**The Volunteers**

**By Elfy**

“I’m telling you this is a great idea!” Josh said as they barrelled down the highway just outside of town in Josh’s beat up old car.

“I don’t know, man.” Jordan, Josh’s slightly older cousin replied from the passenger seat, “Things that sound too good to be true usually are.”

“Dude, come on! Look how much money they are offering.” Josh said with a laugh, he took a big drink from his cola, “All to test some equipment.”

“We don’t even know what equipment it is.” Jordan responded. He had a bad feeling about this whole thing but the pair of them were so desperate for money that he had agreed to come along. Once in the car he had started to have second thoughts, “Did you even ask when you contacted them?”

“No.” Josh admitted, “But the guy said no prior experience in anything is necessary. As long as we are fit and healthy we are good to go. I sent them pictures of us and they got back to me almost immediately.”

Josh turned 18-years-old just a few weeks ago. He had looked forward to becoming an adult a lot but without a job and with little training or qualifications it meant that he found making money really difficult. He had been volunteering for little odd jobs that he found in newspapers and scraping by. When he saw an advert offering thousands of dollars for some equipment testing, how could he say no!

“How do we know we can trust them to pay up?” Jordan asked.

Jordan was 20-years-old. He had held a minimum wage job for a year or so which allowed him to survive. This is why the allure of this particular job was enticing. It was a lot of money for one weekend of work. Jordan was more cautious than his younger cousin and he saw himself as being the one that kept the pair of them out of trouble.

The two boys had known each other since they were still in diapers and Jordan had found himself always being the person bailing the more reckless Josh out of trouble. They worked well as a double act even if they did exasperate each other from time to time.

“They already gave me half.” Josh replied, “The other half is for when we leave.”

“You mean you got half already and didn’t give me a split?” Jordan asked incredulously.

“Look, there it is!” Josh said pointing out the front window and ignoring his friends question.

In the distance was a large warehouse. It was obvious this was the place they were going because it was the only large building in about 20 miles. As the building gradually got closer and loomed larger in the windscreen both boys started feeling some butterflies in their stomachs. Josh was more nervous than he let on but the money was too much to just pass up.

They both fell silent as they continued driving up to the warehouse. As they pulled off of the highway and followed the long twisting dirt road to the large building they both were both experiencing some second thoughts, especially Jordan who had been questioning why he came along on this journey almost since the moment he stepped in the car.

“Maybe we should just turn back.” Jordan suggested. “Maybe we should forget about the whole thing.”

“We can’t do that.” Josh replied as they turned into a car park in front of the building, “I’ve already spent some of the money…”

“What!?” Jordan exclaimed.

“If we don’t show up they will want their money back. If I can’t give it back, then they will take us to court or something.” Josh admitted.

“You idiot…” Jordan said as he put his head in his hands.

“Well, what are you so worried about anyway?” Josh asked his cousin with a wry smile as he tried to avoid thinking about his own concerns, “Are you a chicken?”

“Don’t be stupid.” Jordan relied rather tersely.

The two pulled up into a spot just outside the front door. As they exited the vehicle they were hit by the searing heat of the Summer’s day. Josh hoped that the building was air conditioned, it looked like it would be unbearably hot in there if it wasn’t.

Josh walked in front as the two of them walked into the reception area of the building. The large foyer was bare except for a couple of chairs by the door. On the other side of the room was a reception desk with no one behind it. There was a little button with a sign that read “Ring for service.”

Josh looked over to Jordan who was still standing by the exit and looking very uncomfortable. Josh pushed the button and waited for what he assumed would be a receptionist.

After a few seconds of silence, a voice suddenly came through the speakers that were placed in the corners of the room, it was only now that the boys noticed them.

 “Confirm your names.” The voice boomed out.

“Erm… Josh Smith and Jordan Smith.” Josh said with a raised voice. He wasn’t sure if whoever was speaking could hear him but he didn’t see any other way to answer.

Suddenly, what looked like just a piece of wall opened up to reveal two clear plastic containers and two forms. Josh and Jordan walked over to the forms, the forms were huge and appeared to be about a dozen pages each.

“Please place your valuable items in the plastic containers and sign the forms.” The voice said.

Josh quickly deposited his watch and wallet and picked up the pen on the form.

“Wait!” Jordan said grabbing his hand, “Don’t you think we should read what we are signing? I mean… This is all a bit weird.”

“Come on man, think of the money!” Josh responded. He shrugged off Jordan’s hand and put his name down.

Jordan paused for a second before sighing deeply and doing the same as his cousin. Even if he thought this situation wasn’t a good one, he couldn’t leave his younger cousin to face it by himself.

“How long is this going to take?” Josh called out as Jordan was depositing his valuables.

“You will be here until the process is complete.” The voice replied vaguely.

“Uh huh.” Josh said, “And what testing will we be doing?”

“You will be testing equipment.” The voice through the speakers replied.

Jordan signed his name whilst this was going on. As he put the pen down a loud mechanical noise started up from behind the wall. As the two boys watched the boxes of valuables retracted into the wall before the wall panel that had originally opened slipped shut again.

At the other end of the large hall a door opened up. On the other side of the door was a corridor that went around a corner, from where the boys were standing it was impossible to see where it headed.

The two of them walked over to the doorway and into the unknown.

As soon as they had both passed into the corridor the door, which had opened automatically, now closed behind him. Josh and Jordan looked at each other uneasily but neither wanted to admit to the fear they both felt in their guts.

The few lights that were giving illumination to the room suddenly went out leaving the boy in complete darkness.

“What’s hap-” Jordan started to say with a voice quivering slightly.

Josh was cut off very suddenly as the floor beneath both boys seemed to suddenly drop away. Both boys suddenly dropped into two separate tubes. That seemed just wide enough for one person to fit down. They both let out involuntary shouts of surprise as they fell through the floor.

Josh had no idea how far he had fallen but after ten seconds he saw a light beneath him that suddenly opened up into a whole room. Josh fell out of the ceiling into the room, he landed in a crumpled heap on the floor. He laid still for a second wondering where he was, he was acutely aware that Jordan was no longer with him.

Before Josh could even get his bearings he felt the back of his collar being grabbed by a very strong grip.

“Get off me!” Josh yelled as he flailed and tried to get free, “I didn’t sign up for… Woah…”

Josh was stunned into silence as he twisted himself around and saw that the grip he felt on his shoulder wasn’t from a person at all. A robotic arm had lowered from the ceiling and a gloved hand at the end of it had grabbed Josh. As Josh struggled against the machine he was easily lifted off of his feet and forcefully placed in a strange raised chair.

“What the hell!” Josh yelled.

Before Josh could climb out of the chair he felt metal restraints close around his wrists and ankles. He was trapped!

Unable to move a soft, large bib fluttered down in front of Josh’s vision. Josh felt it being pulled tight and knot being tied in the back, he assumed it was the robotic arms again but he was unable to swivel his head around to see.

After a few seconds of struggling and calling out for help the ceiling above Josh opened and a tube came down. The tube snaked its way straight to Josh’s mouth and tried to force its way into his mouth.

Josh clamped his mouth as the tube from the ceiling pressed against his lips trying to gain entry. The robotic arm that ended in a hand descended from the ceiling again this time it pinched Josh’s nose closed. Unable to breathe Josh was forced to open his mouth and as soon as he did so he felt the tube force its way in. The tube inserted itself midway into the mouth and stayed still.

