The Jones Family

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Liam sat in the playpen next to Alicia. The three-year-old was happily babbling away as if Liam was listening to her. They were sat either side of a pile of large child-safe blocks. Liam was listlessly moving them around whilst wishing for a return to normality that seemed farther away than ever.

Things had been spiralling out of control for Liam. The diapers had apparently just been the tip of the iceberg. He had been forced to watch as his mom fell further and further into this craze. More and more changes were made and although everyone in the family was now diapered full-time it seemed like it was only Liam who had to put up with everything else.

There was now a second highchair in the dining room. It was scaled up slightly and meant for Liam who had been incredulous at its appearance. He now sat at the table and ate next to Alicia who seemed delighted at having a little friend to play with all the time. Slowly the rules were changed, Liam was treated less like a young man who happened to be wearing diapers and more like someone the same age as his baby sister. It seemed so surreal.

Liam put a long green block on top of a square red one and sighed in impotent frustration. His clothes had changed, the things he used to wear had been pushed to the back of the closet and forgotten about. Evie had been on a spending spree and now Liam’s outfits, which were always chosen by her, were very infantile in nature. No amount of pleading or pouting from Liam made any difference. Gone were his sports jerseys and band shirts, they were replaced by pastel colours, childish cartoon designs and onesies.

“It’s just a different type of pyjamas!” Evie had said when Liam protested the onesies.

Liam was sat in the playpen that day in one of the onesies, a sky blue one based on a children’s show about trains, and wondering how the world had come to this. The stretchy material was decidedly revealing of the diaper underneath it. He wondered where everything had come from, his mom had seemingly jumped in with two-feet with all this baby stuff and in no time at all it just seemed to spring up all around him.

Evie had fallen down the rabbit hole and seemed utterly convinced that the only way to “cure Liam of his stress” was to sink him further and further into babyhood. It didn’t matter how much Liam pleaded with her or tried to convince her that he didn’t feel stressed, she wouldn’t be deterred on her mission. Liam was convinced she had lost her mind. It was like when someone became completely subsumed by a conspiracy theory or cult.

“No!” Alicia suddenly exclaimed bossily, “That goes there.”

Liam let his little sister move the blocks. His days were becoming increasingly mind-numbing. He didn’t want his tell-tale little sister to call for their parents so he stayed quiet and let the bossy little girl give him instruction on how to build the tower. With a shudder Liam relaxed his body and let a fresh warmth envelop his genitals. He tuned out Alicia’s instructions as he felt the pee stream out of him and into the thirsty padding. He shuddered a little as he finished his wetting, even as he sat back in the warm diaper he could feel the heat spreading even further. There was a rumble deep in his gut but he tried to ignore what that meant.

This was all Liam’s life was now. Playing childish games with his baby sister whilst using his diapers, having to watch and listen to an endless barrage of baby programming and not being allowed to do anything for himself. This was hell.

The living room door opened causing both Liam and Alicia to look around. Evie was smiling widely as she came in and sat down on the couch. She reached for the remote and changed the channel on the television without throwing a second glance at her two children. Was it Liam’s impression or did her waist seem thinner than usual? He frowned as he realised his mom wasn’t wearing a diaper!

“Why aren’t yo-” Liam started.

“Charlie! Get in here! The show’s starting!” Evie called out.

Liam didn’t get to ask his question but he was sure his mother wasn’t wearing a diaper. He felt even more put out when his dad came in, he too was clearly unpadded. Liam huffed as he felt the crinkly warmth of his own disposable. He didn’t understand why he still had to wear these diapers if his parents weren’t. He didn’t dare allow himself to think the madness of the diapers was finally over.

Evie switched on the television and flicked through the channels until it landed on some daytime talk show that Liam hated. It was the kind of vacuous non-challenging television that he just didn’t enjoy at all. His parents usually weren’t much interested in TV but they seemed very enthused by what was happening now.

“There she is!” Evie clapped her hands excitedly.

