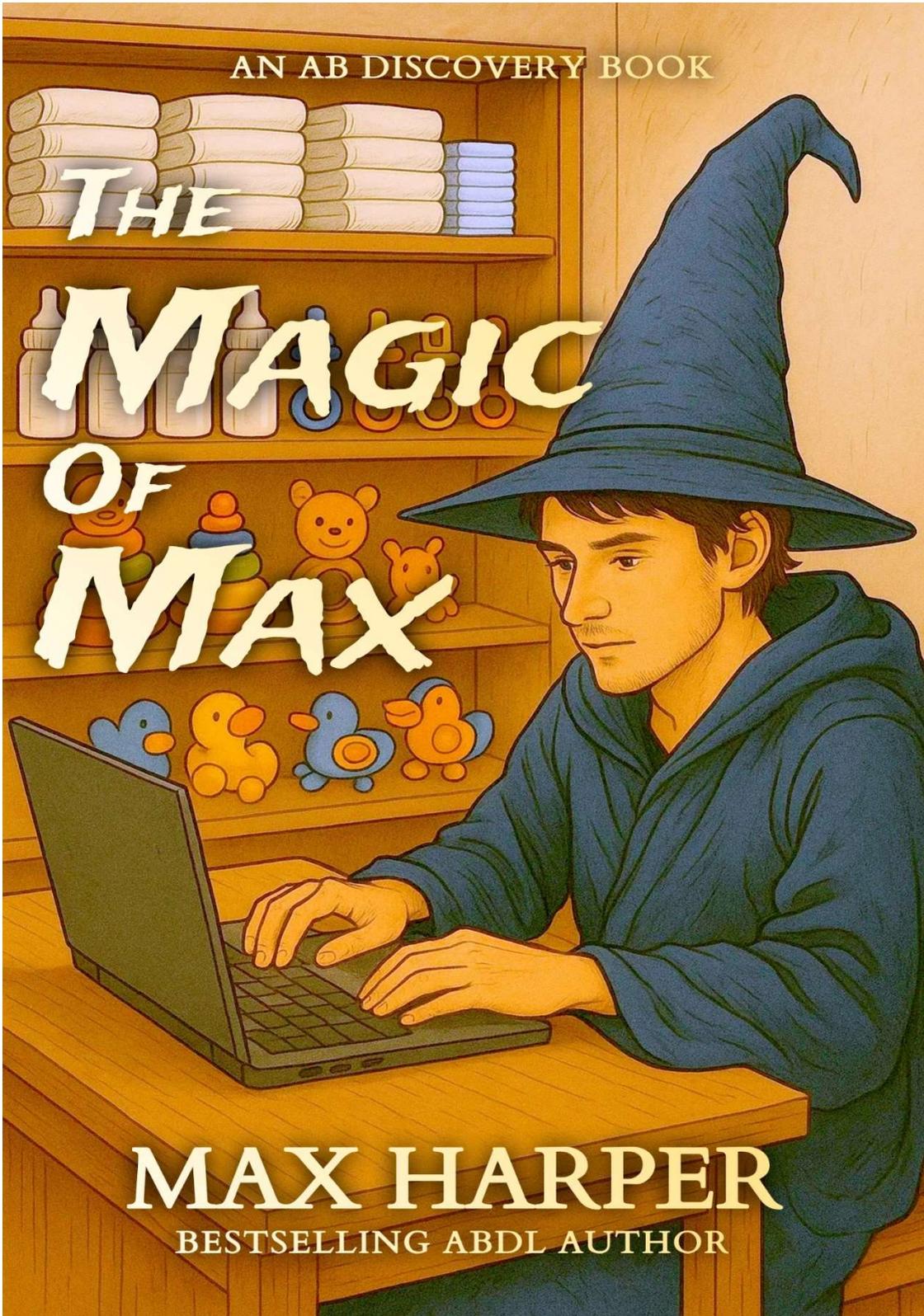


AN AB DISCOVERY BOOK

An illustration of a man with a mustache, wearing a tall blue wizard hat and a blue hooded robe, sitting at a wooden desk. He is looking at a laptop and typing on the keyboard. The background is a nursery with wooden shelves. The top shelf has stacks of white and blue folded towels. The second shelf has several baby bottles and colorful baby toys. The third shelf has more baby toys, including teddy bears and ducks. The overall style is a soft, painterly illustration with a warm, golden light.

