almost had steam shooting out of his ears as his eyes went wide and his pants went very tight. "*Leandra*," he said in a flirtatious tone. "You're getting me a little hot under the collar here. Mind explaining what's going on?"

"I've decided to accept your offer," she said. "Frank too."

"Well, okay," said Gerard. "That's good. I was worried for a minute. But what-"

"And I want you," said Leandra, continuing. "I want *you* too."

"Leandra what are you saying..."

"I want you to love me. I want you to fuck me. I need you, Gerard. Just like old times..."

"Leandra my, gosh!" he said, quickly untying his tie and unbuttoning his shirt to keep from overheating. "This is... uh... wow. I don't know what to say. What does Frank think about all this?"

"Fuck Frank!" she said. "He doesn't deserve to have a say in this! Besides... I took a peep at his phone and I found out the site he's been spending so much time on."

"Do tell..."

"Subby Cucky Suckers."

"You're kidding!"

"No. Turns out he has a secret fetish for being the cuckold and made to service his wife's lover... You remember when we used to bet on who could get into his pants first?"

Gerard blushed at the memory. Yes, Gerard was bisexual, and they had both made a sport of discussing their gorgeous classmate's ass when they were all in college. Unfortunately, Frank was straight as an arrow, or so it had seemed. Now, he wasn't quite so sure.

"Well, fantasy is one thing, but how do you know he'll want to go through with it for real?"

"Oh, he'll go through with it, trust me," said Leandra. "You just let me worry about that. I just need to know when you can receive us."

"Oh, I can rent you a moving van tomorrow. How much stuff do you think you'll bring?"

"Don't worry about the moving van. I don't think we need much at all. I can fit what I need in one suitcase and Frank? Well, he's not going to have the privilege of bringing anything at all."

"Okay, well I hope you know what you're doing," said Gerard.

"I do. You'll just have to be a little patient while he gets adjusted. He's not going to be very pleasant to deal with for the first week or so, but he'll learn. Oh, and you'll need to stock up on diapers."

"Diapers?"

"Yes. I have something very special in mind for Frank. Something befitting his infantile behavior. Here's how it's going to go down..." As the two of them schemed, Frank snored away in the bedroom, blissfully unaware his life was about to change completely.

Chapter 2: Moving Out

"The fuck you mean we have to be out by 12?! This is fucking ridiculous!" Frank ended the call with his landlord looking like his head was about to explode.

Leandra made sure to pull the phone away from Frank before he broke it worse than it already was.

"Can you believe that guy?" asked Frank. "Sleazy landlord wants money when I've just been cut loose from my job. Of all the..."

"Yes, honey, I know," said Leandra, in the tone one might use to console a toddler. "I'm packing the bags right now. Let's just get on the road before it gets too late." Frank grunted.

"You sure your *friend* is gonna be cool with us crashing there til we get back on our feet?"

"More than sure," said Leandra, taking out the two sticks from her hair and re-twisting them to tighten her bun. She was fidgeting. She was excited. Frank was suspicious.

"He's not trying to get anything out of us, is he? I don't have money right now, he knows that right?"

"Don't worry, you just leave *Gerard* to me, honey. Now let me get back to my packing, unless you want me to forget something important."

"Alright," Frank grunted, "I'll be in the crapper." He left, happy to let Leandra do all the work of packing while he tried to wank it out to another Subby Cucky Suckers video. It would be a challenge with his phone screen shattered, but he had many of the videos memorized now and if he closed his eyes he could almost see them in his mind.

Leandra didn't bother packing the big stuff. She just packed their important documents – not that Frank would need those for much longer – along with the majority of her clothes, especially all her favorite outfits that she no longer wore. Those might see more use now that she had someone to show off for. She packed her toiletries, her sex toys, and her favorite shoes as well.

"Hmm... am I forgetting something?" she asked, rubbing her chin. She looked around the room, ignoring Frank's clothes, his electronics, his pocket pussy. "Nope, looks like I've got everything. She pulled the few bags she had packed into the living room and called to her husband.

"Frank? I'm ready! Come get one of these bags, will ya? I only have two hands!" He popped his head out of the bathroom. "Already? Well alright. You sure you got everything?"

"Everything that matters," she said, smiling to herself. "Now get your ass over here, we're ready to go."

"Aww, but I didn't finish..."

"Frank. Now."

He grumbled and stepped out of the bathroom, shutting the door behind him.

"I left the landlord a nice present in the toilet," he said, chuckling. He grabbed the handle of the rolling luggage bag, leaving Leandra with two bags she had to carry.

"Gross," said Leandra, pulling a disgusted face. "Did you at least wash your hands?"

"Do I look like I got a job? I don't gotta flush or wash nothin'." Frank scratched his ass with his free hand.

Leandra just shook her head. How had she ever fallen for this crass narcissist? Maybe if he wasn't stupidly hot, she'd have seen through his superficial charm more quickly. She cursed her stupid horny brain for wanting to do naughty things to him even still.

They made their way to the apartment complex parking garage and tossed their bags in the back seat of the car. It was a pink convertible; a classic American car from when times were better. It was what you would call a 20-footer. It still looked good from about 20 feet away, but as you got closer you saw the imperfections. Like Frank, it had lost its luster due to a certain amount of neglect. It seemed like Leandra was the only one who cared about Frank *or* the car anymore.

"Hurry up!" Frank said, once he was behind the wheel.

"Easy for you to say!" said Leandra. "You took the easy bags!"

Frank had only taken *one* bag but he wasn't about to correct her.

"Yeah, well, it was the least I could do. You did pretty good considering how much crap we had there. I guess we'll be living light for a little while."

"At least one of us," she said to herself with a smirk.

"What's that?" asked Frank, cocking his ear.

"Nothing darling. Let's get a move on!" Leandra pumped her fist in the air and jumped into the car. It felt like forever since they had taken a road trip and she was ready to go.

They pulled out of the garage and drove into the warm spring day. The sun was still high and they enjoyed the drive to somewhere new. They made it about 5 minutes before Frank had to pull over to piss.

"Oh, uh, honey..." she said, when he returned noting again that he didn't even pretend to try and clean his hands – not even a wipe on the pants.

"Yeah? What's up?" asked Frank as he paused outside the car.

"I don't really wanna stop too many times this trip for bathroom breaks..."

Frank frowned.

"You know I have a small bladder, hon. What do you want me to do?"

Leandra bit her lip.

"Well, I have an idea..."

