Jack slowly opened his eyes and immediately felt his head pounding. A bright light was over his head and shining down and he turned his head away. Trying to move any of his limbs was met with resistance and as he looked around he could see that he was strapped to the metal table in the medical room.

“Ugh…” Vanessa’s voice suddenly gained Jack’s attention.

Jack looked around to the other side of him and found Vanessa laying spread-eagled in the same way that he was. He noticed that both of them had new diapers on and he wondered how long they had been unconscious for.

His limbs felt extremely heavy and when jack tried to move he found himself virtually stuck in place. The restraints seemed unnecessary, Jack thought, he could be laying on a feather bed with nothing holding him down and he would still be stuck.

“What’s going on?” Vanessa groaned as she slowly tried opening her eyes.

“I don’t know.” Jack replied honestly, “We are hooked up to a bunch of drips and machines though.”

A minute passed before the door to the medical room opened and a smiling David was followed in by a much more cowed Emily.

“Hello babies!” David said cheerfully, “Ready for your big day?”

“B-Big day?” Vanessa asked in confusion. There was hope on her face, a hope that maybe it meant they would be released. It wasn’t a hope Jack shared.

“You’ll find out soon enough.” Jack grinned, “I dare say when we are done you will be lost for words at the changes.”

“Stop this…” Jack hissed to David as the latter started checking his pulse and noting it down.

“I don’t think so.” David replied, “What do you think, Emily?”

Emily had been staring at her husband’s face with a look of concern. She seemed to have the weight of the world on her shoulders and it looked like she was barely paying attention to anything that was going on.

“Huh?” Emily grunted as she turned back to David.

“Shall we let your husband go?” David asked with a sly grin.

“What? Really?” Emily replied in confusion.

“Sure!” David said excitedly, “Just say the word and I will let him go.”

Emily thought seriously for a moment. She still hated what Jack had done but she would be lying if she said she was still on-board for David’s crazy plans. Unfortunately, there wasn’t a lot she could do at this stage without landing herself in huge amounts of trouble. She knew it was a trap, if she said yes she knew she would find herself on the table with the babies.

Emily bowed her head slightly and sadly shook it to indicate that David should continue.

Jack, who was watching the scene from the table, had no idea what was going on but was already starting to panic. What on Earth did they have planned that was so serious? Were they just going to kill them both? If that was the case, then what was the point of all this stuff beforehand.

“Good.” David said as his smile disappeared, “We proceed on schedule. Medical checks show no major problems, time to prep them for surgery.”

“Surgery!?” Vanessa and Jack exclaimed at the same time.

“Oops! I’ve said too much. I don’t want to spoil the surprise!” David laughed.

Despite the pleading and the tears, David and Emily rolled the medical beds out into the nursery. As they passed the feeding machines, Vanessa glanced over and felt her stomach rumble. She only now realised how hungry she felt, she would have gladly been attached to her feeding tube right then and there. But she was left frustrated as they were rolled past the feeding area and into the nursery.

They came to a halt and Jack watched as Vanessa’s restraints were untied. She was unceremoniously lifted up by her husband and draped over the side of the changing table. Her hands were bound by some restraints and she was forced to stand on her still unsteady legs.

David and Emily now did the same with Jack. He was restrained sideways over on the changing table next to Vanessa. His legs were still extremely weak but thanks to the leather restraints around his hands, he was held up and able to stop from collapsing even though he felt very unsteady.

Neither of the captives could really see what was happening behind them. They could hear movement and something was clearly going on but they were left in the dark as to what.

Jack and Vanessa both felt their diapers being lowered around their legs a little, this was especially confusing because neither of them were sure they had much control over their bodily functions.

They didn’t have long to think about it though as a sudden intrusion caused each of them to yelp. Their bodies regaining enough feeling to know what was happening but not enough to make any attempt to resist.

Jack could feel a tube being inserted up his ass. He felt it pushing inside until he felt it could go no further, despite everything that had happened this must have been the most uncomfortable feeling he had experienced. Looking to the side he could see Vanessa in a similar way with her own tube. It was only a few seconds later that the two of them could feel a warm liquid entering their body.

“This is an enema.” David stated simply when he was sure both enema’s were draining into the captives, “To prepare you for what comes next. Standard procedure before surgery.”

“David, Please!” Vanessa cried out, “Stop the madness. It’s not too late!”

“Yes, it is.” David replied.