Josh’s wide eyes looked up to where the tube came from and he saw a mass of mush being pushed down towards Josh’s face. Josh shook his head but found that he couldn’t shake the tube loose.

What Josh assumed must be food slowly came down the whole tube until Josh tasted the first bits of it falling on to his tongue. He reflexively swallowed only to find the first mouthful was quickly replaced by a second, then a third. Josh was forced to just keep swallowing every bit of the disgusting and bland food and it just kept coming.

Josh started feeling extremely full and his eyes started watering as he continued to swallow mouthful after mouthful of whatever he was being fed. He could feel his stomach expanding and he could feel his tummy groaning about just how much food it was being forced to take in.

Eventually, the food stopped coming. Josh felt utterly stuffed, it felt like every inch of his digestive system had been filled by the food he had been forced to consume. His whole tummy was making a lot of noise as it tried to process the sheer quantity of food forced upon it. Even worse, Josh was finding that he could feel a growing pressure in his bowels that signified that he would need a toilet soon. Josh felt tears rolling down his face as he sat there with the tube still lodged in his mouth.

Suddenly a white liquid poured down the tube. Yet again Josh was forced to swallow as the milk poured into his mouth, he struggled to keep up with the sheer volume of liquid that was flooding him.

He struggled against his restraints and silently begged for this to end. He was already full, the milk tasted extra sweet and was only making the growing pains in his stomach even worse.

Eventually the milk stopped flowing and, mercifully, the tube retracted from Josh’s tired mouth and ascended back into the ceiling. Josh’s head flopped forward limply. His mouth muscles were exhausted and his whole body was protesting the sheer amount of food it had been forced to take in. Josh saw his stomach as he looked down and was shocked at how it was poking out like a cartoon character’s.

Josh felt incredibly lethargic as he looked down at his bulbous tummy. He was surprised he wasn’t throwing up a lot of what he had eaten, maybe his stomach was stronger than he thought or maybe the food had an anti-nausea drug mixed into it.

The pressure in Josh’s bowels was growing quickly and soon it was reaching critical. Josh didn’t know if there were anti-nausea drugs in the food but there seemed to be something that sped up the digestive process in there.

“I need the bathroom.” Josh called out into the empty room. He felt exhausted from the feeding but he knew there must be someone watching and listening to what was happening in this room.

His plea was met with silence. If someone was watching they were not prepared to answer the desperate boy’s pleas.

The cramping soon became very intense and yet Josh resisted with all of his might what his body was screaming at him to do. He rocked slightly in the chair, the restraints were stopping him from being able to truly move in any meaningful way but the pain in his gut was overriding his logic.

The food must have been spiked with something Josh thought as the pressure built and built. Sweat formed on his forehead and he felt himself shaking with the effort of not evacuating his bowels.

It was inevitable that sooner or later he would lose the battle and, after trying to release a fart to lessen the pressure, Josh gasped as he felt something very wet escape him. Unable to hold back the flood he bent forward slightly and found very liquid poop almost explode out of him and into his underwear.

He grimaced and sobbed as he couldn’t stop his body from pushing out as much mess as it could. He soon found the material of his clothes saturated and he could feel the runny shit running all over the chair and down his legs.

It didn’t feel like it would ever stop. The stench was unimaginable and as Josh bent further forward he felt one last explosion as his thoroughly soiled underwear took one last barrage.

When it was all over he started loudly crying as the smell and the horrible feeling of the rapidly cooling poop made him feel more humiliated and embarrassed than he had ever been before in his life.

As Josh wailed loudly he wondered what the hell was going on. He didn’t know where his cousin was but he hoped he was safe. Maybe, just maybe, Jordan had escaped and could alert the authorities because something really wrong was happening here…

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Jordan landed with a loud thump. He was disorientated from the sudden fall but he quickly tried to stand up.

“Josh?” Jordan called out in the hope of hearing his cousin’s voice but the echoing room was empty except for him, a chair and a table that seemed to have a few things on it.

The table and chair were both unusually high and Jordan couldn’t quite see what was sitting on the table.

“Take a seat.” The voice boomed through the speakers. Unlike the voice in the lobby, this voice was female and softer but still had an authoritative air about it.

Jordan assumed this was part of the testing. He thought that they had separated him from his cousin for scientific purposes, why they had used the tubes to do so was a mystery. Maybe it was to test their responses to extreme situations. With no knowledge about what was happening to Josh, Jordan was alarmed but not overly so.

No matter the reason for Jordan’s current situation, the fact that there were no doors or other routes out of the room lead Jordan to follow instructions and sit down in the chair. Thanks to the chair being higher than most regular chairs Jordan had to climb up and when he turned around and sat down properly he realised his legs were left swinging in the air.

“Please eat and drink what is provided.” The female voice said.

As she said it the table in front of Jordan moved itself closer to the chair. Part of the table top retracted and a mechanism within the table lifted up bringing with it a large sippy cup full of juice and also a plate of various cut up fruits.

After a few moments of hesitation Jordan did as the mysterious voice had requested and picked up one of the slices of orange and began eating it. He felt the juices running down his fingers but without anything to wipe his hands with he was forced to wipe his fingers on his clothes.

Jordan, feeling a sudden thirst drained the sippy cup next before then picking up more of the fruit and continuing to eat. Jordan was confused why he was being made to eat and drink like this but if doing so meant he could leave sooner rather than later then he was happy to go along even if he was suspicious with where all this was headed.

It was only when Jordan finished the plate of fruit, and had very sticky hands as a result, that he felt a sudden need for the bathroom. His bladder was sending signals to his brain that it was full and needed emptying immediately.

“Erm, I need the bathroom.” Jordan said into the otherwise silent room.

“Please standby.” Was the only response he received.

After another minute Jordan felt his bladder telling him that it wasn’t prepared to wait much longer. Jordan couldn’t understand what the hold-up was, he just wanted to use the bathroom!

“Screw this…” Jordan said quietly.

He made a movement to get off the chair. No sooner had he lifted his butt off of the seat he felt metal shackles close around his ankles and knees preventing him from getting off the tall chair.

The shock of suddenly being trapped by the chair caused him to fall back into the seat and has he landed with a thump he felt a small squirt of urine force its way out of him. It was only a small trickle and it was absorbed into his clothes pretty quickly.

“What the fuck is going on here?” Jordan yelled into the empty room. His voice trembled from fear and there was no answer to his question.

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Although the two boys couldn’t see each other and had no idea what the other was going through, what happened next happened to them both simultaneously.

Both boys were shackled to their respective chairs and both were very surprised when the chairs moved themselves across the floor to tubes on the floor that neither of the boys had seen up until this point. They felt the chair tip forward until they were perched perilously over the tubes. The steel cuffs released themselves and both boys fell down yet another tube, sinking further into the Earth they slid and tumbled down the smooth steel hole.

Josh landed first. With a splat he landed on a long table, the mess that had been in his pants was now spread over more of him as a result of his trip. Almost as soon as Josh came to a rest he felt his wrists and ankles grabbed by more of the strange robotic hands and spread him out on the table, they forced him into a star-like position and despite Josh’s struggling the hands were not to be moved.

Josh stopped struggling when he suddenly heard yelling. He looked over to the other side of the room and saw his older cousin crash on to a large mattress.

“JORDAN!” Josh yelled as he felt a flicker of hope awaken within him.

“JOSH! What is happening? What happened to you?” Jordan looked at Josh in his messy state and wrinkled his nose at the smell that he could sense even from across the large room.

Josh blushed and looked away. He didn’t really want to admit to having filled his pants the way he did but it was fairly obvious he had done it whether he admitted it or not.

