**Daddy’s Cabin 3**

**By Elfy**

“Quiet down. Let the drugs work, fighting it will only make it worse…” Connor sighed as he sped along the dark highway towards the cabin.

The sounds of struggling from the backseat only intensified as the college age woman frantically pulled against the ropes restraining her without much success. Connor was sure she would be screaming if it wasn’t for the gag in her mouth.

Connor yawned as he looked out of the window. He hated this job, it had caused him to become cold and detached from people and even his friends had asked him what was wrong. Connor could never tell the truth though, how could he, he had to play the grieving friend who had lost Tyler and could never admit his own role in that disappearance.

Turning off of the main road, Connor started navigating between the trees towards the accursed house of Daddy. He had the route memorised at this point.

When Connor started working for Daddy it had been suggested that he wouldn’t be called very often, that Connor would only be needed every few months to bring a new hapless victim to Daddy but it quickly turned into an event he was having to take part in a couple of times a month. He had no idea how Daddy was conditioning and moving these people on so quickly. In the last three months, since Connor had left Tyler at the cabin, Connor had brought ten different people to Daddy.

By the time Connor pulled up in front of the old shack the woman in the backseat of his car was out cold. Connor stepped out of his driver’s seat and knocked on the cabin door, it swung open after a few seconds and the huge, hulking figure of Daddy appeared in the doorway.

Without a word, Daddy and Connor walked back to the car and manhandled the woman out of the backseat. She wasn’t too heavy but an unconscious body was never easy to carry.

As Connor carried the body into the house his mind went back to the situation that led him here. He remembered Tyler, his best friend, making a mistake. Connor remembered tricking Tyler into coming to this discreet cabin and then what happened next. Tyler would have been sold into babyhood slavery by now. It had been a few months since Connor had last seen Tyler but he found that his old best friend was increasingly on his mind.

“I’ve got another target for you.” Daddy grunted as they dropped the unconscious woman’s body into the crib.

“Already!?” Connor exclaimed, “What about her?”

“I’ll have a couple of weeks with her and then move her on.” Daddy replied with a shrug, “Business isn’t going well. Prices are through the floor and demand is dwindling. The people I work for need more and more bodies just to keep even.”

“But surely you need longer than a couple of weeks to… Do your stuff…” Connor was very careful about how he referred to Daddy’s role of regressing the captives.

“I do what I can.” Daddy grunted simply.

For the first time, Connor looked up into Daddy’s face and saw an old man. Daddy looked tired, he looked like the passion he once had for his work had ebbed away.

“Who’s the target?” Connor sighed. He had been told he would be used sparingly and yet seemed to be called upon very often. This isn’t what he had agreed to, not that he had much in terms of negotiating power.

Daddy handed a slip of paper to Connor and started restraining the woman in the crib. He had already stripped her down and had a diaper ready for her.

“Trevor Smith!?” Connor exclaimed as he looked at the details of his target.

“You know him?” Daddy asked haphazardly.

“Sure…” Connor replied as he continued reading, “He was the high school quarterback. He was destined for huge things, had all the top colleges scouting him. Hell, he had NFL teams following him closely already.”

“They did say they wanted more high profile targets.” Daddy said, “What happened to him if he was so promising? Looks like he’s homeless in that photo.”

“Double leg fracture.” Connor said with a hint of sadness, “A nothing play at the end of a blow out game. He’d just broken the record for most yards thrown in a single game at the high school when he got sacked and fell awkwardly. Snapped his leg in two places…”

“Ouch.” Daddy grunted.

“He could still have come back and had a career.” Connor continued, “But he became addicted to the painkillers he was given. He stopped rehabbing his leg, stopped showing up at school… Last I heard he was basically drifting through houses he could squat in. He used to be a friend but we lost contact.”

“Well evidently someone still sees value in that quarterback.” Daddy replied, “They are offering a decent amount for him. I need him by the end of the week.”

Connor sighed deeply but nodded. He knew this was an order and not a request so he didn’t argue, he simply took the paper with the details and walked back out to his car.

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“Aren’t you… Trevor Smith?” Connor was walking down the street when he saw his target. It had taken Connor a week just to find the former quarterback, he knew that he was cutting it very fine in regards to time.

Trevor looked in a rough state. His muscled physique had wasted away and now he was stood hunched over in an alleyway. He looked a little lost and his wildly unkempt hair looked like it hadn’t been washed in a while.

“Who the fuck are you?” Grunted the homeless man.

“Connor… Remember from high school? We used to hang out sometimes.” Connor replied as he took a step into the alley.

“Connor? Right, how are you doing? You got any spare change?” Trevor’s eyes squinted as he looked at Connor.

Connor wasn’t sure whether the former star football player remembered who he was at all. It made no difference to Connor, his job remained the same either way.

“I haven’t got any change…” Connor started.

“Then what use are you!?” Trevor stumbled backwards slightly. He seemed more angry than happy to see Connor. He clearly saw anyone who didn’t have something for him as a nuisance.

“I do have some stuff in the car though…” Connor continued, “Some drink and stuff, was thinking we could go on a drive and catch up.”

“You have booze?” Trevor repeated as his anger melted almost immediately.

“Sure, got some other stuff too if you are interested.” Connor replied with a small smirk.

“Then what are we waiting for!” Trevor flashed a wide smile. His yellowing teeth contrasted with his former million dollar smile, “Connor, right? You were always my favourite friend.”

Connor knew that was a lie. They only tangentially knew each other, only at social events did their two circles of friends interact. But he smiled and indicated for Trevor to follow him, his car was parked very nearby and they were soon piling in. Trevor took the backseat as the front passenger seat was covered in various items.

“Where’s the stuff?” Trevor asked immediately as soon as the door closed.

“Hold on.” Connor said as he reached over to his glovebox.

Connor pulled out a non-descript prescription bottle filled with little white pills. He placed them on the passenger seat and then pulled out a second bottle of very similar pills.

“Good shit.” Trevor smiled as he watched Connor, “This is all temporary though, you know?”

“Is it?” Connor asked distractedly. He wasn’t really listening all that much, he was busy trying to find the cheap plastic cups he had brought with him.

“Yeah man…” Trevor said wistfully, “I’m going to clean up and go finish college.”

“Sure.” Connor was sceptical. It sounded like a typical thing for a drug addict to say, they rarely followed through though.

When Connor had found the cups, he put them on the seat and turned the engine of the car on. He quickly pulled out and started driving towards the edge of the city.

“Aren’t we going to take the pills?” Trevor asked as they pulled away.

“Sure we are.” Connor replied, “I know a good quiet spot where we can go though. No chance of cops.”

“Sweet.” Trevor replied as he relaxed and sat back in his seat.

For five minutes they drove in relative silence. The city gradually thinned out as they were heading towards the city limits.

“You were best friends with Tyler, weren’t you?” Trevor eventually said to break the silence.

Connor felt a feeling like an icy dagger stab his heart. He hadn’t expected this to be brought up and he wasn’t sure he wanted to talk about it.

“I… Yes, we were best friends.” Connor replied shortly.

“Did they ever find out what happened to him?” Trevor asked, “I remember there were news articles and stuff.”

“He just disappeared.” Connor replied, “Vanished off the map.”

Connor’s hands were gripping the steering wheel so hard that his knuckles were turning white. The guilt and regret of handing Tyler to Daddy burned inside him, he wished more than anything he could take it back.

“Shame.” Trevor replied, “He was a good kid.”

“How about we sort this stuff out.” Connor said to change the subject. He pointed down at the pills as he continued driving down the quiet country back road that headed towards the cabin.

As Connor continued to drive he set the two plastic cups in the two cup holders and roughly filled them with water. The road was practically deserted so he didn’t have to worry too much about doing this on the move.

Connor opened the bottle of powerful sedatives. He dropped a couple of the pills into one of the drinking vessels. Trevor made a noise of approval from behind Connor.

Connor then opened the second vial and poured a couple of the pills into the other cup. These were harmless sugar pills, a pill that wouldn’t impair Connor at all.

“Yeah!” Trevor called out excitedly. He reached forward and picked up the two cups.

“Woah man. What are you doing!?” Connor asked suddenly. The plan was for Trevor to drink the spiked cup, now Connor had no idea which one that was.

“Getting ready for a party!” Trevor laughed.

“Which one of those cups was the one nearest me?” Connor asked urgently as he tried to split his attention between his companion and the road in front of him.

“Erm…” Trevor looked down at the two identical cups. His short-term memory was rather hazy and he couldn’t honestly say for sure which drink was which.

“Jesus, Trevor!” Connor yelled.

“Relax, dude.” Trevor replied, “It was this one… I think.”

“You think!?” Connor continued. They were getting near to the edge of the forest now, he needed Trevor drugged and sedate as soon as possible.

“It doesn’t matter, man.” Trevor said, “A pill’s a pill!”

Connor couldn’t waste any more time or give Trevor any idea that something was going on. He reached back and took the cup that Trevor was handing him and he looked into it. There was no way to tell whether these were the sedatives or not, the pills looked the same.

“Bottom’s up.” Trevor said. He threw his head back and swallowed the pills and the water in one go.

Connor murmured something in return, he put the cup to his lips and swallowed the drink. There were no immediate effects and Connor breathed a sigh of relief, it seemed like he had got lucky.

It was almost as soon as Connor hit the treeline that he suddenly felt a sinking feeling in his stomach. His eyes were growing heavy and his limbs seemed to be responding slower.

“I’m not feeling a thing…” Trevor said with disappointment, “How about you?”

“Ugh…” Connor tried to respond but he was having trouble getting his brain and body to co-operate.

“Are you feeling OK?” Trevor asked.

Connor was swaying slightly in his seat. The world around him seemed to be spinning around him, his clouded mind knew just one thing, he had to get to the cabin.