**THE
MAGIC
OF
MAX**

MAX HARPER
BESTSELLING ABDL AUTHOR

One Week In Diapers

The Magic of Max by Max Harper

First Published 2026

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Title: The Magic of Max

Author: Max Harper

Editor: Michael Bent, Rosalie Bent

Publisher: AB Discovery

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www.abdiscovery.com.au

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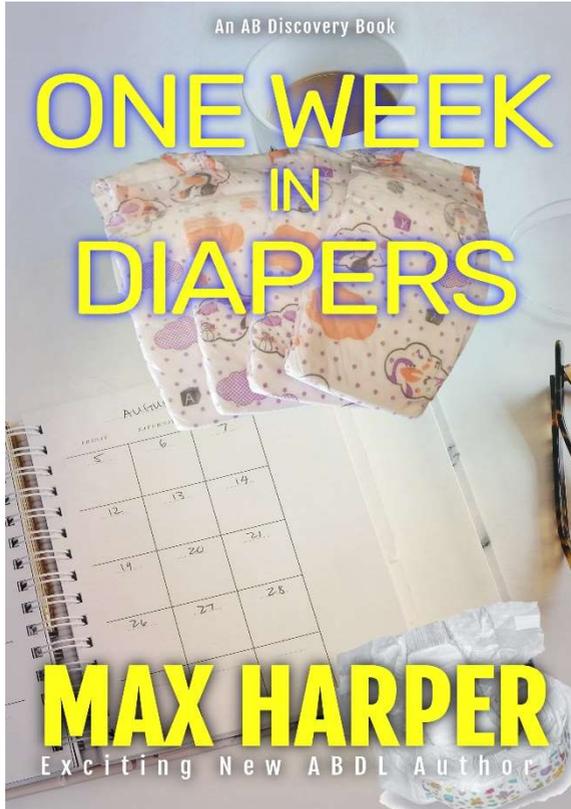
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One Week In Diapers

One Week In
Diapers
by
Max Harper

The Deal



Brad and Laura sat across from the table, staring at each other. Between them was Brad's cell phone, the screen showing a long list of messages from one of Brad's co-workers.

"Well? What do you have to say for yourself?" Laura demanded, her one leg bouncing from anger.

"I..."

"Do our vows mean so little to you that you would cheat on me with this whore?"

"I didn't sleep -"

"Yet!" Laura interrupted, "You didn't sleep with her *yet!* But how long, Brad? How long until you do?"

"Never! I would never do that to you!"

"Sure. Like I can believe that! I can't believe you. I've done everything I could for you. I've given you all that I have and yet it's not enough?"

"You are all that I want. All that I ever wanted," Brad whined.

Laura growled, her anger sharpened to the point that she wanted nothing more than to smash his phone across his stupid lying face.

"How can I believe you? How can I believe anything that you say?"

"I..." Brad hung his head. "I'll grab some things and leave."

"Leave? Because that's what we do? We just give up? After all the years that we've been together?"

"What do you want me to say, Laura? What can I do to make you believe me that I never have and will never sleep with anyone but you? What is it going to take for you to trust me? They were just messages. I just liked the attention she

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gave me. You've been so busy with work that I always feel like I'm alone. I don't want her. I want *you*. I always have and I always will."

