**The Diaper Man**

**By Elfy**

“There’s some old Aztec temples a few hours south of here…” DJ was sitting on the edge of a bed in a sweltering hotel room on the edge of Mexico City.

“Man, we did that last week.” Cody was lying down and tossing a small ball in the air to catch it again, “You see one bunch of old ruins you’ve seen them all.”

DJ flipped through the tourist book and scratched his chin. After nearly two full weeks in Mexico the two best friends had done practically everything they had planned to. It had been a good time overall but the two nineteen-year-olds were ready to return home.

DJ and Cody had taken this trip together to celebrate finishing high school before they headed off to different colleges. They both firmly intended to stay in touch with each other but were also aware that most friends who promised this ended up drifting away from each other. They hadn’t had the best time at school, neither of them were popular and in fact suffered from bullying from one particular asshole and his group of cronies. Neither of them would miss James Spencer, the biggest bully that they had to endure.

“What do you want to do then?” DJ asked, “I can’t find anything cool.”

DJ tossed the small guidebook behind him at his friend as he picked up the remote and flicked through several channels of television that he couldn’t understand. Neither of the young men could speak more than the most basic of Spanish but thankfully a lot of the Mexicans they met were much more adept at English.

“We could just go to the shops.” Cody suggested, “The ones in the old town. The ones tourists don’t visit.”

“Why?” DJ asked as he turned around. He wasn’t much of a shopper and as far as he knew neither was his friend.

The two nineteen-year-olds had spent a majority of their vacation drinking tequila and trying out a cocktail of drugs as they partied throughout each night. The idea of going shopping, to DJ at least, seemed like a massive step down.

“I’m just tired.” Cody said with a sigh, “We are leaving tomorrow and I don’t want to get wasted and be hungover on the trip home.”

“OK, I’m cool with that.” DJ shrugged, “Could bring back some souvenirs anyway.”

The two young men started to get ready and were soon heading out the door. They walked out of their hotel and past the many people trying to peddle cheap crap for exorbitant prices. They walked further than they had on any of their previous days and left the tourist shops and restaurants behind them. Soon they were in an area that was obviously not commonly seen by outsiders.

Cody felt a little nervous despite suggesting it in the first place. He looked around and saw Mexicans staring at the two foreigners. Despite still nominally being in Mexico City it felt like the two of them had walked into another world. The loud sounds of the main streets faded away as the houses became denser around them.

“Maybe we should head back.” Cody had jogged to get alongside his friend and practically whispered in his ear.

“Go back? But you wanted to come out here.” DJ shrugged his friend off, “I like it here. It’s… authentic.”

Cody looked around again. His eyes fell on a group of four Mexicans who looked roughly the same age but much bigger and stronger than the two tourists. They were sat on a partially broken down porch and sipping some bottled beer.

“I don’t know, DJ.” Cody said as he looked away from the group, “I’ve heard stories. It’s places like this where Americans just… disappear.”

“You’re being hysterical.” DJ laughed and shook his head, “Look, if you want to chicken out and go back to the hotel be my guest. I’m going to find something cool to bring home.”

Cody was definitely caught in two minds. He did want to go back to the hotel, or at least back to the well-trodden path, but he couldn’t leave DJ alone. With a resigned sigh he carried on walking deeper with DJ. Cody had to admit his friend was right about one thing, there were some really interesting things in store windows in this area.

“Whoa, look at all this stuff!” DJ walked up to a small shop which looked like it had been standing there for the last century.

The windows were dirty and dusty but the items on display were rather dazzling in their brilliance. Old antiques in elaborate designs and colours were sprinkled around the windows on shelves, they seemed to mostly depict ancient civilisations and cultures that had long since disappeared.

“Are you seeing this stuff!?” DJ enthused to Cody, “Is that real gold!?”

“Come on, you really think these are actual historical objects and not some knock-offs to con people like you?” Cody replied sceptically.

“No way, man.” DJ said, “You said it yourself, tourists don’t come here! Come on!”

“Yeah but-” Cody started but it was already too late, DJ was on his way in to the shop.

The store was small but cluttered. It was dark, dusty and didn’t look like it had been cleaned in neither DJ nor Cody’s lifetimes. The room was completely silent and as the door closed it seemed like they had entered a vacuum, all the sound from outside the shop vanished.

DJ looked around in awe at what he could see. The items in the window were a good representation of what was in the store, the shelves were filled with little trinkets and statues everywhere. Everything was old and looked, if it was legit, like it would all be very expensive. DJ started walking and each step on the old floorboards produced loud creaks.

“Hello?” DJ called out. There was no answer.

“Come on, dude.” Cody said as he grabbed DJ’s sleeve, “Let’s go back.”

DJ shrugged off his friend’s hand and walked over to the far shelves. He was amazed by everything he saw, the little objects looked so intricately crafted and one statue in particular caught the young man’s eyes. Cody reluctantly followed his friend over to the shelf, he looked towards the window but it was so dirty it was barely letting any light in.

“I have to buy this!” DJ said as he held his hands out towards the object.

The item that so infatuated DJ was a small statue of a nearly naked woman with gemstones for eyes and holding out a safety pin that was gold. It was only seven or eight inches high but the golden layer glinted in an almost hypnotic way.

“Cuidado con la maldición del hombre del pañal!” An old lady seemingly appeared out of nowhere just before DJ was able to pick the statue up. She grabbed DJ’s arm.

DJ and Cody both jumped and exclaimed as they spun to see the sudden old woman. It was as if she had appeared magically behind them. She was hunched over but even if she stood up straight she would still be shorter than the young men. Her hair was grey and thin whilst her skin looked very dry and wrinkled. This old woman looked as old as the store itself, as if a strong gust of wind might tear through her and turn her into dust.

“I’m… I’m sorry, what?” DJ asked with a frown.

“No quieres esa estatua.” The old woman gesticulated and pointed at the men.

“What’s she saying?” Cody muttered.

“Dude, you’re the one who took Spanish at school.” DJ replied.

“Yeah… In middle school!” Cody hissed.

“Sal. ¡Abandona este lugar!” The old woman seemed agitated.

“We would like to buy this.” DJ said slowly and loudly.

DJ reached out his hand and picked up the statue with a smile. It was heavier than he expected but not so heavy that he couldn’t easily lift it.

“How much is-” DJ started.

Suddenly the old lady screamed. A blood curdling scream of pure terror. DJ and Cody both stepped back in shock and DJ passed the statue across to Cody who took it with wide eyes. The woman was hysterical and crying as she backed up, she was staring at the statue and covering her mouth as she continued to exclaim at an ear-splitting level.

“¡Sal! ¡Sal!” The old woman pulled her door open and pointed to the outside.

“I think she wants us to leave.” Cody said.

“No shit…” DJ replied sarcastically.

DJ was about to put the statue down when the old lady made a series of noises and got the boy’s attention.

“No.. No…” The old lady’s eyes were wide and bloodshot, “You… Take…”

“The statue?” DJ picked the statue back up and when the old lady nodded he dropped it in the bag.

The agitated old woman was still showing the men the door and they now made their way over. Cody was the first to step back out into the sunshine with DJ just behind. Just before he stepped outside the door his arm was strongly gripped by the elderly Mexican. She pulled him down with a strength that belied her small stature.

“El hombre del pañal! Cuidado con el hombre del pañal” The old woman whispered into DJ’s ear.

DJ was about to try and ask what she was saying but he was pushed out into the street. He turned to face the store but saw the elderly lady slamming the door, he heard the gentle click of a lock and then curtains pulled behind the window and door. For all intents and purposes it looked like the old store was shutting for good.

“Had enough of the local culture?” Cody asked as he put his hand on DJ’s shoulder. He tried to sound like he was joking but he was desperate to return to the hotel.

“Yeah.” DJ finally replied without looking away from the shop, “Let’s get the hell out of here.”

---

When DJ stepped off the plane with Cody back in America they were quite frankly glad to be home. They had enjoyed their trip to Mexico a lot but the encounter with the old woman on the day before they left occupied both their minds even if they refused to talk about it. They parted outside the airport with a hug and the knowledge that they might not see each other again, soon they would both be going their separate ways. With their vacation out of the way nothing stood between them and college.

DJ went home and after saying hello to his family he went upstairs and dropped his bag on his bed. He zipped it open and there, on top of all his clothes and everything else, was the little statue he had taken from the old shop. DJ felt strange looking at it but swallowed his concerns to pull it out and stand it on his shelf. He thought back to that day in the store and those last words whispered to him by the old lady.

“El hombre del pañal” The words echoed around DJ’s head as if the old woman was in his room and saying them.

Pushing all of the weirdness to the back of his mind DJ logged in to his computer and started catching up on everything he had missed. Every now and then his eyes would catch the statue and for a second he would be transported back to that day in Mexico. Even on a shelf filled with little trophies and trinkets it seemed to catch his eye.

For a week everything seemed normal. DJ was preparing to go to college, he saw friends and went out with his family, everything was completely normal until one morning when DJ was suddenly woken by his phone ringing on his bedside stand.

“H-Hello?” DJ sleepily said into the phone without opening his eyes.

“Dude, there’s something wrong with my arm!” Cody’s voice sounded unusually animated.

“Your arm?” DJ sleepily replied, “Why are you calling me? I’m not a doctor…”

“It’s a freaking safety pin burned on to my wrist!” Cody was practically shouting down the phone.

“What?” DJ’s eyes opened at last and started adjusting to the bright room.

“Just like your damn statue!” Cody continued to shout.

DJ turned his head slightly and looked at the shelf above his computer desk where his statue was sitting just as he had originally left it. It was staring at the bed with it’s wide open gemstone eyes. It had an undeniably creepy air to it. The safety pin it held was front and centre, the faded gold was bright even in the low light of the bedroom.

“I… I don’t understand…” DJ said. It felt like this must all be a dream still. It didn’t seem to make any kind of sense.

“I don’t get it ei-” Cody started to say in a slightly calmer voice.

“Holy shit!” DJ suddenly exclaimed so loudly he was sure he would wake his parents.

DJ’s heart suddenly kicked into overdrive. He had sat up as he looked at the statue and then pulled the covers down. The blanket rolled down his arm and he felt a faint stinging feeling on his wrist. When DJ looked down he was horrified to see exactly the same mark as the one Cody was describing.

“What’s going on?” Cody asked from the other end of the phone. He suddenly sounded scared.

“Get over here.” DJ said breathlessly without looking up from his wrist, “Something is seriously messed up… Cover your mark up too!”

DJ hung up the phone even as Cody tried to keep talking. He couldn’t take his eyes off the burn on his arm. It was the exact same kind of pin as the one the statue held so prominently. He had to have his palm up to the ceiling to see it but it stretched across all the skin on that side. DJ reached over with a shaking finger from his other hand and touched the mark. It stung but not nearly as much as a burn like this would seem to suggest. It almost felt like he had been branded.

The words of the old Mexican woman rang through DJ’s head again. “El hombre del pañal” echoed through his brain as if someone was right next to him and whispering.

---

DJ had thrown on his clothes and scrambled out of bed about a minute after hanging up his call. He put a sweater with long sleeves on despite the warmth of the morning because he didn’t want his parents questioning him about this bizarre marking. His mind flashed with images of official government types coming in and quarantining people or something. He had to prepare for college, he couldn’t jeopardise his future for what would most likely turn out to be nothing.

When the doorbell rang DJ was already at the bottom of the stairs and he opened the door immediately. Cody was standing on the other side looking distinctly pale and panicked.

“Come upstairs and we-” DJ started.

“Oh, hello Cody!” DJ’s mother was walking down the hallway with a big smile.

“Hi Mrs. Jones.” Cody replied rather bashfully.

“Please, you know you can call me Maggie.” DJ’s Mom replied as she leant in and hugged her son’s best friend, “Oh dear, what’s happened to your wrist?”

DJ’s eyes flew over to his friend’s lower arm. Cody was wearing a short-sleeve shirt but had wrapped a bandage around his wrist. Cody seemed to stumble for an answer for a couple of seconds.

“Oh… I just… I just fell off my bike.” Cody said unconvincingly.

“Oh my, I hope you’re alright.” Maggie replied as she looked on with concern, “You know I know a bit of first aid from work. Do you want me to take a look at it?”

“No!” Both DJ and Cody said a bit too promptly.

“I… I mean, it was a nurse who bandaged it.” Cody quickly continued, “She said to keep it on for a couple of weeks.”

“Come on, let’s go upstairs.” DJ quickly interjected before they could be delayed anymore.

The two young men hurried up the stairs and went straight into DJ’s bedroom. As soon as the door was closed Cody started unravelling the bandages and DJ pulled off his sweater. Without a word being spoken they both held out their wrists. It was as clear as day, both the marks were identical in size, shape and colour.

“What the fuck…” DJ muttered as he lowered his wrist.

“We have to tell someone!” Cody said quickly.

“We can’t.” DJ replied as he looked at the statue again.

“What if we’ve caught some disease!?” Cody was borderline hysterical.

“Apart from the mark, how do you feel?” DJ asked.

“Fine.” Cody frowned and shook his head, “But-”

“Then it isn’t a disease.” DJ took a deep breath, “I think it’s a curse.”

Cody looked at DJ dumbly for a few seconds as if his brain couldn’t comprehend what he was hearing. He wasn’t sure if he had heard his friend correctly, he couldn’t seriously say that he believed in magic and witchcraft. Cody started to chuckle and before long he was laughing as he lifted his hands to his face.

DJ picked up the statue he had bought and held it next to his wrist. The safety pin on his wrist was the same as the one the statue was holding. He looked at Cody and waited for him to come to what seemed like an obvious conclusion.

“You’re kidding right?” Cody asked eventually, “I can see the similarities but are you seriously saying we’re cursed?”

“Do you have a better explanation?” DJ asked, “What if that old Mexican woman was trying to warn us. Remember how she screamed and ran away…”

“Maybe it’s an allergic reaction to some chemical or something.” Cody suggested.

“That only affects our wrist?” DJ smirked, “And you thought my suggestion was stupid…”

“Your curse suggestion IS stupid.” Cody repeated.

“El hombre del pañal.” DJ said bluntly.

“Bless you.” Cody replied.

“It’s what the old woman said.” DJ Said with mounting frustration, “I can’t remember what else she said but I remember “El hombre del pañal” clear as day.”

“And what does that mean?” Cody asked with his hands on his hips.

“I was just going to search online.” DJ answered as he powered his computer on.

Cody and DJ waited for the computer to boot on in silence. DJ sat on the chair in front of the desk whilst Cody sat on the edge of the bed. Both men subconsciously rubbed the burn marks on their wrists as they sat in tense silence. Eventually the computer was on and DJ opened his web browser.

“How do you spell it?” DJ asked as his fingers waited above the keyboard, “The thing the old woman said.”

“Don’t ask me.” Cody replied, “I don’t even remember it. It all sounds like gobbledygook to me.”

It took several frustrating minutes for DJ to find the right spelling. He knew he had got it right the second he saw the results pop up. He scrolled down the results page and saw a photo that looked like it had come straight from an old horror film. A tall thin man was stood in the middle of the street, he was standing quite a distance away so making out any details was hard but DJ could see he was wearing an old suit with a leather coat over the top. In the man’s hand was a leather bag that reminded DJ of the type of bag used by doctors in old period dramas.

“I think I’ve found something.” DJ said as he clicked the link.

“What is it?” Cody asked as he came over to the desk and leaned against the wall.

“El hombre del pañal…” DJ read, “That’s it! That’s what that old woman was ranting about.”

“OK, so what does it mean?” Cody asked impatiently.

“The… The Diaper Man.” DJ read slowly.

“The what?” Cody frowned, “Come on, I’m not in the mood for jokes.”

“I’m serious.” DJ asserted, “The Diaper Man is an old Mexican urban legend… apparently.”

DJ scrolled past the picture he had seen on the search page and started reading. The more he read the stranger it all sounded and he really couldn’t work out whether or not he was reading a real urban legend or just some prank.

“The Diaper Man is a seven-foot tall male. Always appearing in the same Victorian era suit, with a grey beard and always carrying a leather case. He appears to be in his sixties and sightings of him go back at least a century.” DJ read out loud for Cody’s benefit.

“What on Earth does any of this have to do with us?” Cody asked in exasperation.

