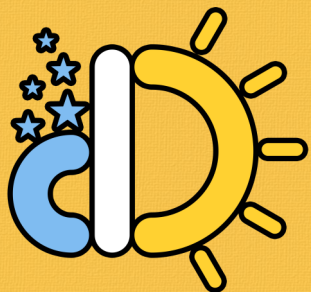


AGENT BABY

....and the bomb maker



By Elfking



Agent Baby and The Bomb Maker

Agent Baby Book 1

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Agent B and the Bomb Maker

By Elfking

Diane Adams was suddenly woken by a loud and shrill ringing noise. She sat up in bed rubbing her eyes as she tried to knock the sleep out of them and let them adjust to the early morning sunlight that was streaming in through the window. She squinted her eyes and looked at the clock next to her bed. It was still only 5:30 am, normally she wouldn't even be thinking of getting up for at least another hour.

The shrill ringing still filled the air so she groped around her bedside table for her phone to stop the noise and see who was waking her so early on a Monday morning. With Diane's eyes still adjusting to the bright light it took her a few moments to locate the phone.

"Hello..." She sleepily said into the phone.

There was no answer from the other end and the shrill ringing continued. Diane stared at the phone wondering why the noise hadn't stopped. Suddenly her eyes widened and the fog cleared from her mind, she scrambled over to the other side of the otherwise empty double bed and her heart skipped a beat as she saw the other phone lit up and ringing.

This phone hadn't rung in months and Diane had started to believe it wouldn't ring again. With some trepidation and a slightly shaking hand she picked up the phone and swiped on the screen to answer the call.

"H-Hello?" Diane anxiously said into the phone.

"Mrs. Adams?" An official voice said from the other end.

"Yes?" Diane responded. She was almost certain she knew what this call was about.

"Agent B's services are required." The voice said shortly.

Diane bit her lip, it was the call she feared. She had allowed herself to think that with no calls in the last few months that they wouldn't need their services again.

"Are you sure? There is no other way?" Diane almost pleaded as she threw on her dressing gown. She already knew that since they were calling that they wouldn't have their minds changed.

"Ma'am, it is of urgent national security. Agent B is required... I'm sorry but we need him." The official voice said with some sympathy.

Diane's mind raced, seconds ago she had been asleep and restful, now she was hurrying to get herself ready. She had gone from zero to a hundred in seconds and her mind was still trying to catch up. The adrenaline of being suddenly woken and from receiving this call were doing a good job at waking her up quickly, though her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest.

"OK, OK... How long until you are here?" Diane said as she tied up the dressing gown in front of her feeling her heart beating a mile a minute.

"We are already outside. We need B as soon as possible." The voice said.

Diane's eyes widened, she walked over to the window and opened the curtains a little. Outside in the early morning sunlight was a long black car with police cars in front and behind it. Standing next

to the car on the sidewalk was a man in a black suit holding a phone to his ear. Clearly he saw the curtain open as he gave a little wave to the window.

“He will be right out.” Diane said rather shakily as she hung up the phone.

As she hung up she saw the man raise his wrist to his mouth. He was clearly talking into the communicator on his cuff-link and organizing the other agents that were with him. Diane knew that the Agency ran a very efficient organization, they were very prepared for every eventuality.

Diane hurried out of the room and down the landing to a closed door. She put her hand on the handle to enter but paused for a few moments. Taking a deep breath to compose herself she turned the handle and stepped into the room.

The room Diane stepped into had blue wallpaper adorning the walls. In the far corner was a computer and a television that was hooked up to the latest gaming consoles. Next to the TV was a closet and set of drawers full of clothes. On the wall leading to the back wall was a desk with lots of paper and drawing implements all over it. Above the desk was a shelf full of books, mostly fantasy stories though there were also books about dinosaurs and space. In other words, the room looked like a typical bedroom for an 11-year-old boy.

On the side of the room, underneath the window was the small bed decked out in bed-sheets displaying race cars. In the bed laying there all curled up and fast asleep was the 11-year-old boy who occupied the room.

Diane walked into the room and gently sat on the side of the bed and gently nudged the sleeping child. She smiled as the boy slowly stirred.

“Hi mom... Is it time for school?” The little boy asked as he rubbed his eyes.

“No Billy.” Diane said before proceeding cautiously, “I got a call from those nice people who work with the government... They need your help again...”

“Oh OK.” The boy said with a yawn as he got out of bed.

Diane watched him unbutton his pajama top and step out of his pajama bottoms with a little concern. Her boy meant the world to her and she was always worried when he was asked to go and do this work. She sometimes wished they had never told anyone about her son’s special abilities but she couldn’t deny that her son had done a lot of good.

