It was Anthony’s worst nightmare. He was sat in the playpen in the backyard as everything was set up for the barbeque around him. There were long fold out tables that had been set up with garden chairs next to the, the twins were sitting on two of the chairs looking like they wanted to leave right then rather than wait till the next day. Jane was hurrying around putting out snacks and drinks for each of the incoming guests and Steven was at the grill getting it fired up.

Anthony had tried everything he could think of to get out of this. He had begged for mercy, he had pleaded and bargained and finally he had a tantrum. None of it had helped. He was changed into a fresh diaper, placed in a light blue t-shirt covered in little cartoon sheep and had been put in the pen where he currently sat amongst his toys. His diaper was completely exposed.

The guests were due to start arriving at any minute and Anthony felt on the verge of a panic attack. He didn’t know who was coming but judging by the amount of chairs that had been put out it was more than a few.

“Who is coming to this stupid thing?” Megan asked as she looked over to her twin brother.

“I don’t know.” Max replied with a shrug.

“Well, how long do we have to stay before we can excuse ourselves?” Megan asked. The exasperation in her voice was evident.

“Why do you think I know?” Max asked.

“I don’t know.” Megan tossed her head back and looked up at the clear blue sky, “You talk to mom more than I do.”

“If you just apologised I’m sure...” Max started.

“No.” Megan said simply.

Anthony watched as his daughter stood up and walked several seats away. She sat back down with her legs crossed and her arms folded across her chest. Max snorted with laughter and turned away. Before Anthony could react the sound of the front doorbell rang and Jane hurried inside. Anthony swallowed hard as his pulse quickened.

A few seconds later the first guests started walking in and it was worse than Anthony could’ve possibly imagined. Arriving in a group were his former co-workers and golfing buddies. The doctors and a couple of the receptionists were led in by the man that had fired Anthony. Alan was dressed smartly and holding the hand of his wife, their eyes scanned the yard before falling on Anthony.

Anthony saw the looks he was getting. He saw the people he used to think were friends whispering to their partners. He saw the amused smiles and giggles as they walked into the backyard. Steven went over to greet his co-workers whilst Anthony was left alone in his pen. Everyone was dressed in smart-casual clothes which made him feel even more inadequate in his babyish outfit. He was the centrepiece of the party. His playpen was placed on the grass just to the side of the table and the grill, it meant anyone walking to the house, table or barbeque would look right at him. He was sure it was on purpose.

Not long after the staff from the surgery arrived the doorbell rang again. Anthony could only look on in dread as his parents walked into the yard. His mother and father were both dressed up nicely and smiling as they met the other guests, when they looked his way the smile disappeared. Any hope he might’ve had that they would be more sympathetic to his plight evaporated instantly.

The next arrivals were people Anthony didn’t know. They seemed to be Steven’s friends from the way they greeted each other. Whilst Anthony was a known quantity for the other guests these new people had clearly never seen him like this. They burst into laughter and went over to Steven, Anthony had no doubt he was the topic of conversation as they kept looking over and laughing again. He wished there were enough toys to build a fort and hide behind it. These boisterous young men made him anxious.

Following the men a group of women arrived. Anthony recognised some of them at least, these were Jane’s friends and they had a similar if not slightly more muted reaction to Steven’s guests. Anthony assumed they already knew about how he lived even if they hadn’t seen him.

“I don’t even know any of these people.” Megan complained from her seat. She hadn’t moved a muscle since sitting there.

“I said you could invite your friends.” Jane replied from behind her. She was clearly closer than Megan expected as she jumped when she heard the words.

“Oh yeah…” Megan scoffed, “I’ll just show my friends… this.”

Anthony ducked his head as Megan pointed at him. He understood. He was an embarrassment. To Jane and Steven’s friends he was a curiosity but it would be humiliating to his kids if people they knew saw how he lived.

The last guests seemed to be the most important. That was how it seemed to Anthony at least as Joey, Fiona and Mandy walked out into the backyard. Both Steven and Jane immediately hurried over and started introducing them to everyone else. Anthony sighed. It was because of Joey that he was in this position. He would never have expected such an ordinary young man could have such a massive impact on him.