“The Diaper Man can only be seen by people who pick up a cursed item or touch the cursed mark and will stalk them until he gets what he wants.” DJ continued, “His goal is to put his victim into diapers and make them his baby.”

“What on Earth are you going on about?” Cody shook his head disbelievingly.

“The only way to get rid of the curse is to trick another person or people into taking the curse.” DJ read, “The Diaper Man has been said to assist those who are cursed if they can trick others.”

“What a nice guy…” Cody snorted, “Seriously though, what has this fairy tale got to do with us?”

“The mark of The Diaper Man is a burn appearing on the body.” DJ’s mouth went dry, “Usually located on the arm or hand.”

DJ and Cody looked at each other with the only sound being the ticking clock. Shakily and almost in sync with each other the two men rolled up their sleeves to look at the identical burn marks. DJ felt no doubt in his mind that these were the marks of The Diaper Man.

“It’s impossible.” Cody said imploringly as he rolled his sleeve back down and turned away, “It’s a myth. It must just be…”

Cody suddenly stopped talking causing DJ to look up. Cody had suddenly grabbed his wrist and let out a hiss through his teeth. Then a second later he yelped and his hands went down between his legs. He looked down in horror as he felt a cascade of hot liquid pouring out of him. The pee was running down his legs and soaking into his pants.

“Are you alright?” DJ asked. He could only see the back of Cody and thanks to the light it was hard to see why he had suddenly frozen in place.

DJ watched as Cody slowly turned around. DJ’s eyes slowly grew wider as he saw exactly why his friend was so shocked. DJ could see that Cody was still holding his wrist but his attention was drawn below Cody’s waist where he could see his pants had been stained by a still growing wetness that spread out from his crotch and ran down his legs.

“Dude, what are you doing!?” DJ exclaimed as he jumped to his feet.

“I… I couldn’t help it.” Cody’s face was white as a sheet, “I felt a burn on my wrist and then…”

“I’ll get a towel.” DJ shook his head and turned towards the door.

Cody looked down at his feet in shame and wasn’t helped by seeing his piss dripping out of the bottom of his pants and on to his shoes and the floor. He couldn’t believe this had happened, he had never had a problem like this before and didn’t even know he had to use the toilet until it was already happening. When he looked up he saw that DJ had stopped with one hand on the door handle, the other was holding his wrist.

DJ’s eyes were wide as he felt a flare up of pain on his wrist. The strange mark felt like it was burning and quickly growing more intense. As it reached a level that was making him wince he felt a sudden growth of pressure inside his bowels. It grew quickly and then dissipated even faster. It was replaced by a much worse feeling that stopped DJ’s heart.

At first DJ thought he had trapped wind that was quickly forcing it’s way out but he soon found out he was very wrong and the problem was much more serious. DJ felt a solid mass coming out of his hole and pushing into his underpants. He could hardly believe his own senses as the turd dropped into his pants, it’s slimy trail spread over the young man’s butt. Almost immediately a second lump emerged and slid out much more easily.

“DJ? W-What’s wrong?” Cody asked hesitantly as he tried to manage his own embarrassing predicament.

DJ’s pants bulged dramatically as a flurry of small soft poops dropped into his underwear finishing off the embarrassing accident. He didn’t want to but he couldn’t help himself, he reached behind him and felt the large round lump that was now squeezed between his clothes and his body.

“I… I…” DJ’s mouth opened and closed like a fish as he tried to explain the inexplicable.

The smell was unbearable and within seconds no words were necessary to explain what had happened. DJ slowly turned to face his friend with watery eyes. He was shaking a little as he tried to convey with a look what his voice refused to say.

“It’s OK.” Cody said though his face was filled with concern, “Get yourself a shower and change. Is it OK if I borrow some underwear and a pair of pants?”

DJ nodded his head and felt very glad that his friend had given him an out. He turned around and slowly opened the door, he was forced into a waddle as he left the room with the smelly waste in his underpants rubbing against him. It moved around in his underwear like a ball leaving it’s slimy stain on every inch it touched.

DJ turned on the shower and stripped his clothes as quickly as possible. When he saw what he had done to his underwear he felt tears almost overwhelm him, looking at his soiled underpants was utterly humiliating. The smell was incredible and DJ had to open the window and lean out for some fresh air, it allowed time for the shower to warm up. When he stepped inside he found the water did a great job of cleaning him of the crap smeared on his body but left lumps on the floor, DJ had to break them up and get them down the drain with his foot.

Spending fifteen minutes in the shower didn’t seem like enough for DJ who still felt unclean when he stepped out and wrapped a towel around himself. Realising his mother was downstairs and not wanting her to find out what was happening DJ grabbed the air freshener and emptied half the aerosol into the air. He gathered up his soiled clothes and took them back to his room where he found Cody sitting sheepishly on the bed in a pair of DJ’s old pants.

Fortunately for DJ the large trash can for the house was kept outside his bedroom window and he was able to open it up and drop the soiled clothes straight into the can. He turned to face Cody and wondered if he was blushing as much as his friend was, it felt like both of them were ashamed of what had happened. The uncomfortable silence lingered with neither young man keen to ask the questions floating around their heads.

“We need to talk about what just happened.” DJ eventually said when he felt like he was composed enough to speak without bursting into tears.

“Do we have to?” Cody replied as he looked away.

“Dude, there’s something really fucked up going on.” DJ replied.

“Maybe it was just a coincidence…” Cody muttered.

“For the love of God, Cody!” DJ threw his arms up in the air in exasperation, “I’m not someone who regularly walks around crapping their pants and unless you’ve been keeping it secret I don’t think you are in the habit of wetting yourself.”

“Of course I’m not!” Cody defended himself assertively.

“Right, then we need to talk about it.” DJ finally felt like he was making some progress with his best friend, “Did you say something about the mark… hurting or something?”

“It burned.” Cody clarified, “Like, it started small and grew and grew.”

“The same thing happened to me.” DJ nodded. He looked to the computer screen which was still showing that scary picture of the mysterious tall man.

“Don’t tell me you think it’s The Diaper Man.” Cody said as he followed DJ’s gaze.

“Jesus Christ, Cody, what else could it be?” DJ asked.

Cody knew really that there was no rational explanation for everything that had happened and yet he still found the idea of some paranormal entity impossible to admit to. He looked away and out the window, he was idly thinking when he thought he saw something in the distance. In the distance beyond the garden and down the road he saw a tall figure dressed all in black.

Cody jumped up as his heart started beating several times it’s regular rate. He ran to the window and looked again, whatever he had seen had disappeared. Cody felt a shiver run down his spine.

“Cody? What’s going on?” DJ asked as he saw his distracted friend open the window and lean outside.

“Huh?” Cody pulled himself back inside without being able to see anything. Whatever or whoever he saw had completely disappeared.

“Did you see something out there?” DJ asked as she rushed over to the window himself.

“No…” Cody trailed off.

“Liar.” DJ said as he looked up the road but couldn’t see anything out of the ordinary.

“Well, what are we going to do?” Cody asked, “What if… What if what happened earlier happens again?”

DJ sighed and had to admit he had been thinking about this himself. He had not known he needed the bathroom until he was squeezing the log out of his body, there was no way he could let that happen in front of his family or anything. For all he knew it was only a matter of time before he humiliated himself again.

“Maybe we should…” DJ trailed off. He was blushing for even thinking about the potential solution.

“Should what?” Cody asked with a frown.

“You won’t like it but maybe we should go to the store and…” DJ stopped again.

“Just spit it out!” Cody said impatiently. He was worried that his bladder could just evacuate at any moment.

“Diapers!” DJ exclaimed a little too loudly. His blushing intensified and he put a hand to his forehead, “Maybe we should get diapers.”

Cody sat in silence for a few seconds with his mouth hanging open. He leaned back and DJ thought he looked like he was about to either burst into laughter or launch an angry tirade.

“No way.” Cody said simply as he shook his head and waved his hands, “I am NOT going to humiliate myself like that.”

“I don’t like it either.” DJ retorted, “But you have to think about…”

“I said no!” Cody repeated much more forcefully. He was usually much more timid but the recent events seemed to have rattled him.

“What are you going to do instead?” DJ asked with raised eyebrows, “Clearly something is going on and you’re going to have to do something!”

Cody sat in silence and looked down at the floor. He was angry and frustrated but the worst part was that he knew DJ was right. He hated the thought of diapers but with everything that was going on it seemed like it might be a sensible precaution. Cody reluctantly stood up and nodded his head causing DJ to pat him on the shoulder in solidarity.

“You’re paying for them though.” Cody muttered.

DJ smiled and nodded his head before they both left the room. A couple of minutes later they were walking out of the house and on to the street. It was quiet and neither of the young men felt much like talking. Despite the hot weather they both wore long sleeve shirts to cover the burn marks that otherwise showed up so prominently on their wrists. They walked down the street and through the park. The park was a large open space with a children’s playground in the centre, it was a hub of the community and beautifully kept with immaculately cut grass which was being used for all manner of sports.

Cody and DJ were in no mood to stop and enjoy the pleasant surroundings though. They were on a mission to get to the pharmacy nearby and home as soon as possible. The two men hurried along the gravel path without speaking to each other until they were soon coming out of the gate at the other end.

“The pharmacy is-” DJ started as he pointed up the road a little way.

“I know where it is.” Cody interrupted tensely, “Come on.”

DJ didn’t realise his friend was quite so tense but now that he thought about it he could see why Cody was irritable. Buying diapers was a very embarrassing proposition, DJ had pushed it to the back of his mind to just concentrate on getting to the shop in one piece but now that they were nearly there he started to feel nervous as well.

The pharmacy they were heading to was a locally ran store that served most of the town’s needs. It was on the high street and located in between a supermarket on one side and a cinema on the other. Even from a distance away DJ and Cody could see where it was from the sign out front with an illuminated green cross.

“I’ll wait out here.” Cody mumbled as they reach the large glass windows in the front of the shop.

“Y-You’re not coming in with me?” DJ asked.

“It’ll be weird if we both go in…” Cody shrugged.

DJ agreed it would be strange but couldn’t help but think it was a convenient excuse for his friend to avoid the embarrassing part of this whole trip. With a sigh DJ walked inside the store and looked around, his heart was beating quickly as he saw the young woman behind the counter smiling at him. He briefly returned the smile before walking around to look for the diapers. The only other customers seemed to be elderly which didn’t make him feel much better about what he was doing.

The diapers were on a set of shelves on the right side of the shop. There was more choice than DJ had expected and he found it all a bit intimidating. He walked down the aisle looking at the different packets and wondering which would be best for him and Cody, there was no way he was going to ask for assistance. He picked up a fairly generic looking white package that had a picture of a smiling old man on the front along with a picture of what the diaper inside looked like. The text described it as “adult incontinence underwear” which made DJ feel slightly more comfortable than “diapers” would have.

DJ anxiously carried the smooth plastic rectangular packet to the checkout and felt himself sweating a little. He couldn’t wait to get this finished so he could leave, he dreaded someone asking him questions about what he was buying.

“Did you find everything you were looking for today?” The young lady said as DJ approached.

DJ was too embarrassed to speak so he just nodded his head and placed the diapers on the counter. The person behind the counter scanned them without saying a word and placed them in an opaque plastic bag. When she said how much they cost DJ fumbled in his pocket for the money and anxiously awaited his change. When he finally picked the bag up and left the store he felt a sense of victory and he could finally breathe a sigh of relief.

“Did you get them?” Cody asked as soon as the door opened. He could see the bag DJ was carrying but felt like he had to be sure.

“Yeah, let’s go home before anything happens.” DJ muttered in response. He was getting increasingly nervous that one or both of them would experience another accident whilst in public.

DJ led the way as the two of them walked quickly back to the park. The bag full of diapers weighed heavily in DJ’s hands and he looked around nervously as if someone was going to suddenly run up and take them. The embarrassing payload felt like a beacon attracting unwanted attention. Thanks to both men being so distracted they didn’t notice a group of people loitering around a bench just in front of them.

“Well, well, well, look who it is!” James Spencer, the biggest bully from the school DJ and Cody had just finished attending was sitting in the middle of a group of his fellow thugs. He was looking at the approaching men with a smirk on his face. DJ and Cody were two of his favourite targets.

James stood up and swaggered into the centre of the gravel path. His stooges stood around on either side, they all wore smirks as if they were the greatest things since sliced bread. DJ and Cody spotted them far too late to do anything to avoid the bullies. Cody felt his pulse quicken as adrenaline flooded his body, he had always been on the worse end of James’s bullying and he had an automatic response of fear when he saw his tormentor.

“The two boyfriends going for a stroll together?” James loudly said as DJ and Cody approached. The surrounding sycophants snickered and laughed.

DJ was the more confident of the two but even he was scared by James and his gang. He stopped with the path blocked in front of him, his grip on the bag tightened. This was the worst time to be confronted like this.

“We’re just trying to go home.” DJ said eventually, “So if you cou-”

“Rushing back to the bedroom?” Charlie, the chief lackey of James, said with a sneer.

For as long as DJ and Cody had been friends they had been bullied by James and his favourite “jokes” had always involved questioning the pair’s sexuality. DJ and Cody just stood meekly in front of the bullies and hoped they would move out of the way and let them past.

“What’s in the bag?” James asked as he nodded towards what DJ was holding.

“Nothing.” DJ answered a bit too quickly causing James to raise an eyebrow, “Can you just let us past? We’re not in school anymore, aren’t we passed all this?”

“Sure, you can pass.” James said as he folded his arms across his chest, “As long as you pay the toll.”

The group laughed again. Cody looked around and realised they were rapidly being surrounded by the large men, a small army under the command of the biggest bully of all.

“W-What’s the toll?” DJ asked. He tried and failed to keep the fear from his voice.

“Whatever is in the bag.” James pointed at the plastic bag that DJ was holding so tightly his knuckles were turning white.

DJ and Cody both felt terror washing over them. They needed these diapers but worse than that they were horrified that someone, least of all James, might find out about them. The reaction to finding the pair of them holding a pack of diapers scared them a lot. They could already picture the laughter and then the pictures going up on social media. They would never be able to live such a revelation down.

“We need… Look, just let us past.” DJ stuttered and splutter, “Please.”

“Give us what’s in the bag or we’ll take it.” James wasn’t smiling and as he held his hand out it was clear he expected to get his loot.

“Can… Can we give you money instead?” DJ asked. He hated how subservient he became when confronted by the bully but right then he would’ve given anything to keep the diapers secret. He wished Cody would speak up to help but knew his friend’s shyness and introversion made him avoid conflict wherever possible.

“Give me the bag before we take it from you.” James ordered, “And since you offered we’ll take your money too.”

“We… We can’t let you have the bag.” DJ adjusted his feet nervously.

There was a stand-off for a few seconds that felt like an eternity. James smirked and with a little nod of the head he started turning around. DJ thought he had actually got through to the bully when he suddenly felt someone rush both him and Cody. The bag he had been holding as tightly as possible was ripped from his hands. The goon who had snatched it jogged forwards to James like a puppy returning a ball.

“Now let’s see what was so important to the two…” James’s voice faded away as he opened the bag and looked inside.

DJ had been knocked into his hands and knees but as he stood up he felt the colour drain from his face. He watched as if time was in slow motion, James looked down and it seemed to take him a few seconds to even register what he was looking at.

“Oh my God!” James exclaimed as it suddenly dawned on him what he was seeing, “You two are into some kinky shit, eh?”

DJ and Cody cringed as the other bullies gathered around to see what the bag was holding. James reached in and started pulling the package out until the bag fell to the ground. DJ looked at the ground in shame whilst Cody seemed totally frozen like a statue.

The gang burst into laughter as they saw the diapers and the insults came from every angle. It was no use for either DJ or Cody to deny the allegations of homosexuality, they had done it before but it didn’t matter to the bullies. They had no way to explain the diapers they had been so desperate to keep possession of.

Whilst the vicious laughter continued James let go of the diapers and the tightly wrapped package dropped to the floor. Cody finally acted and he quickly scooped the disposables up and started running away down the path towards home pushing past the bullies, DJ quickly followed. A couple of bullies made to give chase but James stopped them.

“Let the perverts go.” James called out so Cody and DJ could hear, “They have nothing I want.”

