President Martyn

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Timothy sat at his desk staring at the package on the table. He nervously bit his nails, if he looked any harder he would’ve expected to see right through it. It had been several hours since he had personally retrieved the delivery which, needless to say, was very unorthodox for a president to do. It took several minutes for the mail room to go through the protocols, they really wanted to inspect it but President Martyn had demanded it remained sealed. He had no idea what was in it but he didn’t want anyone to know before he did.

Ever since the mystery caller had told Timothy to look out for the package the President had indeed been thinking about little else. He had no idea what was inside the box now sitting on his desk but he knew it wouldn’t be good. It had been three hours since the box had been brought in and Timothy still hadn’t been able to bring himself to open it. His foot bounced on the floor as he tried to think of any way he could put off the opening. He knew if his blackmailer knew he was hesitating it wouldn’t be good.

“Fuck it…” Timothy sighed as he stood up.

Timothy took his letter opener and started cutting the tape that held the plain cardboard box closed. There was a certain excitement in opening the mystery box though it was heavily tempered by anxiety. As he opened the flaps of the box he saw immediately that it was clothing though he wasn’t sure what exactly. It was a light blue in colour and as Timothy rubbed his fingers against the cloth he could feel that it was thin and somewhat smooth.

Against the side of the box there was an envelope. Timothy pulled it out, the white envelope was blank except for the name “Timmy” scrawled across the front in someone’s handwriting. He wished he could send this to the FBI to get it analysed but that would invite a lot of questions that he wasn’t prepared to answer.

“Dear Timmy.” The note inside the envelope started, “We feel like the clothing in this box should be somewhat familiar to you. We’ll be watching your press conference tonight and expect you to repay our kindness by wearing it. Good baby.”

Timothy’s lips pressed together tightly and he belatedly realised he had been grinding his teeth. Ever since pulling the letter out. He dropped it on to the desk next to the cardboard box and then reached in for the clothing. He had a strong suspicion he knew what it was but it was only confirmed when he pulled out the folded blue material and let it flop down.

Timothy looked on grimly as the onesie unfolded. Apart from the white cuffs around the neckline and legs it was entirely baby blue. There were little metal fastened on the two flaps. The blackmailer was certainly correct in saying this onesie was familiar. It was exactly the same as an outfit he had worn at Mistress Violet’s nursery several time. He checked the label and saw it was made by *Think Little*. The name was familiar, it was the same company that made the diapers he wore, in fact it was the same company that seemingly made everything for the Stress Free Campaign. Their name had been all over the place since all this had started. He remembered seeing their name in Mistress Violet’s nursery as well, they had been supplying baby stuff for adults for a long time.

Timothy’s mind turned back to the present and he tensed up. Somehow the blackmailer had known he was going to hold a press conference that evening despite it only being set up earlier that day. There was no way the mysterious villain could’ve known about it. Was it just a lucky guess? Timothy had been paranoid ever since this craziness had started one year ago but now he was more suspicious than ever. Irrelevant of everything else he had to face going out in front of the press in this babyish outfit.

Going in front of people in a diaper was one thing but outwardly wearing infant clothes would be turning the dial even further. He was already under extreme pressure, it seemed likely he would be on the front pages of all the newspapers with people questioning his sanity. He had already resigned himself to having no chance at a second term in office but now he had to wonder if he would escape being institutionalised.

Timothy stared at the onesie. If his look had been any harder he felt like the cloth would burst into flame. He was only startled out of his deep thoughts when there was a knock on the door. Blinking and remembering where he was Timothy quickly balled the onesie up, shoved it into the box and pushed the box under his desk. He sat down and although he felt like there was something amiss he took a deep breath and tried to get back to what passed for professional.

“Come in.” Timothy called out.

The door opened and Timothy saw his personal assistant coming in. The young woman was wearing a pantsuit with some tell-tale bulges around the crotch. She had a pair of half-rimmed glasses that balanced precariously on her small nose. Her dirty blonde hair was pulled back into a tight ponytail. She was holding various folders and paperwork.

“Good afternoon, sir.” The secretary said as she walked across the oval office and sat in the chair opposite Timothy.

“Samantha.” Timothy smiled, “What can I do for you?”

