

Diapercuck's Life

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

If he wants to live under Gerard's roof, Frank has got some ground rules to follow. There's no turning back now. Is he ready for what comes next? Better yet, does he have a choice?

Chapter 16: Ground Rules

"The rules are quite easy to follow," said Leandra. "Obey Daddy and Mommy. Be respectful. Never ask for the big boy potty. And do your best to earn stickers by doing the things on your chart." With all these rules being non-negotiable, Frank wondered what was left to decide on, but he bit back the sarcastic remark he wanted to make about it.

"Yes, Mommy," said Frank instead, hoping it would get him some more brownie points. "So... what do I get to decide?" Frank and Leandra exchanged glances.

"Okay, little man," said Gerard. "So as a show of good faith, we're going to let you pick which diapers you prefer to be in." Frank's heart fell. So he didn't get to choose *if* he was in diapers, just what stupid cartoon character diapers he would be in?

"Uh... I don't know... I guess Blarney is fine," said Frank, grumbling a little.

"So he's a Blarney boy, eh? It figures. Guess that's why the dino pajamas are his favorite," said Gerard, laughing. "Okay, my little dino. We'll make sure you've got plenty of blarney shirts and diapers to wear around the house, and you can get plenty of time watching him from your playpen while Mommy and Daddy do grown-up stuff." Gerard leaned over and kissed Leandra and the neck right over Frankie. She moaned and drew in a breath.

"Oh goodness, honey. Right now? Shouldn't we put the baby in the playpen first?"

Frank wanted to gag. He thought those baby shows were the dumbest thing in the world. As for the grown-up stuff, well, he'd much rather be a part of that than be stuck with Blarney as his babysitter.

"Can't I do grown-up stuff too?" asked Frank.

"Hmm... I don't know," said Leandra. "You're still being punished, remember?"

"He did have a very long day, mon cherie," said Gerard. "And after all, even though he talked back and stormed out of the house, he came back and apologized... Maybe we should give him a chance..."

Frankie gave Leandra his puppy dog eyes again and she seemed to reconsider.

"I suppose... I mean he's been such a good boy drinking up his babas so he can use his diapees like a good baby. Isn't that right, Frankie?" asked Leandra, patting the front of Frank's diaper. Frank blushed but kept his mouth shut. The teasing was humiliating, certainly, but that humiliation was also pressing buttons like crazy. He winced as the pressure of the cage grew, and the cage began to tug at his balls.

"Uh oh, mon cherie. I think the baby's getting the squirmies," said Gerard, tickling Frank around the leg cuffs of his diaper. Frank squirmed and giggled involuntarily. "I think he likes having his diaper played with..."

"H-hey... Stop..." said Frank, trying not to laugh. Gerard gave him a mischievous grin.

"Uh oh, are we being a bossy baby?" Gerard began to tickle harder and Frank began laughing.

"N-no, s-s-stop, come on... unh..." Within moments he was pissing in his diaper as his bladder spasmed and Frank jerked around with paroxysms of laughter. *Damn*, he thought. *And I just got into a dry one too...*

"Aww, see that? He can't even control his peepees," said Gerard, rubbing the front of Frank's diaper. "He's learning fast."

"What a good baby," said Leandra, rubbing her babied husband's belly and tickling his tush. "I think that's just what happens when babies get excited. That's why I don't think he's ready for grown up times. Imagine the mess he'd make on our bed, honey."

"T-that's not fair," whined Frank. All that touch was giving him blue balls like crazy and he was getting desperate. "I promise I'll be good...I'll even keep my diaper on in the bedroom! Please don't leave me in the playpen and make me watch baby shows..."

"Hmm... well, are you sure little one?" asked Gerard. "I had a naughty little surprise for the two of you, but I didn't think the baby would be ready for more adulty times yet..."

"I am! I promise," said Frank.

"And you'll do anything we tell you?" asked Gerard, now with his hand down Frank's diaper, tapping on the cage.

"Yes. Anything!" said Frank.

"Alright," said Gerard. "I think I'd better just show you two your surprises, then..."

"Oh, Gerard, what did you get?" asked Leandra, sounding delighted.

"You'll see, darling. Come with me to the bedroom."

Frank struggled to keep up with his long legged companions as he was pulled to the bedroom hand in hand with the two of them. When he got to the bedroom, Gerard brought out the Veronica's Secret bags and handed them to Leandra and Frank.

"One for the lovely Leandra, and one for the adorable little cuck."

Leandra pulled out a scintillating red bustier, and Frank pulled out a matching one in powder pink. He stared at it, stunned.

"Oh, it's lovely," said Leandra. "I'll try it on right away." And she began to undress immediately while Frank stood there staring.

"You said anything, right?" asked Gerard. "Well, then, be my baby girl, and you can stay in the bedroom for Mommy and Daddy's special cuddle time today."

Frank's cage throbbed. Frank stared at his new bustier in disbelief. Gerard spoke up, as if explaining it would help.

"You get to be a girl sometimes; sometimes Daddy wants a little girl."

Frank looked over to Leandra who was already putting her bustier on and then looked back to his own bustier. For some reason his cage felt tighter than ever. Why was *this* turning him on?

"What's the matter sweetie?" asked Leandra, as she adjusted her boobs in the garment. "Did you decide you want to stay in the playpen after all?"

"N-no," said Frank. "It's just... I've never worn one of these," he mumbled, his face red.

"What was that?" asked Gerard, unable to make out what Frank was saying.

"He doesn't know how to put it on, I think," said Leandra.

"Oh, I will help the little cuck," said Gerard, reaching for the bustier.

Frank looked over to his wife as he allowed himself to be dressed by the taller man. She was so sexy, stunning in her bustier, but Frank felt ridiculous.

"Okay, ladies," said Gerard, stepping back. Let's see how you look. Leandra showed off her bustier with confidence, but Frank stood there awkwardly.

"Come on, Frankie," said Leandra. Show Daddy some sexy poses. Like *Mommy*." She posed with her hands on the bed, looking over her shoulder, throwing a seductive and sultry stare in Gerard's direction. Reluctantly, Frank followed suit, feeling sillier by the moment.

"Oh, my goodness. My ladies are so sexy!" said Gerard. "Look how happy you made Daddy!"

He unzipped his trousers to reveal a hard mocha colored erection standing up out of a thicket of coarse hair with a thick, dark reddish-tan mushroom tip. Frank gulped. It looked bigger than last time.

"Stay just like that," said Gerard, grabbing his lube from the bedside table. "Daddy's gonna give his girls a special treat."

Gerard was made to stay there, bent over with his hands on the bed while Gerard fucked the living daylights out of his wife. She groaned and moaned in ways that she never had with Frank as Gerard sunk his cock deep into her.

PLAP *PLAP* *PLAP*

Meanwhile, Frank's cage bounced as his body fought its confines. But of course there was no way flesh would win against the unyielding cage. Frank knew that in all likelihood they were recording this for the subby cucky website he loved so much. A suspicion that was confirmed when Gerard said to Leandra, "Smile for our viewers. Tell them how much better my cock is than your sissy husband's."

"Much better," said Leandra. "Oh, gods, yes! Fuck me, Daddy!"

"Can do, buttercup," said Gerard, redoubling his efforts. Soon, she was straight up moaning, the constant and unrelenting pounding rolling her over into a full body orgasm.

Gerard had a big smile on his face as he took care of his lover, making sure to be extra loud as he came, filling her with his first load of the day. Gerard picked up moments later, still as horny as ever, but he was sure to pull out before he finished a second time. He had to save some for his dear darling girl, after all.

While Leandra recovered on the bed, basking in the afterglow of her orgasm, Gerard pulled down the back of Frank's diaper and lined his cock up with the little cuck's hole.

"W-wait! It's too big!" cried Frank.

"Ah, ah, ah," said Gerard. "I thought we agreed no grown up talk from you. That's going to be a spanking."

SMACK

Frank yelped as Gerard's hand came down on his ass, and in the same moment, while he was distracted, Gerard drove his cock straight up Frank's ass. The pain of the smack masked the pain of entry, and Frank had no time to register what was happening before his Daddy was pounding him as well. He began to grunt and groan as a new sensation caused his cage to bounce, dripping milky liquid into his diaper.

"That's it, baby girl. I'm gonna make you moan just like your Mommy."

And now it was Frank's turn to moan and groan as Gerard pounded his ass with unrelenting vigor. Leandra had managed to get the rest of her body on the bed and was lying on her side, teasing Frank's nipples while Gerard pounded his boypussy mercilessly.

"Is Daddy making my little sissygirl husband feel good?" asked Leandra. "Does babygirl like that?"

Frank could only manage to moan out "Fu-hu-hu-hu-huuuuckkkk" as the pounding mercilessly battered his prostate. His dick was drooling cum at this point, not that anyone could see it behind the thick padding between his legs, and Frank was drooling as well, hardly able to process the amount of pleasure he was experiencing as his new Daddy filled his hole and his wife twisted his nipples.

"Think I can make her cum?" asked Gerard, looking to Leandra and waggling his eyebrows.

"Oh, definitely! She looks just about ready to cum right now," said Leandra. "But I think I can help."

She positioned herself in front of her sissified husband so he had his face in her crotch and said, "Clean me out, baby girl. Eat up all Daddy's cummies!"

