

Diapercuck's Life

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

The training begins, but is Frank willing to put up with it? How long can he handle the baby treatment his wife and her lover are putting him through?

Chapter 11: How to Train your Cuck

After a night in VR, Frank had the images of his cuckening burned into his mind. He had every word, every gesture memorized, and if he closed his eyes he could almost see them in his mind. Now, the picture of the subby cucks that had been obscured by his shattered phone was complete, and it was him filling in that empty spot.

This is what went through Frank's mind as he sat in his booster seat for a big breakfast of oatmeal. And if being clad in nothing but a Blarney-print diaper wasn't embarrassing enough, it was Gerard's turn to feed the little cuck. The man took every opportunity to make it as embarrassing and over the top as possible, right down to the little airplane noises he made as Frank was forced to 'open wide for the airplane'.

"Come on little guy! Open up! The faster you finish your num nums the faster you can have your baba and get a change!"

Frank kept his arms crossed over his bib the entire time. He might be cooperating, but he was going to show he definitely didn't like it. He hated oatmeal, but he wasn't given a choice. He was simply forced to watch as Leandra, dressed in a simple yet elegant silk robe, ate a delicious breakfast of eggs, croissants, fruit, and coffee, washed down with a delicious looking mimosa. Her hair hung back over her left shoulder making her look like an angel in the morning light. And now, she was just as untouchable.

Leandra smacked her lips and complimented Gerard on his amazing cooking, while he cooed back at her, making little innuendos about how much he liked his breakfast in bed that morning. But what could Frank do? He knew he wouldn't make it far if he was left on the street to fend for himself. He certainly hadn't left any friendships intact in California thanks to his tendency to burn bridges left and right. No, if he wanted a roof over his head, it would have to be here.

"Could you guys get a room or something," he finally muttered, as Gerard took the empty bowl to the sink."

"We have one," said Leandra. "And pretty soon, you'll have yours as well!"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Frank suspiciously, but the conversation was cut short when Gerard stuck the bottle nipple in his mouth.

"That's it, drink up baby boy. Get all the practice in before you have to suck Daddy's baba again." Frank's eyes went wide and his face went red as he thought about the night before, when he was forced to clean Gerard's cum-soaked cock.

"Oh my, looks like the little baby liked *that* idea," said Leandra, her musical laugh filling the air. Frank quickly brought his hands down to cover the front of his diaper but Gerard and Leandra just laughed more. Gerard spoke, holding the bottle up to make sure Frank kept drinking.

"No use hiding it now. It's okay if you're excited to have another taste of Daddy's sausage. I know it's what little diaper cuckies like."

Frank's face burned, but he couldn't say a thing about it. All he could do was squirm as the liquid filled his stomach bringing the urgency in his already full bladder to a head. Soon, he was flooding his diaper, though he couldn't tell how much with his cage blocking all sensation to his penis. All he noticed was the relief from his bladder and the warmth on his thighs as the diaper swelled up bigger and bigger. He didn't even want to look down to see how obvious it was, but Gerard was quick to reach down and squish the front of his diaper and announce it to everyone.

"Wow, little man. You really had to go, didn't you? I bet you can't feel that at all, can you?" he said, squeezing the diaper. "Well, no matter. Little boys like you don't know when you're wet anyway. That's why Mommy and Daddy have to check."

Mercifully, Frank finished the bottle soon after, and was burped and allowed to settle for a bit as Gerard ate his meal.

"I'll go ahead and change him, honey," said Leandra. "Then you two can go out for your big shopping trip!"

"Shopping trip?" asked Frank, feeling a knot in his stomach forming already as Leandra unstrapped him from the booster seat and helped him to his feet. But neither adult in the room found it necessary to fill him in on any more details than that.

In the bedroom, Leandra warned him not to use any big boy words or ask to be big again.

"I have no problem keeping you gagged at all times, but I'm sure you'd be much more comfortable without it, so be a good baby and just cooperate."

"Yes, Momma," Frank said, glumly, as he laid down to have his diaper changed. He endured the humiliation of relying on his wife to take off his diapers and wipe him down, but when she came back with another diaper, he balked.

"Aren't I gonna get a shower first?" he asked.

"Since when do you care about getting a shower, little man?" asked Leandra. "You barely used to use the shower unless it was to jerk off."

"Yeah, but I also wasn't covered in my own piss," he complained.

"You mean pee pee? You're sounding suspiciously like a big boy all of a sudden," she said, lifting his butt and depositing it on the diaper. She raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips as he shook the powder out on his nethers. Frank was smart enough to clam up at that point and avoid the dreaded pacifier gag. He did, however, speak up as she went to pull up the front.

"Wait, can't I wear a pull-up at least, mommy? These are so loud and thick..."

"And since when do little boys like you care about that?" she asked. Frank had no argument for her that wouldn't make things worse for him. "Besides, you know what a pain it is to find a potty every five minutes when you're out in public. Gerard would never get his shopping done."

Leandra's tone made one thing clear: Frank was going in a diaper whether he liked it or not.

"There we go," she said, after she brought the diaper up and taped it snugly in place.

But that wasn't the worst of it. What came next really had his stomach turning.

"I think this will be the perfect outfit for your day out," she said, holding up the garments that Frank would wear to the store

"Okay, little man. Sit up." In her hand, Leandra held a pair of very short tan shortalls covered with adorable baby animal faces. She also had a onesie with colorful stars outlined all over.

"What is *that*?" asked Frank. He wasn't even sure what he was looking at, but he knew he didn't like it.

"Honestly, Frank. Have you not even *looked* at a baby before? You knew I always wanted children but you didn't even give it a thought did you? Typical." She shook her head and began to describe the items to Frank as if talking to a small child. "Well, sweetie,

this is called a *onesie*, she said, holding up the starry shirt. It keeps your diapees from *sagging* when they get wet from your little *accidents*. And these are called '*shortalls*'," she began, before Frank interrupted.

"Oh Leandra, come on. I know what *shortalls* are."

"That's mommy to you, little man!" she said, making a stern face as she grabbed her husband's wrist.

"I don't need diapers!" he said, trying to pull away. "You *know* I'm not gonna have an accident on this short little store trip."

"Just like you weren't gonna have an accident on the ride here from California?" She asked, wrestling the onesie over his head. "Yeah, Gerard and I aren't taking our chances with *that* one. Nobody has time to deal with any more of your *messes*. Now lie back and let me snap you up. That's better.."

Frank huffed and crossed his arms, sulking. "I don't like it. I don't like any of these stupid baby clothes.."

"Frankie!" said Leandra, exasperated. "Gerard bought you all these clothes with his *own money*. He could have left you to run around in just your diapers, which he *also* had to foot the bill for since you can't even make it to the potty on your own."

"That's not my fault!" Frank whined, but he could already feel her turning the tide against him.

"So, locking up that dinky dick wasn't enough to remind you of your position in this household? Fine. We can easily add another reminder," she said, unclipping a small leather strap from her belt. When had she gotten *that*, wondered Frank.

"No no no, don't Mommy. I'll be good. I'll be good!"

"You know the rules, sweet pea. No complaining. You wear what Mommy and Daddy give you; you eat and drink what we feed you; and do what we tell you. Now on your back, little man, or next it'll be your little bitty balls that get the strap."

Frank tearfully obeyed, sniffing and whimpering in the most pathetic manner. Leandra sighed. She almost didn't have the heart to do it, but she knew his outward display of remorse was only skin deep. She would have to leave a much deeper impression if she was to get this lesson to stick. She grabbed her husband's legs and raised them up, holding them at the ankles with one hand and leaving the other to administer justice.

THWAP *THWAP* *THWAP*

Gerard looked up from his news feed as the sound of the strap reached the kitchen. He raised his eyebrows for a second, shook his head, then looked back down to continue reading. The little cuck would learn sooner or later. He hoped sooner. Neither he nor Leandra took particular pleasure in spanking the poor guy, but hopefully if they were strict in the beginning, such measures would not be needed in the future. The man was out of control, astoundingly immature, and clearly unable to manage his own life. They might not even *try* to potty train the little cuck at this rate. He sighed and opened up his calendar to update the schedule of Frank's transformation. *Some people just never grow up*, he thought.

Back in the guest bedroom, Leandra held up the shortalls once more. "You will wear this or you will go out in just your diaper. What will it be?"

Frank sniffled, rubbing his thighs and feeling sorry for himself.

"Well?"

"That," Frank said, pointing to the shortalls.

"Good choice, sweetie." She kissed her husband on the forehead and he returned a sulky look though his watery eyes.

"I'm not trying to be mean, little one, but you have to learn that you don't get to make your own decisions anymore. Maybe one day if you develop some maturity you can, but you have utterly failed in that regard up to now and Mommy and Daddy are taking over to set you on the right track. Do you understand?"

Frankie looked down and nodded. Part of him knew that he had been a failure, even though he always blamed it on someone else. Maybe that's why he was so angry. Then he saw the snaps in his crotch.

"What the hell are *those*?!" he asked.

