

Diapercuck's Life

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

Frank has a decision to make. Will he submit to the demands of his wife and his lover, or will he risk it all trying to survive on his own?

Chapter 6: Take it or leave it...

Frank looked at the pile of clothes in front of him. There were baby tees with Puppet Avenue and Blarney splashed across the front; brightly colored shorts with elastic waistbands; pants with rainbow colored patches at the knee and not a button-fly in sight.

"Really? Elastic waistbands? These are like toddler clothes."

"All the better to check you," said Leandra, with a smirk.

"Check me?" Frank was confused until Gerard pointed over to the pull-ups. "Oh... uh... I think I'd rather wear my old clothes. You still have them, right?" Frank's tone was hopeful, but his face fell as Gerard shook his head.

"No way, bud. Those undies and pants were honestly pretty gross and the shirt needed to be replaced, so I got you a whole new wardrobe! Think nothing of it." Gerard purposely misunderstood Frank's concerns as he spoke. "These clothes are much more fun than your old ones anyway, don't you think?"

Frank didn't think so, but he knew better than to complain, so he just gulped and nodded.

"Well?" said Gerard, after a few seconds.

"Well what?" asked Frank, getting a bit annoyed again.

"You're going to take off my clothes, aren't you? Now that you have your own?"

Frank's mouth hung open at the request.

"Or do you need help?" asked Gerard, not giving Frank any time to process the situation.

"No! I can do it myself." Said Frank, drawing back and grabbing his waistband. Gerard was a big guy – Tall and well-built like one of the men on Leandra's romance

novel covers. Frank hesitated as the bigger man stood over him, reminding him he wasn't exactly the tallest guy in the world.

"Uh... Can I have some privacy?"

Leandra and Gerard looked at each other and both spoke in unison.

"No."

Frank made an exasperated noise, feeling close to having a tantrum.

"*Why not?*"

"Well, you've already dropped your pants in front of me," said Gerard. "And we've both seen you naked. I think we're a little bit past that point now, aren't we?" Gerard stepped forward and put a hand on Frank's shoulder. "It's okay if you're nervous, buddy I'm just here to help. Now let's get you out of those clothes into something that's a *better fit*."

Frank jerked his shoulder away from Gerard and took a step back.

"I don't *want* to. I want clothes like these!" said Frank, pinching the too-large shirt on his chest and pulling it out for emphasis. He was tired of feeling small around this man who seemed to have nothing better to do than butt into his business.

"Frank," began Leandra in a stern tone, but Gerard cut in, explaining as if he was talking to a small child.

"Those are *my* clothes, buddy. *Those* are your clothes," he said, pointing to the childish clothes on the bed. "And you're gonna wear those clothes or go around in pull ups, I don't care either way. But one way or the other, I'm getting my clothes back, and you have til the count of 5 before I take them back myself."

"No!" whined Frank. "It's not fair!"

Gerard held up a hand. "5..."

"I don't *wanna*!"

"4... Leandra, get me a pull-up please."

Frank's complaints were having no effect, so he switched to aggression. "You are *not* getting me in pull-ups!" he said, crossing his arms.

"3..."

Frank's eyes went wide as Gerard began to roll up his sleeves and his wife ripped open a purple and green bag of thick purple dino pull-ups.

"2..." Leandra handed a crinkly pull-up to Gerard, who got into a wrestling stance.

"Come on, guys! Knock it off! It's not funny! Leandra? Come on! You can't let him do this!"

"1...Okay kiddo... ready or not, here I come!"

"OKAY, OKAY!!!" yelled Frank, holding up his hands and backing up so fast he nearly knocked himself over. He hesitated for one more second before admitting defeat, hanging his head and letting the bigger man's pants drop to the ground without even having to unbutton them. Then he took off Gerard's shirt and looked back up to the two of them, with a pleading look.

"Undies too, little man," said Gerard.

"But I've stayed dry all day," whined Frank.

"Don't give me that look, Frankie. It doesn't work on your wife and it won't work on me." Gerard reached forward with his hand again and Frankie saved himself the indignity letting the undies drop too. Frank was now red from head to toe as he stood naked before his wife and the man that had taken over their lives, left with only his hands to hide his privates.

"Let's check the damage, said Gerard, taking hold of the clothes. "Step out," he said, and Frankie obeyed. Frank had to stand there awkwardly while Gerard inspected his clothing.

"Hm... yep. Just like I thought. These undies are looking as bad as the ones you handed me this morning! Just look at these pee pee stains and skid marks! I'm not even going to bother washing these."

He was now showing Leandra the undies turned inside out.

"Oh, Frank, *really*," said Leandra, tut-tutting over the droplets of pee that had made their way into Gerard's undies while Frank was wearing them.

Frank was tired of being naked in front of these two, so he grabbed the nearby pair of cutesy dino jammies and proceeded to unzip them using the zipper hidden along the back seam of the spike ridge. He looked up at Gerard and then back down at the brightly colored pajamas in his hands and sighed.

I hope to god this dumb dinosaur outfit doesn't fit me, he thought to himself. Because then I'd feel really small. I mean these are seriously kid's pajamas I'm being told to wear.

"Hold your horses, buddy," said Gerard, putting a hand over the pajamas and bringing them down before Frank could step into them. "We still need to get you into your pull-ups."

"Aww, come on!" said Frank

"Gee, Leandra, maybe you're right. He doesn't seem to be ready to behave and follow directions. Guess he won't be getting any *computer* time today. It's really too bad. I set up a guest account for him and everything..."

"Wait," said Frankie, his ears perking up at the word computer. "I wanna go online! I helped with the groceries, didn't I?"

"And yet you're breaking the rules again and again today." Gerard put his hands on his knees and bent down to be on Frank's level. "What *happened*, buddy? You were doing so good."

Frank looked down, unable to meet Gerard's eyes. For some reason, Frank felt slightly ashamed at this. He was not used to this feeling and didn't like it.

"Well, I... Uh... I mean... I'm not *trying* to complain. I'm just sayin'. I don't n-need pull-ups is all. Cause I made it to the bathroom every time today." The childish boast left a bad taste in Frank's mouth the moment it left his lips.

"And it was a *lot* of times," Leandra chimed in. "About once every five minutes or so I'd say."

Gerard looked to Leandra and back to Frank.

"And did all your pee pee make it into the potty where it belongs? Or did it go into my undies, where it doesn't?"

"Into the potty!" said Frank, blushing even deeper as he held his new dino pajamas closer to hide his nudity. "...Mostly..."

"It sounds to me like maybe it's better if you just try these on for now. I just don't trust you after the mess you've been leaving in your undies and pants. And what if you don't make it to the bathroom one of these times, buddy? Huh? What then?"

"That's not gonna *happen*," said Frank, balling up his fists and glaring at the ground in annoyance.

"Frankie? Frankie. Look at me. Eyes up here when I'm talking to you, buddy. My house, my way, remember?" Frank reluctantly looked up at the larger man. "That's better. Now *Leandra* said we should have you wear pull-ups during the daytime from now on, but if you're sure you really don't need them... *are you absolutely sure?*"

"Yes, I'm sure!" said Frankie, practically yelling. He didn't know how many times he'd have to repeat himself for this giant to get it through his thick skull.

