The pacifier bobbed in Sam’s mouth as she turned to the front and saw a couple of other children looking at their new playmate oddly. One of the girls enthusiastically waved, not quite knowing how to handle this strange interaction Sam slowly raised her hand and waved back. She was hoping to be left alone but the girl quickly stood up along with a little boy next to her. The two children, much to Sam’s annoyance, appeared to be slightly taller than her and without diapers. They walked over to Sam until they were stood in front of her.

“My name’s Charlotte.” The girl said in her high-pitched voice, “This is my brother, Ben. Do you want to play?”

Sam hesitated. She had been told not to talk to others and when she turned Karen’s way she could see the woman watching her intently. She was blushing quite hard as she turned to face the children again. Swallowing what little remained of her shame she slowly and shyly nodded her head.

“Come on then!” Ben said as he ran back to the sand castle he had been building with his sister.

Sam slowly and clumsily climbed to her feet and wiped the sand off her shorts. She felt the diaper underneath the thin material and couldn’t believe her life had come to this. She could hear herself crinkling as she waddled across to the two children.

“What’s your name?” Charlotte asked when Sam sat down next to her.

Sam didn’t know what to do. She wasn’t supposed to talk to people but the smiling child wanted an answer, she was smiling innocently at Sam as the latter chewed on the latex bulb in her mouth.

“She can’t talk.” Ben confidently said as he started filling a small plastic bucket with sand.

“How do you know?” Charlotte asked.

“She’s too little.” Ben shrugged, “And she’s wearing diapers. Can you talk?”

Sam looked from one child to the other and still didn’t know what to say or do. She panicked and kept her mouth shut, it was silly but she was already feeling a little intimidated by Ben’s cocky self-assurance. She tried to vocalise something around the dummy but the only thing that came out was a garbled mess, her numb tongue didn’t allow anything else.

“See. I told you.” Ben looked smugly superior. It was almost enough to make Sam spit her soother out and start talking.

“That’s OK.” Charlotte said as she smiled and lightly touched Sam’s arm, “I’ll show you how to play.”

Sam watched in embarrassed silence as the little girl mimed how to make a sand castle. When she had finished she looked at Sam expectantly and held out a bucket and spade. Sam was too ashamed to show she easily knew how to build the simple sand building and she had to continue her act. With her cheeks as red they had ever been she realised she was now having to play the role of infant girl that her body had seemingly been made for.

Sam took the bucket and half-filled it with sand before turning upside down in a very loose approximation of what Charlotte had shown her. She looked over at Karen on the bench who seemed to be watching with a lot of interest. Ben started laughing heartily as he looked at the failure of a castle.

“It’s OK.” Charlotte said as she rubbed Sam’s back with an encouraging smile, “Keep trying.”

Sam had to sit in the sand and act like this young child was teaching her how to make the simple structures whilst Ben laughed at her failures. It was humiliating but Sam couldn’t reveal the truth, she would be taken home very swiftly and she was sure she’d never see the outside world ever again. Not to mention her numb tongue, she wasn’t sure she could speak even if she wanted to.

Sam spent much of the next fifteen minutes playing around as best she could whilst the two siblings did all the talking. At one point they started building a tunnel between their respective castles whilst Sam was still pretending to have not mastered the building part. She eventually ended up with a basic pile of sand that seemed to satisfy Charlotte’s criteria for a castle.

“Very good!” Charlotte used a tone a voice that Sam was sure she was copying from when her mother spoke to her. It was full of praise to the point of condescension, “Do you want to build a tunnel too?”

Sam tilted her head as if failing to understand and Charlotte proceeded to mime making a tunnel. Sam started digging a hole and allowing the two siblings to do most of the actual work, it was worrying Sam how well she was getting into her role but after being treated like a baby for so long it was easy to turn off the adult part of her brain.

