James turned around and looked at the rest of the band. Matt was still fiddling with his pants and looking at the diaper underneath whilst Brad slumped leaned against a wall and closed his eyes.

“I wish I could just take these pants off.” James said idly, “They’re really uncomfortable for some reason, this shirt too.”

“I hear that.” Matt replied.

James was just about to start pulling down his pants when John came back out of the tent. When he saw the manager walking towards him he guiltily snatched his hands away, there was something about this material that was leaving him feeling itchy and uncomfortable.

“Alright, come on in.” John said as he waved the band over to the small entrance in the tent, “And please try to be… Normal.”

“We ARE normal.” James replied with a pout.

“Whatever you say.” John replied with a sigh.

A big cheer went up as the band walked through the back of the tent and into the VIP area. A lot of their fans who had paid extra money to meet the band had their hands in the air and were applauding.

“There’ll be some time for mingling in a minute.” John announced to the excitable crowd, “But first a signing session. You can bring anything you want signed up to the table, you will also get a free shirt and an assorted goodie bag.”

The band were ushered to a long table with three chairs behind it. The enclosed space seemed to make the sound of crinkling even more prominent but the noise of all the people helped mask it. As each person’s diapered rear pressed against the seat they experienced strange tingling sensations as the padding pushed up and against their bodies.

James, Matt and Brad were each given pens and were soon taking pictures, signing autographs and shaking hands with everyone who came by. There were a lot of people and the signing was more draining on the band than it would seem. With about half the line done James took a second to yawn and stretch his arms above his head. Just as he reached maximum stretch he felt a sudden spray of heat in his pants.

“What the…” James nearly fell out of his chair as he jumped to his feet.

James looked down at his pants in shock. He could feel heat spreading quickly but it took him a few seconds to realise what must be happening. His hands quickly dropped to his pants and he held his crotch as if he could do anything to stop the flow of urine spreading throughout his disposable underpants.

“A-Are you alright?” A concerned fan in front of the table said as he watched James grab at his groin.

“I’m wetting myself!” James exclaimed in shock and disbelief.

“OK, folks… If you want to go back to mingling we’ll be right back in a second.” John quickly shouted as he rushed forwards to try and divert attention away from his singer.

People slowly walked away whilst muttering to each other. James was looking down at his crotch again as the stream of pee pouring into his diaper finally came to a halt. He looked up at his manager with shock and shame, he opened his mouth but no sound came out he had no way to explain what had just happened.

John was just about to say something when a sudden noise behind him forced him to spin around. He watched in shock as the table in front of Matt and Brad was suddenly overturned sending everything on top of the surface scattering on the floor in front of them. John watched as they both grabbed at their crotches in the same way as James.

“What is this madness!?” John whispered in shock as he watched the remaining two-thirds of his band wetting themselves.

John was aware that the large audience who had come to see the band were now staring over at the source of the loud noise. John quickly moved over and pulled both Matt and Brad from their seats, along with James they were dragged out of the back of the tent to the relatively secluded area just outside.

“What the fuck is going on!?” John yelled as he lost his cool, “If this is some sort of weird prank or something I don’t find it funny. You’re going to get all of us fired! Is that what you want?”

There was silence for a few seconds before a loud sniff from Brad made everyone look his way. His bottom lip was trembling and he was still clutching the front of his diaper through his pants. A sob escaped Brad’s lips and then, to the shock of John, he started loudly bawling his eyes out.

John’s first instinct was to move forward and put his hand on the drummer’s shoulder. John was confused and worried but didn’t know what to say, he was struggling to work out what was happening and didn’t know how to comfort the distraught musician.

“Fuck this…” James’ voice came from behind John.

James’ discomfort with his clothing had reached a zenith. Without hesitation he pulled his shirt over his head and then his pants came down to be kicked off. James was left in his diaper with a wetness indicator that had clearly changed colour since he had flooded it.

“Put your clothes on!” John hissed as he looked around to see if anyone was looking.

“Nope.” James replied with a strangely serene smile. He played with the pacifier around his neck, “This is much more comfortable.”

John was on the verge of tearing his hair out as he tried to take stock of the increasingly bizarre situation. This was quickly spiralling out of control and he racked his brains desperately for a way back to normality.

A sudden scream from quite some distance away caused John to turn and see a young woman looking over in shock. Her loud noise was sure to attract more people, this situation was going to get out of hand quickly if John didn’t put a stop to it. He saw his whole career flashing before his eyes.