"*Frankie!*"

More smacks rang out from the bedroom before Leandra came out into the kitchen leading Frankie by the hand like the little toddler he was becoming. Gerard put his phone away and stood up. In contrast to the adorably dressed Frankie, Gerard was dressed in a crisp business casual button up with a fashionable braided belt, designer jeans, and SolarBan sunglasses pushed up over his hair. If it came to a question of who was the man of the house between him and Frankie, there was no comparison.

"Are we ready to go, little man?" asked Gerard.

Frankie winced. The words stung even worse than usual coming from him and at this particular moment. "Yes, Daddy," he muttered, looking at Gerard's clothes in envy and then down to his own outfit. Leandra nudged him.

"What do we say, Frankie?"

"Thank you for the clothes, Daddy," he mumbled, still looking at the ground. His face was now red enough to stop traffic.

"You're very welcome little man. And if you like that, you're gonna *love* where we go next. Let's go shopping for your things, baby boy!" Gerard then gave Leandra a peck on the lips and grabbed a very confused Frankie's hand to lead him out the door. "Adieux, mon chérie!" he called back to Frank's wife. Frank didn't speak French, but he was sure he didn't like that either.

Chapter 12: Shopping with Daddy

Frankie sat in the back seat, arms crossed as Gerard drove down the sunny Nevada street in Frank's former car, a classic pink Cadillac that was beginning to show its age.

"We need to get you a carseat buddy," said Gerard, trying to make conversation.

"No way," said Frank, making a face. "Those are for babies." Gerard grinned. It was cute that Frank thought he had a choice. He wouldn't even bother fighting the little cuck on it, he was just gonna do it.

"This convertible drives like a dream," said Gerard, changing the subject.

"I can drive it back," offered Frankie, but Gerard wasn't biting. He just laughed.

"Haha. No, little man. You're too *little* to drive a grown-up car. Maybe we can find you one of those scoot-along plastic cars for the yard, but you'll have to earn it," he added. Frank didn't think this was a great reward to look forward to.

"What do I have to do to earn back my internet?" Fra asked. "Or my phone?"

"Oh, so we're bargaining now, are we?" asked Gerard. "You know what you have to do. You have to be my obedient little boy today and *maybe* I'll think about giving you back one of those privileges early..."

"Gerard. For the hundredth time, I'm not a b-"

"And you can *start* by calling me Daddy *all day*." said Gerard, interrupting Frank mid-sentence. Frank scoffed, but Gerard said nothing more. Reluctantly and begrudgingly, Frank forced himself to say the words he hated most. It would be worth it to get his things back. "Yes, Daddy."

"That's my good little champion," said Gerard, hitting the gas and zooming on toward their destination. "Now let's see what this baby can really do!"

They arrived minutes later in a large parking lot. Frank could make out the sign from the highway - it said 'Super Baby Mega Center' and the description was apt. It looked like a whole mall in and of itself, and as they got closer and he got a better look, he realized that it *was* a mall. The Super Baby Mega Center was just a massive anchor store that he'd never seen in California.

"Are we going in *there*?" he asked, half awed and half afraid.

"Yes, little one," said Gerard with a smile. "Where else would we take a little boy like you?" Frank didn't like that answer one bit. He sat back in his seat with a loud

crinkle, crossing his arms and feeling the unfamiliar bulk of the thick diaper between his legs. He could definitely tell he was wearing a diaper when he looked down at his crotch and he didn't like it one bit. Sure, he had a small bladder but he wasn't *that* bad. Then, he began to squirm.

"Um, Ger, I m-mean, um... Daddy?" he said uncertainly as Gerard grasped his sides to help him down out of the vehicle.

"Yes, little one?"

"Can we stop by the restroom first?"

"No, Frankie," he said, grabbing Frank's hand and leading him toward the looming building. "We can't stop every five minutes to give you a potty break. If you want out of diapers, you're just going to have to learn to hold it."

"But *Daddddd*!" Frank Whined, drawing a few curious looks and chuckles from those nearby.

"No. I said no, and that's final. We can take you to the bathroom *after* the shopping trip."

Once again, Frank could feel himself getting angry, and he opened his mouth to speak but Gerard just wagged a finger and said, "Ah, ah, ah. Phooooone." That was the only reminder Frank needed to get him to shut up.

"What are we going to get here?" asked Frank, curling his upper lip as Gerard grabbed a large cart.

"You should know. We've already talked about it, kiddo. Babies do have such bad memories though, I really should expect that. I guess it'll just have to be a surprise."

"H-hey!" yelled Frank as Gerard lifted him up into the rear-facing child seat of the shopping cart. He looked around and covered his mouth, realizing that more people were looking his way. He was completely mortified. "L-let me down from here," he said, leaning in and speaking in a harsh whisper in the hopes that no one around would hear him but Gerard.

"*Fussy* little one," said Gerard, shaking his head. "I think we'd better make sure you're extra secure." With that, he buckled Frank in at the crotch and waist. It was a child-proof lock which Frank found himself unable to undo, so he was left to just squirm uncomfortably at the pressure on his bladder as he was pushed through the store.

"We'll take this, and this, and some of this," said Gerard, as they went down the aisle with all the diaper creams and powders.

"I'm not gonna need all that," said Frank, desperately trying to twist around and see everything that was going in the cart.

"I think you will," said Gerard. "You're in diapers full-time now. Or did you forget the new rules?" Frankie did not. How could he with thick diapers serving as a constant reminder between his legs? At least he had the hope of getting a potty break after this stupid store trip. Then he saw where they were going next. The *diaper* aisle. His heart raced as he was pushed through two towering walls of diapers going from the more mature looking plain and muted colors popular in products for teenagers, to the more bright and colorful action-packed colors of superheroes and popular cartoons, and finally to the most babyish and cuddly designs of all.

"Look at you," said Gerard, as he picked up the first package of diapers. "You're shaking. Is somebody excited for his new life as a diapercuck?"

"N-no," said Frank, more quickly than he should have. They both knew the truth, however. As aggravating as it was, this was also the kind of fantasy he'd been beating off to for most of his adult life. He couldn't help but feel incredibly turned on whenever the word cuck was mentioned in relation to his present situation. Frank winced as his cock struggled to get hard in its caged confines.

"Aww, it's okay, sweetie," said Gerard aloud, patting Frank's head. "You'll get to wear big boy pants someday!" Then he leaned in close to Frank and said softly, "You'll learn not to get hard so easily sooner or later. Once your body realizes what a waste it is." Frank watched in dismay as Gerard grabbed package after package of thick diapers with babyish designs. There were space diapers, and dino diapers, diapers with popular cartoon characters, and worst of all, there were even pretty pink diapers with princesses and cupcakes, ponies and ribbons.

"I'm not wearing *those*," said Frank, crossing his arms defiantly. "Those are for girls!"

"You will wear whatever I say you will wear. And if I decide you're going to be Daddy's little princess, that is just what you'll be, my petite little princess." Frank scoffed, but Gerard wasn't giving in. "Say it. Say *I'm Daddy's petite little princess.*"

"N-no way!" said Frank, turning bright red and looking around. There wasn't anyone too close but he could just imagine all the people that *might* hear him and it terrified him.

"Say it, or I'll take your pants away and put you in one right now."

"You wouldn't!" said Frank, nearly breathless with disbelief.

Gerard cocked an eyebrow and gripped the girliest package of diapers in the bunch with both hands. "Do you want to try me?" Him and Frank stared each other down. Then came the sound of plastic tearing and Frank could see the bag beginning to tear open under Gerard's grip.

"N-no! Wait!" cried Frank, holding out a hand. Gerard paused, his eyebrow still cocked. "I-I'll say it." He gulped and took a deep breath. "I'm... I'm..." he could hardly get the words out, they were so humiliating, but he forced himself to do it to save what shred of dignity he had left. "I'm D-daddy's little p-princess," he said, finally spitting it out. Gerard smiled and nodded his approval.

"Yes you are," he said, patting Frank's head. "And don't you forget it." Frank was sure Gerard wouldn't *let* him forget it, especially when they made their way past the clothing section.

"I think you've got a good amount of clothing already," said Gerard, "but since we've established that you're Daddy's little princess at least *some* of the time, I think we'd better get you some appropriate clothing, no?"

Frank bit his tongue. The less he said, the better. The more he said, the worse it would be for him.

"No objections?" asked Gerard, a little taken aback. He quickly recovered, smiling. "The little one learns quickly. In that case, I will only get her a few new items from the little girl's section. Though if it turns out the little one likes them, I'll be happy to return."

Frank hardly thought he'd *like* being dressed like a little girl, but he supposed he was going to have the chance to thoroughly test that assumption out. His penis sure seemed to like the idea, judging by how insistently it pressed up against his cage when he watched Gerard throw in the polka dot tights, the pink overalls, and the Michael Mouse onesie with an attached skirt short enough to be a tutu. He thought about what would happen when he got home. Maybe his wife would hate the girly. Maybe Leandra would just toss them out the moment she saw them. But more likely, she'd be all about it and push it *further*. He hoped he was wrong.

"Where are we going now?" asked Frank, wincing in pain from his straining cock and his straining bladder as Gerard wheeled him onto the next section.

"Almost done, my little pastry puff! Just one more stop."