"I'm listening..."

She whispered it into his ear.

"You what?!"

"I just picked some up this morning as a precaution. I think they'll make the drive a lot quicker."

Leandra could see Frank was skeptical so she pushed it a little further.

"I can put them on you... I promise I'll make it *fun*..." she gave him a wink.

Frank was soft. Leandra never went down on him, and there was no way Frank could turn down the possibility of road head. He'd *always* wanted road head.

"Shit... alright," Frank said, with a smile. "One more thing to check off the bucket list!"

"You and me both, honey," Leandra replied.

So Frank lay in the back seat while Leandra pulled down his pants, giving him bedroom eyes the whole time. She opened one of the suitcases and pulled out a fresh diaper. Thick, white, and crinkly.

He tried to get in the head space to get hard for his blowjob once he was naked and sitting on the diaper, but the crinkling sounds beneath his butt kept messing with his mojo.

"Do they have to be so damn *loud*?" Frank asked in annoyance.

"Shhh, baby, just let mommy take care of you."

Leandra grabbed Frank's penis and tugged at it to get it hard, but as usual, it wasn't responding. He growled in frustration and she gave him a sympathetic look.

"Forget it," he said, looking away and crossing his arms. Leandra smiled, looking, but not feeling, sorry for him as she taped the garment up.

"Don't worry, sweetie. You'll get it on your next change."

"Yeah, yeah," he said. "Wait, *next* change?"

"It's a long drive, honey. We'll just see how long that one holds. Now let's get moving." She gave the front of Frank's diaper a squeeze and got into the passenger's side of the car, bringing his pants with her.

"Hey! My pants!" he cried, but she wasn't listening. She was busy checking her messages. "Leandraaaaaa!"

"Oh hush, quit being such a baby. Just go in the driver's seat already. What happened to that naughty streak you used to have, freaky Frank? Besides, this'll make it easier for me to see when my little man needs a change. I can't wait to give you the special treatment you deserve."

"Little? You know I'm sensitive about my height," he said, misreading her meaning entirely. He grumbled to himself. "I'll show you who's a little man. Just you wait til the next diaper change."

And so on they drove, Leandra covertly snapping photos of her hubby driving down the road in just a diaper and sending them to Gerard, and Frank daydreaming of his much awaited blowjob, convinced that his wife was eager enough to keep her eyes glued to his diaper so she could open it up at the earliest opportunity.

Leandra had packed plenty of drinks and kept Frank well hydrated on their drive from California to Nevada. The traffic was pretty terrible until they hit the desert. After that it was clear driving and they only had to stop for gas at the midway point. As they pulled in, Frank looked around, clearly uncomfortable with the possibility of being seen.

"Just hang tight, sweetie," said Leandra, ever the gracious one. "I can go inside to get more drinks and to tell them to turn on the pump."

Leandra took the opportunity to use the restroom while Frank was stuck in the car. He looked around for his pants, but for some reason he couldn't find them in the car.

"Shit. What the hell did she do with them? Hurry back, Leandra..."

Frank whistled a quavering tune and drummed his fingers on the door as he tried not to look too nervous. Leandra soon returned with the drinks and walked around to set the pump in the tank.

"Hey, what took you so long? Can I have my pants back?"

"Why? You're wearing a diaper."

"Shh!" said Frank, looking around. "Not so loud."

"What's the matter, sweetie? I thought you wanted me to change you and give you your special surprise."

That shut Frank up. He grumbled, but figured that the faster he got changed, the sooner he could get his road head, and that at least would be a consolation for this stupid diaper business.

As the gas began to pump, the hissing made Frank aware of his urgent need to pee. He tensed up as he tried his best to relax. She noticed the uncomfortable look on his face and smiled to herself. This would have to be caught on video. Leandra looked like she was checking her messages as she trained the camera on him just in time to catch her husband in the final moments before he let loose. Frank had his feet pressing down against the footwell, legs tensed lifting his bum off the seat, face strained. A moment later, he released his breath and his face calmed as he let go.

Leandra watched, transfixed. This was how she wanted her husband to be all the time. So vulnerable. Cute, even. He was just a boy pissing his pants on purpose. So different from the loutish vulgar man she had married.

Leandra resented Frank for many things, but she couldn't be so angry at someone too young to help it. Yes, she thought. It was better that he was a little boy to her from now on. He'd learn to get along with it. Gerard would provide the proper fatherly guidance to help Frank get there and Leandra would keep him tame.

"Well," Frank asked, looking expectantly at Leandra, and down at his soaked diaper.

"Oh, you wanna do it here, do you?" she asked, still livestreaming Frank's debasement for Gerard. "In front of the whole town? You really *are* freaky, Frank."

"W-wait, no..." Frank said, suddenly self-conscious as Leandra went to grab another diaper.

"Come on, little man. On your back. Let's see what's going on underneath the hood!"

Leandra leaned down and patted the back seat, showing her cleavage off to Frank in the process. She looked just as she had back in college when she said that. Her spark, her enthusiasm was back. It made Frank a little more excited too. He couldn't very well say no now. He had something to prove. Frank gave his soggy crotch a few gropes in preparation to step out of the vehicle and raised his eyebrows, surprised at how good it felt.

"Hey now..." he said to himself.

"Hey now yourself!" said Leandra, patting the back seat again. "Don't get started without me!"

"Coming dearest," he said in his campiest voice. It had been a long time since he'd felt playful. This was turning out to be fun after all.

In the backseat, however, Frank's confidence shriveled as he lay on his back with his wife between his legs.

"A-are you sure no one is looking?"

"So what if they are?" she asked. "Let 'em look. The locals probably haven't seen any action like this in a long time! It'l give 'em something to talk about."

She pulled open Frank's diaper and wiped him clean, paying special attention to his nether regions, but he was too nervous to get hard. He couldn't do it like this, not in the open around so many other vehicles and people. A mom and her kids passed by as he lay there.

"Mommy, why is that man gettin a diaper?"

"That's what happens when you don't learn to use the potty when mommy tells you to. You get diapered in the back seat like your little brother. Do you want to be like that when you're 20?"

"No mommy, I wanna use the potty!"

"Oh my god!" whispered Frank. "They saw me!"

"Shh, calm down," said Leandra. "They're already gone."

But the damage was done. Frank had lost all confidence.

"N-no... please don't play with it anymore. I just wanna get back on the road..." he said, panicking.