“Shit man, you don’t look so good.” Trevor said as he leaned around the seat, “Where are we?”

“C… Cabin…” Connor mumbled. The car came to a rolling stop and with difficulty, Connor pointed out of the side window. The cabin was just visible.

“You need some help, bro.” Trevor said as he stepped out of the car, “I think you are having a bad reaction.”

Trevor opened the driver’s door and lifted Connor out, he was limp and his eyes looked permanently out of focus. Trevor lifted Connor up and started struggling towards the cabin. When they got to the front door, Trevor found it unlocked and he walked right in. He found the living room and laid Connor down on the couch with a look of concern.

“Shit, man… I think we need an ambu-” Trevor suddenly stopped mid-sentence and fell forward.

Connor’s vision was fading badly but he could just make out the hulking frame of Daddy with a small club in his hand.

Connor finally gave in to the drugs coursing through his system and he blacked out.

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Connor felt groggy but he woke up as Daddy carried him into the nursery and sat him in the rocking chair. He felt utterly powerless as his muscles were paralysed by the drugs in his system. He was just dead weight that an angry looking Daddy propped up in the seat. Connor wanted to say something to Daddy but was utterly unable to speak.

Daddy was muttering darkly as he walked out of the nursery and then came back a few minutes later with the semi-conscious body of Trevor.

“You really messed this one up…” Daddy muttered as he laid Trevor down on the changing table.

Daddy rapidly stripped Trevor down leaving him naked on the table. Trevor’s head rolled from side to side as he slowly woke up from the hit he had received a little earlier.

Without wasting any time, Daddy got a cloth diaper from the shelf above the table and unfolded it. He easily lifted Trevor’s legs and slid the cloth diaper underneath him, Daddy pinned the diaper closed quickly and easily.

Connor watched through eyes that struggled to stay focused as a slightly more conscious Trevor was then carried over to the crib and some plastic pants were slipped over the padding.

As Trevor started moving a little more, Daddy began to restrain him. Trevor’s wrists and ankles were tied to bars and a couple of straps across the chest rendered Trevor almost completely immobile.

“What… What’s going on?” Trevor pulled against his bonds, “What the hell!? Help!”

Daddy quickly retrieved the pacifier gag from the shelf and shoved it into Trevor’s mouth. He fastened it tightly closed to muffle the screams of the new captive. When Daddy was certain that Trevor was safely tied down he turned towards Connor. Daddy was furious.

“How the hell did this happen?” Daddy asked Connor who was starting to regain some of his senses.

“I drank… Spiked drink…” Connor managed to say as he tried to keep his eyes open.

“God damn it.” Daddy hissed as he shook his head, “Does anyone know what happened? Are we in danger?”

Connor loosely shook his head as he felt the tiredness threatening to overtake him again. He tried to shake some life back into himself but the drugs were just too powerful, he had used an extra strong dose because he assumed Trevor would have a tolerance built up to them.

Daddy looked around for a second as if deciding what to do. He seemed to suddenly come to a decision as Connor watched him leave the room. He returned a minute later with the baby swing that he attached to a hook on the ceiling of the nursery. Connor could only watch all of this with confusion as his drugged state wouldn’t let him ask what was going on or try to stop what seemed like a bad situation.

“Do you have any idea what might have happened?” Daddy asked hypothetically as he rounded on Connor. His eyes were wide and shining, he reminded Connor of a wolf.

“Relax…” Connor slurred. It was all he could manage but he could instantly see that his words were not having their intended effect.

Daddy advanced on Connor and lifted the young man up with ease. He carried him over to the changing table and laid him down, his strong arms held Connor’s weak body in place and began removing his clothes.

“What… What…” Connor was having trouble processing what was happening. He tried to pull his limbs away from the table but he was still too weak.

“This was too close.” Daddy stated angrily, “You could have blown the entire operation. We are already struggling, the last thing we need is you causing us even more problems.”

“Stop!” Connor’s voice was weak and it was about all the resistance he could put up.

Daddy took another cloth diaper from the shelf above the changing table and unfolded it. He slipped it underneath Connor who could do little to resist.

Connor knew he had made a mistake and now he was wondering how much it was going to cost him. He fearfully thought back to when Tyler would’ve been in this same position and wondered if he had been as scared as Connor was right now. He suddenly felt a huge amount of empathy for his missing friend.

The diaper was pulled up and pinned closed, a pair of plastic pants followed before Connor was put into the baby bouncer in the middle of the room. Daddy adjusted the height so that Connor could just touch the ground with the soles of his feet.

“Time to learn a lesson.” Daddy growled.

Connor turned in his swing to see Daddy closing the bedroom door and leaving him in the nursery with Trevor who had spent this whole time trying to scream through the pacifier gag. Connor felt the drugs overpowering him again and he slumped forwards in the swing, the room went black again as the sounds of Trevor’s struggling filled the otherwise silent room.

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Connor felt his head pounding as he eventually came back around. He put a heavy hand to his head and tried to open his eyes. The light streaming in through the windows forced him to clamp his eyes closed again.

The first thing that Connor sensed was the sound of struggling. It didn’t take a genius to work out what that was. As the fog in Connor’s brain lifted he remembered Trevor and assumed he must have still been tied down in the crib.

The second thing that Connor noticed was the smell. The room was filled with the smell of stale excrement, Trevor must have pooped in his diaper whilst asleep. Not a surprise, Connor concluded as he winced, but it was most unwelcome.

It was only as Connor’s feeling returned in the rest of his body that he belatedly realised that he could feel a mushy sensation within the padding he had been forced into. Connor shifted a little in the swing, about as much as his limited movement would allow, and felt a still semi-warm mush get pressed between himself and his baby pants.

“Ugh…” Connor was drowsy still but he finally forced his eyes open. The pounding in his head got momentarily worse until his vision adjusted to the light levels.

The baby swing might as well have been a prison cell at this moment. He couldn’t walk anywhere without the swing forcing him back to his starting point, he swung uselessly in the air like a playground swing in a heavy breeze. His mind flashed to Tyler who was enduring this everyday somewhere out there. A pang of regret and shame stabbed at Connor’s heart.

A rustling of paper made Connor slowly rotate in his swing, his tip-toes the only purchase he could get to give himself momentum. Connor narrowed his eyes to focus them and saw Daddy sitting in the rocking chair and reading the newspaper.

“You can’t mess things up like yesterday.” Daddy growled from behind the newspaper. He didn’t stop reading or even move the paper to look at Connor.

“Yesterday?” Connor whispered. Had he been out of it for a whole day?

“This business is on the rocks.” Daddy continued, “The men in suits are struggling to keep things going, pressure from outside is increasing, customers are disappearing… The last thing we need is for you to fuck up and expose things.”

“You couldn’t have just said this to me?” Connor asked with a sneer as his faculties started to return. Daddy had done this to him once before, Connor felt it was unnecessary to do it again.

“You needed to learn a lesson.” Daddy replied as he finally lowered his newspaper, “If this all goes bad, don’t think you can just walk back to a normal life. The higher ups will do whatever it takes to cover this whole operation up. They will make sure you don’t talk.”

Connor shuddered slightly, he felt the lumpy mess pressed against his backside and considered how horrible it would feel if this were happening to him all the time. Connor knew that at best the men in suits would kill him if the business failed, he thought that was a best case scenario because the alternative would be to be forcibly regressed like he had seen with Daddy’s victims. A fate worse than death in Connor’s opinion. Yet again, his brain remembered his ex-best friend, Tyler, the man Connor had sold out and now regretted considerably.

Daddy looked at Connor curiously. There seemed to be something going on in the young man’s head. There was something Connor wasn’t telling him.

“Is there anything you want to tell me?” Daddy asked as he placed the newspaper on the ground.

“No…” Connor lied. In truth there was something that Connor wanted to talk to Daddy about but he felt like there was no chance of getting what he wanted.

“I don’t believe you.” Daddy replied shortly.

Daddy stood up and picked up the confused Connor. Connor felt the messy diaper between his legs stick to him as he was lifted high into the air. He was always surprised by how strong Daddy was, it seemed that it took only minimal effort for Connor to be picked up and placed on the changing table.

“Don’t struggle.” Daddy said gruffly.

Connor didn’t dare resist the man. If nothing else, Daddy was promising to remove this messy diaper and that was worth complying for. Trevor was still strapped down in the crib and Connor could see that he had a tube from a machine above the bed going into his mouth. Connor knew that Trevor was being fed.

Daddy unpinned the front of the diaper and began to wipe down Connor’s dirty crotch and rear end. Connor watched the machine feeding Trevor and thought back to his friend again. Wherever Tyler was, was he being treated like this? Was he trapped in a crib for days on end?

“Tell me.” Daddy growled as he dropped the used diaper in a pail next to the table, “What is wrong with you? It’s affecting your work and I can’t have you getting us caught.”

Not for the first time Connor wondered if the older man could somehow read his mind. It seemed like Daddy could look into your eyes and see exactly what you were thinking.

“Tyler.” Connor said simply, “I can’t get him off my mind. I need to know where he is.”

“Why?” Daddy asked. He leaned over Connor and stared at him with a very serious face.

“I… I want to get him back.” Connor admitted. He couldn’t hold Daddy’s gaze, “I can’t go on without knowing what happened to him.”

Daddy stroked his large grey beard as he watched his employee squirm underneath him. Normally this wouldn’t be a problem, he would refuse the request and either keep Connor working for him or would just regress him. With the company Daddy worked for in financial peril things were a little different. The world was a very different place and keeping this whole thing a secret was becoming increasingly hard, maybe this was a sign to get out of the business.