“Just want to run through the afternoon’s engagements.” Samantha said as she laid some paperwork out on the desk.

Timothy settled back in his seat as Samantha started listing everything in his diary. It was nice to have some normalcy after everything that had been going on, for just a few seconds he was able to forget about the hell his presidency had become.

“… then at three you have a meeting with the head of the counter terrorism division, at four you have a photoshoot with some girl scouts…” Samantha checked off each engagement as she came to it, “At half four you have a break for thirty minutes and then… a meeting… with…”

Timothy had closed his eyes but was listening and nodding with each appointment. When Samantha trailed off he opened his eyes again and saw her looking at the desk. He wondered what she was staring at, leaning back as he was he couldn’t see much of his desk but something had her very distracted.

“I should go…” Samantha said as she stood up.

“What about the press conference?” Timothy asked with a frown.

“It’s just a general one. I’ll have the script sent to you.” Samantha replied. She had gathered her things and made her exit as quickly as possible.

Timothy sat up and wondered what had suddenly gotten into her. He looked down at the desk to where Samantha’s attention had gone and felt his heart skip a beat. He reached forwards and picked up a small pacifier that was sitting on top of a picture that made his blood run cold. It was a photograph of him fully dressed as a baby with Mistress Violet.

Timothy put his head in his hands. The pacifier must’ve fallen out of the box when he pulled the onesie out. That would’ve been difficult to explain when he had tried to promote the image of being into the diaper part of the Stress Free Campaign but not the baby side but the photograph was like a smoking gun. He could only pray Samantha would keep it to herself, he would have to offer her a pay rise or something to secure her silence.

Picking up the photograph, Timothy stared at the image and wondered why it had been included in the box. Was it just a reminder that the mysterious man on the other end of the phone owned him and could bring him down in a moment. Timothy was about to tear the photo in two and throw it in the trash when something caught his eye.

In the corner of the room he could see a pile of clothes. He looked closer, he almost felt like a television detective poring over the smallest detail that had been overlooked for the rest of the episode. There was no evidence about who was involved but there was still some interesting information. The clothes in the corner were from his presidential wardrobe, it was what he had worn when he had visited the Mistress one year prior. Did she know someone was taking photos? Was he followed? He had snuck out but someone clearly knew where he was going to be. Was there a hidden camera in there somewhere?

Timothy’s first thought was to phone Mistress Violet up and question her. She had previously said that she had nothing to do with his troubles and he believed her but these creepy shots taken from outside the window was causing his paranoia to ramp up again. Even if Mistress Violet knew nothing of the photographs she should probably be warned.

Timothy pulled out his private cell phone and took himself into the bathroom. The changing table dominated the room now and he perched on top of it as he dialled the number. The phone rang several times before cutting off without an answer. Timothy felt nervous. Was Mistress Violet just busy or was she deliberately avoiding him?

“Calm down, Timmy.” Timothy said to himself quietly.

Timothy took a deep breath. He remembered Mistress Violet telling him one year ago that her business was getting popular thanks to the campaign, if it had kept growing at the same pace she would be rushed off her feet. Timothy had enough enemies at the moment without creating more through his lack of trust.

“Be careful.” Timothy typed into his phone, “Someone got photos of my last appointment.”

Timothy hit send and hoped that would be enough. He was sure Mistress Violet wasn’t in danger but the privacy of her clients needed to be kept if at all possible. He had to chuckle to himself when he read over the message again, if that text was intercepted by the press he could only imagine the headlines that would follow.

A knock on the door of the Oval Office brought Timothy back to his desk. He had to do what he had been doing for the past year, put all of his troubles to one side and focus on his job. He took another deep breath and scanned his desk to make sure there was no more incriminating evidence on there.

“Come in.” Timothy called out.

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Timothy was stood in the little preparation room thinking that this was it. There was no way his presidency would survive this. He’d been in rocky waters from the start but this was pushing his luck too far. He could hear the gentle murmur of the press just beyond the door. The White House press room was alive with activity.

The press conference was originally going to be quite boring and just a general update on how the country was doing. At the last minute he had signalled his press secretary to tell the media that there had been a change of plans. Now journalists and news anchors were all abuzz with what the press conference was going to be about.

