When Ryan opened the apartment door and Anna dragged the bags inside her first reaction was of shock. Ryan had said it looked great on the way up but she still hadn’t expected what she saw. The main room was one cavernous open space. A kitchen was against the wall separated from the main room by a waist-level counter top. The living room area was massive. There was a big TV mounted on the wall, a couch, a couple of arm chairs and even a bean bag. In the middle of all the seats was a glass table.

The bedroom was just as impressive. It was located off a hallway on the far side of the living room from the front door. A large double bed dominated the room with fluffy pillows and fresh sheets all over. Everything was wooden but it didn’t look flimsy or cheap, Anna had to admit this room looked very comfortable. There were, of course, a couple of caveats not least of which was the large padded changing table against one of the walls. The shelves underneath stood empty and ready for the supplies the married couple had brought from home.

“How much did this cost?” Anna found herself asking as she sat on the edge of the bed. She felt her wet diaper push against her crotch as she did so. She didn’t remember wetting since her last change.

“I don’t know.” Ryan admitted, “My father is paying.”

“Of course…” Anna said under her breath.

“I think I’ll unpack your changing supplies and then I’ll see about changing you.” Ryan said as he went back towards the living room where the bags were waiting.

“I don’t really need one yet.” Anna said.

“It wasn’t a suggestion.” Ryan called out as he left the room.

Anna sighed. She should’ve known better than to think her opinion mattered. She couldn’t be too upset though, after the incident at the truck stop she was just grateful her situation wasn’t any worse.

A minute after leaving Ryan came back in with one of the bags. He unzipped it and started pulling out the supplies. The top shelf was stacked full of fresh diapers and Anna could do little but watch as a dozen disposables were put in easy reach for her changes. Powder, wipes and cream went on to the next shelf.

“Come on.” Ryan said as he gestured towards his wife.

Anna forced herself up and over towards the changing table. She was about to get undressed when Ryan stopped her. To her embarrassment he started to remove her clothes without her helping at all. This was strange, Anna thought, not even her father had ever done this. Ryan seemed determined to do it all though.

“Wait, I think I have a better idea…” Ryan said once Anna was stripped down to her wet padding.

Anna’s hand was taken and she was led out of the bedroom. She felt strangely exposed despite Ryan seeing her like this before, she supposed it was because this was a new place, it wasn’t home yet even if it might eventually become that way.

There were two more doors that remained closed and it was to the one furthest down the hallway that Anna was taken. Ryan opened the door to reveal the bathroom beyond. Ryan let go of Anna’s arm and leaned over the tub to turn on the faucets, he pushed the plug into the hole and the bath started slowly filling.

“What’s happening?” Anna asked. She decided that wording sounded less confrontational than demanding to know what he was doing.

“I’m giving you a bath.” Ryan replied as he finally straightened up happy with the temperature of the water.

“That’s stu-…” Anna stopped herself, “I… I usually do this myself.”

“Well, things are different now.” Ryan replied, “I’m in charge.”

Anna looked down at the water as it slowly rose in the bath. There was silence apart from the splashing water as Anna tried to come to terms with the new situation. She hadn’t been bathed by someone else since she was a little girl. Was she really going to be kept so firmly under thumb that she wouldn’t even be allowed to do this by herself?

“OK, in you get.” Ryan said when he finally reached forwards to shut the water off. He pulled the tapes off her diaper with a little difficulty thanks to his wet hands.

Anna wanted to refuse but as her wet diaper fell to the floor she felt obliged to do as Ryan said. She was alone with this man who essentially owned her so antagonizing didn’t seem like the smartest move. She lifted her legs and stepped into the hot water. She lowered herself down until she was sat at the bottom.

There were no bubbles in the bath so despite the water Anna was very visible. To avoid looking at her husband who was folding up the used diaper Anna looked around the room. It was a fairly standard bathroom though it was immaculately clean. Her eyes fell on the toilet opposite her and she breathed out heavily.

If Anna was expecting any relaxation of the rules with Ryan she was quickly disappointed. She wasn’t even allowed to clean herself. Ryan rubbed soap on her and then took the flannel to rinse off the soap, Anna was left feeling helpless and useless as she let Ryan move her limbs and wash her completely.

Throughout the whole bath the only sound was the splashing and dripping of water. Ryan worked silently and Anna had to bite her tongue, this was excruciatingly embarrassing and thanks to Ryan insisting on doing everything it meant it wasn’t quick either. She wasn’t even allowed to wash her own private parts. She could only stare forwards as her breasts were covered in soap and cleaned. Ryan manipulated them without any eroticism, it was as if he was just cleaning a couple of volleyballs. It was even worse when he tentatively cleaned between her legs. He barely spent any time down there and after the briefest touch he quickly pulled his hand away.

