Anna needed to distract her frazzled mind and looked down at the blocks in front of her. She started placing some on top of each other and soon Jane was joining in. Anna would never admit it out loud but she was calmed by this simple and repetitive activity. It focused her on something that she could control and for a little while she disappeared into a world where only she and Jane existed. They would build their little towers, then knock them down and start again.

Without thinking Anna took the bottle that had been rolled her way earlier and lifted it to her mouth to drink. She had finished half the bottle before she realised she should be ashamed of doing that. She lowered it and as it unblocked her vision she saw Ryan standing in the middle of the room watching her before someone roughly took him by the shoulder to meet some new people.

“Doesn’t it taste a little weird?” Anna asked as she looked at the half-full bottle.

Jane shrugged and continued playing. Anna supposed playing like this was a much needed escape for Jane whose situation was otherwise a lot worse than her own. She tried to do the same thing as her friend and lose herself in her play no matter how embarrassed she felt. She was just grateful to have the opportunity to distract her nervous mind.

It was maybe half an hour later that Anna felt a strange gurgling in her bowels. She paused for a second and frowned, it almost felt like she needed to go to the toilet but she had already done that earlier in the day. She looked up to see Jane grimacing as well.

“Something’s going on…” Anna said suspiciously as she sat up straight and looked around.

It wasn’t just Anna and Jane who seemed to be having tummy problems. All around her there were girls clutching their stomachs or looking around nervously. Anna noticed that even the happy and chatty girls had gone quiet. She felt an anger deep inside her as she looked down at the bottle she had finished. She had known it tasted funny and now she knew why…

“Gather round!” Professor Shipman suddenly called out above the sound of general conversation, “I believe the show is about to begin.”

“Bastards…” Anna hissed through her teeth quietly. The women were just a sideshow. An act that was put out for the guests to enjoy. As men gathered around the edges of the playpen in their suits and holding their drinks she felt like a performing animal.

“We should place bets. Which one will last the longest?” Paul yelled out. Jane’s husband had his arm around Ryan and was leering rather drunkenly at the assembled women, “I’ll put $100 on that one over there!”

Soon it seemed all the men were enthusiastically engaging with each other over which of the women would be the last to foul their pants. Anna saw that Ryan was laughing nervously with Paul and shaking his hand as if agreeing to the bet. She felt a combination of anger and fear rising within her again. She couldn’t forget those words she heard earlier, that men Ryan’s age sometimes treated women well only to abandon them later. Is that what was happening now? Ryan seemed determined not to look at her.

“Oh no…” Anna heard a small voice somewhere behind her say.

Anna turned around to see a young woman she had never seen before bend over and there was a loud sound of breaking wind. Anna winced as she watched the red-faced woman soiling her diaper helplessly.

Anna’s own tummy grumbled threateningly and she felt something shifting around her intestines. The bottles had clearly been spiked with laxative and now the dozen or so women in the playpen were all squirming in an effort not to embarrass themselves. Anna’s sense of fairness was deeply aggrieved but she was quickly being consumed by her physical feelings.

There were now gasps from women periodically as they lost control. Some had practically no control in the first place so they didn’t last long whereas others would fighting as much as they could. Anna was blushing as she tried to hold on to her recently won control. She could hear the men cheering and exchanging money as if they were watching horse racing. That’s all the women were to these men, just an entertainment for them to watch and enjoy.

Poor Jane didn’t last very long. She turned away from Anna with her eyes thinned with pain. She crouched down low and the bottom of her diaper poked out from underneath the bottom of her dress. Anna saw the padding of Jane’s diaper bulge out and knew she was helplessly messing herself. Anna looked away.

“God damn it.” Paul’s loud voice yelled above the general tumult, “That’s the best you could do, Jane?”

“Sorry.” Jane grunted as she visibly pushed down.

“Pathetic.” Paul shook his head dismissively.

Anna felt a deep cramping within her lower belly. As she bent over slightly she felt a strong pain. The smell in the playpen was getting stronger and stronger as women pooped into their diapers. Anna couldn’t tell exactly how many had used their diapers but she assumed it was at least half of them. It wasn’t long until only two clean diapers were left. Anna was still struggling and another woman she didn’t know was laying sideways on the floor struggling.

“God damn it, Rebecca.” A man growled as he looked towards the woman on the ground, “I’ve got $500 on you being last. You better not let me down.”

“I’m… I’m trying…” The woman was crying.

“I swear if you fail you are going for re-education.” The man threatened.

The woman moaned even more desperately. Anna couldn’t believe a man was threatening his wife with such a cruel punishment just because she used her diaper. She knew what she had to do, it was inevitable that she wouldn’t last anyway, despite clearly not suffering quite as much as this stranger she had to save her. Anna would never forgive herself if another was sent to such a tortuous place because of her.

Anna gave up her effort and relaxed her tortured muscles. She felt a shifting in her bowels and it didn’t take any pushing at all to get things moving. Immediately she felt a few small lumps exit her body and after that she pushed to empty herself. She made a big show of squatting low to make sure everyone knew that she had “lost” this mockery of a contest. As humiliating as it was she felt some pride in helping the other woman a little.

There was a cheer from the crowd and more money exchanged hands as Anna pushed again and felt the warm sticky feeling of a full diaper expanding over her skin. Her diaper bulged out and when she reached around to touch it she could feel its firmness. Her bladder also emptied into the rapidly filling padding and she shivered. To be doing this so openly and with spectators was utterly embarrassing. She felt like she was letting herself down, like she was wasting the potty training she had worked so hard for.

