

See-Saw

By: CrissieBaby

A cigarette lay smoldering on the edge of an ashtray, its smoke rising in a single, steady stream and dissipating against the tiled ceiling. With his hands bound by a pair of metal cuffs, Leigh Bousman reached forward and grabbed the cigarette between the index and middle finger of his right hand, bringing it to his lips. He inhaled slowly and deeply, struggling to find the relief his hourly dose of nicotine provided. Though considering what he'd just been through, it was hardly a surprising fact. He glanced over at his reflection in the two-way mirror, unable to look himself in the eye for longer than a split second before abruptly turning away with a sour expression.

CREAK!

The lone door to the interrogation room opened. Enter Detective Daniel Love, a fifteen-year veteran of the LAPD. He presented Leigh with a polite smile. He usually found it difficult to be empathetic given the vast number of people he interacted with in his day-to-day life. However, after scanning through Leigh's case, there was a weight on his shoulders to treat this incident with the utmost care. "Good evening, Leigh. Sorry to keep you waiting. I'm sure you're eager to get home, so let's do our best to work together through my questions and we'll be done in no time," he said, hoping to make his mandatory interview feel like less of a burden.

Leigh's teeth clattered as he nodded to the detective. "I'll answer whatever you want but..." he said, choking up mid-sentence. He battled to wrangle in his unstable breathing until, eventually, his growing anger overcame his fragile mental state, "...w-what's left for me to even say?! You have my written statement! I've done everything you've asked of me!"

"Hey, hey! Take it easy," said Daniel with the energy of a lion tamer corralling a dangerous animal, attempting to keep Leigh's emotions in check. Thankfully, he was known throughout the force for being a calming presence, something that greatly aided him in handling Leigh, "Now listen, I know the last thing you want is to recap every detail but we need to do this while it's still fresh. I need to hear it from you in your own words. Tell me what you remember."

Resting his forehead against his hands with the cigarette still burning mere inches from his hair, Leigh knew from his previous five hours at the police station that any attempt at arguing against what the cops "needed" from him would fall on deaf ears. He took one final drag from his cigarette before snuffing it out in the ashtray as he sat up. He glanced into the middle-aged detective's eyes before his pupils darted downward to the crumpled cigarette; its bent, uneven shape reminded him of memories he'd rather soon forget. "I woke up...all I could taste was rubber and dried spit..."

Sitting in an upright position while straddling a flat, yellow board, Leigh awoke with a start and frantically looked around the dimly lit area, failing to see much beyond the clear, rubber hose that stretched from his mouth to the ceiling. He attempted to push the tube out of his mouth, something that proved impossible thanks to the harness that was attached to his head. He went to raise his arms up, discovering they had been chained to a flat, t-shaped pole with two handles on it that was positioned directly in front of him. Or more specifically...his diaper?!

Sure enough, while it was difficult to make out at first, the noisy crinkling and wide, white shape made it obvious what had been taped on his hips while the rest of his body had been left completely nude. He wiggled his entire body, looking to find some form of wiggle room to escape his confines. Sadly, no matter what way he twisted his body, he couldn't move from the spot thanks to the additional cuffs around his ankles.

With no apparent way to free himself, Leigh did the only thing left he could think of. "Hewp!" he shrieked as loudly as the hose between his lips would allow. He slammed his hands and feet against the wooden, yellow board, stirring up as much of a racket as possible. And while his efforts were nowhere near enough to signal for help, they were plenty effective in waking up the only other person in the room with him.

"...h-huh? Wuh da-" mumbled the man seated across from Leigh, who had been jolted from his peaceful slumber by the commotion Leigh was making. Tragically, Leigh's volume was the least of his concerns. He fought against his restraints much like Leigh had, at least until he finally took notice of the person across from him, "Hey, chu! Wuhs goin' on hewe?! Why chus doin' dis?!"

Shaking his head frantically, Leigh strained to let his fellow prisoner know that he was not the cause of this. "No, no, no! Ish nod me doh, I sweaw," he said, his rate of speaking making it nearly impossible to tell what he was saying.

Luckily, the man across from Leigh didn't need to know what he said. He only needed to hear his voice. "Waid! Leigh?! Ish dat chu?!" he said, squinting his eyes toward Leigh.

