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Linda creeped up to the nursery door in the dead of night. She had had a few drinks but was still very sober, she just needed to calm her nerves after hearing of her husband’s infidelity. She had known that Ritchie had been wild before he had suffered regression and that he liked to “play the field” as he put it. She was sure it had ended when Ritchie had grown up for the second time, she had been certain that he had a new perspective on life. She had been wrong.

Putting her head to the nursery door, Linda could hear the distinct sounds of her husband snoring. She slowly and silently pushed the door open a crack and looked inside. The two padded men were both asleep, laying at opposite ends of the crib. Linda could see that Steven’s diaper was soaked but was unable to see the state of her husband.

Like a burglar, Linda snuck over to the shelves next to the changing table and placed a CD in the small stereo. She covered her own ears with a set of ear muffs and then pressed play. She kept the volume relatively low but wanted to make sure the boys could hear it. She left the room and closed the door as stealthily as when she had entered.

Linda could hear her husband snoring through the door when she removed her ear muffs. She smiled as she walked down the hallway to her own bedroom knowing that Ritchie would regret ever going back to his old ways.

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Steven was the first to wake up the next morning. He had fallen asleep before his brother and he woke up to the silence of the nursery, the only sound was his brother’s heavy breathing as he slept. Steven couldn’t help himself as he sat up, he leaned over to look at Ritchie’s diaper. Steven didn’t know what he expected. He didn’t expect Ritchie to still be struggling from his regression but it was rather annoying to know that he didn’t need these diapers at all when Steven had struggled with them so much.

It was around fifteen minutes of mostly silence until Linda walked into the nursery in her dressing gown. Despite everything that had happened, Steven was still pleased to see her since it meant he would be allowed out of the crib. After the previous day Steven was desperate to get out of the confined bed.

“Morning, boys.” Linda said as she stepped into the room with a smile. She walked straight over to the stereo to make sure it was off. She had planned for it to stop playing roughly an hour before she would come in. She was confident that things were going well. With some luck the boys would never know what was hitting them.

“He… He…” Steven frowned as he tried to force the words out, “Hewwo.”

Steven’s eyes flew wide. Did he just talk like a toddler again? He hadn’t done that for a long time. This was a very scary thing for someone who had been struggling to grow up again.

The noise and commotion had woken up Ritchie who rubbed his eyes. He saw his wife in the room and quickly sat up. As angry and scared as he was Ritchie was glad to see the diaper was still dry. He quickly sat up and looked out at Linda, his lip trembled from emotion. He felt sorrow and remorse over what he had done, certainly he had learned his lesson.

“Linda, I’m so… I’m so…” Ritchie started openly crying. He cried so hard that he couldn’t get his words out. It wasn’t the cry of an adult, it was the wail of a toddler who had been caught.

“There, there.” Linda cooed as she walked over and lowered the side of the crib, “It’ll be OK.”

Linda grabbed Linda’s hand and assisted him down from the crib. He wanted to hug his wife, have her console him but when she let his hand go and stepped back Ritchie found himself swaying unsteadily. He quickly dropped down on to his knees and then fell forward so that his hands supported him. He felt so weak, something must be going on.

“Steven? Do you need a diaper change?” Linda asked sweetly.

“Ye… Yeth.” Steven lisped. What was wrong with his speech?

Linda grabbed Steven’s hand and walked him to the changing table. As she lifted him up she could hardly believe how successful the tape had been. She had been told that those messaged before were incredibly susceptible to it happening again but this was progress like she couldn’t dream of.

Linda quickly pulled the tapes off Steven’s diaper and lowered the front. The only sounds in the room were her husband’s confused sniffles and the crinkling of diapers.

Ritchie was trying to stand up, he kept getting up to his knees but his muscles just wouldn’t support him. On the third failed attempt he landed on his padded rear quite hard and immediately fell the familiar feeling of urine spurting into his diaper without his control. He frowned again, what the hell was going on?

“You should just stay on all fours.” Linda recommended, “A lot safer for a baby like you.”

Ritchie turned around and looked up at Linda with his tear filled eyes. He was confused but starting to put things together. He heard his brother’s speech and felt his own deterioration… Linda was messaging the pair of them. He looked up at the stereo with accusatory eyes.

“Well done.” Linda said coldly, “You’ve worked it out.”

