

Good Morning Starshine

Today: Time Unknown

*1- Good morning starshine
You lead us along
My love and me as we sing
Our early morning singing song*

-Oliver; "Good Morning Starshine"

The sun shone in on Damien's nursery, the ephemeral beams of light only being blocked by the wooden beams of little Damien's crib. The sky blue walls with painted clouds completed the illusion of an open atmosphere once the sunlight hit them. His mobile was long still since he had drifted off the night before. The only sounds that came into little Damien's room were the pleasant sounds of the world waking up with him. Birds were chirping their happy songs and squirrels were chattering their merry conversations as Damien's eyes fluttered open.

He gave his pacifier a thoughtful suck or two as he resumed consciousness, departing the land of dreams from which he had stirred. His gums, naked save for a single tooth that was rising from the front, chewed on the rubber nipple. Damien smiled and cooed at the feeling of the soft teat massaging his gums. It was a great day to be alive. He rolled over and looked at his stuffed dog beside him, before babbling incoherently about the wonderful dream he had just had.

"Wakey wakey, little one," a sweet and familiar sounding voice called out from above Damien. Damien looked up and saw his whole world right there. She was beautiful. Damien recognized that even at his age. Not sexy, perhaps, but beautiful. The sun made her blonde hair shimmer, even as it was tied back in a tight ponytail. Her bone structure was a little angular and on the lean side, but not gaunt; her complexion wasn't tanned or radiant, but neither was it pale. Her breasts had become larger than you might think when looking at her frame, but not comically so.

This woman, leaning over Damien's crib in her June Cleaver dress and pearl necklace, could be described not as a woman, but as a classically idealized form of a woman. She belonged more as a statue, or immortalized on canvas than as a centerfold. Her beautiful blue eyes shined with complete and total affection for the little guy. Any man could get lost in those eyes, like the knowing eyes of a certain painting with an even more famous smile; but that man would not likely be thinking of bedding her as much as snuggling with her and just being with her rather than being inside her.

She had the air of a veteran mother many times over, but the expression of a new mother still reveling in her first child. And her voice, Damien instinctively knew, was that of a goddess. Her pronouncements were not law; they were simple fact. If you were bad, you were bad, and if you were the best baby ever, you were the best baby ever. In short, she was-

"Mmmmaaa ma!" Damien squealed in excitement.

"That's right, baby boy!" Mama agreed. "It's your Mama!" Damien held his hands up in the air to greet this most welcome sight and to request that she pick him up.

"Does my boy want up?" Mama asked. "Does he?" Damien, for his part didn't so much as nod as babble his affirmation. Her hands grasped around his waist and Damien flew through the air to his mother's hip, resting comfortably there. He immediately became aware of the saturated diaper between his legs as he squished wetly against his mama's side. He gyrated his hips against her in a primitive form of masturbation, even though the word "masturbate" meant nothing to him yet.

"Num-nums first," Mama said, pecking her boy on the forehead. "Then, diaper change."

Recognizing the tone, if not the words, Damien found a modicum of patience as Mama carried him over to the big rocking chair where she fed him every morning. She repositioned Damien so that he was sitting in her lap. Hungrily, perhaps even with a hint of lust if you listened to Freud, Damien stared at his Mama's breasts. Instinctively, he knew that the delicious milk was there. Damien leaned forward slightly, his mouth opening to receive his mama's tits. From there, he knew, he would suck and suck and suck and suck until time lost all meaning. Then when he was done, it would be time for a new diaper.

"Uh-uh, big boy," Mama said, gently pushing him back into a sitting position. Damien whimpered pathetically. He really wanted to suck on his mama's titties. He really wanted to. They were a source of food, a primal symbol of sexual stimulation, and toys; and therefore the greatest things ever.

"I know, sweet boy, I know," Mama gently stroked Damien's head. "But you've got a big ol' toof now, and Mama doesn't want you to bite her." Damien's head drooped. He hated having toof. They made Mama's titties go bye bye.

"Buuuut", she reached over and dangled a bottle in front of him, its white contents sloshing about "I still have milky babas".

"Ooooooooh!" Damien squealed involuntarily. Milky babas! That was almost as good as titty milk. Maybe a little better now, that Damien had a toof. He could bite and nom on the milky baba nipple and it wouldn't make the baba go ouch like he did when he nommed on Mama's titties.

Damien opened his mouth wide and Mama inserted the milky baba into his awaiting mouth. Sweet nectar dripped onto his tongue, and his mouth went on autopilot, guzzling the white stuff down without a further conscious thought. Had he been nursing at his mama's breast, he would have closed his eyes and let her warmth cover his face, but instead he let his senses come alive as he half chewed, half suckled on the milky baba. Each sense brought new and wonderful information. The smell of Mama's breath, the beauty and love of her

eyes, the feeling of the cold and wet diaper between his legs contrasting with the warm touch of Mama's skin. The feeling of the soft material on his fingers as he absentmindedly stroked himself through the front of his diaper. (Maybe he wasn't so patient after all.) The way his gums tingled and bubbled with pleasure at being coated with fresh milk on the way to his tongue. He was teething all right.

Then, something different happened. Damien had no context for "odd", but he understood new and different. And this was definitely both. Damien didn't blink, so much as the world around him did, and now the milk in the baba had changed color. It had gone from a creamy white to a kind of deep pink. It was pinker and thicker than strawberry milk Damien thought, despite never having been allowed to have chocolate or strawberry milk in his life. He was much too little for that. No, this pink was almost ghastly in its hue- like a certain medicine that grown-ups take for tummy troubles. Based on the color, this milky baba belonged more in the medicine cabinet. But, the new color didn't affect the taste, so Damien kept right on gorging.

"That's right, baby boy," Mama encouraged Damien. "Drink it all up. Good baby." She tenderly caressed his cheek while he suckled.

Suddenly, Damien's toof felt funny. It tickled, and not in the same aching way- the itch that needed to be scratched- that it had when it had first popped up. He stopped suckling and probed the offending object that had taken up residence in his mouth with his tongue. He pushed at it and... it moved? It moved! It moved back up into his gums where it had been living. Then it stopped; a shorter, but no less hard and intrusive object in his otherwise pink and smooth mouth.

Damien kept suckling at the milky baba, its newly pink contents slowly and surely draining into Damien's waiting mouth and tummy. Again, Damien's toof felt funny. Again, Damien stopped suckling and pushed up on the toof with his tongue. Again, the annoying white intruder slid further back into his gums.

The pink milky ba-ba was making the toof go back home! Damien began to practically inhale the pink milk from the ba-ba, creating a steady river flowing past his toof and over his gums. As the milk drained, his toof receded deeper and deeper into his gums, till finally, finally, his mouth was as empty as the baba his Mama had been holding. He smiled, a big toofless grin up at his adoring mama.

"Oh?" Mama inquired as she ran her index finger around her precious baby's smooth gums. "Is Mama's baby boy even more littler now?" she teased him in motherese. "Is he?"

"Da-ba-da-da-ma-ma" Damien babbled earnestly.

"Well then," Mama said cupping her breasts, "that means that my little boy can suck on Mama's titties, doesn't it? Yes it does! Yes it does!" Damien's mouth opened greedily again and he began to unconsciously lean towards his mama's breasts.

Unfortunately, Damien was also full, and he knew it. Bubbles churned around in his tummy, making him feel bloated and gassy. His hands went to his tummy and held it as he mewled weakly. It hurt. Make it stop! Make it stop! Tears began to form.

"Oh, does my baby boy need to be burped?" Mama asked, shifting the baby so that his head was resting on her shoulder. Obviously that was a rhetorical question. She began gently patting his back and rubbing it in circles. A pat here, and rub there. Damien felt the bubbles in his tummy stirring now and starting to move back up his throat until-

"Uuuurp!"

"Good baby!" Mama praised as she continued to burp Damien.

"Uuuuurp!" A second burp came. "Baaaaaar", then a third. "Uuuuuuuurrrrk". Then a fourth. Finally, the bubbles in Damien's tummy were either at rest or spilled out into the open air.

"I think that's enough for now," Mama said rising from the big rocking chair. "Maybe Mama will get her titty baby back a little later." She walked across the nursery to an awaiting changing table. "But for now, let's get you into a nice clean diaper."

Damien recognized that last word and began cooing and gurgling again as Mama laid him down on the changing table and pulled a strap across him. He loved getting a diaper change almost as much as he loved getting milkies from Mama. Mama got out some wipes, some baby powder, and a new diaper before resting her palm on the front of Damien's old wet one.

"But first, baby boy," Mama began, "let's get all the accidents you can have out of your system into the old diaper before we put a new one on you. Okay?" Damien felt her hand squeeze his penis through the thick wet padding. Then, Mama started to rub him through the diaper. Back and forth. Back and forth. Slowly at first, but as Damien's gurgling became a kind of pleased moan, she began to speed up.

"That's right baby boy" Mama coaxed Damien, her sweet voice filling his brain. "Make cummies for Mama. Good boy! Make cummies in your diaper! Good boy!" Damien arched his back, trying his best to hump Mama's hand. He started bucking right there on the changing table, thrusting his pelvis against Mama's hand. His hands pinned down by the strap, Damien's lips puckered in the air looking for something to suck. He felt the pressure beginning to really build up. He would explode soon and make cummies for Mama, just like she was telling him to. He was such a good baby.
BREEP! BREEP! BREEP! BREEP!

Last Friday Night

Today: Morning

*2- Trying to connect the dots
Don't know what to tell my boss
Think the city towed my car
Chandelier is on the floor
Ripped my favorite party dress
Warrant's out for my arrest
Think I need a ginger ale
That was such an epic fail*

-Katy Perry; "Last Friday Night".

Damien woke up on the floor of his apartment, having rolled out of his bed while sleeping, again. The alarm clock woke him back into the real world at either the worst possible moment or just in the nick of time depending on one's criteria. Damn it, another one of those freaky dreams.

He looked down at his hands, covering his urine soaked sheets and underwear, his member pulsating as it began to weakly ejaculate into his underclothes. Looks like the alarm hadn't woken him up in time, after all. Even though he had stopped humping his hands in his sleep his dick had been aroused past the point of no return without the few finishing strokes at the climax. Now his semen just sort of leaked out over him instead of outright shooting out. He had ended not with a bang, but a whimper.

Damien picked himself up off his floor and disentangled himself from his pissed bedsheets. They were cold and reeked and matched his equally piss stained mattress. He'd have to break out the spray cleaner and Febreze when he got home from work today unless he wanted to go to sleep smelling of urine instead of just waking up reeking of the stuff.

Gingerly he poked the carpet where he had woken up for wet spots. It wasn't too bad, Damien thought. So the sequence of events last night were that he had peed the bed and then fallen out, instead of the other way around. That seemed like a small mercy at the very least.

Maybe he should buy a plastic bed sheet if this was going to keep happening. Most people would have done at least that much by now- within the first two weeks- of nighttime accidents. But Damien had been living in a state of denial for the last few months. Each time he woke up wet, he told himself, would be the last time. Now, he had woken up after having a wet dream after wetting the bed that same night. Damien had had a double wet dream.

A gurgling from his bowels told him he had more problems to deal with at the moment and he rushed off to the bathroom, urgently tugging at his strangely thick underwear. He began to fart a little as he waddled his way to the toilet pulling and yanking, but his underwear wasn't budging.

"Oh fucking hell!" Damien cursed. He had sewed himself in! What had once been a set of children's bedsheets decorated with images of Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends had been mutilated and cut up last night and now was sewn around Damien's buttocks and crotch.

Clenching his teeth and butt cheeks to stem the tide, Damien found the crudely sewn together seams on either side of him and ripped them open with his bare hands. Now that he was sober he didn't care about how the trains had looked "cool" the night before and he wasn't about to go for the hat trick on soiling himself.

Damien tucked his thumbs into the waistband of his newly acquired tighty whities, all six pairs of them, and yanked them down to his ankles so that he could sit on the toilet properly as God intended. He hadn't even rested fully on the seat before the sounds of solid waste hitting water and rude noises coming out of his backside filled his ears.

"Aaaaaah", Damien sighed with significant relief. What the hell had he been thinking last night? Well, that wasn't quite the question Damien wanted to answer. He knew exactly what he had been thinking the night before.

He had been wandering around Wal-Mart while high, as usual of late, and was wandering through the underwear section. Then, the brilliant idea had popped into his head about how boring grown-up underwear was when compared to little kid underwear. There was no point, really. Adults should get to wear Underoos too, and not just at Halloween or something. Then, in his manic state, Damien had decided to forego his toy habit that night, and instead bought a pack of men's briefs, some Thomas the Tank Engine and Friends bedsheets, and a home sewing kit.

It turned out that having no practice really did mean that he wasn't very good at it. But he figured out a way to cut the sheets up and stitch them around himself. After he poked himself in the hip one too many times trying to make his new underwear, Damien had gotten the idea to give himself a few layers of protection. So, he just layered the entire package of tighty-whitey's over each other and wore them all at once. It created the problem of making his new homemade underwear too baggy without the bulk of all the extra pairs, but Damien didn't mind at the time. He didn't even mind how he had basically sewn himself into his own underwear making it harder to go to the bathroom. He had just sat on the floor, surrounded by his toys, binge watching episodes of Rugrats and Sesame Street on Netflix, while he ate three bowls of Captain Crunch. Finally, he had yawned wide enough to know it was bedtime, and trudged off to his bed, bravely falling asleep with a full bladder.

Damien was well aware of what he had thought the night before. Other mind-altering drugs typically just brought parts of yourself to the surface by reducing inhibitions. People tended to say what they really thought, albeit less coherently, when they were drunk. People who

were paranoid while stoned were generally only a little less paranoid while sober. So why was this drug doing this to him?

Damien asked himself all of these questions as he got up from the toilet and kicked his soiled layers of underwear across the bathroom floor. He'd pick those up later, he told himself. He was probably lying, but it made him feel better.

He dragged his feet to his kitchen past the three to four garbage bags just waiting to be taken to the dumpster outside his apartment complex. They were all filled with empty plastic jugs, tubs, T.V. dinner trays, and cardboard packaging: The remains of previous meals, consumed in mass quantities. That was another side effect of his better living through chemistry: strange food cravings.

He grabbed one of the gallons of milk in his refrigerator. He had at least three in there, he knew. He kept them to the left of the gallons of apple juice and above the tubs of applesauce and Jell-O Chocolate Pudding. His freezer was fully stocked with Kid Cuisine microwavable dinners; mostly chicken tenders and macaroni and cheese. Damien's pantry contained little else but different sugary cereals. The garbage bags contained the remnants after Damien had binged in the middle of the night.

If it wasn't milky, fatty, or sweet, Damien had little interest in it these days. This fact was becoming more evident as Damien was developing a bit of a tummy. He hadn't been to the gym or even taken a jog in months. He thought drug addicts were supposed to lose weight, not pack on the pounds. He took a swig from the milk jug as he high stepped into his living room over toys and packaging that he hadn't bothered to throw in garbage bags yet.

With his free hand, he swept away the scraps of children's bedsheets, thread and scissors that he had left over from his kindergarten Frankenstein experiments the other night and sat down on the couch. It had become a kind of workbench last night. When he was high, Damien was just more comfortable sitting on the floor. He had even praised his inherent genius to himself last night when the layered underwear made for a comfortable cushion, thereby negating the one advantage the couch had over the floor when watching television.

He turned on his X-Box and went to Hulu. He scrolled past episodes of "Fraggle Rock", "Alvin and the Chipmunks", and "Spongebob Squarepants" and put on "The Daily Show", if only so that he could have some white noise of which to think. The new host wasn't as good as Jon Stewart, but then again, who was? Damien took a swig of milk and looked around his living room floor.

Actually, he couldn't see the carpet for all the toys scattered on the floor. There were Elmo dolls, teddy bears, cardboard books (some of them chewed on, just to see what it was like), Duplo blocks, rubber balls of all sizes and levels of bounciness, Mr. and Mrs. Potato head pieces, and a couple of toy cars designed for ages three and up. If Damien had looked at his living room with fresh eyes, it would have looked like a special episode of "Hoarders: Pre-School Edition". Instead, he justified the clutter as "comfortably lived in."

One corner of his living room now had a darkened stain on the carpet from when he had accidentally knocked over a bottle of bubble solution and hadn't bothered to clean it up.

Was it even possible for soapy water to cause mold and mildew? It was beginning to smell like it, but Damien had lived like this for long enough that he had become smell-blind to the stuff. He was used to it, so his brain just filtered it out now. His nose may have twitched a little bit when he first came in from work, but then the smell quickly "went away".

That was the thing about this drug; this "Re-Release," as Levi had called it. It didn't affect Damien's fine or gross motor skills, but it did greatly enhance certain parts of himself while reducing his inhibitions. While high, Damien still thought just as quickly as he normally thought; nothing was dull, but his thoughts drifted in unpredictable directions.

First came the almost manic high, when everything was great and even the worst parts of his life either had an upside or just didn't matter in the big picture. His senses were magnified shortly after. Colors were brighter and more vibrant. Music was louder and more upbeat, even the sad stuff. Fluffy, furry, smooth, hard, and soft all became things that mattered to Damien. Sex and masturbation were just the best. Masturbation might have become even better than sex because he didn't have to worry about pleasing anybody but himself.

Then, came the amazing ideas and the impulse buys and the cravings.

Shitty comfort food like mac 'n cheese and Jello-O pudding cups became the best thing ever. Steak? Why have steak when you could have a McDonald's hamburger and fries? Especially a Happy Meal that came with the free toy. Vegetables? Fuck vegetables! If he wanted to eat healthy, that's what milk was for. He didn't even need chocolate to enjoy his milk like some of those other losers with no willpower. And apples? Don't even get him started on apples. Damien had found himself able to comment on the taste, texture, and consistency on a spoonful of Mott's as if he were a judge on a Food Network show.

In the last three months Damien had spent way more on all this kiddie shit, food included, than on the rest of his living expenses combined. He had had to call out of work sick so he could go pay his power bill twice because he'd been past due and he had had similar problems with his landlord. But that's just how he was when he was high on "Re-Release".

After the manic high of energy and great ideas, came the self-satisfied sloth. Damien always ended his night on the floor, cuddled up with some stuffed animal or another, or eating crappy kid food, binge watching T.V. that was cheerful, easy to follow, and fun. It felt good, like he was slipping into a warm, lazy, bath. He even had an idea of binge watching the Wiggles until he could recite every lyric of every song by heart. That could be fun.

It was only in the mornings, when Damien woke up, wet, from some strange dream about being cared for as a baby by some weird lady he'd never met ("Mama dreams," as he'd begun to think of them) that he'd felt there was any real downside to popping the pills that Levi had given him. Then, comfortable sloth had been replaced with a kind of sick, cynical apathy. Right now, Damien knew that his apartment looked like hell and that he should clean up after himself. Had there been an actual child living here, protective services would likely be taking the kid away. Damien just didn't give a shit.

He'd clean up later, or save some money and pay a cleaning crew to do it for him all in one big sweep. Three months of living terribly could still be scrubbed away in an afternoon by a team of professionals. But later never came. It was easier at this point in his life for Damien to just pop another pill and make the world go bright again for another few hours. Usually, he'd just stumble through the day at his office job, do just enough to make it seem like he was being productive, and then drive back home and pop another pill to get his "Re-Lease".

Speaking of work, Damien realized, he'd better get ready for another day of drudgery. Toys weren't going to buy themselves. Damien stood up to get dressed, feeling a slick, yet sticky feeling as his cheeks slid together. He turned around and saw the brown stain on the couch cushion.

"Fuck," Damien cursed at himself. Or more appropriately, "Shit." After emptying his bowels in the toilet, Damien had forgotten to wipe himself. He stared down at his crotch, noticing that a few beads of urine still clung to his pubic hairs. He hadn't cleaned himself up at all. There's no way Damien could show up to work like this. He set the half-empty milk jug down on the floor, promising himself that he'd remember to put the milk back in the refrigerator so it wouldn't spoil, and trudged back through his bedroom and into his bathroom.

The smell hit his nose immediately. He hadn't even remembered to flush. Damien looked down at the present he had left himself, wanting to puke, and instead pressed the handle down. He went over to his bathroom mirror and took a look at himself. He didn't like what he saw. There were bags under his eyes from lack of sleep, and he really was starting to get flabby around the middle. He sighed and then smelled his own morning breath traveling right under his nose. How revolting. At least he hadn't vomited. When he vomited all the blood vessels in his face tended to burst at once, making him look like some kind of zombie from "28 Days Later".

He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. It was still as smooth as it had been a few months ago. Damien still didn't need a shave. That was at least one good thing about this stuff: He hadn't had any new facial hair since the night he started. Something in the hormones or chemicals or other "science stuff" he assumed that retarded hair growth. He hadn't needed a haircut either, come to think of it. His dirty blonde hair just stayed in a permanent state of "mussed".

The little prescription pill bottle caught Damien's eye. The pill bottle was unlabeled and likely just something to store the little happy pills in. These definitely weren't Vicodin or any other pill you could get from a pharmacy. Before Levi, Damien hadn't even heard of the drug, it was so new. So technically, there was nothing illegal about the stuff. But, he'd left the medicine cabinet open last night and was now facing certain temptation.

"Fuck it," Damien said to his reflection, as he reached for the bottle and popped the top open to pour a little red capsule into his open palm. He popped the "Re-Lease" into his mouth, and held it under his tongue as he turned the water on and jumped into his shower. He opened his mouth and let the hot water fill his mouth before swallowing both it and the pill. Then, he turned the temperature up to scalding and started using the water and his bare hands to clean his ass.

He washed his hands thoroughly in the shower and just let the hot water continue to cascade over him. As he felt the pill start to take effect, his thoughts becoming more positive and his body beginning to feel a certain glow, he popped his right thumb in his mouth while he scrubbed his crotch with his left hand using the bar of soap. He started peeing in the shower without realizing it as he scrubbed himself clean.

"How did it get to this?" His voice echoed in the shower as his urine stream mingled with the water in the shower.

Sympathy for the Devil

About Three Months Ago: Early that Evening

*3- Please allow me to introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long year
Stole many a man's soul and faith*

The Rolling Stones; "Sympathy for the Devil"

"Hey kid," the voice whispered. "New guy. C' mere."

Damien ignored the call, mostly because he didn't think he was the one being called to. He was standing in line at one of the newest clubs on the scene. Eden hadn't even been open for a year, and already it had garnered a reputation for being one of the places to be if you were part of the under 40 crowd.

Damien now waited in a line that wound around the block to get in, dressed in khakis and a button up shirt, his hair gelled and smelling slightly of cologne. Standard club attire; nice but not too nice.

The place used to be a bank at the turn of the twentieth century, but had been renovated into a variety of businesses over the decades past. Eden was just the latest, most refurbished, and by far the most successful incarnation of the locale. The rocky cement walls had been fitted with a stone mural filled with carvings of lush forests with birds and deer. Above the towering oak doors at the entrance was a stone carving of an apple. To the left of the apple, a stone snake coiled around a branch, eyeing the fabled forbidden fruit. If music was playing inside, none could be heard through the thick walls that had been used to guard money and jewels a century ago.

"Dude, Damien," Chad, one of his work buddies had told him earlier that week. "You have got to check this place out. There's a high cover charge, but there are chicks all over the place, the drinks are cheap, and you are almost guaranteed to score there. Best time I've ever had."

"Best time you've ever had?" Damien had asked.

"Best. Time. Ever." Chad had reiterated.

"Well, wanna go sometime? Try to pick up some chicks?" Damien offered.

"Umm..." Chad had scratched the back of his head. "No." He said flatly.

"Oh..." Damien had responded, a little disappointed. "Why not?"

"Pssst", the same whispering voice shook Damien out of his memories. "New guy. You! Hey!"

Damien looked around to his left and right, seeing no one. He pointed to his chest, indicating "me?"

"Yeah, you," a voice from behind his left shoulder called out. Damien whipped his head around to see the man leaning against the corner of the building, just out of sight of the bouncer at the door. "C'mere."

Everything about this man reeked of the word "trashy". He had a neatly trimmed goatee contrasting with raggedy stubble on his cheeks, which you might not notice as your gaze was pulled away towards his dark brown hair put into cornrows. Even though it was warm out tonight, he wore a green hooded sweatshirt with the hood down. His eyes were covered by the same cheap, dark sunglasses that you could buy off the rack at any drug store or gas station. The frayed cuffs of his ratty jeans ended in some kind of green scaled boots: Alligator skin, most likely, maybe snake skin; probably fake.