After a couple of minutes Anthony saw a tense scene unfolding in front of him. Both Max and Megan had stood up and were next to each other as Joey and Fiona, holding hands, walked over. It looked awkward. Max’s eyes dropped to the ground whilst Megan folded her arms across her chest with her mouth pressed as small as possible. Joey and Fiona looked straight ahead not breaking eye contact and for a second Anthony wondered if there was going to be a fight.

“Look, man, I’m really sorry.” Max said. Everyone seemed taken back by his words, “What we did was just… horrible. I just want you to know I’ve changed and I’m sorry.”

Joey looked from Max to Megan who was looking very standoffish still. Anthony saw her mouth move as if there were a hundreds words that made their way to her mouth to be swallowed again. Finally she took a deep breath and let her arms drop to her side.

“I’m sorry too.” Megan said simply.

Now everyone turned to Joey who seemed to almost be hiding behind his girlfriend a little. Anthony saw the young man look at Fiona and then over his shoulder at his older sister. Mandy was hanging back, close enough to give support but far enough away to make sure what happened next was all Joey’s decision.

“I accept your apologies.” Joey said with a smile, “It’s water under the bridge now. I might never have got with Fiona without what happened after all.”

Max held his hand out and Joey shook it. Yet again everyone looked at Megan and the young woman rolled her eyes. She held out a hand and they shook for the briefest possible time. Anthony wondered if Joey was going to come over to him next, if he got a chance to apologise maybe it would finally end his interminable punishment.

Anthony’s hopes were dashed when Joey and Fiona turned and walked in the opposite direction to the playpen. He found himself alone as the young people walked away. He was back to being little more than a curiosity, a sideshow to be gawked at by all the real adults. There was once a time when Anthony would’ve been one of them but now he couldn’t feel more different. For all the wives, husbands, sons and daughters he was the only baby there.

“Foods ready!” Steven called from the grill, “Everyone come help yourselves.”

Everyone made their way to the barbeque. Anthony could hear laughter and jokes as he clutched at the bars. His mouth was watering as he saw all the tasty meat getting placed on people’s plates.

“Here you go.” Jane said as she walked over with a small plastic plate.

Anthony looked at the food as the plate was lowered over the edge of the playpen. Anthony was pleasantly surprised to see he had been given a couple of burgers though they had been cut up for him. He was also given a bottle of juice.

“How long do I have to stay out here?” Anthony asked.

“Is the baby missing his nap?” Jane asked with a smirk.

“No… I just don’t want to be here.” Anthony replied honestly.

Jane laughed and Anthony knew that he was going to be out there for the long haul. After the initial humiliation of being seen in such an infantile state he found that the embarrassment was lessening although it was obviously still massive. People seemed to be staring less now, most seemed to have had their fun and now Anthony was being left alone. They were giving him no more attention than they would any other baby.

“Be a good boy.” Jane said simply as she stood up. Anthony notice her wince and puff out her cheeks as she straightened up, “We have a special surprise for you later.”

“I don’t want it.” Anthony immediately replied, “Whatever it is, I don’t want it.”

“Silly baby.” Was all Jane said as she turned and walked away.

Anthony didn’t like the sound of a surprise. Surprises rarely if ever meant something good for him, it was just another thing for him to fear. Anthony quietly ate his burgers as he looked out at the partygoers. After an initially awkward start where people didn’t really know each other there seemed to be much more mingling between individuals and groups.

It wasn’t long until the alcohol was being served. Anthony was left wishing his bottle was filled with something stronger as he saw beers being handed out. Steven was talking with the other doctors at the surgery and tipping back beer like it was water. Jane was nearby talking to Fiona and Mandy, Anthony shivered and hoped the women didn’t have anything planned for him. Whilst the other women were holding beer and wine Jane seemed to just have a glass of water. Anthony picked up his bottle and started sucking down the sweet liquid.