"Alright Okay. Then against my better judgment, I'm going to make you a deal. If you wear these pull-ups *and prove* you can use the potty like a big boy *without leaving* a mess..." Gerard paused for dramatic effect, holding up a finger to silence any objections from Frank. "...and you can have big boy undies again. But only if you keep it up for the next few days."

"Can't I prove that with big boy undies - I mean *my* undies - to start with?"

Gerard held up the obviously-for-tots pull-ups with the smiling purple dinosaur on the front and looked back to Frank with a questioning gaze.

"Well, they make these in your size, so they're definitely *your* pull-ups..."

Angry, Frank snatched at them but Gerard easily held them up out of his reach.

"Ah, ah, ah, no grabbing. You had better ask nicely, or else you won't have the chance to prove anything. I mean, *Leandra* thought you were ready for pull-ups but with all this complaining, I'm not so sure..."

Frank was now in the impossible position of having to either beg for his childish pull-ups as Gerard played keep-away, or go back to diapers. *Think of the internet. Think of the internet*, he told himself. He huffed.

"Fine," he said. "It's a deal. Now can you give them to me?"

"Yes, you can have your pull-ups, little man, BUT," Frank said, cocking an eyebrow. "If you should fail... I will take that as proof you're not qualified to judge *when* you're ready to use the potty. That means either *Leandra* or I will decide when that is, and you'll have to wear your diapers until then – just like you did yesterday." Frank scoffed.

"That *unreasonable*," he whined.

"What's the matter, Frankie?" asked *Leandra*. "I thought you said you were *sure*."

"I am sure!" he said, almost yelling.

"Well then," said Gerard. "It should be a piece of cake for you to keep these dry and keep from *making a mess*."

"I can do that!" said Frank. "That's *easy*."

Leandra laughed at that.

"What's so funny?" said Frank, scowling at her.

"Excuse me," said Gerard, drawing Frank's attention back to himself. "We're not through yet."

"Huh?"

Gerard got down on one knee and held the pull-ups open for him. "Step on in Frankie."

Frank Hesitated, not wanting to have Gerard hold his underwear for him when he put them on.

"I'm *waiting*, mister. Unless you want to just give up and admit you're just not ready for pull-ups."

"I *am* ready for pull-ups!" declared Frank, stepping into the undies before he realized what he'd said. "I mean- underwear. I'm ready for underwear." His cheeks burned. He just couldn't stop embarrassing himself today.

"That's the spirit!" said Gerard, bringing the garment up over the blushing man's legs. "Just do your best buddy. That's all we ask. And, uh... you're gonna have to move your hands there... don't worry, I've seen it all before." Gerard moved his hands and looked away not wanting to prolong this embarrassing situation any longer than he had to.

They probably won't even fit, he told himself as the man's hands pulled the absorbent undies up snug and secure.

"There we are," said Gerard, looking to Leandra and wiping his forehead. "Whew. That was a lot harder than it had to be."

Frank looked down at himself and Blarney smiled back. He couldn't believe the pull-ups actually fit. He was not a happy camper.

"Now can I wear my clothes?" asked Frank.

"Oh yeah, sure. Here we go. You're gonna need my help getting that zipper up so just step into these too."

Frank rolled his eyes but stepped into the dumb pajamas anyway. Might as well. It beat staring at Blarney all day whenever he looked down at his lap. In spite of Frank's most ardent wishes, the pajamas fit him just fine too. Gerard pulled the zipper up and Frankie realized he was correct – it would be very hard for him to pull it open or closed himself. Who designed these things anyway?

“Are we good now?” asked Frank once the outfit was on.

“Yes we're good,” said Gerard, Ruffling the fierce-looking hood of Frank's new dino jammies. “Gosh these look cute on him, don't you think Leandra?”

“Oh, definitely,” she said, putting her hand over her mouth to hide her smile.

“So how about that internet?” asked Frankie, looking slightly ticked off but holding his tongue for the promise of returning to his beloved internet and maybe cranking one out.

“Oh, right,” said Gerard. “I almost forgot. Come with me.”

Gerard brought Frank over to his office and opened the door.

“You can use my computer until I can get you a new phone. I set up a guest account, one for Leandra and one for you.” Gerard pulled out the computer chair for his adorably dressed guest.

“Thanks,” said Frank, feeling silly in his new outfit as he held up his tail to take a seat.

“The password is ‘Cocudecouche’. Here, I've written it down for you.”

“What is this, French?” asked Frank, trying to make out the words.

“Yeah, it's my native language. Makes for a good password too.”

“I can't type this, dude,” said Frank.

“Are you having trouble with it? Allow me,” said Gerard, reaching over Frank to type in the password. “There you go, buddy. And look, it's already loaded up a fun website for you. Have fun. You have 30 minutes and that's it for the day.”

“Only 30?” whined Frank.

“Or you could get none,” said Gerard.

“No, 30's fine,” said Frank. More than enough time for him to get off, he thought to himself.

He waited for Gerard to leave before turning back to the computer. It had been left on some stupid kid's website. Online coloring books and silly kid's games. As if he would ever play with that. He opened a new tab and typed in the URL of his favorite website, Subby Cucky Suckers, only to be met with an error message.

"What the fuck?!" He refreshed the page. Nothing. He tried a different browser. Nothing. He tried another adult website, betatube, and that too was denied. Desperate, he clicked over to youtube to find at least some side boob to wank off to. All he got was kid's channels. Everything else was blocked. Frank growled in frustration and punched the desk.

"Motherfucker put an *age restriction* on my goddamn account!" He put his hands in his head. He was so pent up from being blue balled this whole time that he was truly desperate.

"Fuck it," he said, finally. He decided to just put on some of the cartoons and hope something sexy popped up. The first cartoon to pop up was some stupid puppy rescue squad thing. He watched, bored, until one pup was being bullied by another larger pup.

"Ugh.. I guess I could get into this... if I pretend he's a cuck..."

But when he tried to reach for his member, he ran into another problem. The outfit was impossible for him to take off on his own. Frank's access to his own member was blocked by both the pajamas *and* the pull-up, neither of which he could take off without help unzipping.

"No, no *no!*" he said, trying every way he could think of to get at his zipper. He tried rubbing his back on the floor. He tried grabbing his hood and pulling the jammies forward to increase his reach. He even tried hooking the zipper with a paperclip, but nothing seemed to work. Suddenly he was startled by a knock at the door.

"Five minutes," came Gerard's voice.

"Shit," said Frank, giving up on the paperclip solution he had been working on. He decided to just go for broke and rub himself through all the layers of cloth and padding. He began to rub the prominent bulge in the front of his peejays, and to his surprise it didn't feel half bad. Not as good as when he had rubbed the wet one on the way to Vegas, but not bad at all.

"What am I thinking," he said to himself. "I shouldn't be liking *any* of this."

But he had a mission to complete, and that was to drain his balls. It took a lot of effort but it finally paid off as he found himself near to cumming. Just as he was getting close, Gerard burst in.

“Okay, little buddy, time to get off!” Frank was mortified. He tried to stop, but it was too late to stop himself from cumming all over the front of his padding while Gerard watched on in apparent shock.

“Oh... Oh... Oh... OHHHHHHHHHHHHhhhhh... N-noooo!”

"Hey, what's the naughty little guy up to in here?"