Leigh repeated the man's actions after hearing his name, soon recognizing the person he found himself trapped with. "Cawy?! Cawy! Fank fuq!" he exclaimed, recognizing the man across from him to be none other than his next-door neighbor, Cary Bell. While he wouldn't necessarily call Cary a friend, any familiar face at a time like this was a welcome sight.

Unfortunately, Cary did not share in Leigh's momentary relief. "Da heww ish dis?! Wuhs appenin' ta us?!" His chains rattled mightily as he resumed trying to force his way out.

"Iunnos! I jus woke up, sames as chu!" responded Leigh, desperate for the same answers Cary was begging for. As luck would have it, they wouldn't be waiting much longer for the answers they sought.

KSSHHHHHHH!

Suddenly, a TV that was stationed against the wall opposite Leigh and Cary turned on, filling the space with ominous white noise. Both men watched closely with bated breath as the static dissipated, leaving behind the video image of a small, stuffed bunny with stitches covering

its arms, face, and ears. A long silence hung heavy in the air as the two men waited in fear and confusion.

“Hello. I want to play a game,” said the bunny in an obviously modulated, high-pitched kiddy voice, “Not unlike the game both of you have been playing for a long time. Neighbors for years, yet you only see each other as enemies; a competitor that needs to be crushed and humiliated at all costs. However, in your feeble attempts to one-up each other through financial and social means, you both failed to account for the toll your feud would take on the ones closest to you. Your absence and neglect had led to a stark work-life imbalance. Today, we will attempt to rectify that balance.”

FLASH!

Fluorescent bulbs flooded the room with bright, white light. Leigh and Cary recoiled from the abrasive blast, with each of them needing several seconds for their eyes to adjust. To their dismay, once they could see the area around them, they both silently wished they could've stayed blind. Stationed beneath their padded rumps, what they initially thought to be a simple, yellow plank of wood with a pair of handles on it revealed itself to be a massive seesaw that was more than double their combined height. The childish, pastel design of both the seesaw and the painted walls around them only made their situation feel all the more sadistic.

The bunny continued, “Right now, the seesaw that the two of you are seated atop is rigged to the feeding tubes inserted in your mouths. A tube will activate whenever one of you is raised higher than the other, filling your body with extremely potent laxatives. You must keep your opponent held aloft for sixty seconds for the cuffs around your hands and feet to unlock, or watch helplessly as your adult mind becomes as imbalanced as your life. Which of you can shed the chains of pride that have kept you tethered for so long? Mess or regress. Make your choice.”

KSSHHHHHHH!

The TV screen filled with static again, leaving the two men on their own again. Only now, neither of them looked to each other as a source of salvation. Instead, in what felt like the blink of an eye, they found themselves as adversaries in a far more dangerous game. Panic gripped Leigh's soul as the words, “Mess or regress,” repeated in his head on loop.

Cary, on the other hand, was far less focused on the details of the video. He'd heard all that he needed to. Keep Leigh up on the seesaw for one minute and he could free himself from this place. He didn't care what happened to Leigh after all was said and done. He had to win this. For his family.

CLUNK!

The braces that had held Leigh and Cary at the same level on the seesaw fell to the ground, causing Cary to instantly point his toe toward the floor as he made the first move for an early upper hand on Leigh. That, in combination with his chubby figure, allowed him to descend without much trouble.

Leigh could do nothing but kick his legs in protest as his body floated upward. A small pin connected to the seesaw unhooked itself as he ascended, kick-starting a digital, sixty-second timer.

Almost immediately, Leigh felt the hose in his mouth start to rumble. He pressed his tongue against the opening, praying for the oral strength to stop the incoming liquid. It was a futile effort, though, as the force of the chalky fluid powered past his feeble tongue muscles. His mouth quickly filled to capacity, forcing him to swallow the warm, sweetened formula. Making matters worse was the sheer thickness of the liquid, which had a consistency that wasn't far off from a milkshake. Sadly, he had no choice but to guzzle down the milky substance while shifting his weight around and bouncing on his seat in hopes of dislodging Cary's footing.

"Nice an yummy fo chu!" said Cary, smirking from behind his feeding tube as he watched Leigh's gut push outward. In the back of his mind, he knew what he was doing was fucked up. And yet, at the same time, he couldn't help himself but feel immense satisfaction over watching his neighborhood rival put in his place for once. He'd always wished that Leigh would just go away. Now, it seemed he had the means to make that happen.

