Jackson saw a man with slightly greying hair standing in a pristine lab coat. He had two pens in a pocket over his chest and a clipboard in his hand. He was smiling towards Jackson but his hold on the younger man’s shoulder was strong and menacing.

“I… I want to go home.” Jackson said timidly, “I changed my mind.”

“I’m afraid that’s not possible.” The man said, “I’m Dr. Carter and I’m in charge of this process.”

“N-Not possible?” Jackson repeated.

“If you would like to come this way.” Dr. Carter indicated another area of the room. Jackson looked over to see the padded table with more people in white coats around them.

Jackson felt a wave of panic washing over himself and he quickly shook his head. He turned back to the door and started hammering on it, he felt Dr. Carter’s grip wrestling with him. Jackson tried to push the doctor away but he couldn’t and he soon felt more hands grabbing at his arms, he looked around to see more of the scientists trying to restrain him.

“Help!” Jackson called out desperately to no one in particular, “Help!”

Jackson was yanked backwards and lost his balance. The scientists held his arms tightly and pulled him through the room and away from the door. Jackson struggled and yelled but it was clear that either no one could hear him or no one cared to come and help. He felt panic as he was lifted up, he could feel something solid behind him that his legs banged against. He was lifted up and forced on to his back on top of the long padded table.

“Stop!” Jackson yelled as he struggled and pulled against the people holding him down.

The scientists weren’t listening and even when Jackson connected with one of his feet against an older white coated man it did little to help him. He was severely outnumbered and he would never be able to shake them all off. The question still remained: What did these people want from him?

“Undress him.” Dr. Carter yelled over the general tumult.

“Undress!? What!?” Jackson’s eyes went wide, “Let me go!”

Jackson’s shoes were pulled away and he felt his shirt getting unbuttoned. He continued to thrash and try to stop this embarrassing process but he could do little against all the scientists. Jackson looked up at all the faces as they diligently worked to undress him, he felt his shirt get pulled away and his bare skin hit the cold padding of the table.

Jackson didn’t get a chance to catch his breath before his pants were loosened and pulled down. He was left in just his boxer shorts, his face was red from embarrassment and his eyes felt very watery. He was beyond resisting as he mumbled desperate pleadings to the people holding him against the table.

“Please… I’ll give you money or… Whatever you want! Just let me go…” Jackson said as he fought to stop the sobbing that seemed inevitable, “This is illegal!”

As Jackson looked up at Dr. Carter with desperate and hopeful eyes he felt a sudden yank on his underwear. He gasped as he was unceremoniously relieved of the last of his clothing and left completely naked.

It was too much for Jackson and he was terrified of what these people had planned for him. He started sobbing as the tears fell down his cheeks, he pulled against the scientists again but was even less effective in resistance than when he had been fully clothed.

“Strap him down.” Dr. Carter instructed.

Jackson barely had time to register what he had just heard when he felt leather being wrapped around his wrists and ankles. The cuffs were pulled tight and when he finally felt the scientists let go he was still trapped against the padding. He pulled desperately against the bonds but found them strong and resolute.

Jackson could hardly believe that he was completely naked. Everything had happened so quickly and now he was looking around as the white coated scientists gathered things from nearby. The young man pulled and pulled but couldn’t do anything to get free, he was stuck to the table and shivering slightly.

The scientists started returning to the table and Dr. Carter was holding a small plastic bag. Jackson wasn’t sure whether all these people coming back towards him was good or not, he pulled against the straps again but it was futile. He was sobbing slightly and the tears made it harder to see exactly what was being brought over to him.

The plastic bag was put down on the corner of the table next to one of Jackson’s feet. The trapped man heard the bag open up and saw a mostly white rectangle get lifted out, he didn’t immediately know what he was looking at. The rectangle was large and soft with colours all over it, as Jackson tried to work out what he was seeing he saw Dr. Carter unfold the rectangle.

“Is… Is that a…” Jackson squinted but still couldn’t believe what he thought he was seeing.

The item was placed between Jackson’s open legs and he felt a couple of scientists lifting his hips slightly off the table. When he was lowered back down he felt extra padding underneath him, Jackson finally knew that he had been correct. These people were putting him into a diaper!

A bottle of baby powder was opened and Jackson felt his crotch getting sprinkled by it like snow. He was in shock at how quickly all this was happening, it was just a couple of minutes ago that he had been sitting in the lobby, what he wouldn’t give to go back to then and hurriedly run from this horrid place.

The front of the diaper was lifted up between Jackson’s legs and he felt the soft padding push against his skin. He could feel his most sensitive organ getting surrounded by the warm diaper as it was smoothed out on the front of his body.