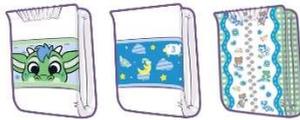
Brad stood up and walked out of the room, leaving his phone on the table. Laura grabbed it and scrolled through the messages again, reading them slowly. Sure, they had been messaging little sexual fantasies to each other, but there wasn't any clear evidence that he had sex with her or that he even wanted to. She looked through his call log and he had never dialed her number, nor had this woman called him. Brad had betrayed her, but he hadn't cheated. Laura loved him, as they had been together for over a decade, and she didn't want to think of the possibility of having to start over. He was a good man, if impulsive, but he had always been good to her.

Brad came back into the room, a sack of clothes in his hand. He looked at his wife with pain in his eyes. He wore his regret all over his face. He gave her a short wave goodbye and turned back towards the door.

"Wait," she said, her voice calm, but stern. He stopped and turned back to face her.

"I don't want you to go. I am so angry with you right now. So hurt. But you are still my husband. So I want you to sleep on the couch tonight. I need time to think. If you are still here in the morning, we can talk about what we are going to do about this. I'm taking your phone," she said, standing up and heading for the bedroom.

Brad said nothing as she stormed past him. She quickly disappeared down the hall and with a slam, closed the bedroom door.



Morning came, and Brad woke up to Laura sitting in the lounge chair near the couch.

"Surprised you can sleep through all of this."

"When I'm tired, I'm tired."

"Whatever. Look, after going through your phone and staying up most of the night thinking, I may have come up with a solution."

"Umm, okay."

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“Because you have some... er... interests that are not normal, I think I have found a way to put us to a test. And I meant to say *us*. If we are going to make this marriage work, then we both need to put our best effort into it. So here is what I propose.”

She reached behind her and pulled out two things that Brad recognized immediately. An adult diaper and a chastity cage. Brad’s face paled. They had played around with chastity a little, but not much, and she had never attempted to use his desire for diapers against him.

“My idea is for one week. If you agree, you will spend one week in the cage and in diapers. I will change you three times a day, no more. I know that we work very different schedules but I think we can make it work. I will change you in the morning before you go to work, and when you get home from work. The only rule is that you are not allowed to take your diapers off for any reason. Yes, I know that means that you will mess yourself. But this is a test for both of us. If you can go the whole week without breaking that one rule, then I know that you are committed to our marriage. If I can show you that I am willing to take care of you no matter what, then you know that I am always here for you.”

“What about work?”

It was all that Brad could say, the thoughts of divorce and losing everything he had were more powerful than the disgust he had over messing himself.

“What about it? You work by yourself a large portion of the time and I doubt you will want anyone to know about what you are wearing.”

“I’ve never worn diapers for that long.”

“And? You have wanted to wear it for longer and longer times? What would a week matter?”

“I guess it wouldn’t.”

“Listen, honey, and listen carefully. This is not blackmail. This is not an ultimatum. This is a choice. Prove to me that you want to be married to me, that I’m worth any amount of potential shame and we can get our relationship back on track. If you don’t want to do this, if this is too much for you, then I understand. We will have a lot to figure out. But this is the only way I know to make sure that you understand that I am serious.”

“Diapers or divorce?”

“A week versus a lifetime. If you can’t do a week for me, I don’t know if I can ever forgive you.”

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Brad thought about it. It wasn't wearing the diapers that bothered him, it was the length of time. But he loved his wife and he had always said that he would do anything for her. Time to put up or shut up.

"Okay, I'll do it."

"Okay. So I suggest that you go take a shower and shave as much of your diaper area as you can. When you are done, come back here and I will get you into your diaper."

"Okay."

Brad went to the bathroom and got in the shower, his mind racing. He used his last razor cartridge to shave off as much hair around his privates as he could. Each time he touched himself, he couldn't help but think of how it would feel to be locked in the cage for a week. And that he would be stuck in diapers that whole time. Aroused, he shamefully masturbated and finished rinsing himself off. He dried off with a towel and wrapped it around his waist. He weighed his options briefly but knew that he had only one choice.