Frank groaned as he opened his mouth and obeyed her command. Part of him was disgusted to be eating another man's cum, but another part of him was insanely

turned on, and as he kept on with it, he could feel a feeling building behind his cage, growing stronger and stronger until...

"Urrrrghhhhhh!" Frank came into his diaper, splattering the already gooey padding with a fresh coat of cum. The spasms that this orgasm caused led Gerard to cum inside of Frank, calling out as he unloaded his balls into the chastised man below him. Leandra, too, came as Frank's attentions had excited her to such a degree that the slightest extra stimulation put her over the edge.

The three of them collapsed on the bed, and after a few minutes of panting, Gerard climbed up onto the bed with Leandra, helping the little diapercuck up with him, but not before pulling up his diaper to catch any drips from the large deposit he'd left in the cuck's sissyhole. The three of them cuddled on the bed awash in the afterglow, and that would be the first of many such cuddle piles involving the trio.

Chapter 17: Frank's Special Trip

"Do I have to wear all this Blarney stuff?" asked Frank, as he was dressed up in his blarney shorts and Blarney T-Shirt. It looked infantile, especially with his Blarney diaper sticking up over the waistband hidden not at all by his short shirt.

"We can always put you in your pretty unicorn diapers, sweetheart," said Leandra, as Frank blushed red, trying his best to pull down his shirt to cover his diaper, but only managing to cover one side at a time. Finally, Gerard intervened, grabbing Frank's hands.

"Stop fussing, little one, or we'll put you back in mitts. And you just got out of them, too."

Frankie stopped. A week had passed since being buttfucked in his bustier. A week with varying degrees of restraints and punishments that often had him confined in some way or another. If Frank knew one thing, he knew didn't want to be back in mitts and spiked booties again, forced to crawl everywhere he went. He just didn't want to wear the stupid Blarney clothes all the time. It wouldn't be so bad if he was stuck at home, but today he was going *out* dressed like this, and that was too embarrassing.

"Where are we even going anyway?" asked Frank.

"Never you mind," said Leandra. "Now you go with your Daddy and be good. I'll see you when you get back from your special trip."

"Special trip?" asked Frank. That didn't sound good. He wanted to ask more but he was jerked away by Daddy tugging his hand.

"Come on, little one. Time to go for a ride in your favorite car."

Gerard pulled Frank along, out into the bright desert day, where his newly restored pink convertible was already waiting. Well, it *was* Frank's. Much like his and Leandra's new life in Nevada, the car was all sparkly, repaired, and good as new, but it wasn't *his* anymore, and somehow that made the improvements less gratifying.

"Stupid car," he mumbled under his breath.

"What did you say?" asked Gerard. Frank cringed. He hadn't meant to say it so loud.

"Um, nothing, Daddy." Gerard cocked an eyebrow.

"I don't think it was nothing." He took a deep breath and opened the passenger door, taking a seat and patting his lap. "Come on, little one."

"No, Daddy! *Please*, I..."

"Over my knee. Now."

"Okay, baby boy. I'm going to count to three. One... two..." Frankie whined, holding his ground, but the moment Gerard started counting, his resolve crumbled.

"Okay, okay," said Frankie, running up to Gerard and wincing as he lowered himself onto the taller man's lap.

"That's better. Now, what are we getting punished for, little boy?"

"C-callin' the car stupid..." said Frankie, looking down in shame.

"And anything else you did today that you shouldn't have?"

"T-tryin to hide my diaper," Frank mumbled out.

"What's that? I couldn't hear you. Speak up or else I'll have to-"

"Tryin to hide my diaper!" Frank said, louder, his cheeks burning red. Frank could only hope no one heard him. It was humiliating enough to be out in the open with this ridiculous outfit without him announcing it to the world.

Daddy then surprised Frank by giving him two soft pats to his diapered bottom.

"That's my good boy. You know better than to make Daddy have to punish you. I don't like it any more than you do."

It was true. Gerard was much softer than Leandra, and for the most part didn't punish Frank with anything painful if he could avoid it. But he still wasn't afraid to flex on Frank, and Frank knew it. Frank had tried to manipulate Gerard any way he knew how to get out of his Wife's increasingly strict demands, but it simply didn't work.

"Just be good," said Gerard, getting up and helping Frank into his special car seat. "Leandra plans to put you on baby food and formula if you keep being a brat, and I know you wouldn't like that."

Frank shuddered as the car seat harness clicked in place, forcing his legs open once more so his diaper bulged out. He had tasted baby food and formula by now, and he knew that he *hated* it. Being on a diet of just that stuff would be the worst.

So, Frank kept his mouth shut for most of the ride. That is, until they came to a large structure.

"Um, that's the hospital... Wait, why are we going to the *hospital*?" Frank was beginning to panic.

"Calm down, little one. You can walk in, or you can go in in restraints and a wheelchair. It's up to you."

Frank gulped. He knew whatever was going to happen, he wanted freedom of movement, so he opted to cooperate for the time being.

"Sorry, Daddy. It's just... they're not gonna... *do anything* are they?"

"Like what do you mean, little one?"

"I dunno, like... am I gonna come out in one piece?"

"Ohhhh, sweetheart, no no no," said Gerard, parking the car and looking back at his terrified baby boy. "No, this is just a *checkup*. For your health. No owwies needed. I promise."

"You promise?" asked Frank, looking at Daddy with skepticism.

"Cross my heart, sweetheart. I would never let them hurt you, never in a million years."

"Well... okay," said Frank, feeling better.

It was true that despite how much he wanted to hate Gerard for taking his wife and helping to turn him into a diapered cuckold infant, he could not. Gerard had given him nothing but love and even if Frank wasn't willing to admit it yet, Frank felt warm feelings when his Daddy said such kind things or showed him affection. Thus, Frank felt his anger and worry melting away and was left more curious and uncertain than afraid. For some reason, it seemed like a good time to suck his thumb.

Gerard smiled, noting Frank's more childlike state of mind as he unbuckled the big thumbsucker from his carseat. He helped Frank down with two hands under his arms and tugged the little guy along toward the hospital, diaper bag slung over his shoulder just in case.

"Mr. Taureau? Your son is a new patient?" asked the woman behind the desk. "You'll have to fill out this paperwork for him. Let me know if you have any questions."

Frank shrunk under the gaze of the intake clerk, as she pursed her ruby red lips and looked him up and down. He knew he must look ridiculous in his toddler shorts, too short shirt, and velcro tennis shoes - all emblazoned with the smiling figure of Blarney. The outline of a thick diaper was obvious through the stretchy material of his shorts,

even without the plastic sticking up over the top of the waistband. His distinct waddle, and the loud crinkle that followed him wherever he went erased any doubt, of which there was already none. Frank was just a big toddler, and everybody who looked would know it the instant they saw him.

Apparently, so did the clerk, quickly dismissing him with a "Hmph," and going back to her paperwork. Frank didn't know what to do after Gerard led him to the waiting area and sat down to fill out the paperwork, so he just swung his legs and looked around. Leandra had provided Gerard with all the information he needed, so Frank's input really wasn't needed. It never seemed to be these days.

Soon enough, Gerard was turning in the paperwork.

"What's that say?" asked Frank, pulling his thumb out of his mouth as he caught a glimpse of the word incontinence and some other things scribbled into his medical history notes that Gerard was handing over to the lady.

"Don't worry about it, little one," said Gerard. "Just let the grownups deal with things."

"But I-"

"You know, I think this is a good time for your pacifier," said Gerard, pulling out a clear blue pacifier with Blarney's smiling face on the button, arms stretched out wide.

Next thing Frank knew his mouth was plugged up and Gerard was tapping the button.

"There we are, my little gremlin. You keep that in and no more talking. Be a good boy for Daddy and we can get you a treat after, okay?"

Frank just nodded, feeling defeated. He could only hope Gerard wasn't telling the doctors anything *too* outlandish. Gods knew how he would explain his current state to them.

After Frank had a good chance to stew on all the possibilities, the nurse called out his name, and he was led past the door that separated the waiting room from the medical area. He was quickly weighed and measured for height, then led into a colorful exam room where his blood pressure and pulse were checked, all while Gerard answered any important questions the nurse had.

"Alright, then, the doctor will be with you shortly."

"See, little one? That was easy, right?"

Frankie reluctantly nodded as Gerard ran his hand through the hair on the back of his head and then down his back, patting his diaper. Diaper pats always seemed to calm him down, even if he totally didn't like them. Somehow, they provided a level of comfort for him. He'd discovered this very quickly when he was left without a diaper and tied down to the crib after a particularly difficult day. With a gallon of apple juice in his tummy, he ended up peeing all over his legs and begged for the diapers back when Mommy and Daddy finally came in to check on him. Since then, he always felt safer with the diapers on than off, and begged not to go sans-underwear on the rare occasion Mommy or Daddy brought up the possibility.

"Such a good brave boy for Daddy," said Gerard, rubbing and patting Frankie's diaper as he held the smaller man in his lap. Frankie would never have allowed Gerard to hold him like this when he first arrived, but how things had changed in such a short time.

When the doctor came in, he saw the infantilized Frank looking cute as a button, head resting on his Daddy's chest while Gerard held him. It was an adorable sight. The Doctor cleared his throat to announce his entrance.

"Yes, hello, I'm, ah, doctor Padderson, I... see we have a little one with us today. Would you mind getting up on the table, son? He... can understand me, can't he?"

"Oh yes," said Gerard, patting Frankie's butt. "Perfectly. Frankie, let's get you up on the table now."

