Anna could hear people arriving. The door would open and then more deep male voices would join the fray. She was still in the master bedroom trying to delay walking out for as long as possible. After her bath she had gone to the bed to see what Ryan had left her to wear. The fresh diaper was unsurprising but the maid outfit wasn’t something she had seen before. Calling it an outfit felt a little too grand for the small amount of material that had waited in front of her.

Now dressed Anna looked into the mirror and hated the woman looking back at her. Her hair was drawn back into a ponytail with a large white hair tie. Further down she had done her make-up in the way Ryan had requested. A bold red lipstick and a lot of mascara. She had a gold colored choker necklace that she could feel constantly pressing slightly against her throat. As her eyes continued downwards she saw her breasts were exaggerated and pushed up, the line of the maid dress only just covered her nipples with the top of her breasts totally bare.

The black and white dress was made of very thin material and the bottom was practically in line with the bottom of Anna’s diaper. She felt less like a maid and more like some kind of stripper, she supposed that was the point. The last thing she wanted to do was to leave the bedroom and be seen by anyone like this.

As Anna tugged at the various parts of the clothing in a desperate attempt to make it cover more of her up she wondered why Ryan had chosen this. She wanted to trust him but she couldn’t help a part of her thinking that maybe Ryan WANTED her to be dressed like this. What if he was walking her out into a den of lions?

“Anna?” Ryan called through the closed door, “Get out here.”

Anna shuddered at Ryan’s hard voice. They had already discussed this. With so many men here they would have to stay in their proper roles completely, even if they thought they were alone they couldn’t let anything slip. That meant Anna felt the same way she did at the beginning of their marriage, like a toy to be played with. An order was an order and Anna couldn’t ignore it. She turned from the mirror and wobbled on the high-heels she had been required to put on. She went across to the bedroom door and pulled it open.

Ryan was stood with a can of beer in his hands. When he saw Anna he was visibly taken aback. Anna stood there with a fake smile plastered across her face as he looked her up and down, if this was what she had to look forward to that evening she didn’t know how she was going to stop herself from going mad.

“Come on.” Ryan said when he had regained his faculties.

Anna’s heart was hammering as she went down the hallway and into the living area. Almost immediately she heard catcalls and whistles. She was the only woman there and everyone was staring at her.

“What are you waiting for?” Paul was sat on the couch that had pushed back against the wall. He was sneering, “Bring out the drinks.”

Anna had thought she had felt hate before but as she looked at the man that had sent Jane away she felt a burning anger like nothing else before. She managed to compose herself after a few moments and turned away from the man whose very existence seemed to provoke her. She tried her best to ignore the stares as she went to the kitchen area. A tray was waiting on the table which she loaded up with drinks from the fridge.

It was utterly humiliating. As she walked around the room with the tray she had to endure men casually commenting on her appearance and her work. All she could do was keep a fake smile plastered to her face as if she couldn’t hear what they were saying. On one trip to the kitchen to fill her tray with more drinks she glanced to the side to see Ryan sat next to Paul, he looked very natural.

As the evening wore on a layer of smoke started to hang in the air below the ceiling. Many of the men were smoking, mostly cigars, and Anna’s eyes were watering. Of far more concern to her was how the party was getting increasingly rowdy as the young men drank. The comments about her were getting more lurid and some people were starting to lose inhibitions that were barely contained to begin with.

A hand brushed Anna’s leg, someone gave her rear end a couple of hard pats, another person called her over to feel her diaper under the guise of checking her. Anna was getting increasingly uncomfortable but there was nothing she could do.

“After everything I’d heard I expected someone a bit wilder.”

“Like all women if you give them a little discipline they become nice and timid.”

“I prefer them to have a bit of fire.”

Anna walked past the men talking about her as if she was some animal and went to the relative safety of the kitchen. Once behind the counter she put the tray down and tried to take a quick break. As she relaxed her muscles she also released her bladder. She had been holding on for as long as she could in the hope she would last to the end of the party but that wasn’t going to be possible. She shuddered as she felt the warm liquid flow into her diaper.

“Slacking already?” Paul’s voice made Anna jump. He was right behind her.

Anna turned around and faced Paul. He was holding a beer and staring at her. He was uncomfortably close and Anna tried looking past him towards the rest of the party hoping that Ryan was going to come to her rescue, he wasn’t anywhere to be seen.

“I asked you a question.” Paul said as he stepped closer.

“I… No, sir.” Anna tried to be as deferential as possible.

“Then what are you doing out here?” Paul asked. He lifted his free hand and brushed some stray strands of Anna’s hair over her shoulder.

Anna shuddered and fought the urge to scream. She was shaking and had no way to back up to. She leaned backwards and the table slid along the floor slightly. She swallowed and tried to keep up the pretense that her skin wasn’t crawling, that this was normal and she accepted it.

“You don’t fool me.” Paul said quietly.

Anna turned her face away as Paul leaned in closer. She could smell the alcohol on his breath.

“This is all killing you, isn’t it?” Paul said in little more than a whisper, “You haven’t changed at all. I wish I’d found you first. Jane never had enough fight for me. If she had half of your fire maybe I wouldn’t have thrown her on the trash heap.”