A sudden noise in the ceiling above Josh saved him from having to admit to his infantile deed. A section of the ceiling above the changing table opened up and down came more hands, at the same time a tray came out of the changing table by Josh’s feet. Josh couldn’t quite see what was happening but he knew he didn’t like seeing more of these hands appearing.

“Jordan! Help me!” Josh yelled as he tried to struggle some more.

Jordan stood up and started to run across the open floor. He was a few feet from the changing table when he felt something grab his ankle. He fell to the floor heavily and by the time he came back to his senses he was being held by some more the mechanical hands. These hands were so strong that they lifted Jordan off of the floor in a star position. One hand on each wrist and one on each ankle.

“Get away from me!” Jordan yelled.

It was no use. Both boys found themselves suddenly being stripped by their mechanical captors. In almost complete silence the boy’s clothes were ripped off and they were left completely naked. The only sounds in the room were the groans of the boys as they fruitlessly tried to resist. The hands literally tore the clothes off their bodies and roughly threw the tattered remains into a pile.

Josh was sobbing as the extent of his messy body was revealed whilst Jordan swore at the hands as he was held in the air next to the table. Both boys could see each other and although they were each embarrassed by the situation they were both so scared and spending so much energy to free themselves that they didn’t take much notice of each other’s bodies.

A few of the hands began grabbing a handful of wipes and started to wipe Josh’s very messy crotch and backside. It took a humiliatingly long time for the hands to clean Josh up and Josh spent several minutes bent with his knees by his head exposing his butt completely as the hands tried to make a thorough job of the cleaning.

Jordan didn’t have much time to watch as he soon found himself with some problems of his own. The hands manipulated Jordan in such a way that they put his legs into a new pair of underwear. This was a development that Jordan didn’t mind, as terrified as he was he didn’t mind being put in clothes again. It was only when this new pair of underwear was pulled up did he realise they were strangely bulky. He quickly realised that these now underpants were specifically made for toddlers. He remembered his younger cousin wearing a pair just like these when he was potty training, they were designed to soak up small accidents!

Josh meanwhile was still pulling against the hands that were holding him securely in place and cleaning him but he could barely move a muscle. Both boys were being overpowered and were helpless in the grasp of whatever machine had hold of them.

From Josh’s bent over position he couldn’t see what was happening but he heard a crinkling coming from where his legs would otherwise be. He finally was lowered down and almost immediately a white disposable diaper was pulled up between his legs and taped tightly around his waist.

“Stop!” Josh yelled. Both boys were yelling obscenities and other words of protest as they were physically manipulated.

Josh felt his arms and then his head being fed into a thin piece of clothing. It felt like a t-shirt but something was different. The t-shirt was in a light blue colour and seemed to extend much further than a regular shirt. It was only when the front and back were clipped together over the diaper between his legs that Josh realised he had been put in a huge onesie.

It didn’t stop there though as during one of Josh’s screams for help he felt something suddenly filling his mouth. He instinctively clamped his mouth down to find a rubber bulb extending deep into his mouth. He felt a belt like feeling go around his head and then a click signified that the pacifier was locked to his face. The ensemble was finished with a pair of pink mittens that forced his hand to curl into a ball making his hands almost completely useless.

Jordan had barely noticed though as he was forced into a dark green shirt. Jordan was then helpless to resist as a pair of denim overalls were then placed over his training pants and shirt.

Both boys were fighting their captors and were trying to stop this process but neither of them were having any effect. Jordan’s training pants and overalls outfit was completed by some little socks with building blocks pictured on them and a pair of trainers with Velcro instead of laces. Josh, in a thick diaper and a onesie pulled tight over his body, found movement and communication very difficult with the mittens preventing him from opening his balled fist and the pacifier gag making anything more than a random grunt almost impossible to say.

When the boys had finished being dressed there was a brief period of silence and stillness as no one moved or said anything.

A clanking mechanical noise was heard on the far wall and both boys watched as very slowly a portion of wall opened up revealing a room beyond. As soon as the wall finished opening up Josh and Jordan were carried towards the ominous opening. Josh struggled and tried to fight free of the grip, he grunted and tried to scream through the gag with little effect. Jordan, who had no such gag, remained very quiet as he tried to pull against the hands that were carrying him. He had seen his younger cousin getting gagged and the last thing he wanted was to be gagged as well.

Josh was the first through the gap that had opened in the wall. The new area was brightly lit and Josh looked around a room that appeared to be designed to look just like a nursery. The only difference between this room and an actual nursery was that every single item in the room had been expanded in size for adult use.

There was a crib as big as an actual bed in one corner. Toys, like cars you sit in and push with your feet, a baby bouncer, picture books and a whole slew of other items. All of them were scaled up and seemed to be made for adults. Josh briefly wondered why any of this stuff would exist before he belatedly realised that he was going to be expected to use it all. Jordan came into the room behind Josh and had a similar reaction to his younger cousin.

Josh was carried over to the baby bouncer and dropped in it forcibly. He found himself bouncing up and down in the elastic seat as he stared at the plastic tray that surrounded him. it was full of babyish activities. He looked up from the tray just in time to see his older cousin getting dropped by the machines that were holding him. He hit the ground with a thud but seemed able to climb to his feet a few seconds later with no real damage done. Josh felt the pacifier gag suddenly loosen and was ripped out of his mouth giving some relief to his aching jaw muscles.

The mechanical hands that had been manipulating the two boys zipped back into the ceiling and the wall opening closed trapping Josh and Jordan in this oversized nursery. For a few seconds both boys stayed silent and still as they looked around almost expecting more machines to be on their way. The two captives slowly looked each other, in any other situation they would have been embarrassed to see each other dressed like this but they were both so scared by their predicament that they had no time to feel embarrassed.

“What the fuck is going on?” Jordan asked Josh angrily.

“I… I don’t know.” Josh admitted. He was feeling very emotional, “They must have given me laxatives…”

“You are in a diaper… We are trapped, god knows how far underground we are. We are dressed like babies and in a nursery… Is this the job or…” Jordan trailed off. The possibility that this had all been a trap was very real and it made Jordan very angry and confused.

“I don’t know.” Josh repeated again. He felt numb, so much had happened that it felt like his brain couldn’t process any more.

“You don’t know? You brought us here!” Jordan was getting emotional and for some reason the sight of Josh absent-mindedly bouncing slightly in the baby contraption only fuelled his anger.

“Relax… If we want to get out of here we will need to work together.” Josh said as he held out his mitten clad hands in an attempt to pacify his angry cousin, “Come over here and get me out of this thing.”

Jordan, knowing that he couldn’t leave Josh behind if he had the opportunity started half-running across the room to Josh.

“Stop. Do not attempt to interfere with the bouncer.” It was the disembodied voice again. The male and authoritative one from the reception area.

“Fuck you…” Jordan mumbled in response and continued heading towards the baby restraint.

When he was only about five paces away from the bouncer he heard the ceiling above him open and mechanical hands swarmed down to him and grabbed him. He was initially slowed down until finally both his legs were held in place. Jordan tried to struggle in an increasingly futile way as he was forced to bend over.

“STOP IT!” Josh yelled as he reached out of the bouncer for his best friend. His fingertips and Jordan’s fingertips were inches apart. It might as well have been a mile for all the good it was.

A larger hand descended behind Jordan. Josh stared at it with wide eyes, it was the same as all the other hands only twice as big. The hand descended behind the bent over Jordan and with little warning brought itself forward with force straight into Jordan’s backside.