Chapter 7: Caught Red Handed

"Sh-*Shit*, Gerard! Can't you knock?!" asked Frank, embarrassed beyond belief. It had been too late to stop his orgasm, and so Gerard was witness to Frank spunking his diapers while watching Pawsome Squad.

"Wow, I had no idea you liked cartoons *that* much, " said Gerard, unable to suppress his grin at the adorable scene of his crush's husband frantically rubbing his diapers to a baby show.

"Shut up," Mumbled Frank. "I'm not- Unh..." Frank's reply was interrupted by another spasm as he ejaculated into his diaper once more. "N-not into this!" Gerard raised an eyebrow.

"We'll talk about it later. Right now it's time to turn off the computer and come to lunch."

"No *really!*" Frank insisted. "I don't even watch this stupid show. I just didn't have a choice since you put an age restriction on my account."

"Well, it must not have bothered you too much because you never asked for me to take it off, did you, bud?"

"I didn't wha...?" Frank hadn't thought to ask for Gerard to take off the age restriction. The thought that it was an accident had never crossed his mind.

"I would have fixed it for you, but now that I've seen what you're into, looks like you don't need those age restrictions off anyway."

Frank 's mouth hung open. He sat there in his dinosaur pajamas completely speechless, and Gerard was more than happy to fill the silence with his own words.

"From now on, you are on restricted internet access and this door stays open at all times. Don't give me that look, you know better."

"I'm a grown man!" said Frank. "I can do what I want." Gerard smirked.

"We'll see what your Mommy has to say about that. Yes, don't think I missed *that* little detail during last night's diaper change, little boy." Frank was fuming.

"She's *not* my M-"

Gerard continued, speaking over Frank as if he hadn't said a word.

"As I was saying, it's time for your lunch. Stop fussing and scoot."

Gerard shut down the computer and took Frank by the hand out to the kitchen.

Frank sat at the table pouting as Leandra finished cooking a wonderful looking risotto dish. She set it on the table.

“Okay, lunch is ready. Go get your juice, Frankie.”

Frank looked at Gerard and Leandra resentfully as he walked over to the fridge and grabbed the juice.

“You'll never guess what I caught your little hubby doing....”

“No, don't tell her!” said Frank, nearly dropping his juice. Leandra just looked at him with scorn as she sat down Frankie's plate.

“Shush, little man, sit down and eat your sandwich. Mommy and Gerard are talking.”

Frank blushed when he sat down and stared at his plate, only to realize that he had been served a peanut butter and jelly sandwich instead of the delicious looking Italian food Leandra and Gerard were tucking into. And while all Frank had was a stupid bottle of apple juice to wash it down, Gerard had a nice tall beer and Leandra had her wine. And now Gerard was going to embarrass him further by telling his wife just what he had done in the computer room.

“...As I was saying, I caught him watching Pawsome Squad and rubbing his diapers through his petite dino sleeper! Isn't that adorable?”

“They're pull-ups...” Frank mumbled, pouting over his pb&j. Leandra crossed her arms and smirked.

“I don't know. I think he plays with his little pecker a little *too* much. Maybe we should do something about that.”

“Oh? Do you have something in mind?” asked Gerard, beginning to grin wickedly.

“Hey!” shouted Frank, blushing bright red. He was outraged that they would talk about his sex habits so openly at the table in front of him. He was even more angry that the discussion was giving him a raging erection.

“Okay, kiddo, that's it,” said Gerard. “It's nap time for you.”

“No!”

“Yes,” said Leandra, standing up and throwing down her napkin. The two of them pulled Frankie along to the bedroom. He struggled but he was not a large man, and he certainly was no match for Gerard and Leandra.

Leandra smacked Frank’s butt hard as they entered the bedroom, eliciting a shocked yelp from the man, who had never gotten so much as a pinch from her at home.

“You’re being a very naughty boy today. You may have gotten away with this behavior at home, but you’re a guest now and I’m not putting up with it anymore.”

“Neither am I,” said Gerard. “Now here is what is gonna happen. We’re going to put you down for your nap, and you are not going to get out of bed until one of us comes to get you. Do I make myself clear?”

Frankie just nodded, too intimidated by Gerard and Leandra’s stern tone to talk back.

“Guess he’s going to need a diaper,” said Frank.

“Yeah, I think we’d better, since he’s going to be napping,”

“What do you think, Leandra, should I get my diapering practice in now?” asked Gerard, not even consulting Frank.

“Be my guest,” said Leandra, as he laid out a brand-new changing mat with colorful Animals holding ABC blocks on it.

“Now wait just a minute,” said Frank, shocked that Gerard was actually thinking of diapering him. “I really don’t need that.”

“Pawsome Squad is his favorite, isn’t it?” asked Gerard, ignoring Frank.

“Sounds like he’s their *biggest fan*,” said Leandra, giggling in a way that made Frank blush hard.

“Then he’s going to *love* his new Pawsome Squad diapers,” said Gerard, ripping open a pack of diapers next to the Blarney pull-ups. “They match his toothbrush. It’s a good thing Bullseye had so much selection in his size.”

Frank’s eyes went wide when he saw the diaper in the man’s hand.

“Why are they so thick?!” Frank exclaimed. Gerard smiled, ignoring Frank’s alarmed tone.

“I saw you were doubling up yesterday and thought you could use a thicker diaper. Aren't you glad that I happened to get your favorites? Now you'll have your puppy pals close by all the time!”

Gerard advanced on Frank, grabbing his wrist in one hand, while holding the diaper in the other.

“Hey, wait, those are baby diapers. I can't wear those,” whined Frank.

“Nonsense. These are the same size as your pull-ups and those fit you just fine,” said Gerard. “Now no more backtalk or we'll have to use something else I got at the store and *hoped* I wouldn't have to use.”

“Come on, I really don't need them,” said Frank, trying and failing to pull his wrist away. He had the sinking feeling those diapers would end up on him whether he liked it or not. Gerard sighed and shook his head.

“I warned him... Leandra, get the pacifier...”

Leandra pulled a pacifier out of the bag. Frank's eyes bugged out. It was much larger than any baby pacifier he'd seen and it looked like it would stuff his mouth good. She went ahead and put it to his lips, which he clamped shut.

“You'll open your mouth, little boy. Right. Now.”

Frank opened his mouth to try and talk his way out of it, but the pacifier went in before he could say a word.

“This stays in until one of us takes it out,” said Leandra. “And if you take it out on your own, we have ways of stopping that from happening again. Be glad that you have the freedom to choose to be good, because you won't like it if that choice is taken away from you.”

After that Frank's sleeper was taken off without complaint. Gerard noticed the paperclip still stuck in the zipper tab and raised his eyebrow, but didn't say anything. Soon, Frankie was out of his sleeper and stepping out of his Blarney pull-ups at Gerard's behest.

“Look at that, Leandra. They're already soiled. He really must need these.”

Of course Frank knew it was mostly cum – surely he hadn't wet himself or he'd have known. Nevertheless, it still apparently counted. Yet one more notch against him in his struggle to prove his potty competence.

The blushing and naked Frank was lifted onto the bed where his next diaper was waiting.

"You know, Leandra, he probably shouldn't have hair down there."