"Fantastic," said the doctor. "Oh, and we need to take his shorts off. He can stay in his, ah, diaper for now."

Frank blushed, feeling naked as his shorts were slid off and he was left to sit on the exam table in just his babyish shirt and diaper. The doctor smiled a reassuring smile.

"Good. Now let's take a look. Looks like we've got a full physical scheduled. Is there anything I should, ah, know about before we get started?"

"Just that he wears diapers out of necessity," said Gerard, "And we keep his little penis locked up, also out of necessity. I do have the key if you need to see it unlocked, though."

"Yes, I might need that, and don't worry, son," said the Doctor, putting his hand on Frank's shoulder as the man hid his face in his hands. "I've seen plenty of patients in your situation. You could say it's my, ah, specialty."

Frank looked up at the doctor with a questioning gaze, not daring to speak with his pacifier in.

"That's right," said Gerard. "You have nothing to worry about, Frankie. Doctor Padderson will take good care of you, and Daddy will be here too. Can you be a brave boy and listen to the doctor?"

Frank reluctantly nodded. Though embarrassing, at least he knew that this wasn't the Doctor's first time examining a pampered cuckold, or so he was led to believe. Still, he had to wonder if this was really a checkup, or something more.

"He looks healthy," said the doctor. "A little on the heavy side, though. Have you considered putting him on a diet?"

"We don't let him drink any soda or have candy. But it is hard to deny the little guy some ice cream every once in a while."

"Do you feed him juice?"

"Well, yes. He loves apple juice. It's his favorite drink since he's no longer allowed to drink beer."

"That may be your problem. Juice has a lot more sugar than you think. And you know all that sugar affects his urine as well. Makes it a lot easier to end up with a UTI or diaper rash."

"I didn't know that," said Gerard, looking at Frank and rubbing his chin.

"Don't worry, we'll get him on a high fiber diet and eliminate most of his sugar. That and a little exercise should help him drop the weight. You might need to go down a size in diapers once that happens, too. Do you have a prescription for those, by the way?"

"Why, no. I've just been buying them out of pocket..."

"Oh, well, we'll have to fix that, then! Let's take a look at something else a man his age should be concerned with," said the doctor, laying down an absorbent chuck pad next to Frank. "Son, can you roll over onto your stomach for me?"

Frank did so, wondering where this was going. The moment he felt the back of his diaper being tugged down, he tried to get up, but he was stopped by Gerard's hand.

"No, no, Frank. Stay where you are. The doctor needs to examine you."

Frankie shook his head and tried to cover his butt, but Dr. Padderson was prepared.

"I think we're going to have to use the, ah, straps. I'm sorry, kiddo... this is for your own good."

Frank whined into his pacifier as he felt thick straps pulled over his back and shoulders. His arms were forced to his side and he couldn't get up as the diaper was taken off of him. Gerard petted him and cooed to him with words of reassurance while he watched the doctor put on a glove and lube up his finger.

"Mmmph! Mmmph!" whined Frank, mouth still clamped tight on his pacifier and sucking it like mad without even realizing it.

"Shhh, it's okay, sweetie. you've taken much larger things, it won't hurt. He's a doctor. A professional. This is just a medical procedure to make sure you're healthy. Even Daddy has to do this when he goes to the doctor. That's right sweetie. Daddy's got you. You'll be fine..."

Frank tensed up as he felt the cold lube touch his butthole and the pressure of Dr. Padderson's thumb against it. The discomfort of the intruder only lasted for a second as the doctor pressed in with his thumb, past the sphincter and into his colon. Frank let out a breath as the pressure lessened, and his hole began to relax. It really wasn't all that big. But almost immediately, the doctor curled his thumb inward, his fingers pressing behind Frank's balls on the outside, trapping Frank's prostate and squeezing it. Frank jerked involuntarily, then moaned a bit as it felt like urine was traveling up his penis.

"Yes, yes, I can feel it," said the doctor. "Oh, my, this is very swollen."

Frank moaned and jerked slightly as the doctor began palpating the prostate, rolling it between his thumb on the inside and his fingers on the outside. His cock tried to harden, but quickly met the confines of the cage and was defeated. Gerard continued to pet him and tell him what a good, brave boy he was, keeping him calm even as he felt increasingly urgent feelings down below.

"Yes, oh my, looks like we're getting some drainage here." The waterproof pad under Frank was quickly soaking up all the cum that was draining from his balls thanks to the doctor's ministrations.

"When was the last time he ejaculated?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, it's been weeks," said Gerard. "He hasn't been allowed to at all since he's been locked up down there. And we'd like to keep it that way, if possible."

"Well, that's fine, if the goal is to prevent an orgasm, but he needs to drain his prostate regularly. You can do that without inducing an orgasm if you like... All you have to do is what I'm doing right now," said the doctor.

Frank moaned as the doctor continued to milk his prostate, feeling as if he was peeing onto the pad under him. What he didn't know was that it was all seminal fluid, rendering his orgasms completely obsolete.

"I see," said Gerard. "Could I maybe try to make sure I understand?"

"Sure. Let's get you gloved and lubed and you can try."

Soon, Frank was moaning again as Daddy took his turn massaging the cuckoo's prostate.

"Oh, well isn't that something?" asked Frank. "Does my little one like that?"

Frank blushed and didn't say anything. Gerard paused, then smirked.

"Does he want me to *stop*?"

Gerard stopped, and Frank vigorously shook his head, hoping for more of that stimulation, which Gerard happily obliged. "Goodness, looks like Daddy's special massage is making my little one *very* happy. Mommy and Daddy are going to have to make this a regular part of our routine!"

Frank could feel the pleasure building toward something. It was almost like masturbating, but missing about 70% of the sensation, sensation which would normally come from rubbing his cock.

"Careful," said the doctor. "You can tip him into an orgasm if you go too hard."

"Oh, really?" asked Gerard. "Come to think of it, I *have* made him cum once when I had sex with him."

"Yes, the penis is just as effective as a thumb," chuckled the doctor, "Though certainly less targeted. There are lots of nerve endings down there."

"I'd like to see him cum this way," said Gerard, adding more pressure to Frank's prostate. Frank moaned into his pacifier and tensed up, his body instinctively trying to move his butt away from the intense stimulation but unable to. Instead, Frank just pressed his forehead into the padded exam table, squeezed his eyes shut, and sucked his pacifier harder as his hole and all his pelvic muscles began to clench and unclench involuntarily. Frank's cage jerked each time he clenched, sliding against the semen-slicked chuck pad.

"I think he's getting close," said Gerard.

"That's it, keep it up," said the Doctor. "Just keep putting pressure on the, ah, prostate, and he should..."

"Mmmmmmp!!!!" Frank screamed into his pacifier as he came, hard. His cock throbbed painfully against the cage while it fired out semen in thick spurts, as thick as a stream of urine might be. The restraints held Frank fast as he strained, every muscle in his body tensing up as he emptied his balls and prostate for the first time in a week.

"Well! That's certainly a faster way to drain those bad boys," remarked Gerard. "How long would that have taken without an orgasm?"

"Oh, about twenty to thirty minutes," said the doctor, without hesitation.

"Well, that is certainly something to consider. I suppose as long as he's not using his penis, it could be okay to do this more often, but that's really up to his wife - or Mommy, I should say."

"Well, it sounds like you have some big conversations ahead of you," said the doctor. "Would you like me to print out the prostate massage instructions and benefits for you?"

"That would be excellent," said Gerard.

"Okay, I'll do that. Now, before we go, we need to check his genitals. Do you think we can get him unlocked?"

"Oh, sure thing," said Gerard, pulling the little key out of his wallet.

Frank looked down in embarrassment as they helped him up and the chuck pad came with him. They had to peel it off his tummy before Gerard could unlock him and the doctor could examine his bits.

"It's a relief we don't have to unlock him to drain his prostate," said Gerard, as he put the key in the lock and turned it. Frank was glad to see it come off, but almost regretted it, knowing how dreadful it would be to see it go on again.

"You know, there are other ways to stop his erections," said the Doctor, grabbing hold of Frank's balls to examine them.

"Oh really?" asked Gerard, clearly interested.

"Would you like me to print those out as well?"

In the end, Gerard left with a stack of instructions on proper prostate massage, a high fiber diet, and some things that he and the doctor discussed in private. Frank didn't like the sound of 'stopping all erections' without a cage and wondered just what the doctor had in mind. He hoped he wouldn't have to find out, but in the end he knew it was really up to Leandra, and knowing her, there was a good chance he was going to find out, like it or not.

After they said their goodbyes to the good doctor, and walked out of the office, it was time to get Frank back in his car seat for the big drive home. Gerard smiled at his little treasure as he strapped him in.

"Wasn't that fun, mon petit cocu? We have so much to tell Mommy when we get home!"

Frank blushed and stared down his nose. He didn't want to admit how fun that really was, but it certainly did feel good.

Chapter 18: Meet The Neighbors

He was running. Blinders blocking his vision left and right. Running, running, running. For how long, he did not know, he just knew that he had been driven ever onwards. He was naked - mostly. His nipples painfully erect as tassels bounced from them with every clop. Clop? Frank dared to glance down only to see that his hands and feet had been permanently sealed into artificial hooves, rendered useless by the hard composite material. Running as his cock bounced to and fro, his erection cinched tight so that it always stuck out straight ahead, a shiny golden ring protruding from the tip as it flung out precum with each bounding step. Clop clop. Clop clop. Clop clop. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce. Bounce.

