**Tommy’s Tribulations 2**

**By Elfy**

Tommy sat on his bed in stunned silence. His father, George, had finally come home a few hours ago and his hopes had died when George had sided with his mother and step-sister. His diaper was dry and clean after being brought in and changed by Sandra, he had been left in the sandbox for an hour before he was brought in. He had been ushered straight up to his bedroom and showered before a new diaper was taped around his waist. He hadn’t moved from his bed since Sandra had left the room.

Shock had taken a hold of Tommy and he was only briefly brought out of his stupor when he heard laughter from downstairs. The rest of the family seemed to be having a great time. It felt like a kick in the face for Tommy.

The sun was setting outside the bedroom window and Tommy put on a shirt as the hot summer afternoon grew cooler. He didn’t bother covering the diaper, there just seemed to be no point in trying to keep his dignity anymore. Tommy wondered if he should just give in to the inevitable. His family were determined to see him use his diapers so maybe he should just do it.

Tommy thought about his friends whom he had been ignoring for so long and felt so incredibly upset, what would they say if they could see him like this. He quickly wiped the tears away with his shirt.

“Busy day, huh?” Erin’s voice came from the open doorway. She was leaning against the door frame and looking pretty happy with herself. Tommy hadn’t even known she had come upstairs.

Tommy didn’t reply or try to cover himself up. He looked at his step-sister without expression and wondered what she wanted. If it was to humiliate him he just had nothing left, he was defeated.

“What… What do you want?” Tommy croaked through a throat that hadn’t been used in a few hours.

“Oh, I was just coming up to use the bathroom.” Erin smirked, “Remember that?”

Tommy took a deep breath and stood up from his bed. He walked towards Erin who backed off slightly and warned her step-brother not to touch her or she’d get him in trouble. Tommy just took hold of the door and closed it to block his step-sister from sight before heading back to his bed. His ears had become so desensitised to the crinkling from his waist that he barely registered how loud he was.

When Tommy was called down to dinner that evening he was the last one to walk into the dining room. There was an awkward silence amongst everyone and even though Tommy had covered himself up with some pants it was acutely obvious that he was in a diaper.

Tommy ate in silence as the rest of the family talked to each other about George’s trip to Japan. The dinner tasted incredibly bland to Tommy who wanted nothing more than to get this whole thing over with so he could retreat upstairs.

“It sounds like you had just as much of an adventure back here.” George chuckled as he ate.

Tommy looked up at his father for the first time since sitting down for dinner and scowled. Tommy didn’t want the conversation to turn towards himself but he was powerless to stop it from happening.

“Well Tommy started…” Sandra began.

“May I be excused?” Tommy immediately interrupted.

“Tommy, mind your manners.” George replied sternly, “Don’t interrupt your mother.”

“She’s not my mother.” Tommy mumbled as he turned back to his food.

“As I was saying… Tommy started having trouble and it quickly escalated.” Sandra eyes flicked to Tommy several times and he felt himself blushing, “The doctor said there was nothing wrong and yet he started wetting himself more and more. Then there was the messing which soon followed…”

Tommy had finished dinner already and he just sat back in his seat looking down at the floor. He would’ve done anything to just slip away from the table unnoticed.

“I think the diapers were a great idea.” George said as he sipped from his drink, “If he was as lazy as you say then he has to learn the consequences.”

“I’m not lazy!” Tommy hit the table with his fists causing the cutlery to rattle around on the table.

“See what I mean?” Sandra rolled her eyes as she looked at George, “He’s been having tantrums and-”

Tommy could listen to no more and he jumped to his feet. He turned away from the table and with a noticeable waddle he headed back upstairs despite the calls from his family to come back and sit down. He stomped up the stairs and slammed his bedroom door, he could stand no more of his family talking as if he wasn’t there.

After a couple of hours on the computer where his anger never abated he heard a knock on his door. He ignored it thinking that maybe the person on the other side would assume he had gone to bed but he was frustrated yet again when his door was opened with no care for his privacy.

“Get out of-” Tommy stopped talking when he saw that it was his father who was standing in the doorway, “What do you want?”

“Your mother says it’s time for bed.” George said after clearing his throat. He was looking at the floor and the bed, pretty much anywhere that wasn’t his son.