"I think you're right, Gerard," said Leandra, moving Frank's limp little pecker this way and that. "And a little cock cage to keep him from rubbing his little pee pee too much."

Frank's face was red, and he was frustrated because he wanted to respond to everything they were saying but was too cowed to take out the pacifier himself. Meanwhile, Gerard and Leandra went about talking as if they were discussing the weather over coffee, instead of his diapers over a changing mat. Somehow, despite all the frustration he felt at his situation, all this talk was leaving Frankie embarrassingly hard.

"Wow! Somebody's excited for his diapees!" said Leandra. "Don't worry little man. You'll have them soon enough. Gerard, would you do the honors?"

And so, Gerard diapered Frank for the first time with Leandra coaching him.

"Don't forget the powder! That's plenty. And rub it in nice and good. Great. Now tape it up. And don't forget to check the leg guards...great job! You're a natural!"

"Guess this means I can be a Daddy someday," said Gerard, with a grin as he looked up at Leandra.

"I think so," said Leandra, giving Gerard a look that Frank didn't like one bit. There was definitely some chemistry going on between the two, and Frank wanted to break it up, but that was hard to do lying on the changing mat with a paci in his mouth. Instead, he was just zipped up into his jammies again and tucked tightly into bed by the man who had just diapered him like an infant.

"Okay, kiddo. Sleep tight. And remember what we said. The paci stays in your mouth and you stay in the bed!"

With that they were gone, leaving Frank to lay there and explore the feeling of his new ultra-thick baby diapers as he squirmed and wiggled under his tightly tucked sheets.

Chapter 8: The Ultimatum

Fuck Gerard and his 'I'm here to help' attitude, thought Frank, fuming at how he had been treated by the man who had taken them in. The man who was increasingly controlling his life, along with his wife. Why was this happening to *him*? What did he do to deserve this?

If he was honest with himself, he would admit that part of him was turned on by this treatment, so much so that even now his pee pee was hard in his diaper. But of course, he was rarely honest with others, let alone himself. He sucked his pacifier angrily. The one thing he *did* know was that he definitely *didn't* need a nap. He wasn't even sleepy. Not even a little bit, he thought, as he yawned. He would just close his eyes for a second...

Half an hour later, Gerard called Leandra over to the bedroom.

"Honey, *look at this.*" The two of them looked down at the adorable boy sleeping soundly in his pajamas and suckling his pacifier with a smile. He wasn't even snoring thanks to the sucker in his mouth.

"Oh... he's *adorable*," cooed Leandra.

Gerard put his arm around her and hugged her closer.

"And he's all ours. Even if he is a pain in the butt."

She leaned into him and looked into his eyes. She loved this man, and she could see that he loved her, and Frank too even if the man was a disappointment of a husband. She had never been happier.

The two lovers brought their lips together and began to kiss passionately in the doorway until they nearly fell over into the doorframe.

"Oh, sorry," said Gerard, steadying himself and Leandra. "Uh... he, uh, looks like he could sleep a little longer... Don't you think?"

"Yeah," said Leandra. "I think he could sleep a little longer..."

The two of them hurried off to Gerard's bedroom to finish what they had started while their little boy continued to snooze in bed, oblivious to what had just taken place right in front of him.

Half an hour later, Frank awoke, bleary eyed, rubbing his eyes as he sat up and yawned.

For a second, he was confused as he felt the rubber nipple invading his mouth, and something thick and bulky between his legs, but then he remembered. It was this ridiculous demeaning treatment his wife and her friend had dreamed up.

I don't have to put up with this, he thought. *I can just take that paci out right now if I want to.* He hooked his finger on the ring and then hesitated, thinking about what the two had said. *No taking out the pacifier and no getting out of bed.* He sighed. Maybe he would wait there just a *little* longer. After all, he was in enough trouble as it was. He just hoped an adult would show up soon. He had to pee.

Ten minutes later, Frank was fed up. He was going to pee his pants if he didn't get to the potty soon. Maybe if he left his pacifier in, he reasoned, he would be able to convince them that he at least *tried* to follow the rules.

He slid out from under the covers and gently stepped down off the bed one leg at a time. He padded over to the bathroom and walked over to the potty. Then, he remembered that he couldn't get out of his pajamas on his own.

Damn, he thought, trying in vain to reach the stupid zipper. He *might* be able to get it undone if he had a sharp hook and about 30 minutes to spare, but his bladder was not going to wait that long. He decided to go looking for a grown-up instead, holding his crotch as he waddled out into the hall and then to the kitchen in search of help.

He looked around. No one there. He grimaced as he began to feel shooting pains coming from his bladder. A final warning that he was about to have an accident if he didn't get out of his dino jammies and onto a potty quickly.

He bit into his pacifier and squeezed his legs together until the pain subsided slightly, and in that stillness, he heard a noise. What was that? It sounded like it was coming from the direction of Gerard's bedroom. Maybe there was someone in there. He waddled as fast as his legs would take him in the direction of the noise.

The noise was louder outside Gerard's bedroom door. It sounded like he was working out. He was grunting and groaning. Then he heard something else. A woman's voice. Leandra?

He felt a knot in the pit of his stomach as a terrible thought came to mind. Were the two of them *fucking*? *Well*, he thought. *If I can't have any privacy during my fun time, neither can they!*

He pulled on the handle and the door swung open revealing Gerard shoving his tool into Leandra from behind. And *what* a tool. Frankie was so taken aback by the size of Gerard's cock and the power behind it, that he almost forgot to be angry for a second.

Stunned, his mouth fell open and his pacifier clattered to the floor. His own penis sprang to attention as he saw the two of them fucking in front of him.

At the sound of the plastic clattering on the ground, they both stopped and turned around to see him.

“Oh, hey, baby. What are you doing out of bed?” asked a breathless Leandra, tucking several loose strands of hair behind her ear.

“What are *you* doing under *Gerard*?!” yelled Frank in response.

“Hey! Don’t you raise your voice at her, young man,” said Gerard, still lodged firmly inside Frank’s wife.

“Fuck you, Gerard, you French Bastard!” said Frank, his face bright red. He was red with anger, all the more so because of how *hot* he found it all. He didn’t *want* to have those feelings right then. He couldn’t bear the fact that part of him wished they would keep doing it like he wasn’t even there.

Gerard’s face went dark. He ran his hand over Leandra’s cheek, and down her side as he stepped back, coming out of her with a *schlorp*.

He stepped off the bed, still hard, cock dripping with their mingled juices.

“Now what do you think gives **you** the right to come in here and start throwing a tantrum, little man?”

“Because you’re fucking my *wife*?!” said Frank, his voice inflecting upwards and going gravelly as he screamed the words. “Because you’ve humiliated me and put me in these *stupid baby diapers* and made me take a *nap* while you’re in here having an *affair*?!”

In two strides, the taller, naked man had Frank by the arm.

“Now you listen here. This is *my* house and *I* make the rules,” he yelled in a booming voice that left Frank stunned and silent. “You’re being treated like a little boy because that’s exactly how you’ve behaved for *years*. You’ve had *years* to get it right, and you couldn’t, so now you’re here. With me. And this is what’s gonna happen. You will live here with us. You will do as we say. You will call Leandra Mommy and you will call me Daddy. And you will *never. Ever.* Have an adult life again.”

