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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.