“If you don’t want to go with them just let me know. You don’t have to go; we can just tell them you aren’t feeling well or that you don’t want to do it.” Diane said, she was anxious that her son wasn’t forced into anything he didn’t want to do.

“It’s OK mom...” Billy said yawning and stumbling slightly as his sleepy mind tried to co-ordinate his body.

When Billy had completely removed his pajamas Diane looked at the underwear he had worn to bed and smiled a wide toothy grin.

“You kept your pull-up dry Billy!” Diane exclaimed, “Good boy!”

Billy looked down to his unused Goodnite and smiled widely too and held up his hand which Diane high-fived.

Diane was happy that Billy had stayed dry overnight. He had never had problems with keeping the

bed dry until he had first started using his abilities. It was a small annoyance but it seemed after a time without using them things got better. It was one of the reasons Diane was always concerned with sending her boy on these trips.

Diane headed over to the drawers and opened the top one. Inside was a plethora of different products ranging from thick disposable diapers on the far left, through pull-ups, training pants and then regular underwear on the far right.

Diane pulled out a pair of the training pants. They looked almost exactly like regular underwear but were slightly thicker. She walked back over to Billy who was sitting on the edge of his bed waiting for his mom to come back. She handed Billy the training pants and turned around to give her son some privacy.

Whilst his mom was facing the other way Billy took off the pull-up and pulled on the new underwear.

“You can turn around now mom.” Billy said when he had pulled up the training pants. Billy understood why he was wearing these rather than regular underwear, he knew the extra protection was a good idea so he didn’t complain.

Diane turned around and smiled at her little boy.

“How about you go brush your teeth and I will get your clothes ready.” Diane suggested.

“OK mom.” Billy replied and he left the room to go to the bathroom.

Diane, meanwhile, headed over to the closet and pulled out the suit that she set aside for occasions just like these. She laid the clothes out on the bed and waited for Billy to return.

“If you need the bathroom you should go now.” Diane called through to the bathroom, “You don’t know when you will get another chance.”

She heard Billy agree and a few minutes later Billy came back into the bedroom.

“I have to wear the suit?” Billy said with a slight pout.

“Sorry honey... You know they like you to.” Diane sympathized with her son. She felt asking an 11-year-old to turn up in a suit was silly but they insisted that he look as formal as possible.

“OK.” Billy said with disappointment. Billy liked helping people, and he usually got some toys or sweets when he did it so he decided it was worth putting up with the uncomfortable clothes.

Billy allowed his mother to help put the clothes on him. First Diane buttoned up his white long sleeve shirt. Then she pulled up the black suit pants over Billy’s training pants, the pants were crease-less from being very carefully ironed. Diane stepped back to pick up the plain black tie that went with the suit and knelt down in front of Billy to tie it up for him.

“Not to tight is it?” Diane asked.

“No mom.” Billy replied.

Once Diane helped Billy to put the suits jacket on she stepped back to take a look at Billy. She felt choked up a little bit as her little boy looked so grown up dressed in a suit and ready to go off to work.

“Listen, you take a minute to get ready OK? I’m going to quickly make you some sandwiches.” Diane said as she exited the room in a hurry and headed for the kitchen.

Billy yawned and nodded, it had been a very sudden wake up but Billy was already prepared for the day ahead, this wasn't the first time he had been asked to assist the nice government people. Ever since mom had taken him to that special doctor a few years ago and they did all those tests it seemed that people wanted his help with stuff a lot. Billy didn't mind though, he got lots of presents whenever he helped. He knew his mom always got scared when he went away but nothing bad had happened yet.

Billy grabbed his portable gaming console as well as a few other things and shoved them into his backpack. He went over to the door and reaching up turned the handle and pulled the door open to let himself out. He hurried downstairs and into the kitchen where his mom was just finishing preparing sandwiches.

"You know you can stop whenever you want right Billy? You can say no." Diane said as she put the sandwiches into a plastic container and added it to the backpack. Her nervousness about Billy refusing to fade away despite how many times he had gone away and come back again fine. Who was to say what the long term effects of all this were, it had never been done before.

"I know mom." Billy said rolling his eyes, he had heard this dozens of times. He wasn't a kid though; he was 11-years-old!

Diane zipped up the backpack and quickly ran a comb through Billy's hair before they walked towards the front door. Just as they reached the door Diane stopped, crouched down and grabbed Billy into a very tight hug.

"Mom!" Billy said, "You're crushing me!"

Diane loosened her grip but didn't release the hug.

"You have my phone number OK? It is in your bag and if you want a break just tell them and-" Diane was talking quickly until cut off by Billy.