“But I-”

"You will not *dress* yourself. You will not *diaper* yourself. You will not make *stickies* in your little *didees*. And you most definitely will *not* be fucking your wife. But you can watch *me* fuck her, because now it's time for me to finish what I started."

Gerard turned to climb back up onto the bed.

Frank spoke but his voice came out sounding smaller and more plaintive than he'd intended.

"But I have to go pot-"

"Use your diaper," barked Gerard, cutting Frank off. "You sure as hell don't know how to use the toilet."

"He's right, sweetie," said Leandra. "You can't even flush properly. Now *you* just stand there and piddle your pampers and watch our wife get fucked by a *real* man."

Frank stood there, speechless, as Gerard climbed back on top of his wife and resumed his fucking. He then realized that he didn't have to pee anymore. Gerard's booming voice must have shaken it out of him, because only a few spurts remained, flowing out of him as he watched the two of them go at it.

"Fuuuhhuuhhuuhhuuuck Me!" cried Leandra.

"You like that, my beautiful treasure?" asked Gerard as he relished the sensation of fucking his beautiful lover in front of her bratty husband.

"Yes, Gerard! I love it! Fill me up!"

"Does it feel even better to do it in front of your pants-pissing limp-dicked husband?"

"Yes! Oh yes, it feels amazing!"

"I think so too," he said, turning his head and looking Frank straight in the eye as he neared his climax. "I'm going to cum!" he bellowed.

"Me too!" cried Leandra as the two of them began to cry out like animals in heat.

Without even thinking about it, Frank's own hand had found its way to the front of his soggy diaper. The wet padding felt amazing on his dick. So good in his already highly aroused and emotionally excited state, that he was close to cumming himself, not that he was aware of that. He was too focused on what was happening in front of him. He had only seen it through the tiny screen of his phone, but never in person. Never like this. He was so enthralled by the raw animal sexuality of their coupling that he had forgotten to be anything but an observer.

Gerard pulled out and semen spilled onto the covers of his bed, with yet more cum still dripping from his hard dick. Frank leaned forward unconsciously, opening his mouth and drooling.

“Thought so,” said Gerard, standing in front of Frank with a smirk. “You’re no man. You just watched your wife get fucked and all you can do is play with yourself. Didn’t I tell you you weren’t *allowed* to play with Mr. Peepee?”

“Wha?” said Frank, coming to his senses. “N-No! I did NOT enjoy it. And I don’t need to stand here and be insulted by you. I’m out of here!”

“And just where do you think you’re going dressed like that?” asked Gerard as Frank turned to leave. Frank looked down at himself and realized how he looked.

“Y-you’re gonna take these off of me, and then I’m gonna leave.” Frank said, his voice faltering.

“Okay. If you want to leave then I can take them off of you. Then I’ll lock you out of the house in just your diapers and you can figure out what to do from there.”

“I have a car...” Frank began, but Leandra jumped in.

“No you don’t. That’s *my* car now. *You* spent all our money so *I’m* taking the car.”

“And we have the *keys*. And your *wallet*. And your *phone*.” added Gerard. “Just what are you planning to do when you leave here, little one?”

“I... I...”

“He doesn’t know,” said Leandra. “He’s too little to figure that sort of thing out on his own.”

“Then I guess we’ll just have to teach him *exactly* where he stands.”

On the word ‘exactly’, Gerard reached forward and grabbed the smaller man’s wrist, pulling him in.

“You’ve been a very bad boy, little Frankie,” he said, unzipping the man’s pajamas and pulling them down. Frankie very quickly found himself sitting in the naked man’s lap in nothing but his soggy diaper.

“No! Lemme go!” Frankie said, Kicking and screaming like a toddler having a tantrum.

“Honey, get the little one’s pacifier,”

“On it,” said Leandra, bending down to pick up the fallen pacifier and cleaning it with her mouth before popping it into her struggling husband's mouth. She held it there while Gerrard held the smaller man firmly down on his lap.

“I’m going to let go of this pacifier,” said Leandra, “and when I do, it stays in your mouth. You’ve already broken this rule once. Break it again and see what happens.”

Frank gave her a defiant look, but a sharp look from her and a smack on his naked thigh settled him down real quick. Frank already knew he was no match for either of them but clearly Leandra needed to give him a little reminder. When she finally released the pacifier, he looked annoyed, but it stayed in place. That was progress.

“Little boy, we are going to have to have a talk about your behavior,” said Gerard, looking down at the smaller man in his lap. In nothing but a soggy puppy-print diaper, Frank looked nothing like the mature adult he claimed to be.

“First of all,” said Gerard, “you do not go into Mommy and Daddy’s room without permission, little one. And you should not be out of bed and wandering the house alone. You could get hurt!”

“She’s my wife, Gewawd! Not my Mommy! Leandwa,” said Frank as he spoke around the pacifier, “teww Gewawd to wet me go!”

Frank looked desperately at his wife who just smiled and shook her head. “No, I’m not, sweetie, I am your *mommy* now, and you are our little boy so you have no reason to be upset about Mommy and Daddy’s adult time. When was the last time *you* did anything sexual with me, huh? You’ve proven you’d rather be a silly little boy who makes stickies in his pampers instead.”

"You can't do dis! When I get out of hewe, I'm gonna teww ewewyone what you did!"

“The choice is yours, Frankie.” said Gerard, holding the man firmly in place. “You can follow my rules and be our submissive baby cuckold, or you can go out on the street with nothing but a soggy diaper. And do you think that *anyone* is going to listen to a diaper pissing baby who tried to run away from home?”

Frank’s eyes went wide as he slowly shook his head.

“So what’ll it be,” asked Gerard. Are you going to be our subby cucky sucker, or are you going to try explaining to a stranger how you let another man put you in a diaper and fuck your wife in front of you?” Gerard pulled out the pacifier so Frank could answer clearly.

Chapter 9: Frank's Decision

Frank's cheeks burned red as he lay there on Gerard's lap, but he knew the man expected a response.

"F-fine... I'll do it," muttered Frank, finally.

"What will you do, little boy?" asked Gerard. "I want to hear you say it."

"...I'll be your subby cucky sucker." mumbled Frank, his face growing even redder.

"What's that? I couldn't really hear you. Say it louder"

"I'll be your subby cucky sucker!" cried Frank, so they could hear.

"Good," said Gerard. "Now clean me off."

Frank's eyes went wide as he was brought down between Gerard's knees, face to face with the larger man's dripping cock.

Frank couldn't believe he was actually doing this and was hesitant to actually commit to sucking another guy's dick. He opened his mouth and slowly stuck out his tongue, but Gerard wasn't patient enough for Frank's glacial pace and grabbed the back of his head.

"Do a good job, and maybe you'll get stickies," he said before tightening his grip on Frank's hair and forcing the pitiful hubby's head down on his cock..

Frank squeezed his eyes shut as Gerard's cock plunged into his throat. He was forced to taste his wife on Gerard as well as a healthy helping of Gerard's spunk.

"This is the closest you'll ever get to a pussy again, diaper boy," said Leandra, as Gerard forced him to bob up and down several times before releasing the gasping Frank.

"Good, now clean *her* off." Frank said.

Frank whimpered as he licked the semen off of his wife's thighs and up between her legs.