Frank's heart fell when he saw the sign pass above his head. It said 'Furniture'. That was when he knew they would make good on their promise to convert the guest room into something more 'age appropriate'.

"Here we are," said Gerard, picking Frank up out of the cart. "Let's see what we can get for our little prince, or princess."

"Hey, let me down," said Frank as he was lowered down into a sturdy looking crib. "Hey! What are you doing, G- D-Daddy?"

"I'm letting you down," said Gerard, pushing Frank down onto his back. While Frank had been hoping to only be downgraded to a bed with rails, Gerard had other ideas. He made a point of having Frank lay in the crib so there was no question whose it was. "Now, how does this one feel?"

"Not great," said Frank. "It's a friggin crib."

"Well, if you don't like it, you're free to try to get out," said Gerard, smiling. Frank tried to climb the bars but found that with his thick diapers and the height of the rails, that was too difficult. He was, however, able to get the latch open and triumphantly hopped down once the rails swung out of the way.

"Woohoo!" he said, raising his arms in the air. "Victory. Take *that*, Daddy."

"Is there something I can assist you with?" asked a voice from directly behind Frank, causing him to jump.

"Eek!" Frank said, and then he made a face of dismay. The shock had caused him to wet his pants. However, Gerard answered the question as if nothing had happened.

"Why, yes! We're looking for a crib a little more secure than... *that* one." He pointed to the crib Frank had just escaped.

"Oh, okay. You got yourself a little houdini, huh? I can help ya."

Frank spun around to see a tall teenager with her hair tied up to one side in a tiny punky pigtail and a name tag that said 'Lisa'. He blushed to realize that she must have been half his age, yet here he was looking like an absolute infant compared to both of them. Frankie looked up to the taller man who was dressed so sharply compared to his childish attire and felt intimidated by the stark difference between him and these two 'grown-ups'. How had things taken such a drastic turn from his time in the office, when *he* was the one belittling others?

"He's a cutie," the girl said. "Looks like a trouble-maker too. And he's, uh... a little *bigger* than your average baby... I think you'd better get him something this one over here. Come on."

Gerard grasped Frank's hand and led him through the rows of cribs which came in all shapes and sizes. Finally, they arrived at a large crib made of solid wood.

"This one here is called the tiger cage," she said, giggling. "It's not really called that but we call it that because it's perfect for little terrors who don't want to stay put. And it's got a bit of an animal theme going on."

Sure enough, it was decorated with circus animals. The theme wasn't too overt but it was definitely there, and definitely lent an extra infantile flair compared to the plain colors of other cribs. Frankie hated it.

"I love it!" said Gerard.

"I don't," grumbled Frankie.

"Well, then, little guy," said the young woman, putting her fists on her hips and bending down to speak to Frank who was just a bit shorter than her. "I'll tell ya what. Why don't you try and get out of it and if you do, then your *Daddy* won't have to buy it for you."

Frank looked to Gerard. "R-really?" Gerard smiled and nodded.

"Sounds good to me!"

"Alright, I'm game," said Frank, loosening up his arms. "No way some stupid baby cage is going to keep me."

However, when he was lowered down into the crib, he almost immediately regretted his decision. First, it was taller than others, so he couldn't even reach completely over the rails. Second, the wood was thick, and he found it hard to even reach through, much less release the latch to open it. Finally, they gave him a handicap and threw in some plushies for him to try and climb up on. Even when he did manage to reach over the rail, he found that the latch was self-locking. Only an approved caretaker could open it, and that wasn't him. Frank briefly contemplated jumping out, but he lost his grip on the slippery surface and landed on his padded butt, yelping and letting out more pee into his diaper, much to his dismay. But he wouldn't let Gerard know that if he could help it.

"And it comes unlatched for *you* as easy as that," said the girl, swinging open the crib to reveal a defeated Frankie.

"I'll take it!" said Gerard, and the girl smiled back.

Next up was a changing table, and Frankie found his butt parked on a changing table with a similar design to the crib. It turned out they were both part of an extensive

bedroom set, and Gerard was going to get the whole package. Frankie groaned, but then he yelped once more as was pushed onto his back and strapped down to the table. He suddenly felt the snaps to his crotch unpop. Gerard was reaching down and *unsnapping* his shortalls!

SNAP *SNAP* *SNAP*

"W-what are you doing, Daddy?!" cried Frankie.

"I'm checking you, of course."

"No, don't!" said Frankie, struggling, but with the straps holding him down by the chest and arms, he was unable to do anything about it.

"Feel free to try and stop me," said Gerard. Frank continued to struggle to no avail. "No? That's what I thought."

"There's no way the little tyke's getting out of *that*," said the girl, giggling. "Big rambunctious tykes are what this set is *made* for."

"I guess babies come in all sizes," said Gerard, smirking.

"Around *here* they do. Believe me," said the girl.

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Gerard. "I'll tell you later, when the little ankle-biter isn't listening. Maybe when we look at the playpens or something."

Gerard nodded and went about doing his check. Frank gasped at the feel of two fingers invasively poking into the leghole of his diaper.

"Hmm... a little wet..." said Gerard. Frank blushed fiercely.

"Hey! It's not my fault! You're the one who wouldn't let me go *potty!*"

Gerard just smirked and began snapping the shortalls back up. Frank was stunned.

"H-hey! Wait. You're not going to *leave* me in these, are you?"

"It can hold a lot more than that, kiddo. I'll change you when I decide it's time and no sooner." Frank couldn't believe he'd be left in a wet diaper.

"Anything else you need?" asked Lisa, the attendant.

"Well, we might as well check out some other accessories for him. How about...?"

Frank strained to listen, but couldn't make out what Gerard had asked for as he had leaned in to say it to Lisa quietly.

"Right this way!" said Lisa.

"No way," said Frank, coming to a stop as they approached the high chairs. "A booster seat is bad enough!"

"What about a classic wooden high chair?" asked Lisa, ignoring Frank's outburst entirely.

"Let's see," said Gerard, smirking.

Frank was astonished as the bigger man grabbed him under the armpits and lifted him into a cute painted wooden chair with pastel animal designs on it. It was as if the whole world was in on this trap he was in, and conspiring to keep him treated as a little boy with no control. He looked down as the tray was snapped in place and blushed to realize he really couldn't escape.

"Hmmm, looks too uncomfortable," said Gerard, as he watched Frank squirm in the chair. "I want my little guy to be comfy wmfy during his meals..."

"Oh? Well, let's try something with padding," said Lisa, smiling. Frank was next helped into a classic white plastic high chair, with vinyl padding that had some soft foam inside. Baby Tooney Toons played across the padded parts, making it seem extra babyish and Frank felt humiliated even before the tray was snapped in.

"Alright, time to try the tray!" said Lisa, bringing it down to snap in place. "This one has its own cup - or bottle - holder. As you can see, the plastic also goes up at the crotch to keep baby from sliding out. Also, thanks to the nice wide tray, little hands can't get around and unlatch it on their own.

Frank squirmed in embarrassment as the two of them discussed his high chair as if he wasn't there. How far he had fallen since the day before.

"This looks good, but it concerns me that his hands and feet are free. I wonder if there's something a little bit more... secure?" asked Gerard. Lisa smiled a knowing smile.

"Oh, I think we might have a thing or two..."

The third high chair they tested had a puffy white bucket seat that enclosed Frank in a poofy cushion like a big diaper especially when the padded straps were pulled tight, hugging the diaper to his crotch. There were more straps at anchor points

for his wrists, ankles, arms and legs that left him totally helpless, yet completely comfortable.

"Wow! I think we found a winner," said Gerard, smiling as he saw how completely secure his little cuck was in this high chair.

"There's one more piece," said Lisa, smiling. She snapped a tray in place that had a decal of Baby Toony Toons playing across the front. A baby black duck was passing a block to a baby bunny, while a mouse and a dog crawled across the tray in their adorable diapers. It was utterly babyish, all the better to remind baby cucks of their position in life.

"Judging by how red the little one's face is, I'd say this is a hit," said Gerard. "We'll take it! Now how about a carseat?"

Next thing he knew, Frank found himself strapped into several car seats. The first was a rear facing one that had him almost laying down. Frank had given up trying to struggle or speak, knowing that neither course of action would get him very far. He closed his eyes and silently prayed that they wouldn't pick this one, however, as it was entirely too babyish.

"Hmm, I don't think this one would fit very well in the car," said Gerard. "How about one where he's sitting up?"

"Of course," said Lisa, bringing them to a more standard looking seat, albeit with an embarrassing theme.

"Is... is that a pawsome squad pup?" asked Gerard, smiling.

"That's right! Dash is ready for action and there to protect little pups from any trouble on the road!" said Lisa, with an enthusiasm befitting of a commercial.

"It's perfect," said Gerard, looking at the five point harness, and admiring how even the metal buckles were colored blue, red, and yellow, just like the Pawsome Squad logo emblazoned on them.

"Let's strap him in to make sure," said Lisa, clearly having fun. Frank sighed in frustration as he was strapped in, The belts were made to look like Dash himself was holding onto his little passenger, and the crotch strap, once again, was nice and snug against his diaper, though frustratingly not helping him get any stimulation down there no matter how he shifted.