Leandra raised her eyebrows. "I was just gonna give you a quick stealthy handjob, but you're the boss, sweetie. Maybe after your next change, then." She quickly finished wiping him clean and taped a new diaper on him. "You know, if you don't want to change like this again, I can make it so they'll last you the rest of the way..."

"Yes. Please." Frank said. This was suddenly not as fun as he'd thought. He looked in puzzlement as his wife brought out another diaper and slid it under his butt.

"What are you-"

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He looked on in shock as she tore a big hole down the center of his padding. She fiddled with the backing a little bit more, than pulled up the second diaper, taping it on tight over the first. He looked down between his spread legs, rocking a bit as the padding elevated his butt off the seat cushion.

"All done!" she declared, giving his diapered crotch a pat which he barely felt. Frank couldn't even close his legs. When he looked back up she was gone. He then saw her stepping into the driver's seat.

"I think you need a little rest from all that driving hon. Why don't you let me take over for a while?"

Frank looked around. "W-where are my pants? I want them back, please."

"The faster you get up here the faster we get out of here." She said, her tone growing testy.

Frank sat up and looked around to see if anyone was watching.

"Alright," he finally said. "Let's just get out of here before that mom and her kid get back."

He jumped out of the car and quickly waddled to the front seat only to hear laughter behind him. He cringed as a familiar high-pitched voice rang out across the lot.

"Look, Mama! He looks like a baby!"

Mom laughed as well, but at least tried to hide it, covering her mouth and looking away.

"He sure does sweetie."

This attention drew more eyes his way, and pretty soon everyone at the gas station was holding their sides, practically busting a gut laughing at Frank's ridiculous diapered butt. His unusually handsome looks saved him from looking like a creep and instead, he just looked silly, which from his perspective wasn't much better. Frank jumped in the passenger's seat to get away from the pointing, pictures, and phones filming.

"Step on it, Leandra," Yelled Frank as he looked at all of the people watching. He didn't even turn around to see his wife catching every moment on her own phone.

"What's the matter, sweetie? Don't you want to look for your pants?"

"No! Let's just go!"

Leandra felt a sort of sadistic satisfaction at her husband's humiliation as she started up the car, knowing it would be the first of many if she had anything to say about it. Once they were back on the road, she put a hand on her husband's thigh and squeezed it.

"There, there, sweetie. You just try and relax and forget all about those people at the gas station. You can just rest until we get to Gerard's house, I'll do the rest. And don't forget to keep drinking, hon. Wouldn't want you to get dehydrated!"

"Thanks," Frank grumbled, taking a swig of Cottonmouth Cooler. As usual, he was all too happy to let Leandra do all the work. He laid the seat back and did his best to relax. Soon, he was deeply asleep, snoring loudly while his wife drove happily forward. She was glad things were going so well. Her husband clearly was more submissive than he let on. She could only imagine what Gerard must be thinking about their little tagalong after the fun streams she had shared.

"Won't be long now," she said, smiling and tapping the wheel to the beat of the radio as they drove down the lonely highway to Nevada.

Chapter 3: New Home

"We're here, honey!" said Leandra in an excited voice.

"Wha?... Oh... Huh?" Frank looked around, disoriented. He was in the car and it was getting dark out. His head hurt a bit from waking up at the wrong stage of sleep, and he held it and winced as he sat forward. "Oh... uh... where are my pants?"

"Here you are," Leandra said, tossing the pants his way. She had already gotten out of the car and was rolling the wheeled bag toward the front door of a large suburban ranch-style home.

"Go ahead and grab the rest of the bags, Frank," she called back, hurrying ahead.

"What's the rush," Frank muttered as he struggled to get his pants on over his thick double diapers. He was going to be taking these stupid diapers off as soon as he got inside and had somewhere private to do so. It was one thing trying something fun and naughty with Leandra, but there was no way he'd let her friend see him this way. He stood up outside of the car and crammed the diaper into the pants as best he could, settling on having the zipper halfway up and leaving the fly unbuttoned.

"Hey, there!" came a deep voice from right behind him, and he nearly jumped out of his skin. "Whoa! Sorry about that. I didn't mean to scare you."

Frank spun around to see a tall, handsome man in dress pants and a button up shirt smiling down at him.

"The name's Gerard. I've heard so much about you." The man stuck out a hand to shake and Frank took it. Then, with a single tug Gerard brought Frank into a big hug.

Frank felt extremely awkward hugging this man he didn't know, especially in his obscenely thick diapers. At least, he reasoned, it meant Gerard would be less likely to see them.

"There we go. That's more like it," said Gerard, breaking the hug and giving the uncomfortable Frank a pat on the shoulder. "Come on, let's get inside," he said, grabbing the two remaining bags from the back of the car and walking toward the front door.

Frank looked down at his hands. He wasn't used to caring if someone else did his work for him, but this felt different somehow. As if something had been taken away from him. Frank shook his head and made his way to the front door over the flagstone pathway in the yard. He noticed there was a lot of yard around the house, and the

house itself was beautiful. A far cry from the apartment they had just left. Frank strode into the house behind Gerard who dropped the bags off in their new room.

"Once you're all settled, come out to the kitchen and we'll have some beers."

"Uh... yeah, sure," said Frank, distracted by the vision of his wife emerging from a side room with her hair down. She had on a simple yellow dress that hung effortlessly off her body, loosely spilling over a looped waist tie. She looked positively feral compared to her usual conservative style, and Frank felt a stirring he hadn't felt in quite some time under the layers of padding in his pants.

"Leandra!" said Gerard, taking in the vision of this gorgeous woman. "You look dangerous in that! Don't tell Frank I said so!"

"Oh Gerard," said Leandra. "This old thing? Please. And don't worry, I won't say a *word*."

Frank looked between the two of them. Were they *flirting*?

"Oops!" she said, pretending to be surprised by Frank's presence in the room. "I didn't see you there, sweetie." She ruffled his hair and whispered into his ear. "Why don't you go change out of your pampers before you get a rash and join us in the kitchen."

Frank blushed as Leandra gave him a pat on the butt and walked out of the room chatting with Gerard like the old friends they were.

Frank was left to stand there with his pants down, staring at the thick crinkly mass enveloping his waist. Frank could feel that his diapers were wet with sweat and urine and they had become quite uncomfortable. He was happy to have them off and tossed to the side while he rummaged around in the luggage for his clothing.

"What the?" As he went from suitcase to suitcase, it dawned on Frank that none of his stuff was there. He began to feel a sense of dread in the pit of his stomach.

