

[POV] Date Night by Cowkites

It's date night! The best time of the week. The night where you get to take your gorgeous wife out on the town and show her off to the world. You wait by the door, dressed in your best clothes, for your wife to come down and join you. That's when you hear a knock at the door. Who could that be?

Your wife quickly runs downstairs to answer the door. She opens it to reveal your nineteen year old neighbor, Hannah. She's home from college for the summer. What's she doing here? "Hannah! So glad you could come last minute. The hubby and I are just going to be out for a few hours. Hopefully she'll behave herself."

Hannah's babysitting? Here? But you don't have any kids. "No problem, Mrs. Smith. I've handled my fair of brats." Smith? But that's not your last name. "Sweetie?" Your wife looks at you. "Say 'hi to Hannah." You greet the young woman. "Hey, little girl!" Girl? Just what is going on?

You protest your treatment and your wife just rolls her eyes. "What did I tell you about acting like a big boy? Now go up stairs and change out of your daddy's clothes." Daddy? If anything you should be the daddy of whatever mystery kid this is! You start to shout in reply but are quickly silenced with a pink pacifier in your mouth.

"Someone's cranky." Hannah giggled. You try to spit it out or to talk around it but you can't. Your wife grabs you by the wrist and pulls you into the living room. You try to fight her, but you can't! Before you know it, you're bent over her knee with your pants and underwear pulled past your butt. You kick and squirm but she holds you down easily.

"Bad sissy! You are not a big boy. You're a silly little girl!" She spanks your bottom repeatedly and you immediately burst into tears. Hannah laughs as you blubber like a baby in your wife's lap. Just when you thought things couldn't possibly get worse, your bladder releases as you piss yourself. You soak your underwear and nice pants and leave a large, yellow puddle on the floor.

"Looks like sissy isn't ready for big girl panties let alone her daddy's boxers." Hannah teases you. You can't help but wonder what's happening as you're dragged upstairs, your soaked undies gathered at your feet. Any resistance is met with a firm slap to your rear from Hannah. You continue to cry like a baby as your wife pulls you into 'your' room.

You've never seen a girlier room. Nearly everything is pink. Stuffed animals sit in nets on the walls, the closet is full of frilly dresses, and the headboard of your twin-sized bed has your name written on it in flowery writing. Posters of puppies and kittens decorate the wall above your bed. A bed covered in bright pink princess sheets.

Your wife hands you off to Hannah who quickly strips you naked. You can't help but feel horribly embarrassed as she does this so casually, as if you were a toddler and not a grown man. "You're going to get a talking to later about ruining your daddy's clothes. In the meantime, these should teach you a lesson."

A bright pink package of crinkly plastic dangles from her hands. She pulls a diaper free and unfolds it, revealing the embarrassing sissy baby design. "Hannah, I know you're not used to watching little diaper dependent babies. Want me to teach you before I leave?" Hannah nods enthusiastically, a devilish grin on her face.

You're pressed back onto the bed. You want to struggle, but you remain completely compliant and docile. You suck on your pacifier noisily unable to properly think beyond reflecting on how pathetic you must look. Hannah slips the thick diaper under your bottom. Your wife then instructs her on how to properly wipe and powder you.

The smell of baby powder surrounds you. They thoroughly cover your cock in the talcum. It shrinks before your eyes down to barely a nub. Hannah giggles and places her pinky next to it. "Your little baby dick is going to look so cute swaddled in your pampers!" You start to cry again as they tape your diaper up and hide your little member behind the thick padding.

"It's about time for your nap, sissy." Your wife tucks you into your princess sheets and tucks a teddy under your arm. "She's prone to wet dreams, so expect a sticky diaper when she wakes up." Your wife then kisses you on the forehead. "Be a good sissy for your babysitter and do everything she says."

You mumble behind your pacifier. You want to get up and declare your manhood. To push Hannah out of the house and have sex with your wife. Anything to show her that you aren't a diaper dependent little sissy. You almost find the strength to do it, but lose it the moment your wife turns off your bedroom light. A pink castle night light turns on and a faint nursery rhyme plays in the air. You suck on your paci and quickly fall asleep.

When you awaken, things are even worse than before. Your diaper is sopping wet and so thick that you can't hope to close your legs. Your princess bed has turned into a princess crib and the nursery around you matches it. Locking pink mittens and booties work to keep you helpless, an easy task given your new feminized body.

Hardly a hair exists on your smooth body. Your long hair reaches well past your puffy nipples. There's not an ounce of muscle on your frame and you're more petite than Hannah. You whimper behind your paci when you notice Hannah next to the crib. She's folding your clothes. Frilly onesies and bright pink diaper covers.

"Is the little baby awake already? Did you have a good nap, princess?" Hannah lowers the bars to the crib and checks your diaper. She giggles and gives it a good squeeze. The squishy

padding feels like heaven pressing against your tiny dick. You moan and squirt a warm load into your diaper.

"Awww! Someone certainly loves her diapers! Guess I'll just leave you in them then. Wouldn't want to ruin the fun." Hannah picks you up from the crib with ease. She takes you downstairs for you to discover that the whole house has changed to fit your new life. You see a playpen and bouncer in the living room. Unfortunately for you, she decides to set you down in the bouncer.

"Mommy and Daddy will be home soon. Let's make sure their little brat is nice and happy, hmm?" She presses a button on the bouncer and the seat starts to vibrate. You cum in your diapers from the intense stimulation. It feels so good it's threatening to drive you mad. You drool around your pacifier, your legs kicking against the floor from your pleasure so that you bounce up and down.

There's a knock at the door. Your wife, now your mommy, and her husband enter. They talk to Hannah for a moment before they approach and greet you. "Looks like she's really enjoying her diapers." Your 'daddy' smiles. "Looks like she won't be ruining anymore of your clothes with her pretending." Your mommy holds up a onesie. "Speaking of, look what we got you, princess."

You can barely focus on anything other than the squishy pampers around your waist. When you finally manage to focus, you see a bright pink onesie with a tutu. The words 'Daddy's Girl' are written in bright pink bubble letters on the chest. You want to spit on it. To yell at the man who humiliated you. But you just keep squirting, a stupid grin plastered on your face. "Looks like she loves it!"

A stomach cramp hits you all of a sudden. You feel something coming and try to stop it, but you can't. Your muscles down there are completely useless. You grunt involuntarily as you fill your diapers. The warm mush spreads in your diapers with each bounce. You want to cry but the mushy poop makes the bouncer feel even better. You gasp and moan around your paci in infantile bliss.

"And it looks like someone's overdue for a diapie change." Your daddy teases. Your mommy goes to lift you from the bouncer only to be stopped by your daddy. "You've changed your fair share of diapers lately. I'll take care of this." Your mommy smiles at him lovingly. "Are you sure." He nods. "She's daddy's girl after all."

Your daddy lifts you from the bouncer and carries you upstairs on his hip. Your diapered crotch presses into him and you can't help but hump. You wet yourself in the process and piss drips down your thighs as your sopping wet diaper leaks. Your daddy smiles. "Looks like one diaper isn't enough for my happy little girl. Here's hoping your new onesie and tutu fits over all the bulk."