"MOM!" Billy loudly said over his mother, "I'll be fine!"

Diane nodded nervously with a small smile and opened up the door exposing the pair of them to the light and heat of an early Summer sun.

Diane took Billy's hand and they strode out across the lawn toward the cars. As they approached the mini motorcade the engines of the vehicles sprang into life as the convoy prepared to move off.

When they reached the cars Billy took the hand of a young female agent who seemed new and they stepped into the back of the black car.

Diane stepped up to the person who had been speaking to her on the phone.

"You make sure he is OK." Diane said warningly to the man.

"Ma'am, Billy is in the best possible hands. He will be working with Agent J. He is the best we have and he knows Billy." The government man stated in a monotone but authoritative voice.

"Agent J?" Diane repeated.

"Yes ma'am." The agent confirmed

Diane just nodded and took a step back as the agent raised his wrist to his mouth.

"OK, Agent B has been delivered let's move to the Alpha Building."

He gave Diane a little nod before stepping into the car. The lights of the police vehicles flanking the black car turned on and as one they moved off and started heading down the street leaving Diane alone on her lawn watching them go. When they were out of view she slowly turned around and headed back into the house, she ignored the curtains twitching and the curious looks of neighbors who had come out to see what the fuss was about. She was resigned to a day of worrying and waiting for news.

She was more confident now that she knew Billy would be with Agent J. He was a nice man and Diane knew he would protect Billy in any way he could.

As the car pulled off the agent who had lead Billy into the car started getting a stack of notes out of her bag.

She was annoyed at the fact that having finished years of training where she finished top of her class in practically every aspect of the course that she was given a job doing guard duty for some little kid. Couldn't this job be done by someone a little less qualified?

Having gathered all her notes together she cleared her throat and prepared to introduce herself to her young co-worker.

"Hello Agent B, I am Agent C. I have heard a lot of things about you and it is a pleasure to meet yo-" Agent C said as she turned and extended her hand before suddenly stopping.

Agent B, since getting in the car had sat down and quickly pulled out his small games console and was just playing on it, he was clearly ignoring everything else around him.

"Ahem." Agent C said clearing her throat again as she tried to get Billy's attention.

"I'm listening." Billy said.

"Well, I think you should put the game away... This is important business." Agent C said feeling her annoyance growing. Why did The Agency place so much importance on this kid?

Billy sighed and paused his game and looked at the young woman. He was pouting slightly, he didn't like being told what to do and he didn't want to hear all the boring talk.

"OK." Agent C said looking down at her notes, "The suspect is of East European extraction and has known links to-"

"What's your name?" Billy asked innocently.

"My name? I'm Agent C, but I don't think this is relev-" Agent C started.

"I mean your real name." Billy said rolling his eyes. Being a secret agent was cool but he wished the grownups wouldn't be so serious about it all the time!

"I'm... My name... I really don't think we should go into that right now. Rule 13a of the Agency rules and regulations book says that we are not to divulge personal information to each other unless absolutely necessary." Agent C said trying to maintain an air of composure and reciting the rules from the handbook that she had memorized to get through training.

Billy rolled his eyes again.

“OK, so as I was saying. The suspect is from Eastern Europe and-” Agent C trailed off again when she heard the sounds of Billy’s game playing again.

“My name is Chloe, OK? Chloe Granger.” Agent C said, “Now can we please just do this briefing?”

Chloe heard a little laughter from the front of the car where the driver was and she scowled. Chloe was a very by the books type person, she didn’t like breaking rules or ignoring regulations and she was annoyed that this kid had made her break a rule just so she could do her job.

Billy turned his game off and put it back in his bag smiling.

“Sure.” Billy replied.

“Thank you.” Chloe said as she tried to calm herself down, “So... The suspect is of Eastern European extraction with links to known terrorist groups. He was picked up last night when agents stormed his house, he denies everything of course but we believe he is heavily linked to a potential attack today.” Chloe said relieved to finally give her briefing.

Chloe reached into the bag and extracted another file and gave it to Billy.

“He has been interrogated all night but hasn’t cracked. Time is runni-” Agent C was interrupted again by a giggle coming from next to her.

“He looks funny.” Billy said whilst giggling. He had opened up the folder to the page with the suspect’s mugshot and was pointing to the prominent scar over his right eye.

“That scar was a result of his fighting in the civil war in his country.” Agent C said as her temper threatened to get the best of her. She couldn’t believe they were sending this kid in to face such a hardened terrorist.

Billy just kept giggling as he flipped through the pages, clearly not reading any of it.