DJ and Cody didn’t stop running until they were out of the park and around the corner. Cody pulled up with the diapers swinging from his hand, DJ pulled up next to him equally out of breath. They looked at each other in shock about everything that had happened but before either could say anything they felt the marks on their wrist burning again.

For a horrifying second the two men looked down expecting to evacuate their bladders or bowels but nothing seemed to be happening. They looked back up in confusion when Cody saw DJ’s eyes wider than dinner plates, he turned to look over his shoulder and felt himself freeze again.

Standing fifty feet down the road was a tall thin man dressed in black despite the heat. He had a wide-brimmed Stetson hat that was also black and his thin face was dominated by a white beard that hung down past his neck. In his right hand he held a large leather bag. If he hadn’t been walking towards them the two men would’ve assumed he was a corpse as his long thin fingers and hollow cheeks were visible all the way from where they were standing.

“I… I don’t believe it…” Cody gasped.

DJ and Cody weren’t the only people on the street but despite the seven foot man’s odd appearance no one else was even looking at him. DJ recalled that the only people that can see The Diaper Man were those he had marked or cursed.

“Run!” DJ exclaimed.

DJ and Cody started running away from the tall man and back towards DJ’s house. They didn’t stop until they reached the front yard and that was only to allow DJ to find his keys. As soon as the door was open they both ran up to the DJ’s bedroom and closed the door behind them.

“It’s The Diaper Man!” DJ put his hands behind his head and paced up and down.

“W-What does he want?” Cody asked nervously.

“Don’t you remember what we read?” DJ replied in exasperation, “He collects cursed people to turn them into babies.”

“It’s just… so insane.” Cody said haltingly though he couldn’t deny what he had seen.

“The mark could’ve been something else.” DJ said as he rolled up his sleeve to look at his sweaty wrist, “But the accidents and now this sighting? We are cursed!”

“We should go to the police!” Cody said quickly, “Or… or… God, someone must be able to do something.”

“They’d lock us up for being crazy.” DJ waved his hand dismissively, “Only the cursed can see him.”

“Are we safe here?” Cody asked as glanced anxiously towards the door.

“I don’t know.” DJ shrugged, “I’m not an expert, I just read the same thing as you. My mark isn’t burning though so I think we are OK.”

Cody and DJ spent an anxious half hour sitting in the bedroom and expecting the door to burst open at any moment. They slowly started calming down and their attention shifted to the diapers that had been thrown on to the bed. DJ took the initiative and pulled the package over to rip it open. He took hold of one of the tightly packed disposables and pulled it out. He let it go on the bed where both he and Cody looked at it.

“I guess we should do it.” DJ said as he slid the diaper across the bed to Cody and pulled a second one out.

“I don’t want to see you naked…” Cody had a look of disgust.

“You use the bed and I’ll go put mine on in the bathroom.” DJ said, “I’ll come back in five minutes.”

DJ picked his diaper up and left the room. He held the padding underneath his shirt in case he ran into his mom and hurried through to the bathroom. DJ was glad that the smell from his messy accident had totally disappeared as he locked the door behind him and pulled off his pants and underwear.

The unfolded diaper was a lot bigger than DJ had expected but he laid it on the ground and looked at the way the front and back hung in the air. This had been such a crazy day and DJ could hardly believe he was about to wear a diaper because he genuinely feared he might wet himself. He sat down on the disposable and felt the padding indent with his weight. He laid back and after another deep breath he pulled the front up and over his crotch.

DJ had obviously never done this before and it took a few attempts to get the diaper lined up properly. He pulled at the tapes and placed them on the front with a trembling hand. Before he knew it he was taped into a diaper and getting dressed again. His cheeks were a deep red as he stepped around the small room and felt the plastic and padding rub against him.

After waiting a few more minutes DJ left the bathroom and walked down the landing. He could hear a light crinkle coming from under his pants that made his stomach sink, he really didn’t want to live with this inconvenience. He knocked on the bedroom door and heard some fast movements from inside.

“You can come in.” Cody called out. His voice was shaky.

DJ walked in and saw that Cody was blushing just as much as he was. DJ could feel the padding between his legs as he walked inside and he could hear himself crinkle. He sat down at his computer whilst Cody sat on the bed, neither dared to move. For a long time both Cody and DJ sat in silence with neither knowing how to break it.

“I should go home.” Cody eventually said. He stood up and despite his pants the crinkles seemed very loud.

“Is that wise?” DJ asked anxiously, “With everything that’s going on… We have a weird Mexican legend stalking us…”

“Dude, this is weird enough.” Cody couldn’t help but shake his head as he let out a snort of laughter, “I just can’t sleep in the room with you in these diapers. As if the jokes and rumours weren’t bad enough already.”

“Well, if you’re sure.” DJ said, “Get in contact if anything weird happens though, alright?”

“After today I’m not sure what constitutes weird anymore.” Cody muttered as he pulled half the diapers out of the packet, “I suppose I should take these.”

DJ fist bumped Cody as the latter put his bag over his back and left the room. It had been a hell of a day and DJ would welcome putting it behind him. He shifted his chair over to the window and looked out over the street where the sun was starting to set. He half-expected to see The Diaper Man walking up the road but it was very quiet.

---

That night Cody and DJ tossed and turned on their beds. It was difficult to relax when so much craziness had happened. Cody couldn’t stop thinking about the bullies finding out about the diapers, he hadn’t dared check social media where he was sure everyone would be making fun of him. He was pleased he hadn’t used the diaper he was wearing but he didn’t dare take it off. DJ on the other hand had become obsessed with The Diaper Man, he kept hearing creaking sounds in the house and was convinced the tall man was about to burst in and take him.

DJ had strangely vivid dreams that night, or maybe they would be better described as nightmares. He was on a darkened street and standing in the middle of the road. The white road markings were between his bare feet and he was naked except for the diaper he was wearing. The sidewalks on either side of him were in darkness and none of the streetlights were on.

“Hello?” DJ called out into the darkness.

The horror of DJ’s nightmare was reinforced by the feeling that he wasn’t alone. He spun around but could only see the road stretching off over the horizon, he didn’t know where he was and that scared him a lot. DJ turned around again and felt his breath catch in his throat.

Down the dark street a light had flickered to life revealing the silhouette of The Diaper Man. The light turned off and another light slightly closer flicked on to show The Diaper Man getting closer. DJ felt frozen for an age. The streetlights would continue to go out only for a closer one to come on showing the dreaded tall man getting closer.

“What do you want!?” DJ screamed in desperation. He was so scared and was trembling as he tried to get his legs to listen to him.

A sudden spreading of heat distracted DJ for just a minute. He realised he was wetting his diaper and the padding was greedily sucking up everything he was putting into it. The warm urine poured out of DJ uncontrollably and spread down between his legs, he could feel it creeping along his skin and tickling his most sensitive parts. It seemed like the wetting lasted a minute and when it finally stopped the diaper was soaked front to back.

DJ slowly looked up from his crotch and froze as still as a statue. The Diaper Man was now just inches away from him and looking down, he towered over DJ who could only look up mesmerised by what he was experiencing. The entity was even scarier up close, his skin was pulled taut across his almost skeletal face. His eyes seemed to bore a hole through DJ and no matter how much the younger man wanted to run away he was rooted to the spot.

The Diaper Man lifted one long thin arm and pulled DJ’s pale arm out in front of him. With his other hand he extended a long bony finger and slowly moved it towards the burn mark that branded DJ even in his dreams. DJ’s heart beat faster and faster as The Diaper Man’s finger moved closer and closer. At the moment the finger touched the mark everything went suddenly dark.

DJ sat bolt upright in bed with a loud beeping going off close by. He was covered in sweat and could feel the mark on his wrist burning. He reached over to turn his phone’s alarm off and realised that something was amiss.

The diaper had crinkled as DJ sat up and yet again as he twisted around to turn his alarm off. The padding felt swollen and the nervous young man reached under his covers to his crotch. He could feel the waistband pulled tight by the diaper’s tapes and then the smooth plastic of the front of the diaper. The padding bulged out around DJ’s crotch and he could feel that it was warm. There was no doubt about it, DJ had wet the bed. Not just wet it but soaked his diaper front to back just like how it had happened in his dream.

DJ was trying to work out what to do with the wet diaper. He knew he would have to change but he wasn’t sure how he would dispose of it without risking being found, the trash cans were now at the curb. Underneath these worries about the immediate future DJ felt panicky at having wet the bed, something he hadn’t done since he had been a young child. DJ was pulled out of his quiet contemplation by his phone ringing, he could see from the screen that it was Cody.

“Dude, I had the worst nightmare.” Cody started as soon as the call was answered.

“The Diaper Man?” DJ asked as he sat on the edge of his mattress. One hand held the phone to his head and the other rested on the thick padding between his legs.

“Yeah!” Cody exclaimed, “I was on this street and he approached me and…”

“You wet yourself? He touched your mark?” DJ asked.

“H-How did you know?” Cody stuttered in confusion.

“I had the same dream.” DJ replied.

A hushed silence fell over the call as both Cody and DJ got lost in deep thought. Neither knew what to say to the other and they were both so scared about everything that was happening.

“Hey, DJ?” Cody eventually said quietly.

“Yeah?” DJ replied.

“When I woke up this morning I… Well, in the night I must’ve…” Cody was stuttering and tripping over his words.

“You wet the bed?” DJ finished Cody’s sentence for him again, “Me too.”

“Geez…” DJ could hear Cody take a deep breath as static came down the line, “This is really scary.”

“I know. We need to keep researching this thing and find a way to get out of this.” DJ felt just as scared as Cody but he was spurred into action by his anxiety, “Search it online and stay in contact with me, OK?”

“You don’t want me to come round?” Cody asked. There was a hint of disappointment in his voice.

“It might be safer if we stay apart.” DJ replied, “Just for now.”

“OK…” Cody didn’t sound convinced.

“Keep your chin up.” DJ tried to raise his friend’s flagging spirits.

“Yeah… Yeah…” Cody sighed into the phone.

After hanging up both Cody and DJ went to the computers and started trawling the deep recesses of the internet for any information they could find. It was slim pickings since this was all considered an urban legend by everyone. It seemed anyone even remotely taking this seriously was laughed at and insulted on the message boards.

By the time mid-morning rolled around DJ felt something he hadn’t expected. His bladder was full and asking to be released. After the previous day and his helpless wetting he was surprised that he didn’t just wet the diaper he was still wearing. DJ cautiously stood up and made his way to the bathroom. He pulled down his pants and took the diaper off, wincing at how loud the tapes were, and successfully used the toilet. He didn’t know if he should feel embarrassed about what an achievement that felt like.

After leaving the bathroom DJ went back to his computer and continued his research with an extra pep in his step. He didn’t bother putting on a new diaper feeling that he wouldn’t need it, he was happily proven correct as his mark didn’t burn and he was able to use the toilet like any normal person. It seemed Cody was enjoying a similar situation.

“Holy shit!” Cody had typed into his instant messenger, “I just used the toilet!”

DJ had to chuckle about how excited his friend was over such a mundane thing though he couldn’t deny similar elation. He told Cody he had also managed to use the bathroom without any problems.

“I might wear one to bed anyway.” Cody conceded a little further into their text conversation. He wasn’t someone who took chances.

“That’s up to you.” DJ replied quickly, “I’m not going to wear one.”

“What if you wet the bed?” Cody asked bluntly.

“Positive thinking!” DJ answered, “It won’t happen.”

The two men went back to their research but found new information nearly impossible to come by. The legend seemed to be almost exist only in Mexico and from what Cody could see the Hispanic communities in America barely mentioned it. There didn’t seem to be any myths similar to El hombre del pañal anywhere else in the world. DJ had to rely on translation software a lot of the time to try and work out what websites were saying, it wasn’t always the most accurate thing but it was better than nothing.

It was an exhausting day of research. Both DJ and Cody felt tired as the sun set. It felt like they had both trawled the entire internet. DJ hadn’t studied this hard for his exams and after everything that had happened since that felt like a lifetime ago. He was rubbing his exhausted eyes when he heard his computer ding with a new message.

“You there?” Cody had typed.

“Yep.” DJ replied tiredly.

“Find anything?” Cody asked.

“Only what we already know.” DJ sighed as he typed, “That the only way to get rid of the curse is either pass it on or make a deal with The Diaper Man.”

“Did you need to use your diaper?” Cody asked after a small break.

“Nope. I used the toilet just fine. How about you?” DJ replied.

“Same.” Cody quickly replied. There was a small break and then he typed again, “Maybe the curse has gone away…”

“My mark is still here.” DJ said as he looked at his wrist, “I think it’s too early to say we are safe. Anyway, I’m going to bed.”

“Yeah me too. I almost forgot after all the madness but I have work tomorrow.” Cody replied.

“We’ll talk tomorrow evening.” DJ concluded the conversation, “See you later… and good luck.”

---

Cody woke up the next morning with a smile. Not only had he been free from nightmares but he was also completely dry after taking a risk and not wearing a diaper to bed. He sprung up happily and swung his legs over the side of his mattress. He turned off his alarm before it had a chance to ring and went straight to the shower.

Once he was clean Cody went back to his bedroom and got dressed into his uniform. He saw his diapers that he had stashed under the bed but quickly dismissed them. The previous day had proven he didn’t need them and he was still hoping that the craziness had ended. He pulled on a pair of boxer shorts to wear under his work clothes and went downstairs.

The sun seemed to shine extra brightly as Cody walked down the street to the restaurant he worked at. It was only part-time work to earn some spending money but since school was finished and college hadn’t begun he was picking up some extra shifts. It was a fifteen minute walk into town to work, he had to pass through the same park that had caused trouble two days ago but thankfully no bullies were there. Both Cody and DJ were doing all they could to avoid social media and all their former classmates.

Cody clocked in at work and started his shift in much the same way as every other one. He was kept pretty active taking orders and delivering food to tables. Cody was just wiping down a table when he felt a burning on his wrist and a chill running down his spine. He couldn’t believe this was happening here.

Standing up and looking around in fear Cody expected to see the tall Diaper Man but the coast was clear. His face drained of colour though as his body froze up.

“Everything alright, Cody?” Roberto, the elderly man who owned the restaurant asked from behind the cash register.

Cody could feel disaster coming a second before it arrived. He stared blankly at Roberto as he felt his muscles slacken beyond his control. Warmth suddenly flooded down his legs as he uncontrollably wet himself. Urine soaked Cody’s pants and a small stream formed underneath him between his legs. He could see Roberto looking at him with wide eyes, it hardly seemed like this could be real!

“What the hell are you doing!?” Roberto exclaimed as he gestured wildly towards Cody’s legs.

“I… I…” Cody’s flow finally ended but he was soaked and the puddle underneath him was expanding towards the tables. His face was beet red as he trembled in shock.

At the other end of the restaurant Cody saw the only two customers looking scandalised about what had happened. They put down their menus and stood up, they threw scathing looks over their shoulders as they stormed out. Another of the waiters was trying to apologise to them as the door closed.

“Go home!” Roberto shouted crossly, “You shouldn’t come to work if you’re sick!”

Cody didn’t feel sick. He was pretty sure he was perfectly healthy except for the burning on his wrist that hadn’t died down at all, if anything it seemed to be intensifying. He turned towards the kitchen door, he planned to go out the back entrance and try to get home using back streets where he might be able to remain hidden. He could only imagine what would happen if he ran into the bully James Spencer.

Cody lifted his apron over his head as he wetly stepped around the puddle of his own piss. He could hear his boss ordering the other waiter to get a mop and tried to sniff away tears that threatened to fall down his cheeks. He didn’t understand how this had happened, he hadn’t had an issue since that first day, he thought he was OK again!

“Sorry… I’m so sorry…” Cody muttered indistinctly as he nearly slipped over in his own pee.

Cody had only taken a few steps and was just opening the door to the kitchen when the burning on his wrist grew even more intense. He reached over and grabbed at his scar as he felt a strange relaxation going through his muscles again.

“No, please no!” Cody whined but he knew he couldn’t stop what was happening.

Cody felt his bowels push and he was unable to stop them from trying to empty into his pants. He reached around to his butt and could already feel a lump starting to force it’s way out of his body. Cody could see that the others were staring at him again.