"Check this out," said Lisa, pressing a button on the seat. Suddenly there was a siren sound and lights flashing just like the Pawsome Squad car made in an emergency. Frank blushed deeply as the heads of other customers in the area all turned to look at

him. Secured as he was, there was nowhere for him to hide, and he was frustrated to find he couldn't even undo the buckles on his own.

"Child safety locked," said Lisa. "I'll teach you how to unlatch them," she said to Gerard, with a wink, and she proceeded to tell him behind her hand. Gerard tried it and the seat unbuckled immediately, but Frank had no idea just how he did it.

Next came the search for a good stroller, and finally a new diaper bag for the humiliated cuck.

"Do you want a monkey or an elephant?" asked Gerard, holding the two bags up for Frank to appraise. Frank made a sour face at the thought of being made to choose his own diaper bag.

"Neither," he said, firmly. "I'm not going to need it. Enough's enough, Gerard. I've learned my lesson. Can't we just call it quits and go home?"

"Uh oh," said Gerard. "I think it's time we found him a playpen to test. Little man here needs a time out."

"Sure, we've got it right this way," said the attendant. And that was how Frank found himself stewing in an actual playpen while the 'grown-ups' talked amongst themselves. He looked through the netting as they walked away and came to find that with the high walls and nothing to really grab onto, it was an embarrassingly effective cage.

"So what exactly *is* your relationship with the little tyke?" asked Lisa as they walked off. Gerard told her the truth and was surprised to learn that they had an incredible array of products to help him and Leandra achieve their goals with their little diapercuck.

Gerard was very excited. As odd as this arrangement sounded when Leandra proposed it, he was coming to enjoy it more and more as he fell into the role of Daddy. He didn't know Frank well, and the man was certainly not agreeable, but Leandra loved him and that was good enough for Gerard. Gerard would not give up on Frank, and as he found the means to do so, the path forward seemed clearer than ever. All this was running through his mind as Lisa, the store attendant, opened his eyes to just how common his situation was.

"All these products will help you take care of your fussy little guy. As you can see, you're not the only customer who finds that they have a bigger baby on their hands."

"Indeed not," Said Gerard, impressed. He finalized his purchase and scheduled delivery for the furniture before returning to take Frank to the check-out counter. Frank

was full of questions but Gerard wasn't interested in answering them. He simply reminded Frank of the phone reward and threatened to use a pacifier on him. That settled Frank down somewhat. Or if not settled, at least he was quiet. Frank's eyes bugged when he saw the dollar amount on the register.

"What did you buy?" he asked. "A new car?"

Gerard just smiled and patted his head. "You'll see, little guy. And you're welcome."

Gerard whipped out his wallet and pulled out his platinum card to pay. Frankie was impressed. Only the big wigs at his work had platinum cards. Frank's face burned red as he thought about all the fuss and money Gerard was putting into him. Once again, he felt inadequate as a man to think that Gerard was now his provider - even if for things that he wouldn't have gotten for himself.

When they were finally finished with the humiliating shopping spree at Super Baby Mega Center, they returned all the goodies into the back of Frank's old convertible. Frank was more than ready to leave, but he was disappointed to find out that they were now going to go to the main area of the 'Promenade Mall'.

"We have to go in," said Gerard. "After all, that's where the phone fix-it people are."

"Can't I just stay out here?" whined Frank.

"Not a chance. I would never leave a baby in a hot car!"

"But I'm not... Ugh, nevermind," Frank said. He let Gerard lead him back to the mall.

Chapter 13: The Promenade

"Let's get that phone to the fix-it people, eh?" said Gerard, Frank's newly acquired diaper-bag slung over one shoulder as he pulled the little cuckold through the crowds of people at the Promenade Mall.

Frank felt very self-conscious being in public, especially in his wet diaper, which had grown considerably thicker after the scares he had earlier. It was one thing to be in a baby store where he *might* have blended in - if no one was paying attention - but it was wholly another to be in the middle of the shopping center where all sorts of people were walking around. He couldn't even walk normally, but was instead forced to kind of throw his hips forward in a waddle around the unyielding padding between his legs.

So this was why strollers were invented, thought Frank. He now longed to be pushed around in a shopping cart rather than be forced to try and keep up with his long-legged 'Daddy'.

"Just think," Gerard said, as they walked through the mall. "You'll be dressed like this all the time! And we'll take you everywhere with us." Frank gulped, imagining himself toted around everywhere dressed like a silly toddler. "You'll become a familiar face around town, Frankie. Yes, everyone will know who the *big baby cuck* is."

Frank whined at that. He didn't *want* everyone to know him as that big baby they saw around town. Then, by some stroke of luck, he spotted something in the toy store just up ahead.

"Daddy, I want that!" Frank said, excitedly. Gerard looked ahead to see that Frank was pointing at a rack of masks.

"A child's mask? Are you sure?"

"Yes, Daddy. I'm sure! I'm sure!"

"You know, if you get this, then you'll be spending all your goodie points. That means you won't get your cell-phone back as quickly..."

"I don't care," said Frank. "I'll take the mask." Anything would be better than being publicly embarrassed like this.

"Okay, little man. It's your points." Gerard said as he smiled and ruffled Frank's hair. Frank scowled and reached up to fix it, but Gerard told Frank to leave his hair as it was. "It's cuter that way. All mussed up just like a little boy's hair should be."

Frank suppressed a growl and let it go. If nothing else, he was learning patience. He had to control his temper if he wanted to get his way.

"Which mask would you like, little man?" asked Gerard, spinning the rack around.

Frankie didn't really care. He didn't know the difference between the masks anyway, but if he had to decide...

"Oh, I know! Why don't we pick someone from your *favorite* show," said Gerard, with a wink. He picked up a Pawsome squad mask of Matterhorn the snowdog and handed it to Frankie.

"What? This isn't my favorite show, I don't even watch- oh..." Frankie blushed as he recalled the embarrassing incident where he was caught rubbing himself off to the childish cartoon. Gerard wouldn't let him hear the end of it! And the worst thing of all was he felt his stiffy once again straining against the cage.

"What's wrong, little one? Do you need Daddy's help? Do you need another diaper check? What?" Gerard made no effort to disguise the fact that he was looking after an overgrown infant in public. In fact, he made a big show of trying to figure out just what was wrong with the little guy.

"N-no. I don't need a check," Frank said, fighting back the urge to yell at Gerard and cause an even bigger scene.

"Are you sure? I don't think you're old enough to tell when you need a check, little one. Daddy had better just check you right here just in case."

"N-no! Wait!" said Frank, as Gerard reached for his snaps. He couldn't let this happen in the middle of the mall. "I-I just need help. To put on my mask. ...D-Daddy." Reluctantly he added that final word and that seemed to be the magic key to get Gerard to listen and stop trying to open up his pants.

"Ohh, so *that's* what you needed. Okay, little one. Here you go." Gerard put the puppy mask on Frankie, and gave him a kiss on the head, making him feel very babyish and very embarrassed, then he grabbed Frankie's hand and led him up to the counter. "I'd like to buy this for my little boy," he said to the cashier. The cashier looked over the counter at Frankie then at the colorful diaper bag and raised her eyebrows. Frankie remained silent.

"Okay. That'll be five dollars."

"What do we say, little man?" asked Gerard.

"Th-thank you Daddy." Frankie was glad his mask was covering his face because he was sure he must be bright red as he had to say that in front of the cashier. Thankfully, the cashier didn't seem to think anything was amiss. She simply smiled and watched them leave. Frankie looked back to see her staring at them still as they left the

store, and he was sure she was zeroing in on his padded behind. He sped his walking up just a little faster after that, painfully aware of how loud he crinkled with each step.

"Can we go home now?" asked Frankie, as Gerard led him through the crowds in the central walkway.

"You sure you don't want to spend a little longer here? Maybe play on the playground?"

Frankie looked over and saw a supervised play area where parents could leave their darling angels while they went shopping.

"NO! *God* no," said Frank. Gerard just smirked. Then his eye caught something at the 'Veronica's Secret' a little further down.

"Ooh, look at that bustier! I bet Leandra would *love* one of those. Don't you think?" Frank was amazed at the audacity of this man, asking what lingerie he thought his wife would like.

"I wouldn't know," he practically growled, "since she seems to be sleeping with someone *else* lately."

"That's right," said Gerard, with a chuckle. "You *wouldn't* know. You're too immature to really even think about her like that, aren't you? Don't worry, you don't need to think about *her* needs anymore, or anyone else's. You just focus on being a *good little man* and listening to *Mommy* and *Daddy*." Frank's fists tightened at his bull's condescending tone. "Come along, little one. I'm going to put you in the playground until I'm done with my shopping."

"No, I don't wanna!" yelled Frankie, trying to pull away as Gerard dragged him toward the playground.

"Now, now. Don't fight. Unless you want *everyone* to know you're just a grown man in a diaper. Do you *want* people to know that? What do you think they'll do when they realize you're been playing baby and trying to get into the playground, hmm?"

