Joey

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“I don’t know about this.” Joey said through the phone, “I was kind of hoping we would never have to see the twins again…”

“Trust me. You HAVE to see this!” Fiona sounded breathless.

It was a Friday afternoon and the previous day Mandy had a call from the twins’ mother inviting Joey to go over there. She seemed very insistent but Joey had remained non-committed, he would’ve much preferred to try and forget that they even existed. He had simply shrugged when his sister had told him about it. Joey had told Fiona and she said she would check it out, he had tried to tell her not to but it was too late, Fiona had already hung up.

“What could possibly be worth opening those old wounds for?” Joey asked as he looked out the window at a bright sunny day.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you!” Fiona replied, “It really would be better if you came here and saw for yourself.”

“Ugh…” Joey sighed.

Joey really didn’t want to go out. He would’ve much preferred to stay in his room, maybe have Fiona over to talk and play games with. He definitely didn’t want to go to the house of the people who had so comprehensively ruined his life. He didn’t say anything and a silence fell across the phone line.

“Hello?” Fiona said after a few seconds.

“I’m still here.” Joey replied.

“I promise you won’t regret it if you come here.” Fiona said, “It’s… It’s unbelievable.”

“If I go there will you still be there?” Joey asked knowing that he would have to walk to their house.

“Of course.” Fiona’s grin was audible, “I’m going to be here all day.”

“Fine, I’ll get ready and come over.” Joey sighed again and shook his head already regretting his decision, “This better be worth it.”

“It is!” Fiona exclaimed.

Joey hung up the phone and lazily got to his feet. He didn’t feel in any rush and was truthfully looking for any reason to change his mind. When he realised there was no reason to get back into bed he reached down to check his diaper, he was damp but far from soaked. He pulled his pants on over the padding and then put on a shirt. Fearing he was making a mistake he opened his bedroom door and went downstairs.

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“Would you stop staring…” Megan hissed from her playpen in the centre of the living room.

“I’m not going to lie, that’s a big ask.” Fiona said with giggle.

Fiona had just finished putting her phone away. She couldn’t wait for Joey to see what had happened to the twins, it was hard to believe the two bullies who terrorised the school for years were sitting in front of her and playing with toys and wearing diapers. When she had shown up that day she had expected, at most, the twins to give a half-hearted apology. Instead, they were on the floor like babies.

“Are you sure you don’t mind babysitting?” Jane walked up to the living room door with her handbag.

“It would be my pleasure.” Fiona answered, “I just got off the phone with Joey. He said he’ll be over soon.”

“Wonderful!” Jane smiled, “I’ve been hoping he would get a chance to see what happened to these two brats. Hopefully it will provide some measure of closure for him.”

Jane turned around as she finished and slipped her shoes on. Fiona watched the twins and saw their already downcast faces become even more pronounced when they heard Joey was coming over. Megan in particular scowled at the very idea.

“Megan has just been changed so she’ll be alright but Max might need a diaper change very soon.” Jane called out from the hallway, “Have you done this sort of thing before?”

“Yeah, I’ve babysat my cousins plenty of times.” Fiona said in response.

“Well the concept is the same even if the subjects are bigger.” Jane said, “I’ll be back in a few hours. You have my cell number if you need me.”

The last words were yelled as Jane was walking out of the door. A bang signified the door closing and that Fiona was alone with the twins. It was strange, Fiona knew she was the same age as Max and Megan but she felt so much bigger and older.

“Well then, isn’t this a fun situation.” Fiona said as she leaned forwards.

“Look, you can just leave and stop Joey coming here.” Megan said as she turned around on her padded behind, “You’ve had your laugh, I feel embarrassed. This doesn’t need to go any further.”

“Oh I disagree.” Fiona stood up and walked over to the edge of the playpen, “Now why don’t you draw your babysitter a pretty picture?”