“You realise what you are asking?” Daddy muttered, “You know what would happen if you were caught. You will end up in the same place as Tyler… If you’re lucky. Not to mention the risk to me.”

“I know.” Connor replied as he looked at Daddy in the eyes, “You don’t need to worry. I’m not going to get caught.”

Daddy sighed and pulled a new cloth diaper off the shelf. He slipped the back underneath Connor and quickly had him pinned into the padding again. He noted Connor didn’t resist, there was almost an innate trust that Connor was putting into Daddy right now.

Daddy took the leather restraints that draped down the sides of the table and pulled them tightly over Connor. Still Connor didn’t try to fight it off, the young man just kept looking at Daddy. Walking over to the crib, Daddy unhooked the feeding machine and rolled it, and the stand it was placed on, over to the changing table.

“I’ll think about it.” Daddy said shortly.

Connor winced as Daddy forced the feeding tube into his mouth. He heard the machine start up and it wasn’t long until he started to taste the bland baby food he remembered with such disgust. As Connor began to swallow the mush he realised the situation he had put himself in was incredibly dangerous.

As he heard the bedroom door close he felt incredibly alone and vulnerable. Even with Trevor whimpering in the crib, Connor felt alone and helpless. His stomach slowly expanding with the constant food intake, Connor knew there was a chance that Daddy wouldn’t release him. He had just told his boss he wanted to go against the company, he was a threat and if Daddy decided to be safe then Connor would be no better off than Tyler.

By the time the feeding ended, Connor’s tummy was bulging in a very noticeable away. He felt bloated and horrible as the food slowly digested.

The hours passed by slowly. Connor couldn’t move and the only sign of the passage of time was the sun moving across the sky in the window. Trevor didn’t make much noise so Connor suspected he had a pacifier gag on but from his angle he couldn’t see for sure.

When Connor heard the door to the nursery open again he was roused from his sleepy state. The massive amount of food had made Connor tired but he perked straight up when he heard Daddy coming back. The diaper between his legs was wet and he was about to learn if this was a feeling he would have to get used to.

“I’ve had a long think about what you said.” Daddy stated as he slowly walked over to the changing table and pulled away the feeding machine.

“And?” Connor gasped for air as the tube left his mouth.

“I never got full payment for Tyler.” Daddy said as he began unbuckling Connor, “I can tell you the town he is in but no more than that, I don’t know the precise location.”

“That’s all I need.” Connor replied.

“You have to understand that you can’t mess this up.” Daddy growled, “I’m getting out of this business but if they know what you are doing they will come after me.”

“I promise.” Connor assured the older man, “I will be in and out. No one will ever know I was there.”

“Get yourself cleaned up and changed.” Daddy said as he untied the last restraint.

Connor didn’t need to be told twice and he hurried out of the nursery and into the bathroom for a shower. He let the water run down his body as he questioned if he was really going to do such a dangerous thing. He would love to have forgotten the whole thing but his conscience just wouldn’t let him. He couldn’t live with himself knowing that he got Tyler into this mess without trying to get himself out again.

When he got dressed and walked back out into the living room, Connor saw Daddy sitting on the couch with a map open in front of him. Connor quickly walked over and sat down next to Daddy as he looked at the map.

“Tyler is in this town here.” Daddy said as he pointed at the map, “You’re lucky he is close by. The town is just fifty miles from here.”

“Right…” Connor said as he looked over the small settlement.

“I can’t tell you the exact location but from what I was told, Tyler is often outside during the day.” Daddy continued, “In a back yard.”

“How do you know?” Connor asked.

“Not everyone in this organisation maintains the super secrecy that they should.” Daddy replied, “Some of the guards let things slip occasionally.”

“Right, I’m ready.” Connor said. His voice lacked conviction, “I’m going to do this.”

“Good luck.” Daddy replied with no hint of a smile, “When you have got him, don’t come back here. Never come back here.”

“What are you going to do?” Connor asked as he put his shoes on.

“I’m going to do what you and Tyler will have to do.” Daddy replied, “I’m going to disappear. You cannot go back to your old lives, you have to cut contact with anyone who knows you.”

“But… My family…” Connor replied in shock.

“They will come after you.” Daddy said sternly, “If you don’t disappear they will make you disappear.”

Connor nodded slowly and looked at the floor. He went back to when he had first looked up revenge online and wished he had never done it. His whole life was going to be ruined, Tyler’s life already was and even Daddy was going to be going into hiding.

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Connor parked his car up down a side street and stepped out. The town he was in was small and looked very typical of the state that he lived in. Hedgerows and picket fences surrounded semi-detached houses. It was quiet and seemed almost like a retirement town, the only people that were outside in this area were retired and out walking small dogs. Connor felt like the youngest person within miles.

Connor had been looking around the town for a few hours without much success. He had tried looking over hedges and through windows and hadn’t seen even the slightest sign of Tyler. He was growing desperate since his unusually youthful appearance in this retirement town seemed to be attracting interest from the locals.

As he looked around the quiet street he found it difficult to separate this road from any of the others. It was as if every single road was just copy and pasted from the last one.

Connor walked down the cul-de-sac and looked around hoping for any sign of something even slightly out of the ordinary. It seemed like a forlorn search and Connor found himself getting more and more frustrated.

It was just as Connor was going to give up the search and walk back to his car to look for a hotel that something caught his ear. The very soft tinkling of a children’s music box that was softly playing from the backyard of the house he was in front of.

Connor looked around and saw that he was alone on the street. He dipped into the garden and quietly let himself through the gate at the side of the housed that led to the backyard. Connor pressed himself against the wall and looked around the corner. His heart jumped when he saw a figure hunched over in a sandpit. The person had his back to Connor but was clearly wearing a diaper and was an adult.

Connor had to suppress the urge to just run out to the person he assumed was Tyler. There was a thick hedgerow between the yard and the tall fence behind it, Connor darted behind the hedges and crept around the fringe until he could see that the person definitely was Tyler. Sat in the sandbox, Tyler seemed to be absent-mindedly playing with the sand and building castles.

Just as Connor was going to step out of the hedge and go to Tyler he heard a noise and sunk back into the shadows.

“Tyler!” A deep and booming voice came from inside the house. Connor saw Tyler wince and he quickly spun around to face the house.

“Yes, Papa?” Tyler’s frightened voice replied.

“I’m going out. I’ll be back soon.” The deeper voice stated.

Connor, from his bushy hiding place, watched Tyler turn back to the sand and start digging again. From this angle he could see that Tyler was wearing a harness on his body like a toddler with the other end of the leash tied to a stick in the grass. Clearly it was designed to keep Tyler from wandering off.

Connor waited for a minute or so until he thought that whoever “Papa” was had left the house. Then he took a deep breath and stepped out of the hedge and walked quickly towards his old best friend. He was constantly worried of being caught but it seemed like the man had left and Tyler was alone on the property.

“Connor!” Tyler’s eyes flew wide open as he looked up from the sand and saw his old friend hurrying across the yard.

Tyler was a mixture of ecstatic, fearful and embarrassed. He had no idea how Connor had found him after all this time and he didn’t know what Connor wanted. His diaper was wet and warm underneath him and he wished that he had been given some pants to wear.

“Shh.” Connor stopped at the edge of the sandpit with his finger in front of his lips.

Connor looked down at his friend and the pitiful state that he was in. His friend had lost weight and had his hair cut short. He had no hair on his arms or legs and was hunched over in the sand like he expected Connor to suddenly lash out at him. Connor could hardly blame Tyler for that since it was his fault that Tyler was here in the first place.

“I’m going to get you out.” Connor whispered as he hurried around the sand pit to where the chain was attached.

“Are you crazy!?” Tyler hissed as he turned to follow Connor, “Get out of here! Quickly, before Papa comes back.”

Connor couldn’t help but notice that his friend was lisping slightly and the response to this stressful situation was to stick his thumb in his mouth, no doubt a result of the conditioning that he had undergone recently. The diaper crinkled as Tyler dropped on to his hands and knees and scooted forward.

“Do you want to stay here?” Connor asked with a grunt of effort as he pulled at the chain. It didn’t budge.

“No… But it’s too dangerous.” Tyler said miserably, “Just get out before… Before…”

“Before what?” Connor asked impatiently, “I got you into this and I have to get you out.”

Connor was so busy pulling on the chain that he didn’t look at Tyler whose wide eyes were staring over Connor’s shoulder towards the house. Connor didn’t even hear footsteps, the first sign something was wrong when he felt a hand on his shoulder.

“Wha-” Connor turned his head just in time to see a large man with an angry face swing his fist forward. Before Connor could react he felt the impact on the side of his head and he fell, unconscious, against the ground.

“Friend of yours?” Papa asked the terrified Tyler.

“He… He…” Tyler stuttered unsure of what to tell his master. Tyler felt a warmth spreading against his groin as he cowered in front of Papa’s glare. Wetting himself without control was a common occurrence these days.

“Never mind.” Papa growled impatiently as he unclipped the chain from Tyler’s neck, “Come on in.”

Papa picked up Connor in his arms and walked into his house with Tyler trailing behind him. Tyler crawled through the backdoor as he looked up at Connor’s unconscious face with a mix of emotions.

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Connor slowly opened his eyes and rubbed the side of his head. He felt groggy and his temples were throbbing as he slowly came back around. He leaned forward, felt a plastic tray in front of him and with his legs dangling off the ground he knew he was sat in a high chair very similar to the one at Daddy’s cabin.

“Good afternoon, sleepy head.” Connor looked up to see Papa sitting at the end of a dinner table. He was eating dinner and smirking, “Quite the surprise you gave me. Breaking on to my property like that.”

Tyler was sitting across the table in a regular chair. He was eating from a bowl with his hands and getting as much food on himself as in his mouth.