Frank had nothing to say to that. It was true that he *might* be able to pass himself off as just a bigger kid if he kept quiet and hid behind his mask. He shuddered to think what would happen if his true age were discovered.

"Come along now," said Gerard, sensing that the fight was draining out of Frank. Soon, Frank found himself checked into the playground, his brand-new diaper bag handed over to the attendant and the name given out in case Gerard needed to be called back for any reason.

"You be good now, little one," said Gerard. Frankie wanted to call out to him. Wanted to tell him not to leave, but he was terrified of what the attendant would do if they heard his voice, so instead he had to watch his wife's new lover walk off to buy her naughty lingerie while he was stuck here with the brats. And he *still* hadn't been changed.

Gerard was having so much fun shopping for lingerie at Veronica's Secret. As he picked up one item after the other, he imagined Leandra in each. A bustier, then a teddy, then a skimpy nightie. He had a hard time limiting himself to just one item, but eventually he settled on the bustier from the window. Then, an idea struck him.

"Excuse me," he asked the woman at the register. "Do you have anything in smaller sizes?"

He had hardly finished thanking the cashier for her helping him when he heard his name ringing out over the loudspeaker.

"Gerard Taureau, please come to the children's play-area. Gerard Taureau, please come to the children's play area."

It wasn't hard to guess why; he could hear Frank yelling and crying in the background.

"Lemme go! I'm not a baby! I can use the potty! I can use the potty! Waah!"

"Thanks again," said Gerard, nodding to the attendant and picking up the two little bags from the counter.

Five minutes earlier, Frankie had found himself in a very difficult situation. He had mostly been standing off to the side in the playground, scowling and trying to keep the brats at bay. The problem was, his Pawsome Squad mask was making him quite popular and kids were pulling him this way in that, wanting to play rescue pups with him. Frank had just managed to escape to the top of the slide when he got a sharp and sudden cramp in his tummy.

"Crap! I have to go! Where is that damned Gerard?" he whispered to himself as he felt his buttock quiver.

Frankie fought to hold it as long as he could but it soon became apparent that he had no chance of keeping his diaper clean unless he could get to a toilet right away. He slid down the slide on his poofy butt, feeling his hole quiver again on the way down. A little wetness slipped out into his diaper from behind before he even reached the bottom.

"No, no, no, no, no," Frank whined, holding the seat of his shortalls and waddle-running toward the gate, straight past the attendant who quickly stood up and approached him.

"Excuse me! Young man! You can't get out of the gate. It's locked."

"Listen, lady-" Frank paused, remembering that he was supposed to be playing baby. Then he did something he'd never imagined doing before. He actually *tried* to sound like a baby. The babyish voice that came out of his mouth was hardly recognizable. "I- I mean...I needs ta go potty, pweeze."

The attendant looked at him skeptically. The outline of a diaper was unmistakable through the fabric of his shortalls and left no doubt that he was still in the thick of his diaper days. Of course she remembered the cute diaper bag his daddy had left too. Being two heads taller than Frank, she put her hands on her knees and got down to his level.

"Aww, sweetie. You're not *ready* for the potty. Now why don't you come away from the gate and play with your friends some more? I can take care of you when you need a change."

"No," cried Frank, pulling at the gate more frantically than ever. He got ready to jump and climb for it but the attendant stopped him.

"Oh no you don't," said the woman, grabbing him by the arm and pulling him away from the gate. "You're not going anywhere without an adult, kiddo. You don't even know *how* to use the potty. What do you think you'd do in there?"

Frank groaned as he was pulled away and the distraction of being grabbed by the attendant was all it took for him to lose his final hold on his overstressed sphincter. His thighs tensed around the thick plastic padding, forcing his legs to go from preparing to jump into a toddler-squat. He scrunched his face and balled up his fists as his body contracted and bent him forward, pushing out his butt.

Poop immediately exploded out into the back of his diaper with a loud and smelly BRRRAAAPPP, relieving the pressure in his bowels and pushing out the back of his pants in an unmistakable bulge. The attendant looked down at the masked boy, totally unfazed.

"See? I told you. Now let's get you changed, stinky boy."

"Nooooo!" Frankie cried, breaking down into a complete Tantrum. No matter what the attendant tried, he wouldn't let her change him. He *couldn't* let her change him. Him, a grown-ass man. It was way too humiliating. Then, he tripped and fell on his butt,

splattering his poopy load all over the inside of his diaper and causing a blowout which sent warm poopie out into the legs of his shortalls. That's when the *real* waterworks started.

"Oh boy," said the Attendant. "We're having a meltdown." That's when she called Gerard on the intercom. Gerard soon showed up and took Frankie out of the play-area, through a growing crowd, and over to the nearest bench where he went quickly to work getting Frank's poopy overalls and onesie off him. He laid down a changing pad from Frank's diaper bag followed by the man himself.

"What are you doing?" blubbered Frankie, through his tears. "You c-c-can't change me here."

"Shhhh," said Gerard. "You're supposed to be a baby, remember? Just be quiet and this will all be over quickly. Or do you want me to tell everyone who you really are? My lover's cuckolded husband?"

Frank cried and sniffled. He was well and truly fucked. With his mask on, he had some anonymity, but he couldn't openly protest and fight his treatment without exposing himself. Gerard, on the other hand, wasted no time bagging up his clothes and exposing his poopy bottom to the world, wiping it down as a crowd of shoppers looked on. Frank's face burned behind his mask as he heard all the rude comments about him.

"He looks too big to be a real baby."

"He sure acts like one!"

"Hey look! He's got a cage on his widdle wee wee!"

"Maybe he plays with it too much."

"That big baby needs a good spanking for carrying on like that!"

Frank looked down through teary eyes to see the disaster that was the inside of his diaper and he was disgusted. He had soiled his clothes and the mess covered the base of his cage as well. Gerard, luckily, was able to quickly wipe it away with the endless supply of wipes from Frank's diaper bag. Frank now understood why he was shaved down there, as any hair would have made the process much more difficult. He sniffled and sobbed as Gerard finished and he was finally powdered and taped into a fresh baby-style diaper with cheerful pupper avenue characters smiling up at him. He tearfully cursed the fact that such cutesie diapers came in his size.

"There we are, little man, " said Frank, giving Frank a pat on the butt as he helped the man to his feet. "You're all fresh and clean."

"Where are my clothes?" asked Frank, acutely aware that his diaper was exposed for everyone to see.

"They're all dirty. You'll have to wait til we get out of here," said Gerard, with a shrug. Gerard picked up the diaper, walked over to the trash can and tossed it before looking back to Frank. "Come along, little one."

Gerard held out his hand to the smaller man, who was now in nothing but a cute diaper and his shoes. He had no doubt that Frank would take it. He was now totally humbled and exposed, and there was no way he was going to wander off on his own in just his diaper. Sure enough, Frank grabbed onto Daddy's hand and stayed close as he was led waddling out of the mall and back to his car. Frank had only one question once they got there.

"Why?"

Gerard regarded him coolly. "You know, we were gonna wait a little while to do this, but your behavior last night accelerated things drastically. A man as immature as you doesn't deserve to keep his adult privileges. No, you're getting exactly what you deserve, and you have no one to blame but yourself."

Frank whimpered. It wasn't fair. It just wasn't fair. Was it?

"Don't worry, little one, it's not all that bad. Mommy knows what you like and who you're meant to be. You'll learn to love being our submissive diapercuck."

And there it was again. The incessant throbbing in his cage returned as Frank's traitor cock responded to his rival's teasing. This would have been so damned hot if it was happening to anyone but him.

"Okay, baby. Up you go into your new car seat."

Frank cringed as he saw the waiting baby-seat in the back seat of his convertible. All those straps just waiting to trap him in another infantile prison. He hesitated, but soon felt Gerard's hand lifting his padded butt up and guiding him up into the seat. With a few deft motions, he was strapped in securely at the chest, the waist, and the crotch, his diaper bulging out slightly around the crotch strap and letting out a puff of babyish powder which scented the air around him.

"Now I *know* you'll stay out of trouble," laughed Gerard. "At least until we get you home."

Frank didn't even try to get himself out. He knew it was hopeless. But at least the worst of the day was over, he thought.

"By the way," said Gerard, as they pulled out of the parking lot. "I recorded everything. You'd be surprised how recognizable you are to someone who's seen your little cucky cage before. I have a feeling it's going to be a very popular addition to your channel on *Subby Cucky Suckers*, don't you?"

Chapter 14: Stuck

Frank was stuck. Not just stuck in his carseat, but stuck in life. He had been with Leandra for some time, but he had never meant for it to be a permanent thing. Things were exciting and passionate at first. But, playboy that he was, he had always planned to move on sooner or later. But one thing led to another and after college he got his cushy office job that meant more time at work and less time playing the field. Frank ended up getting married, and his relationship stagnated along with his career. He got comfortable. That's what it was. And when you get comfortable, it can take a lot of *discomfort* to spur on change.

Discomfort was what Frank was feeling now in his carseat. He'd had a change alright - a diaper change in the middle of the mall in front of seemingly the whole town. Then he'd been led out of the mall in nothing but a diaper. And now he *was* stuck - stuck in his carseat, and stuck as his girlfriend and her lover's adult baby cuckold. He looked down at the strap, going between his legs, holding his diaper snugly in place and preventing him from getting even an inch of wiggle room. Gerard glanced at him in the rearview mirror.

