As Scott was finally able to enter the hallway he felt Noah pat his butt several times. The sound of the hand on the outer plastic made him wince as it echoed around the tall walls of the hallway. Scott could hear Noah following him as he walked through to the dining room. Everyone else was already sat down. Elliott and Huw were in their usual seats with Lyra sitting next to the empty highchair.

“There you are.” Lyra smiled as Scott walked in. She said nothing about him suddenly being without trousers, “Did you get lost?”

“I was just checking the baby.” Noah said as he walked in behind Scott and sat next to Lyra, “Didn’t want him to leak during dinner after all.”

Scott crinkled as he walked over to the table. He could feel the eyes of everyone watching him, his wet nappy feeling very obvious around his waist. He hopped up and sat down with a face bursting with blush. He had Lyra right next to him and she reached over to pull the plastic tray down. A bowl of baby food was placed on the tray making Scott gasp in shock.

“W-What is this!?” Scott asked as he watched a bubble rise up and pop in the thick mush.

“It’s what your mum left you for dinner.” Lyra replied. She picked up the spoon and stirred the thick mush.

Elliott snorted in laughter and Huw joined in. Scott looked up to see Huw with his own knife and fork in front of him and the same food as everyone else. Scott didn’t understand, he had never been given baby food before no matter whether he was being good or bad. The baby food in front of him looked incredibly unappetising, it looked more like something a cat would throw up than food for human consumption. He felt his tummy turn at the thought of it.

“Th-This can’t be right…” Scott said through his embarrassment, “I don’t eat this stuff. Mummy must’ve le-”

“It’s what your mum left.” Lyra shrugged, “So be a good boy and eat your food.”

Scott didn’t think he could blush any harder but as he felt the heat rise in his face he knew he must be going redder than ever. He didn’t think Lyra would lie about this so that meant his mum had genuinely left a jar of baby food for his dinner. He felt his hold on adulthood slipping again. When Lyra told him to be good he felt he had no choice but to comply.

“Wait!” Noah said as Scott picked up the spoon, “Lyra, you should feed him.”

“Does your mum normally feed you?” Lyra asked Scott condescendingly.

“Of course no-” Scott started.

“She does.” Elliott interrupted loudly with a lie.

Despite Scott’s protestations that came across more as toddler whining Lyra reached over to the spoon and dipped it into the food. Nobody would listen to reason and Scott was stuck with the food being lifted towards his lips as everyone watched. He didn’t know what to do so he clamped his mouth shut and turned his head away. It was an automatic reaction to the embarrassing situation.

“Come on, baby.” Lyra gently encouraged, “Open up the tunnel for the choo-choo-train.”

Scott felt so humiliated he could shrivel up and implode upon himself. He trembled a little as he tried to work out what to do. If he let Lyra feed him he would look like a little baby but would it be any better to continue resisting? Would it make any difference?

“This is Conductor Lyra asking for permission to go through the tunnel!” Lyra raised a hand in the air and acted as if she was pulling a train whistle.

No one was eating. Everyone was watching Scott as if it was some kind of entertainment. He wished his brothers would look away at least but they seemed to have more appetite for his humiliation than their food. He shifted uncomfortable in his seat and heard himself crinkle again. This was a nightmare!

With trepidation and the realisation that Lyra wouldn’t give up Scott turned his head slowly and opened his mouth. He very quickly felt the spoon push past his lips with some of the mushy food smearing around his mouth.

“What a good boy!” Lyra encouraged as she ate a little of her own meal.

The baby food was as bland as cardboard but only half as appetising. He swallowed and was unable to hide his disgust and looked around for something to drink. He was left empty-handed.

“Oh, I forgot Scott’s drink…” Lyra looked around, “Elliott, could you be a dear? There’s something prepared for him in the fridge.”

Elliott’s chair scraped on the floor as he pushed it backwards. Scott watched as his brother went to the fridge, he opened the door and then let out a snort of a laugh. He pulled out a baby bottle and walked back over to the table. He handed it to Lyra who put it on Scott’s tray. Scott hesitated for just a second before swallowing what remained of his pride and bringing the bottle to his lips. He sucked down the milk and was grateful just to get the baby food taste away.