Cody only had thoughts for getting out of this humiliating situation. He pushed through the kitchen door and rushed past startled chefs. The lump that had pushed halfway out of his body smeared between his cheeks and he could feel the slimy poop acting like a lubricant. He just wanted to get outside before he humiliated himself, he needed to be alone whilst doing this like a little baby knowing he was being naughty.

As Cody quickly walked through the hot kitchen he felt more waste pushing out between his cheeks. He couldn’t stop it halfway this time and it dropped into his cotton briefs. Sweat broke out on his forehead as he pushed past a chef who wasn’t looking. Cody was terrified that people could smell him, he felt like his own stink was overpowering the much more pleasant smell of food. He knew he could lose his job and what remained of his dignity if he was seen like this.

The back door was thankfully unlocked and Cody pushed through and out to the alley behind the restaurant. He turned and faced the door as he pushed it closed. He leaned forwards and placed his forehead against the plastic and felt his body push down even harder. His ass stuck out behind him and he pushed out the poop, in truth he didn’t have much say in the matter.

Cody’s underwear and pants bulged out as the crap dropped out of his body and into his clothes. He closed his eyes as a tear ran down his cheek, his face was increasingly reddening as his pants rapidly filled. He couldn’t stop the humiliating accident no matter how much he wished he could.

Finally it all finished. Cody panted heavily and he reached around with a hand to touch the deposit in his pants. He gingerly touched the lump and then quickly pulled his hand away.

“I don’t understand…” Cody sobbed to himself, “I thought it was getting better!”

Cody stood up straight again and felt the poop smear against him. Regardless of what had happened he knew he had to get home without anyone seeing him. He turned around with the plan to hide as he went through the back streets when he froze.

The sight was so shocking that Cody’s brain seemed to lag. Standing just a foot in front of him was the slim seven foot tall Mexican urban legend. The gaunt figure towered above Cody and looked down at him with expressionless eyes, his hollow cheeks seemed impossibly concave, the pale skin seemed pulled tight over his bones. He looked like he should smell of death but Cody didn’t notice an odour coming from the man at all.

Cody stepped back and flattened himself against the door. His soaked and soiled clothes pressed against his skin and he was stunned into silence. He couldn’t pull his eyes away from the supernatural being. For an age neither of them moved. Cody finally found the courage to speak.

“The… The Diaper Man?” Cody stuttered as if the figure in front of him could be anything else.

The Diaper Man nodded his head slowly as if every single movement took a great deal of effort. He reached out an arm and with his other hand he pulled up the sleeve of his coat. His skin was almost ghostly white and after staring at the long spindly fingers Cody’s shocked gaze moved up to see the beings wrist. Cody audibly gasped as he saw the same mark that had been burned on to his wrist.

The Diaper Man extended his long index finger and pressed it against the mark on his wrist. Almost immediately Cody felt the feeling leaving his body, his knees went weak and it seemed like the world was going dark. Before he knew what was happening his body and mind went blank. He started falling only for the long bony arms of The Diaper Man to catch him. Cody’s limp body was picked up and The Diaper Man turned around to walk down the alley with his prey.

---

DJ was just sat at home on his couch. His mom was bustling around cleaning but after all the excitement of the previous couple of days he was happy to be lazy. He kept checking his wrist in the hope that the mark would be gone or at least faded, there was no such luck.

As DJ flicked through television channels he found himself thinking more and more about the encounter with the bullies in the park. James Spencer already spread rumours about DJ and Cody but now that he had seen the diapers he was sure the whisperings would go into overdrive. He wished he had been quicker on his feet and made up some excuse as to why he had a bag of diapers.

“Are you going to sit there all day?” DJ’s mom walked into the living room causing the young man to quickly roll down his sleeve and cover the mark.

“I don’t know…” DJ let out a long breath, “Maybe?”

“I thought you’d be out playing with Cody, it’s a lovely day.” DJ’s mom said as she picked up a clothes hamper that needed to go to the washing machine.

“We don’t play, Mom.” DJ was very sensitive to anything sounded childish, “We hang out. He’s working anyway.”

“Well if you’re hurting for something to do you can go to the shop and get some chicken for dinner.” DJ’s mom suggested.

“It’s OK, I’m just watching some television…” DJ replied.

DJ turned to the side and saw his mom looking at him with her hands on her hips. It let DJ know that she wasn’t happy with him being lazy and going to the shop was an order rather than a suggestion. DJ sighed and pushed himself up out of his chair, he took the money his mom was holding out and started getting ready to leave. Five minutes later he was walking down the street to the grocery store.

DJ walked through the park and towards the high street. He walked down the street and past the restaurant Cody worked in, he looked in through the window but couldn’t see his friend in there. He recognised some of Cody’s co-workers and saw that they were mopping the floor, none of them looked too happy to be doing it. DJ made a mental note to ask Cody what happened later as he walked past the restaurant towards the grocery store.

The automatic doors slid open as DJ approached and stepped inside. It was a small family run store and pretty much empty, the only employee was an older man who was sat behind the till near the entrance. DJ gave him a little nod in greeting as he walked in and towards the back of the store.

There was some soft music playing over the speakers but otherwise the store was quiet. DJ walked all the way to the back wall and saw the refrigerated units and the chicken inside, it was as he reached out for the chicken that he was suddenly stopped by the burning sensation on his wrist. He felt his stomach do a flip as he brought his hand closer to himself to look at the mark. His heartbeat almost immediately doubled.

DJ’s senses became hyper-aware as he felt fear and panic surging through him. He wished Cody was still with him, being alone when this happened made it even scarier. DJ suddenly realised that the previously quiet store had become completely silent, even the radio seemed to have stopped as if waiting to see what was about to happen. All these observations and thoughts flew through his head in just a couple of seconds. The next thing DJ felt was a warmth running down his legs.

DJ was mortified by what was happening. In a store in the middle of town DJ was helplessly wetting himself. The urine ran down his inner thighs and into his shoes as he stayed frozen to the spot, he felt too scared to turn around for fear of what he might see. As the last of the urine dribbled out and the flow came to a halt he felt a hand suddenly touch his shoulder. He didn’t need to turn around to know who or what it was and his knees shook.

“Please don’t…” DJ whispered as he felt the bony fingers squeeze his shoulders.

DJ finally turned his head to look over his shoulder. He saw the long fingers connected to a pale hand with bones running just underneath the skin like a spider’s web. The thin arm disappearing into the large coat that hung over his suit. Finally he turned around completely and saw the gaunt face, an emotionless soulless husk that stared down at him. DJ felt tears springing from his eyes, he cried out loudly through a seized up throat. Surely someone would come in and hear or see what was happening.

It suddenly made sense to DJ. When he had walked past Cody’s restaurant earlier but not seen his friend, the mopping, the disgusted looking faces…

“You… You took Cody?” DJ gasped out.

Slowly and almost imperceptibly the seven-foot tall Diaper Man nodded his head. His unblinking eyes stared down at DJ as if seeing something no mortal man could view. DJ shuddered, it felt like his soul was being stared at.

A second later The Diaper Man reached both his hands down and lifted DJ off the ground. He hoisted him up and draped the young man over his shoulder, it took seemingly no effort at all for the thin man. No amount of kicking and screaming from DJ made the slightest bit of difference to the supernatural being who was manipulating him however he wanted.

As DJ was laid over the bony shoulder he saw the rest of the store behind the Diaper Man. He couldn’t quite believe what he was seeing, the aisles had been seemingly pushed away from the centre of the store. Sitting in the middle of the floor was a large baby stroller.

DJ couldn’t understand how no one else noticed all the changes or came to investigate. He called out again but the silence all around him seemed to imprison him like a cell. The Diaper Man glided more than he walked to the stroller, despite his frail looking body he was extremely strong and DJ was helpless in his grasp. DJ was dropped into the stroller and held there by one of The Diaper Man’s long arms.

The straps on the stroller moved on their own to envelop DJ tightly. The young man with wet pants was pushed back into the stroller leaving his arms and legs flailing uselessly. He could no longer see The Diaper Man who was standing behind him. After a couple of seconds the stroller started moving towards the street.

DJ continued to struggle and shout. He looked over towards the cashier and saw that he was frozen to the spot and just staring directly ahead. The cashier didn’t seem to notice that his only customer had wet his pants and was being kidnapped by a supernatural entity. That other people were frozen was confirmed when DJ was rolled outside and the people on the street were also as still as statues.

DJ looked around in shock as he was rolled down the street. It seemed like even the wind had stopped, there was a complete stillness all around them. DJ didn’t understand it, when he and Cody had seen The Diaper Man before things hadn’t stopped. Was it different when he was “claimed” like this?

As they rolled down the road DJ was surprised to see the bully James Spencer and his gang hanging around and loitering. DJ almost instinctively tried to cover up though they were as frozen as everything else. The stroller stopped alongside the gang and DJ had the chance to look at his bully. It was almost imperceptible but it didn’t seem like he was actually frozen, he was actually just moving incredibly slowly. It would have been fascinating if DJ had been so scared.

The Diaper Man was in no rush and DJ was slowly pushed around the streets until they came to an industrial area that looked completely run down. DJ had recovered from a lot of his shock but he was still powerless to resist anything that was going on. The straps were too tight for him to release himself and everything around them still seemed to be moving at such a slow speed it might as well have stopped.

The Diaper Man wheeled the stroller to one warehouse in particular. This large concrete hanger was towards the back of the industrial area and looked like it hadn’t been occupied for work for at least a couple of decades. DJ felt a chill as he was pushed closer and closer to the entrance until finally they went inside.

It was pitch black but DJ could tell they were still rolling forwards. The push chair went through the darkness until it completely enveloped him but still it pressed forwards, apparently The Diaper Man had no problem seeing where he was going. They carried on forwards until a new light appeared in the distance. DJ was pushed through and he gasped as his eyes adjusted and he saw a very unusual sight.

DJ had been wheeled into a fairly modern warehouse but the room he emerged into now looked nothing like what he expected. Instead of metal and concrete there was wood, instead of machines there was baby equipment and out the windows there seemed to be a desert rather than the town he lived in. Wherever he was, he was sure it wasn’t his home town.

The cabin wasn’t too large but it looked like a classic nursery that you might see drawn in a book of nursery rhymes. There was a fire place at the far end of the cabin and on the wall to the left a wooden changing table with fully stocked shelves, a couple of highchairs were pushed into the corner. On the floor it seemed like a toy store had spilled it’s shelves. Every toy a baby could want was either strewn across the floor or placed in boxes. There was a very old fashioned wooden horse against the wall as well as more modern baby bouncers and other plastic toys designed to give a baby some motion whilst keeping them safe.

Nothing in the cabin shocked DJ quite like the large crib on the opposite wall. More accurately it was what he saw inside the crib that made his heart skip a beat. Cody was on his knees on the mattress and holding on to the bars, he stared out at DJ with wide eyes. DJ was shocked to see his friend in a diaper with a purple onesie over the top, a pacifier was sat between his lips. On his hands was a thick pair of mittens and on his feet were some similarly restrictive booties.

“Cody…” DJ muttered. Cody was staring out with wide eyes.

The straps on the stroller were released but before DJ could spring to his feet Diaper Man wrapped around the stroller and lifted him up like a babe in arms. DJ struggled uselessly as he was cradled by the bony arms and was taken over to the changing table.

“Please let us go!” DJ begged. He was looking up at the ghostly face of the Diaper Man as he felt arms around his back. The Diaper Man didn’t look strong but clearly appearances can be deceiving.

DJ was lowered on to the padded changing table. He felt the cold material beneath him and shuddered. He wondered if running could work but the door they had come through was closed and, he assumed, locked.

The Diaper Man’s thin fingers grabbed hold of DJ’s shirt and with no effort at all he ripped it open and then off the helpless young man. DJ felt frozen from fear and soon he had been stripped completely naked, he covered his private parts whilst blushing and knowing Cody was watching from the baby bed.

A disposable diaper was pulled out from under the padded table. Unlike the incontinence underwear the boys had bought at the store this diaper looked like something meant for little children. The diaper was white and the plastic shined in the light from the cabin. It was adorned with little images of toys and the word “Bebé” was spelled out on toy blocks being held up by stuffed animals.

DJ was frozen from shock and as Diaper Man opened up the crinkling underwear and placed it on the padded table top he felt unable to resist or even move. His hands were moved away from his crotch leaving him fully exposed to the bearded figure.

“Please…” DJ kept repeating in little more than a desperate whisper.

The supernatural figure either didn’t hear DJ or didn’t care about anything the young man might say. The Diaper Man easily lifted DJ’s legs into the air and as the young man was lowered he felt the thick padding of the baby diaper. DJ was soon taped into the diaper with the last tape feeling like the turn of a key in a lock. He couldn’t bear to look over at Cody who was watching his humiliation from the crib.

The diapering wasn’t the end of DJ’s embarrassment. He sat up but was blocked from leaving the changing table. He thought he knew what was coming and he wasn’t disappointed when The Diaper Man pulled out a onesie similar to Cody’s but light red in colour.

DJ tried to resist but the Diaper Man simply wrapped his long spindly fingers around his arms and forced them into the onesie. It was soon over DJ’s head and being clipped together between his legs. It was getting too much for the poor young man and his bottom lip started to quiver.

The dam burst as the mittens and booties were placed on DJ’s hands and feet. He started sobbing like a baby as he was restrained in the restrictive clothing. He felt helpless and was sure that they would never be able to escape this strange legend’s grasp. DJ assumed he was going to be put into the crib but he was lifted up and taken in the other direction. He was forced to lean forwards against the Diaper Man’s chest with his chin over the tall man’s shoulder. One of the Diaper Man’s thin arms was under DJ’s diaper and the other wrapped around his back in a twisted version of baby carrying, it felt less like the embrace of a parent and more like the embrace of death.

The rocking horse in the corner looked like a classic. It was wooden and painted white with black and gold highlights, there were handles for hands and feet with restraints attached to them. DJ was lowered on to the padded seat as he continued to sniffle pathetically. The restraints on his wrists were attached first forcing his mittens to stay on the handles either side of the horse’s head. Once the hands were restrained the Diaper Man moved down to DJ’s feet which were similarly tightly tied up.

DJ watched as the Diaper Man pulled back. He tried to move and found the rocking horse moving backwards and forwards with every slightest twitch. It was humiliating and unless he stayed perfectly still he looked like an overgrown baby enjoying his new toy.

The Diaper Man glided to the crib and dropped the side. Cody backed away to the opposite side of the baby bed in a desperate attempt to avoid the terrifying creature. He had nowhere to go and he was soon scooped up into the Diaper Man’s arms.

Cody was carried across the room. He was so scared he couldn’t resist, he simply trembled as he was taken towards DJ. He wondered what was going to happen but soon had his answer when his legs were threaded through the holes of the baby bouncer in front of the rocking horse. Just like DJ on the horse Cody couldn’t move without setting the furniture in motion. Each small movement sent him bouncing up and down softly.

The Diaper Man stood between the two adult babies and looked from one cringing form to the other. Once he was satisfied that neither baby was going anywhere he took a step back and pulled the sleeve on his coat back to reveal the same burn mark that both boys had. He reached over with his other hand and touched it with his index finger.

The effect was immediate. The burns on both DJ and Cody flared up. It felt like their digestive systems suddenly turned upside down and the pressure on their intestines quickly ramped up. It was clear what was about to happen.

DJ was the first to give in. He leaned forwards to try and reduce the cramping in his belly but all that did was set the horse rocking and reduce resistance on his back passage. His body pushed down automatically and he was forced to tense up as his bowels squeezed and pushed. The poop oozed out of him uncontrollably. Like soft-serve ice cream it just seemed to come out at a steady rate without end. DJ felt like he could feel the waste pushing against the onesie and smearing across his skin. He moaned as the poop filled every nook and cranny of the underwear.

As DJ finished he sat up a little and felt his body squeeze the crap and push it around towards the front of the diaper. The movement made the rocking horse start to move backwards and forwards with more rigor and as DJ slid inside his lubricated diaper he could only spread the mess even further.

Whilst this was happening Cody was also struggling to contain himself. The soft bouncing up and down in the elastic seat seemed to shake his bowels up and made it harder to control. Cody saw his friend lose control of his bowels and almost instantly felt his own control slipping beyond the point that he could hold it in.

