**A Good Husband Prepares For A Visit 2**

**By Elfy**

“Are those diapers!?” Madeline’s voice was full of shock as she still stood next to the couch and tried to come to terms with what she was seeing. She looked shell-shocked.

Tommy winced as he heard what he perceived to be the venom in her voice. She sounded surprised and amused, it was like she was on the verge of bursting into laughter and the only thing holding her back was being unsure that it would be the proper thing to do in this situation.

Picking up some of the painted wooden blocks scattered around his playpen, Tommy tried to ignore the stinging feeling in his rear end and sniff away the sobs that still wracked his body as he tried to live with the embarrassment of what had happened.

“Of course they are.” Samantha stated matter-of-factly, “I hope so at least… If he doesn’t have them on I’ll be scrubbing the floor soon.”

The two women’s shrill laughter caused Tommy to wince as he looked determinedly away from his wife and her friend. His watery eyes threatened to overwhelm him but he did his best to maintain what little dignity he had left.

“Sam, you have to tell me everything!” Madeline said.

“Sure, you want coffee?” Samantha offered.

“Yeah, that would be nice.” Madeline answered.

The two women walked out to the dining room and whilst Samantha went through to the kitchen Madeline stayed in the doorway so she could see the infantilised husband. It took her a minute to be able to pull her attention away from Tommy and his diapered state, Tommy sat in the pen and tried to pretend that he didn’t notice the visitor staring at him.

As Madeline looked away and out towards the kitchen Tommy dared to look up from his childish games to see her watching Samantha make their drinks. He couldn’t help but feel in awe of her, like most of the women in Tommy’s life Madeline was beautiful in an almost terrifying way.

At a little over six feet tall Madeline towered over Tommy and the height difference was only more pronounced when she wore her favoured high-heeled boots. Her height made her automatically intimidating and Tommy was often cowed by her presence. He didn’t think it was a secret to anyone, even his wife, that he had a little crush on Madeline. He would never act on it of course but the way he acted around her always seemed to make others laugh, he couldn’t help it. He was equal parts enchanted and terrified by her.

Madeline’s long brown hair went past her shoulders and partially obscured the top of the dress she was wearing. The dress was rather simple, it was mostly black but with white stripes going horizontally across the chest. These stripes did a lot to emphasise Madeline’s breasts which were larger than average to fit her frame.

Madeline’s face was at the same time soft and yet could turn into something much harder without a lot of warning. Tommy had seen her go from smiling and disarming to scary very quickly, it only served to make her even more alluring in his eyes. She was like a puzzle he wanted to solve.

“He’s like that all the time?” Madeline asked when she walked back into the living room with drinks. Tommy noticed a bottle of milk for him that was dropped rather casually into the playpen.

“Yeah, my little stinker is always padded.” Samantha replied with a smile. Both the women started laughing.

Tommy was cringing on the floor as he listened to the two women discuss his humiliating situation as if he wasn’t even there. He was sat on his padded ass but the pain of the spanking made him feel really sore. The skin felt itchy but he tried to resist the urge to rub his butt for relief.

“And he uses them for… Everything?” Madeline asked.

Tommy was turned away from the women now but he could hear the disgust that punctuated Madeline’s question. He reached over for his bottle and did his best to tune out the way he was talked about like a disgusting thing to be sneered at.

“Yes he does.” Samantha replied quickly.

“That’s so gross.” Madeline’s voice was just dripping with judgement.

Tommy flinched but could feel himself getting quite angry. He felt like an exhibit at a zoo as he sat quietly and prayed for the world to open up and swallow him whole. When he lifted his bottle up for a drink he quickly found urine coming out his other end. He felt like a pipe as liquid went in one end and out the other without him trying to stop the flow. At least it briefly distracted him from the tortuous conversation on the couch.

Samantha started relaying the whole story to Madeline and made sure to leave in some of the more humiliating stories, the things Tommy wanted desperately to forget.