"Aww, is the little boy cranky? Maybe he needs his nap, hmm?"

"I don't need naps," snapped Frank with a pout, crossing his arms and looking out the window. He didn't care if he was being rude. What more could Gerard do after the fiasco at the mall? Then he spotted a couple of cute girls driving a convertible next to his own and instinctively tried to cover his diaper. Not that it would do any good for him, since the huge baby carrier gave him away as a big baby immediately. But then, he noticed that they weren't staring at him. They were looking at Gerard, and he had a whole new reason to be embarrassed.

"Uh oh, looks like we're popular," said Gerard. "Sorry ladies, I'm taken, " he said, when the girls called over at the stoplight. "But I could use a babysitter for that guy if you're interested." He hiked a thumb back toward Frank, and the girls laughed and took off as the light turned green. "Sorry, Frank. It's a no-go from them. We'll have to keep asking around."

Frank looked aghast. Was this actually happening? He gulped. Then he noticed that they were pulling into a parking lot.

"W-where are we? Why are we pulling into a body shop?"

Frank tried to shrink down in his car seat as a mechanic approached them, wiping off his hands on a greasy shop towel. Of course Frank couldn't hide, not even a

little, and the mechanic took a good long look at him before turning back to Frank with his bored, no-nonsense expression and spoke.

"So, what can I do for ya?"

"Hello, my good man," said Gerard, accentuating his French accent with an intentionally bubbly demeanor. "I heard you're the best fabrication body shop in town, and I want to restore this classic car to its original splendor."

The man gave the car a once over and looked at Frank again for a few seconds before his eyes traveled over the cracked leather of the back seat. "Yeah, it's a nice ride. So you want a full restoration? That's gonna cost a pretty penny."

"It's no problem," said Gerard. "I just acquired it, so I want it looking nice and new. A new look for a new life." The mechanic looked to Frank and back to Gerard again, but said nothing for a few moments.

"We can have it in next Tuesday," he said, finally, pronouncing the word like 'Tuesdee'.

"Sounds good," said Gerard. "You hear that Frank? Your old car is getting rejuvenated too!" For the first time, Frank saw the mechanic grin. Frank looked like a deer caught in headlights, his eyes going wide as Gerard continued to casually expose his situation to the mechanic. He felt like Gerard was giving the mechanic his whole life story, and he was sure to be the talk of the shop when they left.

"You have a good day now," said the mechanic, still grinning as they pulled away and drove toward home. Frank was speechless as they continued on their way, and once again, Gerard caught his eye in the rearview mirror and smiled.

"What an exciting day," Gerard said. "I never knew it would be so fun to take my baby on errands around town." Fun? Fun was a relative concept as far as Frank was concerned. "We'll have to do this more often," concluded Gerard.

"M-m-more often?" asked Frank.

"That's right, little cuck. Maybe even a family outing. You. Me. Leandra. Your new stroller. It'll be so much *fun!*"

"Don't you dare..." said Frank, scowling and staring Gerard down defiantly.

"Is that a challenge, little man?" asked Gerard, cocking an eyebrow before smiling and focusing his attention back on the road. "Well, we'll just see about that."

Frank gulped and sat back into his seat. This was bad. Maybe he could finally talk some sense into Leandra when they got home. He was supposed to be learning some kind of lesson from all this, wasn't he? He was sure that whatever it was Leandra was mad about, today he had endured more than enough to make up for it. Leandra couldn't *stay* mad, could she? She couldn't stay with *Gerard*. Leandra always forgave Frank sooner or later. Always.

Frank told himself comforting lies the whole way back. But of course, that's all they were. All of the equipment and furniture Gerard had bought for his home made it clear that they were planning to keep Frank as a baby for a good long time.

"Welcome home, boys! How are my two men today?" Leandra seemed flushed with excitement. Happiness was the best makeup, so they said, and she had certainly transformed since they'd moved into Gerard's house, garnering her a *real* lover.

Frank smiled hopefully as he waddled in with Gerard holding his hand. Leandra had called him a *man*! Maybe that meant he could get through to her after all.

"I'm sorry, I should really say my big man and my *little* man," Leandra said, reaching out to stroke Frank's hair. Frank's face fell.

"We're great, mon chérie," said Gerard. "We had so much fun, I want us all to start going out as a family!"

"Oh, that's a wonderful idea," exclaimed Leandra. "But where are the baby's clothes?" She paused and gave Gerard a sly look. "Don't tell me our little man is finally comfortable going out in just his diapers... I'll never believe it!"

Gerard chuckled and shook his head. "No, no. The little baby had a BIG accident at the mall, that's all. I had to leave him at the little play area for a minute and wouldn't you know it, I hear my name being called on the intercom before I can even finish a single purchase. He really is a handful."

"You can say that again," said Leandra, giving Frank's hand a squeeze. "I've lived with this little guy for years, so I know all about it."

"Hey! I'm right here," said Frank.

"Hush now, little one. Stop fussing!" Leandra gave Frank a cursory wave as she continued to mostly ignore him, preferring to talk *about* him with Gerard instead.

"We'll have quite a bit of furniture coming in today for Frank's new room, mon chérie. I think you'll love it, it's all themed. I even got him some furniture for the kitchen

and the living room so he can spend more time with Mommy and Daddy and not cooped up in his crib."

"Oh! That's so thoughtful of you, my love. Frank, say 'Thank you' to Daddy for being so thoughtful and getting you all the furniture you need to be safe and comfortable in your new home." Frank looked up at his wife like she was crazy.

"Thank you?" he began, hardly able to believe his ears.

"You're very welcome, little man," said Gerard, before Frank had an opportunity to follow up with a scathing rebuttal. "Now I'll have to bring in all those diapers and other things I bought him. Baby's all stocked up for the year, I think, though judging by how quickly he had his accidents today, they might not even last a month! Did I tell you he peed himself while he was trying out the crib?"

"I *peed* because you wouldn't take me to the *restroom*. And I wasn't trying the crib out, you *put* me in there." Frank was practically grinding his teeth as he said this, and his face was getting so red it was almost purple as his anger increased.

"Oh boy, I think he needs his nap. I totally forgot I was going to put him down as soon as we got home."

"Yes, I think you're right, dear. The baby still needs to learn that he doesn't *use* the restroom anymore. He lost those privileges when he showed us he wasn't ready for them. Though he *might* get to start potty training if he's a *good boy* for Mommy and Daddy and fills out his good boy sticker chart..."

"Sticker chart?" asked Frank, momentarily thrown off by the strange comment.

Gerard grinned, amused. "What did you do, mon chérie? Some special surprise?" Leandra smirked.

"Come and see for yourself."

The three of them went over to the refrigerator and sure enough there was a little calendar with a sticker sheet along with a list of rules. "Each time you obey a rule for the whole day, you get a sticker. And when you get it all filled, you'll get a reward."

"Hey, wait... This list is a lot longer than yesterday's," complained Frank.

"That's because you're a baby now and there are more rules for babies than grown-ups," replied Leandra, as if it was the most sensible thing in the world.

"And Mommy did an excellent job on her list too," said Gerard, putting his hand gently on the back of Leandra's neck and kissing her softly. Frank made a disgusted face, outraged as he looked at the list in front of him.

Ways to Earn Points

Be a good baby by following the rules:

- 1. Ask for apple juice instead of alcohol**
- 2. Take a nap without fussing or getting out of your crib**
- 3. Use your diapers without complaint all day**
- 4. Go a day without asking to use the potty**
- 5. Go a day without running inside**
- 6. Look at grown-ups when spoken to all day**
- 7. Use your indoor voice inside all day**
- 8. Say yes, Daddy or yes, Mommy three times in a row**
- 9. Say thank you, Daddy or thank you, Mommy after a punishment**
- 10. Help Mommy or Daddy around the house**
- 11. Go a day without touching your pacifier or spitting it out**
- 12. Do something good, helpful, or cute for Daddy and Mommy**

"This is ridiculous! I'm not a baby, you two!" Frank could feel his erection fighting to get fully hard in the confines of his little chastity cage, and this inexplicable reaction only infuriated him further.

"Okay, sweetie, iiiit's naptime." Leandra tugged Frank toward the bedroom.

"Do you need any help holding him down while he's secured to the bed?"

"No, no," said Leandra, looking at her puny husband. "I think I've got this." Soon, Frank could be heard yelling all the way to the room that would soon be his new nursery.

"This is totally unfair! Grown men don't take naps! Leandra! Leandra!!"

Frank saw the corner restraints pulled out to the center of the bed as soon as he walked in. He knew he'd better start talking fast, and he was glad that he hadn't gotten a pacifier stuck in his mouth yet.

"Listen, Leandra. This has gone far enough. I've learned my lesson and I'm really sorry. Can't we just cut it out with this baby stuff and get back to our normal lives?" Leandra shook her head as she led Frank over to the bed.

"That's the problem, Frank. Our normal lives weren't working for us. Either of us! You lost your job and your life was going down the drain..."