"Good. Get in there nice and deep, cuck," said Gerard in a commanding tone.

Frank did as he was told, feeling turned on and horny at their complete dominance of him. It was just like the videos he watched. No, better! And he was the star of the show.

When the pair were finally satisfied, they announced that Frankie was going into a fresh diaper. Frank had not gotten off during this entire ordeal and he was to the point of begging as they dragged him out the door.

“Please.... Let me at least cum!”

“You call them stickies from now on,” said Leandra.

“Let me at least have... s... s-s-stickies...” he said, choking back his embarrassment as he forced the demeaning term to leave his lips.

“No. Little boys shouldn’t spend all their time thinking about Mr. Pee Pee,” said Leandra. “We’re going to have to lock up your little cucky dick so you can focus on being the best little boy you can be.”

“But, I-“

“You don’t really have a choice any more,” she said, cutting him off in a clear indication that the discussion was over.

Gerard sat Frank in his lap once more as Leandra went to grab a fresh diaper from Frank’s room.

“Before we take care of those diapers,” said Gerard, “we have to discuss your punishments.”

“Punishments?!” moaned Frank. “What did I do?”

“You really don’t know, little one? Let’s go over the rules one more time, shall we?” said Gerard, bringing up his hand and holding out his fingers.

“First, we told you not to take your pacifier out on your own and not to get out of bed. Did you do those two things?”

“But I had to go pott-“

“Did you do them?” interrupted Gerard.

“...yes...” said Frank, in a sulky voice. “But I-“

“Second, I told you no raising your voice and no temper tantrums. Did you do either of those things?”

“But you were with my *wife!*”

“I’m not your wife, sweetie, I’m Mommy now,” said Leandra, walking back into the room with a thick diaper in her hand.

“And I’m Daddy,” added Gerard. “Mommy and Daddy were having *'adult time'* when you came in without permission. And after you came in, did you raise your voice and have a tantrum? Tell the truth now or you’re going to have a very sore bottom.” Franked huffed.

“Yes, but-“

“That’s right, little man. But you should say it more politely. That’s yes *Daddy* to you. I want you to say it again and call me Daddy.”

“I’m *not* calling you Daddy, Gerard.”

“You’re not going to get your phone back unless you’re good, and you’re not showing me you want to be very good, little one,” said Gerard giving the man sitting in his lap a little hug.

Frank thought about this for a second. Having a phone would make getting his independence a lot easier. Still...

“I can’t call you that, it’s *weird*,” he said, staring down at the smiling Pawsome Squad characters on his diaper.

“It’s no weirder than being a fully grown man who blows his wad rubbing his pampers to baby shows.”

“But I couldn’t-“

“Say yes, Daddy, or I will spank you right here and now until you do,” said Gerard, the threat evident in his voice.

“Yes, Daddy,” said Frank in a subdued tone.

“Good boy,” said Gerard. “You’re learning. Third, do you remember the rule about respect?”

“...yeah,” sighed Frank.

“Yeah? That’s all? Care to try that again, little man?” said Frank. “Or are you too little to be allowed to talk?” He held up the pacifier and Frank knew that it could easily end up in his mouth again.

“You told me to respect you, and your house and property... Daddy.”

“Very good, little guy,” said Gerard, with a smile. “You’re such a smart little boy. It looks like you will get to keep your big boy words for now. But let me ask you this. Did you keep your diaper dry today like you promised?”

Frank's eyebrows went up in alarm. He remembered the bet he had made with Gerard in an effort to get out of diapers, and he was now regretting it.

"I didn't have a choice!" he blurted out.

"You're already in enough trouble as it is, little man. Do you want to make it worse by lying about your diapers? All I want is a simple yes or no. Did you keep those diapers clean and dry?"

Frank shook his head, intimidated and embarrassed.

"That's right," said Gerard, bringing his arm around Frank's chest and giving the front of Frank's diaper a squeeze.

"You know what that means, little guy. No more potty for you!"

"But that's not fair!"

"Have you forgotten what you agreed to this very morning? You said you were sure you could wear your pull-ups and use the potty without leaving a mess. Well, this looks like a pretty big mess to me!" said Gerard, his hand still cupping and squeezing Frank's soggy diapered crotch.

"That only happened because nobody let me out of bed," whined Frank, squirming under the larger man's grip.

"A big boy could have held it," Leandra chimed in.

"And did you hold it?" asked Gerard.

"No..." said Frank in a low voice, blushing red.

"And what does that make you?"

"...a little boy..."

"Now we're getting somewhere," said Gerard, pulling Frank in closer and bringing his arms in underneath Frank's to give him another little squeeze.

"Now that we've got that sorted, here are the consequences for your behavior: by getting out of bed on your own and coming into Mommy and Daddy's room without permission, you're telling me you're not ready for a big boy bed. Instead, you will be getting a toddler bed with rails, or perhaps a crib to replace the one you've been using. Further, since you took out your pacifier and raised your voice, you'll be getting more paci time today and we are going to make sure you can't take it out. Also, since you

were not respectful, but used a curse word and threw a tantrum, you will lose all internet and tv privileges for the week.”

Frank listened to each consequence with growing dread but gasped in horror at the last one.

“That’s right, little one, bad behavior has consequences. And you already know the other changes that will take place. Can you tell me why and avoid a spanking? First, you are in diapers full time now. Can you tell me *why* you need to be in diapers, little one?”

“...because I couldn’t keep my diapers dry...” said Frank, quietly.

“Very good. And why is your little cucky dicky going to be locked up from now on?”

“Because.... s-so I can focus on being the best little boy I can be?” Frank was practically whispering at this point.

“That’s right, honey,” said Leandra. “I’m so proud of you for admitting that you need these things, and I’ve got everything on tape in case you ever forget and need a reminder.”

Frank gasped at the revelation. Not only did they have all his IDs and documents, they had blackmail material as well.

“You can’t let anyone see that!” he said.

“Oh, I already am,” Leandra responded. “It’s being uploaded to your favorite website as we speak, and you will be watching it tonight for homework *after* we install your cucky cage.”

Frank began to cry as he was laid onto his back and his diaper was opened up. Gerard pressed the paci back in his mouth, this time securing it with straps so it would stay in place, and Frank began to suck on the big rubber bulb and whimper. The funny thing was, it actually made him feel a little better (but only slightly) as his pissy bottom was wiped clean by his mommy.

“We’re going to leave the cage off for now until we can get all that big boy hair off,” said Leandra, looking at Frank’s hairy crotch.

“But don’t go rubbing your little diapers,” said Gerard. “We’ll know if you make stickies and your balls will get a paddling you’ll never forget.”

Frank's breath caught in his throat. He didn't know if he could stop himself, but he would have to try.

Once he was powdered, the thick diaper was brought up between his legs and taped into place. Then, he was carried back to his bedroom and laid down on the bed.

Gerard gave him a stern look. "You will stay in your room until dinner and you can think about what you've done. And if one toe gets out of that bed, we will be getting you that crib instead of the toddler bed."

Gerard tucked Frank in tight, as was becoming the routine, and kissed him on the forehead before he turned off the light and left with Leandra, leaving the little boy to stew in his own juices for the next several hours.