“Woah, woah, woah… You have a boyfriend?” Madeline asked when Samantha got to Brad. Her question was more a gasp of surprise than anything else.

“Yeah, Tommy agreed that he wasn’t man enough anymore and mommy needed a daddy.” Samantha laughed as she spoke causing more pinpricks of anger to stab at Tommy’s skin.

“So you, like, cucked Tommy?” Madeline asked.

Why did Madeline need everything spelt out for her? Tommy was cringing as he finished his bottle, this was one of his least favourite aspects of his new life and yet here it was getting dredged up to be talked about. He knew and accepted Brad could satisfy Samantha in a way he never could, but why did everyone else need to know that fact?

“I guess I did…” Samantha said, “I don’t really look at it like that though. That would suggest Tommy was a man letting his wife sleep with other men, but it’s pretty clear he isn’t a man. He’s just a baby.”

Tommy felt his breath catch in his chest as he balled his fists up. The room had become like a pressure cooker and Tommy wasn’t sure how much he could take before he blew his top. He knew getting upset would do nothing to help him but what else could he do? He was filled with impotent rage.

“This is wild!” Madeline said as if watching an obscene reality television show, “I mean I saw the highchair out in the dining room too…”

“Yeah, we are fully stocked for a large baby’s needs. I’ll show you the nursery later.” Samantha said with a smile, “But you just reminded me I need to feed him.”

Tommy watched as his wife stood up and opened the gate to the playpen. He stood up and walked out through the gate with his head hanging low. He wanted to go straight out to the dining table but he was stopped before taking a step. Samantha forcibly bent the man over and started prodding and poking the diaper to decide how wet he was.

“You just… Check his diaper like that?” Madeline asked as she covered her smiling mouth.

“Of course.” Samantha replied, “How else am I going to know if a baby needs his diaper changed? I can’t just ask him since he would probably just lie.”

“Why would he lie?” Madeline asked.

“I suspect that he would lie just to avoid being changed with you here.” Samantha said as she stood up and took Tommy’s hand in her own, “Isn’t that right, baby?”

“Yes mommy…” Tommy replied quietly and sulkily.

The two women laughed loudly as Tommy was led out to the dining table. He looked at his highchair with a scowl, he hated eating in that thing since it made him feel so claustrophobic. He could feel a lump in his throat from the shame he was struggling to hide. His cheeks blazed as Madeline sat down on the opposite side of the table and smiled at him. Her beautiful face seemed so cruel, her twisted smile letting Tommy know she enjoyed every moment of his humbling.

“Upsy daisy.” Samantha said as she helped Tommy into the wooden seat.

Tommy didn’t need help but he felt his wife’s hand on his butt giving him a small push anyway. He twisted around and sat down as his wife pulled the tray around. When the tray was locked in position Tommy was pinned against the back of the chair and wouldn’t be able to go no matter what he did.

Samantha walked into the kitchen leaving Tommy and Madeline facing each other across the table. Tommy looked down at the plastic tray, he knew looking up at the visitor would cause him fresh embarrassment. He was close enough to tears as it was he certainly didn’t want to give Madeline an opportunity to see him cry like a toddler.

Fortunately Tommy didn’t have to wait long for Samantha to come back. She was holding a couple of cups of coffee and a small plate of cut up sandwiches for Tommy. She was holding a bottle as well, it was full of milk and caused Tommy to lick his lips without thinking about what he was doing.

“Here you go, baby.” Samantha said as she placed the plate and bottle down, “Can I trust you to feed yourself?”

“Yes… Mommy.” Tommy said through clenched teeth.

“This is incredible.” Madeline said from across the table, “Like, literally incredible!”

Tommy picked up a small part of his sandwich and popped it into his mouth. It wasn’t easy to eat when it felt like his throat was closed up. He chewed and then choked it down as the two women talked.

“So how are things with you?” Samantha asked her friend.