Ritchie could hardly believe his wife would have done it but when he looked into her cold eyes he knew it was the truth. This was a side of Linda he had never seen before, it was very scary.

Linda placed a new diaper underneath Steven and taped it up. Lifting the younger man off the table, Linda looked over at her husband.

“Your diaper can wait till later.” Linda declared after inspecting the padding with her eyes, “Steven, bring your brother to the kitchen for breakfast.”

Linda walked out of them room with a wide smile. She had known as soon as she heard that Ritchie had cheated what she was going to do. She would be lying if she hadn’t investigated subliminal messaging, after everything that had happened, how could she not?

“Sit at the table and I will be out with food soon.” Linda instructed as she walked in to the kitchen.

Linda had done her research and found out that this subliminal messaging was a bigger thing than she thought and, just to experiment, she had made one that made the suggestion to Ritchie that he should allow his brother to grow up. When he had come home from his mother’s house a few days later and told Linda he had followed the hidden command she knew it was very legit.

After locking Ritchie and Steven in the crib the previous night it had been simple for her to go to the computer and create a new tape. The message was simply designed to regress both boys before Karen came home and it was working better than Linda could ever have hoped for.

“She’s messaging us!” Ritchie whispered, “I can’t believe it!”

Steven was less incredulous than his brother. He had seen Linda’s nasty side before and he wasn’t overly surprised that the scorned woman was capable of this.

Breakfast was a quiet affair. Ritchie begged for forgiveness but when it became clear Linda wasn’t listening to his pleas he stopped talking and despondently ate the cereal he was given. His weak limbs made it hard to coordinate but he managed to eat most of the food without incident.

Following breakfast Ritchie got his already soaked diaper changed before both boys were left in front of the television with a bunch of toys whilst Linda stayed on the computer in the bedroom.

For a week this was the routine. Diaper changes and boredom as they were left listening to the tinkling baby tunes that hid the insidious message.

Slowly but surely the messaging caused the men to descend back to toddlerhood. Steven was despondent as all the progress that months and months of hard work had brought him were being undone in a matter of days. Watching his brother regressing next to him just compounded the misery as neither of them had the strength to fight it off.

Steven’s speech was the first thing to go. His words became more and more slurred until he realised that Linda was really struggling to understand him. At that point he just decided it was better not to talk at all. After a week he wasn’t sure what state his voice would be in if he attempted to communicate but he suspected he could babble at best.

Steven’s strength went next. He had never been the strongest person in the world but now his limbs felt so heavy and uncoordinated that any and all movement was made difficult. After a week of this messaging a lot of Steven’s days were spent playing with the baby toys around him. He never moved far and with Ritchie usually right next to him, they listlessly watched cartoons on the television all day.

The messaging must have been strong and Steven would have been impressed if it weren’t being used on him, and the two brothers were left much more helpless than they had been before.

The last vestiges of Steven’s adulthood slipped away for the second time when what little control he had regained of his bladder and bowels evaporated. It was strange that it was weak when the messaging started and yet was the last thing Steven noticed going. He didn’t ask but he assumed Ritchie had experienced a similar decline, neither of them really spoke now, it was pointless since they couldn’t really understand each other.

The regression was stronger than Steven could believe. It made what he had done with his own messaging seem like child’s play. He couldn’t believe how much he had changed. Without being able to properly move, talk or do anything for himself he was left completely helpless as was his brother.

Steven’s situation was rendered even worse by the fact that despite the decline in all of his functions, he could still think rationally. It was horrible to witness your own decline and knowing there was nothing you could do to stop it.

“Diaper check time!” Linda’s sing-song voice pierced the quiet living room and Steven turned his head to see her walk out of the kitchen.

Steven thought that Linda must have gone completely insane when she found out Ritchie had cheated on her. She smiled toothily as she walked over to the boys. Linda leaned down and whilst staring at Steven in the eye she cupped the padding against Steven’s crotch and felt that the younger man was soaked.

“Lin… Lin…” Ritchie had crawled over and was screwing his face up in deep concentration, “Ple… Ugh, Please…”

“Wow.” Linda responded with a look of wonder on her face, “Is that the best you can do? Go on… Say your own name. If you can say your name I’ll stop this. Go on, say it for mommy!”

“Ri… Ri…” Ritchie was going red in the face with the effort.