The next several minutes were exceptionally uncomfortable as the liquid slowly entered the captive’s bodies. Vanessa felt like she was going to burst, it felt like her whole digestive system was flooded with whatever liquid was being used to flush out their systems.

It was an extremely strange sensation to feel liquid entering their rectums. It didn’t feel pleasant at all and it wasn’t long before both captives felt a near overwhelming urge to just push it all out.

Eventually, after a painfully long time, no more liquid was left and the tubes were rapidly pulled out and the diapers pulled up.

“Hold it for five minutes.” David ordered, “Or we do this again.”

It seemed like an impossible task. Jack could feel his insides screaming for release, he had to clench every muscle to stop his flooded digestive system emptying itself. He felt tears in his eyes from the effort of holding back the flood. It felt like hours were passing and every tiny movement made him feel like a container full of water, it sloshed around inside of him. He never thought he would be brought to the point where he prayed to be allowed to soil his diaper.

“Come on…” Jack moaned as he struggled to hold everything back.

David remained silent. The way he was pacing behind them seemed only to agitate both of the babies even further.

“Time’s up.” David said after what felt like hours, “Get it all out.”

They didn’t need telling twice. Almost immediately there were sounds of muffled gas and watery stool as David and Emily watched the two captives empty themselves into the diaper. David found the sight quite funny and Emily smiled along with him though her face was a little more strained.

Jack grunted a little but mostly felt relief as the water was pushed out of him. He could feel the diaper growing increasingly swollen as it desperately tried to take in everything. Several times he felt he was finally done before feeling another wave wash over him. He was exhausted by the time it was done and judging by Vanessa’s panting face, she felt the same way. Somehow the huge diapers that were now practically falling apart had held together.

A few minutes after all the action had stopped, David stepped forward and undid the restraints. He was very careful not to go near the bulging rear ends, they looked like they could explode at any moment.

“Follow me.” He said simply.

Jack and Vanessa did as they were told and carefully shuffled all the way through to the bathroom again. Their bulging rear ends felt like a balloon and both were doing their best to not leak.

The process of their previous cleaning was repeated again. The diapers were ripped off and they were hosed down. Even the process of expelling the enema had cost the two captives a lot of the energy they had. Jack assumed that all the drugs were doing a number on their bodies and they had lost a lot of the energy they usually had.

When the hosing down had finished, David gave both a once over and nodded his head with a smile. He took a deep breath and started taking Jack down from the shackles on the ceiling. David took Jack’s arm and pulled him back through into the main medical room.

Jack had assumed he was going to be taken through for breakfast or something but David stopped him in front of the table. Jack looked from the medical table to David with acute anxiety on his face.

David pushed Jack down on to the table. He found his victim to be very malleable, broken by the treatment over the last few days. He even put his legs and arms out for easy restraint. David smiled snidely as he tied Jack down.

“What are you going to do?” Jack asked fearfully.

“Surgery.” David replied simply as he mixed together some drugs in a syringe. He was making a powerful anaesthetic, something that would keep Jack and Vanessa down for a long time to come.

Jack closed his eyes and felt a tear slip down his face. This felt like something he would see in a horror film; it was hard to believe this was happening to them.

“Just relax.” David said as he placed the syringe into Jack’s arm, “Daddy’s got you…”

This did nothing to help Jack relax and he let out a string of expletives mixed with sobs as his eyes became increasingly unfocused. He half-heartedly pulled on his restraints as his eyes closed and he felt a warm feeling spreading from his injection site throughout the rest of his body.

After just a minute, Jack’s heavy head fell to the side. David checked Jack’s pulse and vital signs and found they were all normal but he was in a deep state of unconsciousness. He smiled and walked back through to the bathroom where Emily was stood next to Vanessa.

Vanessa had been taken out of her restraints and was stood next to the bath. When David opened the door to the bathroom, Emily pushed Vanessa through to the medical room.

As soon as Vanessa walked in to the cold room, she looked to the side to see Jack already unconscious as she was lead to the table next to him. She felt a cold chill run down her spine. A great shuddering breath betrayed her fear as she the straps were done up on her limbs.

“It’s not too late, David…” Vanessa almost whispered to her husband, “You can do this to Jack but just leave me out of it. I’ve learnt my lesson, really I have!”

“I know you have.” David said with a thin-lipped smile, “But this isn’t about learning lessons. This is about punishment.”

“You’re mad…” Vanessa only barely got the words out as the darkness enveloped her. She had felt the pin prick on her arm as the needle went in and before long was out like a light.