The dude looked like he was cosplaying as an inner city version of James Franco in "Spring Breakers". James Franco couldn't pull that look off, and this joker was no Franco. But still, there was something about him, maybe it was his posture with his hands in the pockets of his sweatshirt while leaning against the building. Maybe it was the way he set his jaw, like he was both on the verge of smiling yet was dead serious in the here and now. Damien had common sense, and he had a vague idea of what this man wanted. Damien had gone to enough raves in his life to figure out where this was going, and had already silently decided to decline.

Recreational drugs were fun most of the time as long as you had someone with you designated to stay sober and keep your ass from doing something completely stupid, but as none of his work buddies had decided to come with him (not that he blamed them this time...when Chad told him a little more about the club, he completely understood), Damien lacked a safety net tonight.

"Don't worry," the dealer called out. "They'll save your spot in line." The woman directly behind him, wearing only a worn t-shirt and even more worn shorts of all things, shrugged and nodded her assent. Damien huffed out a sigh and left the line to go creep into the shadows. Time to shoot the dealer down.

"You looking to get into the club and have a good time tonight?" the dealer asked once Damien was within easy speaking range. Damien leaned his back against the wall so that he was next to the dealer. It felt smarter to be next to this guy instead of across from him. He'd look a little less aggressive when turning this guy down if he were next to the guy, and it wasn't as suspicious when they were whispering to each other.

"Look man," Damien said in a hushed tone, "thanks for the offer, but not tonight."

"Come on, new guy, hear me out," the dealer pressed. "Do you want to get into the club and have a good time tonight?"

Damien shook his head. "I'm not looking for any X tonight."

"I'm not selling X, new guy."

"I'm not into acid."

"I'm not selling acid, new guy."

"I'm not looking for weed."

"I'm not selling weed, new guy."

"Fuck coke."

"No coke."

"Fuck meth."

"Meth? What do I look like, a trucker? No meth, new guy."

"Look," Damien pivoted and faced the dealer in the green hoodie and snake skin shoes, one shoulder still leaning against the wall. "I'm not buying tonight. Maybe some other time."

"Who said I was selling anything, new guy?" the pusher in the green hoodie and snakeskin shoes smiled a toothy grin. There was something insincere and menacing in that smile.

"Why do you keep calling me 'new guy'?" Damien demanded, his frustration beginning to show. This fucker was pushing all of the wrong buttons.

The man with the cornrows looked Damien up and down, examining him, before saying, "Only a complete newbie comes to a nude club with that much clothing on."

Yeah...that was why Chad didn't want to come to Eden with him. It was fine seeing a bunch of strangers- some of them attractive- naked, but looking someone in the eye at work the next morning after you'd casually seen their junk was a bit much for most work buddies.

"I mean, come on, kid," the dealer chuckled, pointing at various parts of Damien's wardrobe. "Is that a fuckin' belt?! Hell, I see an undershirt. You came to a place where people come to get naked together, and you actually came with stuff that gets in the way of that." He pointed back at the line. "Look at that. Some of the veterans of this place probably aren't even wearing underwear."

Admittedly, Damien hadn't put that much thought into what to wear, or what not to wear to this place. So he had just put on his standard night on the town clothes. How was he supposed to have known there was some kind of unwritten rulebook or (lack of) dress code?

Damien turned around and looked at the line. There were an inordinate number of people wearing just t-shirts and shorts waiting in line. Most of them were just wearing sandals too. They were dressed more for a summer cookout than for a night club. Damien just figured they were the inexperienced ones and they'd be turned away at the door. Now he was having doubts.

Damien frowned and turned to face the dealer. "Okay, point taken," he conceded, "but that still doesn't mean I'm looking to buy anything."

"At what point," the dealer paused for a beat, "did I ever say 'Hey, new guy, do you want to buy some drugs?' Never." Damien replayed the brief encounter he'd had so far in his head. He hadn't technically. "All I asked," the man clarified as he slid his cheap sunglasses up to rest on his head, "was if you wanted to get into the club and have a good time."

"You got a way in?" Damien wondered. Maybe this guy wasn't a drug dealer, as much as he was some weird ass promoter, or nightclub scalper. Was there even such a thing as tickets into a nightclub? If so, were there people who scalped those tickets? Probably not, on both counts.

The dealer must have seen the doubt on Damien's face. "Of course I got a way in. But first, peek around the corner if you want to see your near future."

Damien took a few steps and peaked around the corner. At the door were two men, dressed in similar fashion to him. They were dressed nicely and looked like they were ready for a night on the town. Blocking their way into Eden was a very large and intimidating door man, no hair, douche sunglasses just like the drug dealer, and all muscle. Damien couldn't make out exactly what was being said from around the corner, but their bodies told the tale.

They both wanted in. The doorman wasn't letting them. His arms crossed over his chest and his head shook slowly from side to side. Dejectedly, the two men walked away into the night, their bodies becoming more animated the farther they got away, most likely telling themselves and each other about how "lucky" the doorman was that they weren't there for a fight or some other such bullshit that such men spewed to make themselves feel better about defeat.

"But wait, there's more," the dealer whispered into Damien's ear. "Take a look at the little hottie behind them." Damien watched in silence as an attractive young woman approached the same doorman. She was at least an 8 out of 10 in the looks department, maybe even a 9. With a backless top and a short skirt that would conceal nothing the second she bent over, she was ideal club material. A club without hot girls wouldn't have any guys coming either.

The girl looked up at the doorman and swayed her hips and cocked her head to the side coyly while batting her eyelashes. But to Damien's surprise, the doorman was utterly unmoved. Once again, he crossed his arms over his chest and slowly shook his head. The girl's shoulders slumped. Damien saw her look up and clasp her hands together in a begging gesture, but the guard remained unmoved. She walked away, defeated.

Damien turned back to face the man in the hoodie. A look of disbelief clearly on his face. The two guys, maybe, but that chick was rocking it. In any other club she would have been through the door, likely with no cover charge.

"The hell?" Damien asked, incredulously.

"I know, right?" this stranger in snakeskin shoes echoed Damien's surprise. "Now ask yourself, what'd those two scrubs and that little number behind them do wrong?" Damien didn't have time to answer. "I'll tell you what they did wrong," the dealer pressed, "they didn't have what they needed to get into the club and have a good time."

Now it was Damien's turn to slump his shoulders and deflate. "Okay, I'll bite," he sighed. "How do I get in and have a good time?"

The drug pusher made a flourish with his right hand and closed it into a fist. Then he shook it a few times, as if he were playing a game of rock-paper-scissors with himself, and then reopened his hand, palm up. Now laying in his palm was a little red pill, no bigger than a piece of candy. It could have been a little red "MnM" with the "M" scratched off.

"Thissssss," he announced, using his other hand to gesture to the single red pill in his palm.

Damien arched an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"I call it, 'Re-Lease'." The man with the snake leather shoes explained. "It makes you feel like you've got a brand new lease on life. It's a powerful anti-anxiety agent with a mood lifter, and some relatively minor psychedelic effects to give it a little party kick. Oh, and it also doubles as birth control, but that's more a feature for the ladies," he chuckled at his own joke. The dealer stared at the little pill in his hand as if it were Tolkien's magic ring.

"It might just be the best inhibition-inhibitor out there. Much cleaner buzz than dime store booze," the dealer concluded. He smiled with pride up at Damien. "It's perfect for getting naked with a bunch of strangers and promptly not giving a shit."

"How come I've never heard of it?" Damien asked.

"Because it's a designer drug that just came out a few months ago," the dealer explained. "And you're talking to the designer."

"Is it legal?" Damien found himself being drawn in by the sales pitch.

"Of course it's legal, new guy!" the dealer explained. "That's the best part about making a new product. Even if it's declared illegal, it takes a lot fuckin' longer for a law to be drafted than for a product to circulate and gain popularity."

"And this gets me in...how?" Damien asked.

"All you have to do," the dealer instructed him, "is take this little beauty with you, show it to the doorman, pop it in your mouth and tell him that Mister Athan said you were cool."

"Mr. Athan, huh?" Damien grunted. "That you?"

"Smart man," the dealer replied. "Friends call me Levi, new guy," Levi took Damien's hand pressed it into his open palm. "And you?"

"Damien," he told Levi, twisting their wrists so that their hands were clasped in a handshake.

"Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Damien," Levi answered. He released the handshake and Damien withdrew with the little red pill in his hand. "That's a real good name there if I do say so myself. Now get going, kid. The line's moving."

Without thinking Damien turned his back to the strange man called Levi and saw that the woman who had been saving his spot had almost reached the door. "Hey, how much does this-", Damien turned back around to face Levi, "...cost?" Levi was gone.

"Freak..." Damien muttered as he pocketed the little red pill- the "Re-Lease" as Levi had called it- and rushed back towards the front of the line.

"'Bout time," the woman who had agreed to save Damien's place remarked when Damien returned. "Levi give you his sales pitch?"

Damien's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "You know him?"

"Everybody knows Levi," she told him. She then reached into her shorts pocket and produced a little red pill identical to what Damien had stashed away in his pants pocket.

"Oh yeah?" Damien pondered. "He the local dealer or something? Got some kind of deal with the doorman?"

"Local dealer?" the woman barked a laugh. "Newbie, Levi owns this club."

Karn Evil 9 1st Impression Part 1

*4- Step inside! Hello! We've a most amazing show
You'll enjoy it all we know
Step inside! Step inside!*

*We've got thrills and shocks, supersonic fighting cocks.
Leave your hammers at the box
Come inside! Come inside!*

-Emmerson, Lake, & Palmer; "Karn Evil 9 1st Impression Part 1".

"Mr. Athan said that we're cool," Damien told the big guy guarding the door to Eden. The bouncer stared down at Damien, unflinching. The guy was intimidatingly big. Damien was pretty sure he could have hid in this monster's shadow without having to hunker down at all. More unnerving though, was how little the brute moved. Damien had only seen the guy move to cross his arms and solemnly shake his head no; oh and scowl, lots and lots of scowling. Scowling was the full range of emotion that Damien had seen demonstrated by this man.

If not for the occasional (and also intimidating) flaring of his nostrils as he breathed, Damien wouldn't think this man mountain needed to draw breath like a normal person. He might as well have been a statue. The big guy's pock marked face vaguely reminded Damien of freshly baked brownies or porous concrete. The doorman slowly crossed his arms and Damien swore he heard the rough, grinding sound of stone on stone.

"And....?" the doorman growled. Even his voice sounded like he had a gullet full of gravel. Damien fumbled around in his pocket and took out the little red pill he'd been handed moments earlier. He held it in front of him in his thumb and forefinger, and pointed to it with his free hand. He shot the doorman a questioning look. The doorman gave no response save for an added nostril flare.

Was this seriously happening? Was the hottest nightclub in town not only some sort of nudist hangout, but where taking drugs was not only encouraged, but required? Damien was losing his nerve and fast. What should he do?

"Nut up and swallow it, or shuffle off newbie," someone from farther down the line shouted. "We ain't got all night." Damien resisted the urge to spin around and find the voice of his accuser, but then he saw the bouncer's head start to move ever so slightly. If he didn't act fast, he was going to be denied entry and his night would be over before it began.

"Fuck it," Damien whispered mostly to himself. He popped the pill in his mouth and rested it on his tongue. Shit, maybe this was an MnM. It even tasted like candy. Damien resisted the urge to bite down on the thing and tossed his head back like he was taking a shot. He swallowed the pill.

"Enter," was all the doorman said. Damien didn't waste a second scurrying around the big man and into the slightly open doors of the club behind him. Instead of a giant naked sex

orgy, like he'd imagined, Damien rushed into a dignified yet rather tame and refined receiving area.

The marble floor gave the place a rather classy feel. The high ceiling made the room seem impossibly huge, and was painted in the color of a night time starry sky, with the domed center featuring a loose recreation of God creating Adam, like in the Sistine Chapel. The walls themselves were painted in a forest scene that matched the buildings outer décor. This was, for all intents and purposes at least one artist's interpretation of the Garden of Eden, from the Bible.

Though it wasn't an orgy, Damien was clearly not alone. A crowd had gathered in front of him, and more were steadily trickling in behind him. Every footstep echoed in this place and there were murmurs and whispers bouncing off the walls.

"Hey," Damien asked another patron, tapping him on the shoulder. "What's going on?"

"We gotta wait for the Satyr, man." The patron returned a goofy, stoned smile from over his shoulder.

"What?" Damien blurted in surprise. The man whom Damien had asked a question to turned around and looked Damien over from head to toes.

"Oh, shit...first time, right?" he asked. Damien nodded. Was it really that obvious? "My bad, man. The Re-Release is hitting me pretty hard already." He chuckled at something that Damien couldn't hear. Oh god what had Damien put in his body?

"We gotta wait till there's enough people," the man explained, still holding onto a lazy smile. "Then they close the door, and we get a little show before we sign the papers."

"What papers?" Damien asked. Chad hadn't mentioned anything about papers.

"Just waivers and shit, man." Damien's new companion shrugged. "Y'know, I promise that I'm cool with being seen naked, and I'm cool with seeing other people naked and that I don't have cameras and shit and I'm not gonna try and rape anybody and you can kick my ass and send me to jail if I do ;basic shit." That much made sense to Damien. Near the head of the crowd, Damien could see a row of bank teller's desks, complete with the glass shielding and chained to the desk pens.

Apparently, the owner, "Mr. Athan", or Levi the drug pusher if you could believe that, had decided to keep that feature of the old bank intact. He probably had to actually have the booths re-installed considering how long this place had been anything but a bank. Till this place became "Eden", any number of restaurants, clubs, and artsy hangout spots had been opened and gone out of business here. This place may have started as a bank, but until recently it was really just another good place for entrepreneurs to lose money. Speaking of money...

"Hey," Damien asked his new friend before he could turn back around to face the front, "What's the charge to get in anyways?"

"Hundred bucks."

"Hund-?" Damien stuttered in disbelief. "One hundred bucks?!" That wasn't club money; that was theme park money. Hell, a hundred bucks was more than theme park money! Damien couldn't remember the last time he had spent that kind of money on a single purchase. And that wasn't even counting drinks.

"It's totally worth it," Damien was told, the look of indignation on his face easy to read. "Just relax and let the Re-Release let you have a good time. You won't regret it."

The doors creaked shut and closed with a thundering boom. The last of those permitted entrance for the moment by the human gargoyle outside had come in and now Damien was firmly in the middle of the crowd. Hushed whispers of curiosity and anticipation along with mutters of "Awwww yeah", bounced off the walls.

Clip. Clap. Clip. Clap. The sound of hooves echoed in the receiving chambers. Clip. Clap. Clip-Clap-Clip-Clap. The room quickly became hushed as the hoof beats grew louder and louder. By the front of the room, a red velvet curtain covered an archway by the bank teller's booths. The clip-clopping of hooves came from that direction.

Two hands reached from behind the curtains and dramatically threw them back. A familiar face stepped forward from behind the curtains and the clip-clopping of hooves continued to echo as he faced the crowd. The face was familiar, but nothing else was.

Damien instantly recognized the dark brown cornrows and the neatly trimmed goatee with day old stubble on the cheeks. But gone was everything else that Damien had noticed when he first met Levi by the side of the club. Protruding from his forehead, instead of sunglasses were two tiny goat horns.

Gone was the green sweatshirt, and now Damien-the whole audience in fact- could see a lean, naked chest covered with hair. The ratty jeans and (likely) faux snake-skin shoes had been replaced with two hairy and very realistic-looking goat legs. The knees bent backwards, and the hooves were too small for any human to actually be able to fit their feet into. Dangling between his legs and ending just below his knees was a very well-endowed penis.

Damien craned his neck. How the hell did the guy do that? Damien was almost certain that the penis was fake. That part was too easy. Nobody's junk could be that big compared to the rest of him. Damien didn't size him up, but he was pretty sure he had a couple of inches on Levi in the height department, and to think that this weirdo had him by at least a foot in the length department...well that was just laughable. But how did this freak pull off the hooves? Were his real feet hidden by some optical illusion?

Maybe it was just the angle. Maybe Damien was already beginning to feel the effects of the mystery pill he had just popped. Levi had mentioned that it had some minor psychedelic effects. The clip-clopping sound could have cued his brain to fill in the blanks and now he was hallucinating. Regardless, Levi wasn't waiting for Damien to figure it out.

"LADIIIIIIIIIES AND GENTLEMEN," Levi bellowed. The crowd was silent as Levi's voice reverberated around the room. "But not for long," he added slyly, sending a wave of tittering laughter from the assembled crowd. "You are about to travel back in time to when God first created mankind. To a time when things like good and evil were unknowns to us." Levi paced like Mel Gibson in front of the gathered men and women, only his speech was likely building up to the exact opposite of war. His feet made the same clip-clopping sounds with every step he made.

"You're about to go back to a time when we didn't have things like shame, or guilt, or sin. We didn't sin because we only had one rule. For tonight, you're all going to pretend that Adam and Even never broke that one rule, and so we will all be in paradise. So please, tonight, let us all be neither sinners, nor saints. Let us be something better. Let us this night be innocent. WELCOME! TO! EDEN!" The audience erupted in cheers and applause, and Damien joined them. The damn sonofabitch had gotten to him. This. This was a show.

With all the production value of the outside and the inside, and the Satyr getup, (he wasn't sure how the Satyr bit meshed with the book of Genesis, but he was willing to let that one go... maybe that was the drug talking there) Damien was now sold. This was sure to be worth the hundred bucks.

"But first-" Levi held up his hand, and the applause and cheers died down. "But first, we have some administrative duties to attend to." The crowd "awwwed" in disappointment. Damien even heard some boos. Levi held his hands up as if in defense, the giant cock between his two hairy goat legs swayed from side to side as he shifted his weight slightly.

"I know, I know, my friends, I know. But we have to. We have some new faces in the crowd tonight, or at least we should!" Levi dramatically shielded his eyes like a sailor searching for land as he made a show of looking through the hundred or so people in the room. "Gabriel, Delilah, Damien, Mary, Jose, Maggie! Glad to see you all got through the front door! I had a feeling about all of you!" The audience all looked around and Damien suddenly felt the eyes of the crowd scanning him. It was fairly evident who was a regular and who wasn't based on the state of dress. The regulars of Eden all wore loose fitting clothing that could be torn off in short order, some of it stained and faded, like they didn't really care what happened to this shirt or those shorts.

"I see some other faces I don't recognize," Levi continued, "but if one of my beloved regulars liked you enough to give you the password and give you a little taste of Re-Lease, then that means you're okay by me too. So," he went on. "Rules for the new folks."

Levi held up his left arm. With a flourish, he grasped his wrist with his right arm for the crowd and slowly dragged his hand down his left forearm, almost as if he were bunching up a sleeve. A golden bracelet, thin on the ends but flat on the middle, kind of like a medical I.D. bracelet was now the satyr's left wrist.

"After you provide your I.D. to the lovely ladies who will shortly be behind me," Levi explained, "and sign the proper forms, and provide a valid credit card, you will be given one of these to wear. Each of these wonderful little bracelets will have a barcode that is unique

to you and will make charges to your account. Chargeable amenities include but are not limited to secure lockers for your outerwear, drinks, food, showers, and of course colognes, perfumes, deodorants, and antiperspirants for those of you who don't want to be too naturale." There was a bit of knowing laughter at the last part.

"When you choose to leave our dear little Eden, either because you've had your fill or because it's gotten to the point where you don't have to go home, but can't stay here" Levi went on with his pitch, "your tab will be cashed out, and you'll be on your way till you choose to return to Eden another night. Oh, and remember the big guy at the door?" Levi gestured toward the now closed wooden double doors. "That's Gary. Not only is Gary my head doorman and bouncer, but he's also my chief debt collector, so make sure your cards won't be declined before you hand them over." Everyone shared a bit of nervous laughter at that one.

"Oh don't worry about that!" Levi waved the crowd's nervousness off. "I've never had to use him once," he added. "Now if you'll excuse me, I have to go scout out the crowd behind this group. Let's get started!" He then trotted back behind the red curtain to applause and cheers as a half dozen beautiful women rose up from behind the bank tellers' desks.

Each one had their hair dyed a bright and unnatural color; red, blue, yellow, green, purple, and orange. They might have been wigs, in all likelihood, as each one had thick hair and bangs that framed the sides of their faces. Each one wore a matching bustier and nothing else that could be seen from where they stood behind the receiving counters.

Quietly and without much direction, the groups muddled into single file lines and aisles, rather like picking a checkout lane at the supermarket. Damien picked a line and stood in it as it shuffled forward person by person. The cold calculating part of his brain realized he should be anxious, even regretting this decision as impulsive and not thought through. He was in line so that he could spend over a hundred bucks to hang out naked with a bunch of strangers. True, he knew that going in, but as each person shuffled forward it became more and more real going in; or at least it should have.

Instead, any worry or anxiety that Damien might have had was being transmuted into a kind of childish giddiness. He was going to be able to literally let it all hang out without repercussions. He might even meet a pretty girl tonight to have fun with. That wasn't something to be nervous about. That was opportunity.

He logically knew that this giddiness and excitement over getting naked likely had something to do with the drug he had just taken. "Re-Lease", it had been called, and Damien understood why. He literally felt as if all of the little neurotic things in his life, the self-consciousness, the potential for embarrassment or guilt, just drifting away. This was some good shit, here. Some really good shit.

Damien inched up to the front of the line. "Next!" Called a woman with bright green hair. Damien scooted forward, digging his wallet out of his back pocket.

"ID and Credit Card," the green woman said, all business. Damien slid it under the glass partition separating him from the woman at the counter. She gave it a passing glance, and slid a piece of paper back towards Damien. "Sign here please."

Damien eyed the paper and read it quickly. His mind was moving too fast though for him to really comprehend what he was reading. The words printed on the waiver went in one eyeball and out the other. To Damien's rapidly diminishing comprehension, the piece of paper read:

"Blah blah blah twenty-one (21) blah, blah, blah, blah violation blah, blah, forfeit blah, blah, ejection. Compliance, blah, blah, blah, respectful blah, blah, blah, all decisions blah, blah, cameras blah, blah, intoxication, blah, blah, blah, attorney, blah, blah, blah, phones blah forbidden blah, blah, confidential blah, blah, blah,blah, blah, blah, not a reporter blah, blah investigator blah, blah strictly consensual blah, blah, blah prosecution blah, blah, blah."

Logically, Damien knew that signing any kind of potentially binding document while high was a very bad idea, but Damien knew that he couldn't be held responsible to this precisely because he was intoxicated while signing. He didn't know because of knowledge, mind you, but knew in the same way that spoiled rich kids know their parents are going to bail them out of jail for that first D. U. I. arrest.

Also, Levi wouldn't screw him over. The moment this went to court, Damien could start slinging allegations of drug use required for entry. Whether said allegations of drug use were relevant to the case, that would likely start getting this club checked out by all the wrong people if you were a drug dealing satyr. Holy shit, he was feeling it right now! He just thought of Levi as a drug dealing satyr with complete sincerity. The point was, screwing his customers over with a piece of paper was not in Levi Athan's best interests.

Damien scribbled his signature onto the piece of paper and slipped it back over to the waiting attendant. The green haired woman gave another quick glance at the document before slipping it in a drawer under her desk. She then took Damien's credit card and slid it in the crook of a credit card scanner. Within seconds Damien heard the whirring of a little printer as a piece of sticker paper with a barcode on it was spat out within reach of the attendant.

She reached under the table and brought out a gold medical bracelet similar to what Levi had been sporting, peeled the barcode off the receipt printer and attached it to the flat part of the bracelet. "Hand, please."

Damien slid his hand under the glass partition and the attendant swiftly put the bracelet on him. The thought that he could go for a quick grope passed through Damien's mind, but Damien dismissed it. Still, his fingers tingled and twitched a little in response to the idea. It was barely noticeable, but the attendant just clicked her tongue as she finished fastening on the bracelet.

"Heh...newbie. That Re-Lease is hitting you hard." The green haired woman smiled condescendingly. Damien withdrew his hand and the attendant slid back his driver's license

and credit card. "Back through the curtain and down the ramp," she told Damien. "Adams to left and Eves to the right."

Damien quickly skirted out of the line, letting the person behind him step forward, as he placed his cards back into his wallet and hustled past the red curtain that Levi had trotted from behind not fifteen minutes ago. A few steps after he slipped through the curtain the floor began to slant downward. The recreational part of the club must be down near the basement, where the vaults and safe deposit boxes likely were in the olden days.

