DJ looked sideways at his friend and almost had a heart attack. Instead of seeing the young adult Cody was he saw the baby Cody had been decades ago, he was the spitting image of the photographs kept by his mother. DJ looked down at himself and felt some relief as he realised he still looked the same as ever.

“You look like a baby!” Cody exclaimed, “Like… You are a baby!”

“I look fine to me.” DJ Replied as he looked at his hands again, “YOU’RE the one looking like a baby. How has he done that to you!?”

“What are you talking about?” Cody said as he looked at his own body, “Oh, I think I know what’s happening. We look like adults to ourselves but to everyone else we look the way we did when we were babies!”

“How the HELL is he doing that!?” DJ asked with more than a little panic in his voice. It was incredibly bizarre to watch Cody’s normal voice coming out of that body.

“Oh my! Look at these two adorable little ones!” There were a couple of young women, one heavily pregnant, walking the other way down the street and they stopped to bend over and fawn over the babies in their path.

DJ tried shouting for help but from the way the women giggled he assumed he must’ve sounded like he was just mindlessly babbling at them. He had to endure as his head was patted and his cheeks were pinched.

“They are certainly a handful.” DJ heard a woman’s voice behind him and frowned in confusion until he saw the Diaper Man step around the side of the stroller, “A couple of little terrors at the moment.”

The Diaper Man had been silent from the very first time they met and yet now it was talking to these women in perfect English and no one seemed to see the beast as the horrific monster he really was. Watching the soft feminine voice come out of the soft feminine face was so bizarre when they knew who he really was. It seemed like he had disguised all of them.

The stroller was pushed down the road but DJ had found a crucial piece of information. The Diaper Man could speak and understand English even if he hadn’t really responded to anything DJ or Cody had said thus far, just the odd nod.

DJ and Cody cringed as they were pushed down the street past the warehouses that lined the street. They took a turn and then carried on further down the street until they reached a park. It was a park that the young men knew very well having lived near it for all their lives. It was the very park the two men went through to get to the shops and back.

“We’re so close to home…” Cody’s voice ached. They were so close and yet so far from their normal lives.

“It would freak our parents out for sure.” DJ said. If the situation wasn’t so dire he would’ve laughed, “Seeing the babies we were turn up on the doorstep.”

The Diaper Man walked into the middle of the green area and stopped. The Diaper Man now looked like a young woman though DJ noticed the face was still strangely expressionless and the eyes were grey. A blanket was laid down and then food was put out as if this was a normal family having a normal picnic. The restraints holding DJ and Cody down were undone and some kind of invisible prod in the back pushed them out and on to the floor.

DJ immediately tried to stand but as soon as he started getting to his feet he found himself getting dizzy until he dropped back down on to all fours. He watched Cody try the same thing, it was very strange to see his friend as a toddler unable to stand. In the end both DJ and Cody found themselves on their hands and knees.

The Diaper Man, disguised as the young woman, sat down and handed out plates. The strangely cold face didn’t smile as the food was given to both the boys. DJ turned himself away from the food in a small act of defiance but as soon he folded his arms across his chest he felt a sudden pressure in his bladder build up for just a second and then the cascading heat of urine. It seemed tiny acts of rebellion were met with loss of bodily control.

“You can talk then.” Cody’s voice was small as spoke to the Diaper Man.

The Diaper Man didn’t respond. The façade he had put up remained unmoving as he watched the two babies. Cody stared at the supernatural kidnapper with narrowed eyes.

DJ felt so weak. It was strange to know that he looked just like a baby to everyone else, when he looked down at himself he still seemed like the adult he had been before being taken. He tried to stand up again but found his legs completely useless, he flopped down on to his front again as he crawled over to the plate of snacks he had been given.

Cody had no appetite but he nibbled on his food nonetheless. After a few minutes he was starting to feel thirsty and almost as if reading his mind the Diaper Man scooped him into their arms. Cody wriggled but the Diaper Man laid him across their lap with ease. He looked up just in time to see a bottle of juice being lowered. Cody opened his mouth in an automatic reaction.

DJ watched his friend with a grimace as he was bottle fed in the myth’s arms. To try and preserve what remained of Cody’s dignity he looked away and tried to hear the rapid suckling noises. DJ looked over towards the path that ran through the park, the very one he and Cody had walked along so often, it felt almost like another world now. It was only a couple of days since the two of them had been found with diapers by…

“James Spencer.” DJ muttered under his breath.

The bully, James Spencer, and his gang were slowly walking through the park. One of them was kicking a football and James’s biggest goon Charlie Evans was throwing something on to the grass. They stopped near a bench that was only a dozen or so metres away. DJ turned and saw Cody still nursing on the bottle and the Diaper Man staring down at him with big unblinking eyes.

