

Submitting to Diapers

"It will be okay, hun," said Kate.

She was wearing a black cocktail dress, looking stunning as always. She was already taller than me, but when she wore her high heels, she would tower over me as if I was just a kid.

"I don't even know this guy. Why do I have to be here?"

She had invited a friend over. An old high school friend she had not seen in years. His name was Victor, and he was in town for a couple of weeks and wanted to reconnect.

"Well. He is a friend and wants to meet my husband. So you'll be here, and you'll be on your best behavior. That's the least you could do."

"Least I could do? What do you mean?"

She scanned me closely. I was wearing some shorts, a funny shirt, and no shoes.

"I'm the one working my ass out to keep us from losing the house. I'm the one that cleans after you. The one that is responsible and behaves like a grown-up. The very least you could do is behave when I have visits over."

Her words, hurtful as they were, were true. I had never been too good at working or making money. So, it wasn't surprising for either of us when I was fired from my job a year ago. I had tried to get a new one, but my lack of skills and charisma played against me.

"I'll behave," I said, reluctantly.

"Good"

"You and Victor," I said, doubting whether or not I wanted an answer, "did you go out?"

She nodded.

"But that's in the past," she said, scanning me, "I'm married to you now."

I nodded.

It was almost twelve to eight when the bell rang. I had showered, dressed, and was ready for an awkward night. So, without the need to be told to do so, I went and opened the door.

"Hello, little buddy. Is your mommy home?" Asked a tall, dark man with a husky voice and arms like guns. He was wearing a classy suit, making me feel embarrassed about my choice of clothes.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"Kate didn't tell me she had a boy."

"I'm her husband."

There was a short silence.

"Oh, my bad. Please forgive me. You must be Connor."

I nodded

"Pleased to meet you," He said, offering his hand, "I'm Victor."

I met his hand with mine for a handshake, and I had to do my best not to cry in pain as he pressed my hands with his. His hands were already huge and bigger than mine, and on top of that, they were a lot stronger.

"Nice handshake" He said.

I only smiled awkwardly.

"Oh, Victor," I heard Kate say, "you look so handsome."

As if I wasn't there, my wife pushed me off the way and hugged the tall, handsome man as if he was the husband. He placed one of his enormous hands right over her beautiful butt, and she grabbed onto him as a cat on heat.

It was a very awkward moment.

I cleared my throat once, but it didn't break the hug. So, I did again. And they both glared at me as if I'd done something wrong.

"Victor, this is Connor."

"We've already met," I said.

"Yeah, we did. He's a good boy," he answered, and Kate allowed him inside the house, "what a charming place you guys have."

Kate smiled. I didn't.

Victor sat on my favorite couch as if the place was his. Kate said nothing, so I said nothing. Instead, she ordered me to bring a glass of wine for her and for her friend. It was humiliating enough to have him over, but having to serve him was even worse. But, I did as told because I promised Kate I would behave. My guess is that included obeying her without complaining.

I went to the kitchen, got them the wine, and picked one myself.

"You look even more gorgeous today than you did when we met," I heard him say from the living room "how on earth did I let you go?"

Kate chuckled like a schoolgirl.

He was flirting with my wife. I wasn't having any of it. He might be tall and more masculine than me, but she was mine. I was going to assert myself. Show them who wore the pants in the house.

So, I went out to confront Victor, only to find him alone.

"She's gone up to find something," he said, smiling 'cause he knew I was displeased by his flirting, "You are a lucky man."

I only nodded.

"Thanks for the wine, by the way. You are indeed a good boy. Though, you look a lot more like a good girl."

That was it. I had to say something. But before I could assert myself, he stood up. He was tall and handsome, and he knew it.

"There you are. Did you find it?" He said.

I turned to see my gorgeous wife standing behind me.

"I've had with me all this time," she said, approaching him and ignoring me, "you were so good with your hands."

"Still am"

They both chuckled. I didn't know why.

"What did you find?" I asked.

They looked at me as if I was bothering them with my presence. Bothering them by existing in my own house.

"Victor made me a bracelet when we started dating," she said, showing me something that looked carved by a craftsman master, "isn't it beautiful?"

I nodded, not wanting to anger her. Why did she keep it for such a long time? Why was she saying nothing about his previous flirtation? What was going on? I needed some answers. And I was gonna get them.

"Can we talk," I asked my wife, "in the kitchen"

"Whatever you have to say," She said, pausing.

"You can say it in front of me," said Victor.

I chuckled

"Very well," I said, breathing deeply, "I want you to stop touching my wife. I want you two to stop flirting as if I was not here. I'm her husband. I demand..."