As he walked farther and farther down, Damien examined the bracelet on his wrist. It was more intricate than a simple chain design. The bits of golden metal were weaved together to look like scales, and upon closer inspection, Damien noticed that one end of the bracelet looked like a snake head. The other end was obviously designed to be a tail. So the bracelet, in keeping with the theme of the club, was a snake biting its own tail.

"An ouroboros," Damien mused aloud. "My own little eternity locked around my wrist. My own little serpent in the Garden of Eden. Poetic." Damien never would have said something like that while sober, and might not have even consciously thought of it; but the thoughts and the words were just flowing more freely as the Re-Lease flooded his system. It was a little like being drunk without the numbness, wobbling, or potential for nausea.

The floor leveled off again and Damien saw two doors. The one on the left said "Adams" and the one on the right, of course, said "Eves". About fifty feet from the two doors, Damien saw another set of double doors with a sign that said, "Eden: Take nothing with you beyond this point. (No fig leaves allowed)." Clearly that was the place, and this the staging and undressing area.

People were exiting the rooms, naked of course, in ones and twos and were heading for the doors marked "Eden." Some were walking in big, slow, confident strides. They were made for this place, and it was no big deal. Their body language spoke to their confidence. Others scurried and scampered towards the doors like eager children to the top of a water slide. No one, however, seemed the least bit hesitant or embarrassed. And why should they? If they didn't have the courage, they wouldn't have shown up tonight, and any last minute hesitation was washed away with a single little red pill.

Damien turned to the door and noticed there was a scanner on it instead of a proper door knob. The label on the scanner read "Scan for entry, no charge." Damien ran the ouroboros bracelet under the scanner, barcode up, and heard a satisfying click as the lock disengaged. He pushed the door open and walked into the changing room. Men were in various states of undress as Damien glanced around. This wasn't his first locker room setting, but this was definitely the first where there was purposefully nothing to change into.

The walls closest to the door were lined with lockers, each one with a scanner and dial pad. The room stretched out in front of Damien, and turned a sharp left. Based on the sounds of toilets flushing and running water coming from that direction, Damien guessed the aforementioned showers and bathroom facilities were in that direction. The steam was already wafting through the air as a few gentlemen were hosing down with a quick hot shower. He heard a series of low moans that may have been a couple of guys enjoying the

hot water as they stretched and flexed. It might also have been them enjoying something else.

Damien scanned around the lockers looking for one to put his clothes into. The ones that were already in use had the word "OCCUPIED" written in electronic block letters on the doors' dial pads. He finally found a small one that was available and read the label on the scanner.

It read: "Locker storage: \$10.00".

What a rip off. He was already being charged a hundred bucks to get this far, and now he was going to have to pay another ten or risk having his clothes stolen or thrown away. In for a penny, in for a lot more than a pound. Damien reluctantly scanned his bracelet and "Enter 4-digit PIN" flashed on the dial. Damien punched in the numbers "2-4-6-8". "Code Recorded", the dial pad flashed, and Damien heard another click as the locker door opened slightly.

Damien opened the locker and peeked inside. It was little more than a cubby with a steel grate protecting it, really. Still, this wasn't going to be the straw that broke his back or ruined his good time, so he quickly stripped and shoved his clothes in one tight ball. His shoes wouldn't fit, so he just took a chance and left them there on the floor. He closed the door to the locker shut and the dial pad flashed "OCCUPIED".

His skin tingled at the exposure to the open air. His flesh was alive now, with everything from the steam wafting in from the showers, to the warm metallic feeling of the lockers, to the cold of the cement making him tingle. It wasn't quite a sexual feeling, but it was definitely a form of arousal. Experimentally, he grabbed his penis and gave it a few quick pumps.

Almost instantly, he became hard. Normally, he'd have to be thinking about something dirty to become erect so quickly, and such absent minded fiddling around would result in little more but a warm dick. But this time, his body was ready and raring to go. He was primed.

The cold, calculating, lizard part of his brain screamed out that seeming too eager might not be the way to make a good first impression, and against the drug induced good feelings, Damien took his brain's advice, and bit into his tongue while mentally reciting the pledge of allegiance. It wasn't completely limp, but it wasn't fully erect either, and everything was still all-a-tingle.

Damien took one more breath, and then, trying to imitate some of the cocksure men he had seen strolling out before, took deep strides out of the "Adams" room door.

Right as he opened up the door and stepped out, the door across from him shot open and someone from the "Eves" room stepped into the open air. Her hair, all of it, was a bright ginger red. Her eyes were an emerald green. While Damien wasn't an expert on breasts sizes, he knew a solid C-Cup when he saw one. More importantly, he noticed that both of her nipples were erect, likely from the sensations of the air mixed with the effects of the

drug. He fought the urge to pucker his lips and felt his hands twitch again. Her hips were ample, and she had a bit of a tummy, but not at all what you would call fat.

Damien's libido shouted at him to run around her just so he could know what she looked like from behind and in that split second his neck twitched too as he resisted the urge to at least crane his neck around to get the full view. She could have been a doll, she seemed so perfect in that moment; the kind that little boys undress out of curiosity and then are confused and disappointed in when they find everything below the waist nothing but smooth hard plastic, no more anatomy than a G.I. Joe.

A lifetime of modesty wasn't going to be undone instantaneously, though, and unconsciously, Damien's hand shot down to cover up his crotch briefly. To his surprise, hers went to cover her breasts in response.

"Oh," they said together, and both gave off a half-bashful, half-embarrassed chuckle; more at themselves than at each other. Wasn't this the whole point?

"First time?" he asked.

"Yeah," she nodded. "You?"

"Me too," he affirmed. "I'm excited, but...I guess I'm starting to get over it," he blushed looking down at his crotch. Still looking at his feet, he began to walk awa-

"Hey," she called out before he had even gotten three steps ahead of her. "I'm, I'm...everything tingles right now...in a good way. But I feel empty. Hold my hand?"

"I'm Damien," he said, taking her hand, and blushing a little.

"Delilah," she told him.

And hand-in-hand they walked past the double doors with the sign that read: "Eden: Take nothing with you beyond this point. (No fig leaves allowed)" together.

Paralyzer

*5- I hold on so nervously
To me and my drink
I wish it was cooling me*

*But so far has not been good
It's been shitty
And I feel awkward as I should*

*This club has got to be
The most pretentious thing
Since I thought you and me*

*Well, I am imagining
A dark lit place
For your place or my place
-Finger Eleven; "Paralyzer"*

Depeche Mode's "Personal Jesus" bombarded Damien as he and Delilah walked through the doors of Eden. The base was so loud that the very air seemed to shake. This wasn't just loud; it was nearly weaponized sound. Any other time, Damien might be nauseous from the very pulsing of the air. Now though, he was merely a pond feeling the ripples going through him.

To call this place big was an insult to the concept of "big". It was just too much of an understatement, really. It would be a little like calling a giant a dwarf. The place was so wide on all sides that you had to squint and focus to spot the wall farthest from the doors. This place had to be described in blocks instead of feet, Damien would have guessed.

Damien's group had definitely not been the first group to arrive, either. While it wasn't crowded and there was plenty of room to walk around the floor, no place that Damien could perceive seemed empty either. There were pockets of people littering the floor, dancing with and for each other. Their bodies were illuminated in disco lights from the ceiling, changing their skins in the hues of green, red, blue, purple, yellow, and orange; just like the girls at the check in booths come to think of it. It was beautiful and slightly otherworldly.

To Damien, the scene reminded him of a kind of mating ritual. Granted, this type of behavior wasn't uncommon in the clubs that Damien had been to, but something about the subtle (and not so subtle) differences made it seem more alien to him. Or maybe that was just the little red pill making his mind more inquisitive and excitable than it normally was. A lone man or woman would be dancing by themselves, swinging their hips, and moving their arms to the beat of the music, and then a potential mate -same sex or opposite sex, it didn't matter- would approach. They'd dance together for a few moments, talking with the language of their hips and their eyes - the voice didn't carry too far over Depeche Mode's rhythmic riffs- until finally they'd either drift apart, one not completely happy with the experience, or hold each other.

The air stank of sweat, various perfumes, and sex, and Damien loved every scent that wafted into his nostrils. It smelled primal. It smelled carnal. It smelled visceral. It smelled alive.

How in the world was this place so big? The enormity of it all was hard to comprehend. There was no way that all this space had been here before. They were deep enough to be in the sewers or the subway and Damien was surprised the ground didn't shake from passing trains. For that matter, Damien hadn't been able to hear a single note when he was in the locker room, but now each note literally made him feel as though he were trembling. Was this entire area sound proofed? Shouldn't he be experiencing hearing loss by now? He didn't see any speakers either, for that matter. Where was the music coming from? All of these questions were running through Damien's mind when he felt a light squeeze on his hand.

He looked over and realized he was still holding on to the girl he'd met a few minutes ago hand. "Delilah," she'd said her name was. That was a name that Levi had rattled off when speaking of the "newbies". Like him, this was her first time, here at Eden, and as two virgins of the experience, they shakily held hands together and were adjusting and taking in the sights sounds smells and feelings that this strange little world had to offer.

Her gorgeous red hair hung down in curls past her shoulders and was swept back, doing nothing to conceal her breasts. Without thinking Damien's eyes quickly snuck a look below her waist and yes, the carpet did match the drapes.

She stood a little taller right now, seeming less vulnerable than before. She looked more in her element now, more adjusted than Damien felt and less overwhelmed. She smiled coyly at him and he noticed her eyes drift down briefly to see what his downstairs looked like. He felt a pulsing of blood and warmth as his body responded and his manhood began to swell anew.

He looked at her tits, briefly considering whether he could get away with copping a feel right now. Only the contract's mentioning of "blah, blah, strictly consensual blah, blah" reminded him to not give in completely to his newly stoked animal instincts. Innocence as an excuse for hedonism may have been a theme here, but the laws of man still applied, regardless. She leaned in and gave him a hug, and Damien returned it. Oh, God in Heaven did she smell good. What fragrance was that? Or even more alluring, was she wearing any man made scent at all? Maybe this was just how the pretty girl smelled. He felt the softness of her breasts press into his chests and he hugged a little harder; his hips gyrating a bit. He let out an inaudible moan when he felt her breath on his face, but even though she shouted in his ears, it came out as barely a whisper.

"I'm good now," Damien heard her say. "thanks. I'll save you a dance later." She gave him a quick, kiss on the cheek and released him. Damien blushed like a fourteen year old who had just been kissed at homecoming, still slack-jawed, as she gave one final wave and then pranced away. He had literally had her hand-in-hand, and had somehow managed to be slow enough on the draw that he snatched defeat right out of the jaws of victory.

His pride a little wounded, Damien shrugged and made his way out onto the dance floor. The riffs of "Personal Jesus" faded away and were quickly replaced with the even heavier bass line of Pink Floyd's "Money".

"yeeaaaah," Damien heard himself say through the blaring cash register sound effects, turning his sulk into a strut. "Personal Jesus" had a kind of slow, sexy, lap dance groove to it. But this groove was meant for the prowlers, the people who hadn't found what they were looking for and wanted to slink around.

Damien slinked through the dancers, the soles on his feet shaking with the bass guitar. "Bum, BUM buh-bum bum bum baaaa dum BUM buh-bum bum bum baaa dum." As he advanced around the dance floor, a slick smile on his face and the eyes of a wolf, he took part in the mating ritual.

If he saw a girl he liked, he'd go up and dance with her. After a few moments, one or both of them would decide that this wasn't a good fit, and they'd part ways, amicably enough. It was never with disgust, but just a kind of "meh", followed by a polite smile, a nod and a wink; a wink that communicated "Nope...you keep hunting and I'll do the same, but good luck." Negative feelings, Damien found, had been reduced to "not quite right", while positive feelings now skyrocketed to "BEST EVER" status.

That one girl, Delilah, had been "BEST EVER" before she went counterclockwise around the floor's perimeter and he went clockwise. He'd yet to experience that again, but refused to give up hope.

All the time, Damien kept moving forward, deeper into Eden. Damien half-walked half danced his way around the black floor, looking for some action, looking to make a connection, however brief, with someone. The tunes went from slow grooves like "Money" to faster ones like "Give it Away," and then to club classics like "I Want You Back," and of course "All About that Bass." The music selection was...a little varied to say the least, but it seemed the club was using its air vibrating super bass to its fullest effect.

He had approached a dozen and a half people over the course of half a dozen songs, and even had been approached himself, flatteringly enough, but nothing felt "right." Nothing felt "BEST EVER" level to him, quite yet.

Damien was just starting to sulk, when he looked down towards his feet and realized the terrain was changing. He was clearly at the border of the dance floor's black surface. About ten feet ahead, the black, disco lighted dance floor ended and changed into a clean white tiled floor with less severe white fluorescent lights above it. The words "PLAY AREA" were scrawled in black on the white tile. Behind him, Damien glimpsed the words "DANCE AREA" printed in white on black tiles.

Tentatively, he crossed the line from black to white. The change was almost instant. That lively, sexual, visceral smell of sweat and sex still remained, but everything else in his senses let up. The air felt cooler here, and it didn't vibrate with each note on the dance floor. Oddly enough, Damien noticed, the music had died down considerably. He could still hear the music, but it was far from blaring now. It was more ambiance than anything.

This must have been the cool down area, Damien reasoned. There seemed to be fewer people here, though it was still far from empty. But it was quieter and less frantic than the dance floor behind him. Even now, as he looked back over his shoulder he saw people grooving and grinding and swaying with each other as their bodies glistened all the hues of a techno-color rainbow.

Still feeling pretty good, and actually a little relieved now that the intensity of the dance floor was gone, Damien decided to continue his unguided tour of Eden. The first thing he noticed about this section were the walls. The walls seemed to be covered in thick, plush, carpeting, and Damien even spied some people petting the walls.

Actually, that looked kind of fun once he got over how strange it looked from the outside. His skin was still tingling and craving touch- more so now that he had developed a thin layer of sweat on the dance floor- and his hands twitched at the idea of being able to dig into and grab something with a little resistance. His intrigue was dampened a bit when he saw a few people actively humping the walls. They were either high, or desperate to get laid, or both.

The furry walls were divided up into patches, interrupted by plain white doors with electronic signs above them. There were rooms behind those doors, no doubt, and not just bathrooms. The signs flashed messages like "UNOCCUPIED", or "OCCUPIED", or "CLEANING".

Damien took a right turn and strode past a sign hanging from the ceiling titled "Sensory and Exhibition Area." He came upon rows upon rows of cages, or rather, wooden pens. Wooden bars and wooden gates encircled what appeared to be foam padding. It rather looked like a child's playpen, actually. They were even filled with various children's toys. They had scanners and prices on them, too.

"FURRY AND PLUSHY", a sign on one of the pens filled with stuffed animals read. "HARD AND SMOOTH" a pen loaded with stacking blocks proclaimed. "GOOEY AND STICKY" announced another that had jars silly putty. All of them charged at least twenty dollars to unlock.

Damien peered in on some of the pens and saw naked people playing with teddy bears and wooden blocks and Play-Doh with pure delight and fascination in their eyes. There was even one with a grown woman playing in a sandbox with the happiest smile on her face. Damien wanted to judge them and pull back in revulsion, but found himself slightly jealous of their happiness. They were so tripped out, probably having taken more than one of the little red pills that Levi peddled and now were being amused by the most basic sensory input. Still, he was at least slightly tempted to try it out.

Deeper into the "PLAY AREA," Damien came upon several pens with people clustered around them like patrons at a zoo. Damien got a better look at one of the pens and saw that the foam floor had been replaced with a triple king-size mattress.

Inside, four people rutted and writhed, moaning about in pleasure as they slid into and inside each other. The onlookers weren't just looking either. The men and women gathered

around the pen were all rubbing themselves, masturbating to the show given to them. One of the participants in the cage crawled over and took a man's cock inside their mouth through the bars. Another stood up and hunched over to accept a woman on the outside's nipple.

Damien felt himself grow hard again and eyed the price on the gate's scanner. He scowled. A hundred bucks to fuck and suck so that other people could beat off in front of you? There was nothing innocent about that. That was robbery. Still, maybe he could come back later and try his luck through the bars for free.

He continued walking until the floor once again changed from white to a deep red. The lettering on the floor said "FOOD AREA", and now Damien's nose was greeted with the smell of cooking meat and booze in addition to sweat and sex.

Damien looked to his right and saw the black border of the dance floor, which had never left his sight completely during his exploration of the play area. Since Damien could make out a wall marking the outer border of the club, he reckoned that the ratio was fifty percent dance floor, with the play area and the food area each taking up their own quarter of the floor space.

This floor was populated by bars, which were manned by people in gorilla costumes of all things. There were no stools or chairs, but there were definitely people drinking, leaning on the counter as gorillas poured their drinks. Damien nodded his head. This was more his speed at the moment. He might not be having much luck with the ladies right this second, and he might not be ready to play with kiddie toys or fuck a stranger in front of an audience, but he could certainly drink himself into a good time.

"What'll it be?" a gorilla bartender asked Damien as he leaned up against the nearest bar.

"Holy crap!" Damien gasped. "I didn't expect your lips to move."

"You know any other way to talk?" the gorilla bellowed.

"No, just...wow. That's a really nice costume you got on there."

The gorilla looked down and then pointed to its neck. "It's just a bowtie."

"No, no..I mean the gorilla thing. Hey...what's a gorilla doing in the Garden of Eden anyways? I don't remember reading about gorillas in Eden."

"Were you there?" the gorilla asked accusingly.

"No."

"Then, what you're saying is, you're going off of second hand information."

Man, this guy was in character. No point in trying to break him.

"Gimme your cheapest drink that ain't water," Damien ordered.

The gorilla took out a scanner from underneath the bar. "Wrist," he ordered. Damien stuck his hand forward and he heard a beeping noise as the gorilla scanned the barcode on his snake bracelet. The big ape in the bow tie withdrew a glass with some amber colored liquid from a bottle and poured it in. Then he scooped some ice in and slid it over to Damien.

Damien picked the glass up and tossed the contents back with gusto. It tasted like lightning in a glass. Every neuron fired up as the stuff in the glass went down his esophagus and into his belly. From there, he imagined he could feel his veins cooling down, yet feeling re-energized all the same. And it was so smooth, Damien didn't even taste the burn.

"Nuther," Damien ordered, slamming the glass down and grinning with glee. "And make it a double."

"I don't do free refills," the gorilla replied. Damien shoved his wrist forward and allowed it to be scanned again. The bartender slid forward a taller glass filled with even more of the strange, delicious drink. Greedily, Damien gulped it down, thrilling at the feeling of the stuff sliding down his throat.

"This is great!" Damien yelled excitedly. "What is this stuff?"

"Apple juice," the gorilla informed him.

"You mean, like cider?" Damien asked, seeking clarification.

"Nope. Plain apple juice." The gorilla smirked at him. That fucking smug ape smirked at him!

"There you are," he heard a voice call out to him. Damien whipped his head around and came face to face with the one girl he'd been thinking about in some capacity or another all night.

"Hey there," Damien said, suddenly blushing.

"I've been looking for you," Delilah said, one hand on her hip, the other on the bar.

"Damien, right?"

"Looking...looking for me? Why?" Damien inquired.

"Because I had wanted you to chase after me, silly. I still owe you that dance."

"Oh...I thought...I just thought..." Damien stammered like a dumb school boy.

"Such a gentleman," she smiled. "And you're blushing. I don't get that a lot. It's actually one of the reasons I came here...to make somebody cute blush, I mean. I'm not really looking for a gentleman tonight." She winked at him. "Do you still want to dance or something?"

"Would I?" Damien beamed. It had been a long time since he had felt this way. Was it love at first sight? No. Probably not. Attraction, yeah. Maybe even some chemistry beyond the Re-Release in his body. But whatever it was, it felt good; kind of like a type of puppy love or first crush from days long ago.

Delilah reached for his hand and began to drag him towards the black floors of the "DANCE AREA". Looking at her backside, his libido flared up. A little voice inside of him told him he might not get this opportunity again tonight, and he was not in the mood for dancing right now. Dancing was foreplay. Enough foreplay.

Damien dug his heels in and tugged back. Delilah turned around and looked at him. "What's up?" she asked.

"How about we do something besides dance?" Damien asked. He felt her dainty hands grab the shaft of his cock and squeeze a little bit.

"What did you have in mind?" she asked.

He thought about the private rooms in the "PLAY AREA", and smiled.

"Follow me."

Night Moves

*6- We weren't in love, oh no, far from it
We weren't searchin' for some pie in the sky summit
We were just young and restless and bored
Livin' by the sword
And we'd steal away every chance we could
To the backroom, or the ally, or the trusty woods
I used her, she used me
But neither one cared
We were gettin' our share
Workin' on our night moves*

Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band; "Night Moves".

"Let's see what's inside," Damien said as the door swung open. The door required two scans of fifty dollars, so he and Delilah had each placed their wristbands under the electronic eye of the door's scanner.

Feeling the thrilling combination of boyishly smitten and adolescently horny, Damien took Delilah on a bee line straight for the private rooms in the "PLAY AREA". His bare feet touched soft padding on the floor as he led the way and Delilah, smiling coyly, followed close behind.

"What is this place?" Delilah wondered aloud, sinking a little into the thick padding of the floor.

"Not what I thought it would be," Damien answered, looking around.

The room that had been advertised as "Unoccupied," seemed like something that a schizophrenic porn star turned child's nanny might have cooked up on one of his or her less lucid days. Damien hadn't been expecting much, maybe a bed and some pillows. But he hadn't been expecting this.

The walls, floors, and ceiling were all padded, for starters. It looked like the inside of every cell in every mental institution in every movie that he had ever seen; only the floor also had a cotton sheet covering the entire space. It wasn't a single sheet, either, but instead were multiple, non-matching and decorated sheets sewn together. Sheets with ABC's, Barnyard Animals, Barney the Dinosaur, Sesame Street, and Dora the Explorer were all stitched together, like a leviathan kiddie quilt.

The floor emitted the distinct rustle of plastic with every step that they took, revealing a second barrier between their bare skins and the matting. It was like they were on some massive toddler's mattress.

From the ceiling, within reach were dangling sex toys. Beads, plugs, gags, and vibrators all dangled like low hanging fruit from the ceiling, a strap of Velcro holding them to the crossed planks of wood that were roped to the ceiling. Delilah experimentally pawed at a dildo, sending the whole display that it was on into a lazy spin. It was like a child's mobile, Damien realized.

"What do you think the plastic is for?" Damien turned to Delilah.

Delilah shrugged, "I don't know. Maybe it makes it easier to clean up bodily fluids. What do you think about the sheets?"

"Kind of weird, but whatever." Damien decided. "It's not gonna make me lose any kind of focus."

"I can see that," Delilah said, smirking down at his still visibly erect penis. "Oooh, what's this?" She plodded over to a cushioned massage table with a cabinet underneath. Damien followed and stared at her glistening body as he casually played with himself.

"Huh, well whaddya know," Delilah shrugged, getting on her knees so she could better see the cabinet's contents. "It's like a massage mini-bar. Oils, perfumes, lotions; even some baby powder."

Damien used her curiosity as an excuse to get closer to her. He squatted down behind and draped an arm over her shoulder as he caressed her nipples and gently pressed his member against her backside. Her hand moved back and she ran her fingers through Damien's hair. Unconcerned with the contents of the cabinet, Damien nuzzled the back of her head and rubbed his nose in her long curly hair.

Delilah leaned forward, and Damien leaned with her as she ran her bracelet on the cabinet's scanner. The doors clicked open. She reached past the expensive looking glass vials of perfume and massage oils and pulled out a perfectly ordinary white bottle of Johnson and Johnson's Baby Powder. She twisted open the lid so that the talcum powder could come out of the little holes and inhaled deeply.

"Oh my gawd! I love the smell of baby powder!" she proclaimed. "Like, I normally don't care. But...the idea just seems right. Y'know?"

"Yeah," Damien gave lip service to the idea, not really caring; just wanting to get laid right now. Delilah poured the baby powder into her hands and began to rub the sweet smelling stuff under her arms and on her breasts. The smell was pleasing, Damien admitted to himself. And oddly familiar too. He suspected that it had been mixed in with the various aromas of the club and he just hadn't thought of it because he lacked the context to expect it.

"Oh, someone left a sharpie in here," Delilah said, putting the baby powder down, and pulling out a tiny black marker. "That's lucky." She separated herself from Damien's grasp and faced him.