“Are you ready, nurse?” David asked as he turned to Emily.

Emily was shaking slightly and her eyes were wide open but she nodded quickly. She didn’t dare to go against David now, she actually agreed with Vanessa and wished she had realised how unhinged David was before all this started.

“Then we shall begin.” David said confidently, “We will start on your husband.”

The next few hours were very grim. As much as Emily had tried to steady her nerves and prepare herself for being David’s makeshift nurse, she found the reality almost overwhelming. She soon learned that she shouldn’t look at what David was doing. The incision in Jack’s neck made Vanessa feel ill so she kept her eyes away and just concentrated on handing David whichever instrument he asked for.

“I think I’m done.” David said after a couple of hours. He wiped the sweat off of his brow and took a deep breath as he prepared for the second operation.

“Was… Was it a success?” Vanessa asked. She finally dared to look down and saw the fresh stitches in Jack’s neck. David was just finishing up by wrapping the whole neck in some thick bandages.

“It’s impossible to say for sure just yet.” David replied as he started moving his equipment around to Vanessa, “But I’m confident the desired effects have been achieved.”

Emily felt her stomach lurch. As much as she had realised what was going on was wrong, that this was all far too extreme, the reality made this feel so much worse. She suddenly realised that there was no fixing what David was doing. There had always been the chance to pull out, to stop on their path, now the deed was done they were only further locked into this madness. She felt ill.

Emily looked at her husband’s unconscious face as she walked around to Vanessa’s table. The process repeated itself again, David carefully did his work on his wife whilst occasionally asking for tools which Emily provided.

“And… Finished.” David eventually muttered as he wrapped Vanessa’s neck in thick bandages, “Excellent work, nurse!”

Emily removed her face mask and did what she could to give David a brave smile. It wasn’t easy though, in truth she felt sick to her stomach.

“Grab the stretchers.” David said as he turned back to the captives, “They will be out for a little while yet but I want them to wake up in the crib.”

Emily nodded her head obediently and walked out of the room. She was grateful for the fresh air but she made sure she was properly composed when she re-entered the operating room. Along with David, Emily bundled the two bodies on to the mobile beds and pulled them over to the nursery.

Before either of them were put down in the crib, they were both placed on the changing table and diapered.

As they raised the bars on the crib David took Emily in his arms and gave her a passionate kiss. Emily went to start preparing food for the two of them whilst David perched on the edge of the changing table. He wanted to be here for when they woke up to see if his surgery had been a success.

As he sat there he started to wonder if Emily’s heart was really in this. He was certain that this was all for the best but he was increasingly concerned that Emily’s wobbles weren’t going away and that she was really going to ruin this whole operation.

David had a plan B. He always had a backup and now he was preparing to use it.

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When Vanessa started to come around it took her quite a long time to start feeling properly awake. Vanessa was extremely groggy and had a very sore throat. Before she even opened her eyes, Vanessa felt her neck and touched the bandage that was wrapped around it.

As she opened her eyes, Vanessa saw Jack sitting up at the other end of the crib. He had his head in his hands and was clearly sobbing.

Vanessa tried to ask Jack what was wrong and her eyes flew wide. When she tried to talk the only sound that came out was a kind of rasping grunting noise.

Grabbing her neck, Vanessa tried to clear her throat and talk again but still got the same rasping noises. Panic started rising as she began putting two and two together. The surgery, the bandage on her neck, the inability to talk… There was only one answer as to what had happened but she couldn’t face it. It was too horrible to even contemplate.

“Good morning, babies.” David’s deep voice echoed around the room as he stood up and walked across to the crib.

Vanessa turned and looked out of the bars. She tried to shout at her husband, the man who had forever altered her and yet she couldn’t vocalise any intelligible sounds. All she could do was make breathy grunts as she tried to speak. It was incredibly frustrating and upsetting.

“I see you have both been testing out my work.” David said with a smile, “Good isn’t it? Just like proper babies I’ve made it so you can’t communicate!”

David walked closer to the crib until he was just out of arm’s reach. He smiled at his handiwork, he was happy to see the diapered couple seemed to be incapable of talking. The surgery was obviously very experimental and if anyone had found out he had performed such a thing he would not only lose his medical license but would likely end up in prison for a long, long time.

“Don’t waste your breath.” David said as Jack started trying to shout at himself, “You’ll only do more harm. I’m just here to see how the work went before we start on the second round of work.”