Steven looked at his older brother with both hope and scepticism. When Ritchie saw him struggle he felt disappointed for him and wanted him to just quit trying.

“Rit…” Richie continued to try even though it was clear his mouth wouldn’t respond to his brain. The frustration became a little much for the regressed man and he started sobbing as tears filled his eyes.

Steven climbed on to his hands and knees and scooted himself across the floor. Despite all of their differences and all of the problems they had caused each other they were still brothers. They were in this together and Steven felt Ritchie’s frustrations.

With his padded rear in the air and plastic crinkling coming from his butt Steven crawled to Ritchie and wrapped his arms around him. Steven squeezed his brother with silent comfort as he heard Ritchie sniff and squeeze him back.

“How sweet…” Linda snarled sarcastically, “You two are as bad as each other. Come on, you need a diaper change.”

Steven was pulled away from his brother and he whimpered as he was carried away to the nursery. Since the two of them had started suffering this enforced regression they really only had each other. No one else understood them or knew what was happening, the two brothers were forced to be close by their situation.

Linda laid Steven down on the changing table and he could do little but scowl as the diaper was removed and replaced with a new one. He was rather embarrassed by the whole procedure, especially since in the last couple of days Linda had started talking to him like an actual baby during times like these.

There was one thing that kept both the brothers feeling hopeful. At some point, and it would be soon, Karen would be coming home from her vacation to pick Steven up. How would Linda explain what had happened? It was a small shred of hope that he could cling to when he didn’t have much of anything left.

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The days soon started rolling into each other and the two regressed boys lost track of the time. Every day was the exact same. Wake up, diaper changes, breakfast, play, diaper change, nap, diaper change, play, dinner, play, diaper change, bed.

The routine was mind numbing and yet neither of the men had even the slightest hope of resisting. Steven had to do mental puzzles to keep himself entertained, he didn’t want to lose his mental capacity when it was the last thing he had left. He just had to keep himself going until his mom got home and rescued him from this mad woman.

Steven could smell that Ritchie had soiled himself and knew that the older brother had been sitting in his own mess for some time. It wasn’t unusual for Linda to leave either of them in soiled padding longer than was really necessary. The smell didn’t bother Steven all that much by this point, he was too busy trying not to drool on himself to care about what was going on in his brother’s diaper.

It was the middle of the afternoon when there was a sudden knock on the door. Something that hadn’t happened since Ritchie’s affair had left. Steven didn’t know whether to feel hope or dread, this could be salvation or humiliation.

Linda hurried past the two boys who were staring at the door from in front of the television. She looked through the little spyhole in the door and a smile spread across her face.

“Karen! Welcome home!” Linda said happily as she opened the door and hugged the incoming woman.

“Good to be home.” Karen said with a giggle as she returned the hug.

Steven and Ritchie saw their mother walk through the door. She was a little browner than usual, no doubt having caught the sun, and looked happy as she returned the hug.

“Mama!” Steven babbled. He got on to his hands and knees with his diaper swaying behind him, he shuffled across the carpet so fast he nearly gave himself a carpet burn. He clung to his mom’s leg like it was a piece of debris after a shipwreck.

This was it. There was no way that Karen would be happy with what Linda had done, finally it was time for justice and getting back to growing up again.

Steven was confused when he didn’t hear his mom questioning what was going on or making any movement to pick Steven up. He let go of the strong leg and sat back on his wet butt as he looked up and just saw a judging stare looking back at him.

“I see you were correct with what you said over the phone.” Karen said coldly to Linda as the former looked over to Ritchie, naked except for the obviously messy diaper.

Steven frowned and looked to Ritchie. What was going on? Why wasn’t mom whisking them out of this horrible place?

“It happened a lot quicker than I expected.” Linda replied, “All of it was a lot quicker than I expected. Come in and sit down, I’ll make us some coffee.”

Karen strode away from Steven and planted herself on the couch. Steven looked at Ritchie as if he had any idea what was going on, Ritchie seemed as confused as Steven was. Steven crawled back into the room and sat next to the couch in confused silence as Linda walked back in with coffee.

“How did this happen?” Karen asked coolly.

“He broke the rules.” Linda said as she stared a hole through Ritchie, “He… Cheated on me.”

Ritchie looked at the ground in shame. It was hard to know what he was causing the most discomfort, the diaper or his mom hearing of his affair.