And still he ran. His body relieving itself on the road below as it needed while he ran, pulling the harness, unable to look and see what he was pulling. He only *wished* he was in a diaper now, not naked for all to see. Relieving himself in public in an even more shameful way than he had at the mall. Moaning and groaning as he felt the tassels tug at his nipples. His cock, purple and swollen, throbbing with each tug. The pain and pleasure building up together, building toward something even more humiliating as his dick throbbed painfully.

Lips by his ear now, whispering...

"This is what your life could be, Frankie... if you don't listen to Mommy and Daddy..."

The breath tickling his ear, the tone and promise of the whisper sending him over the edge as his cock throbbed, throwing gobs of cum onto the road below, left and right, painting his thighs as he ran ever onward... His teeth clamped down on the bit in his mouth and he cried out.

"Nnnnnnfff Gah!!"

He sat up.

"Unh... wha?"

The pain around his cock was still sharp from the cage digging into the base of his cock as it strained to get hard. He looked around, his heart still beating fast. It took him a minute to realize where he was as he saw the bright red bars rising up all around him. It was a cage! He *was* an animal after all, he thought, grabbing the bars and gripping them tightly. No... those were hands, not hooves. He was... in his crib. Frank sat back with a crinkle, blinking.

"Baby, you okay?" asked Leandra, stepping into the room. "I heard you cry out on the baby monitor..."

Frank caught his breath and remembered. He was home. He was a baby. Not a horse. He sighed, relieved, and winced as his cock throbbed again in its confines.

"Aww, did you have a bad dream, sweetie?" asked Leandra, drawing near and lowering the bars to Frank's crib. Frank stuck out his bottom lip and nodded.

"It's okay, Mommy's here." Leandra pulled Frankie into a hug and patted his back. "There, there..."

Frankie remembered Daddy putting him in the carseat and then playing some kids' sing along music... something about being the finest horse at the fair or something... it had made him very sleepy and then... then what?"

"You were very tired after your doctor's visit, yes you were! But Daddy said you were a very brave boy and listened to all that the doctor said, so I'm very happy. You get bonus stickers for that, so another trip to the toy store is not far off!"

Frank didn't really care about the toy store. He wasn't really a baby after all. Still, it was better than a punishment, he supposed.

"Can I use my stickers to get some internet time?" he asked.

"Aww, sweetie. You're a little young for that," said his wife. "Maybe if you sit on Daddy's lap and he supervises... but he'll have to type everything out for you. You just get to point."

"Nevermind," said Frank, looking away.

"Goodness, did you wet in your sleep again?" asked Leandra, distracting him from his disappointment.

"What do you mean? I didn't-"

"Oh! You did! See, sweetie? The Doctor was right, you do need diapers."

Frank blanched as he followed his wife's finger pointing to the yellow patch in the front of his padding. The doctor. That's right, Frank was now prescribed diapers, and his incontinence was part of his medical history. He was stricken as he was laid on his back and the diaper was peeled away to let the cold air hit his skin. It was a wake up call. If there was any fantasy he held of getting on Gerard and Leandra's good side - of them letting him at least live like a grown-up again, it was dashed by the weight of the Doctor's judgment. This was real. This was his life now.

"I know, sweetie, I know this can be a lot to accept," said Leandra as she wiped down Frank's pissy parts and dribbling cage. His cock had shrunk in the cold air, and he was grateful for the relief it gave his sore balls. "Daddy told me that he and the Doctor scheduled you an appointment with a therapist... to help you *accept* all these changes..."

"Therapist? I don't need a therapist, Mommy. I'm a grown *man*... if you'll just give me a chance..."

"You're clearly *not*, sweetheart, because you've had all the chances in the world to be a grown up and now here we are. We found just what you need, baby boy, and a grown up life is not it..."

She gave her husband's balls a squeeze and he winced, not daring to say anything more even when she brought out a fresh, extra thick Blarney diaper and a Megasorb stuffer to boot.

"Don't worry, sweetie, you're already doing so well with your training, and you're earning more being a subby cucky sucker than you ever did at that dead end job of yours..."

"I... I am?" Frank asked, sitting up on his elbows as Leandra got to work with the wipes.

"Yes, you are, sweetheart. Several thousand a month, in fact."

"That much?" He was stunned. Leandra and Gerard had never talked hard numbers before, but he did know that his videos were popular on the subby cucky suckers website.

"Yes, sweetheart. Why would we ever let you grow up now?" Leandra lifted up Frank's legs to slide a new diaper under him, and deposited his butt on the soft padding.

Why indeed. He was living his fantasy life, and obviously a lot of others had the same fantasy and were willing to pay for the vicarious experience. Why would he ever be allowed to grow up when they had it so good?

"W-well... if I'm helping you make money... then how come I can't spend it?" asked Frankie.

"You're terrible with money dear, and you *do* spend it. On diapers, food, drinks, and all the things that Daddy and I were so generous to get you." Leandra was now shaking fragrant baby powder on Frank's bitty bits as she spoke. "You're the luckiest little boy in the world, because you get to have everything you need, and all you have to do is be good and listen to the grown-ups."

Leandra taped up the final tape patting Frank's diaper front with a powdery poof of finality.

What could Frankie say? He was stuck.

"By the way, Daddy told me he has something new to teach me that the doctor showed him. I can't wait. Do you know what the surprise is? I promise I won't tell Daddy..."

Frank's mouth went dry as he remembered the prostate massage at the doctor's office. His wife had never put anything in his butt, not even close.

Gerard walked in before Frank could find his words.

"Ah, ah, ah, mon cherie! No spoiling the surprise. I know you'll want to try it yourself as soon as you find out what it is, and our little man needs his time to recover!"

"Aww, poo," said Leandra. "Guess it'll have to wait, then."

The couple brought Frank out of the nursery and into the kitchen, where Frank was put on the floor while the two chatted over wine and cheese in their tall chairs.

"He's just so cute, isn't he?" asked Leandra, as she looked down at her husband in just a t-shirt, socks, and a diaper. His big, innocent eyes and the adorable face that she'd grown to love clean of the stubble it had perpetually carried in recent years.

"He's the absolute cutest," said Gerard, smiling and popping a piece of cheese into his mouth. The doorbell rang.

"Oh! That'll be the neighbors," said Leandra, hurrying over to the front of the house.

"Neighbors?!" yelped Frank, instinctively pulling down his shirt.

"None of that now, little one," said Gerard. "Or do we need to put you back in mittens and booties?"

Frank's eyes went wide and he shook his head. There was nowhere for him to go as he heard voices by the front door and the sound of his wife's voice drawing nearer.

Frank looked over toward the sound of the approaching guests with fear as Gerard stood up and dusted off his hands, preparing to greet the new arrivals.

"They're right over here in the kitchen," said Leandra. "My two boys..."

She said it with the affection of a doting mother, running up to Gerard in short shuffling strides and kissing him on the cheek. Frank sat there, unable to say a word, totally petrified as three strangers walked into their kitchen to find him sitting on the floor in just a little T-Shirt and a diaper looking like an overgrown toddler.

"So nice to meet you," said Gerard, shaking the hands of two men and the woman. The trio introduced themselves as Pierce, Duke, and Jasmine. Leandra had apparently met them online looking for local kinksters.

"What's with the baby?" asked Pierce, a skinny man with a mohawk and several piercings on his face and ears.

Frank looked at him horrified. As if this whole thing had been *his* idea! *As if!*

"Don't mind him," said Duke, a heavy set, beefy guy with a smug grin. "Pierce tends to be blunt. To each their own. Besides, we already know about the baby cuck. Their reputation precedes them!"

"Heel, you two!" snapped Jasmine, and the two men snapped to attention, then crouched by her feet on either side. Jasmine was tall, dressed in elegant hanging clothes with sheer legs. Standing over the two men, she looked like an empress. She petted their heads, looking down at both of them. "Such poor behavior tonight, you two. Pierce, you should be the last person to throw stones. Didn't you just get out of diaper punishment recently yourself?"

Pierce looked down and blushed, but didn't move from his spot at Jasmine's feet.

"And as for you, Duke, maybe you should join him this time. Look at the poor thing. They look absolutely terrified. May I?" asked the woman, looking over to Leandra.

"By all means," said Leandra, gesturing toward her infantilized husband.

Frank looked completely shocked as the woman bent down to pick him up.

"H-hey!" He cried as she enveloped him in a big hug. Frank was not used to being so familiar with others so quickly, and certainly not without his permission.

"What a little cutie!" said Jasmine, kissing him on the head. He opened his mouth to protest but quickly found a pacifier plugging it up.

"I think you'd better keep this in tonight, sweetheart," said Leandra with a smirk.

"At least until dinnertime!" said Gerard with a chuckle.

"Well, have a seat everyone, get comfortable. I'll get out some cheese and wine. No, not you, Frankie. The only seat you get is the floor or a grown-up's lap."

These words might have well been wasted on Frank because he didn't exactly get an option. Before he knew it, he wound up in Jasmine's lap, flanked by the two strange men while Mommy sat across from them and Daddy busied himself pouring everyone drinks.

"Don't worry, I didn't forget you, Frankie," said Gerard, grabbing a squeeze bottle of sugar-free grape juice with a Pawsome Squad spill-proof topper. He sat it down on the table, eliciting a round of chuckles from the three guests, some kinder than others.

