John led the band through the children who were still rolling around with laughter despite the other supervisors trying to calm them down. There was a door to the side of the room and Karen unlocked it before opening the door to everyone else.

The band hurried in and saw a room that looked like a nurse’s station. The room was pristine white with cabinets around the walls above plastic surfaces, a first aid kit sat prominently on the wall above a sink. In the centre of the room was a mechanical table which looked like it could be raised or lowered however the person operating it required, right now it was fully horizontal.

“What happened?” Karen asked as she walked in the room and faced the band members.

“I… I don’t know…” James was usually confident and cocky but he appeared rattled by what was happened, “I was walking down the corridor and all of a sudden… This happened.”

James indicated the large wet spot on his pants. The other band members nodded to indicate they had suffered the same fate. John looked concerned both for the welfare of his band but also because of the potential for a tremendous humiliation that could see them getting axed from the label, if the band got axed he would likely be following them out the door since the higher-ups would decide he was at fault.

“That’s very unusual.” Karen said with understatement, “Do you guys have issues with this normally?”

“No.” James quickly replied.

“Well, there was that time after the concert in Stockholm…” Brad started to say.

“That was a one off!” James defended himself, “I just had too much to drink or something.”

“OK, well, it might be a urinary tract infection or something of that nature.” Karen said thoughtfully, “Though it would be very unusual to affect you all in the same way at the same time.”

John checked his watch and sighed in frustration. They were already late for their next engagement and they were no closer to a solution than when this had started. He was ready to agree to anything it meant they could get on with the day.

“Ma’am…” John said eventually as his patience ran out, “Is there anything that can be done?”

“The worry I have is that because we don’t know what caused the wettings it may happen again.” Karen said, “This day care is equipped to deal with all sizes of people, this room doubles as a disabled changing room as well.”

“What are you saying?” John asked.

“We have diapers.” Karen said with a shrug, “Including some that will fit you guys.”

“No. Freakin’. Way!” James immediately shouted.

The band all voiced their displeasure as John took a deep breath. He knew the band wouldn’t like it but he also saw where Karen was coming from. He couldn’t afford to have these guys making fools of themselves where they would be seen by cameras.

“Tell her!” James turned to John, “Tell her we aren’t wearing the stupid diapers!”

“I think she has a point.” John said slowly.

Yet again the band started exclaiming loudly and making a big fuss. John let them vent their frustrations a little before putting his hands up to calm them down. He waited for them to fall silent.

“Guys, you are going to be in front of people and cameras.” John started to explain, “If this happens again you are going to end up plastered all over the internet and newspapers. You’ll be laughing stocks.”

“Wearing diapers will make us laughing stocks!” Matt complained.

“No one outside of this room has to know.” John said, “You put them on, we get through the day and then forget about them.”

Karen turned to one of the cabinets and pulled out three folded up diapers. They looked massive and as she laid them on the table John wondered if there was any way to convince the band to put them on, it would be a tough sell to say the least.

“Absolutely not.” Brad said simply.

“I promise you no one will know.” Karen said, “Once you are fully dressed no one will be able to tell.”

“If you’ve got a better idea I’m all ears.” John said with a shrug.

The band members didn’t look up from the diapers. The wet pants they were wearing were getting increasingly uncomfortable and their options were extremely limited. They each understood that they had to do something but no one was willing to make the first move.

“Fine.” Matt eventually said.

Matt took a step forwards and picked up one of the diapers. He felt it’s smooth plastic against his skin and he suddenly felt a very strange tingling in his fingers. All of a sudden the diaper became less abhorrent to him, it just seemed to make sense.

James and Brad stepped forwards and picked up their diapers as well. They both had the same reaction and as they touched the diapers their eyes glazed over slightly. The arguments and complaints slowly faded away and were replaced by positive thoughts that told them that diapers were good.

“Guys, I know you do-” John started trying to seal the deal with a final deal.

“It’s fine.” James’ voice seemed strangely distant.

John and Karen were near the door to the room and watching in fascination as the previously hostile men started exploring the diapers. Far from revulsion, they seemed increasingly interested in the underwear.

“Are you goin-” John’s voice faded into silence as he watched his band start stripping.

It was very sudden but members of the band all took off their shoes and socks. He was happy they had come around but shocked at how fast it had happened, the pants came next and then before he or Karen had a chance to leave the room they started pulling their underwear off.

“Oh my God.” Karen’s eyes went wide as she looked in front of her.