"Yeah?" Damien said.

"Yeah. Are you left-handed or right handed?" Delilah inquired.

"I'm a lefty. Why?" Damien wanted to know.

"Give me your right hand." Delilah gestured him to come closer

Damien complied. "Okay, why?"

She smirked and gave him a wink. "Because if I'm going to give you my phone number for later, I don't want it to be on the hand that you beat off with."

Score! He hadn't even had sex with this chick, and Damien had just gotten permission to see her again. This was getting better every minute. He held his hand still while the rest of him squirmed as Delilah jotted down seven wonderful numbers into his right palm. Everything tickled. Everything tingled. This was both the greatest and worst thing ever. The anticipation was getting to him and with each number, Damien felt his pulse rising and his dick throbbing.

Delilah dropped the pen and picked up the baby powder. She poured some of the talc into Damien's hand and slowly...so slowly...too slowly dusted the palm of his hand off. "Let's keep that nice and dry for later. We wouldn't want it smudging off, would we?" Damien shook his head. He was becoming more agitated as this was beginning to stretch out.

"Huh, they even have diapers to go with the baby powder," Delilah remarked as she replaced the baby powder back in the cabinet. She took out a large rectangular shaped plastic object out of the cabinet. She unfolded it experimentally. Sure enough, it was a diaper, the kind you might find in a hospital, or an old folks home. "Wanna try it?" she offered the diaper to Damien. "Could be kinky. Kind of like a sensory deprivation thing."

Damien shook his head adamantly. "No. Nuh-uh. Not tonight. No more deprivation. Do you feel me?"

Delilah stuck her tongue out at him, playfully, not realizing what a cock tease she was being now with all of these coy looks. Were they gonna fuck or not?! "Not ye--"

He couldn't hold back anymore. He pounced on her, pinning her to the cushioned ground as he pressed his lips to her mouth. Her mouth opened and accepted his tongue as they wrestled on the ground, moaning in primal fury. His manhood slid into and filled her, both of them aching from excitement.

He thrust into her erratically. She thrust back as she wrapped her legs around his torso. Their fingers interlaced as they grunted. Eventually they built up a synchronized rhythm. Oh God, he had been looking to get his dick wet all night, and finally it was happening.

He broke off the kiss and pushed himself up a little bit to get a better angle and steal a look at her gorgeous tits bouncing up and down with each thrust of his penis. Her eyes popped

open and took him in. She unlaced one of his fingers and began to pull and pick at his chest hair, running her slender fingers through it.

"Faster please," she huffed, still bucking against him. "Faster." He was more than happy to comply.

"This is awesome," one of them said. Not the most eloquent of phrases to describe the elation and highs of sex, but it succinctly summed up how they were feeling right then.

"This is awesome" the other one agreed. Though for the life of them neither one would remember who spoke the sentiment first and which one agreed. Soon, the gift of speech was lost to them, and they both broke down to a series of grunts and yells of ecstasy as they squeezed and pinched and pulled at each other; all the while never breaking the tempo of their thrusting against one another.

Just when Damien was beginning to feel the slightest bit winded, before he even had the time to consider asking for a change of position or a break...

THWAP!

Damien, felt a swift hand come across and sting his backside. The surprise titillated him over the edge and with a few more strong thrusts, both he and Delilah were screaming as they climaxed and came in unison.

Suddenly exhausted, Damien rolled over to the side and laid down. Delilah immediately rolled over and began to kiss him all over his face again. "Thank you," she whispered in between kisses, "Thank you, thank you, thank you. You have no idea how much I needed that."

"Me too," he agreed. He saw her close her eyes, and he did the same. He breathed in, inhaling the smell of the baby powder, and just basked in the quiet of the afterglow.

"DAMIEN!" an unfamiliar voice stirred him from his after sex meditation. Damien's eyes popped open and he sat up. A woman was standing in front of him, looking down at him, an expression of disapproval on her face. Her bleached blond hair was pulled back into a tight pony-tail, and her outfit consisted of nurses scrubs decorated with pictures of baby bottles, rocking horses, and safety pins, like she was some kind of nursery worker.

She was pretty enough, though not even in the same league as Delilah beside him. If Damien had seen her on the street, he would have thought she looked nice enough and then moved on. She might be a nice dinner date or a cup of coffee, but not a wild one night stand with a stranger type. If anything she totally had the "Mom" thing going on. Not the "MILF" thing; the "Mom" thing.

Damien looked over to check on Delilah, but found he was now spooning a rather large teddy bear with Delilah's curly red hair instead.

"Damien, why is your diaper off, baby boy?!" the strange woman demanded. "You know you're not supposed to take your diaper off!"

"Diaper?" Damien shrieked in confusion. "Lady, what the fu-"

"And what did you do to that plushie?" the intruder asked sharply, pointing at the Delilah Bear. "Did you take your diaper off so you could make cummies on that bear?!"

"Wha-?" was all Damien had the presence of mind to say. Before he could say anything else, the woman in the nursery scrubs was on him in a flash. He felt himself flying through the air as she picked him up, effortlessly and slammed him down on the massage table.

Damien tried to sit up, or to move his hands, or kick once he had landed, but nothing happened. It was as if the table he was on was fly paper, and he was the fly.

"That's a bad baby!" the woman with the gargantuan strength said, heedless to Damien's plight. "You know you're not supposed to take your diaper off without permission! You're supposed to make cummies in your diaper! Not outside it!"

Damien felt like a prisoner in his own body, unable to move, as the woman bent over the cabinet and took the baby powder back out along with what was unmistakably a diaper. This diaper, though, was not like the kind of adult incontinence product that you could get at your local pharmacy. Damien could already tell the difference from where he was forced to lay. For starters, the outer covering was not the soft plastic, but more of a faux cloth cover. Secondly, he could already tell that the diaper was covered in infantile decorations.

"I swear, baby boy," the woman continued to admonish him as she unfolded the diaper, easily lifted Damien's legs, and slid it under his rump. "If you won't learn to keep your diaper on, I'm going to have to teach you a lesson, sweetie."

Damien felt his ass land on the soft padding of the diaper, and the perfume aroma of lavender invaded his nostrils as the lady covered his crotch in a cloud of baby powder. She pulled the diaper up between Damien's paralyzed legs and reached to the sides. One large tape on each side was used to secure the diaper onto him. First the left, then the right.

He had come to Eden looking to get naked and get laid, and now his entire pelvis was encased in thick padding. He looked at the decorations on the diaper around his waist and saw that the landing strip for the tapes was decorated with pictures of pastel snakes and red apples with the occasional smiling baby devil. At his crotch were the stenciled outlines of flames.

"Now time to learn your lesson, baby boy." The woman in the nursery scrubs announced. Damien found himself flipped over onto his belly, still unable to move.
THWAP!

The woman's hand went across Damien's padded back side, and Damien winced in discomfort. Even through the thick padding of the diaper he was imprisoned in, Damien felt it.

THWAP! THWAP!

More stings to his backside stung him. These were more potent than the first.

THWAP! THWAP! THWAP!

The spankings continued, building up speed. Damien wanted to wriggle and kick, to break free. But his body wouldn't cooperate. He just laid there like a ragdoll while this woman continued to spank him with increasing intensity on her part and increasing pain on his part. What had started off as one of Damien's standard methods of foreplay was rapidly intensifying to torture.

"Let me go, you crazy bitch!" Damien demanded.

"Not until you show me you can be trusted to keep your diaper on!" The woman in the nursery scrubs scolded him. "Good babies get diaper changes, bad babies get spankings!"

Damien was suddenly acutely aware of a pressure building in his bladder. He hadn't gone to the bathroom all night, and as the pain on his rear increased, so did the pain inside of him. Unable to squirm or reposition himself on the table, Damien bit his lip, feeling the pressure build with each successive "THWAP".

"Noooooo!" Damien whimpered out as he felt the first trickle of urine come unbidden from his penis into the waiting diaper. A trickle became a flood as his body gave in and the warmth spread across his crotch into the thirsty padding. The lady in the nursery scrubs didn't even slow down her spanking.

The realization that he had wet himself like an infant, while wearing a diaper to boot caused something in Damien to snap.

"STOP!" Damien heard himself cry out, genuine tears welling up in his eyes. His will had broken with his bladder, and now his face was becoming wet to match his crotch.

"Did you use your diaper like a good baby?" The woman asked.

"Yes," Damien whimpered. The slaps to his backside continued to rain down.

"Are you going to ever take your diaper off by yourself?" she pressed.

"No," Damien whined. "Please stop."

"Are you going to be a good baby and only make cummies in your diapers?"

"Yes!" he wailed.

"Yes what?!" she screamed at him.

"Yes ma'am," Damien sobbed through the spankings he was receiving.

"What?!" the woman screamed.

"Yes -"

"-Mama!" Damien shouted, sitting up. He looked around. He was panting and shivering and covered in sweat, and he was in the same room as before, but now Delilah lay there sleeping, a troubled look on her face. He sniffed the air and looked down at himself.

He wasn't wearing a diaper, but he had definitely wet the bed. And based on the stains, so had she. So this is what the plastic sheets were for.

"Delilah," Damien shook the sleeping girl. "Delilah, wake up. We gotta-"

"Mama!" Delilah shrieked, rolling away in a panic from Damien. She had the eyes of a cornered animal and her hands shot down protectively to her crotch. They both eyed each other warily

"I...I just had the weirdest dream." Delilah panted.

"Me too." He agreed

"Think it's this room?" she asked.

"Maybe."

"I'm going home."

"Me too."

"I'll leave first." Delilah said. "Gimme two minutes and then come out after me." She stood up and scurried toward the door. She creaked open the door, and instantly the once unheard music from the club outside filled the padded room. "Oh," she turned her head to look directly at Damien. "Still...nice meeting you...call me sometime."

Damien waited the two minutes before sliding back into the Eden's "PLAY AREA". Smelling of piss, but too out of it to care and too cheap to spend money on the shower, Damien shuffled out of the club proper and into the "Adams" locker room where he skulked to the little cubby that he had crammed his layers of clothes into. He silently pledged to himself to never show up to anyplace over. It was just too much of a bother, when you thought about it. Too much in the way to get naked.

Tonight definitely hadn't turned out quite like he thought it would. But it wasn't bad. Not bad at all, actually. He smirked when he looked down at his right hand while entering the PIN on the dial pad with his left. Numbers like "2-4-6-8" were easy enough to remember, even while high. The seven little digits on his palm, however, would require some memorization. That was the other, more important reason for Damien to skip a shower till he got home. If smelling like stale urine all the way home was the price to make sure the

girl's phone number wasn't washed down the drain, Damien would gladly pay it tonight. Losing these numbers was losing his chance for a later hookup.

Delilah. Damien blushed just thinking about her. He wasn't even completely sure if he had slept with her or just fallen asleep with her. The sex and the dream just sort of blended together and it was hard for him to distinguish where one began and the other ended. Had he even climaxed or had they passed out beside each other beforehand? Either way, it was an intense experience, and one he would like to try again in a more personal setting.

Damien pulled his now wrinkled and disheveled clothes over himself, now feeling like the clothing was chafing and constraining him instead of protecting him. He looked down and realized that he had been lucky in more ways than one this night. His shoes, left unattended, were still here and evidently untampered with.

He slid his right foot into one shoe and his left into the other. But something wasn't right. He couldn't fit his left foot in. His toe had jammed up against something hard and smooth. He heard a rattling sound as he wriggled and kicked his foot gingerly, scraping the heel of the shoe on the locker room floor so that he wouldn't have to use his hands. The shoe came off and tilted over. Damien could see the foreign object had moved down to the heel and part of it was sticking into the air.

Damien bent down and picked it up out of his shoe to examine the object. It was a little orange pill bottle; the kind you got at cheap generic pharmacies. Damien gave the bottle a little shake, and through the transparent orange plastic, he could make out dozens of little red pills in the bottle. On the front was a label. The label had the words, "Re-lease. Free Sample. -L", on it.

Score! This stuff was pretty much Levi's seal of approval to get back into the club. And to have a little fun at home. As Damien walked back up to the main level of the club with a whole bottle of little red pills that made apple juice better than booze and made cuddling feel as exciting as sex stashed safely away in his pocket, and a beautiful woman's number literally in the palm of his hand, three words came to his lips:

"Best. Night. Ever."

That was also the last night that Damien dreamt he wasn't wearing a diaper, while that morning had been the last he would wake up in a dry bed.

I Feel Fantastic

Today: Later this morning. Before Work.

7. I feel fantastic

*And I've never felt as good as how I do right now
Except for maybe when I think of how I felt that day
When I felt the way that I do right now*

-Jonathan Coulton; "I Feel Fantastic".

Damien sped down the road on the way to work, all the windows in his car rolled down and the heat turned up to max. A good airing out to get energized and be productive at work was exactly what he needed. He realized that now. How had he not realized that before?

The Re-Leave had kicked in about half-way through the impromptu morning shower he had taken in lieu of toilet paper, and now he was firing on all cylinders. Everything was looking up. Today was going to be a great day, regardless of the condition of his apartment, or his mattress, or his clothes. How could it not end well?

Damien had started an impromptu masturbation session in his shower. Unfortunately, as had been the trouble lately, he hadn't been able to finish until he grabbed a washcloth, draped it over his manhood, and rubbed himself through the terrycloth. Something about cumming into wet clothes just felt... right.

He had been about to go take his single white rag and take it to the washing machine, when he realized that his entire bathroom had been covered in dirty clothes, and that his closet was bare. This was not good to say the least. Damien had to be at work in less than twenty minutes, and all of his clothes smelled like a combination of piss, sweat, and mildew. He had literally not done a load of laundry in weeks, and it was only now occurring to him that he was out of clothes.

He didn't even have any clothes that could pass on a casual Friday. Wait, was it Friday? Damien didn't know, and there was no time to find out. Time was of the essence! He had to act quickly if he wanted to be able to go work and be presentable. That's when the brilliant idea had occurred to Damien that a little airing out could go a long way.

Having completely forsaken the soiled washcloth- he'd have to remember to wash it later; and if not it could just become his new masturbation cloth...something about the contents of his penis emptying into something white just seemed "appropriate"- Damien scrambled around and found his cleanest dirty shirt, and a pair of black pants that weren't too stained.

He grabbed the bottle of Febreze that he kept beside his bed to fight the smell of stale urine and sprayed it on himself till he was almost dripping with the stuff. After a brief stop to the

kitchen- completely forgetting to put the half-gallon or so of milk he had left out earlier back in the refrigerator- Damien grabbed his keys and a six pack of apple juice boxes.

Now, Damien grinned wide between sips as mother nature did the work of cleaning his clothes for him. As wind cascaded through his car, his Febreze soaked shirt and pants were being air dried and smelling as if they had just been pulled fresh out of the laundry. Furthermore, Damien reasoned, the constant pressing of the wind currents, and the hot air coursing through his automobile's A.C were acting as a type of iron, so he should be at least reasonably unwrinkled when he arrived to work a mere five minutes late.

It was as if Damien was creating his own miracles. No, wait, this wasn't a miracle, he thought. It was just science. Why hadn't he ever thought of this before? He should have tried going to work on this wonder drug months ago. It's not as if the stuff impaired his judgement or anything. His tastes, perhaps, but never his judgement. He was going to be sooooo productive at work today.

This actually, was the best option, objectively speaking. For the last few months or so, work had even been more mind-numbing than usual. It had literally been eight hours out of his life every day that he basically had been killing so that he could go home, pop the little red miracle pill, and then have another great night at home. But, if he took the stuff while at work, he could be super productive at work and have a good time to boot.

Maybe he'd be so productive, that his boss would let him leave early, so he could go home and pop another pill. One could hope. This Re-Lease was just so...releasing.

Damien pulled up to a red light. Darn traffic. He could harness the power of nature and machine to kinda-sorta clean his shirt, but he couldn't beat a traffic light. Damien drummed the steering wheel a-rhythmically.

"Come on," Damien whined. "Come oooooonnnnn. Grrrrrrreen light!" Nothing happened. "Grrrrreen light!" Still nothing. "Red light! Green Light! ONETWOTHREE!" he shouted. Still nothing happened. This light was taking forever. Damien hung his head and laid it against the car horn.

HOOOOOOONK!

Damien jumped up. Had he done that? Of course he had! Then he got an idea. He began honking the horn in sets of three.

"Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way!" He sang, though shouting was probably a more apt descriptor. He giggled at how clever he was. He began to absentmindedly chew on his fingers, his tongue licking off the salt on his skin. The tingling and sensitivity that his whole body normally experienced while high on Re-Lease was becoming more concentrated on the mouth. Even his teeth were itching.

Damien lightly chewed on his own fingers, being careful not to bite too hard, regardless of the itching. He could get smells of unclean clothes out, but not blood stains. He was only

vaguely aware of the drool that was running down his chin and dripping onto his cleanest dirty shirt. Not that he was concerned. Saliva dried clear, too.

Damien craved something more substantive than his own digits and grabbed another box of apple juice, poking the straw from a used container through the hole so that he wouldn't have to unwrap the fresh straw from the plastic. Man, he was good!

He slurped down the last of the apple juice and tossed it into the pile that took up his passenger side seat. Even when he had come down from his highs, Damien's cravings for things like apple juice and milk hadn't let up. Cleaning the inside of his car had taken about as much priority as cleaning the inside of his home, and now there was a pile of juice and yoo-hoo boxes that started at the floorboards of the passenger seat, and had built itself up to the seat itself.

The light turned green, and Damien floored it. The wind rattled around in the car, and a few empty boxes were scooped up into the air and tossed out of the window onto the side of the road. Oh well; someone would clean that up. Someone always cleaned it up. Damien made a note to himself: Drink apple juice while problem solving more often. The ideas just seemed to flow more freely.

The familiar "dum dum da-deeee dah-dum" of "Personal Jesus" tickled its way into Damien's ear through the howling wind.

"Well, shoot," Damien cursed as he dug out his cell phone. The caller ID said "Delilah", as if the ringtone hadn't already given it away. He sucked in his breath, bit his lip, and hit "ignore". He wasn't supposed to talk to Delilah anymore.

He knew that, but she still had his number, and Damien didn't want to delete hers. He never had fully memorized the number, and he was afraid that if he took it out of his phone, he might not recognize it and accidentally pick it up the next time she called.

He took his phone and haphazardly tossed it on the pile of juice boxes next to him. With any luck, maybe fate or a stiff breeze would take matters out of his hands. The ringing picked up again as Delilah refused to give up and called back. Delilah was not giving up today, it seemed. Damien stuck his tongue out at the ringing phone.

Damien patted down the front of his shirt. It was dry, as expected. The wind and the AC had done the trick. Breathing a sigh of relief, Damien rolled up his windows and turned off the air conditioning. He wasn't still entirely comfortable though.

Apparently, his pants hadn't fully dried yet, and even though the air vents had been pointed mostly at his chest, his pants felt incredibly warm. Very wet and warm actually, which was odd because those two sensations didn't typically go together.

Damien glanced down at his pants and let out an "Eeeep!" when he saw the spreading dampness around his crotch. Even now, the wet spot was growing and he could feel the

urine beginning to pool in his pants, sliding back toward his taint, finally trickling down his legs. It was downright unpleasant.

Now he was wetting himself while awake too? While lesser men might have crumbled at this and called in sick, this fact was just another obstacle to Damien; nothing more, nothing less. Also, Damien had already used up all of his sick days.

"Not a problem," Damien reassured himself. He took a sharp right turn in the left lane, the sounds of car horns blaring and brakes screeching rattled the inside of his car.

"Sorry!" he called back to more than a few angry and scared drivers. "Wardrobe malfunction!"

And yet, there was hope, Damien rationally concluded, still peeing in his pants as he entered the nearby shopping plaza on the way to work. Hope had a name, and that name was Wal-Mart.

Me Neither

Two months ago: Early Evening

*8. Thank goodness my feet are much too tired
I'm sure you're tired too, I can see an empty booth
Would you like to maybe sit and talk awhile?*

*Me neither, we'd never get along
I'm thinking there's no chemistry at all
This has been a waste of time and I'm runnin' outta lines
Don't you think it's time for me to end this song? Me neither.*

-Brad Paisely; "Me Neither"

"What can I get you two to drink?" the waiter asked.

"I'll have a white zinfandel, please," Delilah ordered.

"And you, sir?" the waiter turned to face Damien.

"Apple juice," Damien said.

"Just plain apple juice?" the waiter asked, waiting for clarification.

Damien took a moment to wobble his head back and forth ever so slightly, literally turning it over in his brain.

"Yeah," he concluded. "Apple juice works. I'm driving." He added. The waiter shrugged, nodded his head and went to fetch the couple's drinks.

"Thanks for calling me," Delilah said when they were alone at the table. "I honestly was starting to get worried."

Damien shrugged nonchalantly, "Sorry," he apologized, "Life's been kind of busy. I just got caught up in so many little things, and then I remembered that I hadn't called you." Life had, in truth, been busy for Damien; just not eventful. Mostly, Damien had spent the last few weeks staying up late and binge watching episodes of Scooby-Doo as he lay naked on the carpet.

Other than having to constantly wash his sheets, he hadn't done a whole lot of work at home either. Calling Delilah had almost been a coincidence, in fact. Damien had been rolling high off of Re-Release a few days ago, and was walking around Wal-Mart, oddly fascinated by all of the Sesame Street Toys, and-

"Then I remembered putting your number in my phone, but never calling you, and well, here we are."

"And here we are," Delilah echoed Damien. There was an empty silence, and both stared down at their menus, letting the random sounds of iced tea being stirred and cutlery scraping against plates from the adjoining tables make a kind of awkward soundtrack to their evening. Why was this so hard? It had been easy a few weeks ago in Eden. But then, both had been vulnerable, in a very new situation, and under a slight chemically induced haze.

The waiter returned with the wine and the apple juice. "Okay, guys, here are your drinks. Are you ready to order yet?"

Damien looked over to Delilah. "I'm ready if you are."

"You go ahead," Delilah said, "I'll figure what I want after your done."

"Oh, okay." Damien looked up at the waiter, nervously biting his lip. "I would like the lobster macaroni and cheese, please."

"Excellent choice," the waiter jotted down Damien's order, before glancing patiently yet expectantly at Damien's companion.

"Y'know," Delilah said, looking up from her menu, "I think I'll have the same." The waiter quickly scribbled in a "x2" next to the order of lobster macaroni and cheese, and left the two of them to their not talking.

"So..." Damien piped up after nearly a minute of hearing bits and pieces of other people's dinner conversations, "What do you do for a living?"

"I'm actually going back to college to earn my degree in accounting."

"Oh," was all that Damien replied. He had no idea how to follow that up.

"What about you?" Delilah asked, following suit.

"I work in an office."

"What kind of office?"

"It's...complicated," the answer popped out of Damien's lips and he didn't think anything of it. "I don't like to talk about it."

"Oh," was all that Delilah replied, in turn. There was more not talking. More background white noise of other people more comfortable in their own skin. More not quite successful attempts at making eye contact. The aromas of hot pasta and cooked meat permeated the

air of the restaurant, giving the atmosphere an uncomfortably warm feeling when paired with the empty sound between the two diners.

"Well, what do you do for fun?" Damien tried to pick things back up.

"I like going to parties, and clubs, and dancing," Delilah told him, "I love dancing. You?"

Damien fidgeted in his seat uncomfortably. His legs swung in his chair slightly. "Actually, I'm a bit of a homebody, lately. Eden was kind of an experiment." It was the truth, in that Damien wasn't lying, but it wasn't exactly factual. Before Eden, Damien had gone clubbing and dancing often enough; often enough that he had a standard clubbing attire and knew what to expect at your typical club scene. But since the experiment of going to the city's hottest and only nude club, Damien couldn't be bothered to leave his house most nights, except to go to the grocery store for T.V. dinners and window shop late at night at Wal-Mart, jealously looking at children's toys. Hadn't Damien used to cook for himself?

"Oh." She paused, sounding a little more than disappointed. "Do you like sports?" she asked, with a twinkle in her eye. "I'm actually a bit of a tomboy in that department."

"Um..yeah?" he lied, and it was obvious. Her curly red locks seemed to lose a little bounce.

This was not going as hoped. He continued to fidget, feeling more and more uncomfortable.

"Hey," Damien said after another awkward silence. "You wanna skip out on this place, and go back to Eden? We had a good time there."