“Not such a big man now, eh?” Alan said as he leaned on the edge of the metal pen.

Anthony jumped and dropped his bottle. He looked down at the ground as his former boss laughed. For all the stares and laughs this was the first time someone had actually come over to speak to him, he wished he could just be left alone.

“You can’t imagine how tiresome it was having you at the surgery.” Alan continued, “I think we were all relived to be rid of you. The amount of complaints about your brashness and how rude you were filled a filing cabinet all of its own.”

Anthony sniffed. He knew he hadn’t always been easy to get along with, he knew that he rubbed people the wrong way sometimes and he knew wasn’t Mr. Popular but he never thought everyone would be glad to get rid of him.

“I think this is the best place for you.” Alan went on, “Look at you. No longer the loud annoying man you once were. I have to commend Jane on a job well done. When she told us about all of this we could hardly believe it but the more we thought about it the more sense it made. Well, I can’t stand here talking to a baby all afternoon, I have grown-ups to see. See you later, baby.”

Anthony was thankful that Alan had excused himself. It seemed his former employer no longer thought that the diapers were a weird fetish for him but that hadn’t softened his attitudes at all. In fact, now that Anthony thought about it, he wondered if there hadn’t been a plan between Jane, Mandy and Alan to get him caught in the compromising position. It seemed to suit all of them to get him fired.

“Nice to see you again.” This time the voice was female and it came from behind the other side of Anthony’s playpen.

Anthony swivelled around to see Fiona. For once she was without Joey. Anthony remembered the last time he had seen her, when she and Joey had made love right on his changing table. He blushed at the memory. He looked down between his legs, he could see that his diaper was clearly wet and he blatantly realised he had been showing everyone that fact as he sat with splayed legs.

“Come on…” Fiona chuckled, “Surely you’re Mommy has raised you better than that. When someone greets you you’re supposed to greet them back.”

“Hello.” Anthony muttered reluctantly.

“Good boy!” Fiona praised him. The excitement in her voice only made Anthony more embarrassed.

“You’re looking a bit wet.” Fiona said as she nodded towards his crotch, “Do you need a change?”

“N-No!” Anthony was quick to reply.

“Come over here.” Fiona said as she curled a finger.

“I told you I…” Anthony started.

“Before you continue I should probably tell you something.” Fiona smiled and held up a hand as she interrupted Anthony, “I’ve been talking to your Mommy and apparently she is VERY happy with the job I did babysitting you. So much so that she has asked me to babysit you more.”

“What!?” Anthony swallowed hard.

“Apparently your Mommy is keen to go out more often and may need to go into the office as well.” Fiona nodded her head, “She said I’ll probably be looking after you once, maybe sometimes twice, a week! And with the rates she’s offering I’ll be coming over as much as I can.”

Anthony felt his stomach do a flip. He remembered the first time Fiona had babysat him and it had been more than a little embarrassing. He wasn’t looking forward to the idea of her looking after him more often, he could only imagine what humiliating things her and Joey might get him to do. The worst part was that he would be powerless to stop them.

“So why don’t you do what your Aunty Fiona tells you and come over here?” Fiona said as she pointed to the ground at her feet.

“Aunty…” Anthony repeated breathlessly.

“I thought it was appropriate. We’ll be seeing A LOT of each other after all.” Fiona pointed to the area of the playpen right in front of her, “Now, if you don’t want Aunty Fiona to give you a spanking in front of all these people you’ll get over here right now.”

Anthony didn’t need a second warning. As mortified as he was he knew Fiona could make it ten times worse if he failed to listen to her commands. He got to his feet and heard himself crinkle despite the noise from the rest of the party. He was very conscious of how much his diaper drooped between his thighs. He had known he was wet but he seemed to be worse off than he thought. With a pronounced waddle he made his way quickly to Fiona who was waiting impatiently.

“Turn around.” Fiona ordered as soon as Anthony had reached her.