Jordan suddenly stopped struggling. He let out a little yelp and stared at Josh with wide eyes. Again the hand propelled itself forward and landed squarely on Jordan’s butt.

Josh watched as his older cousin’s lip started trembling and the blows continued to hammer down with increasing speed until it almost sounded like a person clapping. Josh barely noticed that his bladder had started to ache, evidently the effects of whatever was in the food hadn’t fully worn off as Josh’s bladder seemed to be filling up quickly.

The spanking only stopped when Jordan was openly weeping. The hands simultaneously stopped their assault and lifted back into the ceiling leaving the boys alone again. For a minute or so the only sound in the room was Jordan’s sobbing. Slowly, he climbed back to his feet. The first thing he did was take a defiant half a step towards Josh.

“No!” Josh shouted, “It won’t work. Look… Just go entertain yourself. We will escape, I promise you that, we just need to pick our moment. Let me think about things.”

Jordan tearfully nodded and limped away from the baby bouncer. Josh finally felt his bladder pressure reach a tipping point. As Jordan sat by a large bookshelf against one of the walls, Josh took a deep breath and relaxed himself. Almost immediately the pains in his bladder started to abate and his diaper started getting warmer. Josh shivered involuntarily as the diaper absorbed all of his piss with ease. He flushed red a little but was confident that Jordan hadn’t noticed him doing such an immature thing. Josh absent-mindedly fiddled with the little toys on the bouncer as he flooded his diaper, he turned away from Jordan so that he wouldn’t see Josh’s bright red face.

Jordan had picked up one of the books after he had gingerly sat down and started leafing through it. It was clearly a story for toddlers who had just learned to read but with little alternative Jordan opened up and started reading.

After an hour of almost silence as both boys looked around the room and played with things in a bored manner just to pass the time, they both started getting a little tired. Jordan sat down on one of the beanbags by the bookshelves and promptly slumped over seemingly unconscious.

“Jordan?” Josh shouted from his bouncer, “JORDAN!?”

There was no response. Josh started to panic when he suddenly felt his vision swimming, he slowly felt his knees give way causing him to sink lower into his soaked diaper and lower into the swing. He reached out his hand towards Jordan before finally succumbing to the sudden tiredness. Neither boy were able to hear or smell the gas that had been pumped into the room causing them to lose consciousness, there would have been nothing they could do even if they had sensed it.

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Josh slowly came round. His vision was blurry and he had a slight headache as he slowly shook his head as he tried to remember where he was and what happening. Attempting to move his limbs he found that they felt exceptionally heavy and from the sounds of the clanking metal it seemed like wherever he was he was chained in place.

As Josh tried to speak he found that his mouth was full. Moving his tongue, he found a tube that was stuck halfway down his throat, it was just like when he had first found himself being fed. Uselessly, he shook his head to try and deny what was happening.

Very suddenly, Josh felt his mouth filling with liquid again. Forced to desperately swallow to avoid drowning he again felt himself filling up with milk. His eyes were still blurry and adjusting to the light in the room but they started tearing up as he swallowed mouthful after mouthful of the white liquid.

It wasn’t long until he felt full but just like the first time he was forced to keep swallowing. Little trickles of milk came running down the sides of his mouth as he struggled to keep up with the pace of the milk filling his mouth.

Just when Josh couldn’t take anymore, the milk stopped. It was almost like whoever or whatever was running this place knew exactly where Josh’s absolute limit was as the milk flow trickled down and then stopped. Feeling so exceptionally full that every movement made him feel like he would burst, Josh just laid there with tear falling from his eyes.

He wished more than ever that he could go back in time to that car. He wished he could be back in his car so that he could drive away from this place as fast as possible. His silent tears were accompanied by a new soft melodic tune that seemed to be playing from speakers behind his head.

As he tried to look around and work out exactly where he was he noticed the walls to whatever bed he was in were barred. It took a moment for his foggy mind to put two and two together and realise he was in a crib. This shouldn’t have been a surprise to Josh considering the attire he was dressed in.

Josh’s vision still hadn’t fully recovered but he could see a human shape slumped over next to the wall on the other side of the room. He couldn’t tell if it was Jordan but the unconscious figure seemed to be slumped over on… Something. Josh couldn’t quite make out what the figure was sitting on but it certainly didn’t look like a chair.

As Josh suddenly found his mind recalling the dressing he had received he realised that the diaper that he had been forcibly taped in was now significantly more wet than he remembered before. How long had he been unconscious? Had he been out so long that he had wet in his sleep?

Josh moaned as the music grew in volume. The soft, nursery rhyme-like melodies washed over Josh and he felt himself growing tired again. He didn’t know if it was whatever had knocked him out before, the music or the very full belly he had but something made him feel very tired again and before he knew it he could barely keep his eyes open. Josh allowed his heavy eyes to close and once again fell into a deep sleep.

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When Jordan woke up he felt many of the same symptoms as his cousin. It took him a few minutes to really wake up and start processing where he was.

The first thing Jordan noticed was that he was sitting upright. The second thing he noticed was that he was strapped into position by what seemed like a bunch of leather belts.

When Jordan looked down he was surprised to see that he was sat on a large potty!

The training pants that he had been forced into earlier had been pulled down to his ankles and he had been left on the oversized toddler potty. He felt groggy and couldn’t remember exactly where he was, the memories came back slowly as did his vision and other senses.

Squinting slightly Jordan could see a crib against the far wall. He couldn’t see if anyone was in it but he suspected that if Josh was in the same room that he would be over there.

“Josh…” Jordan said weakly in a hoarse voice.

It didn’t matter of his cousin was in the crib or not. With his voice so weak there was no way he would be able to attract the attention of anyone more than a few feet from himself. Jordan thought he could very faintly hear some music coming from the direction of the crib but it seemed very quiet and could have just been Jordan’s imagination.

“Please use the potty.” That wasn’t Jordan’s imagination, that was the female voice that Jordan had heard earlier. It was coming out of some speakers that seemed built into the potty itself. It was loud enough for him to hear but probably didn’t carry too far.

Jordan was still groggy and waking up and it took a few seconds to really process what was being asked. He frowned at the odd request and pulled against the restraints with what little strength he could muster.

“Please use the potty.” The voice repeated in exactly the same tone of voice. Jordan was unsure if this voice was just a recording or not. Jordan tried to think back and realised he hadn’t seen an actual person, except for Josh, since they turned off of the highway.

Jordan knew one thing for sure, he wasn’t going to pee or poop in this toddler’s potty on command. He didn’t care if he was being commanded to or not, he had dignity and he wasn’t going to sacrifice that dignity for anyone.

“Please use the potty.” The voice said a third time in exactly the same voice again.

“I DON’T NEED TO GO!” Jordan screamed back at the voice. The frustration of the situation, the confusion and desperation of being trapped and totally controlled was bubbling over as Jordan tried to rebel against whatever was keeping him here.

There was silence for a few seconds. Jordan pulled against the straps again but they didn’t move. Suddenly music started playing from the speakers, a soft lullaby that seemed to almost invade Jordan’s head, pushing itself inside and growing louder and louder. Jordan’s head gradually slipped down until he passed out again.

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“Josh?” A voice called out from the darkness, “Josh?”

Josh slowly opened his eyes and looked around. He felt his heart sink as he realised he was still strapped into the same position in the crib, the one positive Josh immediately noticed was that he was no longer gagged or attached to any feeding tube. Josh had fallen so far that that was considered a victory.

