Anthony stood in humiliation. He could feel how much bulkier his diaper had become. The padding had swollen significantly and the wetness indicator had gone from a deep blue to a yellow-green colour. More than anything he was humiliated to be soaking in someone else’s urine. It felt like Steven was marking his territory in a very animalistic fashion. Anthony was on the verge of sobbing when the door opened and Jane walked back in.

“Here you go, babe.” Jane said as she handed a bottle of beer to Steven, “And here you go, baby. Though it doesn’t look like you need more hydration, you’re soaked… Why are you standing up?”

Jane held out a baby’s bottle filled with juice. Anthony took it as his bottom lip trembled. He slowly sunk back down on to his knees. What was Anthony supposed to say? If he told Jane that her boyfriend had relieved himself in his diaper she would laugh and it might even give them more ideas in future. As humiliating as it was, it was better to let her think he had soaked himself, it wasn’t like she expected anything else.

For a minute not much happened. Anthony sucked on his bottle, the amber teat providing him some comfort, whilst Jane and Steven remained on the bed talking and sipping their drinks. No sooner had Steven finished his beer than he was ready to get back to work. Anthony watched him kissing Jane’s neck making her giggle as she put her glass down on the bedside table.

Anthony finished his bottle and dropped it in front of himself. He still couldn’t get over the warmth in his diaper but as he looked up and saw Steven and Jane getting back into it he was soon distracted. As they kissed Steven slipped his hands under the shoulders of Jane’s robe and eased it down her back. Anthony saw the thin material hanging off her arms as her breasts came into view, for a minute she was in the pose of an ancient marble statue or an old painting. She was beautiful.

Despite everything Anthony felt his penis twitching again. It had received so little attention in recent times that it was ready to spring up at a moment’s notice, even when he had only just cum. One of the good things, perhaps the only good thing, of having Steven wet his diaper is that it washed away the sticky ejaculate he had previously made. His hand went to the front of his disposable as he stared at Jane’s bouncing bosom.

Whilst round one had been tender lovemaking round two seemed more animalistic. Steven was taking control and Jane seemed to love it. Anthony watched as Steven rolled Jane on to her back. His hands held hers to the mattress as he leaned down and kissed her. Unlike the loving caresses of earlier this time it was clear that Steven had taken the initiative, something Anthony could only dream of. He worried a little for Jane until he heard her moaning and saw her pussy glistening again. She was loving it.

Steven worked his way down and shoved Jane’s legs obscenely wide open. Anthony saw him lick his lips as he looked down at Jane’s nether regions. Steven was on his knees in front of Jane, he took her ankles and lifted them so they draped over his shoulders. He took hold of his rock hard cock and aimed it Jane’s entrance. Steven glanced up at Jane’s face and she quickly nodded her approval.

Anthony felt a line of drool dripping out the corner of his mouth. He was so wrapped up in what he was doing that he hadn’t even noticed it. He didn’t realise that both the lovers on the bed had seen him staring nor that his rubbing on the diaper was obscenely loud. All he saw was Steven’s gleaming dick pushing against Jane’s lips.

“Fuck!” Jane exclaimed as her hands gripped the sheets either side of her. Her body rose as she lost herself in ecstasy.

As Steven pushed forwards his length started to disappear into Jane’s body. He let out a low grunt as he slid in slowly but relentlessly. Anthony heard Jane moan in a way that made her sound like an animal in heat, her legs slipped off Steven’s shoulders as she opened them as wide as possible.

“You’re so wet.” Steven growled.

“Just fuck me!” Jane replied aggressively.

Anthony couldn’t believe what he was seeing. He had never seen his wife so animated in bed. He wouldn’t have believed she had a submissive side from the way she dominated him but Steven had brought it out of her. He rubbed harder as Steven started to pull out and then push back in.

It wasn’t long before Steven was so deep in Jane that his balls rested against her skin. He started to pump into her slowly but with power, each time he bottomed out in her he grunted and Jane exclaimed. Anthony started to match his rubbing to the thrusts. Instead of moving his hand quickly across the smooth surface he pressed harder and with both hands, he rubbed only as Steven pushed in. It was the closest he could come to feeling like he was taking part.