“I can’t believe you’re taking her side.” Tommy hissed as he stood up and walked noisily to the bed. The fact that his father was embarrassed to look at him made him feel ten times worse.

“I’m not taking sides.” George said raising his hands as a sign of peace, “You’ve had a problem and we’re just trying to help you.”

“Whatever.” Tommy replied in a surly voice as he dropped into bed whist still wearing his pants. He expected his dad to leave the room but there didn’t seem to be any movement. Tommy rolled over to look at George as if to ask what he was waiting for.

“Your mother says you need to be checked before going to bed…” George said slowly.

“I’m dry.” Tommy replied as he felt his heart skip a beat. He really didn’t want his father to check him.

“I have to check.” George shrugged his shoulders as if to say he was just following orders.

Tommy was red in the face again and he pulled his cover back slowly. He closed his eyes and just wished for this all to be over. He could feel the air move as George walked closer to the bed and lean down.

A hand pulled forward the waistband of Tommy’s pants and he felt a large hand reach down and pat the diaper. Tommy hadn’t been lying, he was still dry and the padding was completely clean. He wondered how long his dad needed to work out that he didn’t need a change because it felt like much longer than necessary.

“Just like when you were a baby.” George chuckled, “The checking I mean. You never liked me or your mom checking you, some things never change I guess.”

Tommy felt his face going redder but he didn’t say anything. He looked away from his dad and was happy when he finally removed his hand from Tommy’s diaper. With watering eyes he felt his pants’ waistband rest against his belly again, his cover was pulled up and over him.

“I’ll see you in the morning.” George said.

“Dad!” Tommy stopped his father just as he was walking out of the room, “This isn’t needed. I don’t need to wear diapers or anything. Please, please, please stop this and let things go back to normal.”

“We’ll see.” George eventually said as he closed the door. He didn’t sound very convinced and as the door closed Tommy laid back on his pillows and covered his face in frustration.

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The next day Tommy was woken by the sounds of chirping birds. He felt groggy as he slowly sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes, he fought back a yawn and casually reached under his cover to where his diaper was. He placed his hand on the outside and was unsurprised to feel that it had swollen considerably in the night.

Tommy’s first reaction was one of depressed resignation. He was in diapers full time now and seemingly had no control of himself through the night, it was no longer a shock to find out he had wet himself. In fact it was now something everyone expected of him and since the toilet was completely off limits to Tommy he knew it was something he would have to get used to. The thought of getting used to using his diaper completely made a cold shiver run down his spine.

“I can’t accept this…” Tommy muttered to himself as he looked down to his diaper.

Tommy suddenly felt an anger flare up inside of him. A determination to not just sit back and accept everything flickered to life and he became determined to fight for his rights to use the bathroom. He had no real idea how he would actually do anything to help his position but he knew he had to find a way, the path he was on was not one he wanted.

“Mom says it’s time for breakfast.” Erin’s voice shouted through the closed door.

Tommy had been waiting for someone to come in and change his diaper but it didn’t look like he could expect that any time soon. Was he supposed to just go downstairs in his diaper?

Tommy hated that as time went on it seemed perfectly normal to his family for him to have his embarrassing underpants on display. Tommy stood up and decided that the first part of fighting against this new status quo was to put on some pants and give himself some dignity.

Reaching into his closet for a pair of loosely fitting pants Tommy stepped into them and pulled them up. They were quite snug around his diaper and the bulge was noticeable but it was a start.

Tommy walked downstairs slowly and heard his diaper crinkle with each step. The wet padding had caused the diaper to expand and Tommy knew he was noticeably waddling. He could hear the rest of his family in the dining room already and when he walked into the room he saw heads swivel his way.

There was silence for a few seconds as Tommy stood in the entrance awkwardly. Erin’s face had lit up as soon as she saw Tommy and she could finally contain her giggles no longer. Tommy blushed, he looked down and wondered if the diaper was really that obvious. The giggling spread to the other members of the family as well.

“Come on, Tommy.” Sandra said when she had got her giggling under control, “There’s no need for the modesty. Take the pants off so it’s easier to keep an eye on your diaper.”

“I’d rather keep them on.” Tommy replied quietly.

“Tommy!” It was Tommy’s dad this time and his tone of voice suggested he wasn’t playing games, “Do as your mother asks.”