Laura was still sitting in the lounge chair, diaper, and cage sitting on her lap. Brad walked slowly out to the living room, her eyes watching his every movement. He stood in front of her, his eyes on the floor.

"Are you sure you want to do this?"

"Yes."

"Then spread your towel on the floor and lay down on it."

Brad did as instructed, his eyes glued to the ceiling, his face flushed red from embarrassment.

"Why are you blushing? This isn't the first time that I've put either of these on you."

"I don't know... I guess because this time, it's not for fun."

"Very true," she said, sliding the ring around his balls, her soft hands feeling heavenly.

With a click, he felt the cage press around his penis, stopping his erection from growing anymore. Another click and the lock was secure. In less than a minute, he had been castrated. He heard the crinkle of the diaper as she unfolded it.

"Up," she said, and he complied, lifting his hips so that she could slide the diaper under him.

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“Down.”

He complied again. She adjusted it a little bit before pulling it up between his legs. He heard the sticky tear of the tabs being pulled apart and the pressure as she secured the bottom of each side first, before tightening the top two.

“There. All done.”

She returned to the chair and Brad sat up, the loud crinkle of plastic prison around his waist was deafening. Brad flushed red again, feeling vulnerable and emasculated.

“It’s loud.”

“You sound surprised. Remember the rule. You do not tamper with it at all. For any reason. Or the deal is off. It’s going to be 8 in the morning. I have to be at work at 1:30. So if you need to be changed, it will have to happen before I leave.”

“Okay.”

“This is going to be hard for both of us. But I think we will better understand each other at the end of this.”

“Okay.”

She handed him back his phone, its battery near dead. “Charge this, and when I’m gone, we can talk. I need to be alone for a little bit.”

She left him sitting on the floor in nothing but his diaper and retreated back to the bedroom. The house was so quiet that he could hear her and the dull noise of her vibrator. He was useless to her and that’s how he felt. His eyes watered, but Brad refused to give in. He may look like a baby, but he was man enough to not cry because of it.

So began the first day.

The First Day



He got dressed.

His day already started and he figured *why not*. His jeans helped squash the noise from his diaper and although she had put it on rather tight, he was able to move around with very little problem. The problem, he found, was that his jeans couldn't hide the bulge from the diaper and that the waistband of the diaper stuck up well over an inch from his jeans. His shirt and a sweater would cover it, but any crouching or overhead reaching would cause it to be visible.

Still early in the morning, Brad wondered how long he could go before he would need to be changed. Before the fight, whenever he would wear them for fun, he could go a few hours at most before wetting, but with the stress of not getting out of them for a week weighing on his mind, Brad was anxious. He made himself some breakfast, wondering if she was going to instill more rules on him since she essentially had him by the balls. The limited baby time that she had allotted him before had involved onesies, pacifiers on rare occasions, and if she was feeling really generous, a baby bottle. This time, however, was not for fun or relaxation.

She had meant every word she had said, the tone in her voice was stern and authoritative. He hadn't seen where she had tucked the key to his cage, so for all intents and purposes, she owned him, a humiliating aspect that would have had him aroused if not for the plastic cage within his plastic prison.

Brad contemplated what he was going to do. How was he going to survive the next five days of work wearing diapers? He ate in silence, knowing that each bite was pushing him closer and closer to the one thing that he didn't want to do. He could put it off for a while, but he knew that longer than a day was asking for too much.



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Laura was in the bedroom, still angry at Brad, but after a sexual release, she was feeling better. Watching him blush as he submitted to her had gotten her more excited than she had been in a long time. She knew that it wasn't going to be easy. The next few days were going to be the hardest, but she knew that if he could prove himself devoted to her, and to be honest, who would be interested in a diaper-wearing, chastity-caged loser? Even though she wasn't so sure that she still wanted him, her heart hurt from what he had done, but she had put them to the test, so they both had to choose to commit.