Chapter 10: No More Big Boy

Somehow against all odds, Frank was able to get to sleep without rubbing his pamps, and that's how Gerard and Leandra found him when they came back in to wake him up. At first, Leandra didn't believe he was really asleep.

"I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes," said Leandra. "Usually you could hear him snoring all the way up the hall, but that pacifier made his snoring disappear completely!"

Gerard pulled back the covers and put his hand on Frank's crotch to see if he was wet - he was not, but the check was enough to wake Frank up and he sat up with a nasty look on his face as well as some choice words which, for his sake, were luckily muffled to nonsense by the pacifier.

"Watch the attitude, kiddo," said Gerard, pushing Frank back down onto his back. "We need to check to make sure the little boy didn't cum in his didees without permission.

Frank crossed his arms and looked away, cheeks burning red and indignant as he allowed another man to untape his diaper for a chastity check.

"Nope," said Gerard, turning to Leandra and smirking. "All I see is a dinky little dinky."

"Now you see what I've had to work with this whole time," she said.

"Wow, really?" asked Gerard. "I can't believe this little dinky was ever allowed out of a cage. It shouldn't even be allowed to grow hair. But I guess we'll take care of that after dinner."

Frank's eyes went wide. Were they seriously going to do that *now*?

"Oh don't look so surprised," said Leandra. "This is what happens to little cucks. You're watched enough of them to know."

He was taped back up into his diaper and led to the kitchen with Leandra and Gerard holding each of his hands. Waiting for him was a booster seat with a strap across the lap, a bowl of mush, and a big bottle of juice.

"Upsie daisy," said Gerard, lifting Frank up under the armpits and depositing him in the booster seat. Frank was quickly secured in place so there was no getting out of the chair on his own and a bib that said 'silly baby boy' was tied around his neck. "We're going to give you one choice tonight, and that's who gets to feed you. Will it be Daddy or Mommy?"

Frankie pointed at Leandra. He wasn't happy with either of them doing it, but he couldn't stand the thought of the man he had caught with his wife feeding him. Besides, they would have to take off the paci gag to feed him, and maybe he could use the opportunity to speak with Leandra and get her to see reason. He was pretty good at manipulating her when he wanted to.

"Okay, little man," said Gerard. "Mommy it is."

Leandra moved behind Frank to loosen the strap around his head, while Gerard took his seat in front of a plate of delicious looking lemon-herbed chicken breast and a full glass of freshly corked wine.

"Bon appetit!" he said, with a grin.

Soon, Leandra was spoon feeding Frank his mush, which was the same food blended up without the seasoning, and with a much more generous helping of veggies. He tried to speak but he couldn't get a word in edgewise as his mouth was crammed with spoonful after spoonful of the bland mush, precluding any conversation.

"Thank goodness we're finally gonna get that diet of yours under control, sweetie," said Leandra, filling the silence left by Frank's inability to eat. "Goodness knows I never got you to eat a helping of vegetables in your life!"

"Hey- GLUMPH" His protest was cut off by another heaping spoonful of whatever they called that goop they were feeding him, and before he could even let that settle, the large bottle of juice was in his mouth.

"You're going to drink every drop of this before I let you out," warned Leandra, as Frank began to struggle. Not only was he feeling very full, he felt an intense need to pee, and there was nowhere for him to go but in his diaper even as he gulped down the juice. His face grew dark red as he fussed and tried to cross his legs around the thick padding, but it was no use. Soon, a spurt of pee forced its way out and into his diaper, followed by a flood of hot piss that had Frank's crotch surprisingly warm and stimulated. The combined feelings of relief, warmth, and squishy padding were almost enough to make Frank cream his pants right there.

"Uh oh," said Gerard. "He looks like he's enjoying it!"

"Good boys love to use their diapers," said Leandra. "It feels so good when they do. But we don't want it to feel *too* good, do we Frankie?" she asked, pinching her husband's thigh and bringing him down from the ecstatic sensation he was experiencing. Of course it was a rhetorical question because he was still drinking the bottle of juice.

When Gerard finished his meal, he took hold of the bottle so Leandra could enjoy her plate. They were all soon done with their meal and the next step was something that Frankie had been dreading since they mentioned it.

"Bath time!" sang Leandra. "Luckily I won't need my body razors since Gerard likes his ladies European style."

"Absolument!" exclaimed Gerard.

Frankie gulped as he was led into the bathroom, standing there awkwardly as he watched his 'mommy' fill up the tub. He was not comfortable being in just a soggy diaper in front of his wife and the man who cucked him. He was even less comfortable with them giving him a bath, but here he was. The worst part of it was, he verbally agreed to everything they were doing and the reasons they were doing it. For the first time, he began to think that maybe he had in some small way brought this on himself, but the shock of everything that was happening and how fast it was happening didn't afford him the time to think much about it.

"Okay, buddy, the water's warm," said Gerard, swirling the water in the tub with his hand. "I'm gonna let you and mommy have some bonding time on this one." He nodded to Leandra.

"T-thanks," Frank muttered, looking at the tiled bathroom floor and rubbing his arm.

"Alright sweetie, said Leandra, looking at Frank's diaper and reaching for the first tape. "Let's get that soggy didee off my little man."

Gerard left the two of them, shutting the door behind him as the yellowed diaper hit the floor with a plop. Leandra made a big show of stirring the water up with her hand to make sure it wasn't too hot for the baby, then held her husband's hands.

"Okay, little man. Step into the tub. One, two. Easy does it."

Frankie eased himself into the steamy hot water, slowly lowering himself down. It had been longer than he could remember since he had a real bath and the water actually felt very nice. It still wasn't enough to wash away the shame he was experiencing though, or the frustrated arousal he felt of being the center of the very sort of scenario he masturbated to daily.

Leandra smiled and petted Frankie's hair, then she picked up a washcloth and squeezed some warm water out on his head and neck, before working up a rich lather. It felt really nice, and Frank felt some of the tension he had been holding leave his body.

However, he was still very much hoping he could talk sense into her. He just wanted to enjoy being pampered a little bit longer. Figuratively speaking, of course.

Eventually, he spoke up. By this time she was working on his feet.

"Lean- I mean... Mommy?" he asked, quickly correcting herself when he saw her raised eyebrow.

"Yes, sweet pea?"

"I'm sorry for how I behaved..."

"Yes, you should be. That was very rude barging in on us like that."

Frank winced, since most any husband would have done the same, but he let it slide. "No, I mean... About before... you know, when we were... well, you know..."

Leandra's eyebrows went up, the washcloth pausing at the top of her husband's thighs. She had been ready for many reactions from her husband, but not this one. "Do you really mean that, Frank? After all these years?"

Frank nodded. "I do... and... I hope that you would give me another chance to be a husband... eventually..."

Leandra smiled and shook her head, then she cupped her husband's chin. "Sweetie, sweetie, sweetie. It's too late for that. I just don't see you like that anymore. Besides, you're just so cute as my little boy..."

"But... I'm not a baby, Leandra..." Frank said, a hint of whining coming back into his voice as Leandra began to scrub his nether regions. "And... I- I can do that part myself!"

Leandra had seen all this before. Whenever Frank went a little too far, he would come back apologetic and sweet, and just start the whole cycle over again because he didn't have the capacity to work on himself and improve. This time would be different.