Frank wanted to sink into the floor, but he was instead stuck in this beautiful woman's lap. As if to rub salt in the wound, Gerard continued, "The doctor says no sugary juice because it makes his pee-pee more likely to cause a diaper rash or UTI, so we're going sugar free. Isn't that right, Frankie? Who's a healthy boy?"

Frankie scowled at Gerard, or tried to, but he couldn't keep a straight face knowing that Gerard wasn't even exaggerating. Daddy had literally had this conversation with a doctor earlier that day, which he blushed deeply to think about.

"Well, go on. Drink your juice," said Gerard, pulling out Frank's pacifier, crossing his arms and smirking. "All the adults are drinking *their* grape juice."

Frank looked around. "I know the difference between grape juice and wine, Gerard."

"I'm sorry, what did you just call me?" asked Gerard?

"Better watch yourself, little man," said Pierce, snickering. "You might get another spanking!"

Frank's face burned red, but he folded and apologized, "Sowwee, Daddy," then drank the juice, much to the satisfaction of everyone else in the room.

Frank was ashamed to give in so easily, but he didn't have the guts to stand up to Gerard in that moment. Not with the risk of a punishment hanging over his head. He was so busy thinking about how embarrassing this whole situation was, that he wasn't paying attention and it wasn't until Jasmine pulled the squeeze bottle away with a pop that he realized he had been sucking air. Cue a burping from Jasmine, and the whole process started over again.

"Wow, guess my little guy was thirsty," said Gerard. Don't worry, there's plenty more where that came from!" He handed Frank another bottle of juice and looked at him expectantly.

"You can talk as long as you're enjoying your drink. When you're done, we'll put your binky back in, but that means no talking until the next time an adult takes your binky out. Got it?"

Frank nodded, looking up at Gerard with a pout.

"Well, get drinking. You have five seconds or that pacifier is going back in right now..."

Frank huffed and stuck the juice bottle in his mouth.

"What do we say?" asked Leandra.

"Fank you, Daddy."

Another round of giggles from the audience. Frank blushed and tried his hardest to focus on the bottle in his hands and not on all the people scrutinizing his babification. Sure, he liked to be the center of attention, but not *this* kind of attention.

A baby drinking his sippy juice can only entertain for so long, and soon, the talk moved on to other things. Of particular interest was the ladies comparing notes on how they controlled their men.

"Oh yes, we have little Frankie in an extra small wee wee cage. It seems to suit him well," said Leandra.

"Oh really?" asked Jasmine. "I have Pierce here fitted with a custom P.A. cage. Of course he had to be pierced and stretched down there to accommodate it, but that wasn't so much of a problem with him. As you can see, he has a proclivity for piercings."

Sure enough, Pierce was spiked and studded all over, the most prominent piercing being a metal spike protruding out below his lower lip. Leandra was intrigued.

"A P.A. Cage, huh? Can I see?"

"Sure! Pierce. Drop your pants."

It was now Pierce's turn to blush as he immediately stood up and pulled down his pants to reveal a miniscule metal mushroom-tip where most men would have a freely swinging penis.

"Oh, wow," said Leandra. "And he really can't get any stimulation, even if you play with it directly?"

"Go ahead and try," said Jasmine with a grin.

Leandra wasted no time in taking Jasmine up on her offer, tugging, twisting, and turning the cage, while Pierce's face burned bright red. Aside from the occasional wince, there was not a hint of arousal to be seen. Frank smirked, enjoying the show as this asshole suffered.

"I'm impressed," said Leandra. "How do these perform with diapers?"

Pierce clasped his hands together as if begging Jasmine to say no, but of course she ignored his pleas.

"Oh, most definitely. Pierce wore it during his entire diaper punishment and there were no problems at all. Kept him from humping his diapers too!"

"Oh? We have a little diaper humper here as well," said Leandra, and suddenly Frank's laughter died as he was put on the spot once more. The bottle was taken out of his hands and replaced by another.

"Whuh?" Asked Frank, looking up at Daddy in surprise.

"You finished your juice, buddy. Here's your next bottle."

It went on like this with Frank being distracted and then draining his juice without even realizing it, only to have it replaced by Gerard at every single chance. Pretty soon his bladder was full to bursting, and he had to let go of his bottle and hold onto the front of his diaper in an effort to avoid wetting himself right there in Jasmine's lap.

Not now, not now, not now, not now, he thought to himself, squeezing his eyes shut.

"All finished? Alright then, in goes the binkie!" said Gerard, taking Frankie's last bottle and slipping the binkie in his mouth before he realized what was happening. Frank's eyes shot open as he realized that he was now rendered silent. How was he going to tell Mommy and Daddy that he had to go pee-pee?

He knew better than to try and speak up now. That would lead to a spanking in front of everyone for sure, and he could never hold it in for a spanking. He was stuck. It didn't take long for the grownups to notice him sticking his hands between his legs.

"Little boy," said Leandra. "You know you're not supposed to touch your diaper. Hands up."

Frank whined into his paci and shook his head.

"Yes, little man, or are we going to have to restrain you so that you have to keep them up?"

Frankie crossed his legs but it wasn't enough. The moment Jasmine pulled his hands up and away from his diaper, the dam burst and he flooded his pamps with the force of a torrential downpour. He couldn't stop it, and not only that, he *enjoyed* it. He found himself spasming and moaning in this woman's lap as he felt relief and humiliation mingling together.

Then, Jasmine put her hand on the front of his diaper. Even though he couldn't feel it through his cage, the pressure was enough to set him off.

"Uhhnnnnnnhhhgghhhh!!!"

"Oh my god, did he *cum* in his *diaper*?!" asked Pierce, laughing.

"Wow, he really is a baby!" laughed Duke, almost falling out of his seat as he clutched his belly.

"That's it," said Jasmine, giving the dazed and humiliated Frank a squeeze. "Gerard, Leandra, can I borrow a couple of diapers from you?"

"What?!" cried Pierce.

"No, wait!" said Duke. "I'm sorry!"

But it was too late. Soon, the three men found themselves stuck in the playpen sucking on their pacis while the adults enjoyed the last of the wine and cheese before dinner.

Serves them right, thought Frank, crossing his arms and pouting, but his victory was short lived because Pierce and Duke wanted their revenge. Here, they would make good use of all that wine they had drunk. While the adults were in the other room, Pierce and Duke took turns holding Frank down as they wet their diapers and ground them in his face. It was the best they could do without any words available to them. It all came to an end when dinner was called, and Frank was relieved to finally be able to breathe again without a face full of wet padding. However, he was disappointed when he saw what they were getting for dinner.

"Oh no! Not baby food!" he whined, his paci falling out of his mouth.

"Uh oh. You know what that means, little man," said Gerard.

Frank paled as he realized he was going to have to get a spanking after all.

Chapter 19: Dinner is Served

Frank's breath caught in his throat as he was led by the hand to the dinner table, pulled roughly by an upset looking Gerard. He noticed, however, that Gerard had a bit of a tent in his pants and he almost wondered if the man was *glad* he messed up. He looked up at the table as they approached and saw the baby food set out - but there were only two place settings with baby food at the table.

"Wha?"

Before he could finish the thought, Gerard sat down in one of the chairs and pulled Frank over his lap so that his erection was poking Frank's belly. It was definitely there, and definitely hard. Frank blushed a bit as it poked into his soft belly, thinking about how much softer it had gotten these past few weeks and imagining that erection pressing into another part of his softer anatomy as well, but he was quickly brought back to reality when Gerard pulled down the back of his diaper.

"No! No! No!" yelled Frank, squirming to get away, but that didn't stop the spanks from raining down as Gerard held him in place on his lap. Frank cried out loudly as Gerard punished him in front of everyone for a total of over a dozen hard blows.

"There you go little boy," said Gerard, pulling up the back of Frank's diapers and patting them, causing Frank to wince. But then, Gerard frowned and looked down. He carefully set the sniffing Frank down to reveal a large wet spot on the front of his trousers. "You leaked!" he exclaimed.

Frank's eyes went wide. "I wha- No I didn't!"

He could barely believe that he had done that, but there it was, all over Daddy's lap. Frank was even more embarrassed about that than the spanking, as the other two boys laughed openly.

"Oh goodness, I have to take care of this right away," said Gerard. "Leandra, can you change the baby?"

"Just a minute, hon," said Leandra. "I'm still putting out the food."

"He's leaking all over the floor," said Gerard, clucking his tongue and pulling at the front of his trousers in exasperation, though that tent was bigger than ever in his pants.

"I'll change the little one," said Jasmine, raising a hand to get Gerard's attention.

"Oh, would you? I really wouldn't want to impose."

"Nonsense," said Jasmine, "Where are the changing supplies?"

Frank was shaking his head at Daddy and silently begging, "No, no no," with his lips, but Gerard completely ignored the cuckold's pleas once again. "I keep a bag of changing supplies right here in the living room. You can just change him on the floor, on the carpet. We usually do."

And so, Frank was led, dripping, to the carpet to lie back on the changing mat that Jasmine set out. He wanted to say he could do it himself. He wanted to make any excuse to avoid being changed in front of all these strangers, but there was nothing he could say because Frank's mouth was plugged once more by the pacifier and he was given a warning not to lose it again until *din din* times.