"Leandra?" Frank called. No answer. "Leandra!" He yelled, more insistently. Still nothing. Frank grumbled and put the pants he had been wearing back on.

In the kitchen, Gerard and Leandra were seated in two tall chairs at a large wood-topped kitchen island, happily talking over a bottle of wine and some baguette.

"Leandra." Frank said, placing his hand on the table between them.

They both looked his way and all conversation stopped.

"What is it, Frank?" she said smiling with her mouth only and running her fingers through the hair in the back of her head. She was clearly trying not to look annoyed.

"Leandra, where are my clothes?"

"What do you mean? I thought you grabbed them from the room when we left. They should be in the fourth bag."

"Fourth bag?" said Frank, dismayed. "I only saw three!"

"Oh dear," said Leandra, shaking her head.

"This is *your* fault. Now what am I gonna do?" asked Frank, glaring at his wife.

"Hey, hey, let's not point fingers," said Gerard. "Don't worry, Frank, you can wear some of *my* clothes until you can get to the store..."

"Oh, Gerard, you really don't have to..." began Leandra, but Frank cut her off.

"Yeah, he *does*. What else am I gonna wear?"

"Well, you could always wear the diapers," she muttered.

"What?" asked Gerard, appearing (but not actually) confused. "Diapers? What are you on about, Leandra?"

"Nothing," said Frank, his voice cracking. "Nothing at all! Such a funny sense of humor she has!"

"Frank has a small bladder," said Leandra.

"I... I see," said Gerard, raising his eyebrows. "So that's why he was diapered when you guys got here. I wasn't going to say anything, but..."

"Haha, it was just a one-time thing," said Frank, beginning to sweat from embarrassment. Why was Leandra embarrassing him like this?"

"It's *okay*," said Gerard. "It's none of my business, really. Uh... why don't you take a seat and I'll get you a beer, huh?" Frank sighed in exasperation.

"Yeah, sure." He would have to accept the loss of all his personal possessions for now. It was nothing that he couldn't replace. If only he had some money to do it with. Frank took a seat but immediately realized he was way lower than the other two.

"Don't you have anything taller?"

"Come to think of it, I have a booster seat that is actually just your size if you don't mind the infantile design..."

"I'll pass," muttered Frank, blushing as Gerard grabbed him a can from the fridge.

"Here. I've got this beer from France that's pretty good. It's called Petite Cocu. I think it might be right up your alley!" Leandra stifled a giggle.

"Tres *bien*, mon ami." Frank looked back and forth between the two of them with his eyebrows lowered as he snatched the beer from Gerard's hand.

"*What*?" They were speaking French. Frank didn't like not understanding what they were saying.

"I said very good, my friend," replied Leandra, throwing her palm up in a shrug before taking another sip of wine.

"Is this the only beer you have?" asked Frank, looking down at the foreign drink and earning a scathing look from his wife. Frank made a face before even taking his first sip.

"I'm going to the grocery store tomorrow," said Gerard. "Feel free to put anything you want on that list on the fridge."

"I'll put some American beer on there. I don't like all this *foreign* stuff," Frank said, sliding the can away from him with a look of disdain.

Gerard was a bit taken aback by Frank's petulant behavior right off the bat, but Leandra did say this would happen. Gerard and Leandra exchanged glances. She gave him a little nod. It was time for him to bite the bullet and push back.

"I could get you some apple juice if that's more your speed," he said, putting his hands on his hips, and raising an eyebrow.

Now it was Frank's turn to be taken aback realizing that he might not get any beer at all if he pissed Gerard off. He quickly grabbed the beer before Gerard could take it away.

"No, it's fine. I'll drink it."

"Frank..." said Leandra, looking pointedly at her husband.

"Hmm?"

"Say thank you," she added, in a motherly tone.

"Oh!" said Frank, looking at the two of them. He realized that they expected an answer so reluctantly he replied, blushing a bit at being made to say it. "...Thank you..."

"You're welcome," said Gerard, crossing his arms and smirking. He was beginning to see Leandra's point about how easily Frank would yield to pressure. He decided to change tack with this difficult man. Maybe it was time to give Frank a little more attention since he seemed to want to be the center of it all the time.

"So, Leandra. You mentioned that Frankie's phone is broken... what happened?"

Frank's eyebrows raised. Did Gerard just call him *Frankie*?

"Yeah, he got a little cranky after he lost his job and kinda slammed it down on the counter."

"I'm sorry that happened to you bud," said Gerard, bending down to look at Frank.

Frank barely responded, just grunted and drank his beer.

"Well, I know things are tight for you, but I think I can help you get it repaired or replaced."

"Really?" asked Frank. He was suddenly much more interested in the conversation.

"Only if you're good," said Gerard. "No temper tantrums or whining in this house."

"Hold on, just what has my wife told you about me anyway?"

"Only the truth, sweetie," said Leandra. Frank glared.

"And what truth might that be, *dearest*?"

"Don't give me that look, Frank. We're under Gerard's roof now, so we can't keep living like we did before. We both have a lot of unhealthy habits to work on, and Gerard doesn't need to deal with that shit."

"I don't have temper tantrums *or* whine," said Frank, getting frustrated.

"Well then it should be easy for you to be good and get your new phone, right?" asked Gerard.

Frank paused. He had painted himself into a corner. "Well... Yeah... What do I have to do?" Leandra and Gerard exchanged glances once more.

"Well, it's funny you should ask. I have a list of house rules right here." Gerard slid a piece of paper to the center of the table.

Chapter 4: House Rules

"Rule number one, you will respect my home and property. That means cleaning up after yourself, treating dishes, the furniture, everything in the house with respect. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Yeah, I got it," said Frank, taking another pull of beer.

"Rule number two, what I say goes. My house, my way. If I say change the channel on the TV then the channel changes. If I say don't eat the raspberry sorbet in the fridge, that raspberry sorbet better be there tomorrow."

"*Okay...*" said Frank, raising an eyebrow and looking in the direction of his wife. These may have been the *house* rules but Gerard was looking squarely at Frank and Frank alone.

"Rule number three, no complaining. I understand that you don't have any income right now, so I'll go ahead and get all the groceries and anything else you need. Like I said we have a list on the fridge. But that means that what you get is what you get, and if you complain, you might just not get it. Got it?"

"Hold on," said Frank. "Do these rules apply to Leandra too? Because it seems like you're aiming all these rules at me."

