**Chapter 24 – Lessons in Good Behaviour**

Nick found that even after a break from the domination it didn’t take long to fall back under his wife’s spell. It almost felt like an inevitability that he couldn’t avoid and Sarah was happy to take advantage of the situation.

A lot of Nick’s attention over the next couple of days was focused on Sarah’s threat to bring Steven to see him. It got more anxiety inducing the longer Nick thought about it. It had been bad enough to know that Steven knew Nick was in nappies, it was even worse that he would come in and see the full extent of Nick’s issues. Steven probably assumed that Nick just had a small incontinence problem, Nick cringed as he imagined his friend finding out the full truth.

To make it even worse, Sarah never told Nick what was going on and Nick spent every moment in fear that Steven would appear. Every time there was a knock on the door or a telephone rang Nick would find his pulse quicken as he tried to find out if he was about to be humiliated or not.

Nick was sitting in his playpen on the Tuesday, just a few days after turnaround the previous weekend, and was listlessly playing with the toys at his disposal when the doorbell rang. Nick immediately perked up and looked out of the bars and towards the hallway. He desperately feared whoever the visitor was going to be. His wet nappy was prominently stuck out beneath him as he sat with nowhere to run.

“Thank you very much.” Sarah’s voice was happy as she opened the door.

Nick strained his neck to try and see who was there but it was an impossible angle. He breathed a sigh of relief when he heard the door close though. He lived for another day.

“New nappies have just arrived!” Sarah called excitedly.

Nick didn’t celebrate. He watched Sarah pull the box past the living room door. A massive box that Nick assumed was full of padding that was meant for him. Another symbol of reinforcement, another reminder that Sarah saw no reason to even attempt to take Nick out of nappies.

“This box is heavy.” Sarah said when she reached the bottom of the stairs. She walked into the living room and made a beeline for her husband.

Nick watched her smiling as she crossed the room. She opened up the gate to the playpen and motioned for Nick to step out into the room.

“I think that carrying that box upstairs is a man’s job… But since we don’t have one of those, you’ll have to do it.” Sarah said.

Nick climbed to his feet with a scowl and walked out of the living room. He saw the box laying at the bottom of the stairs and bent over to lift it. It was much heavier than he had thought it might be. Nappies were fairly light but he had never lifted a box full of them.

“Jesus, Sarah…” Nick said in a strained voice as he struggled to lift the box up, “How many did you buy?”

“Just a few dozen.” Sarah replied, “And it’s “Mummy” to you. Got it?”

“Yeah, sorry.” Nick said quietly, “…Mommy.”

Nick grunted as he lifted the box up and started to struggle up the staircase. He found his wide-legged waddle did very little to help him carry the huge load and he found himself having to awkwardly move his legs, something which seemed to cause Sarah to laugh rather heartily at his plight.

“You could feel free to help.” Nick grunted as he struggled up the stairs one step at a time.

“You’ve got it under control.” Sarah replied as she followed a few steps behind, “Besides I’m taking this opportunity to make sure I get a lovely big picture of your butt.”

“What!? Why?” Nick asked as he tried to turn around and see what Sarah was doing.

“Because you look adorable with your big bubble butt!” Sarah giggled.

When Nick reached the top of the stairs he put the box down and pushed it towards the nursery. He left it in the middle of the room and was just about to turn around and go back downstairs when he heard Sarah close the door behind him.

Nick froze on the spot and didn’t turn around. He faced his window as his wife walked up behind him. No words were exchanged as Sarah’s hand began exploring between the big baby’s legs. They probed, prodded and searched for wetness. Nick was wet of course, he always seemed to be wet these days.

“This could probably take another wetting.” Sarah judged, “But I want to try one of these new nappies so I think we will change you now.”

Nick was walked to the changing table and laid down upon it. The familiar feeling of helplessness washed over him as he stared at the ceiling and felt someone else’s hands stripping him of his underwear. His diaper’s tapes were pulled off, the front of the padding was lowered and pulled away without any input from Nick.

The cold wipes made the man jump as they dabbed at his sensitive organs before Sarah walked back to the box that was still in the middle of the room. She ripped the box open and started fiddling with the plastic packages inside. Nick looked over curiously as he laid naked on the table.

“Holy…” Nick’s mouth dropped open when he saw the nappy that his wife was carrying back to the table.

“They’re great, aren’t they?” Sarah said with an enthusiastic smile.

“They’re… Huge.” Nick said simply as he stared at the new padding being unfolded before his eyes.

These nappies were much thicker than what Nick was used to and they were covered in little pictures of baby toys. They were very much scaled up baby nappies and they looked so big that Nick’s first thought was that Sarah had bought the wrong size. It didn’t seem possible that these would fit Nick properly, it looked like you could use it as a tent.

“On the website it said that these can last for a lot longer than the previous ones.” Sarah said as she examined the plastic backed disposable, “Means I won’t need to change you quite so often.”