Delilah sighed and brushed her hair out of her face. "Would like to, but can't," she said. "I've been trying to go back, but I can never spot that Levi guy and that bouncer won't let me pass without a little red pill."

"Oh really?" Damien smiled, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a pill bottle full of Re-Release, and rattled it around a little bit. He had been planning on popping one of these tonight in the bathroom if things looked to be heading in the right direction.

Delilah's jaw dropped open. "You have that much?!" she exclaimed. "How the hell did you get that much?"

Damien smiled cockily. "Well, y'know, Levi really liked me, so he gave me some extra. We're buds." He was laying it on thick, but it seemed to be working. He was the big shot all of a sudden

"How many times have you been back?" Delilah asked, her voice full of awe.

"A couple. I brought these along in case you didn't feel like seeing a movie or something." This was the biggest lie so far. Damien hadn't been back to Eden since that first night. He'd taken the magical little red pills that made so many of his insecurities melt away pretty much every night, and he had been naked in the safety of his own home for much of it; but not once had he done so for the purpose of getting back into Eden.

“Then what the hell are we hanging around here for? Let’s go!”

They left without even attempting to pay for the food they had ordered.

Best. Night. Ever.

How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You

Two months ago: Time unknown

*9. I close my eyes at night
Wondering where I would be without you in my life
Everything I did was just a bore
Everywhere I went it seems I'd been there before
But you brighten up for me all of my days
With a love so sweet in so many ways*

-James Taylor; "How Sweet It Is To Be Loved By You".

"Open wide for Mama!" Mama inched the spoon towards Damien with a steady "chugga-chugga-chugga". Damien's eyes brightened and he giggled as the plastic tipped utensil scooted towards his mouth in dramatic fashion. As the tip of his spoon brushed his bottom lip, Damien opened the rest of the way up, and Mama slid it and the yummy food it held into his awaiting mouth.

His lips closed over the spoon and the delicious stuff slid off the spoon and onto his tongue. Mama slid the spoon out of Damien's mouth and dipped it back into the baby-food jar for another scoop. Damien, meanwhile swallowed the num-nums and giggled as the stuff slipped off his tongue and down his throat. Apples! Mmmmm. The taste was so good that it made him smile before he was done swallowing and some of the scrumptious goop poured out of his mouth and onto his chin.

"Here comes the choo-choo train," Mama cooed to her baby boy as another spoonful of applesauce "chugga-chugged" along a track that only mother and baby could see.

"Aaaggggh!" Damien squealed in delight, clapping his hands. Mama was so funny! He bounced up and down in his highchair, quivering with anticipation as the next spoonful came for his mouth on its journey from the jar to his tummy. What Damien failed to notice was how with every bounce, with even the slightest shift in his weight, there was a distinct crinkle.

But why should he notice the crinkle? He crinkled whenever he moved, except for the times when he was very, very wet or very, very poopy. Then the crisp crinkling sound became a more muted squish. But that's how it was, and that's how it was supposed to be, and that's how it would always be. The crinkling sound coming from his bottom was just part of living. It was so much white noise.

Again and again, the dance of Mama and the spoon repeated itself, until Mama scraped the bottom of the baby food jar. Again and again, Damien accepted spoonful after spoonful of the delightful fruity mush; smiling each time as though it were the first taste. When the

stuff dripped back out from between his lips, Mama occasionally caught it in the spoon and gave Damien another taste, but just as often it dripped onto his awaiting bib.

When he had finished the whole jar (more or less), Mama wiped Damien's face with the bib. She then reached out of Damien's line of sight, and held up a milky ba-ba.

"Ooooh! Ooooo! Babababababba!" Damien babbled, reaching for his favorite treat.

"Patience, baby boy," Mama cooed as she slid the bottle between Damien's lips.

Damien began to suckle immediately, the rich creamy stuff rolling onto his tongue from the rubber nipple. He sucked voraciously at it, trying to drain every last drop of the stuff all at once. He wasn't a baby, he was a vacuum cleaner. He wanted all of the milk and he wanted it now!

Damien drank too fast and felt a strange, unpleasant scratching tickle shoot down his throat as he swallowed too fast and some of the milky ba-ba went down the wrong pipe. The milky ba-ba dropped to the floor as he sputtered and coughed.

"Oh, poor baby," Mama tried to comfort him as he hacked, quickly unbuckling him and removing him from his highchair. The baby began to mewl and fuss as she sat him on her lap and held him closely to her breast.

Just then, something inside Damien clicked into place. Infant eyes closed and adult eyes opened in their stead as the coughing fit came to an end. He groaned in pain and withdrew from Mama's embrace.

"Wussa matter, baby?" Damien heard Mama ask as he took stock of his current surroundings. He was in a kitchen, though it wasn't his. It had a black and white checkered floor with simple wooden tables and chairs, not to mention the oversized high chair that was right behind him.

Currently, he was straddling the lap of the woman who had diapered him at Eden. "Mama," she made him call her. The amount of padding around his crotch and the crinkle that filled his ears with each little jostling of her leg let him know that he was once again diapered and not much else. "Mama" for her part, had changed out of the nursery scrubs she had been wearing and was now wearing a yellow June Cleaver dress and pearl necklace. She looked the part of a housewife out of the 1950's.

This insane woman kept insisting that he was a baby, and his current predicament wasn't doing much to disprove her; never mind that if they had been standing, he'd have a good two inches on her. Her seemingly impossible strength counteracted any size advantage Damien may have had.

He had come to his senses like this plenty of times before, and outright struggling only led to painful spankings and a sore bottom. On some level, he knew this was a dream. These experiences, however real they seemed at the time, always abruptly ended and there was

no other logical way to explain the lapses in time he was experiencing other than that this was an illusion.

"Uh ohs," Mama grabbed Damien's chin and directed her gaze directly into his eyes. "Mama knows that look," she grinned so devilishly that a Disney villain would be proud. "Some baby thinks that he's a big boy. Well let's look for proof, shall we?"

She let go of Damien's chin, and he felt her sticking two fingers into the leggings of his diaper. He bit down on his tongue and tensed as his most basic personal boundaries were so casually broken. He felt her pull back waistband of the diaper and peek over his shoulder, inspecting whether or not he had soiled himself.

"Clean diaper," she pronounced, sounding the slightest bit disappointed. "Well, give it time, and I'm sure that will change." Damien felt himself lifted up and his bare legs mechanically wrapped around the woman's hips. He felt her arm snake under his backside, supporting him while the other arm started patting and rubbing his back.

"Come on," she coaxed, as she continued to pat and rub his back. "Make burpies for Mama." Damien frowned at this treatment; this latest in a growing list of indignities. Dream or no dream, he had had enough.

"Let me go," Damien demanded.

"No," the madwoman, this "Mama," said flatly.

"I don't need to be fed in a high chair," he stated.

"You just were," she replied.

"I don't need to be- BRAAAAARF" Damien was interrupted by himself as he belched.

"You just did," Mama replied smugly, still patting his back. "Good baby," she added.

"And I definitely don't need-" Damien cut himself off. "Uh-ooooh." A long low hiss filled Damien's ears and he wasn't certain if it could be heard by anyone other than him; kind of like how you can hear yourself chew your own food, but those across the table can't. It hadn't even felt the slightest bit full, but Damien's bladder let loose as though he had been holding it for days. The warm wetness soaked into the front of his diaper and quickly spread lower. Some of the pee splashed back onto his penis and pubic area before trickling down to his balls and taint where it was absorbed.

"Good baaaaaaby," the woman cooed, making sure to draw out the last word while rubbing Damien's back and patting his diapered bottom. "Baby went potty in his pants," she planted a dotting kiss on his forehead. "Well that's not technically true," she added, "because Baby's not wearing any pants."

Damien felt the diaper quickly absorbing his waste and it began to bulk up around his member, making it feel like his nether regions were embraced in a warm wet hug. A stray thought bullied its way into his head as he accidentally compared it to another time his dick

got into something warm and wet. Blood rushed to his manhood, and soon, despite himself, his diaper felt even fuller than before.

Oh God, why was this turning him on?!

"Baby boy's got a stiffy, doesn't him?" the woman mocked in motherese. "That's okay, baby boys can make all the cummies in their diapers that they want."

"NO!" Damien screamed, sitting up in bed.

Damien's eyes shot open. He looked around. He was safe. Safe in his room. His lip curled in disgust as he looked down at his legs. His sheets were soaked in urine...again, and he had a serious case of morning wood. He had turned into a regular bed wetter over the last few weeks. If this kept up, he'd need to start wearing protection to bed.

He sighed in disgust as he kicked the sheets off his bed and peeled himself off of the mattress. Disgusting. He shuffled to the shower, past the small pile of dirty clothes that had accumulated on his floor over the last two weeks. He just hadn't had the time to put this stuff in the washing machine. Most of his free time when not high on Re-Release had been spent washing his sheets night after night after night.

Damien knew he should go to a doctor about this, but he knew nothing about the drug that he was flooding his system with on a nightly basis. For all he knew, he could go to the doctor and then either end up in some research hospital, or worse yet, in a jail cell. Damien didn't actually know what was in that little red pill that made him feel so wonderful at night and then so burnt out the next morning. He wasn't completely sure he wanted to know. Technically, he still couldn't be certain that the Re-Release was causing his bedtime problems or his crazy dreams. Correlation was not the same as causation.

A nagging part of Damien suggested that he should at least buy some Depends or something to wear to bed so he wouldn't have to keep washing his sheets all the time. But some small bit of pride still lingered in him. It was bad enough that he was diapered in every dream that he could remember lately. He'd be damned if he wore a diaper in the waking world. It felt like giving up to him; like if he finally admitted that this was a problem and broke down and bought the diapers, he'd either have to admit he had a problem or he'd be so beyond solving the problem that there'd be no going back.

He could beat this. He could have his cake and eat it, too. He just knew it. He just wish he knew how.

Thrift Shop

Today: Still Morning. Running Late for Work.

*10. I'm gonna pop some tags
Only got twenty dollars in my pocket
I-I-I'm huntin'. Lookin' for a come up
This is fucking awesome!*

- Macklemore and Ryan Lewis; "Thrift Shop".

"Hello, welcome to Wal...oh!" The greeter said as Damien power walked in. Even though his pants were black and pretty much designed to hide unsightly stains, anyone with eyes could tell that he had just peed his pants.

"Sir are you okay?" the greeter asked as Damien power walked past.

"Oh yeah, nothing big. Minor wardrobe malfunction." Play it cool Damien. Play it cool. There was no time to waste, Damien was definitely going to be late for work, but if he acted now, he could still salvage the situation. It was still relatively early in the morning, and the ratio of employees to shoppers was probably about one to one: Mostly working stiffs starting the morning shift, mixed in with old folks and stay at home moms who just dropped their kids off for school.

As a result, while it was far from empty, there was more than enough space for Damien to maneuver around on the floor and avoid people and not notice the occasional sideways glance and double takes from people who passed him by.

With purpose, he grabbed a cart and made a bee-line for exactly where he needed to go.

"Let's see, I want this," he grabbed a Duplo Play set, "and this," he dumped an animal zoo playset into the cart as he snaked around to the next shelf. "Oh, and you can never have enough of these", a baby Cookie Monster doll and a Potty Time Elmo doll found their way into the cart. He smiled a big open smile and more saliva trickled down his chin.

He felt a slight trickle of jealousy at the two baby dolls. More so for baby Cookie Monster than Potty Time Elmo. Baby Cookie Monster didn't have to worry about the potty.

A random thought popped into Damien's head as he course corrected for the DVD section. Hmmm, why didn't the baby Sesame Street characters' diapers have decorations on them? He knew some diapers had Sesame street characters on them, why wouldn't the characters themselves have decorated diapers? Then again, should they wear pictures of themselves on their own diapers? That was deep. That was deep.

Just as he was browsing through the selection of "Go Diego Go" DVD's Damien shifted uncomfortably. His crotch was beginning to feel cold and clammy. That's when Damien remembered to look down at his wet pants and he came back to his senses.

What the hell was he doing?! He had come to get new clothes, not get more toys. Worse yet, he had pretty much already maxed out his credit card. There was no way he could afford all of this awesome stuff right now!

Damien abandoned the shopping cart filled with toddler toys and strode into the racks of the clothing section. He grabbed a pair of sweatpants off a rack and threw them over his shoulder. He likely wasn't going to be able to afford a nice pair of black slacks. But then again, managing money hadn't been his strong suit lately. Still, he didn't want to chance it. He wandered into the underwear section and half-heartedly picked up a package of men's briefs. These would do. But what happened if he had another accident? He supposed he could layer them up for protection like the night befo-

"Attention boys and girls," a hauntingly familiar, feminine voice, called out over the speaker. "Wal-Mart is having a sale in the pharmacy section. All adult incontinence products are fifty percent off today. "

Sweatpants and underwear in hand, Damien rushed to the pharmacy section, hoping that he wouldn't have to fight past any crowds on the sale. Someone must have been looking out for him, because there was absolutely no one else in the adult incontinence aisle of the pharmacy section. Damien reached out and grabbed a gray package.

It read "Depends for Men Guards. Maximum Absorbency." Maximum absorbency, huh? Damien might need that. The picture on the front kind of looked like a maxi pad. Damien supposed he was meant to slip that into the front of his pants, and if something squirted out, the padding would catch it. Seemed simple enough. But what if it wasn't enough? It was a wall alright, but it was only half way built.

Then he saw another package. A green package that read "Depends Adjustable Underwear With Velcro Closures." Now that was what Damien had in mind. It still had the same "maximum absorbency" guarantee on the bottom of the package, it could be adjusted to give him a better fit than sticking a pad down the front of his crotch, and it cost the same amount as the "Men Guards". Best yet, he wouldn't have to buy new underwear on top of everything. That was just simple economics, duh!

He dropped the underwear to the floor, and took the adult pull-ups into his arms. Thoughts of victory buzzed in his brain as he ran to the nearest cash register. He was so happy that he didn't notice the strange looks he was getting in the check-out line, and some of the people were so nice, they let him skip them to the front.

The cashier slid the sweat pants and the Depends across the scanner and then said "That'll be 20.59."

"What about the sale?" Damien asked.

"What sale?" The cashier seemed genuinely confused. Damien spotted a clock nearby and looked at the time. This wasn't worth it.

"Never mind," Damien huffed in exasperation. People at Wal-Mart were so dumb there was almost no point in talking to them at all. He took out his credit card and slid it. There was an uncomfortable pause, as Damien waited for the charge to go through. Please don't decline, please don't decline, please don't decline. After the longest three seconds of his life that morning, the screen flashed "Approved", and Damien grabbed his supplies without bothering to wait for a receipt.

He dashed into the nearest public restroom and into the handicapped stall. Damien kicked off his shoes and tore off the bottom half of his clothes. Next he tore open the package of adult diapers and slid them up his legs and onto his hips.

"Not bad," Damien's self-appraisal echoed off the bathroom walls. He looked down and saw the Velcro tapes. They were on pretty firmly already. The adult garment went on like a Pull-Up, and like a Pull-Up, the sides could be torn off and the Velcro tapes could be utilized to reattach the sides. Damien figured this was in case the elastic waistband didn't give a snug enough fit for the wearer, or in case a nurse, or a daycare worker, or a babysitter, or a mommy needed to check to see if he was wet without taking off all the whole diaper. Damien didn't know why, but that last thought left a bitter taste in his brain.

Seeing no need to adjust the tabs on his little bit of protection, Damien ripped the tag off the black sweatpants and slid them up his legs. He examined himself in the handicapped stall's mirror. There was a slight bulge that the sweatpants didn't hide very well, but as long as no one was actively staring at him, he didn't think anyone would notice.

The front end of his shirt was a little wet, Damien noticed, but that couldn't be helped. Damien was sure that there had been the word "barely" implied with the "Approved" message after he swiped his credit card. If the dumb bitch at the counter had paid attention and knew about the sale, maybe he could have afforded at least a plain white t-shirt. He just tucked the front back into his sweatpants and hoped no one would notice.

Damien slipped his shoes back on and dug his car keys and wallet out of his discarded pants' pockets. He left the bathroom empty-handed; his wet pants and the rest of the package of Depends were on the bathroom floor. Someone else would pick them up, so it didn't matter. And when other people found out about the sale they'd probably do the same thing he just did, so it's not like he was going to be the only one doing it.

He would only need one diaper today, anyways. Of that much he was sure. It was a just in case precaution, not a certainty. He would beat this pants wetting thing, he knew. He was just being smart by wearing protection in case he didn't know as much as he thought he did.

When he got back to his car and turned the ignition, he saw his phone blinking. Someone had left him a voicemail. He picked it up out of the pile of juice boxes, and checked his messages.

"Hey Damien, it's Delilah," the voicemail began. She sounded tired, like she hadn't slept in a couple of days. "I haven't heard from you in a while, and I was thinking maybe we could get back together again...please?" There was a long pause, and something funny about the way Delilah spoke. Damien could hear Delilah start sobbing.

"Damien, whatever I did, I'm sorry, okay." Delilah spoke through the sobs. "I don't care if you don't want to go out with me, anymore, but I need someone to talk to. You're, like, the only one who might understand what's happening to me. I don't even understand what's happening to me!"

"I've been having the weirdest dream, Damien," Delilah went on. "Weird, humiliating dream." More sobs. "I've been wetting the bed, like, a lot, and now I have to wear diapers during the day time. I can't stop pissing myself. I can't even find the motivation to clean up after myself most days. My home is falling apart." Even more sobs. "I'm freaking out, too, because I'm missing teeth. Like they're not falling out, I mean. It's just, like, I wake up, and they're...gone! Between the dream and diapers and now the fucking teeth, I'm afraid to go to sleep."

"Holy crap," Damien exclaimed, nearly breathless. What had this girl been going through since they broke up?

"And," she took a deep breath. "I'm out of Re-Leave. So please, call me back." Damien's heart instantly hardened. That bitch. That lying bitch. She wasn't in trouble at all. She was just another junkie who was using him for his access to the little red miracle pill. She really did only like him for his Re-Leave.

"Sucks to be you," he said to the voice mail. "I'm doing great."

I Want A New Drug

A little over a month ago.

*11. I want a new drug
One that won't go away
One that won't keep me up all night
One that won't make me sleep all day
One that won't make me nervous
Wondering what to do
One that makes me feel like I feel when I'm with you
When I'm alone with you
I'm alone with you, baby
- Huey Lewis and the News; "I Want A New Drug".*

"No."

"No?"

"No."

"What do you mean no?" Damien asked indignantly.

"I mean, no, newbie." Levi told him, flatly. "I'm cutting you off. You can't handle it."

"You can't do that!" Damien practically shouted.

Levi smiled. It wasn't a friendly smile though. If anything, Damien would have preferred the man to frown. This was a warning smile, the smile that said, "Look, I'm humoring you just by talking to you, but you're dangerously close to crossing the line."

"Ha!" he barked. "Listen to this guy, Gary," Levi looked over his shoulder to the man mountain that guarded the entrance to Eden. "He comes into my club, hat in hand, and he tells me what I can and cannot do!" Gary didn't move or show any sign that he had heard at all.

They were in Eden; the upstairs part, specifically. While the outside and the receiving area of the former bank had been lavishly redecorated and the downstairs party area had been relatively minimalist but stimulating, the upstairs offices of Mr. Levi Athan, proprietor and drug dealer, hadn't been touched in the slightest, Damien guessed.

Floral wallpaper peeled from the walls, and the floorboards creaked with every step. They were both sitting in overstuffed chairs that a cat had clawed three-too-many times.

Paintings of old, balding men hung the walls with eyes that Damien swore were following his every move. The only light in the room came from the setting sun. Other than the two beat up chairs that Damien and Levi sat across from each other in, there was no other furniture in the room.

Damien hadn't had much in the way of a plan when he came to Eden, today. He just parked the car a couple of blocks away, and walked up to the entrance. No line had formed, the club wasn't supposed to be operating for another few hours, but there was Gary, standing in front of the large wooden doors to the old bank.

"I...I need to see Mr. Athan." Damien said to the big ogre standing silently in front of the door. There had been no sign of recognition from Gary's ugly, pock marked face. "If he has the time, I mean." Damien corrected himself. "Please." Damien felt like he might have had better luck talking to club doors instead.

Feeling like he was out of ideas, Damien reached into his pocket and pulled out the little red pill. He held it in between. "See? Mr. Athan said I was cool." Gary still stood motionless. Damien really didn't want to pop the pill as he had the other two times to get into the club, he was hoping to talk to Levi sober, but if that's all that this gargoyle responded to, then:

"This is just my last one so.." Damien moved to pop the pill into his mouth and found the way blocked as one of Gary's gigantic mitts enveloped Damien's entire hand. As if on cue, the doors opened for Damien, and he found himself led into Eden's less glamorous parts.

Now, he sat in an extra, and more depressing than spooky set piece for Disney's Haunted Mansion, begging for drugs, with Gary blocking the way out. Right of the door that Damien had been led through was another door with a wooden plaque on it that read "Changing Room". That must be where Levi kept all of his costumes.

Even now, before the club's opening hours, Levi was in a costume. It had to be a costume, nobody dressed like that anymore. With a green fedora, green three piece suit, and a green trench coat, the owner of Eden looked more like a pulp comic book mobster than someone living in the real world. Even his hair had been taken out of cornrows and was now slicked back like a used car salesman.

Dressed like that, Levi should have been fighting Batman or Dick Tracy; not sitting across from Damien in a beat up old easy chair. The only piece of clothing that Damien had seen before just now were the snakeskin shoes that Levi had been wearing when he was doing the James Franco drug dealer look.

"But...why are you cutting me off? Will you at least tell me that much?" Damien implored.

"First off," Levi said standing up, "I am under no obligation to supply you with Re-Lease for free. The little bottle I left in your shoes said 'Free Sample', not 'Free Subscription.' Nothing in this world is for free." He closed the short distance between them and leaned into Damien's face, wagging his finger.

"Second off," he continued, "I gave you enough pills to last for at least three months, and yet this is only the third time you've been at my club. Those were meant as incentives for you to return, not to go and get high somewhere else." Levi turned his back to Damien.

"Third off," he went on, "like I said, those pills were supposed to last you for three months, and yet here you are, hat in hand, asking for more a mere two months later. That tells me that you're taking more than one a night. This stuff is like any drug; if you take too much at once it'll fuck you up." He walked to the door and Gary stepped aside for him.

Levi swung it open and said, "So to sum it up, I made no promises and I'm cutting you off for the good of my business and the good of your health." He made a sweeping gesture directing Damien to leave. "Now get out. I've got a club to run."

Damien didn't budge. Hearing that he wouldn't get any more of that sweet Re-Lease was causing him to hyperventilate. His heart was pounding against his ribcage. He couldn't leave empty handed. Delilah was waiting for him in the car, and other than begging people in line, Levi was his only remaining hope. When they realized that they had had less than a week of Re-Lease between the two of them, they had spent the last several days at Damien's apartment, trying to research where they could get more.

Either Delilah hadn't noticed the huge mess that Damien's apartment had become, or she didn't care. Making sure that neither of them ran out of Re-Lease was the priority, not cleanliness. They had spent the last few nights, the glow of her tablet and his computer screen being the only thing illuminating their faces as they both searched for something, anything, any little piece of information that might let them know more about this stuff and where they could acquire it besides from Levi. The thing is, as far as the internet seemed to be concerned, the drug didn't exist. No such street name or any drug with Re-Lease's effects, be they illegal or pharmaceutical, could be found. Coming back to Levi had literally been the last option for the two junkies.

"YOU'RE WRONG!" he shouted hysterically, his voice cracking like a teenager's.

"Excuse me?" Levi's gaze bore into Damien. "What did you just say?"

"I said, 'you're wrong,'" Damien replied, a little less loudly this time. "I haven't been overdosing. I've just been sharing it."

"With who?" Levi's eyes narrowed under his fedora.

"My girlfriend," Damien told him. "Delilah."

A void of silence filled the room. Levi shifted his weight slightly, staring Damien dead in the eyes. Strangely, the floorboards didn't creak under his feet as he did so.

"Heh," Levi chuckled briefly. "heh heh. Hehehehe," the laughter built.

"BWAH-ha-ha-ha-HA-HA-HA-HA!" Levi bent over, cackling at the top of his lungs. "You think...heh-heh," Levi wiped a tear away from his eye, "heh-heh, that that little pill rat is

your girlfriend? HA-HAHAHAHA-HA! And you've been sharing your Re-Lease with her?" he kept laughing through his words.