Frank felt completely helpless as he lay there on his back, a full grown man now reduced to an infant who needed the neighbor lady to change his soggy diaper. He didn't know what to do with his hands, so he balled them up in fists and shook them, like a baby often does. Duke seemed to notice and take pity on him, because Frank soon found a Blarney stuffie in his hand. He held it to his face and hugged it tight, not for comfort, but to block his view of what was happening. Despite that, he did feel better when he hugged it. At least a little bit.

"Aww, look, he's smiling," said Jasmine. "You did a really good thing, Duke."

Duke beamed at the praise, and Frank, surprised to hear that he had been smiling, quickly turned it into a pout, which just made the others laugh, except for Pierce.

"Aww, what a cutie pie," said Jasmine, but Pierce just made faces at Frank, and teased him as best he could without drawing the ire of Jasmine.

"You'd better watch it," said Jasmine, making Pierce stop in his tracks and go pale. "I know what you're up to and if you don't behave, then it'll be *you* getting your diaper changed in the living room and eating dinner in a high chair."

That shut up Pierce real quick, but Frank had a sinking feeling. Were they really going to make him eat in a high chair in front of the neighbors? When Jasmine helped him up and led him back to the dinner table, his questions were answered, because there right in front of his eyes was his high chair with a big helping of baby mush sitting in a bowl on the tray.

It was clear that this was done for show as Gerard couldn't put him in the chair without taking the tray off first. Leandra was the one to move the tray and bowl to help Frank into the chair while the other men sat at the table. He looked at her piteously as she tied his bib, thinking *you're the one that did this to me* in his head and hoping she

could hear his thoughts. It wasn't fair, he thought, as he was helped up into the seat and strapped in securely, legs forced apart to show his clean new diaper. Wrists, ankles, elbows, and knees secured down so that he couldn't get out on his own. Frank spoke up the moment Leandra took the pacifier out of his mouth, looking down at the tray that was slid in front of him, the bib round his neck, struggling to move but unable to budge an inch.

"How come I gotta sit in the baby chair?" he whined. "It's not fair! They're the ones that got in trouble, so how come / get punished?" He was usually not restrained so securely in the high chair now that he had gotten used to it, not unless he was having a particularly difficult day.

Leandra smirked, noting how her husband didn't even seem to have the vocabulary to call things by their proper names. "Hush, now, little one, don't you think you've earned enough punishments today?"

"But what did I do?" asked Frankie, whining, frustration showing on his red face.

"You complain too much," said Gerard from the table. "And you broke the rules. The baby food wasn't for you - it was for Pierce and Duke, but since you only know how to complain and spit your pacifier out instead of listening to Mommy and Daddy, you must eat baby food too."

"That's right," added Leandra, as Frank realized his mistake. "And since there's only one *baby chair*, you get to be the lucky little guy who gets fed in it!"

Frank looked over at Duke and Pierce who were watching with interest and amusement. "But how come they get sippy cups?"

"Because they can use their hands like big boys," said Leandra. "And unlike you, *they* are guests. You, on the other hand, should know better, little man. Now let's feed you before your food gets cold, and no more complaints."

Everyone began their meal, with a lot of glances over to Frank's predicament, where Leandra was making a big show of feeding her adorable baby husband. The bowl of green goop that Leandra sat out in front of him wasn't big, Frank realized. It was *massive*, and Leandra wanted to play up every spoonful as she fed it all to Frank.

"That's a good *cucky wucky*, eat up all your greens! Wots of good, good veggies and fiber in here, so eat up to grow big and strong like Daddy!"

Frank was obliged to open up his mouth for the airplane. Every time he tried to sputter a protest at the infantile treatment, he just got another mouth of mush, so

through much embarrassment and bluster, he was fed, like it or not. Just when he thought he was done, Leandra grabbed a second bowl from the table.

"Oh, you did such a good job eating your greens, little man. Now for some dessert! We got stewed prune puree just for you! This'll get your tum tum moving, baby, since you seem to want to try and hold it in still."

Frank wanted to scream. How could his wife be treating him like this? And yet, he knew he had lost that fight long ago. It seemed now he only had the choice of behaving and being treated like a toddler, or speaking up and being treated like a baby. Somehow, no matter what he intended to do, it seemed like he was backsliding into more and more infantile treatment. Instead of earning his privileges back, he was being treated like *more* of a baby!

"Keep eating little one. The doctor said to feed you lots and lots of fiber so you can be a healthy baby boy!" Frank whined, as he was filled up.

"No mow," he said, his mouth full of disgusting prunes, but Leandra just treated it like baby talk and kept feeding him. The doctor may have put him on a diet for weight loss, but it sure didn't feel like it with all that she was feeding him. He could feel his tummy rumbling and began to sweat, knowing that soon his body would try to clear more room for all the food. Mercifully, she was almost done, and after some final bites for his stuffed tummy, the bowl was empty.

"All done," said Leandra. "Now it's your turn, dear," she said, taking a seat while Gerard got up, a giant one liter baby bottle in hand.

"Okay, kiddo! Time for your formula!"

Frank struggled and shook his head, but he was sluggish and completely restrained. He was no match for Gerard, who grabbed Frank's chin in his hand and shoved the bottle in his mouth.

"Drink," was his command, which Frank instantly obeyed, whining as the pressure in his tummy grew. First, his bladder gave way. It wasn't five gulps in when he felt the dam burst and he was flooding his diapers again. He wriggled and struggled, trying to close his legs and stop the flow any way that he could, but it was hopeless. The thick diapers drank up all the liquid as he peed uncontrollably, his diaper eye level with everyone sitting at the table so they got a clear view of it swelling up and growing yellow.

"Looks like that little boy really does need to wear diapers," said Jasmine. "He can't even hold it for a whole meal, and I just changed him!" Her two men were

chuckling until she added a comment about them. "You two won't have that problem, will you?"

"No, ma'am," they both said, shaking their heads.

"And you'll help with the dishes after, and then come to me or our lovely hosts for help going to the potty, won't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," they both said, clearly flustered and red with embarrassment, not that it was any consolation for Frank, who was still emptying his bladder in front of everyone while still only $\frac{1}{3}$ of the way through his bottle.

"So you baby them too?" asked Gerard, holding the bottle up while Frank struggled against his restraints.

"Only when they're in trouble," said Jasmine. "Which is often enough that they have their own cubbies at home with the necessary supplies."

"We'll, I don't see why not," said Leandra, "It's certainly worked wonders for little Frankie, here, isn't that right, baby?"

Frankie couldn't respond with the big nipple invading his mouth. He could only whine and splutter as he was fed more formula than he thought he could possibly fit in his tummy. At this point, his belly button was in full view as his engorged tummy pressed against the tray and his diaper swelled to huge proportions.

Gerard leaned in as Frank continued to drink and said in a low voice, "Never forget that you are our baby. Now and forever."

Frank started to sob, and Gerard paused.

"I sowwy, Daddeee...." He whimpered. "No mow miwk... too fuww..."

"Oh dear," said Gerard, looking at the bottle, which was still half full. "I don't think he's going to be able to finish his din dins. And he needs to drink all of it according to the doctor..."

Jasmine put down her napkin and stood up. "Why don't you let me try with the little sweetie?"

Gerard looked to Leandra, who nodded, and so he handed the bottle off to Jasmine, who came up close to Frank allowing her boobies to brush up against him. Frank shivered at the warm feeling, and his cage instantly went tight as she brought him into an embrace and began to pat his back as if to comfort him. Frank leaned into it and

closed his eyes, taking in her scent, a very light spicy floral scent like jasmine tea. But then, her real plan came to light when Frank burped.

Uuuuurp!

"Awww, there we go," said Jasmine. "Now I'll bet you feel better, don't you?"

Frank nodded and smiled despite himself when Jasmine pulled back to look at him.

"Do you think you could drink a little more for me?" she asked. Frank blushed and reluctantly gave a couple nods. "Oh, yay!" she said, clapping. Frank smiled and giggled a bit, and opened his mouth, allowing Jasmine to hold the bottle up for him to drink from.

Frankie sucked on his bottle without complaints, face peaceful as Jasmine held the bottle there and murmured into his ear. Frank and Leandra looked at each other and raised their eyebrows.

Frankie let out a small grunt, then shifted, and let out a loud wet fart as he began to fill his diapers with mush to make room for more milkies. Jasmine kept whispering, and Frankie's face remained peaceful as he continued to gulp down his formula and fill his diapers, beginning to lift up in his seat because of all the poop he was packing into his pampers. Jasmine kept feeding him but moved away from his ear, blinking as if in shock.

"Oh my," said Jasmine, so everyone could hear. "Did somebody make a poopie?!"

Frank blinked and came out of his daze, only seemingly just realizing that he was messing his diapers. His face went from dazed, to confused, to shocked, to scrunching tight all in just a few seconds as he realized what he was doing. But no matter how hard he squeezed, he couldn't stop it! I just kept coming!

"Mmmmp! Mmph!" he cried into the nipple as the last of his formula filled his mouth.

Pierce and Duke were laughing so hard they were practically falling off their chairs while Gerard and Leandra wore self satisfied grins.

"Are you still pooping, little one?" asked Jasmine, putting down the empty bottle and raising her hands to the side of her cheeks.