As Cody bounced up and down his sphincter weakened past the point where it was useful. He winced as he felt a sticky mass starting to squeeze out through his hole. Without control it expanded rapidly until it covered the rear of the diaper. He whined around the pacifier in his mouth as he soiled himself just like he had done at work. It was over in seconds but as he sunk into the bouncer he felt the crap push further and further around himself. Every bounce made things a little worse and there was nothing he could do to make it better.

The Diaper Man had been standing to the side and watching everything with a dispassionate stare. It was only as the messing finished that he turned towards the door and stepped out. He didn’t even glance back as the door slammed behind him leaving Cody and DJ alone.

“Are you OK?” DJ asked after a couple of minutes of embarrassed silence.

Cody nodded his head. His face was flushed bright red as the smells of both diapers began to escape the confines of the underwear and spread out through the air. It was an absurd scene with DJ rocking slowly back and forth whilst Cody bounced ever so slightly.

“I didn’t think you were going to come.” Cody said after a little more silence. He lisped slightly around the bulb filling his mouth.

“How long have you been here?” DJ asked. He winced as he slid forwards on his seat slightly and spread the mess covering his rear.

“Two days.” Cody whimpered.

“That’s… That’s impossible!” DJ frowned, “Yesterday we were talking and we were back home an-”

“I’m telling you!” Cody looked very upset and angry, “I’ve been here two days. You don’t just forget the diaper changes and… stuff.”

DJ looked off to the side. He could see the desert outside and wondered if what Cody was saying was as impossible as he had initially thought. They had walked into a warehouse and had seemingly been transported to another place entirely. DJ remembered when he had been taken, when he had been carried by the Diaper Man it seemed like everything around him had stopped. He had been pushed past motionless people and everything had been silent. It suddenly didn’t seem impossible that the Diaper Man could manipulate time as well as space.

“What has he been doing?” DJ asked after a period of awkward and uncomfortable silence.

“Treating me like a baby.” Cody replied as if stating the obvious. A trail of drool ran down his chin and on to the bouncer he was trapped in.

“Yeah, but… anything else?” DJ asked.

DJ noticed that Cody didn’t reply but he looked away and his cheeks went red. DJ didn’t want to press his friend too much, besides what had happened didn’t matter, the real important thing to think about was how they were going to get out of this as soon as possible.

“Did he take you in through the warehouse?” DJ asked when Cody made it clear he wasn’t going to talk about whatever had happened.

“Yes.” Cody replied.

DJ looked towards the door. The only way in or out of the cabin looked strong, the wood was thick and there was a large brass lock that clicked shut whenever the door closed. If they were to escape DJ knew it would have to be through the door, they would have to wait for their opportunity. That was assuming they ever got that chance. People online claimed to have been held by the Diaper Man and escaped or been let go but DJ wasn’t sure how much of their stories he could trust. It was hard separating the accounts which may have been true from the liars and attention seekers.

“I think time is diluted around the Diaper Man.” DJ said, “You were taken from work, right? I saw them cleaning up. That can’t have been long before I was taken and yet to you it was a lot longer.”

DJ and Cody were left in their messy diapers and bound to their furniture for a long time. There was no clock in the cabin so the exact time they spent in place was hard to say but it felt like hours. Cody was occasionally lapsing into tears whilst DJ was wondering if they hadn’t just been left there forever. Both their diaper areas had become very itchy and yet neither of them could relieve the irritation.

The door suddenly opened without any warning. There was no sound of footsteps or anything before the door creaked open and the Diaper Man walked in almost completely silently. DJ and Cody immediately looked over in fear, tinged with that fear was a hope that maybe they would finally get their disgusting diapers changed.

The Diaper Man went over to DJ first. He bent down and unlocked the restraints that had kept the young man in place. DJ had seconds of movement before he was lifted with ease by the tall man and carried towards the changing table. Despite being freed from the rocking horse DJ’s hands were still curled up into balled fists meaning he was rendered almost helpless. Trying to hit the Diaper Man produced no noticeable effect, his bony body seemed impervious to damage.

DJ was laid down on the changing table. One of the Diaper Man’s long arms wrapped around and under his legs and rolled him so far back that DJ had a close up look of his own stinky diaper. He thought he was just getting a diaper change when all of a sudden he felt a hand hit heavily into his padded rear.

“Argh!” DJ exclaimed suddenly. His arms flailed out to his side.

With each spank DJ yelped like a scolded dog. The smell was overpowering for the young man with his diaper so close to his nose, it somehow made the spanks hurt even more. He was folded over and punished for at least a full minute and despite the layer of padding and the poop lubricant he knew his butt was quickly turning red. He had tears in his eyes from the frustration of being unable to do anything against this onslaught.

DJ’s legs were finally lowered and he inhaled some very welcome fresh air. As he recovered from the spanking he heard the poppers between his legs and then the elastic material sprung up and over his belly. After everything he had suffered he knew resistance was futile and he didn’t make a move that might be considered hostile. It wasn’t long before the diaper tapes were pulled off the landing strip and the disposable underwear lowered. The fresh air against his dirty skin made DJ sigh in relief despite his situation.

DJ’s legs were lifted and folded back again but this time he felt the coolness of wet wipes cleaning his butt. He relaxed despite himself and smiled up at the ceiling, he had almost forgotten what a clean ass felt like.

It took a long time to clean DJ completely and only when the last of the poop was wiped away did the Diaper Man pull the diaper out from under him. The diaper was balled up before a new one was produced. The plastic underwear was unfolded and slipped underneath DJ’s butt. Baby powder was sprinkled over the crotch that shimmered slightly with the wetness of the wipes.

The new diaper was lifted and then taped closed around DJ’s waist. The feeling of clean padding was almost a godsend after what he had experienced right before it. DJ still had to suppress the urge to jump off the table and try to run or fight but a clean diaper was about the best he could hope for in this situation.

DJ’s onesie was popped closed between his legs and he was lifted from the changing table. At first he was worried he was being returned to the rocking horse but the Diaper Man turned and carried him to the crib instead. The side of the crib lowered even before the gaunt man reached it. DJ was lowered on to the mattress with care like a real baby. The only difference was the leather cuffs that were attached to the corner of the bed. All of DJ’s limbs were strapped down with minimal effort.

The diaper changing process was then repeated with Cody who put up even less resistance than DJ. Looking out from the baby bed DJ could tell Cody had been through this process a number of times and knew not to even think about hindering the Diaper Man. Cody was carried to the crib and cuffed in the same way as his friend but with his head on the opposite side of the mattress.

The Diaper Man walked over to a nearby shelf. DJ was confused when Cody let out a small whine, his face was growing bright red again. He still had the pacifier clamped between his lips. DJ saw the Diaper Man plucking two soft toys off of the shelf.

“What’s he doing?” DJ asked Cody. He assumed his friend knew from his reaction.

Cody didn’t respond. He couldn’t even look at DJ, He just sighed and crinkled as he pulled uselessly against the cuffs. DJ was still confused as the Diaper Man walked back across the room. The mythical figure’s face remained deadened and emotionless as he brought the soft toys over. DJ pulled against his restraints despite knowing there was no escape.

A stuffed octopus was lowered by the Diaper Man and placed on Cody’s belly. Cody looked down at it in hopeless resignation and DJ couldn’t understand why this was getting such a reaction from his friend, it seemed rather mild compared to everything else they had been through. A teddy bear was placed on top of DJ’s belly. It was heavier than DJ expected.

The Diaper Man looked down at his two captives for another couple of seconds before turning to leave again. As he reached the door he paused momentarily to look back at the crib. He opened the door and exited the nursery yet again. DJ wondered where he went and what he did when he wasn’t in the cabin. Were there other people being held against their will? Did this demonic entity go between them at will? Was he hunting for more prey?

DJ was just about to ask Cody what he thought when he felt a slight movement on his chest. At first he thought he had imagined it but then he saw the teddy bear on his belly sitting up. His mouth fell open and he exclaimed loudly as the bear looked at it’s hands and then up at DJ’s face.

“What the hell is this!?” DJ shouted.

“Not again…” Cody whined.

“Again?” DJ repeated in confusion, “What is going on!?”

The teddy bear stood up on it’s fluffy legs. DJ had the primal instinct to try and shake it off of him like a bug he found crawling on his skin. The teddy bear rode the wriggling like a surfer and never looked like falling off. It looked around from DJ’s shocked face across to Cody and finally down at the diaper over DJ’s crotch.

“Cody? What’s happening?” DJ called out as he stared at the seemingly alive teddy bear.

Cody didn’t respond. He was having his own problems as the tentacles on the furry octopus moved and started to pull the cuddly toy down towards his crotch. The toys seemed alive and full of purpose, they were both making their way to the crotch of the boy they were sat on.

The poppers on the onesies that had only recently been closed after a change were opened up again. DJ shivered as he felt the teddy bear pushing against the padding with it’s little paws. This was all so surreal but also felt incredibly real.

“Ah!” DJ cried out in shock as he felt the teddy bear push against the diaper with strength it didn’t look like he should have.

The little furry paws grabbed the top of the waistband over DJ’s crotch and to the young man’s embarrassment it seemed like he was positioned directly above his private parts. Out of the corner of his eye DJ saw the octopus on Cody positioning itself over the diaper as well, the tentacles stretching out to grab a hold of the edges of the disposable underwear.

There was a pause for a few seconds and DJ looked down wondering if the toys had gone back to their inanimate state. He saw that the teddy bear was looking right up at him and after a second where the eyes of the bear and DJ met something very unexpected happened.

“What are you…” DJ was cut off midway through his sentence as he sharply inhaled.

The teddy bear started vibrating intensely as it held itself down over the diaper. DJ was caught fully off-guard as the strong buzzing came down through the thick padding and on to his crotch. He squirmed to try and move away from the bear but it’s grip was too strong. There was a faint buzzing coming off of it. It’s inanely smiling eyes stared up at DJ as it pushed itself against the diaper.

DJ’s immediate response was to want the teddy bear to get off him but the vibrations started to have a very embarrassing effect. DJ’s squirming became less about trying to shake off the teddy bear and more trying to get the vibrating closer to his excitable dick. His face went red as a small moan escaped his lips.

Cody was having similar “problems.” The octopus had focused it’s multi-coloured furry tentacles right over Cody’s tool and were rubbing in waves. Despite being a cuddly toy the tentacles made a massive indent in the padding and Cody felt his penis being massaged causing it to grow and send strong signals to the pleasure centres of his brain. Cody had his eyes tightly closed but his body was responding to the touching.

DJ soon found himself pushing his crotch against the teddy bear which responded by seemingly vibrating harder. DJ was red in the face and embarrassed but couldn’t deny how good this felt. He knew he should be trying to stop it and the fact he wasn’t was making it even more humiliating. He worried what Cody would think of him until he heard some reluctant whimpers of pleasure coming from his friend.

Soon both DJ and Cody were moaning in the crib and pushing themselves against the stuffed animals that were pleasuring them. As their excitement grew their embarrassment over enjoying what was happening decreased. They still felt humiliated but it was overshadowed by the pleasure emanating from deep in their diapers.

DJ was the first to get pushed over the edge. He strained extra hard and then grunted as he blew his load into the front of the diaper. Cody soon followed and both young men were left panting as they recovered from their orgasms. The stuffed animals stopped their pleasuring but didn’t let go of the diapers. After a few minutes they started up again.

DJ soon saw why Cody had moaned when he saw the teddy bears being brought out. The teddy bear started vibrating again and soon DJ was forced to get excited despite the discomfort. The stuffed animals didn’t rest. Every time the young men climaxed they were given a couple of minutes respite before they started up again. It wasn’t long until DJ and Cody were moaning through discomfort at their increasingly sticky diapers.

It went on for hours before finally the cuddly toys finally relaxed their grips and let go of the diapers. DJ and Cody were covered in sweat and their crotches ached from the overstimulation. They barely noticed the cuddly toys as they tucked themselves in next to the two boys.

Neither Cody nor DJ had the energy to talk after everything that had happened. With light fading they closed their eyes and fell into a deep sleep.

---

DJ was the first to wake up the next morning. With his eyes still closed he pulled against the restraints on his wrists as he tried to roll over, he was stopped and when he opened his eyes he was brought crashing back to reality. The cabin was silent and Cody’s breathing was the only thing DJ could hear.

With a moment of peace and quiet to himself DJ had time to process everything that had happened. The way time seemed to slow almost to a complete halt, the kidnapping, the baby treatment and the teddy bears that masturbated both him and Cody for what felt like hours. He still felt sore around his crotch and the front of the diaper was basically plastered to him from everything he had produced, it was incredibly uncomfortable.

DJ remembered when he was younger and doing arts and crafts with his mom how he had got glue all over himself. To clean it off his mom had got some very hot water and it seemed to do the trick. DJ very quickly came to the idea that he needed the same thing here if he wanted to separate the diaper font from himself. He took a breath and relaxed.

DJ hadn’t wet himself intentionally before. Every time before now it had been entirely involuntary but this time he was trying to relax his muscles himself. He closed his eyes and tried to relax as much as he could, it was harder to let go of control than he imagined it would be. It started with a trickle and quickly increased into a solid flow. He felt the urine splash around his diaper but to his annoyance it seemed to miss the area that was stubbornly stuck to him. It made DJ feel like he was wetting himself for no reason though in the back of his mind he knew he would have to do it sooner or later.

Cody awoke with a start a little while later. DJ saw him lift his head look around with a mixture of disappointment and confusion before realising where he was and what was happening. His head went back against the thin pillows and he sighed in defeat. DJ wanted to comfort his friend but he knew there was little he could say to make this more bearable. They stayed quiet and lost in their own personal hells.

“I don’t suppose you have any plans?” Cody finally spoke up a little bit later.

“Sorry…” DJ replied.

The door to the cabin opened suddenly and violently. DJ jumped and felt adrenaline immediately flood his system whilst Cody barely winced. The Diaper Man walked in his eerily silent way across the room to the crib.

The railings rattled as they descended and the cuffs that held DJ down loosened themselves. He grabbed one red and sweaty wrist and just had time to rub it for a second before he was licked up. DJ felt the Diaper Man wrap one long arm around his back and the other went under his recently wet diaper.

DJ was taken to one of the highchairs and placed in the seat. No sooner had the tall man’s hands left his body than the tray snapped shut leaving his hands useless by his sides. Straps and restraints wound around his body until he was held virtually motionless in the seat. DJ watched as he pulled uselessly on the cuffs and belts as Cody was lifted and taken to the second highchair next to him. There seemed to be no fight left in Cody.

Once both of the young men were trapped the Diaper Man moved across the cabin to some cupboards and what looked to be a very small kitchenette. DJ wondered how long he had been here now. He knew it felt like nearly a day but with the time dilation he didn’t know what that meant on the outside. Were people missing him already? Were people looking?

When the Diaper Man came back towards them he was wheeling too large poles with clear plastic bags hanging from the top. Each bag was filled with a brown mush that had little flecks of colour here and there. It looked to DJ like dog’s vomit.

“Don’t fight it.” Cody suddenly said.

“Huh?” DJ replied as he looked at his friend.

“If you try to resist it’ll be much worse.” Cody said cryptically, “Just… trust me.”

The two poles were placed next to the two highchairs. A thin translucent tube came down from each of the bags and ended in what looked like a pacifier with a strap. Cody was the first to be strapped in. DJ watched as his friend hesitantly opened his mouth and let the Diaper Man push the pacifier into his mouth and past his lips. The leather straps were pulled behind Cody’s head and done up tightly. DJ was shocked by what he was seeing and as the Diaper Man removed a clip on the long tube DJ saw the food start to push down and towards Cody’s mouth.

When the Diaper Man picked up the other pacifier DJ’s first instinct was to turn his head away and try to stop himself ending up like Cody. He remembered his friend’s words though and trusted him enough to resist the urge. He slowly opened his mouth and felt the large latex bulb of the pacifier being pushed in. The strap pulled it even tighter against his lips, he couldn’t help but press his tongue against the bulb and a squirt of horribly bland baby food entered his mouth. He swallowed and more squirted in.

The Diaper Man stepped back and looked down. DJ was stuck in place rhythmically sucking and swallowing. The only sounds in the room was the slurping coming from both the young men’s mouths. Halfway through the feeding Cody couldn’t restrain his bladder and he flooded his diaper much like DJ had done in the crib.