“Thank you…” The woman who was lying on the floor mouthed the words to Anna before a small smile appeared on her face. She relaxed and looked almost blissful as she finally pooped herself.

By the time Anna was done and looking over at the edge of the playpen with shimmering eyes most of the men had turned away. She saw Ryan looking over his shoulder at her with a look of deep concern. She looked away before she thought she might burst into tears. The smell had only grown stronger and now it felt like it hung in the air like a stinky fog.

With the “show” over the men moved back to their conversations. The women were ignored again, they had been there for one reason and now that it was over they were to be ignored until it was time to go home.

Anna had hoped that with the ritual humiliation finished the party might finally be coming to an end. On that front she was left very disappointed as it seemed to continue on and on. None of the girls were getting changes and Anna couldn’t stand having her own waste pushed against her skin constantly. Eventually she had to sit down as her legs were starting to ache, she sunk into the mess but returned to the blocks in a desperate attempt to distract herself from the nightmare of the party. It didn’t work.

Anna felt utterly miserable and could concentrate on little except the full diaper she was wearing. The smell in the playpen was only getting worse and it didn’t look like any of the women were having a good time. Not even the most brainwashed seemed happy to be sat in this situation. Anna felt like a farm animal who was locked in a pen with a bunch of other animals.

“How are you holding up?” Ryan’s voice stood out from the general tumult of the party.

Anna looked up to see her husband standing by a nearby table that had food on it. He was not looking into the playpen, instead he was piling some finger foods on to a paper plate and trying not to look too interested in what Anna was doing. She understood the charade he was playing and pushed herself backwards on her rear end so they were close together.

“This is a nightmare.” Anna replied. She grabbed a nearby coloring book and some crayons. She had her back to the fence and Ryan beyond it, “I don’t know how much longer I can take this.”

“I know…” Ryan put his plate down and pretended he had to tie his shoelace as he crouched down, “I promise I had no idea it would be like this.”

“Can we just go home?” Anna pleaded.

“Soon.” Ryan said, “I’m looking for an excuse to leave.”

“Well, hurry up.” Anna said crossly, “I’m about to go mad in here.”

“I know, I know…” Ryan said sympathetically, “Just keep it together.”

“Stop telling me to…” Anna looked around but Ryan had walked away into the crowds of men again.

Anna growled in displeasure as she grabbed her black crayon and drew a giant X across the picture she had been absentmindedly coloring. She got on to all fours and crawled back to her place next to Jane. She was scowling as she planted her big padded rear on the floor. When she looked up she saw Jane giving her a curious look.

“What?” Anna spat out the question in frustration.

Jane didn’t say anything. She simply looked back down at her toys and started playing again. Anna immediately felt bad for snapping at her friend but she was worried about what Jane might’ve seen. The strange look she got could’ve meant any of a hundred different things but Anna was petrified it meant she had seen Anna and Ryan talking. Anna didn’t know if she could trust Jane not to tell people if she had seen anything, if Paul asked she would probably feel compelled to be honest.

“Sorry.” Anna finally said with a sigh, “It’s just a tough night, you know?”

Jane looked at Anna and nodded her head. Of course she knew what a “tough night” this was. She arguably had it worse than anyone else here. In an attempt to make up for her short temper Anna started playing with Jane again and kept up a one-way conversation. It served the dual role of trying to make Jane feel better and also distracting herself.

In the end it wasn’t until an hour later that Ryan came over and opened the gate to the playpen. Anna felt elated to leave and she jumped to her feet and hurried over. When she reached the gate she looked back at Jane who was visibly saddened to see Anna go, it was a pathetic sight that couldn’t help but pull on Anna’s heartstrings.

“Just a second.” Anna whispered to Ryan.

Anna couldn’t just leave like that no matter how much she wanted to get out of the nightmare. She turned back and waddled back over to Jane. She crouched down and wrapped the girl in a tight hug. How she wished she could’ve taken Jane home and protected her.

After a long few seconds Anna pulled away from Jane and saw a tear rolling down her cheek. She looked so pathetic on the floor but Anna couldn’t stay any longer. She had it in the back of her mind that Jane would be punished if Paul noticed the two of them were close, she seemed to get punished for everything else as it was.

“Come on.” Ryan said once Anna returned.

Ryan took Anna’s hand and started pulling her through the room and towards the front door. Anna couldn’t wait for the fresh air and as they stepped through the front door Anna was able to take a deep breath and release some of the tension that had been building since before they had even arrived.

It didn’t seem like anyone had even noticed Ryan and Anna leaving. The pair made their way through the dark campus and back towards their apartment. For Anna it was an uncomfortable journey in more ways than one. There was the full diaper which by now was cold and horribly sticky, her change couldn’t come soon enough, but there was also the other students who had been out drinking and were now obviously drunk. More than a couple yelled and wolf-whistled towards Anna.

Anna and Ryan remained silent until they got back to their apartment. As soon as the front door closed behind them they both let out a deep sigh. Anna was exhausted emotionally and it didn’t look like Ryan was much better off.

“I’m going to have a shower.” Anna announced.

“Yeah, that would be for the best.” Ryan nodded his head as he loosened his tie. Anna looked back and could see he was trying not to say anything about how she smelled, she’d gone quite nose blind towards her stench in the last few hours.

The shower was fantastic. Anna was disgusted as she peeled the used diaper away from her skin but feeling the hot water washing off the mess and leaving her sparkling clean felt like it was giving her a new lease on life. She cleaned herself, folded the diaper up and then dropped the used padding in a plastic bag ready to be disposed of in the morning. By the time she got to the bed Ryan was already asleep.