GUUUUUUUURRRRRRRGGGGLE!

Leigh winced while his stomach ached from overstuffing. But nothing he did stemmed the unstoppable flow of laxatives that were barreling into his digestive tract. Feeling an all-too-familiar pressure on his diaper-swaddled tailpipe, he knew his diaper wouldn't be staying white for long. Was he really about to shit himself in the middle of his own humiliating defeat? His toes curled inward as he clawed to keep control of his bowels. Tragically, thanks to the laxatives he was ingesting, it was a fruitless effort.

BLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRT!!!

Against his will, a rush of liquidy mush blasted its way into Leigh's diaper with an exceptionally noisy entrance, something that Cary was more than happy to comment on, "Jesush dude! I didn know chu wuhs dis big of a fuqin' woser!"

"MMMMMMMMM!" Leigh groaned through the pain coming from both his gut and colon as he watched the timer tick down below thirty seconds. This was pure misery, and as far as he could tell, he had no way to off-set the scales in his favor. He wagged his head wildly, panic overtaking his senses.

"So wait...how did you manage to get down?" asked Daniel, no longer reclining against the back of his rigid, metal chair. Instead, his back was arched over the steel table, unable to pull his focus away from Leigh's story.

Glancing toward the wall, a single tear fell from one of Leigh's eyes as he solemnly closed them. He wiped it with the butt of his palm as he attempted to force his mind to return to hell, "I kept messing..."

SPLOOOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRT!!!

The stream of fecal matter was as neverending as the flow of laxatives into his body. His diaper soon swelled past the edges of the seesaw, drooping over the side while waves of unrelenting tummy cramps compelled him to add to his muddy pile. His arms slipped from the handlebar in front of him, weakened and hopeless.

“Hehehe-WOAH!” said Cary, feeling one of his feet lift momentarily. He quickly rocked himself back down, only for it to rise ever-so-slightly again. A simultaneous realization hit both himself and Leigh at the same time.

Finding the strength to place his hands back on the handlebar, Leigh’s rate of drinking intensified. No longer was he holding back from slurping down the bowel-busting cocktail. He may not have weighed more than his opponent but unlike Cary, he had the ability to add to his side of the seesaw, at least for the moment. His epiphany couldn’t have come at a more pertinent time either as the timer fell to single digits.

Inch by inch, Cary’s butt moved higher into the air while Leigh’s butt was sent in the opposite direction. Knowing he was about to surpass the threshold, he doubled his efforts, keeping his eyes on the clock. Having only five seconds left, he was descending sure, but would it be fast enough to beat the timer? He applied as much pressure as his muscles could muster up, making his final push.

Thankfully for Leigh, luck was on his side today. With two seconds remaining, the timer reset to sixty as the two men swapped sides. Hunching over in his seat, Leigh gasped for air as the fluid trickling through his feeding tube slowed to a stop. He didn’t even care when his end of the seesaw collided with the ground and smushed the muck in his diaper around. He was officially winning.

This, however, didn’t stop Cary from trying to reclaim his throne, so to speak. As soon as his tongue made contact with the spiked formula, he wasted no time guzzling as much of it down as his body would allow him to. Having watched Leigh’s performance ahead of his, he was gifted a slight advantage despite currently being in the hot seat.

Taking notice of this, Leigh knew he couldn’t slow down, not even for a single breath. He may not have been sucking down any more laxative-laced milk but his stomach was still full of the stuff. He leaned over the handlebar and began pushing again, willing himself to add to his diaper’s massive load no matter the cost to his bruised male ego.

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRT!!!

Before long, both Leigh and Cary were mercilessly messing themselves, causing the confined, pastel-painted space to reek. This ensured the seesaw remained in place, though as the timer struck beneath the twenty-second mark, Leigh could tell he was running low on fuel.

This couldn't have come at a worse time as Cary's diaper was beginning to engulf his end of the seesaw, much like Leigh's had.