It was slow going. DJ felt full fairly quickly but when he turned and looked up he saw he still had half the bag to go. He looked pleadingly at the Diaper Man to try and convey his discomfort but it was like staring at a brick wall and hoping for empathy.

The only thing DJ and Cody could do was continuously suck on the tubes forced into their mouth and swallow the bland food. They felt like their bellies were going to burst and when DJ looked down he could see he almost looked pregnant such was the protrusion of his tummy. It was exhausting to keep eating but any time he tried to rest he found his mouth filling anyway.

It felt like a long time before DJ tiredly sucked on the open pacifier and found nothing but air coming in. His head slumped forwards, he felt no satisfaction in his full stomach and could barely do more than groan as the strap around his head was undone. He let out a loud belch whilst the Diaper Man took the feeding paci from Cody as well. DJ looked over to his friend and was shocked at how fat he looked after all the food.

There was a deep rumble from deep in DJ’s tummy as his overworked stomach complained. He was released from his bindings but didn’t move, he felt like he was going to explode like a balloon with too much air in it. Once Cody was also released from his restraints the Diaper Man left the room again.

There was no talking for several minutes as both DJ and Cody groaned and tried desperately to not move at all. The silence in the cabin was oppressive and everything was completely still. Slowly DJ started looking up and around the cabin. For the first time he and Cody were left alone and unrestricted.

“Are you alright?” DJ asked Cody as he clutched his bulging stomach and stood up.

“Not really.” Cody moaned, “I’m trapped in a cabin and being babied by a Mexican myth.”

DJ didn’t know what to say so he started slowly walking around the room and looking at everything. He had his hands over his belly which was still gurgling dramatically, he had never been this stuffed before and each step made him feel nauseous. He didn’t know how much time alone he and Cody were going to get so he wanted to make use of all of it. He went over to the windows and tried to open them, unsurprisingly they were locked. DJ’s next step was to grab a solid wooden block from the floor and take aim at the window.

“You’re wasting your time.” Cody muttered.

“You’ve tried this?” DJ asked.

“I’ve tried everything.” Cody said, “The door is locked, the glass is unbreakable… Hell, even the walls are flame proof and reinforced. I tried everything.”

“Then what are we supposed to do?” DJ asked in frustration, “Just sit around waiting for our kidnapper to return?”

“We’re supposed to play.” Cody answered.

“Screw that.” DJ muttered petulantly.

“If he isn’t happy with how much you’ve played he doesn’t come back.” Cody continued. He continued as his cheeks flushed, “No matter how much your diaper needs changing…”

“How does he know what we’re doing when we’re not here?” DJ asked.

“Don’t ask me, dude.” Cody replied.

DJ sighed in frustration as Cody slid off his seat and on to the floor. He crawled forwards to where the play mat was and started stacking some of the blocks. DJ looked down without any appetite to join in. He looked out the window and the featureless expanse of the desert beyond, the glass looked so thin. DJ couldn’t help himself.

DJ’s threw his fist forwards with the desperation of a trapped man. The wooden block held out to try and smash the window. He yelled as he put all his effort into the swing. He heard Cody yell not to but he wouldn’t be able to stop himself even if he wanted to.

The block hit the window and simply bounced away without so much as a scratch left behind. DJ’s hand exploded in pain and he dropped the block to the floor. Almost simultaneously a very warm sensation started spreading through DJ’s diaper. It took him a moment to realise what was happening as his uninjured hand went behind him and felt the still expanding lump on his rear.

“I told you not to do it.” Cody sighed in exasperation.

“You didn’t tell me I would…” DJ’s face flushed, “Do that.”

It was the strangest feeling in the world. DJ had felt no need for the bathroom and then his bowels had suddenly emptied into his underwear. He couldn’t help but prod and feel the messy rear of his padding, it had happened so suddenly he didn’t quite believe he was poopy again. In some ways it was a relief to empty a little of his digestive system, he just wished he could do it anywhere except for his pants.

The smell was already starting to pollute the air and DJ started facing up to the fact that he didn’t know when the Diaper Man would return. He remembered Cody saying he wouldn’t change them until he was satisfied that they had played enough. There was only one thing the cringing young man could do.

DJ walked over to Cody with the weird wide-legged waddle of someone who had recently filled their underpants. He slowly lowered himself down until the bottom of his diaper touched the floor. He saw Cody grimacing in empathy as DJ slowly let himself down and felt the warm mush in his diaper squeezing and shifting over more and more of his skin.

“We can’t stay here.” DJ choked out as he flushed with embarrassment.

“I think we’re here until the Diaper Man says otherwise.” Cody shrugged sadly.

“You can’t give up!” DJ replied quickly as he grabbed some blocks and started aimlessly building.

“I’m just being realistic.” Cody said as he looked around the rustic nursery, “I don’t see us breaking out any time soon.”

DJ wanted to argue back. He felt like just acting like the babies and play things of the Diaper Man was intolerable and yet he didn’t see any options. Sitting there and playing in used diapers like everything was normal frustrated the young man a lot. He picked up another wooden block and flung it at the door in frustration.

For hours DJ and Cody sat and played listlessly. The warm squishy mess in DJ’s diaper had cooled quickly and was getting very uncomfortable. Both of the boys had wet themselves since sitting down, the warm urine providing a temporary distraction. Time seemed to mean nothing in the cabin and DJ had no way of knowing how much time had passed in the real world. He wondered idly if his mom or anyone else was out looking for him.

Without warning there was a click from the cabin door and it swung open. The Diaper Man drifted in looking as imposing as ever. He saw the two young men playing with toys and seemed satisfied. He pointed towards the highchairs and Cody immediately stood up.

“What are you doing?” DJ asked from the floor. His diaper was practically a biological hazard at this point and he was feeling an itch that he just couldn’t scratch.

“He wants us to go over to the highchairs for lunch.” Cody replied.

“And you’re just going to do it?” DJ asked, “No resistance.”

“You try to resist and see what happens.” Cody muttered darkly.

Cody’s diaper sagged low between his thighs as he turned away from his friend and went to the toddler chairs. He lifted himself and turned to sit in the highchair. The tray was locked in front of him as Cody looked out at the room with a kind of grim determination.

The Diaper Man turned towards DJ and stared. DJ remembered his spanking from the previous day and definitely didn’t want a repeat of it. He slowly climbed to his feet with his diaper sticking to his skin. He shuddered as he resisted the urge to pull the diaper away from himself.

DJ knew that sitting in the highchair was the right decision but it didn’t make him feel any better about it. As he sat down he felt his body slide inside the diaper with the poop acting like a lubricant. He closed his eyes and let out a deep breath as the tray was closed in front of him again.

“Can’t I at least get a diaper change first?” DJ asked.

The Diaper Man turned away without showing any indication he had DJ. In retrospect it was probably the best outcome DJ could’ve hoped for. The same IV stands were wheeled over to the two highchairs and placed next to the two young men. DJ didn’t know if he could stand another feeding like the previous day but it didn’t look like he was going to get much choice in the matter.

The pacifier gags were pushed into the boys’ mouths and strapped behind their heads. DJ’s hopes were so low that when he saw the bag was only half full of mush he actually felt relieved. He wanted to get his food finished as soon as possible in the hopes that it might mean a diaper change. As they ate the Diaper Man left the cabin and then came back in with a plastic tub full of water. The fact he was able to drag it in with seemingly little effort was incredible.

Lunch was easier to digest than dinner though both men were full to bursting by the time only air came through their feed bags. After being released from the chairs they were finally allowed diaper changes. DJ was left feeling annoyed when Cody was selected to be changed first, sure he was soaking wet but DJ’s diaper was in a far worse condition!

Cody was stripped naked and instead of a new diaper being put on him he was lifted and sat in the tub. DJ was lifted up on to the changing table next and as the front of his padding was lowered he felt an immediate relief. The fresh air instantly made him feel better despite the circumstances, he stayed still as he was cleaned and was surprised by how gentle the Diaper Man could be.

Once the crap had been cleaned away DJ was lifted into the air. His legs hung uselessly as he was carried over and placed in the small tub on the opposite side to Cody. The water was very clear and didn’t hide their private parts much at all. Even worse was the size of the tub which meant the two young men’s legs overlapped and they felt uncomfortably close considering they were completely naked.

The Diaper Man knelt down and extended his long bony arms towards the tub. He took a sponge and some soap and started cleaning the two men. Cody and DJ couldn’t look at each other, they kept their eyes averted as they were both soaped up and washed down. DJ shivered whenever the spindly fingers touched his skin.

At one point during the bathing DJ’s leg was lifted to be washed and when it was placed back under the water he accidentally brushed against Cody’s genitals. He quickly pulled his leg away and muttered an embarrassed apology.

Once out of the water the boys were handed towels by the Diaper Man and he allowed them to dry themselves. DJ took as much time as he could assuming that as soon as he was finished he was going straight back into a diaper, Cody seemed to have the same idea as they both tried to enjoy the relative freedom.

The Diaper Man didn’t have infinite patience and after a couple of minutes he walked over to DJ and snatched the towel away from him. DJ was left naked for just a couple of seconds before the towel was roughly pushed against his skin.

“Hey!” DJ exclaimed as he was roughly rubbed by the fluffy towel.

With the Diaper Man on the case DJ was dried very quickly and as soon as the towel was allowed to drop to the floor he felt those horrid fingers wrapping around his body and lifting him into the air. He was sat on the edge of the changing table in almost no time at all, he knew the Diaper Man expected him to lay back but it felt like participating in his own torture. He looked to the side at the door, Cody was in his line of sight and he subtly shook his head.

DJ sighed with the sadness of a broken man as he leaned back. He looked at the wall as his cheeks turned pink. He could hear crinkling as a new diaper was unfolded, his legs were lifted so the padding could be slipped underneath him. He felt the soft padding wrapped around his hips and had to suppress the urge to jump up and try to run.

Once DJ was diapered he was put into a white shirt and a pair of denim shortalls that seemed to accentuate the bulge around his crotch and butt. The process was repeated for Cody and he was dressed in the same clothes except his shirt was a pale yellow.

“What happens now?” DJ asked Cody as he was placed down on the floor.

“Nap time.” Cody replied.

The Diaper Man walked noiselessly across to the crib and lowered the railings. Cody climbed in without a moment’s hesitation but DJ couldn’t bring himself to do it, he remembered what happened the previous evening and didn’t want a repeat, he still felt sore inside his diaper.

“If you let us go we promise we won’t tell anyone.” DJ said rather desperately.

The Diaper Man showed no sign of hearing DJ. He was bent over in the crib and attaching the restraints to Cody. DJ felt a deep frustration that his friend had rolled over so readily.

The Diaper Man turned around and looked at DJ. The young man felt his attempts at resistance faltering under the glare of the unblinking eyes. He stepped forwards with his head bowed ready to do as he was told but as he reached the crib he felt a sudden push in his back forcing him to bend over the mattress.

DJ yelped as his top half was forced forwards until his face hit the front of Cody’s diaper. DJ felt the smooth plastic of Cody’s diaper against his skin and winced, he wanted to get up but the hand on his back preventing him from moving. He couldn’t even remove his head from Cody’s padded crotch.

The first spank caught DJ completely by surprise. He exclaimed and swore loudly as the sudden smack forced his head forwards and further across the padding in his face. The Diaper Man continued to discipline DJ who could feel the strong hits through his thick padding, he could feel his butt bruising.

“What is this for!?” DJ’s voice was muffled by the diaper as tears leaked from the corners of his eyes.

The spanking started suddenly and ended the same way. After a dozen swats to DJ’s rear he was pushed up and into the crib where he was strapped down, any thought of resistance had completely dissipated.

DJ expected another assault of the stuffed toys but after the side of the crib was raised he was relieved to see the Diaper Man leave the cabin. The tearful young man could feel his stinging rear radiating heat and he had to take several minutes to compose himself before trying to speak. He was just about to open his mouth when he heard soft snoring coming from the other side of the crib. He sighed and closed his eyes himself, he couldn’t believe Cody was able to relax that quickly.

The evening passed in the same way as the morning. DJ and Cody were woken, fed, forced to play and then received diaper changes before going back to the crib. That night, like the previous one, involved the two young men being strapped down and masturbated for hours and hours. By the time the teddy bears went back to inanimate objects DJ was a sweaty mess. With his diaper sticking to his body he closed his eyes and eventually fell asleep.

Yet another day passed in the same vein. Very little changed and DJ had to endure the whole schedule along with Cody. By the end of the day as DJ was strapped into the crib he was feeling desperate and wondered if this was to be his life forever. Trapped in a nursery cabin with a supernatural being and babied forever, trapped in the same endless routine with no hope of ever “growing up” and going to college or getting a job.

On the third day since DJ arrived he was sitting on the floor playing shortly after the very filling breakfast he had become used to. There was nothing out of the ordinary until the Diaper Man walked in and brought something with him. DJ was facing the door and was the first to look up and see a large double stroller in the doorway.

“What’s that for!?” DJ said as he scooted back on his wet diaper slightly.

Cody looked around and saw it too. For the first time since DJ arrived he looked genuinely shocked. The two young men were in onesies, DJ’s was red whilst Cody’s was blue, and their diapers bulged out from the wettings since breakfast. Cody turned around and scooted back so he was next to DJ.

With the two boys cowering next to each other they were an easy target. Cody was lifted at first and as his legs kicked out underneath him he was carried over to the stroller and dropped into the seat. The straps snaked around him and fastened themselves pushing him back into the seat.

DJ was picked up next and despite his begging and pleading he was lowered into the seat next to Cody. The straps held him down and as he pulled and strained against them all he managed to do was hurt his shoulders and chest where the straps crossed his body. His diapered rear was pushed out in front of him a little as he was held against the fabric of the seat.

“He can’t take us out…” Cody muttered. It sounded like he was trying to convince himself, “People would see and help us.”

DJ agreed but couldn’t see what else could be planned. He felt his tummy rumble and he knew that he hadn’t had his bowel movement that morning. After the huge breakfast it was only a matter of time, he had been trying to hold off so he didn’t have to sit in it long before a change but now his strategy had backfired.

The young men jerked suddenly as the stroller was pushed forwards towards the open doorway. The blackness beyond the door grew bigger as they got closer until they went through and into the black room beyond. Cody only belatedly realised how tense he was and could only assume DJ felt the same way. Cody tried to pay attention to the movement to see if it gave him any clues as to how to escape but the darkness was complete, he couldn’t even see DJ who he knew was right next to him.

If there was some kind of teleporting involved it was impossible to tell. Neither DJ nor Cody felt any different or could see any kind of sudden movement as the whiteness of a doorway approached. They were push inexorably towards it, the sudden brightness almost blinding after their eyes had grown used to the dark. As suddenly as they entered the pitch black void they now emerged on the other side just outside the warehouse they had originally been taken into.

“He can’t do this.” DJ asserted disbelievingly, “People will see us.”

The Diaper Man didn’t seem concerned about being seen as he pushed the stroller down the street. DJ furiously waved with both his arms towards any car that passed trying to get attention and help but no one seemed to take any notice. He frowned.

“I don’t get it…” Cody said quietly, “Why doesn’t anyone see us an- OH MY GOD!”

“What?” DJ jumped at his friend’s sudden exclamation and he looked over to Cody, “HOLY CRAP!”

DJ looked sideways at his friend and almost had a heart attack. Instead of seeing the young adult Cody was he saw the baby Cody had been decades ago, he was the spitting image of the photographs kept by his mother. DJ looked down at himself and felt some relief as he realised he still looked the same as ever.

“You look like a baby!” Cody exclaimed, “Like… You are a baby!”

“I look fine to me.” DJ Replied as he looked at his hands again, “YOU’RE the one looking like a baby. How has he done that to you!?”

“What are you talking about?” Cody said as he looked at his own body, “Oh, I think I know what’s happening. We look like adults to ourselves but to everyone else we look the way we did when we were babies!”

“How the HELL is he doing that!?” DJ asked with more than a little panic in his voice. It was incredibly bizarre to watch Cody’s normal voice coming out of that body.

