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.

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“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.

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**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…”