As Sam climbed on to her knees and leant forwards to reach the bottom of the hole her eyes suddenly bulged wide and she froze in place. A consequence of her mostly liquid and mushy food diet recently had been much less solid bowel movements, which combined with her freely using her diaper meant she had lost a little control in that area. As she leaned forwards she felt a sudden pushing feeling in her intestines.

“Are you OK?” Charlotte asked when Sam suddenly stopped moving.

Sam was most definitely not OK and as she kneeled over with her face close to the sand. It was like an explosion in the rear of her diaper as she felt a sudden spreading of poop all over her rear. The mess had a consistency of mud and Sam could do nothing to stop it from oozing out of her body. Just to complete the humiliation she felt a hot liquid leak out and into the front of the diaper. With her diaper thoroughly filled she slowly moved backwards until she was back on all fours.

Sam stared straight ahead in shock. The sun was beating down on her as she opened her mouth and let the pacifier fall out. Her face was deep red and she didn’t know what to do, she wanted to run away but she had been told not to leave the sandy area. She couldn’t believe she had just pooped herself out in the open like this, her eyes teared up as the smell started to hit her.

“Uh oh…” Charlotte was sitting close to Sam and it seemed like she also realised what was happening.

“Oh God, that’s so gross!” Ben held his nose like a character in a cartoon and turned away from Sam.

Sam wanted a diaper change more than anything in the world. She needed Karen right away, she needed to get out of this horrible situation. She had never felt as small as she did at this moment, it was like a confirmation of everything Mark and Karen had been driving into her head. She really was like a little baby, she messed her diaper without even knowing she really had to go.

Sam felt a lump in her throat and two sudden sobs seemed to escape her tiny frame before she could stop them. The tears that had been shimmering in her eyes came next, they cascaded down her cheeks where Sam rubbed them with the back of her hand. She felt so utterly pathetic and helpless.

“Where’s your mommy?” Charlotte asked as she leaned forwards so that Sam looked at her.

Sam raised a shaking hand and pointed at Karen who was already looking over and frowning. Charlotte quickly climbed to her feet and ran out of the sandbox to Karen. Sam couldn’t hear what the little girl was saying but she saw Karen soon stand up, Sam rubbed her eyes and held her arms out for Karen. She didn’t care if she looked immature, she just wanted to get out of this situation.

“Sam, is everything, OK?” Karen said when she got close.

Sam shook her head and Karen leaned down to pick her up. When Karen placed an arm underneath Sam’s diaper she could feel the mushy mess within, it pressed up against Sam’s body as Karen started carrying her away.

“It’s alright.” Karen whispered into Sam’s ear, “Don’t worry. Mommy’s got you.”

Sam tearfully clutched to Karen as she was carried back over to the bench. She was being held against Karen’s chest and therefore could only see the sandpit she had left, she saw Charlotte waving at her a little sadly from their sand castles and tunnels. Sam buried her head in Karen’s shoulder.

“Everything’s ready.” Said Martha from behind Sam’s back.

Sam wondered what she meant and didn’t have to wait long to find out. She felt Karen gently lower her backwards and Martha came into her field of vision. Sam finally felt the wooden picnic bench below her, she was lying on towel and saw a new diaper as well as some wipes sitting next to her. Her eyes started bulging as she realised what this meant.

Sam was about to open her mouth and say something. She didn’t care that Martha was right there and she didn’t care that there were dozens more around her. She knew her tongue was still numb but she had to at least try, she opened her mouth but before she could do anything a pacifier was hastily shoved in. Sam looked up at Karen only to her warning glare, the pacifier was pressed against Sam’s lips for a couple of seconds. Sam wondered how many pacifiers Karen had, Sam had left the last one in the sandy area.

“It’s a good job you brought spares.” Martha said as she sat back down at the picnic bench. She seemed completely oblivious to Sam and her desire to communicate.

Sam had two things running through her mind. Firstly, she wanted to spit the pacifier out but the look she was getting from Karen was enough to keep it in. This was a woman who had kidnapped her, despite being nice to her for a lot of the time Sam had no idea what Karen might be capable of. Secondly, Sam wondered if she really was passing for a baby so easily, she knew she was small but it didn’t seem like anyone was questioning her role. It was humiliating.

