When Michael woke up the next morning he felt his bladder aching. He didn’t move or even open his eyes as he relaxed and felt the hot pee pour out of his body to be swallowed by the thirsty padding. He felt shifting behind him and then an elbow in his back, it was his not so gentle reminder that he wasn’t alone in his crib.

Michael sighed as he sat up and saw Alyssa was already awake and staring at the ceiling with a stony expression. She might’ve been a little better at hiding her emotions than Michael but she wasn’t able to disguise the look of hopeless embarrassment he had experienced nonstop since all this started.

“Move over. You’re taking up the whole bed.” Alyssa said angrily without looking at Michael.

“I’m on my side.” Michael replied quickly, “Maybe if you didn’t hog the covers so much…”

“Hog the covers!?” Alyssa sat up and finally turned to Michael. Her diaper crinkled loudly and seemed to take the wind out of her sails.

“Has Mommy been in?” Michael asked. He referred to his wife as Mommy before he could stop himself and his cheeks flushed slightly.

“*Has Mommy been in*?” Alyssa repeated mockingly, “This is why you deserve this crap and I don’t!”

“She told us to call her that!” Michael retorted trying to save face.

“Mommy’s boy.” Alyssa smirked and stuck her tongue out at Michael childishly.

Before Michael could respond and before the situation escalated any further the nursery door opened and Sophie walked in holding the other half of the pair of baby monitors. She held it up as if to say “you know I can hear you, right?” Michael and Alyssa quickly quietened down.

Sophie walked in to the room and stepped on the release lever of the crib. The high bars rattled down giving access to the rest of the room, Michael could immediately feel the claustrophobia that the crib gave him easing up. He went to drop out of the crib but Sophie stopped him.

“Little girls first.” Sophie said, “Let your sister drop down.”

Michael rolled his eyes. Alyssa, or his “sister” as Sophie referred to her, blushed from the description and dropped on to her bare feet on the floor. Michael crossed his legs and rested his chin on his hand seemingly oblivious as to how it showed off his fresh wetting to anyone who looked. He watched as his wife used her hand to push the padding Alyssa wore up towards her crotch. She was searching for wetness but heard Alyssa let out a little moan before smirking.

“Naughty girl!” Sophie quickly chastised Alyssa and gave her a quick swat to the rear, “Well, you’re dry… for now. Let’s get you dressed.”

Michael wondered what his wife’s plan was because he saw no reason for them to have little girl’s clothes. All the clothes had been bought by Alyssa and she wouldn’t have prepared for this scenario. He was therefore stunned to see Sophie turn around with a pink and white lacy dress that looked for all the world like something a cartoon princess would wear.

“She bought it for you.” Sophie said calmly when she saw her husband’s shocked expression, “She thought that when you got used to being a baby boy she would humiliate you further by making you a baby girl.”

Michael was shocked and turned to look at Alyssa who was scowling at the floor. She acted just like a small toddler with her hand caught in the cookie jar as she kicked out at the carpet. Sophie walked over with the dress and instructed Alyssa to raise her arms, she complied wordlessly but her cheeks were going the same shade of pink as her dress.

The dress was a perfect fit on Alyssa and the soft lacy material cascaded down her body. The bottom of the dress didn’t quite hide the bottom of the diaper and Michael couldn’t help but giggle as Alyssa checked herself out in the mirror and looked embarrassed.

“Wait there while I sort your brother out.” Sophie said once she had finished straightening Alyssa’s dress.

“Please don’t call him that…” Alyssa winced as she turned to face Sophie.

“Don’t be fussy.” Sophie chided the diapered woman.

The side of the crib came down again and Michael slipped to the floor. Just like Alyssa, Michael stood with his legs slightly parted so his wife could check his clearly wet diaper. As Sophie bent down Michael saw Alyssa over her shoulder, the female wrestler lifted both hands and gave Michael two middle fingers.

“A wet little boy.” Sophie finally concluded as she stood up.

Michael was led over to the changing table and he scrambled up. This was an experience Michael was mostly used to now. The tapes were pulled off the front of the diaper and the wet front slid down on to the table. The wrestler shuddered as the cold and wet baby wipes were placed against his sensitive skin.

Holding still to be cleaned was now second nature to Michael but as he waited for the fresh diaper to be put on he let his head roll to his side. He had expected Alyssa to be making fun of him but when he looked over to her he saw that she had a distant look in her eyes and she was staring at a point somewhere above the changing table.

Michael recognised that look and his eyes shifted down to the bottom of the diaper poking out from under the short dress. It was unmistakeable as the sunlight pouring in through the window highlighted what was happening. The clean white plastic was being sullied by a darker patch that started at the bottom between Alyssa’s legs and creeped up the front of the padding. Michael’s eyes darted back to Alyssa’s face and he saw her blushing intensifying. He smirked in superiority despite currently being in the middle of a diaper change himself.

Michael watched as Alyssa suddenly jerked back to reality and looked around again. She saw Michael looking at her and quickly turned away. Michael now got a view of the woman’s rear end and he had to laugh when he saw the discoloured wet area going up towards her butt.

Michael’s new diaper was taped on and he was lifted down to the floor. His clothing today was a red and black onesie, it had a little collar like a polo shirt and from the waist up looked like a perfectly fine piece of clothing for an adult to wear, obviously the babyish nature of the onesie was given away by the way it snapped closed between his legs.

“Let’s sort out breakfast and then I need to work out what to do with you both today.” Sophie said as she opened the nursery door.

“Erm, before we go…” Alyssa sounded nervous. Michael wasn’t used to the confident woman sounding like the little child she was being treated as, “Can you change my diaper, Mommy?”

“Why didn’t you go before I checked you?” Sophie asked impatiently as she placed her hands on her hips.