“What can I do to make you get dressed?” John asked urgently. He was acutely aware that both Matt and Brad were now eyeing their own clothes, the last thing he needed was for them to strip down as well.

James shrugged childishly and sat down on the dusty ground. He smiled serenely as he bounced up and down a little on the wet padding underneath him. He reached up to his pacifier and put it into his mouth which caused him to sigh as if he was feeling a great deal of relief about something.

“W-What about a diaper change?” John offered desperately, “If you put your clothes on we can get you out of the wet diapers.”

James thought about it for a bit before reluctantly standing up again. He pulled the pacifier from his lips and picked up his shirt, before he put his pants on he paused and looked at his manager.

“I definitely get another diaper though, right?” James asked as if it was a deal breaker.

“If… If that’s what you want.” John shrugged. He was very confused but his first priority was the integrity of the band, he had to get them out of this compromising situation as soon as possible.

James smiled and eagerly nodded his head.

“Us too!” Matt and Brad chimed in as they bounced excitedly on the spot.

“Fine…” John said with a shake of his head.

As soon as everyone was fully dressed John led the band back towards the nursery area. As they walked past a couple of equipment trucks a very unwelcome individual caught sight of them.

“Oh look, it’s the sell-outs…” Chad called out causing his bandmates to laugh, “Off to do another commercial? Finding the best price to sell that last bit of integrity?”

“Just ignore him…” John muttered as he saw the three people he was with turning towards the unwelcome interruption.

“Stop being mean!” Matt shouted childishly whilst Brad stuck out his tongue.

“Oh I’m sorry!” Chad yelled as he tried to stop himself laughing, “Did I hurt your feelings? You’ve gone soft…”

“Shut up!” James yelled out as he frowned, “You’re a poo-poo head!”

There was a moment of silence before Charlie and the rest of *Rose’s Thorn* broke into laughter. They found the childish insult so funny they seemed to find it hard to even catch their breath. One of the members dropped to the floor where he literally started rolling.

“Just ignore them…” John whispered urgently, “We are be-”

Before John could finish talking he felt Brad push past him. The usually docile drummer had taken exception to the laughter and jokes and was now quickly striding towards the rival band. Matt and James soon followed the drummer’s lead and as the other band saw them coming they started getting serious and squaring up with them.

John sensed a disaster coming but was powerless to stop it. He rushed forwards with his arms in the air trying to avoid a situation that had no winning condition, he tried to get in between the two bands but Chad easily pushed him to the side. Ironically, John’s attempt at stopping the confrontation only exacerbated it. He fell on to his ass and looked up to see the six people of the two bands starting to grapple with each other.

“Stop!” John yelled desperately.

This was a nightmare for John who could only imagine the horrible consequences of what could happen here. He looked around and was thankful there were no photographers, a small stroke of luck on a very strange day. The record company would not look kindly on the band fighting.

Chad shoving John seemed to be the final straw for *Damage Limitation* and they launched themselves at the other band and started scrapping. John looked on with helplessness as he watched the men scuffle with each other, he only prayed no one got hurt and that there would be no evidence that this ever happened.

John watched the fight as if it was in slow motion. He saw Chad trip over someone’s foot and then start falling to the ground, he reached out to try and stop his fall and grabbed James’ pants. As Chad fell he pulled the pants with him, the band’s former singer hit the floor with his hand still holding on to the current singer’s clothes.

Everyone seemed to freeze on the spot as all eyes went down to James’ wet diaper. The scene of frenzied activity suddenly became very quiet and very still as no one knew how to process what had just happened.

Chad and his bandmates stepped back with pure shock on their faces as James just stood in place with wide eyes. John climbed to his feet and scrambled forwards to cover his singer up but before he could reach the scene he saw Matt and Brad pull down their pants as well. Rather than being embarrassed they had big smiles on their faces.

“No pants! No pants!” Matt chanted.

“What the fu-” Chad started to say.

“Please… Forget you’ve seen this.” John hissed towards *Rose’s Thorn*, “I’ll get you a record deal with whatever terms you want just don’t tell anyone about this.”

John looked back towards *Damage Limitation* just in time to see them pulling their shirts over their heads leaving them wearing nothing except their diapers. John started hurrying the band away from the area and towards the back of the day care tent. The shocked silence soon gave way to more laughter, John didn’t have time to look back but he prayed no one had pulled out their phones and recorded this awful moment.