“Oh, honey.” Karen said with sympathy, “I’m so sorry.”

“I know, I know… And you were right.” Linda replied, “He wasn’t ready. He looked like an adult and sounded like an adult but he is still a boy.”

Ritchie wiped a tear from his eye. Steven was just confused and wondering what any of this had to do with him.

“So you did what we planned?” Karen asked. The answer seemed pretty obvious since she could see and smell the results.

“Yes. When Steven told me what was going on I started our plan. It’s worked better than I could ever have hoped.” Linda answered as she sipped her coffee. The two women were talking about the infantilised pair of men as if this was normal.

We? Our? It was slowly dawning on Steven in his mentally clouded state that his own mother had been complicit in this treatment. Steven’s eyes went wide with fear as he realised his saviour was actually just another person enforcing this treatment.

“I started the tape playing later that day.” Linda smiled, “You wouldn’t believe how quickly they regressed!”

“I can see it has been quite dramatic…” Karen replied as she looked at her boys who were in shock, “Much faster than before.”

“Yeah, the message we had prepared was much more effective than Steven’s one. It’s a good job we had it ready.”

“Mama?” Ritchie asked from across the room. It was clear to everyone he was on the verge of tears.

“Ritchie, sweetie…” Karen finished her coffee and turned to her older son, “I was never totally convinced you were fully mature after the regression, the way you treated Steven for instance, I had at least an inkling that you weren’t ready for adult responsibility.”

“So me and your mother had a talk and decided that if you proved that you weren’t as mature as you should have been that we would regress you again and start over.” Linda concluded.

Steven and Ritchie were horrified. All of this horrid treatment was planned by both these treacherous women. Neither of them had known the scrutiny they were under. How could these people they trust play with their lives as if they were dolls?

“One thing I have to ask.” Karen turned back to Linda and ignored her shocked offspring, “How come Steven has also got the full blast?”

“He knew all about Ritchie’s cheating.” Linda said coldly as she lied to Karen, “When I caught my husband and this other woman, Steven was in there with them.”

“No!” Steven hit the floor with his fists as he shouted, “No! No! No!”

“Then what happened, Steven?” Linda asked the younger man.

Steven coughed and spluttered but he could only babble uselessly. The frustration he felt when he saw his mom frown at him was unbelievable and yet all he could do was cry like a baby. He could think of the words but he couldn’t make himself say them.

Steven looked through his tears and saw Linda’s hate-filled glare. She had never liked him and had always been looking for revenge for Steven’s regression of Ritchie. Steven could hardly believe she was going this far but he realised in that moment that this crazy woman had no level she wouldn’t stoop to.

“I see.” Karen said to Linda as she ignored Steven’s pitiful wails, “So what’s next?”

“Well… If it’s OK with you I would like to send them both home to you.” Linda said drawing a gasp from Ritchie.

“Both of them?” Karen asked in clarification.

“Yes. I think they both need a long treatment of regression and recovery and I think their own mother is the best person to give it to them.” Linda suggested, “To be frank, I’ve already contacted my lawyer for a divorce.”

It was Ritchie’s turn to start crying now as he reached out for Linda in his still messy diaper. It was like his whole world had fallen in on him.

“I understand.” Karen replied simply, “Well, if you want to carry Ritchie down, I’ll take Steven.”

Linda nodded and she didn’t hesitate to stand and pick up her soon-to-be ex-husband. Steven hugged her and bawled as she carried him towards the door. He was making a lot of noise and it seemed like everyone in the building would come out to see what was causing it. He didn’t care though as he tried to beg Linda for forgiveness in baby talk.

“What a mess…” Karen said when Linda and Ritchie had disappeared down the hall, “Come on sweetie.”

Karen lifted Steven into the air and held him to her chest. Steven couldn’t believe he was going to be kept like this again, and for how long? He felt like it would drive him mad this time. All because of a lie, he hadn’t been involved in Ritchie’s fling but he had no way of letting anyone know, even if he did they wouldn’t believe him. He was a prisoner of his own infantile body.

As Steven was carried towards the front door he felt a pressure suddenly build in his bowels. Steven couldn’t fight it even if he wanted to and with little to no input he felt a hot, sticky mush push out of his body and into his already wet padding. He cried and clutched his mom as he soiled his diaper like a baby and was carried away to babyhood again.