“Josh!” The voice shouted as he Josh shifted slightly in the crib.

Josh’s vision slowly came into focus. He shifted his body as much as he could whilst still strapped into the crib like he was and he felt the crinkly padding that was still hugging his crotch. It felt even heavier than it did previously and as the mist in his mind started to clear he realised he must have wet himself whilst asleep.

Looking out the side of the crib, Josh saw the owner of the voice, Jordan, was having problems of his own.

“Jordan?” Josh replied weakly.

“Oh, thank God you are awake!” Jordan exclaimed sounding relieved.

Jordan was still strapped into the potty chair. His legs were numb from sitting it that position for so long. In the potty was a small puddle of urine, Jordan had been rather embarrassed to have seen it. He had woken up and found the small pool of urine in his toddler’s toilet and realised it must have happened whilst he was out cold.

“What’s going on?” Josh called out. His voice was slowly gaining its strength back but was still a little shaky.

“I don’t know, man.” Jordan replied feeling like the situation was hopeless.

“We will get out Jordan. I promise, we just need to stick together.” Josh said when he heard the depressed voice of his cousin.

“How? We are dep underground in a facility in the middle of nowhere, no one is coming to save us!” Jordan said. His voice showed how hopeless and depressed he felt.

“Have faith, cousin.” Josh replied, “Be patient.”

“Yeah well-” Jordan began replying before being interrupted.

“Please use the potty.” The same voice as before rang out through the room. The same monotone voice in the same tone as before.

“I told you before I can’t!” Jordan screamed in desperate frustration. Tears formed in his eyes as he felt anger rising in him again.

“Please use the potty.” Repeated the voice again.

“I can’t…” Jordan started sobbing from a combination of frustration and desperation. The truth was that Jordan did need to go. He could feel that his bowels were full but he did not want to use this toddler’s potty on command, he did not want to do it in front of Josh. He was an adult. He should be treated like one and allowed to use the bathroom! He grunted with effort from trying to escape his bonds but they were absolutely secure.

“Jordan, just…” Josh was about to advise his older cousin to just do what the voice said when suddenly a lot of whirring came to life and suddenly the room was full of movement.

The ceiling opened up again and yet again the hands descended. Over the crib the robotic limbs came down and unsnapped Josh’s onesie. They made quick work of taking the tapes of his diaper and cleaning him up, Josh just laid back allowing it to happen since he knew he was strapped down so securely that he would never be able to escape in this position. He was just saving his energy for when a better opportunity arose.

Josh was shocked, however, when after the wet diaper was taken away he saw the machines bringing down about a dozen diapers of increasing size. He was startled as they began to tape one after the other around his waist at a startlingly efficient speed. Soon it felt as if Josh wouldn’t be able to move his legs together at all and by the time the hands were done taping up the diapers they had a tough time refastening the onesie which seemed stretched to the limit over the huge amount of padding.

It was now that he finally felt his bonds release and he was lifted into the air with hands effortlessly but carefully holding his sides. Josh’s legs were splayed helplessly open as the obscene bulge around his crotch made moving very difficult. He looked down at Jordan to see that he was also being accosted by the mechanical limbs.

“Get off me… Get off me!” Jordan yelled although he was having no effect in deterring his mechanical captors.

Jordan had been lifted off of the potty and had his training pants and other clothes pulled up. He had been lowered into something that Josh hadn’t even noticed until now. Jordan had been tightly strapped into an oversized stroller. Josh assumed that during his own problems in the crib that the boy’s captors had wheeled the two strollers that he was now seeing into the room.

Josh was now lowered into the stroller next to his older cousin and was very securely strapped in. It was not a comfortable position for Josh because of the huge amount of padding between his legs.

“Relax.” Josh said to Jordan as Jordan continued pulling at the strapping, “We are going to get out, just save your energy.”

Jordan was trying to ignore the ever increasing fullness in his bowels as he strained against the straps. He was almost hysterical and ignored Josh’s advice, there was no way he would just lay back and accept what was happening.

A section of the wall in front of the strollers opened up and the strollers began pushing themselves through into a cavernous room. Both boys went extremely wide-eyed as they stared around them at the huge dome shaped room. The walls were painted in a realistic depiction of a park and in the centre of the room was a large playground.

The strollers rolled towards the playground which was still some distance away due to the huge size of the room.

“This is incredible!” Josh exclaimed in wonder.

“Incredible?” Jordan said in near hysterics, “Earth to Josh! We need to get out of here!”

“We will… Just give me time to think.” Josh countered quietly though he was sure that everything they said was being monitored.

The strollers rolled themselves through a gate to the playground which closed very securely behind them. Swings, slides, a sand pit, this playground would be a dream for any child but for Josh and Jordan it was not a good sight.

Josh’s stroller stopped close to the gate whilst Jordan’s continued to the large sand pit. The stroller tipped forwards and when the straps suddenly went slack Jordan came tumbling out. He landed hard in the sand pit and upon standing back up and hurrying towards the edge of the sand he found himself blocked by a round a dozen of the mechanical hands. Most of the hands were palm up and blocking the exit like a wall, the other hands were wagging their fingers back and forth. They were telling Jordan not to try to get out.

Over by the entrance to the playground Josh’s stroller suddenly did the same tipping motion and Josh fell on the grassy ground. After a few moments he tried to stand up but found it was impossible for him to do so. The incredible bulk between Josh’s legs meant that getting up and walking was next to impossible. Instead he started crawling along the floor towards the sand pit where his cousin was.

Josh felt a slight twinge in his bladder as he crawled over and he didn’t hesitate to let himself flood his diaper. The diaper was so thick that Josh did not worry about leaking and he knew it would be impossible for his cousin or anyone to find out what happened. He shivered slightly as he crawled around the mechanical arms and climbed into the sandbox to sit next to his older cousin.

“Are you OK?” Josh asked.

“Oh yeah.” Jordan replied sarcastically, “I’m just wonderful… Never been better.”

“Alright, alright.” Josh said rolling his eyes, “Sarcasm won’t help anyone.”

Jordan winced and moved his hand to his stomach. Sooner or later he would no longer be able to hold in the mess that wanted to escape his body. He wondered how long he could hold on, the cramps were coming thick and fast now.

“What’s wrong?” Josh asked nervously. He could see his cousin’s pain and was hoping it wasn’t something serious.

“It’s nothing.” Jordan said as he grimaced. There was no way he wanted to admit to his younger cousin that unless a toilet appeared suddenly that he would be having a very messy accident.

“It doesn’t look like nothing…” Josh replied suspiciously.

“Just leave it.” Jordan hissed through his teeth, “What are we going to do?”

“We need to wait for our chance.” Josh replied quietly as he crawled next to his older cousin. The rustling that accompanied him seemed to echo off of the walls of the expansive dome.

“I know that!” Jordan said impatiently. He paused for a second as another strong cramp racked his body, “But we can’t sit here waiting forever. We need to do something!”

“Let me finish!” Josh hissed as he tried to keep his voice down, “When we are taken back into that nursery room… The one with the baby bouncer and everything. They give you some freedom in there, if you can grab one of the toys you might be able to fight off those weird hand things.”

“That’s it?” Jordan replied incredulously, “All this time and that is the best you could come up with?”

“Do you have any better ideas?” Josh asked in frustration, “I’m all ears!”

“Well, I don’t know bu-” Jordan stopped as another fierce crap suddenly hit him.

