Michael had a fitful nap where he kept drifting off and then jumping himself back to reality. He just couldn’t get used to all of the new things around him. The room looked different, the diaper constantly rubbing against him made it impossible to forget and the bars of the crib towered over him oppressively. It was impossible to relax in such an atmosphere.

When the door to the nursery opened Michael quickly sat up. He looked to the doorway and was very disappointed to see Alyssa walk in. He despaired of the female wrestler and was starting to wonder if she was ever going to go home. He was covered up by his blanket as Alyssa walked straight over to the side of the baby bed.

“Did you have a nice rest?” Alyssa asked in syrupy baby talk.

“No.” Michael replied in his deadpan voice.

Alyssa reached through the bars and under the blanket. Michael couldn’t avoid her probing hand as he couldn’t scoot out of range. He felt the woman’s palm press against the bottom of his diaper as she probed for wetness.

“Still dry.” Alyssa sounded almost disappointed, “Oh well, it won’t last.”

Michael sighed in relief as the hand was withdrawn. Alyssa deliberately placed her foot be the bottom corner of the crib and pressed down. The side of the crib rattled down and hit the floor with a thump. Michael threw the cover off himself and gratefully dropped to the floor, he stretched his legs gratefully, even though the crib wasn’t that cramped he had felt very claustrophobic in there.

“Let’s see what you have to wear for the afternoon.” Alyssa said as she walked over to the closet.

As the door opened Michael could see all manner of outfits hanging up and he marvelled at how much money Alyssa must’ve spent on everything. He tried to ignore the feeling in his bladder as he waited for Alyssa.

“This looks adorable!” Alyssa finally exclaimed as she unhooked an outfit and brought it out into the room.

Michael felt himself instantly flush red as he watched Alyssa bringing over a navy blue onesie with a stitched anchor over the breast. Hanging from the coat hanger was also a sailor’s hat which was white with the same navy blue trimmings. It looked like a baby’s Halloween costume that had been somehow expanded for an adult.

“Can’t I just wear normal clothes?” Michael asked. He knew he sounded like he was whining but he couldn’t stop himself.

“Of course not.” Alyssa responded as she put the clothes on the edge of the crib and started removing them from the hanger, “A deal’s a deal.”

Michael cringed but didn’t dare offer any more resistance. He lifted his arms over his head as Alyssa pulled down the onesie. The material felt very thin and it clung to his body as it was pulled down. When Alyssa knelt between Michael’s legs to snap the front and back together the male was unable to hold himself back any longer.

Michael felt his bladder relaxing with remarkable ease and a flood of hot urine started to pour forwards and out of his body. He felt a little twitch in his penis before the pee burst out of him and into the front of the diaper. He prayed that Alyssa didn’t notice as he wet himself whilst being dressed.

Alyssa was pushing the poppers together when she suddenly felt the outer plastic of the diaper warm up. She paused what she was doing and looked at the white padding, a darker spot appeared and quickly began to spread.

“Don’t think you’re getting a change just yet, mister.” Alyssa laughed.

If it was possible to die of shame Michael was sure he would’ve done it there and then. The worst part was that he couldn’t stop pissing himself until his bladder was finally empty. Even after he had stopped he could feel the wetness creeping around him, a constant reminder of what he had done.

Once the onesie was put on and the hat rested on his head Michael was taken downstairs. He glanced into the living room as he was led past and was surprised to see all the boxes had disappeared. The women had clearly been very busy whilst he had been laying down.

Michael could feel the onesie pulling the diaper up closer to his body. The warmth of his recent accident felt even more humiliating and intense as it was held against his body like a warm sponge. The plastic crinkled with each step and even as Michael tried to stop himself waddling he felt the padding expand as it sucked in the remaining moisture.

“Ah, just in time for lunch!” Sophie was dishing out some food as Michael came in but he barely heard a word she said.

In front of the table where Michael’s chair usually sat the highchair that he had built earlier was peering over the table like an obelisk. Seeing it in his usual place brought home the reality that he was going to be expected to use it. Indeed, Alyssa led Michael forwards to the elevated seat and indicated that he should climb in. Michael looked to his wife but she was still sorting out lunch.

Michael stepped up and felt Alyssa pat his padded rear a couple of times before he could turn and sit down. The diaper had many disadvantages but at least it cushioned his butt against the hard wood of the baby chair.

“Doesn’t he just look like the sweetest little thing?” Alyssa said as she sat down.

“Yeah, I should’ve put him back in diapers years ago.” Sophie giggled as she looked around. Michael was worried about how well his wife was taking all this.

Michael scowled in his chair as Alyssa slid the tray across and locked it in front of him. He would’ve normally complained long and loud about this situation but it just didn’t seem worth it. The contract was ironclad and he definitely did not want to be punished again.

As lunch was set out on the table Michael waited for his share. His cut up sandwiches and fruit pieces were placed on a plastic baby blue plate whilst his drink of milk was given to him in a bottle. Unlike the morning where he had tried to avoid the bottle for as long as possible Michael picked it up straight away and started drinking.

Whilst everyone ate their lunch quietly Michael was aware that Sophie and Alyssa kept exchanging little glances and smiles. Eventually he because sure that something was up, a suspicion that was confirmed when Sophie sat back in her chair and took a sip of her coffee. She looked over to Michael and the diapered man suddenly realised that she wasn’t looking at him the same way anymore. Rather than the big strong man she used to fawn over she was looking at him like something that deserved her pity. It angered Michael and his impotence in being unable to respond only frustrated him more.

“Michael, there’s something that me and Alyssa have decided on and we feel it’s time you should know.” Sophie said as she placed her mug on the table.

Michael didn’t like the sound of this but he knew they weren’t asking for his opinion. He waved his hand in the air impatiently when Sophie hesitated for a few seconds.