Nick wasn’t enthused about having to sit in his waste products even longer than he was used to but he didn’t have much of a choice by now. Nick’s legs were lifted up as the new nappy was slipped underneath him and he could immediately feel the thicker padding lifting his rear end off the table slightly.

The front of the diaper was pulled up between Nick’s legs and he realised that not only was it bigger than anything he was used to but noisier as well. The crinkling plastic seemed much more noticeable than his older nappy. He didn’t look forward to wearing such massive underwear and trying to maintain his dignity.

When Nick was lifted off the changing table he followed Sarah back downstairs and blushed at his more pronounced waddle. He could only imagine what Steven or anyone would think if they saw such a huge amount of padding between his legs.

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“Come on, Kirsty!” George called out gleefully.

“Easy there.” Kirsty replied as she walked down the stairs in a rather stunning black dress, “I’m letting you take me out but if you push your luck you’ll regret it.”

George’s smile didn’t falter even a little bit. He was far too excited and happy to be able to take Kirsty out for a meal. He was dressed in some smart but casual clothes, a nice white buttoned up shirt and a pair of black trousers. The crotch and rear bulged slightly from the nappy underneath it. This had been a point of contention between George and his Mistress, he had originally insisted that he be allowed out of nappies for this special night but Kirsty wouldn’t hear of it. It was a concession that George was willing to make to get the date to happen. He was in a plain medical nappy instead of a thicker adult baby one and that seemed like a happy compromise.

“I can’t call you Mistress if I’m the one taking you out!” George said with a giggle.

“I’m letting you drop all the Mistress stuff.” Kirsty agreed, “But if you start trying to order me around too much they will be coming right back.”

George rolled his eyes playfully as he waited for Kirsty to slip her high heel shoes on her feet. George held his arm out when Kirsty had slung her bag over shoulder. It was only a handbag although George knew there was a change of nappy in there for him.

“Come on.” George said with a small smile when Kirsty looked at his arm sceptically, “Let me be a gentleman.”

Kirsty nodded a little and smiled herself as she linked arms with the sissy. George was delighted and unless he was very much mistaken his date for the night seemed to be blushing ever so slightly.

Beaming with a huge smile George led Kirsty out of the house and towards George’s van. It was hardly a horse drawn carriage but it would get the job done. He didn’t drive all that much these days but it was like riding a bike and it all quickly came back to him.

George made small talk with Kirsty as they drove towards the restaurant that George had selected. It was strange, they had known each other for quite a while but they both felt as if they were on a first date. The atmosphere was slightly awkward and they both had butterflies in their stomachs though neither of them could really explain why.

They parked up a couple of streets from the restaurant and stepped out of the van.

“Are you wet?” Kirsty asked as she walked around the front of the van.

“Kirsty!” George exclaimed.

“What?” Kirsty held her hands up innocently. She didn’t know why George was suddenly annoyed.

“No kinky stuff! We agreed!” George said, “I can take care of my nappy situation. You aren’t my Mistress tonight, you are my girlfriend.”

“I’m not your girlfriend.” Kirsty quickly clarified, “This is why I didn’t want to come on this date. I knew this would happen.”

“Not my girlfriend. I know that.” George clarified with a roll of his eyes, “Just my date for the night.”

“I shouldn’t have agreed to this.” Kirsty muttered.

“Yes you should have!” George replied, “Now come on and we will have a great time, I promise.”

When the pair of them sat down at the table for two they couldn’t help but giggle at how silly the situation felt. George picked up the menu and made his selection, Kirsty decided to have the same thing and the order was finished by a bottle of moderately expensive wine.

“I really appreciate you.” George said after some small talk, “My life with you is everything I’ve ever wanted.”

“George, don’t go all soft on me.” Kirsty giggled as she sipped her wine. She idly watched the waiters coming and going.

“If I’ve gone soft I’m not sure anyone can be blamed except for you.” George replied with a wink. His little quip made Kirsty choke a little on her wine as she laughed.

“I thought you said no talking about that stuff.” Kirsty finally said after she had recovered.

“I couldn’t help it.” George shrugged, “But seriously, you aren’t just a Mistress to me. You’re my best friend. Which is why I have to tell you something.”

Kirsty didn’t reply but George noticed she looked a little pensive and hesitant. There was definitely something that Kirsty was refusing to say but whether it was good or bad George had no idea.

“What do you need to tell me?” Kirsty asked with hesitation.

George was just about to open his mouth when the waiter appeared in view with two plates of very hot food. George could see the steam coming up and away from the plate.

“Sir and Madam.” The waiter approached the table, “Your dinner is served.”

Two plates were placed on the table. The delicious food looked amazing and did enough to dispel the awkwardness that had come up in the conversation. It was a distraction that allowed the air to clear.

“To our futures.” George said as he held up his glass of wine, “Whatever they may be.”

Kirsty smiled and gently clinked glasses with George before taking another sip and starting dinner. The two of them went back to small talk for the meal, they discussed a lot of things even though each knew most of what the other had to say. They had known each other for a long time and new stories weren’t easy to come by. They still had a good time though and Kirsty seemed to loosen up the longer the date went on, George found himself enchanted by Kirsty all over again.