Liam turned to look at the screen to see a beautiful young woman sitting on the couch. She was smiling at the older host of the show, the way he leered slightly over his desk was off-putting. Liam recognised the woman and suddenly understood why her appearance was exciting his parents. The woman was instantly recognisable to anyone who wasn’t living under a rock who had seen her everywhere recently.

“Ugh…” Liam looked away from the screen with a disgusted grunt.

The woman on the talk show was Ashley Hurst. Liam didn’t seem to be able to get away from that smiling face no matter where he went or where he looked. The perfectly symmetrical visage was on adverts that seemed to cover every website Liam went to. Banner ads, commercials before videos, pop-ups… Ashley would appear everywhere extolling the virtues of a diapered life and hawking one product or another.

It felt like the campaign had only picked up public attention a few weeks ago and yet there now seemed no end to diaper related products. There seemed to be a thousand different books which only varied from each other in the smallest ways. There were courses online where for just a few hundred dollars you would be able to listen to a bunch of pseudo-intellectuals tell you how to live a purely diapered life. Clothes shops were full of oversized baby clothing and similar products. Capitalism being what it is meant that literally everyone seemed to be trying to take advantage of the gullible people who thought this was a good idea regardless of morals.

It was because of Ashley’s damn book that Liam was now sat like he was. The book had become gospel in the Jones household and had sparked Liam’s parents to double down on everything they had started. Ashley’s book argued that diapers alone weren’t enough to cure the “epidemic of stress” and to really fix the problem people should look into regression and “de-aging” to truly be happy. Any time Liam tried to argue about how mad it all was he would find his parents quoting Ashley’s books at him as if they were Holy Scripture.

Even the store Liam worked in had been transformed. From being a run of the mill general that sold some diapers, now it was unrecognisable. Everything that wasn’t related to diapers in one way or another had been removed and replaced. As much as Liam hated to admit it, the store had never done better business.

And on every one of these products, videos, courses or anything else there would be a beautiful young person telling everyone it was amazing. More often than not it seemed like that person was Ashley Hurst who was now laughing at another of the host’s cringingly awful jokes. Liam doubted this young woman even remotely believed in what she was saying, she had probably never even worn a diaper since she had been potty trained.

As Liam stewed in his own anger at his situation he felt the pressure on his bowels increase. He knew what was coming but he could put it off for as long as possible. He tuned out from what was happening on the television and looked back at his parents. He saw them sharing a happy and loving look before snuggling closer together.

The interview was still going when Charlie reached to the remote and switched the television back to children’s cartoons. Liam heard Alicia squeal in delight and she crawled closer to the edge of the pen to see what was happening. He looked over and saw it was the cartoon that featured the train character he was currently wearing. He sighed as Alicia clapped her hands, turned to face Liam and pointed.

“That’s right, Alicia.” Charlie said, “Clever girl!”

Liam turned away with a frown. He was so finished with this cultish fad but he had no choice but to continue living it. He had hoped it would blow over like anything that gets super popular for one reason or another but so far it still seemed to be growing at a staggering pace.

“How come you two aren’t wearing diapers?” Liam finally asked his parents sulkily.

“Your mother and I made the decision that having two diapered children was enough work for us. Besides, it’s made us both happier and isn’t that the goal of the program after all?” Charlie said with a smile as he patted Evie’s arm.

“That’s not fair!” Liam couldn’t stop the frustration from bubbling over, “Why do I have to live this stupid lifestyle if you don’t? I don’t even want to!”

“Now, now… There’s no need to have a tantrum. Are you cranky because you need your diaper changed?” Evie asked.

Liam balled his fists up angrily. Everything was quickly getting on top of him. The way this campaign had infiltrated every facet of his life, the way his parents were treating him, the hypocrisy; it was all combining together to make him want to scream and throw things.

“That’s not fair!” Liam yelled as he stood up, “If you don’t wear these stupid things I shouldn’t have to either!”

