The one victory Scott managed to score in that break at his aunt’s was being able to convince his mum to let him out of his nappy when he needed to poop. It took a lot of convincing and Scott had to promise to be good and do everything he was asked to be allowed the privilege of the toilet. He still had to wear the nappies all the time and wet them but at least he could keep a little of his dignity.

When the family came home Scott was relieved that the nightmare of a trip was done. If he thought that Deborah was going to forget about the nappy punishment once they got home he was sorely mistaken. Only a few hours after getting back a knock at the door brought a delivery of more nappies. Scott looked at the large box with a sinking heart as the multiple packs were stored in the closet. There had to be well over one hundred nappies in the box and Scott wondered just how long this was going to go on for. He had asked his mum but been very disappointed with the result.

“Until you learn your lesson.” Deborah answered vaguely.

The bottles continued as well and Scott was drinking all his drinks through the baby cups. He was given bedtime stories each night too and usually had to pretend to fall asleep just to stop his mum from carrying on the humiliating bed time routine. She seemed not to trust him to do anything on his own.

The day after arriving back at home Deborah and Nick had made plans to see some friends. Scott was at first delighted to hear he wasn’t expected to go but his smile turned to a frown when he was told what would be happening whilst the parents were away.

“Elliot’s in charge.” Deborah stated as she put her coat on.

“What!?” Scott moaned with his head sunk in defeat.

“He’s the most mature out of the pair of you.” Deborah stated casually, “You’re to do as he says. If I hear you’ve disobeyed him you’ll be sorry.”

Scott honestly didn’t know how he could feel any sorrier than he did already but he nodded his head and agreed to listen to his brother. Elliot usually spent most of his time in his room anyway, as long as Scott kept to himself the evening should pass without incident. Scott reasoned that Elliot would be busy with Huw as well. Scott quickly retreated to his room to hide and hopefully be forgotten about.

Once the parents had left Scott spent a couple of anxious minutes standing at his door listening nervously to what was happening beyond. He heard footsteps on the stairs and felt his stomach flip with the nerves. The footsteps went past Scott’s room and he heard the door to the room next to him opening and closing. To Scott’s relief Elliot had gone straight to his room.

Scott sat down on his bed and listened to the sounds of the house. He was constantly paranoid that someone was about to walk in. He went on his computer to distract himself but avoided social media where he knew messages from friends asking where he was were piling up. By now he had somewhat got used to the constant crinkling between his legs even if he still hated the feeling. He reached down and adjusted his nappy slightly, it was slightly wet but would hopefully last until his parents got home. He was most definitely not allowed to change himself and he desperately wanted to avoid asking his younger brother for a change.

Just as Scott was getting absorbed in reading some articles online there was a knock at the door. Scott jumped and stood up.

“Hello?” Scott called out. There was no more confidence in the young man’s voice.

“It’s me.” Elliot’s voice responded, “I’ve got a drink for you.”

Scott walked across the room and opened the door a crack. He saw Elliot holding two baby bottles, he shouldn’t have been surprised but it was still embarrassing to reach over and take one, the other one was clearly for Huw who Elliot had in his room. Elliot’s smiling face let Scott know that he was not nearly as uncomfortable as his older brother. He had been loving every minute of this punishment since it had first started.

“Do you need a nappy change?” Elliot suddenly asked in syrupy tones.

Shocked at the sudden change of subject and feeling humiliated that his teenage brother would ask that Scott slammed the door closed and leaned against it as if an army was trying to break in.

“No!” Scott yelled with panic causing his voice to crack.

“Alright, alright…” Elliot started to walk away, “You know where I am if you need me.”

Scott tried to control his breathing as he returned to his regular activities. He drank from his bottle as he had grown accustomed to since arriving at his aunt’s house. He didn’t mind drinking from it in his room since he was alone but he hated doing it whenever anyone was around.

After a couple of hours Scott’s parents still weren’t home and he was quickly reaching a crisis point. He really needed the toilet, his nappy was already wet but he needed to do something much more embarrassing. He bit his bottom lip as he felt the pressure quickly growing, as usual he found his control seriously lacking right when he needed it. He knew he was supposed to ask before going to the toilet but with his mum and step-dad out the person he had to ask would be his younger brother. The thought filled him with dread but he didn’t have a choice and sooner or later his body would make the decision for him.

Scott stood up and walked across to the door. He opened it and stepped out on to the landing, the bathroom was at the end closest to the stairs. As he felt the pressure increase again Scott decided that it would be better to use the toilet now and ask for forgiveness later. He started walking towards the bathroom but before he had made it three steps he heard someone loudly clearing their throat. Scott winced and turned to see his younger brother holding Huw and coming out of his bedroom.

“What’s up?” Elliot asked suspiciously.

“Nothing.” Scott quickly and automatically said.

“It doesn’t look like nothing.” Elliot continued.

“I… I…” Scott realised that it would be impossible to get to the bathroom secretly now. He hunched his shoulders and sighed, “I need to poop.”

“You’re wearing a nappy, aren’t you?” Elliot responded casually. As if any of this was normal.