Madeline started telling Samantha about everything that had been going on in her own life and Tommy allowed himself to tune out and pretend he was elsewhere. He ate his sandwich and started drinking from his bottle. He caught Madeline’s shocked face and looked away, he didn’t stop drinking though, he was thirsty and he knew he wasn’t going to be given a regular mug any time soon.

Tommy finished the bottle relatively quickly and then put his bottle down on the tray. The two women continued to talk about Madeline’s life and Tommy couldn’t be less interested in anything that was said. He tuned out again and just looked down at the plastic surface in front of him. He realised that his bladder was full and after holding it for a while he really needed to pee.

With the highchair where it was Tommy knew that his diaper was on full display to Madeline and he saw her occasionally look his way. He knew if he wet himself in the chair that Madeline would see it. The problem the young man was having was his complete lack of choice, he was locked into the highchair and had no choice but to stay where he was. He was quickly growing desperate and he wasn’t used to holding his bladder since he had been put back in diapers.

Tommy tried not to make it obvious what was happening as he opened his legs a little bit and looked into the middle distance. Despite his attempts at remaining covert he heard crinkling from beneath his tray. Just as Tommy felt the hot stream of urine leave his body he saw Madeline look over. She still had that same smile on her face but as she looked at Tommy’s crotch the wetting man saw her eyes widen.

“So I said to Sophie… She… She…” Madeline trailed off midsentence as she looked at Tommy’s darkening underwear.

The peeing had started and now Tommy couldn’t stop it. Madeline was watching his humiliatingly infantile display and Tommy could do nothing to stop. The hot liquid was splashing around his genitals and the bottom of the diaper, it tickled him and he had to lift a leg up just to make himself more comfortable.

“Madeline?” Sophie asked when her friend had trailed off, “What’s wrong?”

Madeline was transfixed by the spreading wet patch on the diaper. Her expression seemed to be half astounded and half disgusted. She barely dared to look up at the man’s face, it was red like stop light and she could swear his eyes were shimmering with tears that he was trying to desperately keep in. Tommy wished she would stop staring or that he could at least escape away and hide somewhere.

“Hello? Earth to Madeline?” Samantha started waving her arms to get her friend’s attention.

Madeline finally looked back at Samantha. Tommy noticed the visitor’s face was also red, he couldn’t tell if Madeline was holding in laughter or just felt embarrassed for Tommy.

“Sorry… I just…” Madeline seemed a little flustered, “I think you might need to check your husband’s diaper.”

Samantha didn’t hesitate to reach around the highchair and press the palm of her hand into Tommy’s diaper. She could feel the heat in the front of the diaper and it was still spreading, Tommy had either just finished wetting himself or was still doing it.

“It can wait until after lunch. These diapers can hold quite a lot.” Samantha said as she pulled her hand away and continued drinking.

“You just leave him in wet diapers?” Madeline asked.

“Sure.” Samantha shrugged, “The diapers allow me to choose when to change him. Sometimes that can be hours.”

Tommy felt so humiliated to have wet himself like this right in front of someone who hadn’t see him do it before. It was yet another person Tommy had been exposed to, just another person knowing how his wife kept him in diapers that he used freely. He couldn’t continue the lunch, he was just too embarrassed to eat. It was taking every muscle in his body just to stop himself from crying but even that wasn’t going so well, tears leaked down his face almost faster than he could wipe them away.

The women were in no rush to finish their drinks and Tommy could feel the heat in his diaper slowly spreading as he sat quietly. The accident in his pants felt very warm and made it impossible for him to forget what he had done, he wished he had anything to distract him but there was nothing he could do in his seat except listen to his wife and her friend gossiping about people he didn’t know.

Tommy had to wait for what felt like an hour before Samantha finally stood up and took the used lunch material back out to the kitchen. It left Tommy alone with Madeline yet again, something he hated at the best of times.

“How do you let Samantha treat you like this?” Madeline asked with a sneer.

“I… Shut up.” Tommy muttered as he stuck his bottom lip out.