The instructions had been clear and the e-mail that had followed them up had included more humiliating instructions as well as a clear warning as to what would happen if he refused. It wasn’t just the threat of going down as the worst president ever and having to resign in ignominy any more. With the amount of resources expended he could face investigation and even imprisonment. He was in too deep to pull out now. If he could do it all over again he would’ve come clean right at the start, the embarrassment would’ve been nothing compared to what the country had become.

“Are you ready, sir?” Vice-President John Parlour asked as he stuck his head through the door.

“N-Nearly.” Timothy replied shakily, “Just a few more minutes.”

“OK, sir.” John nodded, “Are you sure that’s what you want to wear? It’s just…”

“Yes.” Timothy replied cutting his Vice-President off, “I’m sure.”

“Yes, sir.” John nodded his head, “I’ll ask them to give you a bit more time.”

Timothy looked at his Vice-President with something approaching love. Throughout everything John had been nothing but professional. When Timothy issued orders that made his cabinet mutinous it was John who went to bat to soothe everyone. Even now, when John walked in on Timothy in this ridiculous outfit he barely batted an eyelid.

It certainly was a ridiculous outfit that Timothy was wearing. The freshly changed diaper bulged out obscenely underneath the onesie. Timothy felt stupid but knew he had to do exactly as the blackmailer had asked. As he looked at himself grimly in the mirror he lifted his presidential red tie and put it around his neck. The piece of serious clothing only seemed to highlight how absurd the outfit truly was.

Timothy took a couple of minutes to just close his eyes and try to centre himself. The incoming humiliation was going to be massive but there was no way to avoid it. The only thing he could hope was that he was overhyping how bad it would be in his head, maybe no one would care as much as he thought.

“John!” Timothy called out. A second later the door opened and the Vice-President stuck his head in. Timothy turned to look at him gravely, “I’m ready.”

John smiled and nodded his head. He pushed the door open and started gesturing to some people in the small corridor connecting the preparation room with the media room that the press conference was to take place in.

“Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States of America.”

Timothy took a deep breath as he heard chairs shifting and the quiet chatter die down. He put his hand on the doorknob and slowly turned it. He knew that when he pushed this door open and stepped out on stage a big part of what remained of his credibility would go into the toilet. With a shake of the head he pushed and opened the door.

The President stepped out on to the stage to the flash of cameras. He heard shocked murmuring and as he glanced out at the assembled reporters he could see many already furiously taking notes. He couldn’t believe what he was about to do, no doubt he would go down in history for all the wrong reasons. He reached the podium and was pleased to have something covering his bare legs, the onesie left little to the imagination. He had to wait for a few seconds before the whispers melted away. Timothy looked into the lens of the main camera and tried to ignore how there were likely hundreds of millions of people laughing at him right at that moment.

“My fellow Americans, this administration has launched many initiatives in an effort to transform the country into a place we can all be proud of.” Timothy paused for a second and heard at least one of his audience let out a sarcastic laugh, “At the forefront of our radical agenda we have made healthcare more affordable, we have invested in infrastructure, we have…”

Even as Timothy spoke in the most authoritative voice he could muster he knew none of these changes would be remembered. There was only one thing he would be remembered for no matter what he did to improve the country he had inherited. He ploughed on through the other achievements his administration had made in it’s first year nonetheless.

“Finally, we implemented the Stress Free Campaign...” Timothy took a deep breath and felt butterflies swarming in his stomach. Bearing in mind what he had to do that might have been to his advantage.

There was a palpable change in the atmosphere when Timothy brought up the diapers. It was like the air grew thicker with anticipation. The front pages and headline news all waited for what he was about to say. He wanted to tell everyone to stop the craziness but that was not an option. He looked down at the words on his script and sighed internally. He couldn’t let the cameras see how defeated he was.

“Millions of Americans have listened to the scientific and medical advice to move to a stress free life.” Timothy knew he was lying. The “scientific and medical advice” was a load of rubbish but it was the only thing he had to push, “Latest figures suggest half the country are engaged with the campaign in one way or another.”