Megan looked up at Fiona with pure hate. Fiona had to smile, if the diapered girl was any tenser she thought a vein would pop out of her forehead. She couldn’t wait for Joey to see what had happened to the twins, she hoped it would do a lot for his self-confidence. He should at least be able to see that he wasn’t the one everyone was talking about. It turned out the twins were quite a hit with everyone who saw them including classmates.

“That wasn’t a suggestion.” Fiona continued when Megan continued to stare at her, “Unless you want a spanking.”

“You wouldn’t dare.” Megan hissed, “If you even tried I’d beat you up.”

“I know you could beat me up.” Fiona nodded as she looked at the girl who was definitely physically superior to her, “But just imagine what your punishment would be when your Mommy found out.”

For a second Megan continued to stare. Her hands were shaking. Slowly and with the apparent realisation that Fiona was right Megan pulled over a piece of paper and the crayon packet. With Megan occupied Fiona turned to her twin brother who was facing away from her.

“OK, little man, your Mommy said you need a diaper change. Do you want it now or after Joey arrives?” Fiona asked with an evil smile. She knew it was a question with no right answer for Max.

“Can I choose death?” Max asked with a scowl.

“I’ll take that as a “now” then. Megan, do you need your little diaper changed?” Fiona turned to the female twin. If looks could kill Fiona would be dead where she stood.

“No.” Megan finally answered with enough venom to bring down a bear.

“Alright, Max, let’s get you a lovely fresh diaper.” Fiona opened the gate to the playpen and watched on as Max crinkled to his feet and slowly waddled out towards the stairs.

Fiona gave Megan a playful wave as she closed the gate again and followed Max up the stairs. She had to resist the urge to reach out and pat the bulging rear end in front of her. It was still so hard to believe this was real and she couldn’t wait for Joey to see what had happened to his tormenters.

“Oh. My. God!” Fiona exclaimed as Max opened the door to the nursery and the pair walked in, “It’s an actual baby’s bedroom!”

“Yes, I know.” Max replied bitterly, “Can we get this over with please?”

“You share a crib with your sister?” Fiona asked. When Max nodded his head she burst into a fit of giggles, “And a changing table! Wow, look at all the diapers!”

As Fiona looked around the room and marvelled at everything she could see that Max was going redder and redder. Whether it was because of the embarrassment or anger she didn’t know but it was probably a combination of the two. Regardless, she knew she had all the power here. She walked over to the larger male and started undressing him, she was surprised that he didn’t put up any resistance and realised he must be used to it by now.

“Up on to the changing table.” Fiona commanded.

When she took her place at the foot of the table and lowered the front of the diaper she had to take care not to giggle and insult Max’s manhood. It wasn’t even that there was really anything to laugh at the situation was just so ridiculous she couldn’t help herself. Max was facing the ceiling with his eyes determinedly closed, it looked like he was straining all his muscles.

“Let’s get to work…” Fiona said as she pulled out the tub of wipes and started cleaning Max up.

Downstairs Megan wasn’t stewing in her own anger and frustration. She felt like this was the final humiliation, having Joey come over and see the pathetic situation she had been reduced to was almost too much to even contemplate. Every single day Megan had contemplated how to get out of this situation, everything from running away to calling the authorities to attacking her mother and taking control had crossed her mind but she hadn’t done any of it. Deep down she knew there were no good outcomes to fighting back.

That didn’t mean she couldn’t get her own back though and Megan was determined to turn this moment of defeat into a victory. After a few minutes of absentmindedly colouring in a picture of an Easter bunny whilst she stared at the carpet in thought she finally came up with a plan. It wasn’t a moment too soon either because just as she smiled to herself in the knowledge that her revenge would be sweet there was a knock on the front door.

For a second nothing happened and Megan wondered if Fiona was going to remember she was the only one available to open the door. Sure enough the sounds of footsteps rushing downstairs soon echoed around the house. Fiona reappeared with a freshly diapered Max who was practically flung into the playpen. Fiona closed the gate just as the doorbell rang.