But I couldn't finish. I felt a sharp pain in my stomach. So strong I fell on my knees right at Victor's feet. He had punched me. But that wasn't the biggest of my problems. He must have done it near my bladder 'cause I felt a warm and constant stream of pee escaping me. If the pain wasn't enough to make me cry, the humiliation of having peed myself in front of my wife and her guest was.

I cried loudly like a little kid.

At first, they said nothing, but once they noticed why I was crying, they burst into laughter. She didn't defend me or say anything to him. She just laughed at me, and that made me cry even more.

"I think you owe me and Kate an apology," Said Victor after a long minute, "You should learn to respect people, especially those that could beat you in seconds."

I needed to stand up. I needed to assert myself again. Though it was difficult when you just peed yourself in front of the people you want to assert yourself with. Anyhow, I tried. I stood up angrily and still with tears in my eyes.

"I don't owe you anything," I said in between sobs, "you better leave or..."

"Or what?"

"I'll call the cops. You'll be in prison by the end of the night."

"You underestimate the situation, little one"

"Stop calling me that. I'm older than you both."

Kate and Victor laughed.

"Older? You just wet your pants like a toddler, and you want to pretend you are a man" said Kate, laughing at me, "we should punish you for your insolence."

"You...you can't..."

"Can't we?" Asked Victor, turning to see Kate, who gave him a nod.

"What are you doing?" I asked as I felt his enormous hands grabbing me by the wrist, "stop," I pleaded.

He was pulling me toward him as he walked toward the couch. He finally sat, and with one fast move, he undressed my wet pants and undies, exposing my dick and balls. Nothing happened at first, but then he started laughing.

"What's this? I thought you said you were a man. Men have hair in their balls, and balls are bigger than two little marbles," he said, laughing, "can you even please her with this ridicule thing," he kept saying as he grabbed my dick, making it grow harder. Though, that wasn't saying much.

I've always been ashamed of my little dick and was relieved when I found Kate. She never said anything about its size and seemed to enjoy it whenever we had sex, which hasn't been in a while now that I think about it.

"Please," I pleaded again between sobs, "stop it."

"But you seem to be enjoying it. Why should I stop."

I shook my head, turning to see Kate. My eyes pleaded to her. She was my wife, after all. She should say something if someone tried to grab my dick, and she should be angry if someone did it.

"Don't look at me," she said, "I agree with Victor. Your little prick seems to be enjoying the attention."

"How can you say that?" I asked, sobbing, "you are supposed to defend me."

"Am I? You are supposed to defend yourself. After all, you are the man. Aren't you?"

I couldn't answer. I began crying again. But, even if I wasn't crying, she was right. I thought things couldn't get any worse. I was wrong.

"He is no man," said Victor, "it's time he learns that."

Before I could react, Victor grabbed me by the arm and pulled me close to him. He laid me on his lap, and I knew what was about to happen. I didn't even have time to prepare myself when I heard the first SMACK and my entire body trembled with it. I don't think I've ever felt that amount of pain in my life.

And it wasn't over. Before long, he had smacked me again, and again, and again, and again. I couldn't free from his lap. All I could do was cry harder than I've ever cried in my life, and hope it would end up soon.

But it didn't.

He kept going until my ass began burning. I swear I thought it was going to explode eventually. Then, when I had no more tears inside of me. He stopped.

"What a husband you've got," said Victor with me still on his lap, "he pees himself, he is disrespectful, and he cries like a baby when someone does something to him."

"You are right. He ain't much of a man or a husband. We should've married instead. I bet you would make me feel like a woman in ways Connor could never."

I didn't say anything. I would be crying if there were more tears in me, but there weren't. Not anymore.

"Please," I said, "please don't hurt me."

They both chuckled at how pathetic I was.

"Sure. But you have to give up something in return."

I nodded softly.

"I want you to give up your pride. I want you to admit you are not a man and that your wife deserves a real man. I want you to beg me to be her man."

I shook my head.

He started spanking my ass again and then stopped.

"If you disagree. I won't stop."

I still couldn't agree. He was asking me to admit something I didn't believe was true. I was a man. She was my wife. I couldn't say it.

He started spanking me again. This time, I couldn't believe it was possible, harder.

"I'm not a man," I cried in between smacks, "please be the man my wife deserves. Take her as your own. Please stop. Stop. Stop."

And he did.

This time he sat me on his lap, and my butt burned in contact with his pants. I was afraid they were beyond repair and that I would not be able to sit ever again. That's what I was thinking, but it wasn't even as bad as what came next.