“Let Tyler go…” Connor whispered as he finally found his voice.

“What was that?” Papa asked.

“Let Tyler go.” Connor repeated more loudly, “Keep me… Let him go.”

Tyler paused from his eating to look up at Connor. Tyler’s bib was covered in the mush that he was eating and he looked shocked that Connor was asking to sacrifice himself for Tyler. It was Connor’s fault that Tyler was here in the first place!

“I think I have a better idea.” Papa replied as he cut into his very tasty looking steak.

Tyler looked at Connor with a curious mix of anger and confusion before turning back to Papa. Connor also turned to face the older man, he looked strong and cocky. He was much more formidable than Connor had hoped and he knew that Papa packed a hell of a punch.

“You should never look a gift horse in the mouth.” Papa continued as he chewed his food, “I paid for one, I’ve now got two. Twice the fun!”

“No!” Connor yelled in panic. He started pulling against the straps that were holding his waist and legs to the chair.

In his desperate struggles, Connor was left surprised when Papa came up behind him and wrapped one muscled arm around his body. With an ease that surprised Connor, Papa pinned both of the young man’s arms to his sides.

With his free arm, Papa reached around and grabbed a bottle of milk from the table. This was no ordinary bottle though, this bottle was huge, and even Papa’s large hands seemed to have some difficulty holding the vessel.

Connor was forced to suck down the liquid as he struggled to get free of Papa’s grip. Papa seemed impossibly strong and Connor couldn’t move. It was a vast amount of milk that Connor had to get through and by the end of it he felt like he was going to burst.

When Papa released Connor’s arms his first thoughts were to try and get away. Even a small movement made him feel incredibly unwell though as Connor could practically feel the milk sloshing around inside him.

“Ugh…” Connor’s will to resist was weakened by his full stomach. He could barely even moan in resistance when Papa picked him up and started carrying him around the table.

Connor saw Tyler looking at him with wide eyes as the latter was carried down the hallway and through another door.

“You can’t do this…” Connor moaned as he held his tummy.

Papa just let out a little chuckle as he lowered Connor on to the changing table of a big nursery that made Daddy’s one look small and under-equipped in comparison. This room was full to the brim with baby toys and equipment.

As soon as Connor was placed on the table, Papa strapped him down with tough leather restraints around his ankles and wrists. Connor could try to move his arms and legs but the restraints meant that he couldn’t move them far.

“Don’t waste your time.” Papa said with a shake of his head, “This stuff was all bought from the company I bought your friend from. I’m sure, since you managed to find me that you know that this stuff is designed not to be escaped from.”

As Connor scowled at his captor he saw the latter reach down and grab the collar of his shirt. With seemingly little effort, Connor felt his shirt get ripped open and pulled away. His pants followed soon afterwards.

“Stop...” Connor said weakly, “Let me go!”

“After you broke on to my land and wanted to release my property… You want me to just let you walk out?” Papa raised his eyebrows and laughed, “I don’t think you understand. Tyler is mine, he belongs to me and now you belong to me as well.”

Connor’s underwear was ripped off. It put up no more of a fight than the rest of Connor’s clothes and was soon thrown to the side leaving the young man on the table completely naked.

“You don’t seem surprised about any of this.” Papa said as he reached on to the shelf above the changing table and pulled off a plastic disposable diaper.

Connor didn’t say anything.

“You knew where to come and you knew what you would find when you got here.” Papa mused, “Of course! Tyler told me of the friend who sold him out…”

Connor looked away from Papa. He was angry and embarrassed but it hurt him to be reminded that he was the one that started this whole ordeal for both himself and his best friend.

“The famous Connor.” Papa laughed, “Yeah… Tyler has told me all about you.”

Papa pushed the new diaper underneath Connor and quickly taped it up. He made short work of the weakened man who also found his hands forced into balled fists by restrictive mittens that made his fingers useless. A gag with a pacifier was also tied around Connor’s head. The latex teat forcing it’s way into Connor’s mouth making him almost gag.

Connor was taken to the crib with ease and dropped on to the mattress. Leather restraints, just like the ones on the changing table, were used to secure each of his limbs to the bars of the toddler bed. Connor could only offer token resistance as his strength slowly returned.

He watched in silence as Papa left the room and then returned shortly thereafter with Tyler crawling along behind him. Like a well-trained dog, Tyler crawled up to the changing table and sat back on his knees with his hands in the air. He looked just like a toddler asking his daddy to lift him up.

Connor felt embarrassed for his friend as Tyler was laid down on the table with the same ease that Papa had dealt with him. Unlike Connor, Tyler didn’t get restrained to the table and Papa clearly didn’t see Tyler as any kind of escape risk.

Tyler’s diaper was wet but not soaked and it was changed very quickly. Connor cringed when he saw Papa take longer to clean Tyler’s genitals. He felt even worse that Tyler’s privates reacted to the touching. He didn’t want to look away but he forced himself to until he heard the diaper lifted up and taped closed.

“You’re going to have to sleep in bed with me tonight.” Papa grunted as he lifted Tyler back to the floor, “The new baby gets the crib, at least for tonight.”

“OK, Papa.” Tyler said brightly. Despite his seemingly happy tone, Connor could see that Tyler wasn’t too happy. In fact, he looked quite worried and when he looked over to Connor and the crib his face betrayed a mixture of jealousy and resentment.

Connor watched the other two people leave. Tyler was on his hands and knees again with thick padding waving in the air went first and Papa followed right behind with his eyes on Tyler’s swaying butt.

As Papa left the room he flicked the light switch and made the room a little darker. It was still light outside so the room was particularly dark but Connor realised that Papa and Tyler would not be coming back. Connor was on his own until the morning.

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The night was long and dull. Connor had absolutely nothing to do except listen to the muted sounds of Papa and Tyler through the walls of the house. Rather inevitably, Connors diaper warmed around his groin in the evening as his bladder relaxed into the padding. The small silver lining was that Connor could feel his strength returning somewhat, though with his arms and legs tied down very securely there wasn’t a lot he could do with his returning strength.

Eventually, Connor fell asleep. He had no idea how long he had been in the crib or what time it was when he woke up again. The room was very dark now and the house was silent. Connor guessed it was the dead of night and he wondered briefly what had woken up.

Connor could feel an irritating itch on his rear end. He tried to shift to relieve annoyance and discovered, much to his embarrassment, that there was a layer of sticky mush coating the padding. He knew very quickly that he must have pooped his diaper in his sleep.

It was embarrassing but there was nothing that Connor could do. He guessed his body was struggling after being so full earlier and the stress was causing him some serious digestive issues.

Connor still had no idea what time it was and knew that he was going to be alone with his diaper until dawn at the earliest. He was incredibly uncomfortable in the very messy diaper but he had no way of relieving the irritation.

Sleep must have eventually come back to Connor though because the next thing he knew he was feeling a prodding on his diaper. He mumbled around the pacifier that was buried in his mouth but found the prodding continued. Connor suddenly remembered where he was and his eyes snapped open.

“Mmhmm.” Connor mumbled when he saw Tyler standing to the side of the crib.

Tyler had a strangely serene smile on his face as he poked Connor’s messy diaper in apparent interest.

“Why did you come here?” Tyler asked rhetorically. He knew Connor couldn’t respond, “You ruined my life once and now you want to do it again?”

Connor couldn’t understand what Tyler meant. He was trying to save his friend from being a baby slave and Tyler was saying that Connor was trying to ruin his life again. It just didn’t make sense.

“I love Papa.” Tyler said. He couldn’t maintain eye contact with Connor as he spoke, he just continued to massage Connor’s diaper.

Connor stared at his friend and couldn’t believe that Tyler truly meant that. It must be part of the brainwashing that Tyler had gone through with Daddy and then with Papa. Sure, Tyler should be angry at Connor but he shouldn’t be spurning Connor’s offers to get him out of this place.

“Mmhmm…” Connor mumbled around the pacifier that was buried deeply in his mouth.

Tyler looked nervous but he reached in and undid the gag. Connor breathed a sigh of relief as the dripping latex teat fell to the side of his head.

“Thank you… I understand you are upset with me but we need to get out!” Connor whispered urgently, “I can see you have been brainwashed but you surely don’t want to stay here as a slave for that guy.”

“I… I…” Tyler looked uncomfortable as he reached down and felt the plastic of his diaper. Connor could see that his friend was wet.

“We can get away together.” Connor continued, “You have to trust me.”

“Trust you?” Tyler asked incredulously. He frowned and shook his head a little, “You were the one that sold me out in the first place!”

“I’m sorry.” Connor repeated sadly, “Believe me I regret it with every fibre of my being. You can’t really love Papa though… What happened when you stayed in his bed last night?”

Tyler looked away and didn’t answer. Connor could see that Tyler was deep in thought, he could see that he was getting through to Tyler. Whatever brainwashing that Tyler had undergone, it clearly wasn’t irreversible yet.

“Alright, Connor I…” Tyler suddenly stopped talking as the door to the nursery opened up and Papa, wearing just his dressing gown, walked into the room.

“I was wondering where you had got to.” Papa grunted through a yawn, “You know you shouldn’t be in here alone.”

“Sorry, Papa.” Tyler said. In almost automatic reaction he dropped down to his knees and crawled towards the changing table.

Connor could see Papa sniff the air and then look at Connor with a wry smile. Connor held his gaze defiantly. His diaper was soaked and messy but he still had his dignity and there was no way Papa could take that away from him.

Papa walked over to the changing table and lifted Tyler up on to the flat surface. Tyler laid back obediently as Papa removed the tapes from the diaper and after a quick wiping of Tyler’s crotch, he balled up the used diaper.

