Baby Jail

by andlat

"What? This is ridiculous! I am not under five!" Dave looked around the daycare, deeply offended.

The Costume Box
2020

Chapter 1

Baby Jail

"What? This is ridiculous! I am not under five!" Dave looked around the daycare, deeply offended.

"The nice man misspoke, sweetie." The woman explained gently. "Mall policy is to bring any children under the age of ten here, just to be safe!"

"But I'm thirteen!" He exclaimed. "I know I'm short, but I'm in freaking eighth grade!"

"Do you have any ID to prove that?" Her eyes twinkled mischievously.

"No"

"Not even your school ID? All the schools around here" He cut her off.

"It's summer. I don't keep it with me during the summer." After losing it more than a few times, his mom had made the habit of handing it to him every morning before he left for school, expecting him to return it immediately after getting home.

"I see."

"This was just a mistake. I got separated from my friends and that guard thought I was a little kid."

"Well, you can hang out here until someone comes looking

for you. As long as you stop yelling, that is."

"What? My friends won't come looking for me! They'll probably think I went home."

"Do you know your mommy or daddy's phone number? I could call them." He grumbled, but told her. She smiled and dialed. "Oh, what's your name, sweetie?"

"David." It was the most grown-up version of his name. His friends called him Dave or one of his nicknames, but he needed this lady to realize he was not supposed to be in the mall daycare! "Baby jail." He muttered.

"Hello, this is Gloria with Westacre Mall Security. I have your son Davey." Davey? What the hell? "Oh, yes. He got picked up and brought straight to me. Oh, oh, alright. Sounds good to me."

"What did she say?"

"It was your daddy actually. He says that he'll come get you, but he's in no hurry and you deserve to be in here."

"It's because you just said you're with mall security, not"

"There are some blocks or toy cars over on the mat. Why don't you go play with that little boy there and all three of us can have a snack in a little bit?" Taking his hand, she dragged him over to the boy, who had to only be five. He smiled at Dave. "Mason, this is Davey. Can he play with you?"

"Hi, Davey!" Mason said. "You can be the blue car. Red is my favorite color."

"Play nicely, boys." David waited until she was away from them.

"You can play with both cars, kid. I'm leaving." He marched right toward the door, so focused that he almost jumped when he felt her hand on his shoulder.

"Oh, no you don't!" She said. "Clearly you need a little extra security. Not that you would've been able to get through that door without a passcard, but" She picked him up. "Hm... You might be a little big for a highchair."

"Highchair? I'm fucking" she swatted his butt.

"That was a very bad word, Davey!" She scolded. "Now, let's see here." Carrying the struggling teen over to the wall, she grabbed a strange backpack. She set him down on the floor and fed his arms through the straps, even as he tried to get free. Buckling it, she smiled, showing him the tether that snaked from the backpack to the handle in her hand.

"A leash?"

"If you want to call it that, sure. I think it's actually called a Kiddy Korraller though." Scooping him back up, she brought back over to Mason. "Mason, can you be my big boy helper and hold onto little Davey's leash for me so he doesn't try to run away again?" Mason took it excitedly.

“Give me that!” Dave said grumpily, hoping that Mason would sense that he was older and obey.

“Nope. I’m helping Miss Gloria.” Mason said self-

importantly. Dave did not know why he felt so betrayed, but he glared at Mason all the same. “Now do you wanna play cars with me?”

“Fine.” Dave muttered, sitting down on the floor and feeling as though he was accepting his defeat. He kept his eyes on the handle in Mason’s hand all the same, just waiting for him to forget about it.

“Boys, are you ready for a snack?” Gloria called after a short while.

“Yep!” Mason announced, practically jumping to his feet. “C’mon, little Davey!” Dave felt him tug on the leash.

“I’m coming.” He muttered, trying to sullenly drag his feet, but it was impossible with Mason running over to the snack table, dragging the older boy along. Was he freakishly strong or something?

“What’s for snack?” Mason asked, sitting down at the table and patting the plastic chair next to him. “You can sit here, Davey.”

“Can’t I take this leash off?”

“Nope.” Gloria and Mason said in unison.

“Two against one.” Gloria added with a smile. “To answer your question, big boy helper Mason, we’ve got graham crackers and milk.”

“Yummy!” Mason said excitedly. He was so excited that he accidentally knocked his milk over, right into Dave’s lap.

“Hey!”

“Oops!” Mason said. “Miss Gloria, there was an accident!”

"Oh! Davey! You didn't." She hurried over and lifted Dave up. "You should've told either me or Mason that you need to go peepee."

"What? I, what? No!" Dave sputtered.

"Well, let's get you cleaned up while Mason finishes his snack." She said, making a beeline for a large padded table.

"What are you doing?" Dave asked as she set him down on its surface, running a strap across his chest to keep him lying down on it.

"Rules are rules. Kiddos who have accidents need to wear a diaper. It's policy."

"I am not wearing a diaper!" She ignored him, unzipping his jeans."Hey, stop! You can't do this!"

"I'm a licensed childcare specialist. I've put plenty of little boys in diapers before." She said.

"I am not a little boy!" He protested. "I'm thirteen! You can't do this to me!"

"If the diaper fits you, you're wearing it. Seem fair?"

"No."

"Well, tough. That's the deal we're going with. You can either let me put your diaper on you or we'll call big boy helper

Mason over here to help out. Do you want that?" He glanced over at the snacking kindergartener and mumbled a no, even as she pulled down his jeans and boxer briefs. "Alright, then hold still."

Dave stared up at the tiled ceiling, wishing that his dad would just get here already and stop this crazy woman from diapering him! He groaned as he felt the diaper touch his bottom. A moment later, she had taped it around his waist.

"There. Was that so bad?"

"Hey! You're putting my pants back on, right?"

"You soaked those with peepee, baby."

"It was milk and I'm not a baby!"

"I said Davey, not baby." She cooed, lifting him up off of the changing table. "Let's get this kiddy korraller off of you, hmm? You were just begging for it a moment ago."

"I guess." He muttered.

"Don't worry. I know a much more fun way to keep little Davey out of trouble."

"What is it? A fugging crib?" He muttered under his breath.

"No cribs here, but there is a Jolly Jumper!"

"A what?" Dave soon found out just what it was as she lowered him into what looked similar to a baby swing at a playground. It pressed his diaper against him as his legs dangled out of the bottom. His toes only barely touched the

ground as elastic bands stretched up from the swing all around him. "Now you can bounce and burn off some of that energy, hmm?"

"You can't leave me like this!" Dave protested, but Gloria simply pressed down on his shoulders just enough to make his knees bend. The bands sprung him up a couple inches into the air and he soon realized the true diabolic plan. She had adjusted it so that he could never fully touch the ground without the straps springing him back up, so his weight pulled him down and sent him back up over and over again. To any passers-by out in the mall concourse he could see beyond the wall of windows he faced, he bounced up and down over and over again, the very picture of a happy bouncing baby as long as they did not notice the expression on his face. "Let me out!"

"Your daddy will be here soon, I'm sure." Gloria said, helping Mason with a puzzle. "You just bounce there and, if you need to peepee again, I can always change your diaper." Dave was about to unleash a stream of curses at her, but he saw his friends walk past the window. They did not glance over. After all, why would a bunch of teenagers care about a mall daycare? Even as they moved past, he still could not shake his feeling of dread. After all,

it was just like Miss Gloria had said. His dad was on the way.