"Yes," she said, her voice taking on a sterner tone as she grabbed her husband by the balls, "you *are* a baby. You're *our* baby cuck, and you're going to stay that way. It's the only way I see for you to improve your nasty habits, and from what Gerard told me after dinner, your video is already making quite a bit of money. This is going to be how you earn your keep, baby boy. Diapers aren't cheap. Butt up so I can clean your little behind"

"But Leandra, I-" Her eyes flashed at him and she squeezed his balls just enough to send a message. He shut his mouth and lifted his butt.

"The next time you speak, that paci gag is going right back in, so you'd best just shut it now." Leandra began to work the washcloth between Frank's cheeks and shook her head causing him to blush bright red as she scolded him. "You're a baby, and that's all you will ever be from now on. A submissive baby cuck who lives to please mommy and daddy. And now that you're all clean," she said, wringing out the cloth and standing up, "I'm going to do the next step in your transformation."

She opened a shelf under the sink and pulled out a razor and shaving gel.

"Leandra, please!" Frank cried out, but she just called Gerard.

"Gerard! Please bring the baby's pacifier! He's fussy!"

Gerard came in with the gag and they put it around his mouth even as he kicked and splashed.

"Stay still, boy," said Gerard. "This is happening with or without a red bottom, but it's your choice how painful it will be."

Frankie wasn't listening, and so he ended up being taken out of the bath and spanked. A couple smacks to the balls took the fight right out of him, and he was tied down to his bed on a disposable changing pad for good measure, his hands and ankles splayed out to the four corners.

"Well, this is going to go a lot quicker this way, I think," said Gerard, testing Frank's bonds.

"Yes, it will," said Leandra. "I was going to just shave his diaper area, but I think we'd better go ahead and take off everything below his eyebrows. I think he'll feel more submissive knowing he's not allowed any body hair."

"Sounds good to me, my love. You take the top, I'll take the bottom?"

Frankie shook his head and cursed into the pacifier at the idea of his bull removing the hair himself. And yet, at the very same time his cock was rock hard, which made it doubly humiliating.

"Aww, I think he likes the idea," said Leandra. "Such a good little cucky."

The two of them began to work methodically toward Frank's mid-section, teasing him all the while. Frank was hard and dripping the whole time. Then, he noticed the camera that was recording this whole ordeal, and knew that people were probably watching and sending money at that very moment.

"That's right, sweetie," said Leandra, as she watched Frank's eyes go wide in recognition. "You're on camera! I even went ahead and sent the link to all your former co-workers so they could see what happened to their hot-headed boss. A few of them donated extra to your pamper fund. You have made a lot of enemies at work, little man."

Frank couldn't confirm or deny this with his mouth plugged up, but it was true. He had been an asshole at home *and* at work. Perhaps that's what got him promoted so quickly. It was definitely what got him fired.

"Hold still, little man," said Gerard, as he got to Frank's genitals. "You wouldn't want to get nicked down here, now would you?" Frank froze. Gerard took a hold of Frankie's penis, moving it this way and that to get all the hair around it. He used a little more up and down motion than he really needed to, acting as if he had a hard time getting a grip on Frankie's little pee-pee and warning him not to cum while uncaged. Frankie's heart was beating a mile a minute as this happened, and he squeezed his eyes shut to try and keep that from happening. He wanted to avoid cumming at all costs, both for his pride, and the safety of his poor balls.

Eventually, somehow, Frankie made it through the whole ordeal without blowing his load. Gerard and Leandra brought out a mirror so Frankie could fully appreciate just how he looked with no hair, and he couldn't believe the difference. It was like he didn't even recognize his body, especially his hairless pee-pee.

"Then we just need one more item before you're diapered up for the night," said Leandra, smiling. "Gerard, will you do the honors?"

"Why certainly, dear," said Gerard, walking over to the open package of diapers on the dresser, grabbing a fresh diaper, and picking up a little box that had been left right next to them. He opened it and out came a cage that looked like it came straight out of the baby toy section of the nearest toy store. It was a bulky contraption in bright primary red, yellow, and blue, and it was impossibly small even compared to Frank's modest erection. Once again, Frank struggled and was subdued by another smack on the balls. He yelled into his pacifier but the invading nipple swallowed up all the sound. Then, a fresh diaper was slid under his butt and Gerard grabbed the base ring to put around his cock and balls.

"Honey, I think we're gonna need some ice," said Gerard, noting Frank's stubbornly persistent erection. Leandra quickly stepped out and returned with the ice to get Frank's boner under control.

"It doesn't matter how you fight it, little man," said Gerard. "The dick doesn't lie. You were clearly made to be a cuck, and you'll come to love it as much as your little pee-pee does very soon."

Frankie's face was bright red as he heard these words from his bull, who was holding onto his nuts. This man had seen every part of him in the most intimate detail, and he realized that once that cage was on, his sex wouldn't be his own.

Leandra came back and immediately cooled Frank's rod with a handful of ice. Right away, Frank's bits shrank to almost nothing, and his cock and balls were quickly pulled through the ring and the tiny cage was slotted together. The ice was left on the diaper where it came to rest under Frank's balls and slowly soak into the padding. Gerard patted Frank's cage. "There we go, little cuckold. You look much better like this."

Frank nearly busted his nut right there, and he moaned as he could feel the cage getting tighter already. However, with nowhere to go, his cock was left to strain uselessly as the smell of baby powder assaulted his nose. Gerard was shaking it on him, then working it into his skin ever so gently. Frankie wanted to bite that hand off, not that he could with his paci gag in place and his hands and arms tied down. Soon, the thick diapers were being pulled up, and secured, completing the picture of a perfect cuck. Gerard squeezed the front of Frank's diaper causing him to moan, and kissed him on the forehead.

"Okay, sweetie, looks like you're all ready for bed," said Leandra. Frankie's eyes went wide. Were they really going to leave him like this? "Oh, we can't leave him like this," she said to Gerard, causing Frank to sigh in relief.

"No, you're right, honey. What were we thinking? We almost forgot to put on his evening entertainment to fall asleep to." Frank's eyes went wide. What were they talking about?

He soon found out as a VR headset was brought over his eyes and ears. The next thing he saw and heard was the video of him being spanked and forced to clean his bull's semen off his own wife. He winced and moaned into his gag as his cock instantly tried to get erect in its tiny prison. Soon, he was dribbling copious amounts of precum into his diaper, having already been blue balled for the better part of a day. He had no sense of where Gerard and Leandra were, except to feel the blanket being pulled up over his nearly hairless body. The sensations of the cool material were amplified on his newly bare skin, reminding him that he was now smooth as a baby.

Once the video was over it looped, then switched to the previously recorded livestream of him being shaved and caged. He struggled and moaned for what felt like hours, eventually catching snatches of sleep before being woken up by the soreness in his arms from the long-term restraint, and the soreness around the base of his cage from his poor pee-pee's futile efforts to get hard. It was a long and exhausting night for Frankie.

Meanwhile, Gerard and Leandra enjoyed dessert; a delicious sorbet eaten off each others' bodies as they watched a livestream of Frankie struggling in bed, and counted the donations that flew in.

"I was skeptical at first," said Gerard," but I have to admit, this is perhaps the most sexy fun I've ever had."

"I'm glad you enjoy cucking my husband as much as I do," said Leandra. "The fun is only getting started."