Timothy paused for a second as he let that sink in. Half the population… That was roughly one-hundred-and-sixty-million people. All those people influenced by the crap he was spreading. He suddenly felt nauseous and wasn’t sure if it was guilt or the pills he took before coming on stage kicking in.

“This administration has been proud to support the campaign and that is why I called this press conference.” Timothy’s heart was hammering and his throat was dry, “That is why we are going to… double spending on the program and make it our top priority.”

There was an immediate change in the room. Timothy looked out at the crowd and tried to maintain his composure as pictures were taken, notes were written and the journalists started muttering to each other. He knew what their conversations would be about, they would be questioning if he had genuinely lost his mind.

“Mr. President, you are already investing a staggering amount of money into this campaign.” A reporter Timothy recognised had stood up to speak, “With this increase you’ll be spending more on the campaign than on the military. Where is the money coming from?”

It was no secret that the defence budget of the United States was gargantuan. Timothy knew that by giving the Stress Free Campaign more money than the military he was inviting all sorts of outrage. The war hawks would be furious that the military was being relegated in priority whilst most doves would be angry at the spending on this ridiculous campaign rather than on healthcare or social welfare.

“Obviously we have to work within a budget.” Timothy said carefully, “So we will be looking at cutting some money from other departments.”

The murmuring started up again and Timothy knew he had just opened a monstrously big can of worms. He also knew that this wasn’t the worst part of what he had to stand in front of the media and do that day.

“Do you think it’s appropriate to wear the clothes you are wearing when making a statement to the nation?” Another reporter stood up to ask. She looked disgusted as she looked at the onesie.

“I’m both the creator and biggest supporter of the Stress Free Campaign...” Timothy lied, “I’m merely showing my commitment to the campaign and-”

“What do you say to the people who think this is all pseudoscientific nonsense and that your support of it is almost criminally irresponsible.” It was a young man standing up now and staring at Timothy intently.

Timothy put a hand to his tummy as he felt a cramp squeezing his insides. He winced but it wasn’t just his internal pains making him feel that way. He had been interrupted by a reporter, that would’ve been unthinkable under anyone else’s presidency and it showed that he was losing the respect of the people he was supposed to lead.

“Sir, what do you say to the people who claim you are making corrupt deals with the Think Little company?” It seemed like it was open season for the reporters now.

That was a new accusation to Timothy. He had heard of Think Little of course, their name was everywhere these days. He knew them before the Stress Free Campaign though because they were one of the biggest suppliers of adult baby diapers and accessories. It was their best diaper, the Cutiebutts, which he wore every day now. He knew they had grown with the explosion of adult baby activities but he hadn’t done any deals with them or any of the other companies that had sprung up to take advantage of the market.

“No… No more questions.” Timothy said as he waved his hand in front of him, “I wish to show you my commitment to the cause.”

Timothy swallowed nervously. The next part of the press conference was the part he was most afraid of. It was something he had done plenty of times in the past but he had never done it in front of an audience… except for Mistress Violet.

The instructions from the blackmailer had been clear. Timothy stepped to the side of the podium and stopped, he saw the cameras and eyes of everyone in the room following him. His arms shook slightly as he bent over forwards and undid the snaps on his onesie. He could hear the journalists mumbling to each other as he turned around and lifted both the front and rear flaps. He closed his eyes and lowered himself.

Timothy let his cramping bowels release. He was shocked by how fast the pressure grew and then forced his ring open, he tried to ignore the gasps and exclamations happening behind him as he pushed into his diaper. He couldn’t believe he was doing this on a stage in front of the world. There was no reason for it other than his blackmailer messing with him.

With a grunt Timothy felt the diaper pushing away from his body as he filled it with waste. He knew this was being shown to the whole country, so many people watching the most powerful man in the world filling his Cutiebutts on the stage. He pushed out everything he had, the rear of the diaper bulging out as it filled.

As Timothy finally stood back up and turned sideways he knew he was showing just how packed his disposable had become. With this last request of the blackmailer fulfilled he hung his head to avoid the looks of the people that were now shouting questions and accusations at him. The cameras flashed as he retreated to the exit. The heavy load in his diaper smeared against him as he waddled awkwardly out. He was sure the news was already flooded with the latest antics of the President.