“Stop it!” Jackson yelled. He wanted to sound angry and indignant but he only managed petulant sulking, “I’ll sue you all for everything you’ve got!”

“You signed the release forms, Jackson.” Dr. Carter said drily as he wrote some things down on his clipboard, “We have legal authority to continue the trial unless your health is in danger.”

Jackson shook his head as he felt the sides of the diaper get tucked in and then felt tapes press against the landing strip on the front. He sobbed as he saw the scientist step away leaving the diaper tightly taped around his waist.

“We are testing a new type of treatment for delinquent young adults.” Dr. Carter spoke as if this was all entirely normally, “A new type of therapy that is designed to allow for retraining.”

“I’m not a delinquent!” Jackson yelled out, “I’m normal!”

“You’ve volunteered to test everything.” Dr. Carter said patiently, “It was all in the forms. You did read them, right?”

“I…” Jackson chastised himself for not looking through all the paperwork he had signed. In his worst nightmare he hadn’t expected something like this, “W-What about my parents!? I was told they’d be called?”

“And indeed they have been.” Dr. Carter said with a wry smile, “We explained where you are and why you’re here. We told them what you had volunteered for and they seemed very happy.”

“Happy!?” Jackson repeated incredulously, “You’re lying!”

“They said they were pleased you had found some work and hoped it would lead to something more permanent. We’ll be talking to them more soon I assure you.” Dr. Carter continued, “So how about you calm down and let us continue the testing?”

Jackson struggled against the straps again but couldn’t do anything to get away. He felt useless and stupid, he had got himself into a real predicament and he was entirely unable to get himself back out of it. He eventually fell limp and sobbed harder, he didn’t see Dr. Carter as he indicated to some of the bigger scientists to undo the straps. Jackson was surprised when he was lifted up but his resistance was a lot weaker now that he had tired himself out.

“I’ve changed my mind…” Jackson said quietly. He had almost given up trying to escape already, he was just too outnumbered and outmatched.

“Too bad.” Dr. Carter replied sharply.

Jackson was dragged across the room by the scientists. He had one scientist grabbing each of his arms and his heels dragged along the carpet. Jackson was resolutely looking down at the diaper he was now wearing, the white plastic was covered intermittently with cute little images of cartoon babies playing with building blocks and toy cars. It looked just like the type of diaper an actual baby would wear and Jackson blushed as he felt the thick padding separating his thighs.

Jackson was being pulled backwards and he didn’t know where he was being taken. The changing table moved away from him as he was pulled roughly towards an unknown fate. They were almost all the way across the large hall when Jackson felt his back gently rest against something plastic. Before Jackson could try to regain his balance or anything he felt himself get yanked off the floor. He briefly went into the air before his padded butt landed heavily on a padded chair.

The scientists were clearly well drilled and this didn’t seem to be the first time they had done all this. Jackson was quickly grabbed and pulled backwards so that his spine was pushed against the back of the chair. He felt leather being pulled across his chest and tightened until he was worried he wouldn’t be able to breath. Jackson was shaking slightly as he watched more leather restraints go around his wrists and ankles. By the time the scientists stepped back Jackson was tied to the chair at several points and unable to move, he looked up at the people around him with fear.

“Let me go!” Jackson suddenly yelled, “You can’t just do this!”

“We can.” Dr. Carter calmly replied, “This will be a lot easier for everyone if you stop trying to resist.”

“To Hell with you!” Jackson spat out.

“Bring the food over.” Dr. Carter called out with a disappointed shake of his head.

Jackson looked out of panicked eyes to see two tall metal poles being wheeled in his direction. Hanging from the top of the poles were two bags, one was filled with a white liquid and the other a brown mush. A long tube came down from both bags and swayed as they were brought over. Jackson looked at these new horrors fearfully and pulled against his leather restraints without being able to loosen them.

One pole was left either side of Jackson’s highchair and the young man looked at each side unsure of what to do. He was muttering pleadingly to be let go but the doctors seemed unmoved. The Tube hooked up to the bag of brown mush was raised in front of Jackson and pushed towards his mouth. Jackson immediately clamped his mouth tightly closed and turned his head away, he didn’t know what they were trying to feed him but he was sure it was stuff he didn’t want in his body.

“Come on, Jackson.” Dr. Carter gently encouraged as he made notes on the clipboard, “It has all the nutrients you need.”

Jackson wanted to tell the doctor where he could stick the apparently nutritious food but he resisted the urge and kept his mouth tightly closed. The doctor holding the feeding tube tried to force it between Jackson’s lips but he steadfastly refused to give in, even when the tube banged against his teeth did he refuse.