"Yes, they apply to everyone," said Gerard, "but I *know* Leandra. She already knows what I like and don't like. You, I don't know. I'd like to get to know each other, but right now you are just my good friend's partner. I just want to make sure we understand what the expectations are so we get off on a good foot. Do you get me, Frank? ...Frank?"

Frank had grown bored with Gerard's speech and was no longer paying attention. He wished he had his phone, but he had shattered the screen and he hadn't seen it since the car trip when he'd lost his pants. Where had it gone, anyway?

"Okay, Frank. If you're not going to take this seriously, then we can start taking away house privileges. How does no TV for a week sound?"

"What?! No! Don't do that," said Frank, his eyes going wide. Without a phone, computer, or TV he'd have absolutely nothing to occupy his time. What was he supposed to do, read a book?

"Well if you want your stay here to be enjoyable, then you will show me respect. That is rule number four."

"Right," said Frank. "Respect." This Gerard guy was getting on his nerves. A free place to stay was nice, but was it really worth it?

"Last rule for now is no spending," said Gerard. "At least until you get some income. For now, you'll get what I give you and like it, or maybe next time you won't get it at all. Like that *foreign* beer you're enjoying, Little Cocu."

"What did you call me?" asked Frank, standing up.

"The beer. It's called Petite Cocu," said Gerard with a smirk. Of course he had actually just called Frank a little cuckold in French, but Frank didn't know that.

"How about we make a new rule," said Frank, crossing his arms. "No more French! I can't understand your language, dude. I speak American."

"American isn't a language, sweetie," said Leandra, rolling her eyes.

Gerard ignored Frank's provocative comments and continued. "Leandra has given me your phone and wallet for safekeeping. I'll take your phone to a repair place tomorrow and get an estimate. We can come to an arrangement on how you compensate me for the repair, depending on the cost."

""What?! You can't have my things!" said Frank, getting belligerent. The alcohol was not doing his mood any favors.

"Why? You can't use them anyway. You've got nothing in your bank account, and I need to take your phone in tomorrow, unless you want it to stay broken..." Frank growled, but relented.

"Okay, fine, you can have the phone, but I want my wallet. I have credit cards I can use to get what I need."

"And pay them back with what money? Leandra told me what you did with the savings. I'm not about to have you running up debts while you live here."

"Hey, that's none of your business, buddy," said Frank, standing up a second time and raising his voice. He was seething. "Leandra, why did you tell him that for?"

"It *is* my business when you're living under *my* roof," said Gerard, standing up and stepping forward to tower over Frank. "Don't try me, mister. You won't like what you get."

Frank took a step back. He wasn't used to this kind of treatment from another man. It was one thing for him and Leandra to fight, but Gerard looked ready to *fight*.

"I-I was just saying... I-I just want my Driver's license. Let me have that at least, in case I want to go out."

"If you need to go out you can ask me or Leandra first," said Gerard.

Frank didn't like it, but he didn't have much to work with. He didn't have his wallet or his phone and he didn't know where Gerard had put them. He'd have to snoop around when Gerard was away shopping.

"Okay, fine." Frank said, gripping his elbows tightly as if he were cold. If he were younger, it could be described as a pout. Gerard made him sign the list and pin it up on the refrigerator where he could see it. Frank's face burned red as he did this. It made him feel like a little kid in a way. He reached over to the beer to wash away that feeling, but Gerard took it before he could reach it.

"I think that's enough beer for you, buddy," said Gerard. "Leandra is right, you *are* cranky."

"What?" said Frank, shocked. "But... but I *want* it."

"Frank, I think you'd better go to bed," said Leandra.

"I don't wanna!" Frank said, balling up his fists. He was beginning to sound like a petulant child.

"Too bad," said Leandra. "Go on, Frank. And make sure you get your night diaper on for bed as well. You did quite a number on your diapers during your nap today, and I don't trust you to stay dry tonight either."

"What?!" said Frank. "No way! You've gotta be joking!"

"Frank," said Gerard. "You agreed to respect my things, right? Well, that's *my* bed you'll be sleeping in and I don't want you getting it wet."

"But I don't wet the bed!" Frank protested.

"Well, then it should be easy for you to keep your diapers dry tonight, shouldn't it?" Frank's cheeks burned red.

"I don't need them," was all he could say in response.

"Okay, I'll tell you what, bud. You *prove* to me you don't need them by keeping them dry for a *whole night*, and you can go to bed without."

"Oh, come on... This is stupid," Frank said.

"Right now it's Leandra's word against yours and I know her a lot better than I know you, so this is gonna be the best chance you get. Otherwise, you can just go and put your diaper on and don't make a fuss. Either way, this is the last time I want to have this discussion with you unless you want to lose those TV privileges we talked about."

"Grr. Fine. You win. I'll wear the damn diaper."

"Good," said Leandra. "You can report to us after you've put it on so we can see you've done it properly."

Frank's mouth went dry. "In... in front of... *him*? Come on Leandra, you've got to be joking.'

"No, and I want to be sure of it too," said Gerard, smirking.

Frank was speechless. He stomped off to wash up for bed with the sound of their laughter behind him as they continued their conversation. He couldn't help but think that laughter was for him.

After he was showered, he stood in his room looking at the open pack of diapers waiting for him on the dresser. He hated this. This must have been Leandra's way of getting back at him for spending the money. Still, he had no choice. He decided to bite the bullet and just do it. He pulled out a diaper and looked at it. It seemed easy enough. He pulled it up between his legs while standing and tried to tape one side, but as soon as he reached over to grab a tape the whole thing flopped over. He tried it with the other side and same result. After another failed attempt he got frustrated and started fighting the diaper. Eventually he tried sitting down to put it on and that seemed to work OK. Satisfied with his work, he put his pants back on and headed to the kitchen. They really felt almost like normal underwear, just a little thicker, and with a crinkle which made him quite self-conscious. Frank's nervousness increased as he approached the two of them. He felt like they had the upper hand, sitting elevated above him on tall kitchen chairs while he stood there in an infantile garment.

"Well?" said Leandra when he stopped in front of them. "Let's see."

"Go on, then," said Gerard in a more encouraging tone.

Frank looked from one to the other and back and reluctantly, shakily unbuttoned his pants, and lowered them ever so slightly.

"Oh come on, let's go," said Leandra, coming over and pulling down his pants to his feet.

"Hey!" said Frank, blushing brightly.

