



THE CUCKOLD DILEMMA

A Short Story



BecomingBabyAgain

This was the worst situation you could have ever found yourself in. Mommy always insisted that whenever you made a messy diaper, you were to come find her and announce very loudly (no matter where you were or who was around) that you'd made a *big stinky* in your diaper and that you'd need *changies*!

This was always terrifyingly humiliating when you were both out with friends. Of course, in public she still allowed you to wear those big boys clothes so all your friends and colleagues wouldn't notice anything strange. But once the two of you were in the comforts of being alone, she'd rip these clothes off you until you were standing in just you diaper, and pull out some kind of silky sissy costume, or big soft baby clothes with cartoon characters or princesses printed in patterns.

This time it was different. You had always been alone together. That evening you had been lay in the floor with children's TV blaring away when the doorbell rang. Being such a normal sound in everyday life, you barely payed any attention, it was just someone at the door! But when mommy walked past and shouted "I'll get it!" you immediately realised how you were lay in full view of whoever stood in that doorway!

Before you could try and push yourself up from the ground, Mommy raced to the door and swung it open. There in the doorway was a tall and very well build black man, dressed in a trim suit and holding a bouquet of flowers wrapped in a dainty pink ribbon.

"Are these for me?!" Mommy said with a little gasp as surprise as you tried your best to crawl behind the sofa away from view.

"May I come in?" he said with a smooth husky tone.

"Of course". You knew you couldn't hide for much longer but that still didn't stop you from lying still in the shadow of the couch.

"Come through into the kitchen" she said, just as you noticed how well she had dressed this evening.

He stepped through into the house and followed her through into the kitchen, passing past the very sofa in which you were hidden. You didn't notice if he had seen you, but then it was hard to notice anything with your head hiding in shame behind the arm of the seat. The two of them stayed in the kitchen for a while and you could hear the light chatter of conversation with the clinking of glasses and tableware. Surely you couldn't stay hidden all evening? How long was he going to be here? What was he actually doing? There was no clock or anything to gauge the passage of time, but it was almost 40 minutes before the two of them came back out into the living room.

"She's around here somewhere but I'm sure she'll be very very shy!" laughed Mommy as the voices came closer. Then they appeared and sat themselves down on the chairs in the living room, each one letting out a polite little laugh as they saw you crouched behind one of the seats.

“Aww are you hiding? Don’t be shy” teased Mommy from across the room, “you’re closest, you can pick her up if you like” she spoke softly to her man.

You looked up with your mouth open in a kind of shock as the man stepped up from the couch, placed his drink down and then fell down onto his knees before shuffling over to you.

“Hello! Hi, hi there” he spoke in a silly little high pitched voice, you didn’t reply. “Do you want to come up?” he asked in his condescending tone. Without time to react he picked you up placing his hands under your arms without any fuss almost as if you were weightless. Then he carried himself upright again lifting you high off the ground and sat himself down on the sofa right next to mommy.

“She is very cute” he said, looking over at her as if trying to impress, with using his fingers to pinch at your cheeks and rub under your cheeks. With his other hand he lifted the hem of your silky pink and white dress revealing tops of your knee length socks and showing off the ruffled diaper cover that hid the princess pink diapers around your waist.

“Does she...umm?” he asked,

“What?”

“Wear diapers?”

“Oh” she laughed, “well my poor little baby here doesn’t have much control, do you?”. You shook your head a little but she didn’t seem satisfied by that response, she repeated it, “do you?”

“No mommy” you meekly responded,

“but I think she likes wearing them, she certainly uses them enough!” With that, mommy lifted you off his knee and bounced you down on hers, continuing to talk in great detail about nap times, diaper changes, your full sissy wardrobe and about how fun feedings can be! After a while, the mood between them obviously changed. His hands wandered, first placed on her knee and then sliding their way up her leg slightly and around her waist. Halfway through one of her sentences, he leaned forward and planted a kiss on her lips.

“You really are gorgeous” he said and she blushed slightly. After a while, it was clear that you were a little in the way and Mommy lifted you off her knee and placed you back down on the floor as she sat closer to him. You watched silently up as the two of them, with their heads resting on each other’s began to kiss each other lightly. She whispered into his ear.

“I think we’d be more comfortable upstairs”

“Hmmm” he said pretending to think it over, “I think we might be”.

The two of them stood up and she almost dragged him by his hand upstairs to her bedroom, leaving you sat down alone on the floor. After about 5 minutes had passed you decided to have a little spy, just to see what they were doing (although you had a pretty good idea...). You slowly stood up and stepped over to the stairs, taking each step one at a time making sure that the floor didn't make a loud tell-tale creak! As you reached the top step, you felt a slight pressure in your stomach. After being forced into diapers 24/7 for almost 2 years now, not only did you not really have a lot of control left but often the little control you still had was consciously ignored. With the little cramp, your reactions took over and you feel yourself pushing a thick mess deep into your diapers, feeling the warm mush clumping in the seat of your diaper and hearing the slight muffled crinkling as the diaper expanded slightly. You knew the rules, each time you made a mess you had to announce it to Mommy to make sure she (and everyone around) knew it.

You slightly waddled your way over to her room but paused as you were about to push it over. It was obvious what was happening inside, you could hear through the door her little suppressed moans and his large grunting noises. You pushed the door open slowly but against your horror, it let out a loud and long creak! Mommy and the man were under the covers but you saw how he was bent over her, the two of them turned their faces to see you stood in the light of the doorway.

"What!" she shouted.

"Mommy, I made poopies!" you wailed as you began to cry a little

"Just close the door and sit down there in the corner, and I'll change you when we're finished!"