"But-"

"I was lonely and you were dragging me down with you."

"But I-"

"All you cared about was your petty ego trips and your subby cucky suckers porn..."

"I'm sor-"

"Well, now you get to live your subby cucky sucker fantasy 24/7, and you can throw as many tantrums as you want, *baby*." She added this last word with emphasis as she helped Frank up onto the bed.

Frank's fake apologies and crocodile tears weren't going to work this time. And frankly, Frank's charismatic tendencies had long since lost their luster. Leandra put her hands on her hips as Frank struggled.

"I'm not going to fight you, baby. You agreed to this and you know the alternative. It's like Gerard said, you're free to leave any time you want, we're not keeping you captive."

"You might as well be," Frank muttered as he laid down in bed and waited for the inevitable.

"Free food. Free housing. You don't have to work. And you get to be a subby little cuck just like you always wanted. Don't tell me that's not a good deal, Frankie."

Leandra placed her hand on the front of Frank's diaper and he moaned. He might be locked up but feeling Leandra's touch rubbing his diaper bulge still felt good. She took two fingers and slipped them into the leg hole of his diaper to check how wet he was. Frank gasped as her fingers tickled his balls.

"Hmm... so you *do* like it. Thought so," she said with a smirk, before getting started with the restraints.

"No fair," Frank said, pouting as he let Leandra take his wrist. "You tricked me, I actually *hate* cuckold stuff."

"Oh Frank, you're such a bad liar. I really am sorry we have to do this to keep you from getting out of bed. Once you get used to using your diapers for everything - and we put locks on all the bathroom doors - you won't have to sleep this way.

"Whoopee," said Frank, with mock enthusiasm as Leandra tightened up the last restraint and pulled it taut. She finished up with a pacifier planted firmly in his mouth, and a warning not to spit it out *or else*. Now he was stuck and completely at their mercy to be let out. For some reason his cock throbbed even harder in its little prison.

"Sleep tight, sweetie," Leandra said, kissing Frank's forehead.

"Yeah, right," said Frank, promising that he would definitely *not* take a nap. But once Leandra was gone, he felt the full impact of how tired he really was. It had been a long day and that shopping trip had taken a lot out of him. Gerard had no plans of letting him be a big boy again, he knew, and Leandra was no help either. Maybe being contrarian was more trouble than it was worth. But could he really accept this new lifestyle and keep his pride and dignity? The answer came back in his mind almost immediately as he drifted off to sleep.

"Of course not," it said. "You're a little cucky sucker, and you love it."

Frank must have dozed off because he suddenly awoke to a lot of commotion from outside the room.

"Huh? Whazzat?"

"...and you can just set everything up in here," came Gerard's voice as he opened the door. A couple of burly guys followed Gerard into the room and looked around. The first one paused and elbowed the other one in the chest, pointing to Frank. Of course, Frank was impossible to miss in the room, and the other guy slapped his coworker's hand and gave him a warning look before speaking up.

"So... you want us to take away all the furniture that's already in here?"

"Yes, yes. Ah, I see the problem. We can save the bed for last," said Gerard. "Or at least until you *have* to move it."

"Okay doke. I'll tell the other movers to work around... the bed." The man and his colleague followed Gerard back out, the first one giving Frank a final backward glance as they left.

Frank gritted his teeth. This was extremely humiliating, but he had a feeling he was going to get used to being exposed to a lot of people in his new role.

Chapter 15: Locked Out

Frank was astounded, but remained quiet. He knew better than to ask questions with a pacifier in his mouth. And besides that, he really didn't want the movers to start asking more questions when he opened his big yap. Maybe they didn't realize Frank was being cucked and babied. Maybe they thought he was there for some medical reason, he reasoned. They *were* medical restraints, after all. That was plausible, right?

"Yeah he's a total cuckold," came Gerard's voice as we walked into the room, clearing the open packs of pull-ups and diapers off the dresser so the movers could move it.

That answers that question, thought Frank, as Gerard told his life story to the group of strangers.

"Oh yeah? And he's into it?" asked the guy who had pointed at Frank before. He seemed more interested than any of the rest, whose reactions ranged from mild interest to boredom. Gerard smiled.

"He loves it. Agreed to be our cock-locked baby 24/7 while the mademoiselle and I have fun in the bedroom any time we want. We even post videos of his cucky treatment online."

"Oh... uh... th-that's... pretty interesting. Where did you say you posted that again?" The mover did his best to hide a guilty smile and scratched the back of his head as a blush spread up his cheeks. Then the coworker that had admonished him earlier spoke up.

"Hey, Jake! Chit chat is for later. We're trying to move this dresser over here."

"I'll give you the link," said Gerard, with a half-grin. He looked over to Frank and winked. Frank was bright red from head to toe at this point. He had never been more humiliated in his life. But there was nothing he could do about it. He couldn't even move his hands down to cover his diaper. And to top it off, he had to pee.

Frank watched as the room gradually transformed from a guest room into a nursery right around him. The drab gray dresser was replaced with a colorful dresser with a bright red top, bright yellow handles, and decorated with plenty of animals hand carved and painted. He watched as his new changing table was installed. Stacks of diapers rose higher and higher against the far wall. The circus theme of the room gradually took place, accentuated with wall decals and a runner which Leandra and Gerard put up while the movers did the heavy lifting. Eventually, it was time to let Frank out of his restraints, and he was transferred into a baby carrier, secured, and handed a

bottle. He was instructed to drink it, and he watched, gulping down the creamy liquid as his bed was replaced by the special 'tiger cage' crib.

"Good boy," said Gerard, patting Frank's head after he pulled the empty bottle away and burped. Gerard took the bottle and unstrapped Frank, leading him from the carrier to the crib. From one form of restrictive equipment to another. This was Frank's life now. With his room a nursery, he found it easier to accept the truth of his baby lifestyle and harder to lie to himself that he had any other choice but the street. But of course he knew that Leandra would never let that happen. She loved him too much to turn him out like that. What would she do if he really did go out on the street and refuse to play along? Maybe it was time to call their bluff.

When the movers were nearly done, but before they left, Leandra announced naptime was over and Frank was lifted out of his crib and laid onto the changing table.

Oh great, Frank thought. He was already thinking of it as *his* crib. Then the strap went across his chest and his eyes widened as he realized what was happening.

"N- no... not hewe...," he said around his pacifier. "Not wif dem watching!"

"Shhh, sweetie," said Leandra, smiling down at him and pressing down on his pacifier. "No talking with your binky in. Just relax. Mommy and Daddy will get you out of that soggy didee in no time." Frank blushed and squirmed as Mommy and Daddy cooed above him in full view of the moving crew and especially Jake, who was rooted to the spot as he watched.

Jake had basically become another piece of furniture during this whole ordeal and the other movers had to work around him. Luckily, they were mostly done, so they were able to finish pretty quickly and enjoy the show.

With much fuss and exaggeration from his mommy and daddy, Frank was changed. Leandra and Gerard made many comments about how cute the little boy was, played with his little cage, and talked about his didees. Frank just had to endure it as well as the pain the cage was causing on his poor straining pee-pee.

"Aww, look, honey! Baby's pee pee is trying to get hard." Leandra rested her head on Daddy Gerard's shoulder.

"Maybe when he grows up he'll have a big one just like his Daddy. Although I'm not sure this one will ever grow up. He likes being a baby cucky *too much*, doesn't he?"

Eventually, the diaper change was over and Frank was permitted to leave the nursery, holding Daddy and Mommy's hand, of course. Frank thought he might at least

be able to put the nursery out of his mind for a little while, but then he saw the changes to the rest of the house

Baby-proofed is an understatement. They had padded every corner, locked every drawer and cupboard, added baby furniture to every room. From the baby walker to the high chair to the big playpen in the living room, there was not a single room in the house that wasn't made safe for the baby, especially the bathrooms. Frank's mouth fell open and his pacifier fell to the floor.

"That's a punishment," said Gerard, looking over from his conversation with the movers before turning his attention back to them. Leandra picked up the pacifier, sucked it to clean off any germs, and stuck it right back in Frank's mouth. What could he do but stand there in his Blarney diapers in shock until he was led over to the living room playpen and helped in. The playpen was certainly big enough to hold Frank captive, especially since he was padded and not the most athletic of men even when he *didn't* have a giant piece of puff and fluff forcing his legs into a wide waddle.

"In you go," said Leandra, closing the side gate to the large playpen and latching it securely. Frank looked around. All Frank had for company was some baby toys and stuffed animals. He looked back up at Leandra, a question mark on his face.

"Well, pick up a stuffie, little boy," she said. Frank hesitated. "I want you cuddling a plushie and acting cute in ten seconds or you're going to *wish* you were only getting the paci punishment."

Frank knew better than to push his luck, but he was getting close to his limit. He picked up a plushie and glared at her as she looked down at him, arms crossed. He squeezed it in a big hug, his eyes never leaving hers, and his defiant expression remaining.

"Better," she said. "We'll have to work on *cute*, though seeing you try to look fierce in that goo goo getup is pretty adorable."