Anthony did as he was told and felt his heart sink when he saw he was now facing the rest of the partygoers, many of whom were staring right back at him. When he felt a hand grab at his crotch he jumped and yelped in surprise prompting laughs from the audience. He looked down to the front of his diaper and saw Fiona’s hand and her pink painted nails groping and squeezing him.

“You’re very wet.” Fiona said loudly enough that the nearest people heard her and started laughing.

Anthony was frozen like a statue. He wanted to run and hide but there was nowhere to go. All he could do was pray this would all be over soon, he was sure he would never recover from this shamefully public humiliation. The dreadful truth that he had tried, and failed, to keep secret was now right in front of so many people. If it hadn’t already news would spread far and wide before long.

“Bend over.” Fiona said as her hand left Anthony’s disposable.

“Aunty Fiona…” Anthony tried to sound pleading but he knew he came off more as whiny.

“Now.” Fiona’s tone of voice brooked no argument.

Anthony’s eyes watered as he slowly started to bend over. He felt Fiona’s hand on his back and he was pushed down until his back was practically at right angles to his legs. His shirt was lifted and the waistband of his diaper pulled back.

“Hmm, well you’re still clean at least.” Fiona loudly stated as if that were a shock.

Anthony closed his eyes as he heard more laughter. He recognised some of the voices that were now openly laughing at him. The high-pitched one was Mandy whereas a very gravelly laugh that sounded like it was about to turn into a cough at any moment was his own father. Not even his parents were on his side anymore.

“Off you go.” Fiona patted his rear end, “Back to your toys whilst the grown-ups talk.”

Anthony hurried away before Fiona thought of another way to embarrass him. It seemed like it might be a portent of horrible things to come. He looked over his shoulder as he sat back down in the same spot as before to see Fiona making her way back over to Joey. Anthony sniffled as he looked at Joey, more than anything he wished the places were reversed. Joey should be the one in the playpen anyway, he was the one that needed the diapers. The fact that Anthony now needed diapers just as much was pushed to the back of his mind, it wasn’t his fault he ended up like that.

“Well I have to say I wasn’t sure about all this but it seems… appropriate.” Harriett’s voice made Anthony turn to look in front of him again.

“Mom, please, I…” Anthony started. He briefly tried to beg for help.

“Yes, we both had our doubts.” Charles cut in, “But having met Steven I think we both see why Jane has chosen him. A very impressive young man indeed.”

Anthony couldn’t take listening to his dad talk about Steven’s positives. He had already been replaced as husband and father, was he now being replaced as a son?

“We both feel very confident that Steven will take care of Jane.” Harriett said happily, “And I think transferring her all the money is for the best since we won’t be able to visit again for the near future.”

“W-Why not?” Anthony asked as he looked up from the ground.

“Oh, yes, I suppose we haven’t told you.” Charles chuckled, “Your mother and I are selling the family home. We’re heading south for retirement, I think we’ve put up with cold winters here for long enough.”

“You… You can’t…” Anthony said desperately, “I need you to help me!”

“Anthony…” Harriett looked at her diapered son with a sympathetic smile, “Look around you. You’re not like these other people. You never took responsibility for anything. I think you’re right where you should be.”

Anthony looked up at his parents with disbelief mixed with crushing disappointment. Sitting on his heavily padded butt and feeling his wetness wrapping around him like a warm sponge Anthony found it hard to argue that he wasn’t like anyone else here. With shame he wondered how many of the men and women around him would ever let themselves end up in this situation and knew the answer was none of them. He was different. He was an overgrown baby.

“We’ll keep in touch.” Charles said.

Just like that Anthony watched his parents turn away from him and walk back into the party. He was despondent as he looked through the bars of his pen and saw all the adults having such a good time. To think there was a time not so long ago where he would be the one manning the grill and loudly regaling his guests with stories, though from what he had heard since it seemed he was barely tolerated by the people he had once thought of as friends.

As more time passed he found himself increasingly resigned to his position. His diaper was soaked and with everyone basically ignoring him again all he could do was listlessly pick up and move around the toys he was surrounded by. It felt like the party had reached its zenith and everyone was having a good time. Most people were sat around the tables that had been set up on the lawn.

