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.

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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.”