No sooner had Scott put the bottle down on the tray than another spoonful of mush was pushed into his mouth. He was humiliated as he sat there like a baby whilst everyone else conversed as if there was nothing strange going on. He didn’t know if the way everyone treated this as normal was any better than the staring from before. It seemed all four of the others genuinely thought he was nothing but a baby that could be easily distracted and ignored. Even Huw was joining in even if the others were just humouring him.

It was excruciating for Scott to be trapped in his highchair and helplessly spoon fed. He had hoped Lyra would treat him in a slightly more grown-up manner and yet it seemed she was going even further in treating Scott like a baby. He could feel his tummy grumble as it digested the semi-solid food. The food on everyone else’s plates made Scott intensely jealous.

“This is lovely.” Lyra said with a smile as she scraped up the last of the baby food and fed it to Scott, “Just like a little family.”

Scott’s mind immediately started wondering how things would be different if Lyra and Noah were his parents. He wasn’t sure about Noah but the idea of Lyra being his Mummy made his heart ache that it wasn’t reality. He was still daydreaming when he felt another rumble in his tummy. A sudden need for the bathroom was growing so quickly he almost immediately knew he was in trouble. It felt like there was a mudslide in his body and he knew holding it back would be impossible.

“Potty! Potty!” Scott suddenly exclaimed. He squirmed on his seat as he felt his bowels already pushing.

“Oh, quick!” Lyra said as she put her cutlery down.

Scott reached his arms out desperately like a baby waiting to be picked up as Lyra started undoing the latch holding the highchair’s tray in place. The others around the table were giggling with Noah shaking his head, he looked like he was almost in tears from laughter.

“Potty!” Scott said again desperately. He felt his little hole opening as poop pushed forwards regardless of where he was. He could barely even slow things down.

“I know, baby.” Lyra said as the tray moved out of the way, “Just hold on a minute.”

Scott didn’t have a minute. He whined as he realised internally that he was never going to make it to the bathroom. If his potty had been in the room with him he would’ve still struggled to make it, his body was putting up a pathetic defence against the inevitable. Lyra put her hands under Scott’s armpits and lifted him down to the ground. As soon as his butt left the hard surface of the seat he felt his body push down.

In a last desperate attempt to preserve his dignity Scott tried to hurriedly waddle forwards and out of view but after just a couple of steps his body cramped up. Scott squat down with his rear end sticking out behind him. He grunted and immediately felt his diaper expand. He could feel the plastic at the front pressing against his crotch as the rear pushed out.

With laughter coming from the males at the table Scott put his face in his hands. He could feel the sticky mess in his diaper settling, the warmth spreading out against his skin making his butt burn the same way his face was. The jeering from the table cut at him like a knife. When he felt a hand suddenly rest on his shoulder he almost jumped out of his diaper.

“It’s OK, Scott.” Lyra encouraged, “You nearly made it. Get all that yucky poo-poo out and we’ll get you a nice change.”

Lyra’s kindness was a blessing and a curse. Compared to the harsh laughter Lyra was like an angel and Scott found himself crushing on her even harder. Despite all that he found her pity somewhat condescending. He hadn’t nearly made it to the potty, he hadn’t even come close and being told he did well for pooping himself because he tried not to didn’t do much to make him feel better.

Scott pushed down in defeat and felt a second load enter his diaper. The mess spread around the padding as he filled his disposable with everything he had, it was better after all to completely soil this diaper than to soil his next one too soon. When he was finally finished he tentatively stood up again.

The contrast between Scott’s humiliating spectacle and Huw’s successful trip to the toilet earlier was stark. As Scott straightened up he could feel the mushy pile squeezing against him and the sides of the diaper. He didn’t hesitate when Lyra took his hand and gladly waddled out of the room away from the other boys.

“Ignore them.” Lyra said as if reading Scott’s mind, “They’re just trying to out-macho each other. Toxic masculinity, that’s all.”

Scott disagreed though he didn’t say so. If the shoe had been on the other foot and one of the others had pooped themselves he was sure he would be laughing. Still, he appreciated Lyra at least trying to make him feel better, it was more than most people did for him these days.

“Damn, it bloody stinks in here!” Noah called out. The table burst into laughter.

“Noah!” Lyra stopped to chastise her boyfriend, “Don’t swear in front of the little ones!”

Scott waddled awkwardly to the stairs. Lyra followed but seemed to make sure she was several steps behind the baby she was sitting. Scott went into the nursery and over to the changing table. As he waited for Lyra to catch up Scott looked at the padded table, the smooth plastic surface had several patches of discolouration. He knew at least half of them were made by him.