Feeling the soles of his feet lift off the cement floor, a switch flipped in Leigh's mind, filling him with the primal urge to survive. "UGH! NO!" he shrieked at the top of his lungs. His knuckles turned white and his calluses burned from gripping the handlebar for dear life as he pushed against his bowels, fearing that his strength would fail him if he were forced upward again. He released a series of awful grunts as his body released anything it could find left in his large intestine. He needed to make it out of this. Not just for his pride but for his family!

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!

Running on nothing but adrenaline, Leigh didn't even register the siren blaring in his ear drums until he heard Cary's terrified shrieks emanating from the opposite side of the room. Dazed and weary, he stretched his peripheral vision to see the clock only to start sobbing uncontrollably. 00:00. The game was officially over.

"MMMMUH! NUH!" yelled Cary, wiggling furiously from side to side and stirring up the mess in his diaper as he swallowed his final serving of laxatives. After such a strong start and in spite of the clear advantage he had, he had failed to counter Leigh's mush-making.

CLINK!

SNAP!

All of a sudden, the cuffs around Cary's hands and feet unlatched themselves as the center of the seesaw split in half at the center, sending Cary falling backward from his raised position. Crashing to the ground, he tumbled off his spot on the seesaw and flew back onto something very damp, very squishy, and very stinky. Recovering from his quick and slightly painful descent, he moved to sit up, only for the soft ground to shift beneath him. Panic took control of his senses as he turned his head to the side, only to come face to face with a plethora of used diapers. He was inside of a giant diaper pail!

With the edge just out of reach, Cary tried to will his body to roll to the side, still hoping to escape this madness. However, all it took was one big whiff of the diaper around him for a thick, heavy fog to swarm around his brain. Unbeknownst to him was the fact that the diapers he was surrounded by were sprayed down with a powerful aphrodisiac designed to melt his maturity like hydrofluoric acid.

CLATTER!

Lost in the smelly haze of poopy padded pleasure, Cary's mind was barely able to register the giant lid that was being lowered over the container he was smack dab in the middle of. Thanks to the raw power of the aphrodisiac, he couldn't scream or cry for help or do much of anything but watch as his adulthood tore apart at the seams.. Using the last of his resistance, he feebly reached up only for the metal lid to shove his arm back down. He babbled out a final "L-Leigh!" as the lid to the diaper pail sealed shut.

CLINK!

Leigh scurried over the side of the seesaw as his cuffs fell to the wayside. He instantly yanked the tube from his mouth, freeing himself of the vicious head restraint before crumbling to the floor in a heap. Resting beneath his brown, distended diaper, which had outgrown the size of an average bean bag, he continued to cry out in a mixture of relief, guilt, and horror over surviving what he'd just been forced to do.

SLAP!

A small stack of papers and images hit the metal table of the interrogation room with a loud smack. Each page detailed the terrors that both Leigh and Cary faced. "Cary was recovered from the diaper pail but his mind was already too far regressed by that point. I'm sorry, Leigh," said Daniel, unable to look Leigh in the eye after listening to his embarrassingly frightening tale, "We're going to go ahead and release you for the night. Your wife is on her way to pick you up. Try to head home and get some rest, okay?"

Nodding in short, repetitive bursts, Leigh was merely going through the motions at this point, all life having been drained from his eyes. He waited until Daniel departed from the room before placing his face into the palms of his hands, weeping softly as visions of his overflowing diaper danced around his head. The game was over. He had won. So why didn't he feel like it?

"AHHHHHH!" cried Leigh, his face still pressed against the cold cement with his heavy diaper weighing him down. He wanted to run and flee from this place but his throbbing muscles refused to aid him in picking himself off the ground.

Squeak! Squeak! Squeak!

Suddenly, a strange creaking entered Leigh's ears, encouraging him to rotate his head toward the source. His heart skipped a beat as he looked up to see the tattered, stuffed bunny that had previously been on TV sitting before him on a bright pink tricycle. A long, strained silence hung in the air before it was inevitably broken by the rabbit's eerie, high-pitched voice, "Congratulations, you still have your maturity. Most people are so ungrateful for their adulthood. But not you. Not anymore."

Lowering his head back to the floor, Leigh had no response from the bunny. Instead, he simply closed his eyes as he longed for the safety and security of his wife's arms. Meanwhile, the person controlling the plush bunny watched Leigh from behind a small hole in the wall. A cruel, yet lustful smirk crept across their face, allowing the triumph of another successful game to wash over them.

THE END?