Talk about miserable. Anthony’s last few days had been no different from most of those preceding it but now he was living with the knowledge that things wouldn’t get better. He was a baby. He would always be a baby.

It had been three days ago that Anthony had seen his parents come into the house, almost completely ignore him and then sign everything over to his wife. He had been treated like an infant for a year but he never felt like a baby quite as much as he did now. He was powerless in every conceivable way.

“Do you need a change, sweetheart?” Miss. Macey asked sweetly.

“No.” Anthony replied flatly.

It didn’t matter what Anthony’s answer was. She had walked over to the edge of the playpen and was leaning over. She patted and prodded Anthony’s disposable like a mother checking a baby, there was no thought that she might actually trust his answer. Anthony sighed but could do nothing to stop the babysitter, Jane had been very clear on that.

Miss. Macey wasn’t a normal babysitter of course. Jane had found her online, she primarily looked after adults that actually WANTED to be treated like a baby. Anthony had a very hard time believing anyone could actually want what he considered hell. She was older with slightly greying hair, she had seemed bemused when Jane explained the situation but she was happy to accept the money to look after the big baby.

Whilst Anthony was stuck at home with his babysitter Jane was out on a date with Steven. Anthony had been sulkily obsessing over what his wife and her boyfriend could be getting up to. He didn’t want to know but at the same time not knowing was driving him crazy.

“Well done for keeping your diaper dry!” Miss. Macey enthusiastically said as she patted Anthony on the head, “Maybe your Mommy will let you potty train soon.”

“I doubt it.” Anthony muttered darkly.

The fact that Anthony was dry had nothing to do with any conscious choice on his part as much as just luck. The bottles he had drunk had simply not made their way through his system. There was no reason to let the babysitter know that though.

Anthony was just sitting down to return to his “playing” when he heard a car driving down the long gravel road to the house. He frowned and wondered who the latest person to see his humiliating state was going to be. He thought about standing up and looking out of the window but if somehow this person wasn’t here to see him he didn’t want to expose himself to them anyway.

Anthony didn’t have to question who was coming for long. He soon heard the key in the front door and knew it must be Jane. He felt relief that his babysitter would soon be leaving even if it didn’t mean an improvement to his situation. The door opened and he heard Jane laughing and talking to someone else. A familiar voice that made Anthony gasp.

Just like when his parents had walked in and seen him like this Anthony had no options for hiding. He could only look at the doorway in horror as Jane appeared along with Steven who had his arm around her shoulders. They looked at each other lovingly before turning to see the baby in the playpen.

“He’s been as good as gold.” Miss. Macey said as she walked towards the door, “Just one change needed and he was dry when I last checked a minute ago.”

Anthony swallowed thickly. He was being talked about like an actual toddler. He couldn’t keep looking at the lovers. It was the first time Jane had brought Steven to their home, it felt like another line had been crossed.

As Anthony looked at the ground between his legs he heard Jane talking with the babysitter. After a few small pleasantries Miss. Macey was dismissed and left the house considerably richer than when she had arrived. That left Anthony alone with his wife and her boyfriend. They remained in silence as the faint noises of Miss. Macey getting into her car and leaving just reached them through the walls.

“Hello Anthony.” Steven said, “Good to see you again.”

Anthony didn’t say anything. He had known Jane was seeing another man and ever since he was fired he knew that this mysterious other person was Steven. He had thought he was prepared but to see Steven in his house with his arm around his wife was making Anthony very mad.

“I think he’s sulking.” Jane said with a chuckle.

“Poor baby.” Steven replied.

Anthony wished he had somewhere to go. He wanted to run away from the house and never look back but there was nothing out there for him. There was nowhere to go and no one to help him. He was as reliant on Jane as any baby was on their mommy. Jane walked forwards and opened the playpen’s gate.

“Come on out, baby.” Jane said as she waved for Anthony to come out.