Jack and Vanessa’s eyes flew wide open. Did David just say he wasn’t done? What else could he possibly have planned for them?

“I’m happy to say the surgery was a complete success.” David continued as he held his arms out, “Without doing any other damage I managed to cut your vocal cords. It should be permanent but the only way we’ll know for certain is to give it some time.”

Vanessa’s head dropped and she began shaking with deep sobs. This was a complete nightmare. The worst part was there was nothing she or Jack could do, David had gone completely mad. Vanessa looked up at David and mouthed the word “Why?”

“Why?” David repeated. It seemed like the most obvious answer in the world to him, “Because you are both supposed to be babies!”

Vanessa shook her head in denial. She could hardly believe this was real, surely this was some sick joke or a prank. The reality was too horrid to contemplate.

“You… Are… Insane!” Jack tried to scream as he held his throat. The only result of his effort was a raspy nonsense that no one could possible understand and a severe pain in his neck.

“Anyway, you two had better get your rest.” David said as he clapped his hands together, “The procedures tomorrow will be much harder for you, you’ll need your rest.”

Jack and Vanessa stared in disbelief. It wasn’t over? Still more was planned?

When David stepped out of the room a strange silence fell on the nursery. Jack and Vanessa were in a state of shock at what had happened to them and although they both experimented with trying to make a little noise, they both found it impossible to form any coherent words. It was so frustrating, in the end and despite their best efforts, the best they could manage was hoarse babbling. They had rarely been so scared as having their ability to communicate taken away.

Jack greedily drank from the water tube that was attached to the bars again, the room temperature liquid soothed his aching throat and he tried to ignore that his diaper already felt a little damp when he sat back down.

Wanting to communicate a plan of resistance, Jack tried to tell Vanessa to fight back when David came back for them. Despite his best attempts, Vanessa couldn’t understand him and was just too panicked to do anything but sob.

It was a situation neither of them had thought about before. Having the ability to speak removed and knowing it wasn’t coming back was the scariest thing either of them had ever experienced.

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That day in the crib was long and hard. Having to live with their new disability and having nothing to distract them from their cruel reality, all Vanessa and Jack had was each other and the prospect of their future.

Jack had slid back across the crib and put his arm around Vanessa who had seemed to be crying ever since she had woken up. He gave her a small peck on the cheek and rubbed her hair. Without any idea as to what the future might hold, Jack just prayed that he would be kept together with Vanessa. He was terrified but he knew that at least they had each other.

At some point that day, tiredness must have overcome both of them because they were both jolted awake when the door opened very suddenly. The two captives looked out through the bars and saw their spouses in full surgical gear, David led the way and Emily followed. It looked like Emily hadn’t slept much recently and she couldn’t look either captive in the eyes. She had a strangely empty look in her eyes, like something was missing.

“Good morning, happy campers!” David said cheerily as he strode up to the crib. Behind him, Emily was pulling two stretchers into the room, “All ready for your big day?”

Neither of the captives responded. Even if they could have replied they knew it would be impossible to persuade David to let them go.

“I don’t hear any complaints…” David said as he turned to Emily, “How about you?”

“N-No, David.” Emily replied quietly and slowly.

“Right then. No sense in hanging around, it’ll be a long day.” As David spoke he pulled out the same gun that had become familiar to the captives, “I’ve loaded this up with the anaesthetic. Saves us all a bit of time.”

Without hesitation, David raised the gun and fired it into Vanessa’s side. She made a whispered yelping sound and soon keeled over sideways. Jack got on his knees and put his hands together in a gesture of pleading. He was begging for mercy that just didn’t exist.

Before Jack even saw the trigger being pulled, he felt a syringe hit his chest and he quickly became very woozy. Before he knew it, Jack slumped backwards and fell into deep unconsciousness.

“Alright Emily, take your husband first.” David ordered, “Load him on to the table from yesterday. I will follow with Vanessa.”

“Y-Yes, David.” Emily replied in that same slow and unsure voice.

Emily’s body felt heavy and not entirely under her own control. She kind of knew she didn’t want to do this and yet felt compelled to keep going. She had tried to resist the previous day, after the surgery she said enough was enough and that going further was unnecessary. David had seemed agreeable until she turned her back.

As soon as Emily had moved to leave the room, David had stuck her with a syringe and she had quickly lost a lot of her defiance. After an hour or so she just agreed with David and did as he asked, she was little more than a zombie. A brain that knew what was right and wrong but a body that wouldn’t respond to her own instructions.