DJ acted before thinking. He got on to his hands and knees with his padded rear stuck up in the air behind him. He crawled forwards towards the bench where the bullies had stopped. They were making a lot of noise but DJ was clinging on to the tiny sliver of hope that they might see and recognise him. They went to school together as kids, maybe they would recognise the baby DJ.

DJ took half a minute to cover the distance between the blanket and the bench. He looked over his shoulder and saw that The Diaper Man, still appearing as a beautiful young woman, was preoccupied with feeding Cody. The crawling DJ covered the last metre to the bench and stopped next to it, he was even more intimidated than he usually was. He was still an adult but he knew the bullies would see him as nothing more than a little lost baby.

“So did you really fuck Samantha the other night?” One of the lackeys asked James.

“Of course I did.” James puffed his chest out to assert his masculinity, “No woman can resist me.”

The bullies all laughed and high-fived as DJ tried to work out how to approach them. He was still on his hands and knees a few feet away and looking up with trepidation. The bullies were scary to him at the best of times but here and now, with him so vulnerable, it was even worse.

“E-Excuse me…” DJ called out in a quivering voice.

At least that was what DJ tried to say. Instead of words all that came out was a high-pitched infantile whine. DJ winced and covered his mouth, the childish babbling felt so alien to him and yet he definitely made it. It was enough to get the nearest member of the group’s attention as he turned around and looked down at DJ who was still on all fours.

“Please help me!” DJ tried to say. He spoke slowly and tried desperately to articulate every syllable but it didn’t help a single iota.

“Who’s the brat?” The tall guy said as he elbowed the person next to him.

One by one each member of the group turned to face DJ. The diapered man looked from one person to another and swallowed hard. It was clear from the way they were looking down at him that there was no recognition and he suddenly realised how stupid he was to expect anything else.

“Fuck off back to your mommy or daddy.” Charlie Evans, the lead flunky, said as he spat to the side.

DJ didn’t know when another chance for escape might come along. He wanted to run away but he forced himself to stay in place. He crawled forwards awkwardly and started using the park bench to try and stand up. He had to get James to really look at him and pray he remembered what he looked like as a child. He needed to work out some way to communicate despite his babyish appearance.

It was tough work for DJ who was exceptionally unsteady on his feet. His hands lacked coordination as well as he tried to use the metal furniture as a crutch. At one point his hand lost it’s grip and he wobbled dangerously on weak legs. He reached out desperately and grabbed Charlie’s leg to try and keep himself upright.

“Get the hell off me!” Charlie spat out in disgust.

DJ felt the bully shaking his leg and he desperately tried to hold on like a cowboy on the back of a bucking horse. He was weak though and soon the leg was wrenched free from his grip. DJ stumbled backwards with his arms wind milling around desperately trying to keep himself up before he fell heavily on his padded rear end.

DJ sat on the ground in stunned silence for a second before his bottom lip started to tremble. He heard the young men laughing at him and he felt utterly helpless. Before he could stop himself he started sobbing like a baby. His hands went up and covered his face.

Suddenly footsteps seemed to race up behind DJ. He looked up from his tear streaked hands to see a blur walking past him. It was the Diaper Man, he was still disguised as the woman, but he was staring down at the gang with purpose. On his hip sat Cody who was looking around the scene with wide eyes.

“What do you want?” James said as the female Diaper Man stared him down.

The Diaper Man remained silent. He just kept staring down at the gang of young men. DJ scooted backwards along the grass with his diaper crinkling, he wondered if there was about to be a fight or something.

“Come on… Let’s go.” James suddenly said after a minute, “Leave these idiots and their psycho mom to their crappy picnic.”

DJ was shocked to see the gang slowly turn around and start walking away. They hurled some abuse as they left but the Diaper Man continued to just stare them down silently until they were a good distance away.

DJ was still looking out at the retreating gang when he felt soft hands wrap around him underneath his arms. He was easily scooped up and sat on the feminine hip opposite Cody. The pair of them were carried back to the blanket and set down.

“I had to try…” DJ shrugged as he wiped his tear-streaked face.

Cody nodded a little but it was clear he thought the idea was doomed from the start. With the plates of food and drink in front of them the babies started helping themselves. DJ was looking up at the Diaper Man as he sucked down some milk, he saw the supernatural being staring at where the gang of bullies had disappeared.

They ended up being at the park for over an hour and both boys were soaked by the time they were loaded back into their stroller. DJ was thinking about another possible escape even as he and Cody were strapped in. There was just no way he could accept this as being the rest of his life.