Anthony had nothing covering his diaper. He knew that Steven had seen his diaper before but that didn’t make this any less humiliating. He slowly stood up and tried to pull down the short pink shirt he was wearing, it didn’t help and barely concealed any of the diaper at all. He didn’t dare look up at Steven who he could imagine was smirking at this pathetic display. Every waddling step produced loud crinkles that seemed even louder in the otherwise quiet room. Anthony came to a stop just in front of Steven who, yet again, had his arms around Jane.

“Well, Anthony, I think it’s time you formally met your new Daddy.” Jane said brightly.

Anthony’s head snapped up instantly. He had long ago grudgingly accepted that Jane was seeing another man but to think of that man as “Daddy” was a step too far. He couldn’t seriously believe his wife would actually think he would go along with that.

In front of Anthony his “Mommy” was standing and looking to the side as she leaned into the very handsome Steven. He had his arm around Jane but was smirking towards Anthony in a very condescending manner. Anthony had a burning hatred for this man deep inside him. Having Steven date his wife was humiliating enough. There was no way Anthony was going to embarrass himself for this man any further. There was no reason to rub salt into this open wound.

“Say hello to your Daddy.” Jane said impatiently.

Anthony’s hands balled up and he could feel himself shaking from rage. He wasn’t going to say anything to Steven. Just because he couldn’t do anything about the situation didn’t mean he had to like it.

“There’s no need to be shy.” Steven said, “Can you say “Daddy” for me?”

“Ja-… Mommy.” Anthony caught himself just in time, “Can we talk about this?”

“Sure.” Jane smiled and nodded, “Right after you say hello to your Daddy.”

“I’m not going to do that.” Anthony said through clenched teeth.

“You’ll say hello.” Jane’s face hardened, “Or you’ll be punished.”

“I think he might like that.” Steven laughed.

Anthony’s eyes widened as he saw Steven’s hand drop down until it was resting on Jane’s ass. He patted her posterior a couple of times causing her to let out a high-pitched yelp of a laugh. Steven leaned across and started whispering something into her ear and Anthony saw her face flush. What little remained of his masculine pride could take no more.

Anthony pulled his arm back and with a yell of aggression he swung for the side of Steven’s head. Things seemed to move in slow motion. Steven had apparently seen this strike coming as he moved out of the way surprisingly quickly. Anthony stumbled forwards and felt two large hands grabbing him, one on his arm and the other round the back of his neck.

“Ah!” Anthony exclaimed as he stumbled forwards past Jane.

“I can see why Jane thinks you need a Daddy figure in your life.” Steven said.

Anthony was pulled to the side and as Steven sat down he was yanked forwards. He stumbled and then tripped over the larger man’s lap. He found himself face down and balancing over Steven’s knees. He tried to pull himself up but a large arm placed itself across his back effectively trapping him in place.

“Get off me!” Anthony yelled as he kicked his legs causing his diaper to crinkle loudly.

The first spank landed before Anthony could ready himself. He gasped as Steven’s large hand smacked into the plastic of his disposable, the sound of the hit echoing around the room. His eyes started to tear up no matter how much he tried to resist it. As if he hadn’t been emasculated enough.

The next spank landed on his other cheek and jerked him forwards across Steven’s knees. He grimaced and closed his eyes as he tried to stop from crying out. The next spank was on the first cheek again and the one after that showed that Steven was alternating each smack. The diaper absorbed a certain amount of the smacks but most of the pain made its way through to his skin where the stinging radiated out.

“Why can’t you just do as you’re told?” Jane asked. She had walked into the room and was sitting in an armchair across from Anthony.

“I…” Anthony started.

The spanking continued and picked up pace. Anthony’s composure was cracking like a thin-shelled egg. He was trying to hold back the cries but tears leaked down his cheeks and a sob was choking his throat.