Sam’s shorts came down whilst she was still contemplating things and after having to carefully shimmy the shorts over the diaper they were pulled down her legs until they were gone.

It was an extremely strange feeling for Sam to be naked from the waist down except for the diaper. She raised her head a little to see her bare legs and the plastic of the diaper shimmering in the sun, it was embarrassing but as Sam looked around she saw no other parents or anyone paying any attention. It was getting annoying for Sam now, she wanted to jump up and yell at everyone that this wasn’t normal!

Despite her inner turmoil Sam didn’t move. She was too embarrassed by having her diaper exposed, the last thing she wanted was for everyone to see her as a baby but it might be even worse if people knew her real age. As soon as her diaper was revealed to the world she felt herself shrivel up, she wanted to disappear and sink into the Earth.

The tapes were pulled away from the front of the diaper and the front lowered leaving Sam exposed to the world. She was very red in the cheeks as the state of her padding became obvious, this would be enough to break anyone’s will but everyone seemed to be acting completely normally.

Martha and Karen started talking as if this were the most normal thing in the world and Sam laid completely still in the hope of not being seen by anyone and also letting the diaper change get finished quicker.

It took several humiliating minutes for Karen to clean Sam up and she was turned this way and that until Karen declared herself satisfied with the cleaning job. The old diaper was balled up and placed into a plastic bag, Karen asked Martha to take it to the trash which she agreed to do.

“You’re doing great, baby.” Karen said as Martha walked away, “Watching you playing with the other kids was the most adorable thing.”

Sam pouted up at her “mommy” and wanted to respond but her numb mouth would never allow her to say anything intelligible. She folded her arms across her chest in a small show of defiance, it was something a baby would never do.

Karen reached forwards and moved Sam’s hands back to her sides. She shot a look of warning at Sam as she unfolded the new diaper and slipped it under Sam’s rear end.

“We’ll be going in a minute.” Karen muttered, “Just keep the game up and you’ll get a nice reward.”

Sam took a deep breath. Just the knowledge that they were going to leave soon was enough to keep her from acting out and she was curious what a reward from Karen might be, maybe she would even be allowed to use the toilet. That was something that seemed very attractive to Sam.

Taping a new diaper on to Sam was much easier than the cleaning involved in taking the previous one off. The open Pampers was pulled up between Sam’s legs and flattened out on her tummy. Despite it being a diaper meant for babies it seemed almost too large on Sam, it wasn’t something the small girl was happy about. The tapes were pulled tight and closed leaving Sam securely diapered again. Sam’s sweaty hands inside her mittens relaxed a little as she was finally covered up again. The shorts that barely fit over her padded waist were pulled up and covered her padded shame as best they could.

“I think we should go.” Karen said as Martha walked back from the trash can, “I’ve got things that need doing at home.”

“Not a problem.” Martha said with a smile, “It’s just wonderful to see you and your little girl. I’ll walk with you back to your house, it’s on my way home anyway.”

“Sure.” Karen said with a smile.

Sam was lifted from the table with ease as Martha helped Karen to put the changing supplies away. Sam’s legs hung uselessly until Karen set her down in the stroller, she plucked out the pacifier and handed the diapered girl a bottle of juice. Sam fumbled with hit for a few seconds thanks to her lack of grip but eventually was able to hold it.

As Sam started drinking from the infantile vessel she realised she had actually been very thirsty. Thanks to her numb tongue she couldn’t really taste the juice as it went down but the cool drink was certainly appreciated as they left the playground.

The relief Sam felt at leaving the playing area overwhelmed any sense of embarrassment she now felt. She drank from the bottle with gusto as she was pushed towards home, she idly listened to the two adults talking as they made their slow progress but their reminiscing about past events did little to interest her. When she finished her bottle she placed it on the seat between her legs and closed her eyes to rest, before she knew what was happening she had fallen asleep.