"We'll be here all night," she said, rolling her eyes. Then she saw the laughably bad job he did with the diaper and laughed out loud. "Oh dear. That's going to leak the minute *you* do. I think you'd better just leave the diapering to us."

"*Us*? What do you mean *us*? No way Gerard is-"

"I can handle it," said Gerard. "I really don't mind." As if inconveniencing Gerard was all that Frank was worried about. Leandra smiled.

"Thank you, Gerard! That would be a great help. Only if I can't get to it, of course," she quickly added.

Frank was getting more and more frustrated over this whole conversation, and he had reached his breaking point.

"I can't talk about this right now," he said, and stomped back off to their room.

Gerard and Leandra looked at each other.

"Should I talk to him or should you?" asked Gerard.

"I think I will, but you'd better come along. I don't want him thinking he can get away with that sort of behavior in your house. And you can take this," she said, handing Gerard a permanent marker. "I'll explain in a moment." she added when he gave her an inquisitive look.

"I haven't really diapered anyone before..." said Gerard, scratching the back of his head.

"Just watch what I do," said Leandra. "It's not as hard as you think."

"Okay," he said, "You lead the way!"

Frank was in bed, in his terribly taped diaper, with his arms crossed and pouting.

"Leandra, I..." he began in an angry tone as she entered the room but stopped short when he saw Gerard come in after her. "What is *he* doing here?" he asked.

"He's here to see how I diaper you," Leandra said, with her hands on her hips. "Now scoot down so I can fix that diaper."

"No way!" Frank said, his eyebrows down and his jaw set.

"SCOOT. NOW," she said, pointing her finger at the bottom of the bed. Frank's face got a little more plaintive as he scooted down to the edge of the bed.

"But sweetie, I don't need them..."

"Yes. You do. Now get on your back this instant. Good boy, now keep those hands up high where I can see them. You let Momma do all the work."

Frank had to cover his eyes from embarrassment, not daring to look as his wife reached down to grip the tapes on his diaper. When had his wife gotten so bossy?

"It's a good thing these can be retaped," Leandra said, separating the white tabs from the blue tabs and repositioning the diaper. She turned to Gerard and waved him over.

"Come and get a good look. I want you to see how I position the diaper and where the tapes go best for him."

"How can you tell they're even?" Gerard asked, inspecting the diaper.

"Well, I like to use the edge of the padding to tell me. Plus you can tell they're nice and tight like this."

Frank tried not to be there as his wife explained things to Gerard. He simply kept his eyes covered and closed up his ears, wishing he was anywhere but there. He was only taken out of it when he was shocked by his legs and butt lifting off the bed all of a sudden.

"And then you just check around the back of his legs to make sure it's got a nice seal all the way around and voila!" she said, lowering his ankles back down to the bed. "We don't have any oil or baby powder but this should do for tonight."

Frank made to scramble for the covers as soon as his ankles were released, but Leandra stopped him.

"Hold it!" She said, and Gerard came forward with a sharpie to sign each of the tapes.

"What is this?"

"I told you. You have to go a *full night* without wetting. Leandra told me what a tiny bladder you have, so I want you to prove you can do it, which means no taking it off until I see it in the morning."

"But wouldn't that prove that I don't need them?" asked Frank, even as Gerard signed his tapes.

"Waking up in the middle of the night once and going doesn't mean you won't sleep through it the next night," Gerard said with a smirk. "Or is that too hard for you?"

Frank couldn't argue with the logic, but it was still humiliating to be in this predicament.

"What's the matter, bud? You don't look so sure. You can just admit you need them now, if you think you can't-"

"I can do it!" Frank said, hastily, his face turning red. Frank knew full well that he often had to get up to go in the middle of the night, and after that beer he drank... even Frank had his doubts. Gerard smiled and shook his head.

"Alright, bud, if you say so. But if you change your mind and want to use the potty tonight, you can just wake me or Leandra up and let us know. We need to make sure your special undies are *nice and snug* after you go."

"Oh, man. Don't call them that," said Frank, groaning.

"Alright, I'll just call them what they are then. Nighty night, and sleep tight," said Gerard pulling back the covers for Frank to crawl under.

Frank couldn't meet his eyes, and attempted to pull them open a little further himself to at least feel like it hadn't been Gerard that had done it, but as soon as he was down, Gerard had the covers back up over him. Leandra and Gerard looked down at him approvingly and Gerard put an arm around Leandra's waist.

"Welcome home, buddy," he said, and with that they walked out together, turning off the light and closing the door on their way out.

Frank spent the next 20 minutes or so staring at the ceiling. He couldn't stand what was happening to him. He felt so off balance here, like he didn't have a say in anything. And he didn't like the way Gerard was so friendly with his wife. What was going on with that?

Eventually the sound of Frank's snores could be heard all the way out in the kitchen.

"Oh, god, I'll never fall asleep to that," Leandra said, looking down wringing her hands in exasperation.

"Like you were ever going to sleep in there anyway," said Gerard with a smirk. "Come on. Let's go to my room and see how I put *you* to bed."

Leandra giddily joined him ready to finally have some real action from a real man that she cared about. This was better than her romance novels by a long shot.

Chapter 5: The Next Morning

Frank woke up as the light from the window streamed over his face. He held a hand up and blinked at the brightness.

"Ugh..." he said sitting up. "Leandra..."

Frank turned to tell Leandra to let down the shades, but he was alone. He sat up, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes and yawned. He would have gone right back to sleep if he didn't feel a certain telltale twinge in his bladder. Reluctantly, Frank got out of bed only to be immediately reminded of what he was wearing. It was a diaper – thankfully dry – with Gerard's signatures on each tape. The alcohol had helped him sleep soundly but as a consequence he had to piss like a racehorse.

He considered just going to the bathroom to relieve himself, but he knew he had to prove he made it through the night or he'd just have to wear another diaper tomorrow. It was stupid, but he decided to just get it over with and go looking for Gerard or Leandra.

He spotted some clothes on the dresser. Leandra must have left them for him. At least they were something he actually needed.

Gerard and Leandra were already in the kitchen chatting and drinking coffee. They giggled at the sight of Frank wandering in in clothes that were just a little bit too big for him. He looked like a kid who had raided Daddy's dresser.

"What's so funny?" said Frank, annoyed that they were already so awake and chipper.

"Nothing, you just look cute is all," said Leandra.

"Not my fault they don't fit," said Frank. "You're getting me new clothes today, right?"