Jordan bent over as he tried to ride it out but this cramp was different to the previous ones. Jordan was standing but was forced to bend over as the pain intensified. He knew that the game was over, his bowels could no longer contain the sheer mass of digested food that wanted out.

Jordan crouched down a little bit and stuck his butt out. It was barely a conscious decision; it was as if his subconscious remembered seeing toddlers in that position when filling their pants and automatically assumed the same position.

“Jordan?” Josh asked. He was still on his hands and knees since standing was a near impossibility for him his head was at the same height as Jordan’s waist. Josh could see sweat appearing on his older cousin’s face as he clearly struggled with something and Josh was beginning to realise what was happening.

Jordan didn’t respond except to grunt a little with the effort he was having to use to try and stop what seemed increasingly inevitable. Eventually, after fighting the losing battle for as long as he could Jordan felt a small lump escape his clenched ass and hit his training pants.

“Oh no…” Was the last thing Jordan muttered as he finally knew he had lost and the pressure finally overwhelmed him. He felt a larger lump of shit now pushing through his crumbling defences and after hitting the back of his infantile underwear it curled around as it looked for more room to expand into. Jordan farted wetly around this log as he closed his eyes and went from trying to keep everything in to trying to get everything out.

Josh covered his mouth in shock and crawled a step backwards as his older cousin, the one he always went to for advice, the cousin who he always looked up to, was forced to squat even lower so as to fill his pants better.

Jordan felt the large log finally exit him fully and it was followed by much easier to move and smaller poop that rushed out afterwards as Jordan grunted and his face went red from pushing. The training pants weren’t made for this type of assault and they struggled to contain everything being forced into them.

Finally, Jordan felt himself push the last small piece of faecal matter out of his body and, panting slightly, he opened his now tear filled eyes. He didn’t want to move position at all as the whole area around his waist felt so awful and he didn’t want to spread it any further. Despite not moving Jordan could feel that his training pants were unable to hold back what had invaded them and he knew that little lumps were running down his legs.

Jordan reached back and felt his butt. He could feel his pants bulging wildly out and he winced as he surveyed the damage he had done.

“Jordan…” Josh started to say with sympathy.

“Shut up.” Jordan hissed through clenched teeth as the first tears fell, “Just… Shut up.”

“Jordan, I underst-” Josh suddenly stopped talking and his eyes glazed over. Jordan looked at him curiously wondering what was happening when Josh’s arms and legs lost all strength and he collapsed the short distance to the ground. Jordan could see a small dart sticking out of Josh’s arm.

“What the fu-” Jordan felt a sharp impact on his arm and now it was his turn to go glassy eyed.

With a splat Jordan fell on to his very dirty backside before slumping over sideways. The last thing Jordan saw before his eyes closed was the mechanical hands closing in on him and his cousin.

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The sound of running water slowly filtered into Josh’s subconscious. He felt water all around him and slowly opening his eyes revealed he was in a bathtub, Jordan was in front of him, his head still leaning forward as if he had fallen asleep where he sat. Both of them were securely chained to the bathtub and both of them were being roughly scrubbed by the hands.

As Josh’s eyes adjusted to the light and the new setting he quickly saw that his cousin was as naked as himself and the clear water devoid of bubbles meant that nothing was hidden even if everything below the waterline was distorted somewhat.

The rest of the bathroom was almost blindingly white and mostly empty, it seemed the room was designed solely for the bath that the boys were occupying. Josh looked around and wondered how long they had both been out. Time was impossible to keep track of here; they may have been here for hours or maybe days.

“Ugh…” Jordan’s head slowly stirred and very slowly he opened his eyes to see Josh in front of him, “What’s going on?”

“We are being bathed.” Josh said bluntly as the hands started scrubbing both the boy’s legs. Josh thought they were uncomfortably close together in this tub.

Jordan nodded. His face was stony and yet showed the hopelessness he was feeling; he was increasingly furious that Josh had brought him here and holding his emotions in check was next to impossible after his humiliation earlier. The only positive Jordan felt was that he was out of his shitty training pants. Anything was an upgrade to sitting in his own filth, even a spot in a bathtub opposite his cousin.

“How are you holding up?” Josh asked. He had seen Jordan at his lowest shortly before they were both knocked out, he needed Jordan to be alert though, if they got a chance to escape he knew it may be the only chance they got.

“How am I holding up!?” Jordan felt the anger in him spill out of his mouth at the absurd question, “How do you think I’m doing? Josh, I don’t think you understand how fucked we are. We are trapped, we will be slaves to these machines or whoever is controlling them.”

“You have to keep thinking positively.” Josh said. He looked down at the water where the hands were getting scarily close to his private area.

“No, YOU need to accept that we are fucked!” Jordan fired back with venom. He felt like if he wasn’t restrained so completely that he would launch himself at his younger cousin, “There will be no chance. I don’t know where we are but I do know that whoever is in charge clearly knows what he is doing. All we can hope for is his mercy.”

Both boys fell into silence. Josh winced as the mechanical hand cleaning him reached his genitals. He was very thankful that they cleaned that particular area with a lot less roughness.

Josh didn’t know what to say. Jordan had seemingly given up completely and that was very frustrating to Josh who was so used to his older cousin taking charge when the pair of them were in trouble.

“But-” Josh started.

“Just… Don’t.” Jordan replied with a defeated tone that suggested Josh was wasting his breath.

After a few minutes of silence where Josh and Jordan were cleaned both of them were forced to stand by the arms and their bonds were adjusted to force them to stand. Josh looked up to see more of the robotic limbs bringing down shaving cream and razors which caused his eyes to widen in terror.

The shaving cream was liberally applied to both the boys on every area they had hair except for their head. Arms, legs, crotch, face… Everything was covered in shaving cream and then carefully shaved smooth. Both boys were careful not to move too much as the hands took all of their hair off with very sharp razors.

Throughout the whole long process Jordan just stood completely still and silent. His eyes were empty and his fight was gone. He just passively allowed everything to happen as he accepted his fate.

It became too much for Josh though. After what felt like half an hour Josh could no longer control his composure and he started screaming, more from the frustration that Jordan had given up than anything else. He pulled against the hands slightly but with little effect. After a few seconds of being ignored the screaming must have annoyed someone or something as one of the hand grabbed the bar of soap from the side of the bath. The bar of soap that had been cleaning Josh was now picked up and shoved into Josh’s mouth. Josh’s screams were silenced very quickly as the soapy taste filled his mouth and made his eyes water.

Even after all this Jordan barely reacted. He watched dispassionately from the other end of the bathtub and didn’t seem to register any emotion.

Eventually it was decided that both of the boys were hairless enough and they were lifted out of the tub. They were both dried vigorously, by soft towels and then practically dragged out of the bathroom and back into the main nursery room where the crib and potty chair were situated. There was a new table at about waist height in the centre or the room now and next to the potty on the far side of the room was an adult sized bed in the style of a toddler’s race car.

Josh tried to pull back from the hands but even he knew that trying to escape whilst being held like this was hopeless. He expected to be dragged towards the crib but he found himself pulled past it and over to the new table. Still completely naked, he was pulled over the table. He knew what was going to come next but with the soap still wedged in his mouth he was unable to call out for help.

Jordan was pulled past the table and he barely even glanced Josh’s way as he was lead over to the potty which he was strapped into without complaint. In fact, Jordan had withdrawn so completely that as soon as he was sat down he just let himself go and pissed into the potty underneath him. In the large echoing room, the sound carried all the way over to Josh who was still bent over the table. He looked up and knew what the sound was even if he couldn’t actually see the urine hitting the bowl.