"I c-c-c-can't stop it!" cried, Frank. And he couldn't. His bowels were bearing down as if on their own, forcing everything out while his locked pee-pee sprayed the

front of his diaper with a heavy stream of pee. At this point, Frank just wanted it out of him, so he soon clenched his fists, tensing against the highchair restraints to bear down and expel all the poopies and pee-pees he could. There was so much, pee began leaking out onto the high chair and spilling over onto the floor. Leandra and Gerard quickly got up to get some towels to soak it all up.

"It looks as if the big baby is doing it on purpose!" said Pierce.

Jasmine shot him a look that almost had Pierce shitting his pants. Duke smirked, but didn't say anything.

As for Frankie, he was having the worst possible time. His big diaper blowout was finally finished, but that didn't make things better. He had just completely humiliated himself in front of this pretty lady and these two guys in the worst way possible. It was so beyond anything he had had to deal with in his everyday Adult life before the move, that he didn't even know how to process what had just happened. He opened his mouth to give the only response he could. He bawled like a baby.

"Waaaahhhh!"

"Oh, dear," said Jasmine. "Oh dear dear dear," she said, then she again whispered into his ear, calming him down gradually as his Cries turned to sobs, then to sniffles, and he finally got quiet. Mommy and Daddy were soon there to sop away the puddle at the foot of the chair, remove the tray, and wrap a towel around the sopping wet baby's waist.

"I think it's bath time for this little one," said Gerard, carrying the sniffing sobbing baby off.

"Oh, goodness," said Jasmine with an apologetic smile. "I figured he'd have to go, but I didn't know he'd go *that* much."

"Well, we put a powerful diuretic into his formula, and that bowl of strained peas was choc full of fast-acting laxatives. Since our little one tends to *try* to hold it, this has to happen from time to time. You really did a wonderful job with him, Jasmine."

"Thank you," Jasmine said. "They don't call me the boy trainer for nothing. Though *clearly* I have some work to do here, don't I Pierce?"

"What?!" said Pierce, looking shocked as his mistress glared over at him. "I didn't do anything!"

"I told you and Duke to be on your best behavior, and this is how you act? I can't believe the way you treated that poor boy. You should be ashamed."

Pierce didn't look ashamed in the least.

"Well, if you're not, you will be," continued Jasmine. "Because you're going to be wearing diapers for the next four weeks at least."

Pierce's mouth fell open. "But... buh- but- but- but- I just *graduated* from diapers!"

"And you clearly should have stayed in them. I *was* going to let you and Duke leave the house in your undies, but not after the way you behaved."

"What?! *Me*? What did *I* do?" asked Duke, quickly losing the smirk that had been on his face this whole time.

"You're his big brother and you haven't been setting enough of a good example, clearly, so you two can learn together. I'm sorry about this, Leandra, I really am."

"Don't be," said Leandra, grinning. "Frank is so full of himself, he needs someone to bring him back down to Earth from time to time. You wouldn't believe what we had to deal with when he first got here."

"Oh, I can imagine," said Jasmine, looking at Pierce.

"Well, Gerard and I have seen enough and we've already decided. We would like to take you up on your offer to babysit and train him."

"Oh, he's coming to daycare? Oh, that's wonderful news!" said Jasmine. "Did you hear that, boys? You've got a little playmate coming. You can help with his training as well."

"Yes, Mommy," the two said in unison, glancing at each other and nodding. Poor Frank had no idea what was in store for him.

Chapter 20: A Babysitter?!

"A babysitter?! I don't need a babysitter." Frank was livid, but when he crossed his arms and pouted it came across more like the complaint of a stubborn child.

"You clearly do," said Leandra, crossing her arms as she leaned against the bathroom doorway.

"Uncross your arms, little one," said Gerard, as Frank sat in the tub pouting. "I need to wash you."

"Are they still out there?" asked Frank. "I don't want to see them again. That was so embarrassing."

"Gee, it's almost as if you *need* those diapers," said Gerard, earning a dirty look from Frank while Leandra giggled behind her hand.

"They're all gone," said Leandra, ", but don't worry, you'll be seeing them tomorrow. That's when your real training starts."

Leandra wasn't lying either. Jasmine, 'The Boy Trainer', was a pro, and the next day when Leandra brought Frank to Jasmine's house, it would be quite obvious why.

"I can't believe you're taking me to a *babysitter*," said Frank, as he was unstrapped from his carseat and led by the hand, waddling to the front door of a large white house. Leandra gave him a stern look as they stood on the doorstep.

"If you don't think you can keep a civil tongue, I'll pacify you right now. Do you need mommy to put in the pacifier?"

"No, Mommy," muttered Frank, Blushing and looking down as he used his free hand to pull down the back of his shirt. He was self conscious that everyone passing by could see the obvious bulge in his shorts, and the crinkle his diapers made with each step didn't help. Frank felt and looked like the big toddler that his wife and her lover had made him into, and it made him especially nervous whenever they were in public.

Almost as soon as the doorbell rang, Jasmine was answering it, wearing a smile and a green checked apron. As far as Frank was concerned, it couldn't be soon enough because he didn't want to stand inside for another moment.

"Aww! Sweetie! You just couldn't wait to hug me, could you?" said Jasmine, catching Frank as he attempted to run inside. She pulled him into a big hug, his face

being smothered in her breasts as she put a hand around the back of his head and another arm around his back.

Frank went limp immediately as his nose was flooded with her spicy scent, feeling totally relaxed, even as he felt his cage jump in his diaper and a spreading warmth. It was just a distant feeling, he was almost disconnected from his body, and he only came to as he was being led inside, vaguely feeling his hand being picked up to wave bye-bye to Mommy. By the time he was totally himself again, Mommy was gone and Jasmine was showing him his cubby.

"We'll put your diapers from your baggie in here and your backpack goes on the hook! See?"

"Wha...? Where's Mommy?" asked Frank, coming out of his daze.

"She had to do grown-up things, sweetie. Don't worry: she'll be back later to pick you up. Now put your hands on my shoulders and step out of those shorts, sweetie," said Jasmine, getting down on one knee to slide down Frankie's pants. He did as she said without even hesitating. It only took a few seconds for his brain to catch up and make him question why he was taking off his shorts and where his shoes had gone, but that was more than enough time for her to have them off of him and in his cubby with his diapers.

"W-wait," said Frank, reaching for the cubby.

"No, sweetie. You don't need a change quite yet," said Jasmine, squishing the front of Frank's diaper. "Although you are a bit wet."

Frank looked down between his legs in surprise. "Wha? When did I do that?"

"It's hard for little boys to tell when they went, isn't it?" asked Jasmine in a voice that seemed to reach deep into Frank's psyche.

Frank furrowed his brow and shook his head. "Hold on a second... I'm not a little boy. I'm a man. And I *don't* need a babysitter... hey... why are you laughing?" he said, crossing his arms and pouting.

"Because you sound just like a little boy when you say that," said Jasmine. "And look at you!"

Frank looked down at himself... he saw a Blue Sleuth's T-Shirt with the iconic puppy peering from the corner of his breast pocket, an extra thick Pawsome Squad diaper, and his newly acquired baby belly poking out to complete the look.

"Listen, sweetie. You're going to have a babysitter like it or not, so you might as well *try* to get along. It's better than spending the whole time in punishment, right?"

Frank looked at Jasmine with uncertainty. This wasn't Frank's house. He hardly even knew this lady. Yes, this was unfamiliar territory, and Frank really didn't know where he stood at the moment.

"What happens if I don't do what you say?" asked Frank, taking a step back.

"Do you really want to find out?" asked Jasmine, stepping forward. "Duke and Pierce can tell you what happens when you don't listen to Mommy Jasmine. Let's just say you will not have a fun time at my house if you aren't on your best behavior."

She flashed him a look that made his blood run cold, and Frank squeaked despite himself.

"Uh oh, looks like you wet yourself a little more, sweetie. Let's get you to the play area then, before you make a puddle on the carpet."

Jasmine led Frankie away from the cubbies and further into the house, to a set of stairs that went down to a basement door. Frank's eyes went wide when she led him through. The basement was massive! There were tons of toys, a couple of changing tables, some cribs, a little stage, and even a big plastic playhouse. It was like an indoor playground, and there were already two little guys like him sitting on the floor, rolling a ball back and forth.

"Okay, boys," said Jasmine. "Say hi to your new playmate! You remember, Frankie, don't you?"

"Yes, Mommy," said the two men, looking at Frank, then back at her. Frank was shocked to realize that they were Duke and Pierce, Jasmine's two live-in boys. He instantly felt a little better about last night, now that he knew the neighbors were no strangers to diapers and baby treatment.

"Mommy has a big task for you both. I want you to help me train him to be a better boy, since he failed so badly at being a husband."

"How can we do that?" asked Duke, while Pierce furrowed his brow, but looked down at his feet, saying nothing.

"Maybe you can start by telling Frankie how to be good and, since he asked, what happens when you're not," said Jasmine. "The faster he becomes a good boy, the faster you two will be out of diapers and back into your big boy pants with big boy privileges."

That got both their attention.

"Yes, Mommy!" said Pierce, looking animated by this promise of a potential end to his baby treatment.

"You can count on us!" said Duke, poking a thumb into his chest.

"I know I can, sweetie. Now I'm going to get started on lunch. Play nice and I'll be back in about an hour..." She set a timer on her phone and a big red number appeared on a wall clock by the stairs. "I'll see you when that clock reaches zero."