Connor watched as Papa turned around and threw the used diaper, like a basketball, into Connor’s crib. Connor tried to move out of the way but the wet diaper rested just above his head and the smell of his friend’s urine overpowered all the other smells causing Connor to wince in disgust.

“Three points!” Papa laughed. He looked down at Tyler who also laughed for fear of what would happen if he didn’t.

A new diaper was placed under Tyler and quickly taped up. When he was lifted off the table, Tyler was dressed in some navy blue shorts and a white t-shirt with a picture of an anchor stitched over the heart. The outfit was topped off with a little sailor’s cap. It would look cute on a toddler but on Tyler it looked strangely out of place.

“Go undo your friend’s restraints and bring him to me.” Papa ordered as he reached back and scratched his butt.

Tyler did as he was told and toddled over to the crib. He stepped on the release lever at the foot of the toddler bed and gently lowered the side. Tyler reached in and started undoing the restraints that held his stinky friend down.

“Don’t do anything stupid…” Tyler whispered to his friend as he pulled him up, “You will never get out if you try anything now… Trust me.”

Connor stood up with the help of his friend and felt the heavy diaper between his legs sink under the force of gravity. He waddled awkwardly towards the changing table as the full diaper hung down by his knees. It was not pleasant to walk across the room like this.

Papa lifted Connor up on to the changing table and laid him down.

“I’m going to have to do this until I trust you.” Papa said as he tied Connor down with restraints.

Connor scowled but didn’t resist. He looked at Tyler who was giving him a look of warning. Now wasn’t the time to try and escape, Connor just had to swallow his pride and let this happen for now. It was better to wait for an opportunity than try to force one.

The disgusting diaper was opened up and Connor tried to leave his body, he wished for an out of body experience. He tried to imagine himself elsewhere as Papa started cleaning his diaper area. Connor could feel the cold wipes cleaning him and sighed in relief despite himself. As much as Connor hated this humiliating cleaning, he was happy that he was getting cleaned at last.

“Tyler…” Papa called out, “Take this diaper and your old diaper to the trash. Then bring me Buzz.”

“Y-Yes, Papa.” Tyler replied hesitantly.

Connor watched Tyler’s face contort in disgust as he picked up Connor’s messy diaper then hurry across to grab his old wet one and take them out to the trash somewhere.

Whilst Tyler was gone, Papa unfolded a new disposable diaper and placed it under Connor’s ass. Connor still refused to put up a fight, he didn’t even look at Papa or show any emotion. He was determined to just be non-responsive and no fun at all for the manipulative daddy.

Connor thought about Daddy and how he had promised not to get caught. He hoped that Daddy wouldn’t somehow end up in trouble for Connor’s mistake but he worried that he had messed everything up. Papa had inferred that he knew who Connor was and how he had got here, if Papa told the people higher up about where Connor had come from then surely they would seek to close the breach of security. They would want to silence Daddy.

Connor felt the new diaper get pulled up between his legs and taped tightly closed. It was as the last tape was placed that Tyler came walking back into the room. He handed Papa something that Connor didn’t see and then stepped back from the table with a rather red face.

“I want to show you that life here isn’t all punishment.” Papa said to Connor, “I want to show you some of the benefits.”

“What do you… Oh!” Connor was suddenly silenced as he felt a strong vibration going through the plastic on the front of his diaper and straight against his groin. He pulled against the restraints but they didn’t budge much.

“Well look at that, I think he likes it!” Papa laughed.

Connor could feel himself growing in his diaper. His twitching tool responded to the vibrations that were sending pleasure down the nerves of his sensitive organ. Despite himself, he pushed his crotch up towards the source of the pleasure.

“Meet Buzz.” Papa said to Connor as he moved the vibrator around a little, “Buzz is already great friends with Tyler. He’ll be happy to meet you.”

“Please…” Connor gasped as the vibrations became stronger. He was fully erect by this point and his dick was pointing down between his legs where they met the padding being pushed in by Papa’s pleasure toy.

“Please, what?” Papa asked teasingly as he moved the vibrator around to tease the tied down Connor, “Please continue? Please Papa make me cum?”

Connor could barely think straight as more and more of his attention focused on the lightning that was shooting through his crotch. His hips bucked and he went red in the face as he had to turn his head to face the wall, he couldn’t stand Tyler’s judgmental stare.

“Let me go!” Connor was able to gasp as he continued to desperately press himself against the vibrator.

“Why would I let you go when you are so desperate to come instead?” Papa laughed at his own joke and pressed the vibrator harder into the padding.

Connor could feel himself reaching the point of no return and knew that he was about to spurt his sticky seed all over the inside of his diaper. Half of him wanted to resist and the other half was desperate to finish, desperate to orgasm.

“Ugh… Ugh…” Connor gave up all his inhibitions as he pressed himself against the vibrator. Right then and there he didn’t care about anything else, he just wanted to cum.

“Looks like he’s about to blow…” Papa said with a smile.

Tyler watched from a few feet away as his best friend was about to orgasm into a diaper. A sight he never thought he would see and yet despite his embarrassment he couldn’t look away.

With one last loud grunt and thrust of his hips, Connor let out a low moan and bucked his hips as his penis pulsed and he shot his load into the padding between his legs. It was an amazing orgasm and he had never felt one like that before. He felt bad about how much he had enjoyed it and was quickly brought back to reality by the feelings of shame that now flowed through him.

“Time for breakfast, I think.” Papa said with a little chuckle, “Tyler, take your friend through to the dining room.”

Papa untied Connor and lifted him down off the table. Connor could feel his legs trembling a little bit, the aftershocks of his explosive orgasm still coursing through his body. He couldn’t look up at Papa, he felt ashamed of what had happened. Connor had come here to save his friend and now he was in diapers along with Tyler.

Connor felt Tyler grab his hand. Connor looked up from the floor to see Tyler giving him a little smile. Connor couldn’t return it but allowed his best friend to lead him out of the nursery and down the hallway to the dining room. Connor could hear the heavy footsteps of Papa following them and didn’t dare to do any more than look around the room.

“Up you go.” Papa said when they reached the living room. Connor was lifted back into the high chair and strapped down again.

Connor winced as he felt the remnants of his sticky fun pushed against his skin. It was very unpleasant physically but also the knowledge that he was sitting in his own slimy seed made it very unpleasant mentally as well.

Tyler allowed himself to be sat in a chair across the table from his friend. He was sat on a booster seat but not strapped down. Papa left the two boys alone as he went into the kitchen to prepare breakfast.

“Sorry about Buzz…” Tyler said quietly when Papa had left the room, “Papa likes using him.”

“Just… Just don’t.” Connor said as he looked away in shame.

“Don’t talk to me like that.” Tyler hissed, “If it wasn’t for you neither of us would be in this position. Don’t think you’ve been forgiven.”

“Whatever…” Connor replied. He wasn’t in the mood to be diplomatic right now. They could thrash out all their problems once they were away from this horrid place.

Connor couldn’t move any of his limbs again. He was starting to feel claustrophobic as it seemed like nearly all his time was spent restrained in one way or another. How was he supposed to escape and rescue Tyler when he could barely move a muscle?

As Papa walked back into the dining room with food for the two babies, Connor felt a sudden warming of his diaper. It was actually a relief to feel himself wetting as it helped relieve the horrible feeling that had been left by his over-excitement from the changing table.

A bowl of cereal was placed in front of Tyler along with a small plastic spoon. Tyler picked up the spoon and looked up at Papa. When he saw Papa nod back down at him, Tyler carefully dipped the spoon in the cereal and started eating. He couldn’t help but smile with pride at being allowed to feed himself.

Connor would admit to being a little jealous as it seemed obvious what would happen next. With all of Connor’s limbs tied down, a bowl of cereal was placed on the tray in front of him. Not being allowed to feed himself and being almost naked seemed to be Papa’s way of telling Connor that he was considered as less than Tyler.

“Open up for Papa.” Papa said softly as he sat down and loaded the spoon up with food.

Connor looked at him with fury. He didn’t say anything but he could see that Papa didn’t miss his defiance. From out of the corner of his eye, Connor could see Tyler shaking his head to warn that Papa didn’t mess around.

“Listen Connor, I get it. You don’t want to give in. You don’t want to let go of that little bit of a hope that tells you that you might escape.” Papa said as he lowered the spoon, “Right now you are thinking you will bide your time, wait for a moment where you can grab Tyler and run.”

Connor looked into Papa’s eyes as the latter stared right back at him. It was as if Papa could read his mind and Connor suddenly wondered if Tyler was being a double agent all along.

“Slowly, very slowly, you will realise how hopeless your situation is. I know “Daddy” told you where to find Tyler. He won’t be around for long now, they don’t tend to like security breaches like that.” Papa continued, “Sooner or later you will accept that this is the rest of your life. As soon as you do that you can start to enjoy your new, rather limited, life.”

Connor felt his eyes watering a little bit as he realised how much he had messed up everyone’s lives. He looked away Papa and down at the tray. Tyler was watching the scene in front of him with rapt attention as if it was a movie or something.

“So it’s your choice…” Papa concluded as he picked up the spoon again, “You either accept this and eat your breakfast or I can get the feeding machine. One way or another you are eating your breakfast. What will it be?”

Connor took a deep and shaky breath as he accepted that he would be forced to eat one way or another. With a reddening face he slowly opened his mouth and accepted the spoonful of soggy cereal. A tear fell down his cheek as he was fed like a useless new born.

Connor avoided Tyler’s oddly smug look as he fed himself. He could hardly believe his friend would act superior over just being allowed to feed himself. Connor had to keep reminding himself that Tyler had been lowest on the totem pole for a long time now, seeing someone lower than himself was probably a huge boost to him.

Once breakfast was complete, Papa lifted Tyler down from the booster seat and unrestrained Connor.