“Don’t you think you should be fully prepared when you go into the room?” Agent C asked growing increasingly exasperated with Agent B.

Billy just shrugged his shoulders and turned his game back on again. So much boring grownup talk. On TV the secret agents were all action, but these guys just seemed to want to talk and talk and talk.

Agent C folded her arms and looked out of the window. If Agent B wasn’t going to take this seriously then why should she bother. The Agency were fools for sending some kid in to this interrogation rather than her. She graduated top of her class and was used as an escort for some child that The Agency seemed to think was more important than people with real qualifications.

Chloe heard another giggle from the driver of the car. She angrily pushed the button and brought up the soundproof window cutting the occupants in the back off from the driver and agent in the front passenger seat.

After five minutes of journeying in silence the cars turned on to the road outside The Agency. The car drove up to the garage and turned in to the buildings parking lot. Eventually the car came to a stop a couple of levels below ground.

Billy opened his door and half stepped out when he turned back to Agent C who was still sitting in the car.

“You don’t like me, do you?” Billy asked innocently.

“What? No, I mean, you are a fellow agent and I respect you for that.” Agent C said diplomatically.

“No you don’t. You shouldn’t lie!” Billy said as he grabbed his bag and stepped out of the car fully and closed the door behind him.

Agent C stayed sitting in shock. How did he know? Kids weren’t meant to be that perceptive!

She watched as Billy walked towards the building when she suddenly thought she should speak to him again. She was new here and didn’t want to get a bad reputation. Kids aren’t known for keeping secrets and she wanted to clear the air.

As she stepped out of the car and made to go after Billy an agent stepped in front of her suddenly.

“Everything go OK?” The man said, “Agent B is fully briefed?”

“What? Oh, yes...” Chloe said not totally truthfully.

“Good, good... In that case why don’t you come with me and we can debrief you.” With that the man took Chloe by the shoulder and lead her to a different room for her debriefing. Agent C looked over her shoulder as Agent B was ushered into a different door, she hoped that Agent B wouldn’t tell others that she didn’t like him. From her short time at the Agency she knew that he was held in very high regard for some reason, maybe it was his perceptiveness. The last thing that this new agent wanted was to get a negative reputation.

Meanwhile, Billy was shepherded by another couple of agents through the door and up to the security checkpoint.

“John!” Billy yelled excitedly and ran forward to the security desk with an older man sitting behind it.

“Billy, my boy!” John McDonnell called back and leaned forward holding out his hand.

Billy ran up to the desk and high fived John giggling wildly.

“Look at you, every time I see you I swear you are a few inches bigger!” John said jovially.

The other officers took their guns out of their holsters and placed them on the desk then filled out the forms required of them.

Billy reached forward towards one of the guns, curiosity burning through him. But John took them out of reach just before Billy could reach them. Billy pouted and looked up at John.

“Sorry Billy, maybe when you are older.” John said winking as he took the guns off and placed them in a locker.

“No fair...” Billy muttered under his breath as he and the agents escorting him headed past the checkpoint and down a long corridor towards where the interrogation rooms were located.

The corridor was long and foreboding. There were locked doors on either side, some of the rooms were used as cells where suspects were held until interrogation or until they could be transported to another facility.

Billy wouldn’t admit it if asked but this corridor was really creepy and he was glad to have the two agents with him. It was now that Billy started feeling a little nervous. He had done this before but he always got nervous when he started to get near the bad people. It was with these butterflies in his stomach that they began to approach the door at the end of the hallway, the door to the interrogation room.

The interrogation room was small. It was made small deliberately to make it claustrophobic to be in there, and it worked too, none of the agents enjoyed being in that room. Even when there was no suspect in there it felt foreboding. Inside the room was a light that hung from the ceiling, it was a very powerful light that purposefully shined on the suspect making the room even more uncomfortable.

The room was bare except for a one-way mirror on one side that hid an observation room behind it. There was also a metal table that was fixed to the floor in the center of the room with one chair on one side of it and two chairs on the other side. The table was bare except for two little metal loops, one in each corner of the side with one chair. They were there to handcuff suspects to if needed.

On this day there was a suspect in the room. He was handcuffed by one hand, and was waiting alone for the agents to return to question him further, he scowled at the mirror where he assumed, correctly, that the agents were watching him.

Agent J was standing in the observation room drinking coffee and staring at the man handcuffed to the table. He was contemplating his next move when the door behind him opened up, turning his head he saw his supervisor enter the room.

"Has he said anything?" Supervisor Daniels asked as soon as he entered as he went over to stand next to Agent J.

"Nothing we want to hear." Agent J replied sipping his coffee.