Suddenly, Josh was very distracted when he felt something slam very hard on his backside. Josh let out a little yelp around the soap before he felt the same smack on his backside. This time the soap became dislodged from Josh’s mouth and fell to the floor. Before Josh could even try to look around he started feeling blow after blow land against him. He tried to hide his emotions, to not let whoever was doing this know that they were upsetting him but after a minute of painful spanking he felt the tears that he had blinked back finally fall down his cheeks and as soon as he began sobbing the smacks slowed down and stopped.

Just as quickly as the spanking had started the spanking ended and the mechanical hands that had held him in place now lifted him back to the crib and held him down in the same star-like position that he had become so used to. When he looked to the side he could see Jordan being taken off of the potty chair. Unlike Josh, Jordan was allowed to walk towards the new toddler bed. The hands merely guided him to where they wanted him to go and Jordan willingly walked to and got in the bed.

Josh watched in shock as the naked Jordan got under the covers and was simply handed a sippy cup of something. Josh watched Jordan lift it up to his lips and start drinking from it liberally, no hesitation at all, Josh couldn’t believe his older cousin had been so completely broken.

Despite Jordan getting an easier time it was clear the robotic limbs weren’t prepared to give Josh the same courtesy. He was cuffed to the rails tightly and was helpless as he was diapered in more thick padding. At least it wasn’t as thick as last time Josh thought as three disposable diapers were taped on to him. To distract himself he looked back over to Jordan who had finished his sippy cup. As Josh looked over, Jordan simply rolled over in the bed and went to sleep. Jordan’s indifference and lack of resistance only angered Josh even more as the last of his diapers were taped on.

Josh knew the routine by now and when the panel above his head opened and revealed a long clear tube he knew it was feeding time.

Despite knowing he was trapped he still refused to open his mouth. Something inside him flat out refused to accept that he couldn’t stop anything that was happening, he clamped his mouth closed and thought that if he was going to be fed then these mechanical bastards would have to work for it!

Predictably, when the tube couldn’t enter Josh’s mouth he found his nose clamped shut until eventually he was forced to open up. Feeling the tube penetrate his mouth caused Josh to gag slightly before the splashing milk fill his mouth Josh began his reflexive swallowing as he struggled to keep up with the volume of liquid being forced into him. He felt his stomach filling and was sure that his usually slim tummy was now sticking out.

Josh’s body, realising the sheer amount of liquid entering his body filled his bladder up quickly and before long, as milk was pouring into Josh’s mouth urine was pouring out of him and into his diaper.

Eventually the feeding stopped and couching and spluttering slightly Josh watched the tube retract from back from where it had come from. He was full of dread for what would happen next, especially now that Jordan had totally given up and, for all intents and purposes, had completely shut down emotionally.

“Jordan.” A booming voice came through the speakers. It was the same authoritative voice that both boys recognised from when they first arrived.

Jordan rolled over in the bed to face the centre of the room. He looked confused, Josh was just pleased that Jordan showed any emotion even if it was something as simple as surprise.

“Y-Yes?” Jordan replied in a timid voice.

“We are prepared to give you and your cousin an offer.” The booming voice said, “You both may leave.”

Both Jordan and Josh’s eyes flew wide as their hearts simultaneously leapt. Josh could almost not believe what he was hearing, despite what he told his cousin about holding on he had started to firmly believe that they would be trapped forever.

“But…” The voice continued, “It will be under our terms and conditions. You have one minute to decide.”

There were a few moments of silence as both boys tried to process what was being said to them. Jordan, whose hope had died, suddenly looked revived. He looked like all his Christmases had come early and he was practically bouncing on his bed in excitement.

Jordan stepped out of bread and, after a few tentative steps where he looked around nervously for the hands that seemed omnipresent, he ran over to the crib where Josh was tied down.

“We are going to get out!” Jordan practically yelled as he looked through the bars at his younger cousin. His smile was so wide it looked like it hurt. All his despair had turned to joy and he looked like he had never been happier in his life.

“Well… Hold on a second.” Josh, who was trying to keep his own emotions in check, was suddenly a lot less optimistic.

“Hold o-” Jordan started.

“Forty-five seconds” The voice boomed out over the speakers.

“Hold on!?” Jordan said again, “For what? You have been saying we need to wait for our chance! Isn’t this our chance?”

“On their terms?” Josh responded trying to calm his overexcited cousin, “You think anything they make us do or sign will be any better than this place?”

“It can hardly be worse.” Jordan replied. He could hardly believe Josh could be a downer right now.

“I’m sure it could…” Josh said grimly. He desperately wished he wasn’t strapped down so securely right now, it made it a lot harder for him to make his point.

“Even if it could be worse, shouldn’t we take that chance?” Jordan tried to reason, “If we are in this hell, maybe rolling the dice is the perfect thing to do.”

Josh didn’t reply. It was hard to argue with the reasoning.

“Thirty seconds.” The booming voice interrupted.

Jordan looked at his cousin with impatience. He could not understand why Josh would not leap at this chance.

“Look… What if their terms are that we live in a cage somewhere? What if they just let us walk out of the door and then shoot us?” Josh argued.

“What if the terms are that we just promise not to tell anyone?” Jordan countered, “What if they just make us give them some money or something? Wouldn’t that be worth it?”

“Fifteen seconds.” The imperious voice let them know that time was running short.

“How likely is it that they will just let us leave like that?” Josh said as he tried to appeal to Jordan’s common sense.

“We have been held captive has babies… We have been here for maybe days, maybe weeks. At this point I don’t think anything is unlikely.” Jordan said with a chuckle. His disbelief that Josh would seriously consider staying here was perplexing to say the least.

Both of the boys just looked at each other again. Neither knew what to say or do to change the mind of the other.

“Would you at least think of my point of view and why perhaps jumping into the unknown isn’t the best idea?” Josh pleaded, “It looks like they want you to make the choice. So just… Just do what you think is best for both of us.”

The booming voice started counting down from ten whilst Jordan considered what Josh had said. He felt the pressure on him to make the correct decision. Was there a correct decision to be made? It was either stay here in what seemed to be an inescapable prison or leap into the unknown. Josh was right, the chances of things being better by leaving were slim, but surely it was worth that risk… Wasn’t it?

“Jordan. Your time is up. What is your decision?” The echoing voice asked.

Jordan looked at Josh one more time and then at the ground. Making his mind up he looked up and turned away from the crib.

“We will leave.” Jordan loudly declared.

Josh felt his stomach lurch and a tear rolled down his cheek. He really believed Jordan was making the wrong decision but he could do nothing to alter events. He could only lay there and hope that Jordan was using better judgement than he had. Maybe he did know better than Josh, it was Josh that brought them to this horrible place after all. Perhaps Jordan could fix Josh’s horrible mistake.

It was now that Josh realised he was getting drowsy again. He didn’t know why but he found his eyelids growing heavier and heavier. He tried to ask Jordan what was going on but as he looked over and tried to speak he just saw Jordan fall to the ground, apparently unconscious. Josh tried to speak but could only mumble a little nonsense before he fell unconscious.

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Josh felt his vision slowly returning. He could immediately tell he was no longer laying down and, perhaps more surprisingly, Josh could hear an engine and feel movement. He tried to move but found he was very tightly strapped into his seat, his vision was still very blurry and he had no idea what was happening but one thing he did notice was that his diaper was certainly wet. The thick padding had expanded to push his legs further apart and show anyone who cared to look how much he needed them.