“You two play nice. I’ll be back in five minutes.” Papa walked out of the room in his dressing gown and left Tyler and Connor in the living room.

“Now’s our chance!” Connor hissed as Papa left the room, “Let’s make a break for it.”

“Not going to work.” Tyler replied as he picked up a crayon and started colouring in.

“Why not?” Connor asked. He really couldn’t understand why Tyler was so relaxed when this was their chance.

“The doors are locked and bolted, the windows are the same.” Tyler replied as he sat cross-legged on the floor. When he leant forward his shirt pulled up slightly and showed the top of his diaper to the room.

“There must be something…” Connor said with more than a hint of desperation.

“Nope.” Tyler replied casually, “Papa’s right you know. Maybe you should just accept it. It’s not a bad life really and there’s no way of escaping.”

“Are you crazy!?” Connor replied angrily, “Tyler, there is a whole world out there to explore. We can’t spend our lives in diapers for some pervert.”

“Are my ears burning?” Papa’s lower voice sounded out from behind Connor who jumped when he turned to see the older man had returned to the main living room.

“I… I…” Connor stuttered.

“Put these on.” Papa smiled and threw some clothes at Connor, “We’re going for a walk.”

Papa was dressed fully now and sat down on the couch to put his shoes on. He watched the two little ones as he did so.

“You had better hurry up.” Papa said to Connor, “Unless you want to go out in just that diaper.”

Connor didn’t need to be told twice and he quickly started throwing the clothes on. He didn’t bother looking to see what the clothes were, he just knew that he had to put something on to try and cover his shame.

A bright yellow t-shirt with a picture of a popular cartoon character on it and some white shorts was all that Connor had to protect his modesty. The material on the already small shorts was so thin that he could practically see the bulging diaper underneath it.

“Let’s go.” Papa said as soon as his shoes were on. He stood up and unbolted the front door letting Tyler, who slipped on some Velcro sneakers, to step out into the sunlight.

Connor stayed in the middle of the room and looked at the outside world that he had just been desperate to get to with trepidation. He saw Papa rather impatiently point for Connor to get outside.

“But… But… I don’t have any shoes!” Connor said as he desperately searched for some reason to avoid going on this miserable walk.

“You won’t need any.” Papa sneered, “Now come on.”

Connor didn’t dare resist for fear of what the punishment may be. He tentatively walked forward and through the door. As his eyes adjusted to the bright sunlight, Connor felt himself get picked up and then unceremoniously dropped down on to a seat.

Once his eyes had adjusted, Connor could see that he had been placed into a large stroller and Papa had already started strapping him in with some more of those strong leather restraints.

“Can you at least leave me unrestrained?” Connor asked Papa quietly.

“After what I just heard you saying?” Papa let out a bark of a laugh that was similar to Daddy’s.

When he was fully strapped in Connor looked across to Tyler who was attached to a toddler leash much like those given to infants who had recently learnt how to walk. The other end of the short leash was attached to the stroller that Connor was sat in.

Connor jumped slightly when Papa started pushing the stroller down the garden path and out on to the street. He cringed in his chair as he sank low into seat and his wet diaper was thrust out in front of him. He could plainly see the wetness indicator through the thin white shorts.

On the other hand, Tyler seemed pretty unconcerned about being taken out in public. He walked alongside the chair with a small smile on his face. His little sailor’s cap occasionally slipping on his head and having to be fixed.

The three of them turned off the quiet road and on to a much busier road. Cars were driving by and although the town was small, there seemed to be quite a few people out and about. Connor wished he could just sink into the ground as he prayed that no one noticed the two thickly padded boys being taken for a walk.

“Frank!” Connor jumped as he heard Papa shout and someone across the road responded. Much to Connor’s chagrin the man Papa yelled at quickly made his way across the road.

“Hello. How have you been?” Frank asked Papa as he shook hands.

“Busy.” Papa laughed, “Taking care of little ones is hard work.”

“Yeah…” Frank said as he looked at the two young adults that accompanied Papa, “You got two of them now?”

“Yep. They sent me another one.” Papa replied, “He’s a handful but we are training him slowly.”

Connor was cringing so hard he worried he might pull muscles in his face. This man was talking to Papa as if this was the most normal thing in the world. Was this town as crazy as the one next to Daddy’s cabin?

“Buy one get one free?” Frank asked with a laugh that caused Papa to laugh along with him.

“Tyler… Undo my restraints.” Connor hissed to his friend as the two adults loudly talked.

“No. You’ll never get away.” Tyler replied quietly. The two adults had engaged in loud conversation and were ignoring the two boys in front of them.

“We have to try!” Connor exclaimed.

“You haven’t got any shoes and I’ve… Got my own problems at the moment.” Tyler replied with a blush, “We wouldn’t even reach the end of the street.”

“This is driving me mad.” Connor sighed.

“Just relax.” Tyler replied, “It’s not so bad.”

Connor was just about to respond when he felt the stroller start moving again. Not so bad? This was the worst thing that Connor could imagine. It was clear that Tyler wasn’t fully on board with escaping, at the very least he didn’t see it as possible. Connor had to make it happen.

They walked for five minutes or so when Connor saw Tyler slowing down and Papa stopping for him. He was just about to ask what was going on when it became very clear.

Tyler bent over slightly and stared at the ground in front of him. His cheeks puffed out a little and turned red and Connor knew exactly what was happening even before the smell hit him.

Tyler pushed down with his tummy muscles and it was over in a very short amount of time. After many weeks of doing it he had become an expert at filling his pants and he could get the whole thing done quickly.

“Good boy.” Papa praised Tyler.

Tyler smiled up at him with his red face but couldn’t hide the embarrassment he felt about messing his diaper in public like that.

Connor could smell his friend for the whole walk home. He had no idea how uncomfortable Tyler’s diaper must have become but he was pleased it wasn’t him with the pants full of poop as he was slowly pushed all the way back to the house that was basically his prison. It was frustrating to be out in the open and yet forced to return to this house but he had to accept that if both he and Tyler were to escape they would have to do it together.

It wasn’t long after the walk ended that Connor was carried into the nursery and had his wet diaper changed. He was a little confused as to why he was getting changed when his messy friend would presumably need the change first. He didn’t say anything though, he just kept repeating in his mind that he needed to choose his battles.

Tyler started walking into the nursery as Connor was laid in the crib. He was clutching the rear of his diaper and looked very uncomfortable, it was obvious to Connor that Tyler really wanted a diaper change.

“I have something for you before your change.” Papa said with a wink.

Tyler looked a little unhappy. As if someone had just confirmed some bad news that he was expecting to hear. He nodded and walked out of the room, Connor could see that rather than heading for the living room he headed further down the hallway towards what Connor recognised as Papa’s bedroom.

Papa lifted the side of the crib with a smile.

“Your friend has some talents.” Papa chuckled.

“What do you mean?” Connor felt like he knew exactly what Papa was referring to but he wanted the man to say it.

“You know what I mean.” Papa laughed as he started walking away from the crib, “Being a single dad can be lonely after all…”

Connor shuddered as Papa exited the room and closed the nursery door behind him. The room was oddly silent and still without anyone else in there and Connor was left alone with his thoughts. It was impossible for him to relax so he just leaned against the bars and waited.

It was ten minutes later that Papa came back into the nursery with Tyler behind him. Tyler looked red in the face and was strangely expressionless. He crawled into the room on all fours and pointedly avoided looking over to Connor in the crib. The diaper around his waist looked a little battered and it appeared that it was on the verge of falling apart. His clothes were gone now and the diaper was all he had left on.

Connor watched silently as Tyler was lifted up and placed on to the changing table. The very dishevelled diaper between his legs was pulled open and revealed their contents to the world. Connor could see that Tyler was just looking up at the ceiling without really taking in anything around him. He remained limp and lifeless as Papa cleaned him up and taped him into a new diaper.

The process took a long time, mostly because of the cleaning, and Papa brought Tyler to the crib and lowered him inside once it was done. Tyler immediately sat down with his knees pulled up to his chest and Connor looked at him in shock, he had never seen Tyler like this.

“What did you do?” Connor asked Papa with a hint of anger in his voice.

“Nothing Tyler didn’t want to do.” Papa replied with a sneer, “Isn’t that right, Tyler?”

Tyler seemed to be in his own little world for a couple of seconds before he blinked a few times and opened his mouth slowly.

“Yes, Papa.” Tyler whispered hoarsely.

“Good boy.” Papa said with a condescending smile, “Don’t worry Connor, you’ll be able to help out soon.”

Connor stared daggers at Papa but said nothing as the laughing man turned and left the nursery. He closed the door behind him and left both of the padded boys alone and in silence.

No one spoke for a little time as Connor wanted to give Tyler a little space. Connor contented himself with looking out of the bars of the crib and just imagining scenarios that might arise that would give him a chance to escape.

“We need to go…” Tyler muttered so quietly that at first Connor wasn’t sure he had spoken at all, “We need to get away.”

“Tyler? Are you OK?” Connor asked softly.

“We need to get away…” Tyler repeated. He slowly turned his head to look at Connor.

“You’ve changed your tune.” Connor said with a small smile, “But I’m glad. We just need to be patient and…”

“No!” Tyler’s voice was much more forceful now.

“What’s wrong?” Connor asked with fear. Tyler’s sudden need to escape immediately had him worried about what was going to happen.

“Papa is going to drug us.” Tyler said, “Tomorrow, I think, is when he’ll start.”

“What!?” Connor exclaimed. Maybe he shouldn’t have been surprised considering Daddy’s methods but it still took him aback a little.

“Whilst I was in the other room with Papa, whilst I was…” Tyler fell silent and looked down at the mattress in shame.

“It’s OK.” Connor reassured his friend as he placed his hand on Tyler’s shoulder, “What did you see?”