"We have had him here for six hours and he hasn't cracked." Daniels said shaking his head.

"He is a tough one." Agent J said shrugging, "He knows that all he has to do is deny everything and we won't be able to find the bomb in time."

The two of them stood there in contemplative silence for a few moments.

"I've called in Agent B." Daniels said, "We need answers and we need them now."

"Are you sure? I love that kid but what happens in that room can't be good for him." Agent J said hesitantly.

"We have no proof that Agent B is harmed by the interrogations." Daniels stated.

"Really? Because according to his mother he is now having to wear protection to bed..." Agent J said accusingly. Since Agent B had first entered The Agency he had been paired with Agent J. Agent J had developed quite the fondness for the kid in that time and it wasn't unknown for him to occasionally visit Billy at home to see how he was doing.

"You know you aren't supposed to visit his house James. What if you are watched?" Daniels said warningly.

"Well caring for the kid means more than just giving him and his mother a load of money when he comes here. It is about making sure he is OK." James shot back.

They fell quiet again as a woman in a nurse's uniform walked into the room with a coloring book and some drawing supplies. She placed them on one of the seats and left the room again.

Agent J sighed.

"Look... I just want what is best for the kid. He is a great kid and a great asset for us." James said.

"I know, and we appreciate what you do for him. It will be remembered when the annual pay review comes around." Daniels hinted as he placed his hand on Agent J's back.

"Who is bringing him in?" Agent J asked as they both watched the suspect look at the drawing supplies in a confused way.

"I sent the new girl, Agent C." Daniels answered.

"She won't like that!" Agent J said chuckling, "That woman is very ambitious, she won't like a being a babysitter!"

They both laughed at that comment as a person stuck their head into the room from the hallway outside.

"Agent B is here and ready when you are." The person said before leaving the room again.

Daniels nodded and patted J on the back.

"Show time." Daniels said.

Agent J straightened his tie and walked out of the room and headed around to the entrance of the interrogation room where he met with Agent B.

"J!" Agent B practically shouted as he gave the older agent a hug.

"Hey kiddo, you ready to go in there?" Agent J responded smiling.

Billy looked hesitant but nodded his head.

"OK, well just remember the bad guy in there might say some horrible things." Agent J said warningly as he knelt down to get on the same eye level as Billy.

Billy nodded. He had heard the warnings before, the bad men say and do bad things and he was supposed to just forget about it after he left the room. He tried to but sometimes it was hard.

"And remember, if you need to leave the room you can just get up and go at any time." Agent J said.

"I know, I know... I'm 11 years old now, I'm not a kid!" Billy said.

"Of course not." Agent J said whilst chuckling.

He stood up and gave Billy the thumbs up which Billy returned with a big smile.

Agent J opened the door and stepped inside followed by Billy. The two agents went in and sat down at the table.

Billy briefly looked at the suspect, he was a big scary man and Billy was glad he wasn't in the room alone.

The scar he had laughed at in the picture was a lot more intimidating in real life. The man had a shaved head and his arms were covered with tattoos of symbols Billy didn't understand and words written in a foreign language. The man looked very strong, Billy wondered if he could break the handcuff if he tried with all of his strength, he hoped not.

"What's with the kid?" The suspect said in his heavy Eastern European accent.

"Never you mind." Agent J responded, "Let's get back to the conversation we were having earlier, the one about the bomb and terrorist plot you are a part of."

As the two adults started talking, Billy opened up the coloring book and began to color. It was a pic-

ture of a fire truck. He was taking great care to color properly using the correct colors and staying within the lines. Billy had never had the years of training that the other agents had gone through, but he had some instructions that he was supposed to follow when he went into these situations. He was supposed to look down and just concentrate on coloring and listen to the grown-ups talk.

“Plot? What plot? I know of no plot.” The suspect said as he sat back in his chair seemingly relaxed.

Billy let out a giggle and the pen he was using to color in slipped outside of the lines a bit, but just happily continued coloring whilst swinging his legs under the table.

“What is the boy doing here? He shouldn’t be here.” The man said slightly agitatedly.

“Don’t worry about him Viktor. Worry about yourself. You are in an ultra-secure government facility. You are not going anywhere, you need to start thinking about yourself and if you start giving us answers we can cut some kind of deal.” Agent J said leaning on the table.

“I do not have the answers you want.” Viktor said as he also leaned forward.

Billy let out another giggle and his coloring became even wilder. He was now having a great deal of trouble staying inside the lines.

“Did you make the bombs?” Agent J asked forcefully, “Tell us so we can stop this before it is too late!”