She left the bedroom to find some breakfast of her own to find him dressed and sitting in the living room, watching television. Part of her wanted to make things worse for him, but she knew his body, it was only a matter of time before she would also be tested. She grabbed a breakfast bar from the cupboard and sat on the couch near him. Not close enough for him to touch her, but close enough to show her that he was not alone in the struggle. She watched him intently, waiting for any sign that she was needed. But like normal, if he had wet himself, he was good at hiding it. Three changes a day weren't much, so he would have to make the most out of each one, and as she would be getting ready for work and he would be heading to his afternoon job in a few hours, if he wanted a change, he had best to time it right.

They watched television for most of the day, sitting in silence. But she could tell that things were getting harder for him. Each time he got up and walked around, she could tell that his legs were being pushed farther and farther apart. It wouldn't be long now before he would need to be changed. The question on her mind, is would he ask?

She was in the bathroom, putting the final touches on her makeup when he waddled into view, his eyes down, averting his gaze to the floor.

"Yes?" She said, without looking at him.

He kind of fidgeted but didn't say anything.

"I can't hear your head rattle."

"I kinda... you know..."

"No. I don't know."

"I'm wet."

"And?"

"Well, you said that I can't take it off so..." He trailed off, not wanting to say what he knew he had to.

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"Is there a question here, or are you just stating the obvious?"

"Why do you have to sound so mean?"

"Why do you have to talk sexually to other women?"

"I..."

"Look, you need to let me know exactly what you want. I'm not a mind reader."

"I already said that I am wet."

"And facts don't help your situation, do they?"

"Laura, please."

"Say the words, Bradley."

"Can you change me?"

"Change what about you?"

Brad sighed, defeated, "Can you change my diaper, please?"

"In a minute, I'm almost done. Go wait in the bedroom."

"Okay."

"I'm sorry. What was that?"

Brad sighed again, "Really?"

"Yes, Bradley, really. I think it would be best if you address me the way you should when you are in your diapers." She only called him Bradley when she was talking down to him.

Brad was silent, feeling the warm sag between his legs. He had wet himself three times already and he wasn't sure that his diaper could hold another. He didn't want to know what she would do if he leaked everywhere.

"Yes... mommy..."

"You can do better than that, baby."

"Yes, Mommy."

"Good boy. I'm happy to see that you are using your diapers the way a baby should. Now go wait in the bedroom and I will be there shortly to change you."

"Yes, Mommy," Brad said, heading for the bedroom.

One Week In Diapers

They had messed around with ageplay before but she had never been that into it. Hearing her now, the way she said each word with absolute authority, made him quiver in his cage. This was supposed to be a test. Not playtime. And he couldn't tell if she was just trying to make him feel worse or alleviate the coming doom.

He stood in the bedroom, afraid to sit on the bed. He didn't know if he was allowed to, for one, and he didn't want to leak, for two. His side of the bed hadn't been disturbed, and his pillow looked very comfortable.

"I see that you are starting to see just how serious this is."

Laura came in behind him, the sting in her voice still as strong. She walked around him, her superiority over him on full display. She pulled out the changing pad, latex gloves, wipes, powder, and oil. She set everything on the floor and finally looked at him.

"Now. I want you to grab a fresh diaper and your pacifier. You will present both of them to me before I will change you."

"This isn't a game Laura," Brad said, having had enough.

"No, Bradly, it isn't a game. This is your life for the next week. Do you think I want to do this? Do you think that I want to change my husband's wet diapers? Cause I don't! I don't want to have to resort to such things to get you to realize how much I care for you. But I am willing to do anything I have to. The question is, are you?"

She glared at him with ice-cold intensity, impatiently tapping her foot, her arms crossed across her chest. Brad stared at her for a moment before slumping his shoulders forward and dropping his gaze. He slowly walked to the closet and pulled out a fresh diaper and his pacifier. Fighting with her never seemed to work out in his favor and he knew that he was in the wrong. He didn't want to be treated like a baby but at the same time, he didn't want her to leave him. He walked back over to her and held the diaper out, the pacifier sitting on top of it.