"I knew she fucked ya that one night, kid," Levi said, his cheeks tightened into a smile, "But I didn't think she was trying to screw ya, too."

"What?" Damien demanded to know. He felt like he was on the outside of an inside joke. He was feeling more than slightly defensive.

"That first night you both came," Levi explained, "she was trollin' around the dance floor, shaking her thing. That part's par for the course," he added, "but she kept bugging my staff about where she could find more Re-Lease. She racked up a pretty big bill on using my private rooms too." Damien must have looked hurt. "What? Do you think you were the first person she wrote her phone number on their palm that night? You weren't. Don't ask me how she snuck that sharpie marker in here, either."

"An addict shows their true colors the moment they get their buzz," Levi lectured. "And hers were all red-and-yellow-kill-a-fellow the moment she got in the club." Damien's heart felt like it was breaking. How could this be true?

"Lemme guess, kid. You called her, took her out to dinner and things got awkward."

Damien nodded, the bewilderment plain on his face.

"Then, desperate to make that connection you made in the club, you suggested you come back here."

Once again, Damien nodded. How could Levi know this?

"Then she's like, 'But I can't get into the club.'" Levi did a mocking, prissy imitation. "Then you mention that you've still got some extra pills and you're the white knight coming to her rescue." It was like Levi was reading his mind.

"That explains it," Levi nodded to himself. "Don't feel so bad, kid," he clapped Damien on the shoulder lightly, "you're not the first that she's tricked into giving away your buzz, but you're definitely the longest con she's pulled. Most of the other guys got tired of her after a week. "

Damien slumped in his chair. Other guys. If Levi was telling the truth, he'd been duped. That must be the reason why Delilah didn't want to come here and why even now she was waiting in the car instead of coming with him.

"Delilah must have gotten you good," Levi commented, "You must be hooked on her if you're sharing your stuff with her and not even coming to the club to get the most out of it. She better be giving you some good pussy for what you're sharing with her."

"Actually," Damien mumbled, "we haven't had...y'know...since our first night together." They had started to, to be sure, but every time they had begun, a hauntingly familiar, mocking, motherly, voice echoed in Damien's subconscious. "You're supposed to make cummies in your diaper! Not outside it!" and Damien had lost the desire. Delilah, who had been patient, (but probably not actually interested in him that way, the more he now thought about it) contented herself with cuddling Damien and his ever expanding collection of stuffed animals.

Levi practically fell over laughing. "You mean," he gasped between laughter, "she's not even....? And you're giving her....? You're not getting anything outta...? Oh good God in Heaven kid, you are too fuckin' naive. Isn't that hilarious Gary?"

If Gary thought it was funny, Damien couldn't tell.

Damien sat there and took the mocking and the abuse; letting it absorb into him like a sponge. He felt like a fool. His vision became blurred as tears of humiliation welled up in his eyes. Had he really been played that badly? Was he really such a patsy?

Damien felt Levi's hand land back on his shoulder and he looked up through teary, heartbroken eyes.

"Hey, you got played, kid." Levi told Damien. "The way I see it. You've got two choices: You can one, start over from scratch with this girl and see if she likes you for who you really are. Maybe I'm wrong. Who knows? Or," he reached into his breast pocket and took out a pill bottle filled to the brim, "you can cut all ties with her, go into Eden and be innocent again for a night."

"How much?" Damien asked, his eyes fixated on the pills.

"The price is you cut off all ties with that little pill rat. Right now."

"But she's in my car, waiting for me."

"Those are my conditions," Levi said firmly. "You either go back to your car empty handed, or you go into my club with a new bottle of Re-Release. There is no in between. That's how the Great Game was played in the original Eden, that's how I play it here."

Damien didn't know what Levi was talking about, and didn't care. He took the pill bottle from Levi and started to walk out of the old office and downstairs towards the receiving area on the main floor. Then he thought for a second.

"Hey Levi?" Damien called back.

"What, newbie?" the club owner called back, poking his head out of the doorway.

"What's with all the costumes?"

Levi shrugged. "A leopard can't change its spots, but a snake can always shed its skin." He smiled and gave Damien a knowing wink.

"And where's that huge dick you wear when you do the satyr bit?" Damien pressed.

Levi looked puzzled for a second, and then his eyes sparkled with recognition. "Hah! Kid, that dick stays in my pants wherever I walk."

"You mean?"

"That's the only thing I've got that's not part of the costume."

"You got a lot of costumes?" Damien asked, still descending back down to Eden.

"Yeah, why?"

"Then how come I've only seen you wear those snake skin shoes?"

Levi paused for a beat. "I like to remember where I came from, newbie. They keep me humble."

Damien also didn't know what that meant, but he accepted the answer and proceeded back down the stairs.

"Hey, newbie," Levi called out. Damien turned back around. "Everyone notices the dick, but nobody asks about the shoes. Tell the girl that signs you in that everything is comped tonight, just cuz I like ya."

The phone in Damien's locker at the club rang later that night. The following voicemail was left for him to discover the next morning:

"Hey Damien, fuck you, you, like, abandoned me," Delilah screamed at Damien's voicemail.

"I was waiting in your car for hours. I took a cab and made it back home. Thanks for worrying about me, asshole."

Best. Night. Ever.

One Step Closer

One Month Ago: Time Unknown

*12. I find the answers aren't so clear
Wish I could find a way to disappear
All these thoughts they make no sense
I find bliss in ignorance
Nothing seems to go away
Over and over again.
Just like before*

-Linkin Park; "One Step Closer".

"Let's see," Mama said, looking at her shopping list.

"Baby Wipes? Check. Baby Powder? Check. Baby oil? Check. Baby food? Check. Liners for bottles? Check. Nighttime lotion? Check." Item by item she went down the shopping list to make sure she had all the supplies she would need for her baby boy.

Damien, meanwhile, was dry humping in the shopping cart's baby seat. Well, maybe dry humping wasn't accurate, considering the state of his diaper. Mama patted his head and he smiled a wide jack-o-lantern grin back at her as he continued to gyrate in his seat.

"Good baby," she whispered and then gave him a peck on the cheek.

"Aaaaaagh!" Damien squealed as he smiled and his eyes rolled back into his head; his thrusting gradually stopping.

"Well, that must have done it," Mama whispered to herself, evidently quite pleased.

Damien groaned and looked around, finally coming to his senses. He was spending longer and longer as a baby in his dreams, he realized, and it was getting increasingly more difficult to come back to himself. He was wedged into the baby seat of a shopping cart, evidently, and was in a grocery store of some sort. Slow paced Muzak droned through the store, and the faint beeping of scanned items filled Damien's ears. A quick look on the shelves told Damien which aisle he was in.

"The fuck happened?" Damien, groaned.

"Mama's taking you on a shopping trip, baby boy," Mama answered. She was still in that same weird housewife getup, pearls and all. Damien had not dreamt of her in the daycare worker's scrubs since that initial intense dream the night he bedded Delilah.

"Looks like you ran out of innocence and your head filled back up with big boy thoughts," Mama pinched Damien's cheeks condescendingly. "Don't worry though," she continued, "in about a month, tops, that won't likely be a problem anymore at your rate." Ran out of innocence? What the hell did that mean? Damien suddenly caught a glimpse behind Mama's shoulder and saw another woman pushing a cart right past the baby aisle.

"I'm in public?!" he shrieked, his hands shot down to cover his exposed diaper and failing.

"Oh, don't be so fussy," Mama tousled Damien's hair. "The weather is warm enough. It's perfectly acceptable for a baby to be outside in just a T-shirt and diaper.

"But it's embarrassing," Damien whined.

"You weren't embarrassed a second ago when you made cummies in your diaper like a good baby."

Damien shuddered. He wiggled around, and felt the tell-tale squishing of a wet diaper between his legs. "You mean, first I came, and then I pithed myself?" Damien lisped. He was embarrassed just thinking about it.

"Don't be silly," Mama corrected him. "First you made pee-pee, and then you made cummies in your-" she slapped her forehead in realization. "Oh my goodness; diapers! I almost forgot to buy more diapers, you poor thing." She reached over and pulled a large package of diapers. It read, "Hades': Ages 18 - ∞" and a picture of a little diapered devil on the front; the same that adorned the waistband of Damien's oversaturated padding.

"Speaking of which," she violated Damien's personal boundaries yet again as she stuck her two fingers into the leggings of his diaper, "I think it's about time for a change, don't you?"

Damien didn't even bother a reply. He just crossed his arms across his chest and shook his head, vehemently.

"You mean you want to sit in a used diaper?" Mama said. Damien deflated. She had him there.

"Okay..." he muttered.

"What was that, honey?" Mama leaned in and cupped her hand to her hear. "I couldn't quite hear you."

"I thaid okay." Damien spoke up.

"Good baby," Mama cooed, making Damien blush even more. With disturbing ease she lifted Damien out of the seat and placed him on her hip. "Let's go get you changed," she practically cheered, as she bent over the shopping cart and picked up what could only be a

diaper bag. Now that she had both bag and boy in hand, Damien found himself being carried down the aisle, most likely towards the restroom.

Damien closed his eyes and braced himself for the inevitable. He knew, on some level, that this was a dream, but it still felt so real that it was disturbing. He'd never gotten this far into the experience though. Maybe, just maybe, he consoled himself, if he got a dry diaper here, he'd wake up in a dry bed or something.

Futilely, he bit on his tongue, trying to force himself to wake up, but to no avail. Wait...why was he missing teeth?

"Lucille?" a familiar voice called out. Where was that voice coming from? Damien opened his eyes and saw the last thing he had ever expected to see: Another "Mama". Same bleached blonde hair pulled back into a ponytail, same pretty- but not quite sexy- look; same damn style of dress. It was like the woman who had been tormenting his dreams the past two months was looking into a mirror. The only difference was, that this woman was wearing a red dress, instead of a yellow one, and she didn't have an overgrown baby in a wet diaper on her hip.

Shit...he was starting to think of himself as an overgrown baby. The only solace he took was that he'd probably enter a state of denial the moment he woke up. He never remembered these things with quite the clarity as he did when he was experiencing them. His identity and very sense of self might as well have been split between two very different worlds.

"Lucille," Mama said, "Hiiiiii!" The two identical women leaned in and greeted each other via awkward fake kissing the air by each other's cheeks. "Mwah, Mwah".

"Lucille, how have you been?" Mama asked her friend, bouncing Damien on her hip slightly. The squishing sensation on his bottom was starting to aggravate him. He must have been really wet if the moisture had reached the back of his diaper.

Damien wondered and worried if he had done a little more than just pee and ejaculate into his diaper. What was worse was he couldn't tell, and that fact gave him cause for more than a little worry.

"I've been good, Lucille," Mama's clone said. "Who's the little guy?"

"Oh, this is Damien," Mama answered. "Say hi Damien." Reflexively, without thinking, Damien buried his head in Mama's shoulder. His body burned at the cognitive dissonance using his captor as a shield.

"He's adorable," the other Mama cooed. "When did you get him?"

"Oh, you know," Mama said, "Lucy found him at the Night-care center and took him in, and then brought him to me." Night-care center? Did she mean Eden? His dreams always seemed to get a little more intense after one of his visits to that place.

"Well golly," the other Mama said. "I hope Lucy comes through for me the way she came through for you. He is soooooo cute. Can I hold him, Lucille?"

"Actually, Lucille," Mama turned so that she was between her doppelganger and Damien, "I was about to take Damien to the restroom so I could change him. He's absolutely soaked!"

"Oh," the other one remarked, a bit of wonder in her tone, "is this his first time since you got him? I heard Lucille talking the other day about how her baby was so much easier after her first diaper change. Just pushes the mortal ones right over the threshold."

"Lucille..." Mama half-growled a warning.

"Though to hear Lucy talk, the younger ones in Limbo need a lot more than just a fresh diaper to cross the threshold. Some can last for years, decades even."

"Lucille..." Mama repeated her warning with emphasis. What the hell was this crazy lady babbling about?

"Do you suppose it's because they haven't been out of diapers as long, so it's not as much of a shock to them? Or maybe it's because they're not mortal by the time they reach limbo? Or do you think it has something to do with them being harder to overwhelm because they're more naturally inno-"

"Lucille!" Mama snapped. "Damien hasn't had a diaper change in a loooooong while, and I really need to get to that."

"Oh...oh!" the other woman with Mama's face realized a bit too late. "Well go on! I'll guard your cart till you two get back." She smiled nervously.

"Wait, what'th going on?!" Damien asked, his blood pumping again.

"Nothing to get too excited about," Mama said, rubbing his back as she speedily walked to the women's room. "Just a diaper change. And you'll feel so much better afterward," she added hastily.

"I don't like thith!" Damien began struggling to get out Mama's titanic grip.

"It's okay, sweetheart," Mama cooed as she walked them into the bathroom. "You'll feel like such a big boy once you're all changed into a nice dry diaper, Mama promises!"

"No!" Damien kicked and struggled, as Mama pulled down the changing station from the wall. "No! I don't want a diaper change! I don't want one!" What if this was more than a dream? What if he never woke up? This was a trap. This was a trap!

Mama lowered him down on to the changing station and buckled the strap snugly against his belly. Her face was one of rushed concentration, like a fisherman reeling in the big catch as it tugged on the line, threatening to get away. Damien craned his neck and stared at the soaked infantile garment strapped around his waist. The little cartoon devil on the front was smiling up manically at him. Mocking him.

Damien gazed on in horror as he saw Mama's perfectly manicured fingernails grab the tapes of his diaper. The sounds of Velcro being ripped echoed in his psyche.

SCRIIIITCH-SCRAAAAATCH!

"I'M NOT A BIG BA-" Damien's screams died in his throat. He was awake and in his dump of a room, but otherwise unharmed. "That was a close one", he whispered, relieved, before the panic died in his veins and the mix of rational cynicism and irrational machismo took over again. He examined his sheets. Damn. Not only were they wet, again, but he was sticky too. Guess he could add that to his list of nighttime problems, now.

Whatever. He had to get in the shower now, and then get ready for work.

9 to 5

Today: Later in the morning. Noticeably late for work.

*13. Workin' 9 to 5
What a way to make a livin'
Barely getting' by
It' all takin' and no givin'*

*They just use your mind
And they never give you credit
It's enough to drive you
Crazy if you let it*

-Dolly Parton; "9 to 5"

Damien snuck into the office building and made a bee-line for his cubicle. He heard the quiet rustling of his Depends with every step he took. He sheepishly waved to anyone who looked up to make eye contact with him. Thankfully, they just waved back and went back to their work as he passed.

He sat down at his desk, and logged onto his computer, huffing a sigh of relief. His relief, however, was short lived as Chad popped his head into Damien's cubicle.

"Damien, you're here," Chad said, a hint of surprise in his voice. "Dude, what's wrong? You look horrible."

"No, I feel fine." Damien insisted.

"Still, might've been a good day to call in sick." Chad replied. "The boss wants to see you, and he is not happy."

Damien huffed, and stood up from his seat. He'd just been getting comfortable. "Any chance he doesn't know I'm here yet?"

Chad shook his head. "He knows, bro. He knows. I tried calling you, but your voicemail box was full."

"Thanks for trying dude." Damien shrugged.

"Just trying to look out for you, bro." Chad clapped Damien on the shoulder. Damien trudged into the boss's office, becoming increasingly aware of just how little the sweatpants hid his adult incontinence undergarment.

"Damien, come in," the boss said waving him in. "Don't bother sitting down, son. This won't take long." Damien gulped at that. The boss took a deep breath and exhaled, sending the little hairs of his mustache fluttering outward.

"Damien, you've been falling apart, lately." The boss said. "The quality of your work and your personal appearance have taken a drastic turn for the worse over the last couple of months." He gestured towards Damien's pants. "You're wearing sweatpants for gosh sakes! You wouldn't even be allowed to wear those on casual Fridays!"

"Sorry sir," Damien mumbled, his eyes darting to the floor in shame. He resisted the urge to fidget and drag his foot along the carpet; maybe turn it into a little game; anything to subdue the intense shame of being pulled into the boss's office.

"Now, if you didn't have any history with this company, or if you worked in customer service, I might have to let you go," Damien's boss went on. "Fortunately, you're a behind the scenes guy, so I'm willing to give you a little bit of leeway. Frankly, I think this change in behavior might be the result of too much stress."

"You could say that," Damien muttered.

"Now," the boss barreled on, "there's an online seminar course that all employees are required to take by the end of the month. Do you know when that is?"

"Ummm...soon?" Damien hazarded a guess.

"Yeah...soon. Very soon! And you're the only one who hasn't finished it. Hell, according to our records, you haven't even started it." The Boss's face was beginning to turn pink as the blood rushed to his head from anger. "Now normally, this is the part where I send you home, tell you to take the day off, and finish that course; but I'm gonna do you the favor of letting you do the course, here, at the office. If you take the whole day, you should be able to knock it out fairly easily."

Damien nodded meekly.

"When you get to your desk, check your email," the boss instructed. "There's a link to the training site. It's boring, but it's easy. Just watch a couple of videos and then answer some multiple choice questions. Even on your worst day, which looks like today, you can take care of this easily. Now get going!"

Damien trudged out of the boss's office. That could have been worse. He still had a chance, and with the Re-Lease still flowing through his system, even the most boring videos could be conquered in a jiffy.

Damien went back to his cubicle and checked his work email. He found the boss's email with the link easily enough and then clicked on it. A window opened up and redirected him to a website.

Damien glanced at the title of the website: iwannamama.com

A video opened up and began playing. An image of the same blonde woman who had been haunting Damien's dreams for the last three months popped up.

"Hey there, baby boy," she cooed.

"Mama?" Damien whispered. He practically broke the mouse hitting the pause and stood up.

"Umm...Chad?!" he called out.

"Yeah?" Chad popped his head in from the next cubicle over.

"Is this the training video?" He pointed to the screen, where the frozen image of Mama was pouting her lips for the camera. Chad looked at the video, clearly disinterested.

"Yeah, looks like it," Chad said matter-of-factly. "She kind of looks like a slightly prettier version of that lady from the insurance commercials, doesn't she?"

"Seriously?" Damien asked in disbelief.

"I mean, they're obviously not the same person," Chad defended his assertion, completely oblivious to Damien's confusion. "But if you squint your eyes a little bit, they could pass for each other. Meh, maybe it's just me." Without another word, Chad shrugged and abandoned Damien to his computer.

"I'm glad he's gone," the woman from the computer said the moment Chad had left. "I want some quality time with my baby Damien."

"The fuck?" Damien mouthed. How was this happening? He hadn't even pressed play again. Now to make matters even more complicated, he found himself sitting down again, and unable to look away from the screen. He felt himself starting to lose his grip and self-control.

"Now, do you wanna see Mama's titties?" The woman on the screen teased, unbuttoning the front of her dress to reveal two gorgeous, milky-white breasts.

Damien couldn't help but nod. Those things were amazing, and his lips puckered as he imagined himself sucking on them. Blood rushed to his member just thinking about it, and part of him wished that she was more than just a woman in an office tutorial video.

"If baby wants to see his Mama's titties, he has to do something for Mama." She paused.

"Start rubbing yourself through your diaper." Damien immediately started doing as he was bid, the soft rustling of the Depends going in time with each stroke.

Mama took out one breast, and then the other and began to rub her nipples. "Uggh," Damien heard himself moan. He didn't know why, but this was so hot all of a sudden. This woman's boobs were the greatest things of all time.

"Now, just think about all that you've been through, Damien, while you rub yourself." Mama instructed. "Think of how embarrassed you were when you were walked in on with that teddy bear and spanked for taking off your diaper." Damien rubbed a little harder, feeling the thick padding around his penis. "Think about how little- in a good way- you felt when I was feeding you in your high chair, and then how little you felt- in a humiliating way- when you wet your diaper right as you were insisting you didn't need one." Damien stroked a little faster.

"Now, think about how exposed and vulnerable you felt on the changing table in that public restroom right as I ripped the tapes off your diaper." Damien began to go berserk on his crotch, his hand becoming a blur; his wrist cramping, but him not caring; he was fighting through the pain.

"Now think about how badly you wanted to suck the milk right out of my titties this morning," Mama squeezed her breasts, and a little milk leaked from her nipples. "And think about how you wanted to make cummies in your diaper, and how you wanted me to change you this morning. Think about how you wanted to be little and cared for, and embarrassed, and exposed, and vulnerable. And Mama can give you all of those things, if you just...let...go!"

"Aaaaaghhh" Damien moaned as his eyes rolled back into his head. And for the first time in the waking world, Damien's adult eyes closed, and infant eyes opened up in their place.

"Good baby," she cooed. "Now when you're done making cummies in your diaper, go pee-pee in your pants, okay?"

Damien nodded finished rubbing himself through his clothes and made cummies in his diaper like a good baby. As he closed his eyes, he felt a tingle in his mouth and a new, wetter warmth in his pants accompanied the warm stickiness of his semen. It made Damien smile. It felt good down there. If he hadn't been so tired, he might start rubbing himself again.

"Good baby," Mama cooed to him through the computer screen, as he drifted off to sleep, his thumb finding a comfortable space between two teeth near the top of his mouth.

Where Is My Mind

Today: Time Unknown

*14. With your feet in the air
And your head on the ground
Try this trick and spin it, yeah
Your head will collapse
But there's nothing in it
And you'll ask yourself*

*Where is my mind?
Where is my mind?
Where is my mind?*

-The Pixies; "Where Is My Mind".

"Well, who do we have here?" The Mama in the nursery scrubs bent over to get a better look at Damien in his stroller.

"This is Damien," Mama said with no small amount of pride in her voice.

"Awww!" Nursery Scrubs gushed, "Hello Damien! It's been so long, I almost didn't recognize you!" She gave Damien a little wave. Damien smiled a big toothless grin and hid his face in his hands. This was all so much to take in. Mama had dressed him up in a nice pair of overalls and taken him to this strange place that he only vaguely remembered.

All around the big nursery room, big babies, just like him, played and laughed and toddled and crawled on the floor while other Mamas in uniform played with them, fed them, rocked them in their tremendously strong arms, and changed their diapers.

"He is just adorable," the other Mama praised.

"Well, I think so." Damien's Mama remarked. He was surrounded by Mamas. It was amazing. Everywhere he looked, he saw women who had the exact same face and voice as his Mama.

"Mamamamamama?!" Damien babbled his question. Both women laughed at the little guy. Damien blushed and smiled and went back to hiding his face in his hands. He must have done something funny.

"Awwww! How cute. He thinks we look the same." Damien heard the Mama in the nursery scrubs remark.

"Well, it's hard to tell for him." Damien's Mama said.

"It always is, Lucille. It always is. Now," the Mama in the nursery scrubs looked up to Damien's Mama and in a very businesslike tone said, "I can't tell by what he's wearing. Diapers, Pull-Ups, or Big Boy Pants?"

"Oh, diapers, definitely," Mama told the other grown-up. "He's not ready for the big boy potty by a long shot."

"Good," the Mama in the nursery scrubs said. "We don't accept charges that are out of diapers."

"Good," Mama agreed. "I don't want my little boy to get any big ideas."

"Oh, Hades no," the Mama in the nursery scrubs waved the idea away. "We do everything we can here to make it so they never feel any shame about being who they are or take any pride in their independence. We'd let them run around naked if it weren't for the mess." Both Mama's laughed and nodded knowingly at that.

"Is everything here developmentally appropriate?" Mama asked.

"Of course not," the other Mama said. "We do everything we can here to encourage stimulation without fostering development. We wouldn't them to progress any further than they already are, would we?" She peeled back Damien's hands and made a silly face at him. Damien couldn't help but smile bashfully.

"Good," Mama approved over Damien's giggling.

"Speaking of progress," the other Mama went on, "I'm not seeing any teeth." She stuck her finger in Damien's mouth and ran her finger along his soft and smooth gums.

"Yes," Mama replied, "he can have baby food, but I mostly feed him milk."

"Okay," the Mama in the nursery scrubs nodded, "how long did you say he'd been Re-Leased?"

"Three months to the day," Damien's Mama said.

"Really?" There was hint of surprise in the other Mama's voice. "And he's already out of training pants?"

"Oh, I didn't bother with training pants," Mama told the other one, "You handed him to me in a diaper, so I kept him that way. Why bother with training pants anyways? Why give them a diaper they can take off themselves? That will only slow down their Re-Lease."

The other Mama smiled. "You've been listening to my lectures, haven't you?"

"Well you are the most experienced one, Lucy."