“I have no idea how to make bombs.” Viktor said shortly as he looked from the young boy, so out of place in this room, and back to the agent who had been questioning him for hours.

Billy laughed again, this time it was a bigger laugh and his hand started going over the page he was coloring quite wildly. The tree next to the fire truck was now getting red leaves and Billy’s thumb moved up and into his mouth as his other hand continued to scribble colors on the page almost randomly.

All this made Viktor look over to the boy who was now getting quite distracting.

“What the HELL is this child doing here.” Viktor hissed at the agent opposite him, “This is no place for a young boy.”

“I told you, never mind the young boy, there are lives on the line here Viktor.” Agent J said staring straight ahead at his suspect. Out of the corner of his eye he could see how much Billy’s coloring had deteriorated. Half of him was worried for the boy’s welfare, the other half was pleased because it meant progress was being made.

“You think some little brat will make me tell you what you want to hear?” Viktor asked smirking, “You have my whole history in your file, you have read about the things I did during the war, you have read the things I did for the regime in charge of my country... You think you can break me? Make me tell you everything you want to hear?”

Agent J looked at his watch, he was acutely aware that time was running out and he had to get answers soon. He glanced over to the one-way mirror where he was sure his supervisor was watching anxious for results. Agent J turned back to Viktor who was scowling over at Billy who, thankfully, was engrossed in his drawing.

“Look, we know you aren’t the ringleader of this plot. We know you are just a cog that is very replaceable for the people you work for, that is why we are prepared to offer you a deal... If you tell us what we need to know right now then things will be much better for you.” Agent J said, he didn’t think

Viktor would agree to any offer but he was hopeful that Billy was getting the answers they needed.

“You can do nothing for me. Typical American you go into other countries and bomb them and it is for freedom, when someone returns the favor it is terrorism.” Viktor let out a bark of a laugh and then spat on the floor next to the table, “You people make me sick.”

“Enough of the games... Where are the bombs Viktor?” Agent J said with narrowed eyes as he leaned forward on the table.

“How many times do I need to tell you that I know nothing...” Viktor said narrowing his eyes and leaning forward on the table as well.

Billy started laughing even harder now and this time the laughter didn't stop. He dropped the pen he was using to draw as he laughed so hard that he doubled over. Agent J looked to the side with slight concern and saw that Billy had turned the page he was coloring into a mess of random colors.

“Enough of this!” Viktor shouted trying to stand up as much as he could, “I demand to know why the boy is here!”

Billy was still calming down from his laughing fit so Agent J took the time to explain.

“This boy here...” Agent J said calmly, “Is Agent B, he is a very valued member of our Agency.”

Viktor looked incredulously at Agent J and then turned to the child and looked in disbelief. This child who had spent the whole time in the room coloring and laughing was an agent?

After a few moments Viktor started roaring with laughter and fell back into his seat.

“This is the best America has to offer?” Viktor said as his laughter died down.

Agent J smiled and calmly turned to Billy.

“So Agent B, what have you got?” J asked calmly.

“Well...” Billy began in a voice that seemed somewhat higher pitched than before, “He knows about the plot, he made the bomb and he doesn't think you will find it because it is hidden.”

“Where is it hidden?” Agent J asked with some urgency.

“It is in a garage... His sisters garage.” Billy said tripping over his words a little and yawning.

Viktor suddenly stopped laughing and stared mouth hanging open at the boy. How did he know?

Agent J pulled out the walkie-talkie he had on his belt and brought it up to his mouth quickly.

“Did you hear that? Can you find that location?” Agent J asked quickly.

“Already got a team dispatched.” The voice of Daniels came back through, “Good work.”

Agent J lowered the communication device smiling widely, he could tell from the reaction of Viktor that the information was correct. He turned to Billy who was letting out another big yawn, the poor boy always seemed to go through so much in these interrogations, even though it didn't seem to hurt him.

“Anything else Agent B?” Agent J asked. He had got the exact info he needed and knew if they found the bomb where Billy said it was then they would almost certainly find the evidence needed to charge Viktor for his part in the plot.

“Well...” Billy was unsure if he could say bad words out loud.

“Yes?” Agent J said.

“He thinks you are an idiot and...” Billy leaned closer and whispered into Agent J’s ear a series of expletives that Viktor had been thinking.

Agent J laughed and nodded as if to tell Billy he understood and Billy smiled and laid his head on the table seemingly very tired.

“How did he do that?” Viktor asked stunned about the turn of events.

“That doesn’t matter... You can still help yourself here, and you need to help yourself because for your part in this you are looking at life behind bars at a minimum.” Agent J said confidently, “You start talking about the people in charge of this whole thing and we might be able help you out a little bit.”