"Look at me, Bradly."

He turned his eyes up to her to see her holding the pacifier inches from his lips. He felt his bottom lip quiver as he slowly opened his mouth, letting her slide it between his lips.

"Good boy. Now lay down."

He did what he was told and as she undid his pants and pulled them down to his ankles, she talked to him. Her voice was now softer, more nurturing.

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"I know this isn't easy, Bradly. I can tell that this is hard for you, but I want you to know that I'm only doing this because I still love you. I want us to be able to understand each other."

She pulled open the tapes on his diaper, the warm bulk sagging to the floor.

"Oh my, did you fill this one up? Such a good boy, doing what Mommy tells him to do."

She cleaned him with the help of several cold wipes, being sure to wipe carefully around his cage. She pulled the wet mess out from under him and unfolded the fresh diaper. He lifted up for her without being told to and she smiled at him while putting on the gloves.

"You are going to be in this one for a while, so it's best to protect your skin." She told him, applying liberal amounts of baby oil to his bare flesh. If he wasn't caged, he would have been rock hard. She spread the oil everywhere, including between his cheeks. Then she grabbed the powder, sprinkling it all over his privates before coating the inside of his diaper with it. Satisfied, she pulled it up between his legs and like a seasoned pro, had the tapes fastened before he really knew what was going on. She tossed the gloves and diaper in the garbage can before patting him on his diaper.

"There. All changed. Doesn't that feel better, baby?"

Brad nodded and she helped him stand up, the loud crinkling noise had returned. She pulled his jeans back up and looked him in the eye as she did it up.

"Let's try to not have these problems with each change, okay? I would hate to have to spank you."

"Yesh, Mommy," Brad said around the pacifier.

"Now, I have to finish getting ready for work, and so do you. I want you to take your pacifier with you in case you need it. Will you do that for me?"

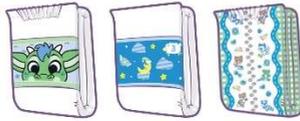
Bradly nodded, giving in to her nurturing voice. He was in his own personal hell, but she had made it feel so inviting.

"Now, remember what I said. No touching your diaper when you are at work. I expect you to do whatever everyone else says and work super duper hard for Mommy. And I don't want you to worry about anything else. I will be here with a fresh diaper and a bath for you when you get home."

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She kissed him on the forehead and he melted a little bit. She had so many ways of making him feel weak. He nodded again and she smiled, the first time she had smiled in what seemed like a long time.

Bradly watched her finish gathering her things for work and before long, she had patted his padded butt and was out the door, leaving Bradly alone to wonder what the hell had happened to his life. He had to be at work in the next hour and he had no idea how he was supposed to mask the smell of the oil and powder. The only thing he could do was douse himself with body spray, hoping that it would linger long enough for him to get to his work site where he could be alone with his thoughts.



Two hours into his shift, and Brad was miserable. He was feeling the all-too-familiar pressure in his stomach. He needed to poop. But with six hours left to go, and his hesitation to mess himself, Brad was slowly but surely reaching his true breaking point. It was one thing to see a grown man wet himself. Something he could do with a few too many drinks at the bar. But to soil himself? That was too much. He was frantically thinking of ways that he could get around it. He couldn't hold it back for too long. He knew that his body wouldn't let him, but he wondered if he would be able to at least make it till the end of his shift. He thought about trying to shimmy out of his diaper to do his business. Just this time. It wouldn't take much and he could just tell her that he didn't have to go today. But that would be cheating, and therein lay the message. To prove that he was loyal to her, he would have to do things the hard way.