The pace increased and so did the animalistic noises. Neither of the copulating couple were trying to keep their voice down and it seemed like they had forgotten Anthony was in the room at all. Soon Steven’s thrusting was fast enough to make the bed springs creak. Jane’s hands reached up to the top of the headboard and she held on as if she might be swept away otherwise. Anthony was biting his lip as he started thrusting his hips into his hands, it didn’t matter that he had so recently cum, he was desperate to do it again.

The primal passion on the bed was unlike anything Anthony had ever seen. There were no words or tender kisses, it was just grunts and hard thrusts like two cavemen going at it. The noise levels continued to rise, a part of Anthony wondered if the twins could hear what was happening, it seemed impossible that they wouldn’t.

Quite suddenly Steven pulled out of Jane eliciting a moan partly from surprise and partly from disappointment. She didn’t have to wait long to find out what was happening next though as Steven flipped her over and she got on to her hands and knees. Initially she was facing the headboard but Steven turned her until she was looking at Anthony.

Anthony flushed with humiliation. Jane, on the other hand, was red in the face for very different reasons. Her hair was all over the place and she had sweat glistening on her forehead. She looked at Anthony and smiled, it was an expression he couldn’t quite place. She was clearly loving what was happening but it felt like there was a touch of malice in there, it was like she was pleased she was getting fucked but even happier that it was happening right in front of Anthony.

Anthony watched Steven get to his knees behind Jane and grab his cock. Anthony saw the tool and was shocked anything like it could fit inside Jane, he felt more inadequate than ever but it did nothing to slow down his desperate diaper rubbing.

“You like what you see?” Steven asked as he saw Anthony’s wide eyes directed at his crotch.

Anthony quickly looked away in embarrassment. He wasn’t into men, his staring was simply through surprise.

“No, no. You look back this way.” Steven said with a laugh.

Anthony slowly turned his head back towards the bed. The contrast between him and his wife’s lover had never been so pronounced. Whilst he remained on his knees and rubbing his piss-soaked padding Steven, with his well-toned body glistening in sweat, was like a king.

“Just put it in me!” Jane whined as she remained bent over. She lowered her head without looking away from Anthony causing her ass to become even more focused.

“What do you see?” Steven asked as he pointed down to his crotch.

“Your… Well, it’s your erm…” Anthony’s throat was full of shame making the words hard to get out. When he was able to spit them out they sounded so pathetic and unsure, “It’s your penis?”

“Wrong.” Steven smirked, “This is a cock. A proper manly cock made for pleasuring women.”

Anthony remained silent. He was distracted somewhat by Jane wantonly pushing back and trying to impale herself on Steven’s organ. It was like she had lost all reason and only wanted to satisfy her deepest craving.

“Say it.” Steven continued.

“It’s… It’s your cock.” Anthony found the words hard to say.

“Good boy.” Steven mockingly praised Anthony. His finger that had been pointing at his own crotch now pointed to Anthony’s, “And what’s in your diaper?”

“My cock?” Anthony replied. Again his answer sounded like a question. It truly sounded like he wasn’t sure what he had in there or whether it was the same thing Steven was using to make his wife scream in pleasure.

“Wrong again.” Steven laughed, “That’s your tiny, little baby pee-pee.”

“Steven, please, I need…” Jane moaned. She sounded like Anthony when he was whining about his unfair treatment.

Jane was cut off when Steven’s hand quickly but lightly spanked her rear end. She let out a little yelp but bit her lip and smiled. Anthony agreed with Jane. He wanted this all over so he could escape from witnessing the scene. It was simultaneously hotter than any porn he had ever seen and crushing in the most embarrassing and humiliating ways imaginable.

“Say it.” Steven demanded. It was clear dominating Anthony was turning him on even more.

“It’s my… tiny, little baby pee-pee.” Anthony muttered.

“Louder!” Steven demanded.

“It’s my tiny, little baby pee-pee.” Steven replied in a regular speaking voice. He cringed as he heard the words.

“Shout it!” Steven exclaimed, “I want the neighbours to hear you!”

“IT’S MY TINY, LITTLE BABY PEE-PEE!” Steven yelled. His face warmed from the humiliation as he thought about who might actually hear him. The neighbours were a long way away but his twins were in a bedroom just down the landing.

Steven pushed into Jane as Anthony yelled and their grunts filled the air. Anthony had no more dignity or pride to worry about and he started rubbing himself even more furiously. He saw Jane watching him with her eyes half-closed and mouth hanging open. Every time she was thrust into she let out a moan of ecstasy.