Tommy muttered his oft repeated and always ignored comeback that Sandra wasn’t his mother but he bent over and slowly pulled his pants down anyway. His tiny show of defiance had been laughed at and beaten with ease, he felt even worse now than he did before.

“You are soaked!” George exclaimed when he saw the state of the diaper that Tommy was standing in.

“This is why he has the thickest diapers I could find.” Sandra said as she drank some of her coffee.

Tommy was blushing but took his seat opposite his step-sister and picked up his spoon. His cereal didn’t look appetising but he knew he should try to eat something, he tried to ignore the looks he was getting from each of his family members but it wasn’t easy.

Breakfast was a quiet experience which pleased Tommy a lot. Since he had been the last to come down for his cereal he was also the last to finish and although the rest of the family were quietly conversing Tommy got up and made a move to leave the table.

“Are you going to be pooping yourself any time soon?” Sandra’s voice called to Tommy’s retreating back.

Tommy stopped dead as if he had suddenly stepped in cement. He heard his step-sister snort with laughter as his mother asked him the embarrassing question. He slowly shook his head as his face flushed red.

“Then someone will be up to change you in a minute.” Sandra continued.

Tommy tried to keep his cool but ended up running out of the room as fast as his legs would take him. He didn’t stop until he was back in his room, he hated being asked questions like that. They won’t let him use the bathroom so of course he will eventually fill his diaper. Everyone knew it would happen but asking a question about it so blatantly was just rubbing salt into the wound.

Tommy had only been in his room for a couple of minutes when Sandra invited herself in without bothering to knock. She walked straight over to Tommy who was stood by the window and reached down with her hand to prod and poke Tommy’s diaper. It was completely unnecessary since it was obvious that Tommy was soaked but she seemed determined to do everything by the book and that included the mandatory prodding of the soaked padding. Tommy just stood still and let his step-mother do it, he knew anything he did to hinder the process would just make it take more time.

Sandra didn’t bother to tell Tommy to go and lay down on the bed. When her hands stopped checking Tommy he walked to the bed by himself and laid down in the prescribed way. He stared resolutely up at the ceiling as the tapes were pulled off the diaper and the front was lowered.

“You really did a number on this one.” Sandra commented unnecessarily as she pulled the wipes out from under the bed and started to wipe her step-son’s crotch.

Tommy didn’t reply but he did have one burning question that he didn’t know if he should ask. He let Sandra pull the wet diaper out from under him before unfolding a new one and getting ready to slip it under Tommy’s body. When Tommy didn’t immediately lift his rear end up to let the diaper underneath him Sandra grabbed his legs and unceremoniously lifted them up herself. When Tommy was lowered on to the new diaper he finally found the courage to ask his burning question.

“How did you convince dad to let you do all this?” Tommy asked quietly as baby powder was liberally sprinkled on top of his crotch.

“How did I convince him?” Sandra repeated with a chuckle, “Tommy, you did all the convincing yourself. Wetting the bed, wetting your pants, pooping yourself and acting like a brat since he left… I just told him the truth and he agreed that you needed to be taught a lesson.”

Tommy didn’t say any more. He just let Sandra pull up the front of the diaper and tape it closed. He felt angry that although everything Sandra said was true, it omitted a lot of details that explained some of his actions. He felt himself growing frustrated and just as the third of four tapes was placed he came up with an idea that he thought would be a great way to get one over on his step-mom.

Without even giving it a second thought and just giving in to his rash first thought he pushed down with his tummy muscles. He didn’t really feel the need to go to the bathroom but if Sandra was going to humiliate him then the least he could do is make her job harder than it had to be.

“What are you… Oh my God!” Sandra suddenly realised what Tommy was doing.

Tommy screwed up his face as he pushed and after the loud sound of breaking wind he felt a soft mushy explosion as he filled his diaper. The poop seemed to burst out of him and into the padding, once he started he couldn’t stop it and his bowels decided to take the opportunity to fill the diaper.

“What’s all the shouting about?” George asked as he pushed open the door. He looked at the scene in front of him and looked suitably shocked.

No one said anything as Tommy pushed again to finish emptying his bowels. Just for good measure his bladder released just as he was finishing and the hot urine poured out of him and pooled around the bottom of the diaper. By the time Tommy was done using the padding he had made the previously pristine diaper even worse than the one that had just been taken off.