Jackson was tiring himself out with all this resistance and his futile effort to get off the chair was starting to exhaust his energy resources. He had his eyes closed as he screwed up his face as much as he could to stop the scientists around him being able to use him as a guinea pig.

Very suddenly Jackson felt two fingers close around his nose. The fingers pinched his nostrils shut and his eyes flew open in alarm, he knew exactly what the doctors were trying to do and he couldn’t resist for long. Jackson tried to pull his head away but he couldn’t, his need for air became desperate and finally his mouth opened with a gasp as he filled his lungs with fresh oxygen.

Unfortunately for Jackson his lungs weren’t the only things that were filled as the tube leading to the food was pushed into the young man’s mouth. Jackson felt the tube go almost to his throat and he mumbled around it urgently. He watched as one of the doctors adjusted a little valve at the bottom of the bag and then the food started flowing down and towards Jackson.

Jackson shook his head but he couldn’t shake the tube away. The brown mush pushed inexorably closer to the young man who could do nothing but wait for the horrid slop to drop on to his tongue. Eventually the food started exiting the tube and Jackson had to start swallowing so that it didn’t drown him. He moaned and whined as much as he could but he soon had to start reflexively swallowing despite the horrible taste.

Once it became clear that Jackson was swallowing the food without issue the doctors walked away. To other parts of the room where they were setting things up, Jackson couldn’t concentrate on what they were doing though, his entire attention was on his problems with the food.

It seemed to never end and Jackson swallowed mouthful after mouthful without getting a break. The bland taste soon seemed to coat Jackson’s whole mouth, it felt like he would never be able to taste anything else. It felt like Jackson’s stomach was bulging out as it expanded to fit the huge amount of food.

Jackson’s belly bulged against the tray of the highchair and just as he thought he was going to explode the food suddenly stopped. Jackson, whose eyes had been closed, looked down to the tube and saw only the remnants of food which hadn’t been pushed all the way through. He panted as he felt the churning of his tummy as it struggled with everything that had just entered it.

“Are you going to be a good boy and let me give you your drink without trouble?” Dr. Carter asked a minute later as he walked back over to the highchair.

Jackson hated the man in front of him and he shook his head causing tears to roll down his cheeks.

“That’s a shame.” Dr. Carter said, “I’ll leave you here for an hour and we’ll see if you’ve changed your mind.”

Jackson’s eyes went wide and he struggled again as Dr. Carter started to turn around. Before the scientist had taken a step Jackson urgently mumbled around the tube in his mouth, the doctor turned around and looked back at the diapered man.

Jackson sighed sadly and slowly nodded his head indicating that he would do as he was told. He was so tired and so full, he just wanted this to be over with as soon as possible. He watched Dr. Carter smile at him and then gasped in relief as the tube was pulled out of his mouth. He wanted to beg for release but he didn’t, he knew the doctor wanted him to remain quiet and he just didn’t have the energy to put up a fight.

As the tube that led to the milk was held up Jackson reluctantly opened his mouth. He hated the way the doctor smiled at his compliance but he was in no position to resist. Jackson’s stomach was swollen and bloated, he felt like his belly had doubled in size even though he knew that was impossible, he could feel himself pressing against the plastic tray in front of him.

Jackson winced as the new tube was pushed into his mouth. It was securely held in place as Dr. Carter adjusted something up near the bag causing milk to start running down and into the young man’s mouth. At least the sweet tasting milk washed away the bitter taste of the baby food, it actually tasted very nice but Jackson’s already full tummy quickly began to groan as he was forced to swallow every time his mouth filled with liquid.

The milk kept coming until Jackson was sure he couldn’t drink anymore. When he swallowed and felt only air he thanked whatever spirits were above him that this force feeding was at an end. Jackson felt the tube get removed from his mouth and two of the white coated doctor’s walked over to remove the feeding equipment. Jackson was panting and as he looked down he was shocked at his belly, it almost looked like he was pregnant!

Dr. Carter took some notes and prodded Jackson’s belly causing the young man to exclaim loudly. Once he had finished scribbling on his clipboard Dr. Carter simply turned and walked away. Jackson watched him go with apprehension, if he was left alone there would be no one to let him out of this chair.

“W-Where are you going?” Jackson asked weakly. He let out a very milky tasting burp.

Dr. Carter didn’t respond or make any sign that he had even heard what Jackson said. He walked over to the door and simply stepped out, the other doctors followed until Jackson was sure he was the only one in the room although without being able to turn around completely he couldn’t be sure.

“Come back!” Jackson yelled as loudly as he could whilst his whole body complained about everything it had taken in, “You need to let me out!”