Anthony could barely take a breath as he laid over Steven’s knees. The spanks were coming so thick and fast he was completely unable to get a full breath which was adding to his sense of panic. His legs started kicking out with desperation and his arms ineffectively hammered Steven’s legs.

“I’m sorry!” Anthony wailed, “I’m sorry! Please…”

Anthony was crying now. He only realised he was doing so after he started and had no idea how long he had been reduced to this. He felt like a naughty toddler more than ever. With every sense telling him he was nothing more than a misbehaving child. He was ready to say or do anything to stop the punishment.

“Mommy!” Anthony yelled, “I’m sorry Mommy!”

Anthony didn’t care that he looked like the two-year-old he had been treated as for a year. He could taste his salty tears and could feel snot running down his face. His butt felt like it was bruising and yet there was no sign that Steven was even slowing down. He was desperate for his Mommy to save him from the mean man.

“It’s not me you should be apologising to.” Jane replied grimly.

“I’m… I’m sorry, Steven!” Anthony said between sobs.

Steven started saying something without pausing his spanking. Anthony didn’t hear him though, he was not only too lost in the overwhelming feelings of his punishment but his body seemed to be losing control of its most basic functions. With nary a warning Anthony’s bladder released and he felt his diaper rapidly warming as he freely wet himself. The heat spreading around the front and rear of the padding quickly. There was no way Steven hadn’t noticed that the butt he was spanking had suddenly got warmer and it had nothing to do with his smacks.

“Please!” Anthony practically screamed.

Anthony scrambled desperately to get off Steven’s lap but he could barely shift an inch. The bigger man was like a machine with an in-built metronome, his spanking didn’t weaken or slow down no matter how long it went.

“Daddy!” Anthony exclaimed as he through all dignity to the wayside, “I’m sorry Daddy! Please Daddy, your baby is sorry!”

The spanking suddenly stopped and Anthony realised that every muscle in his body had been tensed up. He felt afraid to relax, terrified that this was a trick to get him to relax before continuing the punishment. He was still crying loudly and babbling.

“I’m sorry Daddy!” Anthony cried, “I’m sorry Mommy!”

“Aw, there we go…” Steven said as he removed his arm from the cuckolded man’s back, “That wasn’t so hard, was it?”

Anthony shook his head. In truth it was one of the hardest things he had ever had to say. It was only by throwing away all his shame and dignity that he had been brought to such a level. He shifted a little and when Steven didn’t hold him down he slowly pulled himself off Steven’s lap and on to the floor.

“Say it again.” Jane instructed.

“I’m sorry Daddy…” Anthony muttered as his body was wracked by sobs.

“I think he’s learning.” Steven said, “He’s a good boy really.”

Anthony felt Steven’s hand come down and rest on top of his head. His hair was tussled like a proud father would do to his son. He remained on all fours, he didn’t want to do anything that might make the others punish him again. His butt felt like minced meat.

“That was so hot.” Jane said rather breathlessly.

“You like seeing a real man work?” Steven asked with a slight chuckle.

“How about I put the baby to bed…” Jane suggested, “And you meet me in my bedroom?”

“Sure thing.” Steven’s voice was deep. Anthony didn’t need to look up to know he was smiling widely. Steven continued cheekily, “Mommy.”

“Careful…” Jane shot back, “Or you’ll be angling for a spanking yourself.”

Anthony could only listen as his wife and her boyfriend flirted with each other over him. When he felt Jane’s hand on his back he jumped so hard he nearly fell over. He slowly got up to his feet but kept his face downturned.

“Hey…” Steven said. For a horrible moment Anthony thought his new Daddy was talking to him but it seemed his words were directed at Jane, “Don’t take too long.”

Jane replied with a giggle and closed the distance to Steven. Anthony dared a sideways look to see the two embracing. Steven’s hand was on Jane’s ass but rather than the spanking he had received his wife was simply being groped. He looked up and almost immediately wished he hadn’t. He simply hadn’t been prepared to see the other two locked in a passionate kiss.