By the time Anna got out of the bath her fingers had wrinkled up. Ryan wrapped a towel around her and started rubbing it. Anna hated feeling dependent on others and all this treatment was making her as angry as it was embarrassing.

“Right, a new diaper and dressed before we unpack.” Ryan said cheerily. It was the first words spoken since Anna had got into the water.

Anna was taken back to the bedroom and over to the changing table. She was still a little damp but it wasn’t too bad and as she hopped up on to the edge of the changing table she actually felt a little relief that she would be getting clothes again.

“We don’t want you peeing everywhere…” Ryan said as he pulled out one of the dozen diapers under the padded surface.

Anna clenched her fists. She had tried her hardest to retain her continence despite the years and years of continual diaper usage but she knew she had only been partially successful. Whilst she was sure she would be able to get to the toilet most of the time if she had a chance there was no doubt her control was weaker than it would have been if she were anywhere else in the world. She didn’t like being reminded of this fact.

Anna’s legs were lifted and the fresh diaper was slipped underneath her butt. She was lowered back down and the front of the padding was pulled up between her legs. It was taped closed and Anna sighed as her time out of diapers came to an end. She sat up and looked down at her crotch as Ryan returned to a one of the bags, he was searching for something.

“This will do.” Ryan said as he pulled something bright and colorful out of the bag.

Anna cringed as the clothing unfolded to reveal a plain white t-shirt and a pink denim overalls. The bottom was a short skirt and it rose up to a chest piece and straps that went over the shoulders. On the chest area was a white bunny rabbit that was stitched into the material. Anna hadn’t seen this before, this must’ve been something Ryan had got her.

“Cute, isn’t it?” Ryan asked as he smiled, “Come on. You can’t walk around naked all day.”

Anna really, really didn’t want to wear the overalls. She knew it was very common for women to be dressed in an infantile way but she had never really suffered with that. Sure, the stuff she wore wasn’t what she would choose but it was rarely as overtly baby-like as this at home, it was one of the few ways she could rebel. Anna had to force one foot in front of the other as she walked across to her husband.

It wasn’t long before Anna was dressed and when she didn’t think the outfit could be any worse she realised the skirt portion didn’t totally cover her diaper. She shuddered but the worst part was that Ryan wasn’t finished. A pair of knee-length socks were produced, pink and white rings went around the material as they were pulled up Anna’s legs.

“Maybe we should put your hair in pigtails to complete the look…” Ryan said thoughtfully as he looked at Anna.

“Please…” Anna was totally downcast. She didn’t know how much more of this she could take and when she thought about this being the rest of her life she wanted to curl up into a ball and cry. She could hear Ryan pause just as he was about to say something. There were a couple of seconds of silence.

“I suppose this’ll do.” Ryan said when he looked at Anna, “OK, you can help unpack.”

Anna crinkled her way out of the room behind Ryan to where most of their bags were sitting in the living room. It turned out that when Ryan said she should “help” unpack it meant she was going to do it all. As Anna toiled and put everything away Ryan lounged on the couch and spent a while checking out the television and entertainment features and then left the apartment. He didn’t say where he was going and Anna supposed it didn’t matter.

When Anna had finished putting the last of their things away she dropped on to the couch and took a deep breath. She was on the verge of a panic attack. Every now and then the full weight of the future fell on her and she felt like she couldn’t breathe until she fought the anxiety away. She reached down to check her diaper and found that she was a little damp, she assumed it must’ve happened whilst she was putting things away.

Anna walked over to the side of the apartment opposite the kitchen. There was a balcony out there and she stepped out into the sunshine. Anna walked across the wooden decking to the small wall on the edge. She looked over the edge into a courtyard that was surrounded on all sides by these apartments, she wondered how many of them had women just like her trapped in servitude inside. She had no idea how long she stood out there but there was something calming about people-watching from on high like this.

“Pretty cool view.” Ryan’s voice startled Anna so much she let out a little squeak and felt a fresh spurt of urine warm her diaper.

“I… I didn’t hear you come in.” Anna said quietly.

“I was just next door helping Paul settle in.” Ryan said as he walked out and stood next to Anna.

“I should… I need to go and…” Anna stuttered and trailed off. The truth was she didn’t really have anything to do but she felt uncomfortable.

“You’re free until dinner.” Ryan said without looking at her, “Try to make it for around six, OK?”

Anna nodded even though Ryan wasn’t looking at her and then went inside. She went to the bedroom and closed the door behind her. She went over to the handbag she had kept with her and after checking that the door remained closed she opened it up. At the bottom of the bag were her two prized items, her photo album and her copy of *Jane Eyre*. She hugged both to her chest as she got on to the mattress and closed her eyes.