“You ought to be careful…” David had said as the drugs took effect, “This will wear off in a few days but if you try to defy me again I can keep you as my slave forever.”

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The sun beat down on the sandpit and made the small box feel like the Sahara Desert. It seemed to sap the life right out of you and without relief or shade, the two people sitting in the box were completely drained and listless.

“It’s so hot…” Jack tried to say. All that came out of his mouth was indiscernible grunts.

Jack was leaning against the edge of the sand and felt very weak, and not just because of the sun. Vanessa was sat opposite him and looked emotionless as she repeatedly moved the sand around with a small plastic shovel.

A week had passed since the two of them had been knocked out in the crib. When they had eventually come to they had both found they were restrained to the medical beds. It had taken a while to discover what David had done to them and their bleak situation was made even worse as it slowly dawned on them what had happened.

Jack’s first clue as to what had happened was when he felt a strange feeling in the back of his diaper. A sudden stickiness that spread all over his rear, it wasn’t entirely obvious what it was until the smell hit him. He had messed his diaper and he hadn’t even felt like he needed to go. It wasn’t like with the drugs where the urge came suddenly and strongly. There was just no urge at all, it just happened.

The hope that this was a temporary side effect of something was dashed over the next few days as Jack found that both his bladder and his bowels had seemingly no feeling at all, they both emptied without any input from himself and although he couldn’t see Vanessa very well on the other side of the room, judging from the smells that seemed to drift over occasionally she was in the same exact boat.

The misery didn’t end there though. Jack had wondered, whilst strapped down to the table why he could feel bandages around his knees. Not to mention, there was no need to be held down if the only thing that had been altered was his bodily functions.

The two captives got their answer when they were finally unbound from the table. Vanessa had been the first to try to get up and as she put weight on her legs she found herself collapse forward on to the floor. Jack belatedly realised that although he could feel the bottom half of his legs, he had no real ability to move them.

That was how Jack and Vanessa found themselves now. They were unable to walk, unable to talk and neither of them had any control of what went into their diapers. It felt like all hope had been viciously stripped from them. They weren’t even chained up any more, with the high walls around them there was nowhere for them to crawl away to.

As Jack sat in the sun he felt his already wet diaper growing sticky again and realised he was soiling himself. He tried to clench his sphincter, to exercise some control, but there was just nothing there. No feeling and no effect on the mess oozing out of his body.

“Oh my God…” Jack was broken from his private misery by a familiar voice that sounded shocked and scared.

Vanessa’s eyes flew wide when she turned to look at the source of the noise as well and saw, to her enormous embarrassment, a large collection of both her and Jack’s friends and families walking through a large side gate into the back yard. David was at the front of the group, Emily brought up the rear. She no longer looked drugged but she was very much cowed to the will of David.

“Here they are.” David said in a faux-excited voice that was usually reserved for actual babies.

“I can’t believe it…” Said a woman that Jack recognised as a co-worker.

Jack wanted to hide. He felt immense shame for how he was now but he had nowhere to go. His second instinct was to call for help but his raspy lack of a voice made words indistinguishable.

“What happened?” Asked a woman that Vanessa had known her whole life. Vanessa felt a tear coming down her cheek. She was so close to salvation but had no way of reaching it.

“A car crash.” David said sadly, “They were together in an accident and, well, they are lucky to be alive.”

“Is there any injuries?” Asked a former ex-boyfriend of Vanessa.

“Unfortunately… It’s rather extensive.” David said with a bowed head. Emily had come round by now and stood sadly next to him facing the assembled people.

“Oh no…” Came a voice from the back. Neither Jack nor Vanessa recognised it.

“They are double incontinent, hence the diapers… And the smell.” David sighed, “They can’t walk and brain damage means they can’t talk.”

“He’s lying!” Jack tried to shout, “He did this!”

Of course none of the crowd understood his grunting and as he crawled forward in his messy padding.

“Unfortunately they can also get quite emotional…” David said with a warning look to Jack, “We have some sedatives for when that happens.”

Hearing that, Jack stopped moving forwards and let out a frustrated sigh. He turned back to the sandpit and heard gasps as people saw the dark brown discolouration of his diaper.

“It’s such a shame.” Said another of Jack’s co-workers, “How will they be looked after?”

“Me and Emily have decided to take over as people looking after them.” David said. He bowed his head and made a show of being so kind and generous to the two people he had permanently maimed.

“That is so wonderful.” Came a female voice, “You are both Saints to do that.”