“Oh my! Look at these two adorable little ones!” There were a couple of young women, one heavily pregnant, walking the other way down the street and they stopped to bend over and fawn over the babies in their path.

DJ tried shouting for help but from the way the women giggled he assumed he must’ve sounded like he was just mindlessly babbling at them. He had to endure as his head was patted and his cheeks were pinched.

“They are certainly a handful.” DJ heard a woman’s voice behind him and frowned in confusion until he saw the Diaper Man step around the side of the stroller, “A couple of little terrors at the moment.”

The Diaper Man had been silent from the very first time they met and yet now it was talking to these women in perfect English and no one seemed to see the beast as the horrific monster he really was. Watching the soft feminine voice come out of the soft feminine face was so bizarre when they knew who he really was. It seemed like he had disguised all of them.

The stroller was pushed down the road but DJ had found a crucial piece of information. The Diaper Man could speak and understand English even if he hadn’t really responded to anything DJ or Cody had said thus far, just the odd nod.

DJ and Cody cringed as they were pushed down the street past the warehouses that lined the street. They took a turn and then carried on further down the street until they reached a park. It was a park that the young men knew very well having lived near it for all their lives. It was the very park the two men went through to get to the shops and back.

“We’re so close to home…” Cody’s voice ached. They were so close and yet so far from their normal lives.

“It would freak our parents out for sure.” DJ said. If the situation wasn’t so dire he would’ve laughed, “Seeing the babies we were turn up on the doorstep.”

The Diaper Man walked into the middle of the green area and stopped. The Diaper Man now looked like a young woman though DJ noticed the face was still strangely expressionless and the eyes were grey. A blanket was laid down and then food was put out as if this was a normal family having a normal picnic. The restraints holding DJ and Cody down were undone and some kind of invisible prod in the back pushed them out and on to the floor.

DJ immediately tried to stand but as soon as he started getting to his feet he found himself getting dizzy until he dropped back down on to all fours. He watched Cody try the same thing, it was very strange to see his friend as a toddler unable to stand. In the end both DJ and Cody found themselves on their hands and knees.

The Diaper Man, disguised as the young woman, sat down and handed out plates. The strangely cold face didn’t smile as the food was given to both the boys. DJ turned himself away from the food in a small act of defiance but as soon he folded his arms across his chest he felt a sudden pressure in his bladder build up for just a second and then the cascading heat of urine. It seemed tiny acts of rebellion were met with loss of bodily control.

“You can talk then.” Cody’s voice was small as spoke to the Diaper Man.

The Diaper Man didn’t respond. The façade he had put up remained unmoving as he watched the two babies. Cody stared at the supernatural kidnapper with narrowed eyes.

DJ felt so weak. It was strange to know that he looked just like a baby to everyone else, when he looked down at himself he still seemed like the adult he had been before being taken. He tried to stand up again but found his legs completely useless, he flopped down on to his front again as he crawled over to the plate of snacks he had been given.

Cody had no appetite but he nibbled on his food nonetheless. After a few minutes he was starting to feel thirsty and almost as if reading his mind the Diaper Man scooped him into their arms. Cody wriggled but the Diaper Man laid him across their lap with ease. He looked up just in time to see a bottle of juice being lowered. Cody opened his mouth in an automatic reaction.

DJ watched his friend with a grimace as he was bottle fed in the myth’s arms. To try and preserve what remained of Cody’s dignity he looked away and tried to hear the rapid suckling noises. DJ looked over towards the path that ran through the park, the very one he and Cody had walked along so often, it felt almost like another world now. It was only a couple of days since the two of them had been found with diapers by…

“James Spencer.” DJ muttered under his breath.

The bully, James Spencer, and his gang were slowly walking through the park. One of them was kicking a football and James’s biggest goon Charlie Evans was throwing something on to the grass. They stopped near a bench that was only a dozen or so metres away. DJ turned and saw Cody still nursing on the bottle and the Diaper Man staring down at him with big unblinking eyes.

DJ acted before thinking. He got on to his hands and knees with his padded rear stuck up in the air behind him. He crawled forwards towards the bench where the bullies had stopped. They were making a lot of noise but DJ was clinging on to the tiny sliver of hope that they might see and recognise him. They went to school together as kids, maybe they would recognise the baby DJ.

DJ took half a minute to cover the distance between the blanket and the bench. He looked over his shoulder and saw that The Diaper Man, still appearing as a beautiful young woman, was preoccupied with feeding Cody. The crawling DJ covered the last metre to the bench and stopped next to it, he was even more intimidated than he usually was. He was still an adult but he knew the bullies would see him as nothing more than a little lost baby.

“So did you really fuck Samantha the other night?” One of the lackeys asked James.

“Of course I did.” James puffed his chest out to assert his masculinity, “No woman can resist me.”

The bullies all laughed and high-fived as DJ tried to work out how to approach them. He was still on his hands and knees a few feet away and looking up with trepidation. The bullies were scary to him at the best of times but here and now, with him so vulnerable, it was even worse.

“E-Excuse me…” DJ called out in a quivering voice.

At least that was what DJ tried to say. Instead of words all that came out was a high-pitched infantile whine. DJ winced and covered his mouth, the childish babbling felt so alien to him and yet he definitely made it. It was enough to get the nearest member of the group’s attention as he turned around and looked down at DJ who was still on all fours.

“Please help me!” DJ tried to say. He spoke slowly and tried desperately to articulate every syllable but it didn’t help a single iota.

“Who’s the brat?” The tall guy said as he elbowed the person next to him.

One by one each member of the group turned to face DJ. The diapered man looked from one person to another and swallowed hard. It was clear from the way they were looking down at him that there was no recognition and he suddenly realised how stupid he was to expect anything else.

“Fuck off back to your mommy or daddy.” Charlie Evans, the lead flunky, said as he spat to the side.

DJ didn’t know when another chance for escape might come along. He wanted to run away but he forced himself to stay in place. He crawled forwards awkwardly and started using the park bench to try and stand up. He had to get James to really look at him and pray he remembered what he looked like as a child. He needed to work out some way to communicate despite his babyish appearance.

It was tough work for DJ who was exceptionally unsteady on his feet. His hands lacked coordination as well as he tried to use the metal furniture as a crutch. At one point his hand lost it’s grip and he wobbled dangerously on weak legs. He reached out desperately and grabbed Charlie’s leg to try and keep himself upright.

“Get the hell off me!” Charlie spat out in disgust.

DJ felt the bully shaking his leg and he desperately tried to hold on like a cowboy on the back of a bucking horse. He was weak though and soon the leg was wrenched free from his grip. DJ stumbled backwards with his arms wind milling around desperately trying to keep himself up before he fell heavily on his padded rear end.

DJ sat on the ground in stunned silence for a second before his bottom lip started to tremble. He heard the young men laughing at him and he felt utterly helpless. Before he could stop himself he started sobbing like a baby. His hands went up and covered his face.

Suddenly footsteps seemed to race up behind DJ. He looked up from his tear streaked hands to see a blur walking past him. It was the Diaper Man, he was still disguised as the woman, but he was staring down at the gang with purpose. On his hip sat Cody who was looking around the scene with wide eyes.

“What do you want?” James said as the female Diaper Man stared him down.

The Diaper Man remained silent. He just kept staring down at the gang of young men. DJ scooted backwards along the grass with his diaper crinkling, he wondered if there was about to be a fight or something.

“Come on… Let’s go.” James suddenly said after a minute, “Leave these idiots and their psycho mom to their crappy picnic.”

DJ was shocked to see the gang slowly turn around and start walking away. They hurled some abuse as they left but the Diaper Man continued to just stare them down silently until they were a good distance away.

DJ was still looking out at the retreating gang when he felt soft hands wrap around him underneath his arms. He was easily scooped up and sat on the feminine hip opposite Cody. The pair of them were carried back to the blanket and set down.

“I had to try…” DJ shrugged as he wiped his tear-streaked face.

Cody nodded a little but it was clear he thought the idea was doomed from the start. With the plates of food and drink in front of them the babies started helping themselves. DJ was looking up at the Diaper Man as he sucked down some milk, he saw the supernatural being staring at where the gang of bullies had disappeared.

They ended up being at the park for over an hour and both boys were soaked by the time they were loaded back into their stroller. DJ was thinking about another possible escape even as he and Cody were strapped in. There was just no way he could accept this as being the rest of his life.

---

As soon as they went through the warehouse and ended up back in the nursery DJ and Cody noticed they saw each other as adults and the Diaper Man had returned to his usual form. They were unstrapped from their wheeled toddler chair and then Cody was carried over to the changing table whilst DJ stood nearby. The Diaper Man clearly didn’t see DJ as a threat or an escape risk as he was free to wander around.

DJ walked over to the window as he heard the tapes on Cody’s diaper being ripped off. His friend was silent during the change, it was scary how routine this was already becoming. DJ sighed and as he breathed out he felt a sudden warming of the front of his diaper. His hands shot down to cover his crotch even as he continued to wet himself without control. It helped focus his mind.

DJ was surprised when he felt a large set of fingers curl around his upper arm. He shuddered knowing it was the Diaper Man grabbing him for his change. He didn’t resist as he was pulled across the room. His diaper was now both very warm and sagging very low between his thighs. He looked down at Cody who was now sitting on the floor with slightly rosy cheeks.

The Diaper Man lifted Cody up and laid him on the changing table in the same way he had done many times before. The bottom of the onesie was opened and lifted over DJ’s tummy he felt the tapes being pulled off the front of the underwear and as it slackened the cool air of the nursery.

“Please let us go…” DJ muttered. It was hardly the first time he had begged for mercy.

“Give it a rest.” Cody suddenly exclaimed from the floor, “You’re wasting your breath and giving me a headache.”

DJ pursed his lips and looked up at the Diaper Man. The impassive man’s face never betrayed emotion but for once there was a flicker of something behind the yes. If DJ didn’t know better he would’ve thought he saw some humanity behind the expressionless mask. It pushed him to keep going, maybe it was a little crack in the armour that he could open up.

“I know you can understand me.” DJ said before pausing as the cold baby wipes being pushed against his genitals made him wince, “You were talking to that woman so I know you can do it. I know you could talk to us if you wanted to.”

The Diaper Man didn’t say anything as he pulled out the used diaper and started folding it up to drop into the diaper pail. DJ watched for any sign of understanding but his mask was back up again and the diaper change was continuing in a very workmanlike fashion.

DJ knew in his bones that this was his chance. He had to find a way to get this mythical kidnapper to listen to him, to somehow negotiate a release. He thought back to the hours of trawling through the internet he had done. He tried to remember all of the accounts he had read and all the information about what everyone had assumed had been a legend made up to scare others. It suddenly came to him and he couldn’t believe he hadn’t thought about this before.

“You accept trades, don’t you?” DJ asked quickly. He was unable to keep the sound of desperate pleading out of his voice. He remembered reading this very point, you could escape the Diaper Man by sacrificing others. At this point DJ had no principles and would consider selling out his own grandmother to escape.

DJ’s legs were lifted as a fresh diaper was slipped underneath him. He felt the cloud-like padding cushioning his bare bottom, it’s softness becoming more familiar than alien and almost a comfort within this stressful time. The Diaper Man was unperturbed by DJ’s question.

“Make a trade with me!” DJ tried to hide the desperation from his voice but it was impossible.

The Diaper Man placed the tapes on the diaper without pausing and lifted DJ over to the crib. He was strapped down to the mattress as per usual before Cody was put in with him. The side of the crib rattled up and DJ closed his eyes in frustrated defeat. It was his final gambit, if this didn’t work he knew the situation was hopeless.

“Those men…” The Diaper Man’s voice came out raspy. It seemed to be more air than sound, “At the park?”

DJ and Cody were so shocked to see the Diaper Man speak that neither of them knew how to react. DJ looked from his friend to the unblinking eyes of the lanky demon. It took him a few seconds to work out what the Diaper Man meant. He belatedly realised he was continuing the conversation from the changing table.

“Yes! You want me to get them? I’ll get them!” DJ quickly said. His words almost tripped over each other on the way out of his mouth.

The Diaper Man’s face remained motionless and expressionless but unless DJ was imagining it he gave a very subtle nod of his head. The Diaper Man turned away from the crib and walked towards the door, it looked like he was going to leave in silence before he stopped with the door open and the black void outside the nursery almost swallowing him.

“Make them touch this.” The Diaper Man didn’t turn around but he held up one of his thin arms. The sleeve was pulled back to show a scar just like the ones DJ and Cody had.

DJ nodded his head in understanding even though The Diaper Man wasn’t looking at him. The kidnapper reached over with his spare hand and touched the mark causing a sudden burning sensation on both Cody and DJ. They convulsed and their limbs pulled against the straps that held them down.

At once it felt like both their bodies gave way. An impulse to push down with their tummy muscles became overwhelming and overpowering, a cramp that didn’t go away wormed through their digestive systems until it seemed to almost be prodding at their tightened holes.

DJ’s face was straining when he heard a loud fart. He didn’t immediately know whether it had come from him or his friend he heard a groan of resignation he knew it was Cody. DJ didn’t last much longer and with the pressure pushing him to breaking point he felt his muscles lose the fight as a flood of semi-solid mush seemed to explode out of his body and into the waiting diaper.

“Fuck…” DJ gasped between cramps.

DJ’s diaper felt like it was being pushed to the limit and that he was compelled to push everything into it. The creeping heat went up towards his lower back and up between his legs until the diaper was bulging out in every direction. Just when it felt like it would burst it ended and he was left panting on the mattress, his wrists and ankles were red raw from the restraints he had been subconsciously pulling against.

When DJ’s head flopped to the side he could see Cody’s diaper. He gasped at how the brown contents threatened to spill from the cuffs on his legs. The previously white underwear now seemed covered with giant brown splotches. From the way Cody was staring at DJ’s diaper he knew he must me in a similar state.

“How are we supposed to get the deal done like this?” Cody asked as he pulled against the restraints.

“I don’t know…” DJ said quietly as a yawn forced it’s way out of his body.

Despite how uncomfortable their situations were DJ and Cody soon found themselves feeling exceptionally tired. Their minds seemed to wander away from their bodies. Slowly but surely both of the young men fell into a deep sleep.

---

“DJ! Wake up!”

DJ felt warmth all over his body. A breeze blew at a few locks of his hair that were over his face. He was annoyed at the interruption of his sleep and grunted tiredly. He flatly refused to open his eyes, it felt like opening his eyes and acknowledging the day would mean giving up on the sweet darkness he was currently inhabiting.

“Wake up!”

DJ wasn’t lying down anymore. He was in a sitting position and could feel thin taut material underneath him and behind his back. He was in the pushchair. He frowned even as his eyes remained tightly closed, the last thing he remembered was being in the crib next to Cody. Come to think of it, he had just filled his diaper to the brim and yet he was quite sure this one was only a little soggy.

“God damn it! WAKE UP!”

The voice was getting very insistent now and DJ was getting increasingly annoyed. He just wanted to sleep, why couldn’t whoever was shouting at him understand that. Didn’t they know how comfortable he felt?

“DJ!”

This time DJ felt two hands roughly pushing him so that he slumped over to the side of the stroller. At last DJ abandoned the thought of more sleep as his eyes fluttered open. He was looking down at a gravel path to the side of the stroller. As his mind starting clicking into gear he realised why this should alarm him.

“Where are we? What’s going on?” DJ sat up again and felt the straps holding him in place forcefully keep him in the chair. There was no give in them.

“Finally…” Cody sounded frustrated, “I don’t know how we got here but we’re at the park!”

DJ’s eyes were adjusting to the light now and he could see that Cody was correct. In front of them but some distance away was the main play area and the gravel path leading from it to where the stroller was now sat. They were next to a park bench and DJ belatedly realised it was the very same one he had been trying to use to climb to his feet the previous day.

“The Diaper Man isn’t here?” DJ said as he looked around in every direction.

“I haven’t seen him. I woke up a few minutes ago.” Cody said, “And you don’t look like a baby to me…”

DJ had to think about what Cody meant for a second before remembering the previous day and the strange physical regression they appeared to take on when looked at by others. He looked at Cody and saw only the scared adult he had grown used to seeing over the last few days. DJ put the two most important points together and realised they were incredibly exposed. They were out in a public space, dressed like babies and looking like their adult selves…

“We have to get out of here before someone sees us!” DJ exclaimed as he started pulling ineffectively at the straps.