"Sure am," said Gerard. "I'll need your pants and shirt that you wore here to make sure I can match the sizes easily," he said.

"Yeah, sure, they're in the bedroom," he said. "Leandra can get them for you."

"Yeah, no. You'll be getting those yourself, buddy," said Leandra, raising her eyebrows and taking a sip. Her hair was still down, she was wearing the same dress she'd had on last night, and she looked positively radiant. She reminded Frank of the girl he'd met in college. Again, something stirred within him, an attraction he'd long forgotten. He was brought out of his reverie by Gerard's warm voice.

"Let's see how you did," he said, getting off his seat and reaching for Frank's pants.

Frank pulled back. "I can do it myself!"

He then hesitated a moment as he held his own hand over the button. He was really doing this. He pulled them down, and looked away, blushing.

"There. See?"

"Good job, buddy," said Gerard. "You stayed dry all night!"

Frank twisted up his face, embarrassed at being praised for something that most people over three could do without a problem. "Now can I take them off and go to the bathroom? I've gotta piss like a racehorse."

"Yeah, sure," said Gerard, looking at Leandra and chuckling. "You don't have to ask my permission to use the bathroom."

Frank's face went red. "I didn't... you..." His mouth flapped like a fish as he realized what he'd done. He might as well have pulled Gerard into the bathroom with him to supervise.

Gerard had already turned to Leandra and started speaking. "Does he need to wear during the day too?"

"N-no," started Frank, but Leandra spoke over him.

"Oh, he'll be fine, I think. As long as he has access to the bathroom it shouldn't be a problem. He's just got a small bladder."

"I gotta go," Frank finally said, realizing that his bladder probably wouldn't hold out long enough to explain himself. He was fully aware that he was just proving his wife's point, but he couldn't fight nature and didn't want to piss himself in front of them trying.

"Looks like he's already got the right idea," Gerard said to Leandra. "Boy, you weren't wrong about him. He's gonna be easy to convert. Sure is cute like that," he added, already thinking about the kinds of clothes he would get the guy.

"You know, I have to agree," said Leandra, laughing behind her hand. "Cuter than he is most days. I think it suits him. Maybe it's time we start adding some more things to the shopping list."

Gerard grinned and stood up. "I'll grab the shopping list."

By the time Frank came back, Gerard was gone.

"Is it just us now?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Leandra. "Gerard is out shopping."

"Oh," said Frank. "I didn't get to put anything on the list."

"No worries," said Leandra, barely containing a smirk. "I told him what you need."

"Hey, what was up with last night when you said I needed diapers? You know that's not true."

"What would you like me to tell him? That you were just trying them out to be kinky?"

Frank's eyes went wide, as he thought about how much worse that sounded.

"I was just covering your ass since he noticed your diaper when you came in," she continued. "You should be thanking me."

"Yeah, but... did he really have to see me getting changed?"

"Yes," she said simply, and left it at that.

Frank shook his head and wandered off to the living room to watch TV.

Meanwhile, Gerard was checking his list, having just arrived at the local Bullseye for some shopping.

"Let's see... beer, wine, apple juice for the little guy..."

After he stocked the cart up with food, he wandered over to the boys' clothing section. While Frank was flipping through the channels, Gerard was combing through the boys' section looking for the most kiddish clothing he could find in Frank's size, sending pictures of his favorites to Leandra for a second opinion.

"This ought to do nicely," said Gerard, holding up Frank's shirt to a shirt emblazoned with cartoon characters. He and Leandra were both excited to see how Frank would look in his new outfits. His boyish good looks would go well with them, almost like they were finally finding the clothes he was meant to be in. Gerard found himself chubbing up at the thought as he wheeled his way to the checkout counter.

Meanwhile, Frank was bored as he flipped through the channels.

"Doesn't he have any Sports channels on here?" he complained aloud.

"I'm sure he does, Frank. You're just looking for reasons to complain," called Leandra from the kitchen. She was reading her romance novel and snacking lightly on some cheese while Frank stewed in the living room. What he really wanted was some porn, but Gerard had his phone, and he had no way to get online.

"Hey," he called, leaping to his feet. He couldn't believe he hadn't thought of it. "Does Gerard have a computer? He's gotta have a computer..."

"I'm sure he does, Frank. You can ask him when he gets home."

The finality of her voice told Frank he would not be allowed to try and find it himself. He slumped back on the couch, crossing his arms. Aside from his frequent trips to the bathroom he hadn't done anything all day except sit in front of the TV bored. He hadn't even been able to find any beer in the house, much to his annoyance. What, exactly, did Gerard expect him to do with himself all day? That's when he heard the key in the door. "Finally!" he said to himself, leaping to his feet as Gerard came in carrying several grocery bags.

"Oh good, you're here-" began Frank, who then had the bags shoved into his arms.

"Yes, make yourself useful and take these," said Gerard. "I have more in the car."

Frank was annoyed by Gerard's tone, but he was much too preoccupied by the sudden load of groceries in his arms to reply. He hurried them over to the kitchen table, scooching Leandra off her chair as he put down everything.

"I've got more out here," called Gerard, and once Frank confirmed that there was no beer among the groceries Gerard had handed him, he went right out. If he was hoping to find the beer in Gerard's car, he was to be sorely disappointed, instead, Gerard held out several packs of pull-ups and diapers in his size for him to bring inside.

"Hey, what the heck is this all for?" asked Frank, incredulous that Gerard had brought him *more* diapers. "I thought you said we were gonna wait and see!"

"That was before I saw the state of your clothes. Did you think I wouldn't notice the wet spots in your underwear and in the front of your pants?"

Frank blushed. Gerard had indeed noticed the results of his poor bathroom habits. Failing to shake and make sure he was finished completely before stuffing his member back into his pants was Frank's M.O.

"Not to *mention* what I saw in the *back* of your pants. Besides, your wife was kind enough to put them on the shopping list for you. You don't have to be

embarrassed, Frankie. I can tell that you were trying to prove something, but there are no secrets in this house."

"But.. I ... you..." Frank was speechless. He was extremely embarrassed that Gerard had brought up the *skid marks* in his undies. "Th-those are *private*! You shouldn't be looking at my underwear anyway. And what's the big idea calling me *Frankie?"*

"Are we going to have an attitude problem, Frankie?" asked Gerard, cocking his eyebrow. "Have you been keeping *my* pants dry, buddy? I think we had better check." Gerard reached down for Frank's pants, but Frank leapt back.