“I saw a letter and a schedule on the table next to the chair.” Tyler said as he snapped back into the conversation, “Listing a drug and instructions for administering it. Papa had me on that drug before but stopped when he ran out and I became compliant. Now he’s getting more for both of us.”

“Shit.” Connor said as he bit his bottom lip, “Right, then we need to make our escape either this evening or tomorrow.”

“But how?” Tyler asked.

Connor fell silent as he tried to think of a plan. It wouldn’t be easy and it seemed like Papa had most angles covered. Even if they got out of the house, no mean feat considering the situation, they would have to escape the town and then stay undetected by the company that had sold them in the first place.

“I’ll think about it and we’ll make the attempt tomorrow.” Connor said, “He thinks you are compliant right? He thinks you are in shock and malleable to him?”

“Yes.” Tyler replied again with a blush.

“That might help us.” Connor said, “Keep that up today, it might come in handy.”

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Dinner that evening was in deliberate silence. Tyler still acted like he was mostly out of it and Connor didn’t want to raise a fuss. He wanted to appear like he wasn’t going to be a problem for Papa who spoon fed him a disgusting bowl of baby food.

It was soon after dinner when the boys were taken back to the nursery. Neither of them put up a word of complaint as they had their wet diapers changed and were then locked in the crib. Connor was privately ecstatic that he was left unrestrained but he made sure not to show his joy on the outside.

“Sleep tight, babies.” Papa had said as he closed the nursery door leaving the two young men naked except for the diapers in their crib.

Nobody moved for a few minutes until they heard the television in the living room get turned on. They could just distantly hear the loud sounds of an action film and knew that as long as they weren’t shouting that they wouldn’t be overheard.

“Did you think of anything?” Tyler asked. He didn’t sound too hopeful but he still looked at Connor with wide eyes.

“I think we have one shot.” Connor replied. “We’ll need some luck but I don’t see any other way of getting out.”

“I’m all ears!” Tyler replied enthusiastically.

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Connor woke up early the next morning just as he had hoped. Without an alarm clock Connor basically had to hope his body would wake him up and one of the benefits of going to bed early was that it meant he woke up early.

“Tyler.” Connor whispered as he gently poked his friend, “It’s time.”

Tyler slowly stirred but quickly opened his eyes when he saw Connor looking at him. Tyler found his thumb had made it’s way into his mouth during the night and blushed as he quickly pulled it out and wiped the saliva on one of the blankets in the crib. His wet diaper was visible for Connor to see but there was little that could be done to hide his dependency at this moment.

Connor climbed to his feet for phase one of his plan. It wasn’t a complicated plan but he had to make sure everything was done right to give him the best possible chance. The first thing that had to be done was to make sure that Connor’s diaper was changed first.

Connor faced away from Tyler and squatted down in a similar way to Tyler had done the previous day. This was embarrassing but necessary and he could hear Tyler moving away from him in the crib a little.

“Just relax.” Tyler suggested, “We’ve both done it. There’s no need to be embarrassed.”

It was easier said than done though and Connor tried to push with his tummy muscles. He felt some shifting inside his body but no immediate results for all his efforts. His face went red and he closed his eyes as he held his breath.

Just as Connor felt like he was making no progress he heard a small fart escape his body and rather suddenly found some semi-solid poop squirt into his diaper. Connor guessed that because he was forcing it so much that there was nothing that needed to come out right away.

Despite the difficulties, Connor pushed one more time and felt a couple of smallish lumps dropped out of his body and into the bottom of the padding. It wasn’t much but in these difficult circumstances it was all he could do. The desired effect was achieved though as not long after he had finished, the smell began escaping his diaper and started fouling the air around them.

“Well done.” Tyler said with a small smile. He was very pale but that was to be expected when they were about to execute their plan.

All the two men could do now was wait. They needed Papa to come in to start phase two and that meant that they were left in the crib which was becoming less and less pleasant as the smell got worse.

Connor sat back on the diaper and shivered slightly as the sticky mess inside was squashed against his body. It wasn’t pleasant but he had to make sure he looked like he had legitimately soiled himself, if Papa guessed something was going on they would be up a creek without a paddle.

Connor and Tyler were sat in virtual silence for half an hour as they waited for Papa to arrive. Both men felt butterflies in their stomachs as they contemplated what they were going to do.

When the two of them heard some noise down the corridor they assumed Papa was coming for them. Tyler quickly laid down and faced the wall so that his face was hidden. He covered himself with a blanket as if he was asleep and tried to be as still as possible. Almost as soon as he had got himself settled the door to the nursery swung open.

Papa swaggered into the room in the same dressing gown as the day before. He barely bothered covering himself in front of his two human pets. He wore a smile on his face as he sniffed the air and caught that scent of freshly soiled diapers.

“Smells like someone needs a change…” Papa growled in a low voice, “Who’s getting their diaper changed first?”

Connor indicated that Tyler was still sleeping and shuffled to the bars as a way of saying he should be first. He had to pretend to be as compliant as possible, this might be their only chance.

Papa dropped the side of the crib and caught it before it hit the ground. Connor smiled internally as Papa really believed that Tyler was fast asleep. Connor’s heart raced as he tensed up and got ready for his make or break escape attempt.

Connor dropped out of the crib and waddled to the changing table. He took care to be quiet but the crinkling of his diaper was somewhat unavoidable. There were few things that made him feel like a baby more than a full diaper and it was difficult not to react emotionally from all the feelings it brought up.

Connor lifted his arms out and allowed Papa to lift him up and on to the changing table. He cringed as he felt the hot poop in his diaper get squashed. He snuck a peek over Papa’s shoulder and saw that Tyler had turned over in the crib. He was laying with one eye cracked open a tiny amount.

“You are much more compliant today.” Papa said to Connor with a bit of a smile, “Had a change of heart?”

“Yes.” Connor said as he returned the smile as convincingly as he could, “You’re right. Why bother fighting it? I want to be a good boy for you, Papa.”

“Glad to hear it.” Papa said with a hint of suspicion, “You cracked faster than Tyler and he had already been “treated” by Daddy.”

Connor laid down and continued to force his face to smile as Papa began preparing supplies for the diaper change. As the first tape was pulled from the front of the diaper Connor could see his best friend slowly creeping out of the baby bed behind Papa.

“Of course, soon you will be totally subservient like little Tyler.” Papa said as he removed the second tape.

Connor could see Tyler out of the corner of his eye. As Tyler creeped across the room his diaper crinkled alarmingly loudly.

Panicking, Connor needed a distraction. He started kicking his feet and whining loudly. With the front of the diaper lowered he was smearing his messy bottom into his own excrement. It worked though, Connor covered up Tyler’s loud movements as Papa bent low over the messy man and try to settle him down.

Connor was so distracted thinking about his friend that he failed to realise that Papa was strapping his wrists to the table, by the time he realised he was no longer completely free he couldn’t move his arms.

With Papa so close to him, Connor was praying for Tyler to hit him with something. This was their chance and it was only a matter of time before the ruse was up.

Suddenly there was a clattering noise from behind Papa. Connor’s eyes flew wide open and Papa spun around to see Tyler holding a large and heavy lamp. When Tyler had grabbed it he had inadvertently knocked some books on the floor.

 “You little shit!” Papa yelled as he saw Tyler frozen on the spot.

“NO!” Connor shouted as he pulled against the restraints.

As Connor desperately kicked his legs to free himself the poopy diaper underneath him slipped off the table and on to the floor. His mess smeared on the table underneath him.

“Papa, I…” Tyler started to say. He was rooted to the spot as the much larger Papa stared him down.

Without warning Papa threw his fist forwards as hard as possible and there was a sickening smack as he connected with Tyler’s face. Tyler fell back against the wall behind him and knocked more books off the shelf.

“Leave him alone!” Connor yelled from the table. He had tears streaming down his face, “It was my idea!”

“You ungrateful little boy.” Papa roared. He threw another punch and this one knock Tyler off of his feet and on to the ground.

Tyler curled up into a ball defensively. He was strangely quiet but still moving. Papa was breathing heavily and shook his fist slightly as if the punches he had thrown had caused him pain.

“You son of a bitch!” Connor yelled from the changing table. Spit flew from his mouth as he yelled as loud as he could, it almost felt like his vocal chords would rip themselves out of his throat.

Papa leaned down and picked up Tyler. Tyler was limp but still conscious and as his head was propped over Papa’s shoulder Connor could see his nose was bleeding and it looked like he already had a black eye forming.

Papa dropped Tyler back on to the bed and strapped him down without difficulty. Tyler was in no fit state to put up a fight as his head lolled from side to side. Connor’s vision was obscured by his tears but he looked over to Tyler with absolute sympathy.

“Oh dear…” Papa said, panting slightly, as he surveyed his two captives, “Looks like I’m going to have to take the kid gloves off when dealing with you. I thought you would be good boys but it turns out I’m going to have to teach you some discipline.”

Papa moved towards the changing table slowly. He had this curious look on his face that filled Connor with dread. Connor was helpless on the table and completely naked. Papa leaned down close to Connor’s head. He held Connor’s head still and placed a kiss on his forehead.

“Good job I like a fighter.” Papa whispered into Connor’s ear.

Connor watched in horror as Papa slipped off his dressing gown and stood naked in front of him. He pulled on the restraints again but was absolutely trapped. Connor kicked his feet as much as possible but, inevitably, Papa eventually caught his feet and strapped them down.

“It’s easier if you relax.” Papa grunted, “You’re lucky I don’t mind the mess.”

Connor closed his eyes as he saw Papa moving towards the edge of the table and grabbing his crotch.