“Seriously though, I can’t think of any other man in the world who would let this happen to them.” Madeline continued, “No one with self-respect would allow themselves to be caught like this.”

Tommy could feel himself blushing red and tearing up yet again. He wiped at his eyes with his arm and looked towards the kitchen door, he was praying to see Samantha coming back in as soon as possible. In amongst all the humiliation and sadness was a kernel of anger that was starting to grow, it was blossoming out and slowly filling his body causing him to shake slightly.

“It’s the funniest thing I’ve ever seen.” Madeline said as she lowered her voice and leaned forwards in her chair, “A grown man in diapers simply because his wife wants it. A man who allows his wife to sleep with other men whilst he listens next door.”

Tommy felt like his whole body was red now. He closed his eyes and looked down at the tray as he tried to ignore the bubbling rage under his skin. He knew Samantha wouldn’t care if he was provoked she would punish him for any outburst no matter how it was provoked.

“I bet you like it don’t you…” Madeline leaned further forwards and Tommy suddenly jumped as he felt the woman’s foot on the front of his diaper. The bottom of her foot pressing the wet padding closer to his skin.

Tommy tried to shift away but he couldn’t get out of reach.

“You like hearing your wife get fucked whilst you rub your little diapee…” Madeline said quietly.

Madeline’s voice seemed to bury itself into Tommy’s brain, it dug into the centre where it burned and caused anger to flash through him. He looked up with fire burning in his eyes and was about to say something he knew he would regret when the door opened and Samantha walked back in. Tommy’s fire immediately extinguished and he looked back down to the tray.

“OK, let’s get that diaper changed.” Samantha said as she walked over to Tommy and started moving the tray.

“Mommy, I don’t want Madeline to see…” Tommy was going to say he didn’t want the visitor to see him getting changed but Samantha didn’t care.

Samantha lifted Tommy to the floor and started pulling the diapered man towards the stairs. Tommy looked back and saw Madeline quickly getting out of her seat, he felt his shoulder’s slump as the woman started following them. Samantha seemed to encourage it despite Tommy’s obvious objections. The moral of this little moment was that neither of the women seemed to care what Tommy wanted, something that shouldn’t have surprised him.

Tommy could hear Madeline giggling at his padded rear end and he even felt a little pat on the butt. He wanted to turn around and have a go at her but he was pulled relentlessly forwards by his wife, they went past the master bedroom and straight to the nursery. Samantha pushed the door open and turned on the light as she walked inside.

“Oh. My. God!” Madeline exclaimed as she looked inside.

The nursery was something that was completely normal to Tommy now. He actually had to think for a second before he realised what must be causing Madeline to exclaim like that.

“Do you like what I did with the room?” Samantha asked as she walked Tommy to the large changing table opposite the crib.

“It’s… It’s amazing.” Madeline said as she looked around, “How on Earth did you afford all this stuff?”

“We have some savings.” Samantha said, “Mom helped a lot and even Brad chipped in for some of the stuff.”

Tommy was helped on to the table and as he laid down he felt the wet padding rest on his crotch. Samantha took her regular position and pulled Tommy down the table a little bit, Tommy watched as Madeline’s smiling face appeared next to Samantha and the two women started the diaper change. Tommy could do little but whimper lightly.

“It’s just like changing a baby.” Samantha said without emotion, “It’s just a really big baby with a really big diaper.”

Madeline laughed and Samantha smiled as she started pulling at the tapes. Tommy closed his eyes in shame as his wife planned to expose him in front of her friend. He couldn’t do anything even though his emotions were still threatening to bubble over at any moment. The last tape was pulled off the front of the padding and quite suddenly he felt panic flare up and make him act. Without any warning Tommy suddenly threw his hands downwards and over his diaper preventing it being removed, he hadn’t interfered in the changing process like this for a long time and it seemed to take everyone, even Tommy, by surprise.

“Tommy…” Samantha said slowly, “Move your hands.”

“No!” Tommy shouted petulantly.