Liam’s shouting startled Alicia enough that she started loudly crying and looking up at Liam worriedly. Liam felt a pang of guilt but suppressed the urge to comfort his little sister. He had to focus on his anger.

“Now look what you’ve done.” Evie said with a frustrated shake of the head, “You’ve upset your sister.”

“Oh, big fucking deal!” Liam angrily exclaimed as he waved his arms in front of him dismissively, “I’m the one with the reason to be…”

Liam trailed off as he saw his father standing up. He had a face like thunder as he walked the short distance to the edge of the playpen. He pulled open the gate as Liam stumbled backwards a couple of paces. He knew he had made a big mistake, not only had he upset his sibling but he had sworn and he knew his parents hated that sort of language.

“I didn’t mean it!” Liam snivelled as he practically shrunk in front of Charlie.

“I’ve had it with your disrespect!” Charlie hissed.

Liam closed his eyes as his father reached out and grabbed his lower arm. This time he stumbled forwards as he was yanked towards the gate of the pen. He was betrayed by his body, as he exclaimed in protest his bladder voided into his nappy. He felt a fresh burst of heat that was quickly absorbed by his underwear.

“Stop!” Liam cried out. He wanted to sound authoritative but even he could hear the whine in his voice.

“We do not tolerate that kind of language, young man.” Charlie said. The lack of strain really emphasised how easily Liam was being manhandled.

Liam saw his father sit down. A second later there was a sharp pull and Liam tripped over his dad’s thigh leaving him face down and laying across his lap. Liam started flailing to try and lift himself up but Charlie simply leaned forward, with one arm laid across Liam’s back he easily held him in place.

A hand flung forwards and smacked into the back of Liam’s diaper. He yelped out as the hand immediately pulled back and went forwards again. Liam tensed up as he was spanked across his dad’s lap like a bratty toddler. Each time Charlie’s hand hit Liam’s rear he was pushed forwards a little.

“Please… Don’t!” Liam moaned. A spank landed in between the words causing him to let out a little groan of humiliation.

The spanks didn’t hurt all that much thanks to the thick diaper. The humiliation of being treated like this was overwhelming but the real reason Liam was begging for his father to stop was because the pressure in his tummy was very quickly increasing. With every spank Liam was forced forwards a little, his belly was pushed into his dad’s knee and now his digestive system decided it was as good a time as any to evacuate.

A particularly hard spank landed and surprised Liam. It was just the slip-up his bowels had been looking for. With a horrible lurch Liam felt his digestive system push down and his delicate little hole was helpless as logs of waste pushed against it. Liam went still from shock as all his attention went to his diaper, he felt the hot mess pushing out the back of the padding and spreading. He grunted as his sphincter pinched off one lump and, thanks to the way he was facing, it dropped down towards the front of his padding. He shuddered as he felt it touch his sack. He drew his arms and legs closer to him as he pushed down.

“You must respect your parents.” Charlie said as his hand reared back.

Everything felt like it was going in slow motion. Liam knew what was coming but as he tensed his body and pushed out more of his waste he was helpless to stop it. He closed his eyes as he knew his father’s hand was coming forwards again.

Splat.

Liam groaned loudly as he felt the spank force all the mess in his diaper to get compressed between his skin and the padding. It seemed to explode all over his rear and between his legs making him messier than he had ever been before. He knew his father had immediately felt the difference as his hand lingered against the padding. Liam was sobbing as he felt his embarrassment threatening to overcome him.

“What was that?” Charlie asked.

Liam thought his father must be toying with him. Surely he had realised what had happened. The hand pressed against Liam’s backside started prodding and pinching the padding. Liam could do nothing but cringe and sniff back the tears that flowed down his cheeks as the mushy mess was massaged. The smell started escaping through the gaps in the waistband, Liam could smell the earthy scent of his accident. The scent that let any attentive parent know their baby desperately needed a diaper change.