“Ugh.” Josh heard a noise next to him and as his vision continued to come back he saw Jordan sitting in the seat next to him. He was strapped in tightly but only on a regular seat whereas Josh was in an oversized baby seat.

“Are you OK?” Josh asked his older cousin but he got no response as Jordan was clearly still waking up.

“Ooh, I think the little ones are waking up.” This was an unknown voice. It sounded female and young and came from what Josh assumed was the front seats of the car they were in.

As Josh’s vision cleared completely he could finally see his new situation. It appeared to be the dead of night and he was strapped into the back of a medium sized car. He could move his arms and legs which he was thankful for after the crib, but he quickly found that it would be impossible for him to undo the straps that held him into his seat. Jordan was next to him but was still slumped over, he still seemed to be struggling to regain consciousness.

“That’s good.” Came another young female voice in the front of the car, “It is time we changed them anyway I think.”

They carried down the highway for another ten minutes before they pulled off of the highway. In that whole time Josh hadn’t heard another car on the road. The window was very tinted and it was hard to see where they were exactly. They seemed to be in the middle of nowhere, the place they had pulled into was a truck stop that looked abandoned.

“Which one do you want to change first?” The driver asked as she pulled up to the parking spot nearest the bathrooms.

“The smaller one.” The passenger said as she stepped out of the car.

She walked around to the door next to Josh and pulled it open. She unstrapped Josh from his seat and pulled him towards the baby changing room. Josh tried to pull away but found that he was still very weak. A mixture of being rendered unconscious and not using his muscles much recently had left him exceptionally weak. Josh didn’t even care that he was naked except for his diaper, he was just so scared of what was happening.

Josh was pulled through the door and Lifted on to the changing table where he was roughly pushed down.

“P-Please…” Josh mumbled, he found talking was also difficult still, “What’s happening?”

“You agreed to leave the holding nursery.” The woman said quite dispassionately as she started to remove the wet diaper, “So we are taking you to the next place. In fact, someone should be here for your cousin any minute.”

Josh’s legs were bent over his head as the woman made a quick job of cleaning him. His mind was still foggy but he tried to process everything that was happening. He struggled as much as he could but he was easily held in place, he received a quick smack on his bare bottom which quelled his resistance.

“Jordan?” Josh said as a new diaper was unfolded and placed beneath Josh’s splayed legs.

“Yes, he will be taken away.” The woman said, “Oh, I might as well let you in on what is happening… The place you came from, we call that the holding nursery. People are kept there and have their exploits broadcast online. Eventually there is an auction and then the highest bidder gets to buy the “babies.””

Josh was horrified. He had a hundred things he wanted to say or do but he still felt so weak that he couldn’t move.

“Are we… Stay together?” Josh was slurring his words and knew his sentence didn’t make sense. He felt a panic rising in him but he was unable to do anything. Slowly he felt feeling return to his limbs but he still felt far too weak.

“No.” The woman said as she taped the new diaper tightly around Josh’s waist, “Afraid not. Now, just need to get you dressed in this and then you are ready to go.”

The woman pulled an outfit out her bag. She slowly manipulated Josh’s body to put it on him. It was a sailor’s outfit, a stripy white and blue onesie that was clipped between Josh’s thighs. A pair of blue shorts was pulled up over Josh’s diaper as well.

As all this was happening, Josh had slowly started to feel his control returning. He laid still and waited for the perfect opportunity. He knew he would only get one and has he was dressed into this baby sailor outfit he remained as limp as possible to try and lure this horrible woman into a false sense of security. The news that he was to be “sold” horrified him and he knew he had to do all he could to avoid it. He had to get out of this and rescue Jordan too, he prayed Jordan had woken up properly, trying to carry him whilst escaping would be impossible.

When the woman had finished putting Josh’s shoes back on she lifted him down from the table. She quickly turned to pick up her bag and that was when Josh made his move.

Josh lunged forward towards the door. His heartfelt like it was beating out of his chest as he charged the door and shoved it open, he nearly broke the door off its hinges. He took a few steps when he suddenly felt a hand grab his wrist. Josh tried to pull free, he could see the car with Jordan in the back, they were only a few feet away.

Suddenly Josh felt a pinprick in the back of his arm. He pulled his wrist free of the hand holding it and found a syringe. He quickly pulled it out of his arm and threw it to the floor. He turned back towards the car but after just one step he felt himself stumble. His arms and legs became unsteady and then he collapsed to the floor. He was paralysed in all of his limbs. He was perfectly cognizant but he could not move.

“Don’t worry.” The woman who had changed him said as she walked over to him and began dragging him back to the car, “These drugs will wear off in ten to twelve hours.”

Josh was roughly shoved into the back of the car and strapped back into his booster seat. His vocal chords felt paralysed otherwise he would have been screaming. Instead he was stuck with silent crying.

“Josh…” Jordan was still in his seat, “I’m sorry…”

The door next to Jordan was wrenched open and now it was Jordan’s turn to be roughly pulled out of the car. The two women had made a critical mistake though. In all the extra time it had taken for them to sort Josh out, it had allowed Jordan’s body to recover and almost as soon as he was pulled out of the vehicle Jordan jumped to his feet and started sprinting down the road.

Taken completely by surprise the women were left in Jordan’s dust as he ran harder and faster than ever before in his life. It pained him to leave Josh but if he could get help then maybe he would be able to get help and rescue his cousin.

After a few minutes the truck stop he had left had become very small on the horizon and to make things even better Jordan could see headlights ahead.

Jordan flailed wildly in his infantile outfit. He knew he must look like a crazy person but he prayed to God that the truck driver would take pity and stop for him.

His prayers were answered as the truck slowed down and stopped about ten feet ahead of Jordan.

Jordan charged forwards and as he approached the passenger door was flung open. He quickly climbed in and closed the door.

“Please you’ve got to help me!” Jordan started yelling as he tried to catch his breath, “These people, they have my cousin, you have to help us they… Are…”

Jordan stuttered into silence as he looked around the truck. There was a small compartment behind the driver’s seat and Jordan saw a whole stack of diapers. He slowly turned to look at the driver and saw that he had a huge smile on his face.

“Oh no.” Was all Jordan could say.

Jordan quickly turned to the door to try and open it but before he could really move the driver had quickly raised a fist and punched Jordan in the face. Jordan was immediately knocked into a daze.

The truck driver chuckled, whilst Jordan was dazed he reached over and strapped Jordan to the seat securely. He put the truck in gear and drove forward to the truck stop.

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“Sir, we are so sorry that your purchase caused such trouble.” The women were standing next to the truck with the driver as they signed some forms.

“It’s no problem, I love when they have a bit of fight in them!” The driver let out a roar of a laugh as he put his signature down on one last form.

“We hope you enjoy your purchase.” The woman who had been driving the car said, “His name is Jordan but you are of course free to change that.”

In the truck Jordan had regained his senses but he was strapped so tightly and completely to his seat that he couldn’t move no matter how much he struggled. He looked out of the side window at the car and saw Josh looking back. Both of them had silent tears running down their eyes as they realised they would never see each other again.

When the driver’s side door opened and the trucker got back into the truck, Jordan swallowed with fear but didn’t take his eyes off of his younger cousin.

The truck driver turned on the engine and pulled out of the truck stop. Jordan looked at Josh until the last moment. He watched in the side mirror as the car disappeared behind them. He closed his eyes as he tried to accept that his old life was over. He was now property to this stranger. A tear fell down his cheek as he was driven away.