The minutes ticked by and Brad felt worse and worse. He couldn't eat during his lunch break, it would just put too much pressure on his stomach, and he tried his best to avoid all of his coworkers. A feat that was easy the first day, but as events were planned for the rest of the week, he knew that wouldn't last for much longer. He was constantly paranoid, watching how he walked and checking over his shoulder often to see if anyone was doing a double-take. If they suspected anything, they kept it to themselves, and as the last agonizing hours wound down, Brad was growing ever closer to losing all control over himself.

Laura had been quiet most of the night, only sending him a few messages to see how he was. She had correctly assumed that he was having a hard time as while she waited the last hour for him to come home, she knew that they were both in for the hardest part of the test. She had one idea that would help cement his new role for the week.

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Brad got home right on time, his pacifier in his hand. He saw his wife sitting on the couch, her back to him. He wanted to be alone, his stomach in knots, the pressure to release was getting to be too much.

“Bradly? Come to Mommy.”

Brad inwardly groaned but carefully walked over to her. She patted the couch next to her and he cautiously sat down, bending over was painful and he clenched himself even tighter.

“I have something for you because you told me that you didn’t eat lunch.” She gently tugged him into her lap, letting him stretch out and noticing the slight whimper. He was close to erupting. She held his hand in the crook of her left arm and brought out her secret weapon. A bottle of warm milk. Innocent enough, but to Brad, it was one of the fastest ways to turn her big strong man into a compliant man-sized baby.

He tried to say something about not being hungry but she gave him a disapproving look and slid the adult-sized nipple between his lips.

“Now, I want you to finish this like a good boy and when you are done, I have another sitting next to me. Mommy can’t let her baby go hungry.”

She held the bottle to his lips with the hand that held his head while she undid his pants to check his diaper.

“I think I will have to do this more often. What do you think? Mommy needs to check your diapers often to see if you need to be changed. Wouldn’t that be better than you having to tell me? Kind of hard to talk with bottles and binkies between your lips.”

She wiggled the nipple in his mouth and looked at him again. He had drunk only a little bit of it and had tears forming in the corners of his eyes.

“Drink, Bradly. I will not tell you again. We can sit here all night if we have to.”

The tears welled up more as he suckled on the bottle. The effect on his stomach was too much and Brad lost the last semblance of control and dignity. Actively crying, Baby Bradly sucked on his bottle while his body voided his bowels into his diaper. A grown man had been successfully reduced to an infant.

Laura sensed the change in him, his fight for his manhood was gone. Now, more than ever before, he was dependent on her to fulfill her end of the bargain. She cooed at him softly, aware that the hard part was now on her. He had his eyes closed, tears were streaming down his face, and he had almost finished his first bottle. She swapped it out for the second one, and he happily

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suckled away, hungrier than he thought he was. He hated the feeling of the warm mess sticking to his rear. He hated how much pain he had been in and then in a few moments, the pain had disappeared and embarrassment had replaced it. He dreaded having to do that every day. And worse, he dreaded having anyone else know what he had just done in his pants.

With his second bottle finished, Laura helped him up and to the bathroom. She stripped him down to just his diaper and braced herself. She undid the tapes and did her best to wipe the bulk of it off him before directing him towards the shower. With a combination of hot water and plenty of soap, she managed to clean him up. She had taken the easy road and she knew it, but he was already in a pliable and fragile state. Once clean of waste, she let the tub fill and tossed in some plastic toys to play with while she washed the rest of him. He didn't say anything and neither did she. There was nothing to be said.

After his bath, she led him to the bedroom and laid him on the floor. In a matter of moments, she had him in a fresh diaper and after disappearing briefly, she came back with another bottle and his pacifier. She invited him into the bed and held the bottle for him. Once gone, she slipped his pacifier in place of it and as he turned over to face the wall away from her, she had a momentary twinge of sympathy. She was putting him through a lot but for their love, she would have to stay strong.

Baby Bradly faced the wall, sucking on his pacifier, tears slowly streaming down his face. One day was done. Six more to go.