Viktor bit his lip as he thought about it.

“OK, OK... What do you want to know?” Viktor said.

At this point Agent J felt a tug on his sleeve from Billy.

“Can I go sleepies?” The boy asked tiredly as he yawned again.

“Of course.” Agent J said and he ruffled Billy’s hair, “You did great!”

Agent B smiled a wide smile and stumbled to his feet. He awkwardly started stumbling towards the door as if he hadn’t mastered the art of walking yet. Agent J frowned when he noticed there was a long wet streak going down Billy’s pants. That hadn’t happened before.

Billy practically fell through the door as he pushed it open and fell right into the arms of the Agency’s nurse, Alice Clearwater.

Alice Clearwater, one of the nurses for the Agency was a woman in her early thirties with blonde hair and green eyes. She had been a nurse for the Agency since shortly after finishing med school where she had finished among the top students in the class. They were offering twice the usual wage than much more experienced nurses got so she couldn’t turn it down.

“Oh look at you!” the nurse said as she picked the young boy up. She noted the wet streak on Billy’s pants and tutted in disapproval. She didn’t blame Billy for what had happened, she was upset at the Agency for using him and causing these side-effects of Billy’s unusual talents. She felt sure that these regressions caused by Billy being involved in the interrogations wasn’t good for him. She knew Billy’s talents were invaluable to the Agency but every time she saw Billy stumble out of that room she wondered if this was really the best way.

Billy only had his eyes half open now, he was incredibly tired from the experience. He was always left exceptionally tired after these events. Billy moved his thumb back into his mouth, it felt so soothing to him in times like this.

The nurse turned towards the door on the opposite side of the corridor with the plaque “Recovery” on it in big letters. Just as Alice was about to push open the door there was a sudden commotion behind her which caused her to turn around.

The door to the interrogation room suddenly burst open and Agent J came out pulling a handcuffed Viktor with him. Two more agents who were flanking the interrogation room quickly assisted Agent J to pull Viktor down towards the cells for important prisoners which was another floor down from here.

As Viktor fought the men trying to get free he spotted Agent B in the nurse's arms.

"You little... I will get you kid; you just see if I don't!" Viktor yelled as he was hauled away.

Nurse Clearwater looked down at Billy and saw his eyes were tearing up from the shouting and aggressiveness.

"Shh, it's OK, let's get you ready for a nice nap." She said smiling to Billy. As she stepped into the recovery room with Billy she took one last look toward Viktor and shook her head.

As she stepped through the doorway into the new room it was as if they suddenly walked through to a different world. The room was quite large and set up exactly like a baby's nursery would be. There was light blue wallpaper on all the walls with pictures of fluffy clouds on them, there was a changing table, a crib, toys and everything else needed to care for a toddler. The only difference was that it was all bigger than one would expect, it was all set up for a baby in a small boy's body.

Billy sighed in relaxation as they came into the room. He knew he wasn't far from the nap he felt he so desperately needed.

Nurse Clearwater took Billy over to the changing table and lifted him up on to it. She carefully removed his suit. When she got to Billy's pants she gave a little shake of the head as she undid the zip and pulled them down.

"Sowwy..." Billy said sadly as his pants were removed and then his training pants were taken off as well.

"Oh it isn't your fault!" Alice said with a smile, "This hasn't happened before has it?"

Billy shook his head. He had never wet himself like this during one of these adventures.

Nurse Clearwater pursed her lips and shook her head. Whilst cleaning Billy up with some wipes following the accident she decided she would be writing about this in her report to the supervisors the next day.

Once the nurse had stripped Billy down she pulled up two diapers from the shelf under the changing table. One of them was very plain with a wetness indicator running through the middle and the other was white but had little pictures of toys covering the whole thing, originally they only had the first type of diaper but she found these more childish ones online a few weeks before and decided to use the Agency's expense budget to get some for Agent B.

"OK Billy..." She said as she grabbed one of each type of diaper and slowly raised them in the air with a big smile, "Which one do you want?"

Billy immediately pointed to the diaper with the babyish design and giggled as the nurse started unfolding it and laying it down on the table.

Nurse Clearwater lifted Billy's legs, slipped the diaper under Billy's body and lowered him back down on to it. She brought up the front and securely taped it on. It was a little big on Billy but still fit well enough to do its job. Alice then got out a little footed sleeper from the drawer next to the changing table. When she turned back around she found Billy was poking the diaper with a finger and giggling at the crinkling sounds it made.

She smiled as she held up the red footed sleeper and with a little difficulty she managed to place Billy inside it. The boy may have been regressed to the mind of an infant right now but trying to get an 11-year-old body into the sleeper still took a little time, especially when the body was being con-

trolled by an infant's mind.