“Dear me…” Charlie said as he loudly and theatrically sniffed the air, “And he thinks he should be out of diapers?”

Liam knew his father wasn’t leaning on him anymore but he still felt unable to get up. The shame of crapping his pants as he was spanked was overwhelming. He had been desperately arguing that he didn’t want diapers; that he didn’t want to wear the stupid baby clothes and he didn’t want to be left playing with Alicia. He had just undermined his whole argument.

“I’ll change him.” Evie said as she let go of Alicia. The little girl had been distracted out of her tears by the spectacle of her brother being punished.

Liam was still sobbing with shame when he felt his mother take his arm. With the mess on his backside he was actually grateful that he was going to be changed. He finally clambered off his father’s lap. Even with the onesie the diaper sagged, the heavy disposable forcing him into a waddle as he was pulled along by his mom.

“I hope this little episode has put paid to any notions you had about going back to how things were.” Evie said quietly as she hurried Liam up the stairs, “You can get used to this. I’m starting to think Alicia should be the older sibling.”

Liam’s face was already bright red, if it hadn’t been that way already it certainly would be after Evie’s embarrassing comments. Liam felt so low, maybe his parents were right after all and maybe he needed to stay in diapers. A normal adult would never have let this happen. With every squelching step in the poopy diaper Liam felt his confidence disappearing. This was all supposed to lower his stress and yet he felt worse than ever, maybe giving in and letting everything happen was the route to happiness.

“Stop dawdling.” Evie said as she reached the top of the stairs, “You’re stinking out the house.”

Liam ducked his head and waddled up the last couple of steps before reaching his bedroom. The diaper changing routine was a smooth operation now. Evie got the changing mat out and spread over the bedsheets, Liam took off his onesie and laid down whilst his mom gathered a fresh diaper as well as the changing supplies.

Liam looked away as the tapes of his diaper were pulled away. He had desperately argued in the beginning that he should at least change his own diapers but his parents had been adamant that he didn’t do anything himself. When it came to his messy diapers Liam was grateful, the thought of dealing with the cleaning made him feel nauseous. He sniffed and wiped his tear-streaked cheeks as the front of the diaper was lowered between his legs.

“Were you holding this in?” Evie asked suspiciously. She wrinkled her nose seconds afterwards as the full force of the smell hit her.

“No…” Liam lied.

“You know the book says…” Evie started but Liam tuned out.

Back to Ashley’s book. The bible of Stress Free living. Ashley said no one could truly be free of stress if they didn’t fully embrace diapers. To that end she advocated people taking part not to try holding their waste at all, if they needed to pee they should do so and if they needed to poop they should get it out as soon as they felt the need regardless of where they were.

“You better not be holding on to things.” Evie said as she started wiping Liam’s butt, “I’ve heard doctors are testing a new surgery that gets rid of the choice. Wouldn’t that be great?”

Liam felt like his heart had stopped. A surgery like that would be a nightmare, it surely couldn’t be true. He looked up at his mom but her stony face gave no hint as to whether she was joking or not. Liam could only silently mutter a prayer to anyone who might be listening that the rumour wasn’t true.

“We really are going through these diapers quickly.” Evie mused. She had balled up Liam’s used padding and taped a new disposable to his waist, “Maybe we should look out for some thicker ones.”

Liam couldn’t imagine diapers thicker than the ones he currently had to wear. He already waddled noticeably as he toddled around the house, with thicker diapers he doubted if he would even be able to stand. He shuddered as he considered a future with him crawling around on all fours whilst even Alicia walked around.

“Before you come into the dining room for lunch you can empty your diaper pail into the trash outside.” Evie said as dropped the latest diaper into the trash receptacle.

“But-” Liam started to complain but when he saw his mother’s face he quickly shut up.

Liam put his onesie back on and picked up the plastic bag containing all his used diapers for the last few days. It absolutely reeked of stale urine and faeces. Liam turned his nose away as he started taking it downstairs.