“They aren’t budging.” Cody replied but there was a strange inflection of hope in his voice, “I tried already. It might be embarrassing but at least whoever finds us can let us out, right?”

DJ had a feeling it wouldn’t be that simple. It was strange to see the park so empty, he wondered where everyone was. As he craned his neck to look around as much as possible he heard Cody gasp loudly.

DJ turned to face forwards again and saw the source of Cody’s shock. In the distance but walking towards them was the gang of bullies. James Spencer was front and centre as the group headed straight for the stroller.

“Remember what the Diaper Man said.” DJ voice cracked and his mouth felt very dry, “We need to get them to touch our marks.”

Cody nodded but his teeth were chattering nervously. DJ felt his anxiety getting worse as the group got closer, the bullies’ voices started to become audible and he saw several of them point his way. Whether they would be able to make the deal or not it seemed they wouldn’t be spared a final humiliation.

“What in the name of…” James swaggered forwards and up to the stroller. He seemed almost too shocked to make fun of DJ and Cody, it took him a few seconds to truly take in what he was seeing.

DJ and Cody could only sit and blush as the gang burst into laughter. The two boys could hardly blame them, they realised they must look utterly ridiculous. A lot of comments were made but most were inaudible thanks either to the howling laughter or the gang members talking over each other.

“Jesus Christ…” It was Charlie, the second-in-command, who was the first to walk forwards, “I knew these two were freaks but this is something else.”

DJ whimpered as the gang walked forwards and surrounded the stroller. They circled the two boys and pushed and prodded the various parts of the seats. It was James himself who pulled out the diaper bag and opened it up, with a snort of derision he emptied the contents on the ground. Spare diapers, baby wipes, bottles, rash cream and pacifiers bounced on the ground bring fresh waves of laughter.

“A real couple of perverts.” James hissed as he crouched in front of the stroller to come face to face with the trapped men, “What’re you doing here? Need some proper humiliation to get yourselves off?”

DJ was going very red in the face but he still didn’t say anything.

“Fuck me…” Charlie crouched down next to James, “They’ve wet themselves!”

James and Charlie both reached forwards and started prodding the obviously wet diapers. They then pulled their hands away with looks of absolute disgust. DJ and Cody couldn’t even hide their faces, the shame at being seen like this felt devastating and it was all either of them could do to prevent them both from bursting into tears.

DJ raised his hands up anyway in a desperate attempt to cover his face. He couldn’t manage it but the tattooed mark on his lower arm became visible. Through his tear-filled eyes he could see James and Charlie frowning at the mark. James reached forward and took DJ’s arm, his big hand wrapping around DJ’s skinny upper arm with ease.

“What’s this?” James frowned, “Holy crap! Did you freaks actually get matching tattoos!?”

Cody’s own mark was showing and Charlie mimicked his friend in taking hold of the diapered man’s arm. Noting it didn’t look like a regular tattoo they both reached forwards with their spare hands and placed fingers against the safety pin shaped marks. Time immediately seemed to freeze for a second.

There was a loud sound like a whip crack that cut through the air causing everyone to jump. James and Charlie dropped back from the stroller, the former fell on to his ass on the path whilst the other stumbled back. The whole gang backed away as the Diaper Man appeared suddenly. DJ hoped they had followed the agreement, he barely dared to hope.

“W-Who the hell are you!?” James gasped in shock and fear.

The Diaper Man raised one of his long arms in the air and then brought his other hand up. He touched the mark and immediately caused both James and Charlie to gasp. DJ looked from the tall figure to the two bullies who suddenly grabbed at their crotches. Cody gasped as he saw wetness spreading across the lower half of the bullies’ clothes. The rest of the gang could also see this and although not affected they continued backing away.

The Diaper Man waited a few seconds and watched as James and Charlie looked down at their own sudden loss of control. They seemed stunned into paralysis. The tall man turned to look at DJ and Cody. DJ thought that it looked like he was searching for confirmation to continue, the diapered man nodded his head.

For the second time the Diaper Man pressed a finger to his mark. There was another loud whip crack and DJ and Cody found themselves staggering unsteadily on the path. As they got their bearings they could see they had traded places with James and Charlie who were now strapped into the stroller. DJ and his friend were still in diapers but they were, for all intents and purposes, free.

“Wait! Help us!” Charlie yelled desperately as he pulled at the straps hopelessly, “DJ! Cody! Guys!”

DJ looked up to see the gang of bullies now running away. It seemed that with their two leaders now trapped in the stroller they no longer knew what to do and their fear took hold. It was only as DJ watched the bullies running away that he noticed a squelching in his diaper. Judging from how Cody was putting his hand to his rear end he seemed to be coming to the same realisation, at some point during the place swap the two diapered men had filled their disposables.

The Diaper Man took his place behind the pushchair. After a lingering look at DJ and Cody he turned the stroller around with the screaming bullies still struggling. There was another crack through the air and a brief blinding light made DJ and Cody shield their eyes and look away. When they looked back up they could see that they were alone.

“We did it!” DJ yelled triumphantly, “We’re free!”

DJ and Cody hugged and then high-fived excitedly. They were so happy they were able to ignore the fact that they were wearing extremely used diapers that were exposed if anyone cared to look over. They took a few moments just to enjoy the fact that they were free of that mythical man.

“We’ve still got the brands.” Cody said as he held up his arms.

“If it means we’re free I’ll accept a weird tattoo.” DJ replied, “Let’s get out of here and out of these diapers.”

DJ and Cody were thankful that there were few people around but they still got some looks and catcalls as they ran back to DJ’s house as fast as possible. There was no one home which was a small mercy and using the hidden spare key DJ let himself and his friend in to get changed out of the diapers and some showers. They were both determined to put this strange period of their lives forever.

---

**Epilogue**

The first two weeks after escaping the nursery were filled with anxiety. DJ and Cody both found themselves looking over their shoulders and every unexpected sound would have them jumping. DJ in particular was susceptible to seeing things out the corner of his eyes but finding nothing there when he turned to look. Cody was able to save his job after explaining to his boss that he was sick and it came on very suddenly though he got some strange looks from his co-workers.

The marks on DJ and Cody’s arms faded a bit but remained very visible as diaper pins. Thankfully there seemed to be no long term damage in terms of bladder and bowel control, both of which had returned to normal.

The only thing both DJ and Cody struggled with was guilt. Their escape had cost two other people their freedom and with the time dilation effects they seemed to experience they knew the bullies, James and Charlie, must’ve been in the nursery for a very long time. They may have been bad people but they didn’t deserve what was happening to them.

“It just feels shitty…” DJ argued one day when he was hanging out with Cody.

“I know.” Cody replied, “But what are we supposed to do? We’re going to college in a couple of days and we have our whole lives in front of us, you know those guys weren’t going anywhere except to jail.”

“That’s not the point.” DJ retorted.

“I know.” Cody said again, “But it is what it is.”

Both men lapsed into silence with DJ sighing heavily and Cody looking out the window. Just visible over the houses in the distance were the steel roofs of the warehouses. One of those large buildings led to the shack. Cody shivered just thinking about it. He had vowed never to go remotely close to that whole area of town.

“Well, I didn’t come here to mope about all day.” Cody finally said, “This might be the last time we see each other. Can we at least go outside and reminisce about this crappy town?”

DJ smiled and chuckled as he nodded his head. Cody was right, they were both leaving home and whether they ever hung out again was up in the air. They would be making new friends in different places and maybe they would just gradually lose contact.

“Alright, let me get my shoes.” DJ said.

A few minutes later DJ and Cody had left the house and were walking down the street. They were both quieter than usual but it wasn’t awkward, it was more just wistful. The two had grown up together and shared a lot of experiences, most of them good. When they did talk it was about memories certain places brought up, the one thing occupying both minds but left unspoken was the Diaper Man.

When they turned to enter the park DJ and Cody both pretended not to notice the missing person posters attached to the streetlights. They had been going up all over town and DJ felt a pang of guilt every time he saw the photos of James or Charlie smiling. He couldn’t help but think of the families and friends that were still looking for them. At the time swapping places with them seemed like a no-brainer but in hindsight DJ wondered if there hadn’t been another way to escape that they hadn’t thought about.

“There was nothing we could do.” Cody said suddenly as if he had read DJ’s mind, “It was us or them.”

“Does that make it any better?” DJ asked, “We are going to college and hopefully have a bright future and they didn’t. Does that make what we did alright?”

“We couldn’t stay there.” Cody reasoned, “Anyone would’ve taken the trade like we did.”

DJ lapsed into silence as they continued down the path of loose stones. He tried to convince himself Cody was right and maybe a part of him agreed that anyone would do it but it didn’t help him feel better.

“Hey!” An aggressive shout from behind caused DJ and Cody to turn around.

Almost as soon as the two young men had turned they were set upon by a group of bullies without their leaders. DJ was shoved to the ground whilst Cody was pushed on to a nearby bench. In the shock of what was happening it took DJ a second to recognise that the people now attacking him were James and Charlie’s friends.

“You bastards got James and Charlie taken by that… thing.” One of the young men stepped forwards. His head was shaved and he looked like he spend every hour of the day working out, “You need to get them back!”

“I… I…” Cody had both his hands out in submission as he stuttered.

“The police don’t believe us.” Another of the men said, “No one does!”

DJ couldn’t blame people for not believing the gang members’ stories of James and Charlie being abducted by some lanky mythical creature. It was why DJ and Cody hadn’t told anyone what had happened to them, they knew they would be looked at as crazy.

“We can’t do anything.” DJ said as he finally stood back up.

“Bullshit!” The massively muscled skinhead yelled, “You must know something about where they are or how to get to them.”

“We don’t!” DJ lied.

The skinhead looked angry and he threw a punch at DJ. It hit him in the jaw causing DJ to stagger backwards into the chest of another of the group.

“Tell me how to get them back!” The skinhead shouted.

“I…” DJ said before another punch landed.

“We can take you to the entrance!” Cody suddenly shouted over the raised voices, “Just please stop hitting DJ.”

The skinhead nodded his head and the person DJ was leaned up against after his punches moved. DJ dropped to the floor and looked up at Cody uncertainly. Despite his worries and guilt the last thing he wanted to do was go anywhere near the Diaper Man or his nursery. He could see Cody looking at him with concern.

“Finally.” The skinhead nodded his head, “Lead the way.”

DJ climbed back to his feet and alongside Cody started walking out of the park and towards the large warehouses. He glanced over his shoulder and saw the gang, they seemed pumped up and ready for a fight. DJ had no doubt they didn’t stand a chance if they went up against the Diaper Man.

“Are you alright?” Cody asked quietly.

“You shouldn’t have told them we knew anything.” Was DJ’s only response.

“They were beating you up!” Cody argued.

“I can take a beating.” DJ replied, “I don’t know if I can take the nursery again.”

DJ felt his nerves building with each step. He wished that he had any way to convince the gang to stop this pointless endeavour, he even considered just running away but he was never the most athletic person and knew he wouldn’t get far.

“How far is it?” The skinhead asked impatiently.

“Just a couple more blocks.” Cody replied.

The massive buildings loomed larger and larger until the group were stood right outside. DJ shuddered as he looked into the black interior of the warehouse, he knew the hell that was on the other side. Was it his imagination or was the faded mark on his arm tingling?

“It’s in there?” The skinhead asked dubiously.

“Yeah…” Cody replied nervously. He was scratching his arm right over his mark and DJ wondered if he was feeling the same strangeness.

DJ remembered the time dilation effects. They had been in the cabin for just a few days but in the outside world not even one full day had passed. It had been weeks since James and Charlie were taken away, they would’ve been in the nursery, from their point of view, for a very long time.

“Alright, you two go first.” The skinhead said.

“No way!” Cody turned around with wide eyes full of fear, “You wanted us to bring you here and we have!”

“You can ether walk in or we’ll throw you in.” The skinhead glowered, “Your choice but either way you’re going first.”

Cody looked at DJ and shrugged. They both turned to the open door and the darkness inside and made a few tentative steps forwards. They walked into the darkness and heard their footsteps echoing off the walls, they were followed shortly afterwards by the footsteps of the gang.

DJ was hoping that the light he knew to mark the nursery on the other end of the darkness would never come. For a few seconds he felt hopeful but then the glimmer appeared and he felt himself shake. He felt Cody next to him reach out in the darkness and take his hand, he didn’t object.

The light grew brighter and brighter until they arrived at a door. Cody and DJ stopped and turned back to look at the gang who were just a couple of feet behind. They nodded their head and stepped to the side.

“Alright, you all ready?” The skinhead whispered, “Don’t hold back. Let that old man have it and then get James and Charlie out of there. We’ll be heroes.”

The gang members cracked their knuckles and got ready. The skinhead took position in front of the door and then gave it a hard kick. The door banged open and the gang, hopped up on adrenaline, burst inside screaming and shouting. Cody and DJ looked at each other with pale faces and then peeked around the edges of the doorframe.

Inside the nursery chaos reigned. The gang members had filled a bunch of the space and were looking around, the Diaper Man was nowhere to be seen. The skinhead looked to the crib and slowly but surely they all turned to face the same way.

“James?” The skinhead gasped, “Charlie?”

DJ was unable to contain his curiosity and he stepped cautiously inside. He could immediately see why the gang was shocked. There were no restraints holding the two leaders down. Their thick diapers bulged underneath their thin onesies but the two young men looked nonplussed about the situation. Charlie was biting on his toes and James was looking out at his gang with only the slightest flicker of recognition.

“Fuck me…” The skinhead muttered, “What has he done to you!?”

“Are woo dada?” James childishly lisped.

As the gang tried to open the crib or get James to make sense DJ and Cody stayed by the door. Almost simultaneously they clutched their marks as they started burning a little. DJ’s heart immediately went into overdrive and panic flooded his nervous system.

Silently and out of nowhere the Diaper Man glided through the door. DJ and Cody were frozen on the spot in fear. The gang hadn’t noticed him coming in and now he was close behind them. When one member of the group finally turned his head he screamed and everyone became aware that the young men were no longer alone.

“Get him!” The skinhead yelled desperately.

The gang crowded around the frail looking Diaper Man and started punching and kicking. They made no impression on the Diaper Man who simply touched the mark on his wrist. A lot of things started happening and the nursery came alive with movement. The highchairs suddenly seemed to come to live as the galloped into the middle of the room. Two bullies were forced into the chairs with the tray locking them in. They struggled but were stuck.

Ribbon came out of a drawer and spiralled through the air. There seemed to be eight strands, four blue and an equal amount of pink. The ribbons wrapped around the ankles and wrists of two more bullies and lifted them up into the air.

The skinhead himself was suddenly assailed by all the teddy bears from the shelf and the play area. He tried to throw them all off but they swarmed him until he was helpless to them. The Diaper Man then picked him up and carried him towards the changing table. As he walked the very nursery itself stretched out and five new cribs and highchairs appeared.

The Diaper Man looked back at DJ and Cody. As one they turned and sprinted out of the door. The door slammed shut behind them leaving them in the darkness again. Neither stopped nor looked back until they were back out in front of the warehouse.

“Let’s get out of here!” Cody yelled.

“Wait!” DJ stopped just outside the warehouse and looked back into the darkness.

“What are you doing!?” Cody hurried back over to DJ and pulled on his sleeve, “We have to go!”

“We can’t leave them.” DJ said earnestly.

“What do you mean?” Cody asked desperately.

“We abandoned James and Charlie to their fates and now look at them!” DJ looked at the ground and shook his head, “I can’t leave another five people to end up like that.”

“I can.” Cody countered quickly, “If the alternative is being stuck in there forever!”

DJ and Cody looked out at the freedom of the industrial area and the world beyond. Then they both turned as one to look at the darkness of the warehouse, the light signifying the horrid nursery wasn’t even visible from there.

“DJ, man, you know that if you go I have to go with you.” Cody sounded like he was about to burst into tears, “But I really, really don’t want to. I beg you to think about this.”

DJ looked into the darkness of the warehouse and then the light of the outside world. His brain and heart were racing and he seemed to be changing his mind on a second by second basis. He turned to look at Cody. Their eyes locked, a mutual desperation behind both faces.

“Alright.” DJ finally said, “We should…”