"Thank you Lucille, I appreciate that." The other Mama smiled politely. "Have you been able to pull him across the threshold, yet?"

"No," Damien's Mama sighed. "I've tried a few times, but his worldly self keeps blinking out before I can."

"Oh, so you mean the rest of him is...?" the Mama in the scrubs started.

"Back there, I'm afraid. I'm sorry. I just needed a break." Mama said, sounding defeated.

"Don't worry about it," the other Mama reassured her, "Almost no one fully gets their baby to cross the threshold without a little help. The fact that he's this far along in only three months is a testament to how good a job you've done with him."

"I just got lucky," Mama replied, "Damien is such a good baby,"

Damien squirmed in his stroller. The grown-ups talking to each other was soooo boring. He wanted to get out on the floor and play with the other babies. The Mamas must have noticed.

"Oh, looks like we've got a squirmy baby," Mama's friend that looked like her said. She bent over and began to unbuckle Damien from his stroller. "Does he walk or crawl?" she asked up at Mama.

"Honestly, I've been carrying him this whole time," Mama answered, "so I don't know."

"Well, only one way to find out," the daycare worker Mama announced. Damien found himself being lifted out of his stroller and placed on his tummy on the floor. Damien looked up and both grown-ups were saying something to him and motioning for him to do something. Their words started to lose meaning, but their gestures were clear. They wanted him to go to them.

With considerable effort, Damien pushed himself up to his hands and knees. Then, very slowly, he put one hand ahead of him and almost lost his balance. He moved his back leg forward to catch himself. Next, he moved his back hand forward, almost fell, and then caught himself with his back leg. Just to be safe, he never moved more than one limb at a time. He smiled at how clever he was.

"Oh my, Lucille," the Mama in the nursery scrubs gushed, "he can barely crawl. He's a keeper!"

"I know, right?!" his Mama beamed.

"You go on ahead, and take a break, Lucille," the other Mama instructed, "I'll take it from here."

"Are you sure?" asked Damien's Mama.

"You've already done most of the hard work," the other Mama complimented Damien's Mama. "Besides," she grinned. "I was literally made for this."

"Well..." Mama hesitated, "alright." She walked over to Damien and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Be a good baby, Damien, while Mama's gone, alright?"

"Blurple babababababa!" Damien agreed, before his Mama walked away and out the door of the Daycare.

"Oh, we are going to have such fun!" the other Mama cooed to Damien. Damien babbled complete gibberish in response.

"Now what will we do first?" Mama Lucy asked her newest charge. A loud creaking sound echoed through the room. Mama Lucy's head snapped up to attention.

"Oh, Tracy!" another Mama called out, this one in plain pink scrubs. "Don't do that! Don't!" Howls of confusion and crying filled the air as a book shelf crashed to the ground.

"I miss the old days," Mama Lucy huffed, "when none of them could walk." Her eyes flashed a bloody red for a moment before returning to their normal crystal blue color. "Coming to help, Lucille," she called out, "just get Tracy away from there. Tracy!" she yelled at the other baby standing crying by the shelf. "Tracy Samson, you get away from there and onto the naughty stool this instant!"

Lacking patience, little Damien started to crawl around the floor and explore. Everywhere, there were babies just like him, and toys everywhere. There were more fun things to play with and roll and chew on and cuddle and stack than there were in his entire apartment. Why did he have an apartment? Damien quickly shook that rogue thought from his conscious mind as he continued exploring this wondrous yet familiar new place.

He made little grunts of effort with each limb he moved, his diaper crinkling underneath his overalls with each shift. Suddenly, and for no particular reason, he stopped. Yet he heard himself keep grunting. What was that all about? Then, just as quickly as he began, Damien felt relief from some unknown oppressive source inside of him, and he kept crawling along. For some reason though, his diaper didn't crinkle as much now. His diaper felt...fuller. Oh well, what went on inside his pants wasn't his problem anyways. Someone else would clean him up later. They always did.

Some of the bigger babies ran around him playing tag with each other. Damien wanted to play too, and slowly followed the faster children around the room with all the determination of the tortoise of Aesop's Fables. The metaphorical hares in this instance, though, were in

no mood for napping. They paid no mind to little Damien as he desperately grunted and inched towards their game of tag.

At one point, one of the toddlers even ran right by him, giving Damien a clear glimpse at the very wet diaper underneath her pink sundress. Damien grinned looking at the bigger baby's padded butt. The front of his diaper crinkled a little bit as his penis started to stiffen and bulge. He dropped to his stomach and started grinding himself on the carpeted floor. He was going to make cummies in his diaper like a good baby and make his Mama proud!

Then something about one of the toddlers caused Damien to stop. The one whose diaper he'd peeked at had curling locks of red hair flowing past her shoulders. She seemed familiar to him. He had seen this other baby from somewhere, even if though he couldn't quite remember.

Just as familiar to him, even when covered by the diaper, Damien recognized the curves of those hips, and the little hint of a tummy. He'd seen this baby without her diaper on before. He'd seen this baby naked before. No...he'd seen this woman naked before!

"Delilah?" the words came out of Damien's mouth unbidden. Damien blinked and came back to himself. Oh god, he was in some kind of adult daycare now. He was surrounded by clones of the madwoman who had babied him. There were at least a dozen so-called "Mama's" or "Lucille's" or whatever, and there were at least three times that number of adults acting like children. No, "children" wasn't the right word, "babies" was.

"Damien?!" Delilah gasped, blinking in surprise. Damien saw the inside of her mouth and noticed it was missing teeth. He had seen hockey players with more teeth than Delilah sported right this second. "What's going on? Why am I dreaming about you, now?"

"You're dreaming?!" Damien said with incredulity.

"I knew I shouldn't have fallen asleep at your plate while you were gone," she chided herself, stomping her foot. Ignoring Damien, she lifted her dress up with one hand and squeezed her crotch with the other. "Not agaaaain!" she whined throwing her head back. "Can't I have a dry diaper, jutht onthe?!"

A pair of hands reached down and grabbed Damien by the waist. "You can both have nice clean diapers right away if you wait and stick around long enough." A daycare worker with a face matching Mama's. It wasn't the different one in the nursery scrubs though, the one Mama called "Lucy", instead of "Lucille." This one was wearing a green sweater and a brown skirt and she draped Damien over her shoulder as she walked him over to an adult sized changing table.

Another "Mama Lucille" wearing jeans and a pink t-shirt came up and took Delilah's hand. "Diaper change time," she smiled at Delilah.

"Fine," Delilah huffed, "maybe that meanth my diaper will be dry when I wake up, too."

"Delilah! No!" Damien screamed as he was being lain down on a table large and sturdy enough to accommodate him with ease. "It's a trap!" Delilah just rolled her eyes at Damien's panic, and allowed herself to be boosted up on a neighboring table.

"I am, like, tho beyond caring right now," Delilah told Damian as the Lucille clone in the jeans and t-shirt hike up her dress and tore the tapes off her diaper. "You have no idea what kind of shit I've had to go through thethe latht couple of weekth. I'm done."

"Actually, I do!" Damien yelled back. He tried to sit up, but once again, his body was betraying him from the moment he was laid down. No matter how much he willed it, his body wouldn't move from the changing table.

The Lucille that was attending to him was unbuttoning the snaps running down his legs and up his crotch, revealing the ver used diaper underneath. She muscled the overalls up past his hips and the denim started to bunch up above his bellybutton. His hips raised slightly and Damien felt an uncomfortable squish as his padded behind came back down to the mat and something slid around his backside.

"Don't worry, honey," the Lucille in the green sweater cooed. "Once you've both been changed, you and your little friend can play all you want, forever and ever."

Damien could only whimper pathetically as the woman ripped off the two oversized tapes and opened his used diaper up, exposing his muck caked backside and genitals to open air. Behind him, he heard Delilah giggling as another identical tormentor wiped her private parts. With practiced ease, the Lucille crossed Damien's ankles and lifted his legs up in the air.

"damien"

Damien was left staring at his feet, now shod in Velcro sneakers, while the woman cooed at him at dragged cold wipes across his genitals and backside. He couldn't even lift his hands to cover his eyes, or suck his thumb.

"damien"

The woman yanked the used diaper out from underneath Damien, and balled it up with one hand. Damien's legs and rump were lowered back down briefly while she threw the used diaper away and produced a fresh one from underneath the changing table. The scent of baby powder prematurely filling Damien's nostrils clued him in on what was happening to Delilah.

"damien"

Damien found his legs lifted up again as the daycare worker slid the fresh diaper under his rump. The padding crinkled a little as his backside was lowered down onto it. His legs still in the air, Mama's clone grabbed a bottle of baby powder and sprinkled it generously on his privates. Behind him, he heard another lady cooing "All done," and heard Delilah's incoherent babbling.

"Damien!"

"Almost done," his newest tormentor declared as she carefully pulled up the front of the diaper between his legs. The little red baby devil smiled back up at him from the waistband.

"DAMIEN!"

She reached to Damien's right side and she pulled it up over the front flap of his diaper. She stuck the tab snugly in place and Damien swore he saw a little red spark dance from her fingertips onto the diaper. She reached over to his left side and pulled it up over the front, guiding the final tab over to secure the garment around Damien completely.

"DAAAAAMIEN!"

Damien's eyes shot awake. He was lying on the floor of his cubicle, his pants around his ankles for some reason, wearing a very, very used adult diaper. He shot a nearly toothless grin up to his boss.

"Thankth," he said.

"You're fired," his boss replied.

Gone Daddy Gone

Today: Very Late Afternoon

*15. Beautiful girl, lovely dress
High school smiles, oh yes
Beautiful girl, lovely dress
Where she is now I can only guess*

*'Cause it's gone, daddy, gone- your love is gone
Yeah, it's gone, daddy, gone- your love is gone
Yeah, it's gone, daddy, gone- your love is gone
Yeah, it's gone, daddy, gone- your love is gone away*

- Violent Femmes; "Gone Daddy Gone".

Damien had slept away the rest of the morning and most of the afternoon while his mind and possibly even his soul had journeyed somewhere far more insidious than a mere office building. He would have made it home sooner, but building security detained him before the I.T. guys went through his computer.

They found porn. Lots of porn. At least, Damien thought it might be porn. Iwannamama.com contained downloads for videos and photo shoots of Damien in baby clothes and oversized baby diapers, getting cared for by a woman with blonde hair and blue eyes, and a kind of motherly charm. There were tons of them, it seemed. Page after page after page of the stuff. And every screenshot seemed eerily familiar to Damien. There seemed to be one video for every bizarre dream he'd had over the last three months.

Damien only got out when he did because he signed an agreement that basically made him forfeit unemployment benefits and severance packages in return for a nondisclosure promise of what the company had found at his computer. Damien was financially fucked beyond all reason, but it beat risking getting put on a sex offenders list. Could it really be considered child pornography if literally every person was obviously over the age of consent? Still, Damien hadn't wanted to chance it, and he frankly didn't care.

Damien had finally hit some form of rock bottom, and with it came a form of clarity. Those creepy women who had been tormenting his slumber, those freaky dreams, his increasingly infantile behavior: All of it was somehow connected to the drug, Re-Leave, and by extension, Eden and its owner Levi Athan. He only needed to test his theory by going home.

Damien managed to pull into his apartment as the sun was just touching the horizon. He immediately spotted Delilah's car in the parking lot, having seen it several times during the previous one month fling. So far, so good. He felt a damp, disgusting, and solid squish with every step he took. He hadn't even taken the time to change his diaper. Hell, he had been so short sighted because of the drug in his system that he had thrown away all the other diapers that he'd bought.

He passed his tongue nervously over his few remaining teeth as he pushed open the door to his apartment. His infantile state had begun to bleed over into the waking world, obviously. His potty training, or perhaps his maturity, had been the first to go, but now the more obvious physical signs were making themselves known. If he went to sleep again and was lucky enough to wake up, he might be reduced to crawling.

He couldn't remember whether he had bothered to lock the door or not; but the knob being busted open attested to the presence of a second party.

"Delilah?" Damien called out. "It's me! Come on out!" The place was even more of a wreck than usual. If Damien's place this morning had been a dump, now it was a dump where a wild animal had been set loose. His refrigerator was empty, with what had been perfectly full jugs of milk and apple juice laying empty on the floor. Someone, besides Damien, had gorged.

Damien went over to his couch, high stepping over his own garbage and squishing in his pants every step of the way; his shitty diaper sagging and threatening to pull his loose sweatpants down.

"I knew I shouldn't have fallen asleep at your place while you were gone," Delilah's voice from the dream echoed in Damien's memory. Damien ran his hand over the couch cushions. He stopped when he felt a large wet spot. He leaned in and breathed deep through his nose.

"Bingo," Damien said, immediately recognizing the smell of stale piss for what it was. Delilah had been here alright. The dream hadn't lied about that. But why had she been here?

- "I'm out of Re-Leathe," -

- "Don't feel so bad, kid," Levi's voice echoed from memory. "You're not the first that she's tricked into giving away your buzz, but you're definitely the longest con she's pulled." -

"Oh fuck!" Damien shouted with realization. He ran to his bathroom. The medicine cabinet had been ripped off the wall. Damien scrambled on the floor.

"Where is it where is it where is it?!" Damien shouted in a panic. He scattered pill bottles everywhere. Where was the one pill bottle that mattered, the one with the precious miracle pills? "Gone!" his voice echoed off the bathroom walls. "SHIT! THAT BITCH! THAT FUCKING CUNT!"

No. No. That was the addiction talking. That wasn't Damien. The stuff must not be completely out of his system, yet. He had to take a moment and think rationally.

"If Delilah took my pillth," Damien reasoned to himself, "why ith her car thtill in the parking lot? Where did she go?"

More memories flashed across Damien's brain, some of them mere hours old:

- "I heard Lucille talking the other day about how her baby was so much easier after her first diaper change."

- "Have you been able to pull him across the threshold, yet?"

- "Oh, so you mean the rest of him is...?"

- "Back there, I'm afraid."

- "Once you've both been changed, you and your little friend can play all you want, forever and ever."

In the dream, Delilah had finished getting a diaper change mere seconds before Damien woke up on the floor with his pants around his ankles. She had stopped talking, too, and instead had begun babbling like an infant. Maybe there was more to this than just some kind of crazy dream.

Maybe whatever force was causing them to have the same weird dreams and regress, had pulled Delilah over this threshold that the Mamas had been talking about. Maybe just like his weird dreams were bleeding over into the waking world, maybe Delilah had slipped out of this world and into whatever place they went to while Damien had slept.

It sounded ridiculous, he knew, but Damien was in no position to call anyone or anything names.

He had to find out more. Damien went over to the desktop in his bedroom where he had spent countless hours researching "Re-Lease", only to find a bunch of legal terms about renting houses and such.

He sat down in his still unclean diaper. Whether it was because he was too distracted or because he lacked the ability to clean himself up any longer, God only knew. It was time for a new search.

He googled "Eden," and nothing useful came up. There were some "Eden Clubs" mostly golf courses, and a movie, and of course the original Biblical reference, but nothing about the still trendy hotspot downtown that supplied the little red pills.

Then, Damien googled "Levi Athan". Maybe he could find something out about Levi's past, though Damien couldn't imagine what use that might be. Still, know thy enemy. All he got was some basic sites that told him that "Levi" was Hebrew for "Joined in Harmony", and Athan meant "immortal". The hairs on the back of Damien's neck told him that that was not a coincidence.

Other than the name's meaning though, Damien couldn't find shit. No Twitter, no Facebook, no Instagram, no news articles, no pictures, no mentions of anyone with that name at all.

As far as the internet was concerned, Levi Athan didn't exist.

When he typed in "Levi Athan" for what must have been the tenth time, Google came back with a message: "Did you mean 'leviathan'?" No he didn't. He was looking for a man, not a mythical-

Then Damien saw the images. They were painting after painting of giant sea serpents, dragons and snakes. Leviathan. Serpents. Snakes. Eden.

"No way," Damien gasped. "No. Fuckin'. Way."

It had to be just a stage name. A dumb play on words. That's all. No way could Levi be-

- "Then how come I've only seen you wear those snake skin shoes?"

Levi paused for a beat. "I like to remember where I came from, newbie. They keep me humble."-

Call it intuition. Call it a gut instinct. Call it whatever you want, but Levi was definitely behind all of this; and Levi definitely wasn't human. And, more importantly, Damien felt, Delilah was there right now, waiting to be rescued. But how to get to her?

Then, Damien got an idea. He waddle rushed back to his bathroom and dug through the pile of clothes that had accumulated over months and months of disuse and neglect.

"Come on," Damien growled. "Come oooooon!" So many pairs of unwashed pants, so little time. He found a pair that had laid untouched for the better part of a month. He reached into the pockets and turned them inside out. And there it was: The little red miracle pill that he had had in his pocket a month ago when he had last gone to meet Levi.

That same pill, that Gary the doorman wouldn't allow him to swallow, had gone back into Damien's pocket while the rest of the refill Levi supplied had gone in an orange pill bottle. For the last thirty days, the pill had languished in the pocket of one of Damien's unwashed pair of slacks. Now Damien had his way back in to Eden. Now he had his chance to make things right.

"Let'th do thith!"

Inside the Fire

Tonight: Early Evening

*16. Give your soul to me
For eternity
Release your life
To begin another time with her
End your grief with me
There's another way
Release your life
Take your place inside the fire with her.*

- Disturbed; "Inside the fire".

"Excuse me, pardon me, comin' through," Damien shoved his way to the front of the line, outside of Eden. Business had not slowed down at all since Damien had first come to this place. If anything, the line had gotten longer than Damien remembered it being. "I'm a personal friend of Mithter Athan's."

"Yeah, you and everybody who've been to the club before pal," an annoyed young man turned around to face Damien. His eyes drank in Damien's wrinkled button up shirt, not so baggy sweatpants, and the bulge around his midsection. His nose wrinkled a little bit as he sniffed the air. Damien was wearing what had to be a close to 8 hour used diaper (and not a very good one at that). Damien did his best to flash his biggest hill-billy grin, showing off his teeth that could be counted with one hand.

"Y'know what, man? Go on ahead," the dude said letting Damien pass. "Talk to Gary. See if I care."

No one else put up a fight about Damien getting to the front of the line.

"Here to thee Mithter Athan about thome weird dreamth I've been having." Damien said when he reached Gary the Goliath. Gary didn't react. "Tho?"

"You've got no Re-Lease." Gary bellowed. How would Gary know unless the person who had all of Damien's pills was already inside? That let Damien know all he needed to know, and Damien quickly found his mettle.

"Oh don't I?" Damien withdrew the little red pill from his pocket. He held it daintily between his thumb and forefinger holding it up so that the giant could see it was what Damien claimed. Then, with a flourish, Damien popped the Re-Release into his mouth.

"Open mouth." Gary instructed. Damien did as he was told and lifted his tongue to the roof of his mouth. Gary leaned forward and peered inside. Without the majority of his teeth, and his tongue at the roof of his mouth, there wasn't much to see.

"Close mouth."

Damien obeyed.

"Upstairs." Gary bellowed. "No tricks."

"Yeth thir!" Damien gave a mock salute before slinking past the guard of Eden's gates. Damien went into the old bank and took a sharp left up the stairs instead of proceeding straight into the receiving room.

When he was halfway up the stairs, Damien dug the little red pill out of two of the remaining teeth he had left in the back of his mouth. There had been just enough room to lodge the Re-Release between the two teeth. Thank goodness the big goon hadn't told him to lower his tongue. Seriously though, hiding the pill under your tongue was the oldest trick in the book. Damien wasn't that stupid.

"Firtht thmart thing I've done thinthe I came here," Damien said to himself after he spit the pill onto the ground and stomped on it with his shoe. He began to creep up the stairs, shifting his weight so that the old wood wouldn't creak and groan under it. His diaper continued to sag and droop, the load in his pants threatening to drag him down. Had Damien wet again recently? He didn't think so, but it was getting harder to tell.

When the door marked "Office" was in sight, Damien reached into the front of his Depends and drew out the weapons he had successfully smuggled in. Then, with one final pause, he charged through the door and into the fray.

"Aaaaah! The power of Chri-.... Wuh?" Damien stopped dead in his tracks just as he slammed the door open. Gone were the worn out easy chairs that he and Levi had sat in a month ago. In their place were four oversized high chairs, all of them occupied. Three men and a woman sat, strapped in, each with a bowl of little red pills in front of them.

"Damn, but you're noisy kid," Damien heard Levi from behind him. He spun around and caught the barest glimpse of Levi leaning behind the open door, his arms smugly crossed. Before Damien could react, a black leathery palm on the periphery of his vision slapped him across the face. It was like a hammer, and sent Damien's mind spinning as his body sprawled to the floor.

Two sets of meaty hands picked Levi up off the floor. Gorillas, like the ones that tended held Damien up. Those definitely weren't costumes. Levi spit out one of his few remaining teeth from the back of his mouth.

"Thank you, Darwin," Levi addressed one of the Gorillas propping Damien up like a drunkard.

"No problem boss," the ape grunted. The world was beginning to stabilize as Levi strode over and pried Damien's eyes open, examining each pupil. This time, Levi wore a flowing green robe, open at the chest, which was clean shaven with an intricate tattoo of a snake wrapping around it. But, he still wore the same snake skin shoes.

"Doesn't look like you've got a concussion," Levi said. "Good."

"If you're gonna kill me," Damien huffed, "Do it now."

Levi thought about it for a moment, theatrically stroking his chin. "Okay," he shrugged. Damien clenched his eyes shut and braced for the killing blow. He had tried, and failed miserably. Let death claim in and if there was a God, may He have mercy on his soul.

Nothing.

Damien opened one eye- the other one had started to swell shut-looking for where death may come from and what form it might take. Levi just stood there, rocking back and forth on his heels.

"I guess that means I'm not gonna kill you," Levi smiled. "Though, I suspect you came with different intentions. Dawkins, pick those up off the ground." The silverback on Damien's right, the one that hadn't hit him shifted his weight to the gorilla on Damien's left. He picked up the items that Damien had managed to smuggle in.

"Let's see, what do we have here?" Levi looked at the objects and turned them over in his hands. "Really?!" he remarked. "A sterling silver necklace with a tiny cross at the end, and a pocket Bible?" he tossed them over his shoulder like so much garbage. "It takes priests years of training and the strongest of faith to even attempt a routine exorcism." Levi shook his head as if in pity. "And yet, you come into my place of power with only a few hours prep time with a pamphlet and some jewelry? The Re-Release must've really hit you hard for your critical thinking skills to be that low, kid. Don't insult me, yourself, or the Church; at least come at me with a gun. You want me to let you go so you can go get a gun and try again? I'll tell Gary to let you through. Shit, I'll even loan you some cash. I'm betting you're a little low with all the impulse buys you've been makin'."

"Go to Hell!" Damien spat.

"And it begins guys. He can't win, so he resorts to the most clichéd words of defiance he can muster." The gorillas holding Damien chuckled grimly. Damien didn't bother to try and get away. Either one of the sentient apes could snap him like a twig. His ankle was throbbing too. He must have twisted it when he fell, so there wasn't much hope of escaping. Still, though defeated, his survival instinct was strong. Maybe he could last a little longer if he could keep this freak talking.

"What are you doing to these people?" Damien asked, jerking his head backwards to indicate the so far silent figures trapped in the giant highchairs.

"The first, and least interesting question to answer, I regret." Levi told him. "I'm helping them cross the threshold to innocence of course." Levi walked out of Damien's line of sight towards the high chairs. Without instruction, the gorillas turned Damien around to face Levi's victims. "Most people can't make themselves cross over all the way while they sleep, so they come to me one last time to finish the transformation."

"You're turning them into giant babies," Damien said. It wasn't a question, but an accusation.

"So?" Levi retorted. "It's a better option than their lives are now. Isn't it gang?" All four in the highchairs nodded glumly. They were a sorry lot, that was for sure. One of the men was wearing nothing but a stained, wrinkled t-shirt and underwear, and looked as if he hadn't had a proper bath in days. He was pale like he hadn't been in the sun for a while and his yellow stained underwear was on full display below the feeding tray and the yellow liquid dripping down his legs attested to the wearer's lack of control. He wasn't even wearing any shoes.

A large, muscular black man sat in the adjoining highchair, wearing a wife beater tank top and black sweatpants, similar to Damien's. He didn't have quite the same bulge in the middle, but Damien thought he saw something. The big guy was probably too proud to go full on diaper, and so resorted to the men's incontinence pads that you stuffed down the front of your underwear.