“I… I don’t know what you’re talking about.” Anna choked out. She could feel herself shaking, “Sir.”

Paul lingered a moment before barking out a laugh and leaning back. He took another sip of the beer Anna had given him a few minutes beforehand. Anna wished he would go away, she felt like she was about to burst into tears and just needed a few minutes to compose herself.

“The beer you got me was warm.” Paul finally said as he swirled the drink around in the glass.

“Erm, sorry…” Anna replied. She was sure it would’ve been cold when she took it to him. It had come straight out of the fridge.

“I’ll just have to get rid of it.” Paul said.

Anna stepped to the side to get out of Paul’s way to the sink. Paul instead stepped right up to her. Anna wasn’t sure what was happening as Paul put his hands on her arms and turned her around. She wanted to ask what was going on but she was too scared she had her back to Paul when she felt the back of her dress being lifted.

“Paul, I…” Anna started.

“Shush.” Paul interrupted.

Anna closed her eyes as the back of her diaper was pulled away from her skin. A second later she felt a room temperature sticky liquid getting poured down her back. She tensed up as the recently moistened diaper was made even wetter by Paul’s beer.

“There we go.” Paul said. The amusement was clear in his voice, “Now you can go and bring me another drink. There’s a good girl.”

Anna felt two hard pats on her rear end before she dared to look over her shoulder to see Paul walking away. She let out a shuddering breath that she hadn’t even realised she had been holding. She leaned against the counter as she felt the wetness going down the back of her diaper spreading through the padding. In truth she had feared something worse might happen.

Once Anna had calmed down a little she returned to the fridge to get a new beer for Paul. As she walked through the crowd of men she felt acutely intimidated. The men were all bigger and stronger than she was and as the beer flowed they were getting noisier and less careful. She felt like she was walking amongst sleeping giants and she was desperate not to wake them.

As Anna walked through the room she could feel how the padding in her diaper had swollen up dramatically from the beer that had been dumped into it. She was forced to waddle with the back of her diaper swaying behind her like the hind parts of a duck.

The atmosphere felt dangerous. Anna was now feeling more people grabbing at her as she made her way through the men. People patting her butt or brushing her bare arms. She felt one person grab at her chest and then burst out laughing with the men around him. Anna wanted to run away and hide, her every instinct was telling her to get out of the situation but she couldn’t.

Paul was on the couch and when she reached him. Ryan was sat next to him and talking about something related to one of their classes. She bent over to place Paul’s beer on the table in front of the couch. Just as she was about to stand up Paul’s hand came out and grabbed at her wrist. She squealed as she was pulled forwards. Anna tried to stop her momentum but she hit Paul’s legs and fell over his lap.

“Now this is a better position for you.” Paul laughed.

Anna’s face was blazing as she heard wolf-whistles and shouts coming from the other partygoers. She tried to stand up but Paul placed a hand on her back. She felt her dress getting lifted up exposing her soaked diaper to the party. As people laughed Anna looked up at Ryan. He appeared a little tipsy and although he wasn’t laughing with the rest he wasn’t stepping in to help either. Anna prayed he was just keeping up the necessary façade.

“Ah!” Anna yelped as Paul’s hand smacked into her rear.

“I knew she was a screamer!” Someone joked to the laughter of the crowd.

Spank. Spank. Spank.

Anna couldn’t help but exclaim with each strike. Paul wasn’t holding back and her rear end, which was still bruised from her punishment in the nursery, quickly started to burn and sting in equal measure. With little squeal of pain the crowd cheered as if this was some S&M show. She winced as her hands grabbed hold of the couch cushion and squeezed desperately.

“Does she make this much noise in bed?” Paul asked Ryan loudly.

Anna didn’t hear Ryan respond but she did hear him laugh loudly. Whether he was being genuine or not it hurt that she was being humiliated like this and the one person on her side wasn’t lifting a finger. The logical side of her brain knew that he had to maintain his cover of a proper “alpha” Sallasian man but she wanted nothing more than for him to jump up and help her no matter what the consequences. She didn’t even want to consider that he was turning on her.

The spanking carried on for another couple of minutes. Occasionally Paul would stop and Anna would hear another person walking behind her to give her a few smacks. The padding of the diaper offered her a little protection but she felt like her poor rear end must be all shades of blue and purple.

“Please no more!” Anna cried out.

“Maybe she’s ready for the main course.” Paul growled menacingly.

“Main course?” Ryan finally spoke up and said something. Anna noticed a tremble in his voice.

“I think it’s time for the after party!” Paul called out to the room to cheers.

Anna felt as if her whole body stopped working. She knew Ryan had talked about what can happen at these parties but she didn’t think it could possibly happen to her. The atmosphere in the room seemed to change, all of a sudden Anna felt like she was surrounded by a pack of wolves and she was a helpless prey animal in the middle of their pack.

Hands grabbed Anna’s legs and started pulling her off of Paul’s lap. She screamed and tried to kick her legs free but there was little she could do as more men moved forwards and grabbed at her. She was roughly pulled back until she slipped off the couch and hit the floor. The men were cheering as if they were hunters bringing back a prize catch. Anna saw Ryan getting up with a look of worry but two men stood between him and Anna. As she was dragged out of the living room she lost sight of her husband.