Fiona rushed out to the hallway and nearly slammed into the door in her haste. She was breathing hard from the effort and she had hair dropping down over her face. Megan heard the door open.

“Come in, come in!” Fiona’s excitement was palpable.

“What’s going on?” Joey replied cautiously.

“You have to see it to believe it.” Fiona said as she took Joey’s hand and started pulling him towards the entrance to the living room.

Joey didn’t understand what was so exciting but he allowed himself to be tugged into the large living room of the twin’s mansion. He was just about to ask what the big deal was and why they were there when his eyes fell on the playpen. His brain just seemed to stop in disbelief.

“Oh my God…” Joey gasped, “Is that…”

Joey took several small steps towards the edge of the playpen as Megan stared up at him with resentment and hate etched on her blushing face. Joey was almost frightened to get too close as if the young woman inside was a barely restrained wild animal that might lash out at him. He didn’t understand, Megan was sat surrounded by toys and very clearly thickly diapered.

“I don’t understand…” Joey gasped as Fiona giggled.

“Sit down. Let me go get Max, then we can have some fun.” Fiona said as she let go of Joey’s hand.

Joey reached out for Fiona like a young boy whose mother had just left him somewhere unfamiliar. As Fiona disappeared around the corner and he heard her climbing the stairs he decided he should sit down. He slowly and awkwardly walked around the edge of the playpen, he didn’t take his eyes off Megan the whole time and Megan stared back. Joey sat down on the couch slowly as if it might be some sort of trap.

“I… I don’t understand…” Joey stuttered.

To Joey it looked like Megan was desperate to respond but she stopped herself. It looked like she was going to spring at him, he was glad when they were both distracted by the reappearance of Fiona who was pulling Max along beside her.

Somehow it was even more surprising to Joey to see Max dressed like a baby. The hulking young man seemed to be almost bursting out of his onesie and the loud crinkles as he compliantly got back into the playpen confirmed he was similarly padded as his sister.

“What do you think?” Fiona asked mischievously as she came over to the couch, “Have you ever seen a pair of cuter babies?”

“You have to tell me what’s going on.” Joey said as he turned to his girlfriend.

Joey sat and listened as Fiona relayed the story that Jane had told her. How this was their punishment and would be for the whole summer. Joey could only stare at the twins as some of the choice humiliations they went through were regaled to him. By the time Fiona was finished Joey’s shock had morphed into a vicious enjoyment. He had never thought the twins would get a proper comeuppance but this seemed too perfect.

“What do you think?” Fiona finally asked when she finished talking.

“Well, the punishment certainly fits the crime…” Joey couldn’t suppress a chuckle.

The twins were decidedly looking away from Fiona and Joey but even with their backs turned Joey could see how humiliated they felt to be babysat by him. All of a sudden the big bullies that had made his and countless other’s lives miserable didn’t seem so scary. There was only one thing putting a crimp on his time at that moment and that was his own diaper which needed a change.

“I, erm, need to sort myself out…” Joey said pointedly.

“Oh, right, yeah.” Fiona nodded. For a second her eyes almost instinctively dropped down to Joey’s crotch, “You should be able to do it upstairs in the nursery. There’s a sign on the door.”

Joey thought he heard Megan snort with derision. No doubt she had guessed exactly what Joey needed to do though she was certainly in no position to judge anyone. Joey stood up and walked towards the door. When he reached the entrance to the main lobby area and looked at the stairs he paused. Maybe it was because of the strangeness of the situation or maybe because he had received such a lift of his spirits from seeing the twins but he turned back towards the living room.

“Would you like to come with me?” Joey asked as he looked over to Fiona. His heart was hammering and he could feel his cheeks flushing with heat.

It looked like he had caught Fiona by surprise because she seemed to just look at him for a couple of seconds as if she might’ve misheard. The two twins had turned to stare at Joey too. Eventually, after a wait that made Joey question why he had asked in the first place Fiona smiled and nodded her head as she stood up.