Vanessa hit the sand in frustration as the two people making their lives hell took all the praise for doing this. She had no way of doing anything about it and it left her feeling so impotently angry.

“Thank you but really, it’s the least we can do.” David said with a big cheesy smile, “Now I hate to cut this visit short but they really do need their naps. They are grouchy and I think over-tired. You are all welcome to visit whenever you like though.”

The audience of friends waved their goodbyes to the two scowling captives who were frustrated beyond belief that they had no way of reaching out and being able to escape.

When the yard was finally empty and Emily had closed the gate, David turned to face jack and Vanessa.

“Now are you two babies going to come in willingly or are we going to have to prepare for a third procedure?” David said with a friendly smile. A smile which looked more sinister by not lot looking sinister.

Not wanting to make their situation even worse, the two babies but their padded rears in the air and began awkwardly crawling back into the building. The price of disobedience was too high; the chance of escape was way too low. No matter how much they hated their current situation, they both knew there was no alternative. Jack and Vanessa crawled inside like the good babies they now had to be.

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After a month of this treatment Jack and Vanessa were barely recognisable as the people who had once been fully functioning adults.

Having grown used to their new disabilities, Vanessa and Jack could almost understand each other’s grunts and rasps. They had almost forgotten what it was like to be able to control their bodies excretory systems. It was remarkable how quickly the brain adjusted to changing circumstances, they were far from happy but their new lives soon became routine. From feeding to playing to diaper changing and beyond.

“They are just in here.” Jack and Vanessa heard one morning as the door was pushed open.

The two of them sat up as best they could in the cramped space and looked towards the door. David walked in and was followed by a couple of people that Vanessa and Jack recognised. Each of their best friends had walked in.

One was a male who was dressed rather smartly and looked rather awkward being there. Jack had known him since childhood and they had always been close. The other person was a woman that Vanessa had met in college and they had spent a great deal of time as roommates until Vanessa had moved in with David.

“I’ll leave you guys alone.” David said quietly, “If you need me, I will be in the kitchen.”

The two friends nodded and smiled politely as David left. Once the door was closed they turned to the two blushing adults in the crib.

“Holy shit.” Said Anthony as he looked at Jack, “I can’t believe this is real.”

“Can they, you know, understand us?” Theresa asked to no one in particular.

Vanessa and Jack were both thinking the same thing. They could definitely understand their two friends but did they really want them to know that. Their position was humiliating enough without others knowing that they were aware of how awful their situation was. There was also the not inconsiderable fact that they had been warned by David that if they tried to communicate with people they would not only be further reduced in their abilities, but they would get the people they told in trouble too.

So despite being given a potential opportunity to tell people in one way or another that they needed help, the pair of them just sat in their crib and played dumb.

“Look at this place…” Anthony said as he looked around, “They really are just like babies.”

“Hard to believe she used to be my best friend.” Theresa said as she looked at Vanessa with a curious look. She paid extra attention to the discoloured diaper between her legs.

“Yeah…” Anthony agreed, “I used to go to the bar with Jack all the time.”

“Did you hear what Emily said about them?” Theresa said as she examined one of the unused diapers on the shelf, “They will be like this forever and could even get worse.”

“That must really suck.” Anthony sighed as he gave the understatement of the century.

He wasn’t sure if either of the visitors noticed, but as Jack sat there and watched them he suddenly flooded his diaper. The only sensation he felt was the heat around his groin.

“Well… I just came to say goodbye.” Anthony said to Jack, “I don’t know if you can understand me but, well, you aren’t ever going to be better, that’s what David says, and so you will probably be here forever.”

Jack felt his heart dropping but he knew better than to show too much understanding.

“Same with me, Vanessa.” Theresa said, “I love you but… I can’t come here and see you like this, or babysit you, or whatever it is you need. Sorry, but I have to get on with my life.”

Vanessa wanted, more than anything in the world to let her friend know she still understood her but she knew she couldn’t. It took all of her will to just stare blankly as her best friend gave up on her.

After another minute or two the two friends ran out of things to say and things started to get awkward. A horrid smell like an open sewer started to permeate the room but neither friend knew who it was coming from. They soon made their excuses and left.

That became a common theme. Everyone visited once, saw the two babies and then made their excuses before leaving forever.

It didn’t take long for Jack and Vanessa to be left behind by everyone. They became prisoners of their own bodies and of David and Emily who made sure neither of them were ever going to go anywhere.