“We’ve decided it would be best for Alyssa to move in with us.” Sophie continued after a small pause.

“What!?” Michael’s eyes bulged almost as much as his diaper did.

“She needs to make sure the terms of the contract are kept…” Sophie continued though she suddenly looked quite evasive.

“She can’t stay here!” Michael was desperate. It felt like his sanctuary walls were crumbling, “Please, Sophie, she-”

“This is what I mean.” Alyssa looked at Sophie with a wicked smile, “If I’m not here who will remind him that he is supposed to call you “mommy” now?”

“There’s… there’s nowhere for her to stay!” Michael tried to appeal to his wife’s reason, “We don’t need her here. I can be good and follow the contract!”

“She’ll be staying in the master bedroom.” Sophie said. Her cheeks were blushing a rosy pink.

“But… Where will you be?” Michael asked Sophie with a dawning realisation.

“She’ll be in there with me!” Alyssa exclaimed. She had clearly lost patience with Michael and Sophie. It started to feel like she was going to have to spell everything out.

“But…” Michael’s head was spinning as he tried to comprehend what he was hearing.

“I’m sorry Michael.” Sophie said, “Alyssa is showing me a whole new world.”

Michael was flabbergasted. It was only last night that he had gone to sleep next to his wife feeling fully confident everything was going to be fine. Now he was sitting in a wet diaper in a highchair listening to Sophie announce she was going to sleep with Alyssa!

“You can’t!” Michael’s eyes were filling with tears and his voice wavered with emotion.

“You don’t think I know all about those affairs you’ve had!?” Sophie suddenly exploded, “One after the other… I put up with it because the lifestyle was too good to lose. The money, the fame, the parties… It was worth putting up with your extracurricular activities. Now that I’ve met Alyssa I’ve realised I don’t need to put up with it anymore.”

“But she’s a girl!” Michael felt tears starting to roll down his cheeks. Alyssa had taken his dignity and now it seemed like she was taking his wife. In less than a day Michael’s whole world had crumbled.

“She’s a woman. Welcome to the twenty-first century!” Sophie corrected Michael, “Unlike you who are a little boy. I’ve always been bisexual, you knew that going in. I remember you telling me it would be “hot” for me to get it on with another woman. Such a male way of thinking, using your little head instead of the big one.”

Michael couldn’t stop from sobbing in his highchair like a baby. This must be a nightmare, there’s no way reality could be this cruel to him. Everything Sophie had said was true. Michael had been with more women than he could count since meeting Sophie and she had told him of her bisexual tendencies way back when they first met. Michael had always thought it was hot to imagine his wife with another woman but never in his wildest dreams did he think it would be in these circumstances.

“Don’t worry though. You can stay with us.” Sophie said with a smile, “I guess you’ll just have two mommies!”

Michael’s frustration and anger suddenly boiled over. Alyssa’s smug face became something that he hated more than anything on Earth, she represented all that was wrong in his mind. He raised a shaking arm from his side and grabbed the now empty plate on his highchair tray. He reared it back and then threw it as hard as he could towards the female wrestler sitting only a couple of feet away.

Maybe Alyssa was expecting it or maybe she just had lightning fast reactions thanks to her athleticism but almost as soon as the plate left Michael’s hand she ducked out of the way. The plate sailed over her head and hit the wall above the oven, it made a loud noise but bounced harmlessly to the floor.

Michael reached for his bottle determined to hurt the woman who was hurting him but Alyssa grabbed his wrist as quick as a flash. She effortlessly moved across and moved the highchair tray out of the way. She grabbed Michael and lifted him into the air with his arms pinned to his side. It was with relative ease that she started carrying him out of the kitchen.

“Let me go!” Michael yelled as he tried to kick Alyssa, “Bitch!”

Michael was manhandled up to his bedroom with Sophie following behind looking shocked. Alyssa threw him down on to the ground and before he could get up she had his head in a chin lock. She had one of her arms wrapped around Michael’s head and she squeezed hard causing the diapered man to yelp.

“This is happening whether you want it to or not.” Alyssa hissed in Michael’s ear, “Are you going to be a good boy?”

Michael could barely breathe as he felt the arms around his head and neck tightening. Just like the previous night in the ring Michael was being made to submit by a woman. He tried to pull her arms away but she wouldn’t be budged. He was quickly reduced to gasping for breath.

“Are. You. Going. To. Be. A. Good. Boy?” Alyssa repeated. Every word was punctuated by a squeeze of her well defined arms.

“Yes…” Michael gasped.

Michael felt like he was on the verge of passing out when Alyssa finally released her powerful grip. She stood up and let Michael recover, when he turned to look at the woman who had so easily manhandled him he saw her pointing at the crib. Michael felt his neck with his hand and coughed a couple of times but the fight had been taken out of him. He climbed tearfully on to the mattress.

Sophie stepped forwards looking a little flustered. She raised the bars of the crib until it clicked into place. Alyssa walked over and put her arm around Sophie as Michael clutched the bars in front of him.

“Have a nice little nap.” Sophie suggested with a flash of a smile, “You’ll feel better after some shut eye.”

Michael watched as the two women walked away towards the door. He couldn’t believe what he was seeing with his wife cuddling up to the female wrestler. Alyssa stopped just before exiting the room.

“Oh, if you take that onesie or diaper off before we come back you’re going to regret it.” Alyssa said with a smile. She closed the door behind her as she left.

Michael was left in silence and he slumped back on to his diapered butt. The wet padding between his legs had cooled dramatically and was getting a little uncomfortable. He leaned against the bars at the back of his crib and let a shuddering sigh. He laid himself down on his side and hoped that when he woke up everything would be better.