Anthony was just wetting his diaper. He had no idea how many times he had done so at this point but the diaper was full to bursting and, to his horror, he felt a sudden warmth spreading over the inside of his thighs. He looked down to see that he was leaking. He moaned as his hands went down to his crotch but there was nothing he could do to stop the urine that continually trickled down his legs. He really needed to get an adult’s attention to ask for an emergency change but he certainly didn’t want to be shouting for it across the backyard. He crawled up to the bars of the playpen and looked out, as the pee ran down his legs he tried to silently get the attention of his wife.

“Ladies and gentlemen, if I could have your attention for a minute.” Steven had stood up and was banging a spoon against a glass.

The murmuring of the myriad guests died down. Steven was looking down at Jane and trying to tell her to get to her feet. Jane was smiling but seemed bashful, eventually she relented and stood up. Her cheeks were red but she was beaming as she looked across at her assembled guests.

“Now is the time we admit there is alternative reason that you’ve all been summoned here beyond a friendly get together.” Steven said, “I know most of you haven’t known me for long, some of you have met me for the first time today but you’ve all been extremely kind and I want to thank you.”

Anthony wondered where all this was going. His diaper was sagging distractingly and he could feel just how wet the padding had become, every time he moved more pee went straight down his thighs. Whatever it was Anthony hoped it would be done soon and that he could get a quiet word with Jane.

“So… Jane and I have an announcement to make.” Steven continued. He looked at Jane and they shared a long smile before he nodded his head.

“I’m pregnant!” Jane happily announced.

For Anthony everything seemed to freeze. He thought that there was no way he could’ve heard Jane correctly. He looked around and saw the other guests clapping and congratulating her, people were walking up to the top table to hug Jane and shake hands with Steven. This was like a strange nightmare.

“What the fuck!?” Megan had looked as shocked as Anthony was but now she was rising to her feet and shouting at her mother.

Anthony saw Megan looking at him again. He wasn’t sure what she was trying to say with her stare. Either she was telling him to get up and reclaim his life or it was pure pity for the position he was now hopelessly trapped in.

“Now Megan you shou-…” Steven started.

“I’m done.” Megan put her hands up, “I’m finished with this whole circus.”

Anthony watched his daughter march out of the garden but she wasn’t joined by Max. His son looked just as shocked as Megan had been but instead of leaving he was going up to talk to the expecting couple.

As Anthony remained on his knees the full reality of what was happening was beginning to sink in. His wife was pregnant with another man’s baby. The alpha male Steven had left his seed in her Jane’s womb and as they celebrated Anthony was crouched in his playpen with piss pooling beneath him.

Anthony began to sob. Then he began to cry. Finally he started to wail as he realised just how hopeless his situation was. He didn’t care how he looked to others, he didn’t care that they were staring at the grown man crying like the baby he looked like. It felt like crying was all he had left.

“Aww, baby…” Jane said as she walked over, “This baby doesn’t mean Mommy loves you any less. It just means you’ll have a little brother or sister to play with. You look like you need a change, come on.”

“I… I don’t want to!” Anthony cried out between sobs. He couldn’t speak properly as he hiccupped the words out, he was trying to tell his wife he didn’t want to have a baby sibling.

“But look at you, baby.” Jane said, “You’re leaking! What a big baby!”

Anthony couldn’t take it anymore. He dropped on to his back and beat his hands and feet against the floor in a helpless tantrum. All he could think about was watching Jane’s belly grow bigger and then having to be a baby alongside the boy or girl who was born.

“And you wonder why I needed a real man in my life…” Jane muttered.

Something broke in Anthony as he cried. He finally truly accepted that he was nothing more than an infant. A baby that would be treated no different to the child Jane was having with her boyfriend. His co-workers, his parents, his kids and literally everyone else thought he was nothing more than a baby and now he thought exactly the same way.

Anthony was just a useless baby who needed looking after. So it was a good thing he had a Mommy and Daddy to do it.