"N-no! I mean... Yeah... I mean... can we talk about this *inside*?" he asked, saying the last part through gritted teeth. They were out in the open and this conversation was already getting *way* too personal for public consumption.

"Sure thing, bud," said Gerard, handing Frank the packs of diapers and pull-ups. "Then go ahead and take these to your room. I've got your clothes too, and I'll be wanting mine back. Probably need a wash already," Gerard said, muttering the last part to himself.

Frank stomped inside blushing so hard his ears were burning. He couldn't believe he was being made to bring in his own diapers by the well-meaning if misinformed Gerard. How was he ever going to convince this man that he didn't need them if Leandra kept sabotaging him? Of course he didn't consider for a second about how his bathroom habits may have contributed to this outcome.

Frank quickly tossed all the packs on the bedroom floor and ran back out to the living room, leaving them behind as quickly as he could. He came into the kitchen just in time to see Gerard setting down the last of the foodstuffs, and his eyes zeroed in on the case of beer sitting on the counter.

"Oh, thank god. Beer!" he said, rushing up to grab some.

"Ah, ah, ah!" said Gerard, snatching the case away, and setting it up on a high shelf. "Not for you, buddy."

"What do you mean?" whined Frank, unable to comprehend why anyone would separate him from his beloved golden beverage.

"I mean what I said. No more beer for you. I've seen what alcohol does to your mood, not that Leandra didn't warn me, and it's clear that it doesn't agree with you. I've gotten you plenty of apple juice instead. That's much better for you, I think." Frank

followed Gerard's gaze to the bottles of apple juice that were still on the kitchen counter. "Why don't you put some in the fridge so you have cold juice for later?" asked Gerard.

Frank frowned, and looked from the apple juice to the beer, but Gerard fixed him with a stare that told him it was not a question, and he found himself hurrying to do as he was told. Somehow, knowing that he was being made to *help* with this foolishness – having to carry his own diapers to his room and stock his juice in the fridge – it made things much worse in Frank's mind. Worst of all was the fact that when Gerard had fixed him with that stare, Frank felt a feeling in the pit of his stomach connected right to his cock. That fact that Frank was now chubbing up for no reason only made him more upset. Then, as he was putting the last few bottles that would fit in the fridge, he remembered something that made him feel a little better.

"Oh!" he said, popping his head out of the fridge "Hey, Gerard. Do you have a computer?"

"Yeah, bud. Why? Do you want some online time?"

"Yeah!" Frank said. At least he could spend some time making his *own* fun. That was probably why he was so trigger happy in his pants.

"I don't know, Leandra, do you think he's earned it?"

Frank had forgotten his wife was even there. He looked over to her as she put her finger on her chin as if deep in thought.

"Gee, I don't know. All he's done all day is be a lump on the couch and complain. Pretty sure complaining is against the rules. Anyway, I think he's had enough screen time for one day."

"Aww, *come on*," said Frank. "I've been bored *all day*!"

Gerard responded, ignoring Frank. "Well, maybe if he's *very good* and helps put away *all the groceries,* I'll think about it."

Frank rushed to help, knowing that he would tear his hair out if he had to spend another day without banging one out to his favorite porn site. He certainly wasn't going to spend the day with those two.

Gerard and Leandra chuckled as they watched Frank hurry to get it all done.

"See? He can be a good helper with the right *motivation*," said Leandra, with a sly grin. "Hey! Be careful, Frankie. You know better than to run through the house!"

Frank looked like a scolded child as he slowed his movement, too preoccupied with the promised reward to realize just how childish he appeared right then with how they were treating him.

"Great job, bud!" said Gerard, when Frank was all finished. Frank had been standing proudly when he finished, showing them that he could do a good job, but it only took a word from Gerard to make him realize he was being talked down to once again. Frank opened his mouth to say something, but Gerard handed him a couple more items.

"Go ahead and take these into the bathroom, bud. Ooh, and judging by your breath you need it!"

Surprised, Frank looked down at what he had in his hands. A kid's electric toothbrush, with cartoon characters on it, sparkly pink toothpaste and... "Bubblegum mouthwash?!"

"Yes, you didn't have any toiletries, so I got them for you. Now go put them in your bathroom. And brush your teeth while you're at it."

"But these are for *kids*," Frank whined, looking up at Gerard.

"I said March. Do I need to remind you of the rule about doing as you're told?"

"No, Gerard," said Frank, scowling. He stomped off to the bathroom and did as he was told, hating the sweet taste of the bubblegum flavored toothpaste and bubble gum mouthwash.

"He's gonna have to have an attitude adjustment pretty soon," said Gerard to Leandra as Frankie stomped off.

"Yeah," she said, "and I think I have just the idea..."

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"WHAT DO YOU MEAN I HAVE TO WEAR PULL-UPS?!" yelled Frank, when he got into the bedroom. He had been told to go there to change into his new clothes, but he never expected *this*.

"Sorry, bud," said Geerard. "I thought you'd like them more than your diapers, but we can go back if you want."

"I. Don't. Want. Diapers. Or pull-ups. I want undies!"

Well you're certainly not going to wear *my* underwear," said Gerard. "And I'll kindly ask you to lower your voice. I shouldn't even have to tell you that that's a rule here"

"But... but..."

"Rule number one: You will respect my property. I told you that last night, and the pull-ups are part of it. Now how about you stop sulking and take a look at your new clothes."

Frank's mood lightened ever so slightly at the prospect of having clothes that fit him again. Anyway it would be nice not to have Gerard nitpicking the condition of his pants.

Frank dumped out the bags on the bed as Gerard and Leandra looked on intently, but immediately recoiled at what he saw. There on the bed were clothes that he would never have picked in a million years. He picked up a dinosaur footed sleeper complete with back spines and tail. He held it between his thumb and forefinger as if it was hazardous waste.

"Ugh... Really? These clothes are all so... *childish!*"

"Frankie!" said Leandra. "I can't believe you! Gerard bought these with his own money. He didn't have to get anything for you."

Gerard came up to Frank and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Remember what we talked about last night? No complaining in my house. I got these for you, did you forget the rule?"

"No..." muttered Frank, looking down at the floor.

Leandra's voice piped in. "Frankie. What do we say?"

Frank glared at his wife as she mouthed 'thank you'.

Frank looked down at the floor, angry, his cheeks burning. "Thank you," he said, finally.

Gerard smiled and patted his shoulder. "You're welcome, buddy. Now why don't you try it on?"