"Now that I'm the man of the house," He paused to let my wife kiss him on the lips, "things are going to change around here."

I nodded, "whatever you want. Just please don't hurt anymore."

"I won't so long as you cooperate. Will you cooperate?"

I nodded again.

"No. I want you to say YES, DADDY."

It took me a long second, but I complied, "yes, daddy."

"Good girl," he said, "now I want you to look at your wife in the eyes. And I want you to say the following: Mommy, please put me back in diapers because I'm a silly baby girl who cannot keep her pants dry."

I turned to see my wife. Tears ran down my cheeks. I must have been looking so pathetic. But it didn't matter.

I didn't want another spank. I didn't think I could take it.

"Well, Connor. Do you have something to say to me?"

I nodded.

"Pwease, mommy. Can you put me back in diapers?"

"Why?" She asked.

"Because I'm a silly baby girl that cannot keep her pants dry," I said, breaking into a desperate cry again, feeling as if any trace of manhood was dying inside of me.

She nodded, "let me get this straight. You want to be put back in diapers and treated like a baby girl?"

I didn't know what to say, so I looked at Victor. I could feel his manhood growing against my burning bums. He didn't say anything.

He just nodded.

"Yes," I said, "I wanna be a baby girl."

She smiled as if expecting that answer. I, on the other hand, felt dirty. Maybe all of me was feeling that way 'cause I couldn't stop shaking and trembling in Victor's lap.

"Can you take the baby to the room?" She asked.

Victor said nothing. He just stood up with me on his right arm and held my back with his left one. I did feel like a baby at that moment. It must have been a bizarre scenario. A grown-up man being carried by a much taller, much more masculine specimen. My wet pants and undies on my ankles, and my arms holding Victor's neck. Why was I holding his neck? I was scared I would fall. Though, it was also because it made me feel better.

He took me all the way to my room, which made me wonder how he knew where it was. But I didn't have time to think about it for long 'cause Kate appeared just seconds after Victor placed me over the bed. She was smiling and looking as gorgeous as ever.

"I'm..." I tried to speak, but Victor took my hand and placed my own thumb inside my mouth.

"Suck on it. Say nothing unless we command you to"

I only nodded.

"You might be wondering what is going to happen to you. Or maybe not. After all, you just asked for it," she paused, opening her closet and grabbing a plastic package from it, "you'll be such a good baby girl for mommy and daddy."

She placed the package next to me. It was a package of baby diapers. But they couldn't be baby diapers because they looked huge.

She opened the package and picked up one of them. She then went to the closet again and came back with a package of baby wipes and a bottle of baby powder.

"Victor and I have been more than friends for months now. And now that you've begged him and me to be a baby girl, I see no reason to pretend you can be my husband," she said, commanding me to sit over the diaper.

I didn't move at first. But I had to when Victor began walking towards me. I flinched and sat on top of the diaper as instructed.

"Good girl," said Victor, smirking.

I began sucking my thumb even harder. I didn't want to be a baby girl. I didn't want to wear diapers.

And I didn't want to see my wife with this man.

I didn't want many things, but I also didn't want to be spanked again. Or worse.

Victor commanded me to lie down, and I did.

Kate began cleaning my skin with baby wipes, paying extra attention to my buttocks, penis, and balls. When she was over, she began spreading baby powder all over me. The sensation of the powder against my skin and the smell of it transported me back to a very deep place in my head. I had a flashback of another woman, my mother, probably doing the same. Then the diaper came on, and she taped it like she had been practicing for it.

I thought it was over, but Victor kept his hand on me. Pressing down so that I couldn't move. Kate returned to her closet with what seemed to be a white dress only a baby would wear. The problem was it was probably long enough to fit me.

"You'll look so cute in this," She said.

Victor helped her get me into the dress, and then she did my hair into two small pigtails. I said nothing the entire time it happened. I just sat there like a real toddler letting her mommy change her into her clothes for the day. It was humiliating, but I couldn't protest. I still had my thumb in my mouth.

So I said nothing, and then it was done. I was locked in ridiculous clothes as Victor grabbed me again and carried me as if I weighed nothing. That was a big thing 'cause I was still on the chubby side of the spectrum, even if I was shorter.

"Let's have a look at you," Said Victor, standing in front of a mirror.

At first, I didn't want to look at it. But then forced my head to turn, and I couldn't fight back. I was there, looking back at myself. Except it wasn't me. It was a pretty little girl in her daddy's arms. The image and my brain couldn't match. Something didn't compute there. I was looking in the mirror, but it was a little girl looking back.

I cried and sucked my thumb even harder.