The men had suddenly got naked from the waist down and seemed not to care who saw them. James was the first one to open the diaper and flatten it out, he hopped up on to the table and laid on the diaper awkwardly. He had a mindless smile on his face as he reached down to try and lift the front of the diaper up, his smile turned upside down as he struggled with getting the positioning right. He was quickly growing very frustrated.

“Do you need some help with that?” Karen asked.

James didn’t say anything but he nodded his head. Karen walked forwards and to the foot of the table.

“What on Earth is happening?” John muttered quietly.

“I’ve never done this for someone this large but it’s the same general idea…” Karen said as she brought the front of the diaper up and taped it closed.

James hopped off the table once he was padded up and landed on the floor with his crinkling echoing in the silent room. He twisted around and looked at himself before smiling, as he touched his diaper it crinkled loudly again. His face was red but he walked away from the table without putting his pants back on. Apart from the diaper he was wearing his shirt and the pacifier was still attached to a necklace around his neck.

“Me next!” Matt said enthusiastically as he hopped forwards and up on to the table excitedly.

Karen looked surprised but started pulling out a second diaper regardless. John frowned in confusion as he looked from the guitarist getting diapered to the singer who was now modelling his new underwear in front of the drummer.

Matt sighed as the diaper was pulled up between his legs and smoothed out over his belly. He had a strange smile on his face as the diaper was pulled and taped tightly closed. Matt slipped off the table once he was changed and finally Brad climbed up for his diaper.

When Brad had been put into his new underwear he hopped off the table with a couple of diaper pats from Karen. He joined his bandmates where they all smiled serenely at each other. John was still struggling to comprehend what he was seeing, the three band members with reputations to uphold were all standing around looking at each other’s diapers.

“Didn’t you have somewhere to be?” Karen asked John after a few minutes when the band manager still hadn’t moved a muscle.

John snapped back to reality and shook some sense back into his head. He looked down at his phone to see that they were very late for the VIP gathering they were supposed to be at. He quickly gathered his thoughts and started grabbing his things together.

“Come on guys.” John said, “We’re late.”

The band members stopped their communal admiration for each other’s diaper and walked towards the door. John turned the handle before stopping himself and turning round again, he looked up and down.

“Maybe put your pants back on first?” John said with exasperation.

“Do we have to?” James asked.

“What the fuck do you…” John raised his hands in exasperation, “Yes! You have to put the damn pants on!”

The pants the group had been wearing were obviously no longer wearable. They were soaked through but fortunately the nurse had some spare pairs of sweatpants she could hand out to the band members.

The band members grumbled as they slowly picked up the clothes. Once they were all dressed again they were hurried out of the nurse’s room. They walked back out in front of the children in the nursery who were fortunately much more distracted than they had been when the band had walked in minutes before.

James was the first of the band members to leave the room and he looked down at his waist as he walked. He could feel the thick padding rubbing against his thighs and despite knowing he shouldn’t like it he felt a strange serenity about the situation. He looked behind him at the other members of the band and saw they were similarly preoccupied by their new diapers. James could see that Brad had a strange smile on his face whilst Matt seemingly couldn’t stop fiddling with the waistband.

There was a noticeable crinkle coming from the band as they walked through the quiet day care. The children nearest the passing men looked up in confusion.

John led the band out to the hallway and looked down as the others walked past him. He couldn’t help but notice that each of his charges had a noticeable bulge in their pants, he hoped no one asked any awkward questions.

“Follow me.” John said as he jogged in front of everyone and started walking quickly towards the next stop on their itinerary.

“Slow down!” James called out, “We can’t move as fast now…”

John looked back to see that the band was indeed having some issues with keeping up. They were forced into wide-legged waddles as they hurried along. John finally noticed the pacifiers still hung around their necks, he wasn’t sure how he had missed them before but the natural light almost seemed to make them glow.

“Guys, do you want to take off the pacifiers?” John asked with exasperation, “Seriously what is goi-”

“No!” The three members of the band loudly interrupted. As one they reached up and cupped their hands over the soothers.

“Well… Could you at least hide them under your shirts?” John asked as he put his hand to his forehead.

The band members scowled but did as they were asked as the tucked the soothers out of sight and below their shirts. John led the three diapered musicians over to the back of a very large tent, he stopped them just outside the rear entrance.

“I’ll just make sure they’re ready for us.” John said as he disappeared inside.