“I do that in the toilet!” Scott exclaimed defensively, “But I need to ask permission first…”

“Right, well, I’ll sort you out right after I change little Huw here. Seems like I’m surrounded by stinkers!” Elliot chuckled and turned towards Huw’s nursery.

Scott wanted to tell his brother that he couldn’t wait but he was too embarrassed to admit how desperate he was. He watched as Elliot carried Huw into the nursery and placed him on the changing table. Scott stood at the doorway trying to hurry Elliot up with his mind, he thought his teenage brother was going slowly on purpose.

There was no way for Scott to hold on. His body was screaming for release and his brain was being increasingly won around to the idea. The nappy wrapped around his waist seemed increasingly welcoming and Scott was having to clench hard to stop himself from soiling his pants. His hands went to the back of his padding as if he could manually hold in the contents of his bowels.

It started without warning. Scott’s desperation overwhelmed his digestive system before he even realised what was happening. His hands were holding the back of the plastic padding and quite suddenly he felt the rear of the nappy pushing out.

Scott’s heart froze as he felt the rear of his nappy expanding. A sticky warmth spread out from the rear of the nappy and he knew the battle was over. He was crapping himself again.

Scott crouched down feeling that if he was going to fill his nappy he might as well make it a thorough job of it. He squatted and immediately felt his bowels push out more of the poop that was quickly taking the nappy to it’s limits. He grunted once as he pushed out the last of the waste and when his sphincter closed the last lump dropped down into the mushy mess that was the seat of his underwear.

“Tell me you didn’t just…” Elliot’s voice filled the silence.

Scott looked up with shame dripping from his pores to see his younger brother looking at him. He looked utterly disgusted as he placed the final tape on Huw’s new nappy. Scott was frozen in place. He could feel the added weight of the poop in his padding and he desperately wanted to avoid moving and spreading it.

“God, even Huw could hold on longer than that!” Scott shook his head as he popped the baby’s onesie back together.

Elliot picked Huw up again and walked past Scott towards his bedroom. Scott looked up at him and watched him go with embarrassment, he knew the next question he had to ask would only be more humiliating.

“Are you going to change me?” Scott asked through a throat that seemed to be threatening to close up through shame.

“No way.” Elliot said as he put Huw down and turned to face Scott again, “Changing Huw is one thing but I’m NOT changing you.”

“But I’m not allowed to change myself!” Scott exclaimed. He was still hunched over just outside the nursery.

“You’ll have to wait for Mum and Nick to get home then. They shouldn’t be long now.” Elliot shrugged and walked into his bedroom. The door closed behind him leaving Scott alone.

Scott stayed in place for a couple of minute before he felt his legs cramping up. He finally forced himself to stand up. He winced as he felt the poop brush against his skin as he slowly straightened up. The horrible muddiness brushed against him as he took wide faltering steps towards his bedroom. He had to sniff back tears as he heard Elliot and Huw laughing and having fun in the teenager’s room.

Once in his room Scott didn’t know what to do. He couldn’t sit down without making his horrid situation even worse. He stood in the centre of the room and did his best impression of a statue, he closed his eyes and tried to imagine a situation where he wasn’t constantly humiliated. He had never felt more like a baby than as he stood there in his poopy nappy.

Scott couldn’t have felt a stranger rush of emotions when he heard the front door open. He was delighted that he would get the chance to change but also embarrassed about his current state. He was about to make a move to go downstairs when he heard footsteps coming up. He felt his heart hammer as he turned to face the bedroom door.

“Elliot texted me saying you had something to tell us?” Nick was the first through the door though Deborah was close behind.

Of course he did, Scott thought to himself bitterly. He took a deep breath ready to explain what had happened and how he needed a change desperately when he saw his mum sniffing the air. It became immediately obvious what had happened.

“Oh, Scott! Again?” Deborah shook her head.

“I told Elliot I needed to go but-” Scott started desperately trying to explain.

“I don’t want to hear it.” Deborah shook her head, “Come on. I’ll change you on Huw’s changing table.”

Scott sobbed as his hand was taken and he was pulled out of the room past his step-dad who didn’t seem to want to look at him. He was dragged down the landing towards the nursery.

“We thought we could trust you to use the toilet for pooping bit but clearly not.” Deborah let out a deep breath and shook her head, “I guess all toilet privileges will be taken away till you learn to control yourself.”

“What!? Mom, no!” Scott almost immediately burst into tears.

“Don’t talk back to me.” Deborah threatened as she pulled Scott towards the nursery.

Scott was trying to pull away from her and as he tried to yank back he lost his footing and tripped on his own feet. He stumbled a couple of paces and everything went into slow motion. He tried to reach out for anything that would stop his fall but he dropped backwards and landed directly on his butt. The poop he had tried so hard not to spread was rapidly compressed between his nappy and his body. He could feel the slurry inside his padding almost explode as it covered everything within his nappy area. He winced and let out a loud whine as the tears intensified. He felt just like a little baby bawling his eyes out because he was in desperate need of a nappy change.