Suddenly, a crash from the living room distracted everyone. For a second the whole room froze as everyone stared at the door. Connor was wide eyed and didn’t dare make a sound in case Papa remembered he was still laying there at Papa’s mercy.

“What was that?” Papa asked rhetorically.

Papa bent over and picked up his dressing gown. For the first time since Connor had arrived the older and stronger man looked nervous and out of control of the situation. He tiptoed to the exit of the nursery and disappeared down the hallway.

There was another moment of silence before sudden shouts ripped through the air. Connor looked at the exit to the room and wondered what could be going on out there. Tyler was still barely conscious on the bed though he seemed to also be looking towards the noises.

The shouting became a scuffle. Connor could hear struggling and things getting knocked over, it sounded like a serious fight was going on and yet he was unable to help. Connor could only hope that whoever came through that door would be sympathetic.

There was one huge crash followed quickly by a yelp of pain. The shelf of spare diapers above the changing table spilled it’s contents on and around Connor.

There was silence and Connor was just about to call out to whoever had survived what sounded like a huge brawl when heavy footsteps approached the nursery. Connor could hardly breathe as he waited to see who was coming around the corner.

“Anyone but Papa… Anyone but Papa…” Connor thought to himself as he raised his head to stare at the doorway.

“I’m guessing from the smell I’ve got the right place…” A low growl echoed down the hallway. Connor’s mouth dropped open and he couldn’t believe what he heard and then saw.

“DADDY!?” Connor shouted in happiness. Surely this was a dream, “I thought they had got you!”

“Takes a little more than some guys in suits to take this Daddy down.” Daddy replied in his gruff voice.

Despite his rough and confident exterior it was clear Daddy had not been having an easy time of it. He looked a little thinner and greyer than Connor remembered even though just a few days had passed. It had clearly been a stressful few days.

“How did you find us?” Connor asked incredulously. He was almost crying again, this time from happiness and relief.

“I knew the area.” Daddy replied, “And when I heard shouting from outside I had to check if this was you… Blind luck really. I had been looking for you though. What on Earth happened in here?”

“We were trying to escape…” Connor replied. He suddenly became extra aware of his naked and messy body.

“Looks like you were doing a fine job.” Daddy chuckled.

“Just untie us and get us out of here.” Connor replied stiffly.

Once Connor was off the table he hurried to the bathroom and cleaned himself down. He forced his way into Papa’s bedroom and found some clothes that he threw on. There was no way Connor would leave this place in baby stuff.

By the time Connor got back to the nursery, Tyler had been untied and dressed in the most adult clothes that Daddy could find. He was still in a thick diaper though, probably a good idea as Tyler’s control was questionable at best.

“The pervert is only knocked out so we should get going.” Daddy said to Connor.

Daddy picked up Tyler who was unable to walk from the blows to his head earlier and they walked towards the front door. They each looked down at Papa as they left the house, he was splayed on the floor and looked like he had gone through a wooden table.

The trio walked out to a large van that Connor didn’t recognise, he certainly wasn’t going to argue about where the van came from though. They needed to get away, how they did it was irrelevant.

“I’m sorry for causing this.” Connor said quietly, “This is all my fault.”

“You’re not wrong.” Daddy replied in his low growl as he unlocked the back doors of the van.

Connor stood on the pavement and watched as Daddy placed Tyler in the back of the van. Connor couldn’t see into the back of the van from his point of view.

“You should leave me here.” Connor shuddered as a great sob ran through his body, “I’m a liability.”

“I don’t have time for self-pity.” Daddy replied, “Come here…”

Connor saw Daddy open his arms as if for a hug. It was out of character but Connor stepped forward anyway, he wrapped his arms around the big bearded man and sighed. The hellish nightmare was finally over.

“Hey!” Connor jumped suddenly. He rubbed the back of his neck and pulled away from Daddy who was holding a syringe.

“This is for your own good.” Daddy said softly. He held out his hands and helped Connor to sit on the back of the van.

Connor looked around as the world started spinning and saw Tyler, still barely moving, and another person in the background. It took Connor a moment to realise that it was Trevor was laying quietly right behind the driver’s booth.

It was the last sight Connor saw before everything went black and he felt like he was falling. He was out before he hit the ground.

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Connor slowly stirred and opened his eyes. He immediately noticed he was laying on the ground along with Tyler. They were on a grassy patch of ground near some trees, it was taking a while for Connor’s eyes to adjust to the world. He quickly realised it was dark and since it had been morning when he everything at Papa’s house went down he realised he must have been out of it for some time.

“Are you awake, Connor?” Tyler’s voice drifted to Connor and he appeared in front of him as he anxiously looked to see if his best friend had his eyes open. “Daddy! Daddy! Connor is waking up.”

Connor slowly sat up and leaned against the tree directly behind him. His eyes finally came into focus and he could see that they were in a heavily wooded area, the van was parked in a clearing and they were nearby with a small campfire burning.

Connor and Tyler were one side of the fire and across the other side was Daddy. Connor could see Trevor as well, he had a pacifier gag in his mouth and was next to Daddy with a little fear in his eyes. He was staring daggers at Connor who had been the one that put him in this situation.

“Where are we?” Connor asked groggily.

“We’re safe.” Daddy replied vaguely, “I can’t be more specific than that.”

“We did it. We escaped!” Connor turned to Tyler with a smile but got only a cold stare in return.

“Don’t think you are forgiven.” Tyler said harshly, “Yeah, I worked with you to get out of there but don’t think I’ve forgotten that you sold me out to these people in the first place.”

“Tyler… I was angry and…” Connor was cut off.

“Friends don’t sell friends into slavery no matter how angry they are.” Tyler said sharply.

Connor’s smile faded and he turned to look back at the fire. For a couple of minutes the fire’s crackling was the only sound in the dark forest.

“What happens next?” Connor asked.

“Well my business is dead.” Daddy said with a wry smile, “I was fortunate to be in town when they came to get me. Saw my cabin burning from a mile away. Had Trevor in the van with me, we just turned around immediately. I knew that if they were trying to rub me out that you must have been caught so I went after you.”

“Why?” Connor interrupted.

“You remind me of me.” Daddy replied, “I couldn’t leave you there. Not with that sick freak.”

“Maybe we should just go home…” Tyler replied, “I never thought I would see it again but-”

“You can’t go home. Not unless you want to disappear again.” Daddy said simply, “They’ll be watching your homes and if they see you they will come for you. They don’t want any loose ends.”

“Then what do we do…” Tyler replied. He felt heartbroken that he couldn’t go home but being free was worth it.

“You can do whatever you want. You just need to stay off the grid, new identities, moving around, everything you can to avoid a trail.” Daddy said, “I’ve got a new venture in mind that you can join me on if you wanted.”

“Hell no.” Tyler and Connor replied at the same time. They looked at each other and then looked away again.

“Thought not.” Daddy chuckled, “Just me and Trevor then. I’ve become rather attached to the little guy.”

Connor noticed Trevor scowling up at Daddy. He certainly didn’t seem happy with this arrangement but it seemed like Daddy wanted one of his babies with him and neither Connor nor Tyler were ready to risk themselves for their acquaintance.

“Well… Good luck to you both.” Daddy said as he stood up. He grabbed Trevor’s arm and pulled him to his feet as well, “We better get going.”

“Now?” Connor asked, “Already?”

“Can’t hang around. They are looking for us and we need to get as far away as we can.” Daddy replied.

“W-What about us?” Tyler asked as Daddy gathered his stuff.

“There’s a small town about an hour’s walk down the road.” Daddy said, “I suggest staying there tonight and then working out where you will be going. Alternatively, there’s a truck stop and motel an hour in the other direction.”

Connor and Tyler looked at each other and then at the road that was just visible through the trees.

“Good luck boys.” Daddy said as he walked Trevor to the van, “We won’t see each other again.”

Connor and Tyler watched in silence as Daddy loaded Trevor into the van then slowly drove on to the road and out of sight. They were alone in the woods. That moment made Connor feel smaller than any baby treatment had, right then it felt like he was against the whole world.

After a minute, Connor got up and threw some dirt on the campfire to put it out. He began walking through the darkness to the quiet road. He strolled out into the middle and looked up one way and then the other as he decided what he was going to do. He saw Tyler walk out of the trees with a bag a couple of seconds later. An awkward silence fell between them.

“What’s in the bag?” Connor asked to alleviate the silence.

“Some diapers and supplies… Daddy left them until I could get my own.” Tyler replied. He didn’t look at his friend and walked out into the middle of the road as well. He stood six feet away from Connor in the darkness.

Connor looked up and down the road again and decided that the town would be the best option. He didn’t know what Tyler was thinking but he knew he would prefer to have someone watching his back now.

“I’m going to give that town a try.” Connor said eventually, “I know I sent you to Daddy and I deserve hell for it but I also went to get you. I tried to fix my horrendous mistake and I can understand if you never want to see me again but if you want to stick together, I would be happy to have you by my side.”

Connor gave a small smile that he wasn’t sure Tyler saw in the darkness. He turned his back and started walking towards the town that Daddy had mentioned. He didn’t look back, he knew it was Tyler’s decision as to what happened next.

Tyler watched Connor’s disappearing back and turned to look the other way up the dark road. He took a step in the opposite direction and then stopped as he second guessed himself. He turned in the direction Connor had walked off in and took a step before stopping again.

Tyler didn’t know which seemed less appealing to him. Going on his own into the darkness to face whoever and whatever the world could throw at him or following Connor and being with someone who used to be a friend, someone he wasn’t sure wouldn’t sell him out in a tight situation.

“I can’t believe I’m doing this…” Tyler said to himself as he made his decision. Was it the right decision? He didn’t know but it seemed more appealing than the alternative.

With a deep breath, Tyler took his first step forward and just prayed he wouldn’t regret his decision.