Alyssa just shrugged. Michael thought he knew the answer. Wetting yourself was embarrassing at all times but it was especially bad if you weren’t used to it. Alyssa had wet her diaper the previous night but Michael thought the reality of the situation hadn’t sunk in for Alyssa and she was still flush with adrenaline from the match. Now that it was a “normal” day and this was all happening it would feel so much more real for the now embarrassed woman.

“Well, you’ll have to wait till later now.” Sophie said when Alyssa just stared at the floor instead of answering, “Babies are changed when Mommy decides, not when they want it.”

Despite the situation Michael felt himself beaming again. He had been an only child growing up but now he felt the satisfaction of seeing a sibling being told off. It might not have been the exact situation he had envisaged but seeing Alyssa blush the way she was almost made up for his own humiliation.

“But we’re here right now!” Alyssa said loudly, “It would be easy to… Hey!”

Michael was left open-mouthed as his wife suddenly strode back into the room. She grabbed Alyssa’s wrist and pulled her to the crib, Sophie was smaller and weaker than Alyssa but the element of surprise seemed to keep Alyssa in place.

“Just remember you’re contract states you are to be treated like a baby for a year.” Sophie hissed when Alyssa started to belatedly struggle a little, “If you don’t submit you’ll break the contract and I’ll call the lawyers. We’ll take you to the cleaners.”

“What happened to you moaning my name?” Alyssa spat in reply, “You were acting very differently in bed not so long ago.”

“Maybe you haven’t realised but times have changed.” Sophie whispered, “Now this isn’t going to end until you moan “Mommy” since that’s my name from now on.”

Sophie gave Alyssa a moment to think about what was happening as she rubbed her hand on the warmed up plastic of the diaper. The pee was discolouring the pure white of the diaper and Sophie could see the wetness still slowly spreading up the rear of the padding. Sophie let Alyssa think about what she was about to do, she let the anticipation build and build.

Quick as a flash Sophie drew her hand back and then brought it forwards hard and fast against the diaper. Alyssa squealed loudly and jumped, she tried to get up but Sophie’s words rang through her head and she leaned over again. The woman hit a lot harder than Alyssa had been expecting.

Michael watched and couldn’t stop a smile from splitting his face from ear to ear. A second spank came down a few moments later and then he watched as his wife went to town on the female wrestler’s backside. He could see Alyssa jerk forwards as she was hit and then she started moaning softly as each smack echoed around the room.

“I. Can. Do. This. All. Day.” Sophie punctuated each word with another spank.

Michael’s hands went to his own backside as he subconsciously remembered his own spankings. He could feel the battle going on inside Alyssa as she fought the need to submit despite the rapidly growing pain that must be turning her ass red. The spanking went on and on for minute after minute until Alyssa practically exploded.

“I’m sorry, Mommy!” Alyssa cried out through a huge sob, “Mommy, mommy, mommy!”

Sophie stopped immediately. Her forehead was sweating and she puffed out her cheeks, she had clearly put a lot of effort into the punishment. She wiped her forehead and then straightened Alyssa up. Michael wondered what was coming next but was shocked that Sophie simply threw her arms around Alyssa.

“It’s OK.” Sophie said softly as Alyssa sobbed some more, “You just need to learn to listen to Mommy, OK?”

Michael was stunned to see Alyssa humbled so much. He watched his nemesis nod her head slowly before his wife took his hand and led him out of the nursery. The three of them went down to breakfast together with the crinkles of two diapers filling the space on the thin staircase.

“We only have one highchair but I think it’s best if Alyssa takes it today.” Sophie said as they walked into the kitchen.

Michael felt a great leap of excitement and he looked across at Alyssa who looked like she wanted to say something but restrained herself. Michael dropped his padded rear into a chair before Sophie could change her mind whilst Alyssa trudged over to the highchair. The dress spilled out of the sides as the tray was brought down in front of her.

As Sophie made breakfast Michael caught Alyssa’s eyes and stuck his tongue out at her. Alyssa looked annoyed but she was locked into the chair and could do nothing about it. Sophie brought over two bowls of cereal and placed one in front of Michael and the other in front of Alyssa.

After the quiet breakfast Michael and Alyssa were led to the living room. The playpen was still set up and the two babies were told to go inside, the gate locked behind them. A couple of large baby bottles full of milk were placed in the caged area with them.

“You two play nice.” Sophie warned, “If I have to come in here to tell either of you off you’ll regret it.”

Michael watched Sophie leave the room and then sat down against the bars. He watched Alyssa looking around in disgust at the toys on display. She gingerly sat down on her wet diaper opposite from Michael. Picking up some toys Michael started to create a story for some of the little action figures in the same way he had done every other day he had been left in the playpen.

“I can’t believe you actually play with this crap.” Alyssa said. Her face was wrinkled with disgust.

“Have to pass the time somehow.” Michael shrugged.

“I would never do that.” Alyssa folded her arms across her chest, “It’s so demeaning.”

Michael smirked. He remembered thinking the same thing but there’s only so much staring at a wall you can do before you crack and start playing. Michael pulled over some little army men and decided he was going to make a story involving an evil billionaire and his army.

“Are you sure you don’t want to play, sis?” Michael asked with a mocking smile, “You can play as the good guy stopping this army.”

“Do. No. Call. Me. That.” Alyssa hissed angrily, “And I will not play with you!”

“Suit yourself.” Michael replied, “Just let me know when you change your mind.”

“I won’t.” Alyssa pouted.

Hours passed by and at lunch time Sophie brought in some food for both the babies. Some cut up sandwiches and fruit along with fresh bottles. Michael took his with a smile whilst Alyssa continued to skulk in the corner. She shuffled over to get her food once Sophie had left the room. Michael took some satisfaction from watching Alyssa eating and drinking disconsolately.