"Yes Mommy!" said the two boys, and Jasmine promptly left, locking a five foot tall child gate behind her, so that Frank couldn't follow her up the stairs. He stood there with his hands gripping the plastic lattice, still unable to believe that he was being left in *daycare*.

"Shit," he said, stepping back and turning around, only to see the two men towering over him and glowering. "The fuck you looking at?" he began. "Oof!"

Frank fell to his butt as he was pushed by the more heavysset Duke.

"Looks like we need to teach the brat some manners," said Duke. "Rule number one. No cursing."

Frank looked between the two men as they both towered over him, Pierce cracking his knuckles.

"How's your diaper doing Pierce?" asked Duke, leering at Frank in a way that made Frank's skin crawl.

"It's pretty soggy, Duke. How about yours?"

"Yeah. Pretty Soggy, and I have to piss again. Hey kid," Duke said, addressing Frank now. "You remember what happens to your face when we have to sog our diapers, don't you?"

"Y-y-you better stay back or I'll tell!" said Frank, backing away.

"Let's get him," said Duke, grinning and grabbing at his sweatpants, and for the second time in as many Days, Frank found himself being forced to the floor and contemplating Duke's gigantic diaper descending toward him. He squirmed as he was held down by the two men, and his vision was blocked by warm wet padding. His nose was invaded with the scent of piss as he felt the squishy plastic grinding into his face. He could feel every inch of it on him. He even felt the outline of Duke's cock and balls

pressing down against his nose and lips. He tried to yell out but he just got a mouthful of soggy padding instead.

"Wow, he's really getting into it," said Duke, looking down at the red-faced cuck between his legs and humping his diaper into Frank's mouth. "That's it, diaper bitch. I'm... unh.... leaking...."

Frank's eyes widened as he witness began to drip down on his cheeks, and pool down around his mouth, filling it with the salty taste of pee pee.

"Uh oh, bro," said Pierce. "It looks like you ruined his pwecious outfit!"

"Sorry, buddy," said Duke. "We'll get you dressed up in some new clothes right away... as soon as I finish... Unh!!!" Duke grunted as he made pushies into his diaper and Frank lost it, screaming and flailing as hard as he could as the unmistakable smell invaded his nostrils.

"This is what you get for getting us in trouble, little diaper bitch," cackled Pierce, and he and Duke both laughed as Frank fought for breath and to get away from that nasty diaper.

Finally, just before Frank passed out from lack of Oxygen, Duke stood up, and Frank caught a breath before Pierce took Duke's place. Pierce decided to sit down facing away from Frank, and drop his toddler shorts to reveal another soaked diaper. "You're lucky I don't have to go," said Pierce, grinding his diaper into Frank's face. "Hey, but maybe I can make stickies if I hump your stupid face."

"Might as well try, bro!" said Duke, playing with his own massive hard-on in his diaper.

Frank was humiliated as his face was used as a fuck toy for diaper boys, and even more so when Pierce finally tensed up, his thighs shaking and straining as he gave one final hump. "Shit bro, I'm cominnnnnng!" cried Pierce, cumming into his diaper while Duke stood there with his cock pulled up over his diaper, blatantly beating it to the lewd scene before him.

"Oh gods... this is so hot," said Duke. "Shit, bro, move over. I'm gonna bust a nut!"

Duke pushed Pierce off of Frank and grabbed Frank's hair.

"Open up, or I'll knock those front teeth out so I don't need to ask. Unfff... I'm not allowed to make a mess in the nursery or I'll be in big trouble so yer gonna eat it, got it, kid?"

Frank whimpered as the pungent cum-scented monster was pressed against his lips. It was as thick as a beer can and a deep tan color, already smearing salty pre all over Frank's lips. Frank didn't want to admit it, but he was hungry for that cock. It had been obvious to Duke and Pierce from the very beginning that a part of Frank was a natural subby diaper cuck and sure enough, Frank opened his mouth, groaning as the thick mushroom head forced his jaw wider than he thought it could even go.

"Fff--uuuuuuuuuuckkkkkk!" yelled Duke. No sooner had the mushroom tip entered Frank's mouth than he blew his salty load all over Frank's tongue and tonsils. Frank found himself swallowing gob after gob of cum to avoid spilling it all over himself, and much like his bottles, once he started gulping it down, he couldn't seem to stop.

"Wow! Lookit him go!" said Pierce.

"Yeah! I'd say he's a professional diapered dick sucker!" said Duke.

The two men were both impressed by Frank's ability to take a load, and they were almost too distracted to hear Jasmine coming down the stairs. Duke just managed to get up off of Frank and pull his sweats and diaper up before Jasmine entered the room, and Jasmine found her boys standing there with their hands behind their backs looking like perfect angels.

"Is everything okay in here?" she asked. "I thought I heard some yelling... and some very bad words..."

"Y-yeah, everything's fine, mommy," said Duke in his deep baritone, smiling big. "Right bro?"

"Yeah! Great! We were just playin with our new *friend* and teaching him the rules... isn't that *right*, Frankie?" he added, giving Frank a warning glare.

"Uhh... Yeah," said Frank, shaking off the dazed smile he had on his face as he licked his lips from the tasty treat. "Rule one is no cursing."

"Uh.. huh.." said Jasmine, cocking an eyebrow. Then, she sniffed the air. "Did somebody make a poopie?"

Pierce and Frank both pointed to Duke, who gave a bashful smile.

"Of course it would be you, baby bear. Well, you two can change each other and Frankie as you need today. Mommy's busy cooking. Food will be ready in fifteen minutes~"

"Yes, Mommy!" said the two men in unison.

Jasmine turned to leave, then paused at the stairway and called out in a sing-song voice.

"Oh, and if I hear any of you cursing again, it's the hobbles for all of you!"

Pierce and Duke's face went visibly pale while Frank just looked confused.

"Hobbles?"

But Jasmine was already gone.

Jasmine's two boys let out a sigh of relief as she left, then patted Frank on the shoulders.

"You didn't snitch..." said Pierce, in awe.

"Not to mention he took that load like a champ," said Duke, equally impressed. "Thanks for that, by the way. My balls needed it and Pierce has way too many... sharp bits..."

"Maybe the kid isn't such a dipshit after all," said Pierce.

"Hey. Language," growled Duke, eyeing the stairway. "Mommy might be listening..."

"Oh. Right."

"Alright, kiddo. You're okay with us." said Duke, finally. Now it's time to play dress-up!" He nodded, and that was that.

Frank felt relieved. So this was like a hazing. Maybe he wouldn't be bullied any more or have to suck any more dicks - though he had to admit that after taking Daddy's loads a few times, he was developing a taste for baby batter. In fact, Frank was actually kind of hard as he thought of what just happened to him. Was he actually enjoying the humiliation? It was almost as if they had studied up on his kinks *before* he came over. Then it hit him...

"*Leandra...*" he growled... She must've told Jasmine about his cucky videos...

"No, princess," said Duke. "That's your *Mommy's* name. We'll call you..."

"Princess TuTu!" said Pierce, giggling, as they marched the embarrassed Frank off toward the play stage. There was a big chest near the stage, and when they opened the chest, Frank could see it was full of clothes.

"We've gotta change the dirty baby into some nice clean clothes..." said Pierce, rummaging through the large chest. "Ah! Here we go! This leotard and tutu oughtta do!"

Frank stared in disbelief at the stretchy pink material and blushed. There was no way *that* was going to hide his diaper.

"Oof! Hey! Watch it!" Frank complained as he was stuffed into the new outfit. Duke was large enough to dress Frank like a toy doll, and didn't mind Frank's complaints one bit. Once he finished dressing the pretty princess in her leotard and tutu, it was time to show off her new look.

"Take a look at yourself, princess," chuckled Duke, pushing Frank in front of a full-length mirror to the side of the stage.

"Oh my gods," moaned Frank.

Frank's cage was practically biting him at this point, and he stifled a moan as his dick twitched and spurted precum into his waiting padding. Not only did the leotard do nothing to hide his diaper, the stretchy material actually accentuated it, making it more obvious than ever that he was a complete diapercuck.

"Oh my gods," said Pierce, "I think the little sissy might actually be on the verge of creaming her pamps!"

"Aww, look at the pretty pamper princess in her tutu!" said Duke, giving the thick bulge a pat. Frank whimpered and covered his face. "Gods, Pierce, this one is pretty cute. I might not be able to resist feeding the little darling more stickies and sitting on sissy's face... since she seems to like it so much..."

Frank moaned at that. "N-no! I don't," he said, gulping. "I h-hate it! Honest!"

"Oh yeah?" asked Duke. "That's not what Mama Jasmine said. Let's test that assumption. On your knees, diaper bitch."

Frank found himself getting on his knees without even thinking. Pierce rubbed his own pamps, masturbating as he watched Duke stand in front of Frank with a wide stance.

"I want you to come here and snoo my pamps..."

Frank blushed and looked away. "N-n-no way..."

"Snoof my pamps and I might just tell you how you can make stickies in yours..."

"S-stickies?" asked Frank, who was pretty pent up after spending so much time in pamper purgatory.

"Of course you'd have to admit to me what a happy pamper princess you are as you snoof..."

"What?!" said Frank, aghast.

"I'm waitinnnnng," said Duke, patting his diaper. "Or maybe you *don't* want to make stickies in those thick diapers of yours..."

Frank whined and gave his best puppy dog eyes, but Duke just smirked and shook his head. Finally, Frank walked forward on his knees and stuck his face in Duke's diaper.