The man at the end had scraggly hair and had a wrinkled button up dress shirt and some dirty black slacks on. It was kind of what Damien had intended to wear to work this morning. He, too, was wet, and obviously undiapered, as evidenced by the wet spot on his crotch.

The one woman in the group had black hair in a pixie cut, and wore a yellow t-shirt and no pants. She was obviously wearing a diaper, yet also wore a pair of panties over the bulky thing. It concealed her diaper...poorly. Possibly the saddest state of her attire was that she was wearing socks and a pair of untied sneakers, as if she had actually planned to go outside looking like that.

All of them appeared to be in their right minds. There were no dumb goofy smiles or infantile cooing and babbling, but something wasn't quite right about them either, Damien noticed. They all looked worn out. They all appeared tired. They were all defeated. "You fucked our liveth up," Damien said. "They don't thee any other choithe."

"And you do?" Levi shot back. Damien was silent. "Did I take these pills and force them down your throat, kid? Did I? No, I didn't. I gave you one and told you that if you wanted to get into my club, you had to take it. You didn't have to go to my club. You could have gone to any other place to try and have a little fun."

"Then," Levi went on, "I gave you a whole bottle of the stuff for you to do with as you wished. I gave all of you that free sample. Any of you could have had your one night of fun, gone home, and maybe come back every few months. Those pills could have lasted you over a decade if you had taken them in moderation. You could have woken up in your little wet beds after you dreamed of being a big baby and then dumped the rest of them down the toilet. But instead, all of you kept coming back here, or taking them at home. Damien here," he gestured to Damien addressing the other prisoners, "even shared them with his girlfriend and supported her addiction, and then dumped her when she became inconvenient."

"You told me to dump her!" Damien shouted. He felt the ape's grip on him tighten a little bit.

"No," Levi whirled around, wagging his finger in Damien's face, "I said that you had a choice! I said you could either go back to her empty handed and find out if she really liked you for you, or you could dump her and get more pills. I tried to cut you off for your own good, but you begged me not to. So you abandoned her. No phone call, no text, no nothing. You left her in your car to figure things out while you got high, got naked, chugged apple juice, and played in a sandbox." Levi pointed back at the figures in the highchairs. "And all of these people did something more or less just as despicable. Only it wasn't a Delilah. It was a Michael, or a Gabby, or a Mary, or a David." They all sunk lower in their high chairs.

"I'm giving all of you a fresh start, which believe me, considering your behavior, is more than any of you deserve."

"You really are the Devil," Damien whispered.

Levi chuckled to himself at that. "I'm a Devil, kid. Calling me the Devil is like calling someone the General of the U.S. Army. I'm a pretty big deal, newbie, you're probably familiar with some of my work, but don't be confused. I'm not the head honcho."

"How?" Damien asked. "How is any of this possible?"

"The second and more interesting question!" Levi remarked, his tone brightening considerably. "Oh Lucy!" The door marked "Changing Room" opened. Levi heard the sounds of tinkling bells, rattling toys, and infantile babbling coming from non-infant lips as the woman came in.

She was the woman who had been haunting Damien's dreams. Well, one of them anyways. They all had the same face. This wasn't the one who had been dressed like a 1950's housewife. This was the one in the nursery scrubs with the safety pins and rattles decorated on them. She was the one that diapered and spanked Damien in that first bizarre dream of his. And most of all, while all the other "Mamas" called each other "Lucille," this one was "Lucy" and seemed to command a degree of respect from all the others.

"Coming Mr. Athan," Lucy half-sang. She carried with her a tray with four large baby bottles. They looked closer to the double serving "Big Chugs" that were sometimes sold in gas stations and grocery stores than actual baby bottles.

"Everyone, meet Lucy," Levi introduced her. "She looks familiar to all of you, I know, but don't worry about that." he added. While he talked, Lucy set a bottle down on each highchair tray. She went to Levi's side.

"Lucy, here, is a fallen angel," Levi explained, "She used to work in Limbo, caring for all the unbaptized babies. Then, she and the management had a falling out." Lucy's eyes briefly glowed a blood red. She was shaking and muttering something to herself. Damien couldn't read lips, but he thought he could make something out. But, what the hell was a "don tay?"

Levi put his hand on the woman's shoulder, and she stopped. "Long story, trust me, but not important to you." He smiled. "Thing is, I'm a make lemons into lemonade guy. God says crawl on your belly, I say work on your abs till you can crush somebody to death with them. So, I find Lucy here, and the one thing she's good at is taking care of babies. So I build an operation around her to put her skills to use."

Levi turned to his four captives in the highchairs. "What are you waiting for, to be spoon fed? That's after, not before." The four people in the highchairs started shoveling little red miracle pills into their mouths by the handful. Before they had likely finished swallowing, they pressed the bottles to their lips and began to drink.

"Re-LEASE will never show up in blood, urine, hair, or any other test," Levi explained while his captives gorged themselves. "That's because as soon as you swallow it, it doesn't actually enter your body. It enters your soul. Re-LEASE is actually nothing more than super condensed artificial innocence. It's not quite the same as the real deal, but it's close enough for my purposes."

"I orgathmed way too much for that thtuff to be innothenth," Damien spoke up.

"Then you don't know what innocence really means, newbie," Levi countered. "Innocence isn't good or bad. It's a blank slate; a fresh start. Just like a newborn babe." He added as an afterthought.

"Babieth don't climacth in their diaperth," Damien persisted. Damn it he felt stupid having to talk with no teeth.

"You don't think they would if they could?" Levi replied. "Little kids try to touch themselves all the time before some grown up kills their fun and tells them it's wrong." Damien couldn't think up a response to that.

"Like I was saying," Levi continued, "because our users still have the tricky situation of having their souls connected to their bodies, the transformation is relatively slow. Fortunately, I've got Lucy and her little copies to help nudge the process along. They're getting better at it all the time, too."

"Copieth?" Damien wondered aloud.

"All in good time, kid," Levi told Damien. "All in good time. If we get lucky, like with your little junkie girlfriend, they cross the threshold when they dream and their mind and soul wander around. Then we make sure they stay there with a little ritual that is almost universally associated with babyhood."

"The diaper change," Damien realized.

"You'd be surprised how many people snap after just one change," Levi told him. "It's more symbolic than anything. Apparently you can hold down a job, have sex, pay taxes, and do drugs, but if you can't wipe your own ass, you're less of a person. Fucked up priorities you people have."

"The rest of the time," Levi went on, "We have to do this. That's a cocktail of Re-lease and certified 'Grade A' Angel Milk." Lucy shot Levi a look. "Fallen Angel Milk," Levi corrected himself. "The reaction is better than pop rocks and soda. Check it out."

Damien watched in fascinated horror as the changes took place. Any hair below the top of their heads withered away and retreated inside of them. Blemishes, pimples, and minor imperfections literally melted away. One of them took a gasp for air, and Damien literally saw one of the few remaining teeth they had sucked up into their gums. Their clothes began to change, too. The strong looking black guy was losing muscle tone quickly while the material from his sweat pants slithered off of his legs and onto his torso. Whatever undergarment he was wearing underneath thickened and bulged out as his pants and tank top melded into an oversized black onesie with the words "Mama's Boy!" stenciled on it.

The man in his t-shirt and underwear changed the least, with his wrinkled t-shirt somehow becoming fresh, with a picture of a teddy-bear emblazoning itself onto the front, and his tights becoming a proper diaper.

Damien caught a glimpse of the woman's adult diaper bulging out and babyish cartoon devils stenciling themselves onto her crotch. Her panties, no doubt a denial induced pride saver, stretched out into a diaper cover with frills. The shoulders of her shirt puffed up and the ends flowed down to make a very cute baby dress.

"Once the innocence floods their system so fully, about seventy-five percent of them take to it forever. Their souls even start producing the stuff. It's not quite as pure as the first time rockin' around the cradle, but it's good enough."

"Producing?" Damien echoed.

"Yeah, buddy. Eden isn't just a garden. It's a farm."

The third man, the one who was dressed as Damien had been that morning, spat out his bottle and lurched forward in his highchair. Milky pink vomit poured out of his mouth, dripping onto the floor as he wretched. Levi stopped talking and looked over.

"The other twenty five percent, well, they have a different reaction to it," Levi narrated. "Their souls not only stop producing anything remotely resembling innocence, but they purge it completely out of their systems. And then something else...rushes into the vacuum of their being."

The last man's features began shifting and roiling around like a pot boiling over. Bones cracked and popped rearranging themselves into new, smoother, features. Fat rearranged and migrated near the chest, or evaporated all together. Hair changed color to a bleached blonde and grew out till a piece of fabric migrated from a shirt collar to tie it up into a pony-tail. Ragged, dirty clothes cleaned themselves and transmogrified into khakis with a sweater wrapped around the waist and a tasteful blouse; "Soccer Mom chic".

Suddenly, he didn't look like a "he" anymore.

"Hello, Mr. Athan. Hello, Lucy," the thing sitting in the highchair said.

"Hello, Lucille." Levi greeted it. The thing in the shape of a woman called "Lucy" walked over and released its mirror image from the high chair.

"Damien," Levi gestured to what used to be just another prisoner. "Meet Lucille: A creature that feeds off innocence and any one of my big babies are more than enough to satisfy them. They make a great workforce caring for the rest of them too."

"Oh my goodness!" The Lucille brought her hands up to her mouth. "Awwww, these three are just sooo cute. Can I have one, pleeeeeease?"

Levi shook his head. "Maybe later, Lucille."

"But you can get them changed if you like," Lucy commented. "All three of them need it. Badly."

"All...three?" The Lucille looked around the room. "What about this little guy?" She walked over to Damien. She grabbed his Depends and gave it a squish. "He definitely needs a new diaper. Yes you do!"

"GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM ME!" Damien screamed. He leaned forward and thrashed, trying to head- butt this abomination's nose. The two gorillas yanked him a step back.

"Not now," Lucy instructed the thing that had once been human. "Levi's having fun with this one."

"Huh, fine," the thing in the soccer mom getup sighed.

"You'll have to excuse her," Levi spoke to Damien. The Lucille was unbuckling the big babies and carting them off, one by one past the door that said "Changing Room." "Lucilles are kind of like the store brand of otherworldly nannies. They get the job done, but they're not what really what you were craving. Still, I gotta work with what I got."

"Wanna know how we get the innocence out of our babies?" Lucy asked, holding up Damien's head by the chin. "Let's just say those diapers absorb more than bodily fluids. It's a great way to recycle, actually."

Now it was Damien's turn to wretch. He had been putting that down his throat? Stomach bile mixed with apple juice leaped out of him and into the air.

"Awww, poor baby did spit ups!" Lucy cooed in mock sympathy for Damien. She pulled out a wet wipe and cleaned his mouth for him.

"Why?" Damien asked. "Why do thith?"

"The final and most important question, Damien." Levi smiled.

"I was there, Damien," he said. "At the original Garden of Eden. I saw Adam and Eve lose their innocence. I convinced them to do it. And they lost paradise because of it. I mean, I did what I had to do. I was under orders. But I've regretted it ever since."

"You're kidding," Damien remarked in cynical disbelief. He spat a bit of leftover vomit on the floor at Levi's feet.

"Not at all," Levi grinned. "You humans have been royally fucked up ever since, and I aim to correct that mistake."

"What about God?"

"What about God?" Levi countered. The snake tattoo seemed to move, now, as Levi talked, winding and slithering around his body. "Don't get me started about God. Our Father this. Our Father that." The head of the snake tattoo peeked out from under one side of Levi's robe and flicked its tongue before slithering under the other side.

"You know what?" Levi asked, clearly rhetorically. "Fuck it. God has got to be the worst Father ever. First, he makes Adam and Eve. He places them in this perfect little place. Anybody today would give two ribs just to spend a little time there." As fast as Levi's tongue was moving, Damien could have sworn it was forked now.

"But these two kids, Adam and Eve, they don't know how good they've got it. They're spoiled rotten, because God is trying to buy their love, or something. But does God educate them? Does God let them know how good they've got it and how much worse things could be? No! Like some sicko, He goes out of His way to make sure that they are completely innocent. That they have NO concept of right and wrong. He wants them to stay children forever; unsupervised children at that!" Levi's hair started thinning. His nails were growing long.

"Then, out of nowhere, this little red fruit pops up!" Levi spat with disgust. "God knows that if His two little pet monkey children eat this fruit, they'll gain the knowledge of good and evil, and then His precious babies won't be innocent anymore. So He forbids them."

"BUT," Levi rambled, "they don't know right from wrong in the first place. It's all too easy to convince them to take a little bit." Levi's robe dropped to the floor. That tattoo seemed to be not only moving but growing.

"And what does God do?" Levi ranted, "Does He fix it? No! Does He give them another chance now that they actually know better? Hell no! He kicks them out and punishes them and all of their descendants for all time, all while demanding tribute! Never mind that any rational discussion about their intellectual and emotional state of mind would lead you to absolve them of any wrong doings. Not only had they not known right from wrong at the time, but they had never known right from wrong till after they had disobeyed Him!" Levi's eyes could no longer be identified as human. They were black on a field of gold.

"THAT'S NOT PARENTING, THAT'S ABUSE!" What stood in front of Damien was no longer a man, but a large man sized snake with arms and legs. A man who felt he had something to lose wouldn't have said anything.

"Tho why are you trying to change uth back? Let uth grow up."

"I FUCKIN' DID!" the thing that was Levi roared. "AND IT DIDN'T WORK!" The thing eyed Damien with a mixture of rage and hunger. It looked to Damien as if it were considering its next move. The thing snorted, and steam came out its nostrils. Scales began to melt away as it took the form of man again.

"I'm a pretty bad dude," Levi said. "I was part of the crew that first rebelled against Heaven. I helped invent lying and emotional manipulation and yeah, I guess also war. But humans..oh boy." He sighed and began to tick off crimes on his fingers. "Humans invented murder, and theft, and rape. Everything that any Devil has perfected, a human did it first."

"You guys..." Levi hesitated as if considering his next words. "You guys just weren't made for knowing things. I see that now."

Levi paced the room.

"Other Devils in my place," Levi thought out loud "they'd be happy with themselves." Damien felt he didn't need to hear this as much as the old snake himself did. The king of liars might just be lying to himself. "They'd rub their claws together and just cackle that they broke another one of God's toys. A few might even try to steal and corrupt souls for their own personal gain; build an army down below to rival the one up above."

"Me?" Levi said, picking up his robe, "I was there. I understand the truth. You're all children, and I'm going to take care of you. I understand responsibility. I make sure my kids get taken care of. I make sure they're fed and sheltered and loved. And unlike some people, I ask for nothing in return. Humanity won't be able to thank me when I get done, but they would if they could. "

"You're inthane," Damien said.

"I'm an old bleeding heart idealist," Levi replied.

"Tho..." Damien asked. "what now?"

"Now, you make a choice." Levi told him. "Do you go in there?" he pointed to the door where all the other big babies had gone through. "Or out there?" he pointed to the way out of the office.

"Out there." Damien said, not even hesitating.

"Don't be so hasty, you haven't thought it through, kid." Levi tsked.

"Yeth I have." Damien responded flatly.

"No," Levi countered, "you haven't. When taken continuously, Re-Release really fucks you up. Even going cold turkey at this point won't save you."

"I'll wear diaperth," Damien said.

"Diapers are the least of your concerns out there. In here, they'll be your biggest one. Let me help make things clear, Damien. If you can answer even one of my questions, my boys will let you go."

"If I can't?"

"We just keep talking. I've never coerced an action out of anyone, and I don't intend to start now."

"What's the name of the office where you work?"

"Offith? Ummmm..." Damien didn't know. It was just the office.

"What's your boss's name?"

"Bothth?" Damien didn't know that one either. The man had just been his boss.

"Too hard?" Damien asked. "I'll lob one at you: What's your home address?"

Damien wracked his brain but couldn't bring up the information.

"How about your phone number?"

Damien was drawing another blank.

"What city are we in? Fuck it. What country are we in?"

Silence from Damien.

"What's your last name?"

Damien snorted like a petulant child before saying, "Okay. Keep talking."

"You've forgotten all of that basic stuff and didn't even realize it. How are you going to function out there in the cold cruel world? Best case scenario, you end up in some kind of group home for the mentally deficient. Worst case scenario in my little corner of the world, you maybe get diaper rash and a loving Mama Lucille to make it all better."

"No." Damien stated coldly, defiantly. "Don't wanna."

"You walk out that door, and you'll never see Delilah ever again, in this life or the next."

Damien looked up. That got his attention.

"I'll sweeten the deal kid," Levi offered. "Say yes, and I'll make it so that you and Delilah are cared for by the same Mama Lucille. You won't be fuck buddies anymore, but you'll be like brother and sister. Hell, maybe your Mama will beat you both off in your diapers at the same time. Whaddya say?"

Damien thought long and hard. But it wasn't the kind of long and hard thought where you weighed your options. It was the kind where a decision had already been reached long ago, and now you were just mustering up the courage to speak it.

"Deal," Damien said.

"Excellent!" Levi smiled broadly. "You're not going to regret it. Now, I'll excuse you, and let Lucy finish up the transaction. This little get together has made me late for the next crowd." Levi's form twisted and shifted. His snake-skin shoes hardened into hooves as his pants fused to his legs and grew hair. His chest became at least half as hairy while the snake tattoo faded from sight. Levi trotted out of his office while the horns were still sprouting from his head, and his hoof beats echoed all the way down the stairs down the stairs.

The demon in the nursery scrubs came up to Damien. She addressed the big apes holding Damien captive. "I'll take it over from here, boys. You two go get into place down below to tend bar. Without a word, the gorillas released Damien and the boy dropped to his knees.

"Poor baby," the infernal caretaker cooed as she caressed Damien's face. "Let's get you ready. Say ah!"

Damien opened his mouth and Lucy tossed in two or three little red pills of Re-Release. Damien swallowed the pills. The fallen angel took off her shirt to reveal a nursing bra. She opened the bra on one side, revealing a large, round, nipple dripping with milk.

"You're a lucky little guy," she told Damien. "You get to drink straight from Mama Lucy's titties." She kneeled down and guided Damien's head to her breasts. Damien felt her teat brush against his cheek and he turned his head towards the source of nourishment and latched on."

"Now while Mama Lucy is fixing you up," she instructed, "just say goodbye to all of your big boy problems. It'll help you feel better. I'll get you started. Goodbye big boy responsibilities. Goodbye big boy job. Goodbye big boy bills."

"Goodbye feeding myself." Damien thought as the warm milk filled his mouth and his body, almost on instinct, swallowed it as his mouth suckled for more. He felt a tingle in his mouth as the last of his teeth receded into his gums. He felt a cooling sensation on his face the blow dealt to him by the gorillas healed itself.

"Good baby," Mama Lucy cooed, as she picked Damien off the floor, and held him in her arms.

"Goodbye walking", Damien thought as he was carried through the door. Just as Damien expected, it led right to the daycare Damien had dreamt of, and likely beyond that to the world where anyone who wasn't a "Lucy" or "Lucille" was a giant baby.

Damien's legs felt a breeze as his sweatpants bunched up at his hips and merged with the adult diaper he wore. "Depends Adjustable Underwear With Velcro Closures: Maximum Absorbency," morphed into a "Hades': Ages 18 - ∞" diaper. His shirt likewise smoothed out and wrapped around his crotch and back up as a onesie.

"Goodbye dressing myself," he thought remorsefully. Regardless of what type of diaper he was wearing, Damien still squished with every movement, smelled terrible and was well past due for a change. Mama Lucy took him off the tit and laid him flat on the changing table

"Goodbye potty training," he sighed to himself. This time, he wasn't struggling. This time, whatever magic the changing table may have had, didn't stop him from moving. He stuck a thumb in his mouth and massaged his own toothless gums while he licked the salt off of his finger. His onesie was quickly unsnapped and his diaper was opened.

"Goodbye wiping my own ass." Damien thought as the demonic daycare worker began to clean him with a score of baby wipes. Actually, that part wasn't so bad.

"Hello fresh, comfy diaper." Damien thought cheerfully as Mama Lucy carefully balled up the old diaper and slipped a new one underneath him before carefully lowering him onto the soft, fragrant padding. Mama Lucy gently pulled the diaper up and fastened it on to the little boy, without incident. One tape. Then the other.

Damien lulled his head to the side of the changing table and saw. She looked like Mama Lucy, but she was dressed differently. Instead of nurse clothes with rattles and paci's and safety pins, this lady wore a bright yellow dress with a pretty pearl necklace. And most importantly, she had eyes that shone with love for Damien. It was his Mama!

"Hello Mama," Damien thought as he grinned a big toothless grin up at her. Soon he'd get to suck on her titties and get all the milk for himself! That's when he saw her. She was holding Mama's hand as they walked over to greet Damien.

She looked familiar to Damien. She had pretty, curly, red hair that Mama had put up into pig-tails. And even though she walked like a big kid, she was wearing a diaper just like his under that pretty pink sundress.

"Hello big sissy!" Damien thought as he babbled "BABABABABABABABABA!"

"Here to stay at last," Mama told her baby boy. "Home, with both of my babies," she beamed and nuzzled both brother and sister. Had either of the babies understood the emotion, they would have recognized the looks of envy that every other Mama had been throwing at their Mama. Fortunately, they were innocent, now, with such wretched thoughts beyond them; and they always would be.

Ain't No Rest For The Wicked

Tomorrow Night: Early Evening

*17. Oh, there ain't no rest for the wicked
Money don't grow on trees
I got bills to pay
I got mouths to feed
And ain't nothin in this world for free
No I can't slow down
I can't hold back
Though you know I wish I could
No there ain't no rest for the wicked
Until we close our eyes for good*

-Cage the Elephant; "Ain't No Rest For The Wicked".

"Hey kid," the voice whispered. "New guy. C' mere."

Joseph ignored the call, mostly because he didn't think he was the one being called to. He was standing in line at one of the newest clubs on the scene. Eden hadn't even been open for a year, and already it had garnered a reputation for being one of the places to be if you were part of the under 40 crowd.....

The End...

Retrospective

Ooof. That was rough. Addiction is easily one of my darkest stories. There's a lot of factors into its composition.

First is the speed at which it's written. I wrote this in under a month while still working a 40 hour a week job. I'd just been accepted into Cushypen, but before I could post, they

wanted me to show that I could make a regular deadline. So I had to write 3 stories in 3 months and submit them for review.

I went full on manic for 3 months. Something about that challenge lit a fire under me. They wanted 3 stories in 3 months? I'd give them 3 stories in 3 months!

The three stories I wrote, including this one were so big that the admin changed their own rules for my sake. They gave me a word minimum, but never a word max. After stories like Addicton, Life Swap, and Interview with a Baby, a word max was created for me. They didn't want me writing 20k stories every month because they figured I'd burn myself out.

So instead I chopped up Life Swap and Interview and posted them in parts to give myself some breathing room.

This one never ended up on Cushypen though because I couldn't find a satisfying way to do so.

But it's more than the length for this particular piece that I'm fond of. In its own way it was a another peak into the world of Dante's Infanzia, a pseudo sequel. It's dark. Super dark. Depressing at points even.

If College or Cribs was me experimenting with the binge and purge cycle, then addiction is about someone who's kink is so out of whack that they've let everything else about them fall apart. If Dante is me in highschool and Chris and John were different parts of me in college, then Damien was me before I got my shit together and was embarrassed to have people over at my home: conscious enough to be embarrassed by my bad habits but too buried in it and overwhelmed to dig myself out of them.

It's here that I introduced Levi and continued on with Lucy, my two favorite villains I've created bar none. Though, if you read all of my stories, I mentioned both of these bastards in Bagman, incomplete though it is (another thing I need to re-visit and finish). I wanted to feature Levi in another story, too, but that tale has never been written.

Also this is the first piece where I play around with the timeline a bit. Instead of starting at the beginning and going into a straight line to the end, I jump back and forth in the narrative with flashbacks. In the timeline, the present narrative lasts all of a day. We're really witnessing the last day of Damien's adult life before he collapses into a complete and irreparable mess.

Finally, the musical chapter introductions: I'd read a few Stephen King Books that did the same trick, and I did. Considering how important music was to Dante, I felt that a story featuring the villains (and let's be honest, poor poor Damien was never really the star) should have a musical motif. If you're reading Lily on deviantart or The New Narnia, you'll recognize that this is a device that I really love.

Thanks for reading,
Personalias