Lyra closed the nursery door behind her as she walked in. Scott watched her look around the nursery and smile, he didn’t know whether or not he should be pleased that his room was getting the Lyra seal of approval. It didn’t take long for the experienced babysitter to find the nappies and other changing supplies.

“Up you get.” Lyra said as she nodded at the changing table.

Scott knew it was coming but this was still one of his most hated parts of getting his diaper change. He rested his hands on top of the table and lifted himself up. He turned and then sat down. The poop in his nappy was compressed and spread out over his backside. He shuddered as he laid back against the table. He tried to distract himself by looking out the window but the reality of having his nappy changed by his former classmate was impossible to forget. It wasn’t the first time but that hardly made him feel any better.

“Gosh, you really had to go, huh?” Lyra said as she looked between Scott’s legs.

Scott blushed as he felt his babysitter prodding the padding. He could feel how much his mushy poop had filled his underwear. The padding hung low between his thighs and felt very slimy. Scott tried to swallow back the shame which threatened to overwhelm him. His crush was about to see him naked but it wasn’t how he had ever pictured it happening, this was all so far away from his fantasies.

“Well, big babies make big messes.” Lyra said with a smile as she looked up at Scott.

The tapes were pulled off the front of the nappy and as it was lowered between his legs the smell grew a lot worse. Lyra struggled to hide her disgust from her face as she grabbed a few wet wipes and started the long process of cleaning the poopy adult baby.

“You know, I would’ve thought you’re parents would’ve let up on this by now.” Lyra said conversationally as she worked away at cleaning Scott, “I know they were punishing you but it’s been going on a while.”

Scott didn’t need telling that his punishment had stretched out over a long period of time. It felt like an eternity ago that he had wet the bed and started this whole journey. It felt like everything had spiralled downwards since.

“Well… They tried to potty train me…” Scott mumbled.

“How’s that going?” Lyra’s question could’ve been considered sarcastic bearing in mind what she was doing. The earnest look on her face made Scott think she was being sincere.

Scott didn’t reply. Instead he let his head flop dejectedly to the side so he could look at the window. Outside he could see people living regular lives. He thought about all the people he had met growing up and wondered what they were up to now. He started to wonder if he would ever get out of nappies. If he couldn’t potty train now there was no reason to suspect it would get any better in the future.

“There we go.” Lyra said as she balled up the used nappy.

Scott looked over and felt a fresh cascade of humiliation as he saw the badly discoloured nappy. He could see how big it was even when folded up and it was sufficiently heavy that when Lyra dropped it in the trash can for his nappies it hit the bottom with a thud.

A new nappy was unfolded and slipped underneath Scott. He felt Lyra sprinkle baby powder over his crotch, Scott wasn’t powdered all that often and he wondered if maybe it looked like he was getting a rash or something. He so rarely got to see his own crotch these days. Lyra started massaging the powder into Scott’s skin.

Scott went very still as he felt himself growing excited. With how much his face was flushing he was surprised there was enough blood to get him hard. He could feel Lyra’s hands pause and then pull away. The next thing he felt was the front of the nappy getting pulled up and over his crotch.

Scott dared to glance at Lyra out of the corner of his eye saw she was a little pink in the cheeks. She typed the nappy slightly more tightly than she meant to. She looked a little embarrassed.

“Sorry…” Scott said quietly, “I can’t help it.”

“Don’t worry about it.” Lyra replied as she checked the tapes and the leg bands of the diaper, “I just… Yeah. I think it’s time for a nap.”

Scott didn’t argue. Anything that kept him away from the boys downstairs was welcome in his eyes. He sat up, the fresh nappy crinkled loudly, and he dropped down to the floor. He walked across to where Lyra was standing next to the crib. He scrambled up and into the baby bed and turned to face the young woman.

“You know… You’re a very sweet boy.” Lyra said. She raised the side of the crib until it locked into place, “Have a nice rest.”

Scott watched Lyra go and then laid his head down on the pillow. Scott felt a little bit of pride at the compliment, he really felt that Lyra liked him even if it wasn’t in the way he fantasised about. Unfortunately for Scott the physical feeling of his nappy tenting against his straining penis was very distracting. Soon the compliment disappeared to be replaced with frustration. As if being frustrated about his situation and life wasn’t bad enough he now had to add sexual frustration to the list.