Steven wasn’t going to make this last any longer than he had to. He looked desperate to cum and as he slammed into Jane a wet slapping sound echoed around the room. He pushed Jane lower until her face was in the sheets and her legs were spread as far as they could go. She was gripping the sheets so hard Anthony though they might tear.

“I’m gonna cum.” Steven said breathlessly as he continued to piston into Jane.

Anthony wasn’t going to be far behind and as he saw Steven suddenly slow and then grunt he felt his second orgasm of the session hit him. His pee-pee twitched and throbbed as it forced out what little he had left after the first orgasm. On the bed Steven’s climax seemed to last a lot longer and by the time he slumped down bit he and Jane were panting hard. He slowly pulled out and laid back on the bed.

“That was… the best yet.” Jane said between pants, “I think I came three times!”

“A new record.” Steven joked as he raised his arm in tired victory.

Jane’s legs shook as she adjusted her position and then fell back into Steven’s arms. Anthony was slumped down himself. He was sweating all over and recovering from his own orgasms. He was also burdened by a metric ton of shame. He heard the two lovers gently pecking each other with kisses until it all went quiet. He started to wonder if they’d fallen asleep and forgotten about him.

Anthony shifted awkwardly. His diaper was soaked from Steven using him as a toilet earlier and the sticky mess in the front of his diaper was uncomfortable. He shifted position and intentionally made as much noise as he could in the hope of attracting attention so he could have his diaper changed.

“I suppose I should change him.” Jane sighed without sitting up.

“Don’t worry.” Steven replied, “I’ll do it.”

“Are you sure?” Jane asked.

“Yeah, you just relax.” Steven sat up and stretched. Anthony could see that he was still half-hard as he picked up a robe and put it on.

Steven nodded his head to tell Anthony to follow him. Anthony got to his feet with a little difficulty, his muscles didn’t want to cooperate at all. He staggered a couple of steps before he had to get back down on his knees. All that time on his knees had seemed to make his joints seize up.

“Maybe you should crawl.” Steven suggested.

“I…” Anthony started.

“Crawl.” Steven repeated.

Anthony looked over towards Jane but she was lying on the bed still. She wasn’t even looking his way. Anthony wasn’t sure he’d be able to walk too far anyway, with his legs aching from the prolonged kneeling he flopped forwards on to his hands and started crawling. The wet padding between his legs effected his movement and his bulbous rear swayed behind him as he made his way out of the room behind Steven.

Halfway down the landing Anthony heard a door open and just when he thought his day couldn’t get any worse he saw Megan step out. She turned towards the bathroom when she must’ve caught sight of the odd pair out of the corner of her eye. She did a double-take and then stared with disgust.

“You two could at least keep it down when we’re here.” Megan said towards Steven, “It is disgusting hearing mother…”

Megan shivered and stopped. Her eyes closed, clearly thinking about the exclamations of ecstasy from her mother was not something she wanted to do. Either way when she opened them again she looked down at her father and shook her head. It seemed a mixture of disappointment and pity. Anthony looked away.

“What can I say?” Steven shrugged, “I’m just that good.”

“You’re so gross.” Megan said.

“Don’t be such a prude.” Steven replied with a chuckle.

From the ground Anthony felt like he should be speaking up. This man was talking to his daughter in a way that was entirely inappropriate. Sure she was an adult but the last thing she wanted to know about was her mother’s sex life yet alone see her father crawling out of the room afterwards. He didn’t say anything though, he just watched as Megan looked at him for a few seconds before shaking her head and turning away.

As Megan stomped her way downstairs Steven led the way to the nursery. Anthony crawled along behind him just wanting to get things over with. He went straight to his changing table and climbed up with a little difficulty, thankfully the movement of his legs was slowly reviving him.

Anthony chose to zone out as the diaper was opened and Steven started to clean him. He didn’t listen to what Jane’s boyfriend said, he simply looked at the wall and felt defeated. What little delusions he had managed to maintain about possibly winning his wife back had been smashed. He had never seen Jane so happy whether sexually or not.

Anthony was taped into a new diaper and then helped over to the crib. He was grateful to have some time alone, it felt like he had a lot to digest. The rails rattled up and he curled over on his side with his bottle.