“So what did you want to tell me?” Kirsty asked

“You know… I remember when we first met.” George said after a couple of seconds pause to think about his response, “I was so nervous!”

“I’m not surprised.” Kirsty replied as sat back in her chair, “I have that effect on people.”

“No, no, no.” George smiled and shook his head, “I was nervous until the date started. As soon as we got together I’d never felt so comfortable in my life. It’s hard to explain I guess but I assumed you felt the same way since the date went so late.”

“I remember.” Kirsty said, “Well, I remember parts of it. We had a little too much to drink if I remember correctly.”

“We did.” George continued, “But I remember everything that happened.”

“What do you mean?” Kirsty frowned. She didn’t quite know where George was going with this.

“I mean when we had finished our meal and left the club when it closed… I remember that we went back to your house. We called a cab because neither of us could have driven.”

“I don’t remember any of this part.” Kirsty said as she racked her memory, “I remember the dancing but not much after that.”

“I already knew you were kinky, of course.” George continued, “We went into things knowing that much about each other. You showed me your equipment. All the BDSM stuff and the age play things.”

“What are you saying?” Kirsty asked. She was going a little red in the face. Kirsty didn’t like not knowing about whatever George was talking about, almost like a secret was being revealed to her even though it was her secret.

“You didn’t just want me to see your stuff.” George leaned forward so that he could talk quietly, “You wanted to use some of it. You wanted me to try some of it out.”

“Really?” Kirsty asked. She found herself leaning forwards now.

“Yes. You were adamant about it. I wasn’t too keen because it was already late but you managed to convince me.” George looked at the table, “You gave me a safe word and then started your fun and games.”

“I can’t believe I don’t remember any of this.” Kirsty almost whispered, “I thought it was a few weeks before we did anything like that.”

George fell silent but he looked serious. They had finished their meals and George was looking at his empty plate with a kind of distant look in his eyes.

“Why are you telling me all this now?” Kirsty asked, “Why not at any other time?”

“You went at it for about half an hour.” George said ignoring the questions from Kirsty, “Until it started getting a little too much for me. So I shouted out the safe word because I’d had enough and wanted to stop. I’d had a good time but it was going too far for me.”

“Oh my God…” Kirsty suddenly realised where this was going, “I didn’t stop?”

“No, you didn’t.” George said slowly, “You kept going for another fifteen minutes before you finally got too tired to continue. I kept saying the safe word and asking for you to stop but you didn’t, you kept saying you wanted to show me just one more thing. Over and over.”

“I’m so sorry.” Kirsty covered her mouth with her hand. She was genuinely upset, “I can’t believe I would do that. I’ve… I’ve never done that before or since. At least not that I remember.”

“When you finally stopped you untied me from the machine I was tied to. I ached badly, I remember the burning pain in my back still.” George looked up to stare Kirsty in the eyes. It was important that he got all of this off his chest, “I got my things and left the house. You implied we could go upstairs together but I needed to leave.”

“My God…” Kirsty shook her head, “Why did you ever come back for a second date or anything? I don’t deserve you.”

“When I left your house I was certain I would never see you again.” George admitted, “But I really liked you. Before you got drunk you were fun to be around and I was truly smitten with you. After a couple of days you called me and I answered. You had no recollection of any of it.”

Kirsty felt heartbroken by her own behaviour and she felt a tear running down her cheek.

“We went on a second date and I was a bit more wary.” George said, “You might remember that I said neither of us should drink? Well, we had a great time. There was never a good moment to bring it up and eventually I figured it was a one-off mistake. When we got more into the kinky side of things and we started all the sissy baby stuff I was already in love with you and had forgiven you for the transgression.”

Kirsty wiped at her eyes with her napkin as she listened to George recall their relationship. She felt so lucky that George had given her a second chance and it pained her to think of some of the times where she was overly harsh to him.

“I guess I’m telling you all of this because… I love you.” George said quietly, “I know you don’t want a regular relationship and that you just want to be my domme but I really do love you. I just had to get what happened off my chest. Also I want you to remember that everyone is human and that everyone makes mistakes. I know you plan on teaching Sarah and Nick soon and I just want to remind you that we are all fallible.”

They fell silent. Kirsty was a mess of emotions at that moment and George felt like a huge load had been lifted from his shoulders. He was still leaning across the table and he was looking into Kirsty’s eyes as if they were windows. Kirsty was leaning very close to George and even through her shimmery eyes George could see her immense beauty.

Kirsty’s heart was beating as fast as she had ever felt it and she slowly leaned forward to close the gap between her and George. Their lips touched and Kirsty kissed her sissy slowly and passionately, she had never kissed him like that before. She pulled away after a few seconds and saw George still looking at her.

George leaned forward this time and it was his turn to initiate the kiss. His lips touching his mistress’s lip and gently kissing her the way he had always wanted to kiss Kirsty.

When they finally pulled apart again they were both blushing red. They couldn’t take their eyes off each other and as soon as the bill was paid they left arm in arm.