Leandra put some cartoons on the television and left to join Gerard and the movers as they talked in the front den. Their conversation drifted back to Frank's ears as he tried to tune out the infantile cartoons playing before him.

"...and so that's kind of it. Leandra really loves him and if she does, so do I. So we're doing whatever we can to help him turn his life around. I know it seems harsh but it's what he wants and needs." As Gerard completed his little explanation, the movers nodded, seeming satisfied with the answer. Leandra spoke up as he finished.

"Thank you so much, you all. You don't know how much this means."

"Heh, it's no problem, ma'am," said the head mover, with an amused smile. "It's unusual, but just between you and me, you ain't the first family I seen with a bigger than average baby."

"Oh really?" asked Leandra, looking to Gerard and back to the movers.

"Really. I mean, there are all sorts - there are those that never grew up, you know, up here," he said, tapping his head. "Then, there are those that messed their minds up with that weird drug the kids are using these days. Mind melter or whatever it's called. And then there are people who do it for... well, a lifestyle. Greenie here just got his first dose of reality today," he said, jerking his thumb over toward Jake. "The rest of us, we've seen it all."

"S-sorry," said Jake, blushing and twisting the bottom of his shirt.

"Don't worry kid, everyone does that the first time." said the more experienced man. "This bigger furniture is your first tip-off," he added, winking to Jake before turning back to the happy couple.

"Well, like I said, I can't thank you enough. Here's a tip for all of you, and if anyone wants to see what we get up to with Frankie here, I can send you the link."

"R-really?" asked Jake.

Frank held up his phone with a special QR code to scan. Jake and another one of the movers scanned it, and Jake even went so far as to ask if he could send a message to them on the site.

"*Can* you? Why, I expect it!" exclaimed Gerard, patting the man on the shoulder.

The movers left and Gerard dusted his hands and looked to Leandra. "Well, that was a success. I thought your idea was crazy at first, but this is shaping up to be a lot of fun, mon chérie!"

The two of them were very happy and tired after the long day, and they were almost ready to take a nap themselves, but of course they had to check on the baby first.

"Frank! No. No trying to get out of your playpen!"

Frank had been caught. It was the play space all over again for him. Unable to undo the latch, he had been trying to climb the side of the playpen, and when Leandra raised her voice, he was startled. Frank lost his grip and fell down squarely on his bum, the pacifier ejecting out of his mouth and hitting the mesh wall of the playpen.

"He's still learning," said Gerard, not looking too concerned. "Isn't that right, my little cocu?"

"What the heck does that even mean?" asked Frank, in a surly tone.

"It's French for what you are dear," said Leandra. "A cuckold."

"Alright," said Frank, a blush rising toward his cheeks. "That's it. I'm done. I'm done playing house with you two, and this home makeover was the last straw. I can't even get into the bathroom anymore!"

"It's locked for your security - and ours," said Leandra, crossing her arms. She wasn't about to clean up after Frank in the bathroom again.

"Well, that's just dandy," said Frank. "You won't have to *worry* about me anymore, because I'm going out on my own." Of course standing there in nothing but his big baby diaper made this statement seem rather ridiculous, but Leandra and Frank looked at each other and nodded.

"Alright, dear. If that's what you want..." said Leandra. "Go ahead, Gerard."

"Hey! What are you doing?" squeaked Frank as he was lifted up under the armpits and carried toward the front door. "Put me down!"

"With pleasure," said Gerard, who then deposited him on the front door step. "Have a nice life, little man."

And with that, the door was shut in Frank's face.

What? Had they really just done that? Frank looked around, suddenly feeling very self-conscious standing out there on the doorstep in just his diaper. It was the middle of the day, and anyone could see him. Just then a bicyclist rode by, got distracted by the sight of Frank, and fell off their bike as they ran into the curb. Some neighbors saw this and went over to see if the man was okay.

"Oh shit... h-hey guys? Come on, this isn't funny. Guys?"

Meanwhile, Gerard and Leandra were standing quietly on the other side of the door, live streaming Frank's ousting on their cuck cam channel. Viewership was ramping up as more people tuned in to see what would happen, including their newest superfan, Jake.

"Do you think he'll really leave?" asked Gerard, the worry evident on his face. Leandra held up a finger, looking at her watch.

"Wait for it... wait for iiiit..." she said. And then the knocking started. At first it was a tapping. Then an insistent knock, and finally, Gerard heard banging on the door. Frank's muffled voice could just be heard on the other side.

"Leandra? *Leandra!!* Please let me in!" Gerard moved to open it, but Leandra held up her hand and shook her head.

Frank was growing more and more panicked by the second as the neighbors helping the bicyclist up began to look his way. More people were coming and pointing and Frank was getting desperate. He began crying as he banged.

"Mommy! Daddy! Please! I'll do anything! I'm sorry! I'm sorryyyyy!"

The door swung open and he fell into Gerard's and Leandra's arms, still sobbing. The feeling of relief Frank felt when they opened the door was immense, but the two of them did not move to let him in further.

"If we let you in, you'd better do as we say."

"Yes, yes, anything!" said Frank. That brief taste of being on his own as a baby had really brought home just how dependent he was on Gerard and Leandra at the moment. Frank didn't want to be on his own - not really. And certainly not in a diaper.

"Are you ready to apologize and do as you're told?" Asked Leandra. Frank nodded. "Okay. Apologize to Mommy and Daddy, little man. And do it like a baby."

"Yes, Mommy. I'm sowwy Mommy. I'm sowwy Daddy. I'll be good."

"You had better," said Leandra, "Or we're putting your playpen in the front yard." Frank nodded and sniffled, looking down at the ground. "Yes, Mommy."

"That's my good boy," said Gerard, smiling and ruffling Frank's hair. Gerard gave Leandra a look of relief. He'd been just as relieved as Frank when that door opened, and he couldn't stop smiling as he realized just how much he cared for the little cuck's wellbeing. Gerard began to shower Frank with attention, making Frank feel both bashful and oddly good as Gerard hugged him, wiped away his tears, and told him everything would be okay.

Leandra wasn't so impressed. Frank had always been quick to fold under pressure, and today was no different. Still, she couldn't help but smile as her two boys bonded. She was happy that Gerard was as invested as he was in making this work, and maybe, just maybe, Frank was finally coming to understand where he stood in this family.

Gerard continued to fuss over Frank as they walked the diaper-clad cuck into the house.

"That was pretty scary huh? Look! You wet yourself, you were so scared. Shh, it's okay sweetie. It's not that much. How about we get you some apple juice and snackies and we can watch something together on TV, huh?"

With snack and juice in hand, Gerard led Frank to the couch. Frank was surprised it was not the playpen.

"Do you want to sit on Daddy's lap while we watch TV, little guy?"

Frank was still getting over the scary experience on the doorstep, and he nodded. It wasn't just that he was afraid to piss Mommy and Daddy off again. That hug from Gerard had felt so good, and as he settled into the man's lap, he realized how touch-starved he'd been.

"Shhh, shh, it's okay," said Gerard, as he allowed Frank to cuddle into him. "Honey, could you get the remote? I've got my hands full here."

"Sure thing, babe," said Leandra with a lopsided smile, grabbing it and sitting next to them with one leg crossed under the other. They picked a kids' cartoon show to play, but the noise and color soon faded into the background.

The focus was really on Frank. Leandra leaned with her elbow on the couch back, stroking Frank's hair as Gerard gently guided the bottle to Frank's mouth. Frank accepted the insistent press of the bottle nipple into his mouth and began to suckle, enjoying the attention he was getting from Leandra and his new Daddy. He sighed contentedly as he drank his bottle. There were worse things in life than this. In fact... this wasn't half bad. It was pretty good actually. He liked this.

"You have a problem Frank," said Leandra, after a few minutes. "And you need to admit it to yourself. You have no self control, and your anger and ego were liable to put you out on the street long before Gerard and I did."

Frank looked up at her as she spoke, still sucking on his bottle. He blinked but did not shake or nod his head. He just watched her.

"I hope you understand why you needed a bit of humility in your life, Frank. This is good for you. And if you cooperate, this can be more fun for you. Maybe even a lot more fun..."

Frank blushed a bit and nodded. Leandra smiled. She had been right about him. He liked this diapercuck treatment more than he was letting on.

"Good. I'm glad we understand each other. We're going to have to make some ground rules, and I do want you to be a part of the discussion. Let's make this work for all of us."

"Weawwy?" asked Frank, his eyes lighting up a bit as he spoke around the bottle nipple.

"Yes, sweetie, really. But Gerard and I have a few conditions first."

"Otay," said Frank, simply happy that he was finally getting some input on things. Leandra nodded to her lover and Gerard spoke up.

"No more computer time for babies. No more big boy talk. And no more begging for big boy pants. Those are non-negotiable. You're going to be our baby cuck and that's that."

"Now you will get to have some say in what that entails," said Leandra. "Just for today, and later if you are good."

"I'll be good, Mama," said Frank, putting on his best puppy dog eyes. This was his chance to get a little more freedom and he wasn't about to jeopardize that by being difficult. Even this was an improvement from his normally rash and spontaneous behavior.

"Yes, sweetie," said Leandra. "I know you will."