“Tommy, don’t start having a tantrum.” Samantha said with warning.

It was already too late. Tommy started kicking the changing table and flailing around, even as his hands were forced away from the diaper he still made it impossible to be changed by rolling around. He had had enough and he refused to be changed like a baby in front of Madeline. He couldn’t allow this to happen.

Before Tommy could roll off the table or do anything to seriously resist what was happening Tommy felt his legs get grabbed by one of his wife’s arms. Tommy flailed as he suddenly felt himself getting rolled backwards, at first he thought he was going to be rolled right off the table but his wife stopped leaving his butt high in the air.

“I tried to warn you.” Samantha said as she hooked Tommy’s legs under her arm and held him in such a vulnerable position. The diaper that had still been covering him fell down and exposed him to the shocked Madeline.

“Please, mommy, no!” Tommy begged from the table. With his legs folded back there was nothing he could do to prevent the punishment that was coming.

Tommy winced as he saw Samantha’s hand get cranked back. She brought it forward and a loud slap of skin on skin was heard as the domineering woman’s hand connected with Tommy’s rear end.

“Ow!” Tommy exclaimed as he kicked out his legs as best he could, “Not in front of Madeline, mommy!”

Tommy’s protestations fell on deaf ears as his butt was wailed on by his wife for the second time that day. He started crying which may have been a good thing since it meant he didn’t hear Madeline’s laughter. The spanks rained down equally on each of his exposed cheeks and he could feel them both stinging badly.

“Would you like a go?” Samantha paused her spanking and Tommy looked through his shimmering eyes to see his wife talking to her friend, “It’s a great stress reliever.”

“Maybe just one.” Madeline said as she stepped up to the foot of the changing table.

“Mommy, No!” Tommy cried out through the tears. It felt like this was just the peak of humiliation, to be spanked by a woman Tommy knew had always seen through his weak attempts at masculinity.

Tommy yelped loudly as he felt a single spank to his right butt cheek. It was even harder than he was used to from his wife and rivalled Brad for painfulness. He was pretty much a blubbering mess as Samantha finally let go of Tommy’s legs. She eased them back down to the table and smiled when Tommy didn’t try to resist, the swift corrective measures had quickly forced the man back in line.

“You’re right!” Madeline said as she looked at her hand, “That did feel very satisfying.”

The diaper Tommy had been wearing was pulled away and his diminutive equipment was shown to the room. His tears dried up relatively quickly even if he felt very sore on his butt, he winced as he was lifted back up and a new diaper was slipped underneath him.

“I can see why you put him in diapers.” Madeline was looking at Tommy’s crotch with a smirk on her face, “You poor woman. You had to make do with that little thing?”

Samantha laughed as she sprinkled some baby powder over Tommy’s crotch. Tommy’s face was quickly growing as red as his sore backside.

“When they say size doesn’t matter I don’t think they had something like that in mind.” Madeline continued.

Samantha was trying to diaper her husband but had to pause for a moment as she burst out laughing. She eventually regained her composure and lifted the front of the diaper over the poor man’s crotch and smoothed it out. The tapes were tightly stuck to the front and Tommy was finally allowed to climb off the table, his ego was even more bruised than his bottom and he just wanted to put this whole episode behind him.

“You’ve been very cranky today.” Samantha said with a shake of her head, “I think you need a nap.”

Normally Tommy would whine and complain about having to nap like a toddler but today he was more than happy to climb into his crib. As he climbed on to the mattress and heard the bars slide up behind him he sighed and finally getting some respite. The two women hung around for another minute or so as Samantha showed Madeline around all of the baby equipment before they finally started heading to the doorway.

“Have a good sleep.” Madeline said as she passed the crib, “Try to keep your wittle diapee dry!”

The two women exited with another round of laughter leaving Tommy to lay his head on the pillow and try to forget the horrible nightmare of a morning. Before he knew it he had fallen asleep with his diaper crinkling with every one of his little movements.