Nurse Clearwater lifted Billy off the table and pulled up the zip that was on the back of the footed sleeper until Billy was snugly enclosed within it. The little flap at the back, to enable fast and easy diaper checks, was buttoned closed and Billy was all ready for bed.

The nurse lifted Billy with very little difficulty and carried him over to the crib, she could tell from the way that the boy's head was resting on her shoulder that Billy was very much ready for a long nap.

Carefully, she placed the young boy in the crib and pulled the covers over him. She brought down a pacifier from the shelf above the crib and after pulling Billy's thumb out of his mouth she placed the pacifier in there instead.

Billy smiled sleepily from behind the mouth guard and almost immediately closed his eyes and drifted away into dreamland. Distantly from elsewhere in the building Billy could still just about hear the rantings of Viktor as he was thrown into a cell, but Billy fell asleep so quickly that it couldn't bother him. To complete the picture of infantile innocence Alice Clearwater fetched a teddy bear from the toys in the corner and laid it next to Billy.

Nurse Clearwater turned on the baby monitor that was linked to a device she wore around her neck so that if Billy started making noise she would hear it and would be able to come to see him. Then she turned around and quietly left the room, walking a short way down the corridor she went into the next room along.

This room was mostly empty except for a table and some chairs, but it also had another one-way mirror. Also in the room was Agent J who had handed responsibility for Viktor to other agents and had come to check on Billy, he was currently standing at the window with a cup of coffee looking over Billy.

"How is he?" Agent J asked as he heard the door open assuming correctly that it was Alice entering the room.

"He seems fine..." The nurse said though she didn't sound sure, "Listen James, I'm sure you noticed but he had wet pants when he came to the recovery room. He said that hasn't happened before."

"It hasn't, not that I know of at least." Agent J said sipping his coffee.

There was a moment of silence as the two of them looked over Billy.

"Well... What if this is all having a long term effect on him James?" Alice asked hesitantly.

"The boy is an invaluable asset to us Alice." James said after a moment of silence, "He knows the risks, we have never seen anyone with this power before. The ability to be able to read minds when someone lies, it is an incredible gift to him and to us."

"And what about all this?" Alice asked rather hotly as she pointed out the window at the nursery, "Yes he has a gift but look what using it does."

"We have asked him multiple times and he says he has no problem with the regression that comes from using his powers for prolonged periods. Heck, half the time he doesn't seem to remember much of anything that happened." James said.

"I just worry about him James." Alice said looking down and sounding worried.

"I do too Alice, but we are being as careful as we can be." James said, he neglected to mention that

Supervisor Daniels was considering using Billy more often, nor that they were considering taking him out into the field. He also masked his own concerns about using Billy's powers so that he could comfort Alice.

James put his arm around Alice shoulders as they both watched over the sleeping boy who rolled over in his sleep. The baby monitor next to the crib picking up some of the crinkles as he did so.

"Have you contacted his mother?" Alice asked, "She will be worried sick."

"Just about to do it." James responded, "I will tell her we will drop him off later, let the boy sleep a while first. Sleep usually does a good job at letting him recover."

Meanwhile, on the next floor down in a cell deep under street level and sitting in the dark in the corner, Viktor was staring straight ahead and scowling, plotting his revenge on the boy who had got him locked up.

"This isn't over." Viktor said quietly in his thick accent as he lay down on the bench and closed his eyes, "This isn't over..."

A few hours later, Billy started to stir. He slowly shifted around in the crib with every movement causing crinkling noises to come from his disposable underwear. He slowly opened his eyes and rubbed them as they adjusted to the lights in the nursery, when Billy was regressed he was quite afraid of the dark so Alice always left some lights on for him.

After a big yawn, Billy slowly and clumsily clambered to his feet using the bars on the side of the crib as support for his shaky legs. He looked around the nursery, all was quiet and all was still. He was alone in the room.

He took a few deep breaths as he stared around the room ever more frantically until he started loudly crying. Billy's tears came thick and fast as he wailed over the fact that there was no one else in the room with him.

After a few seconds the door swung open and in rushed Nurse Clearwater. When Billy was asleep she often moved into the observation room where the rules were less strict and she could fill out some paperwork or make a phone call, if there were other patients in the main ward she would hurry over there to make sure the other nurses were on top of anything. She always remembered to turn on the device around her neck when she left the room though, the baby monitor picked up even the slightest noise and if she heard Billy wake up she would be ready to rush back into the room. On this occasion she was just in the observation room next door and so was able to respond very quickly.

"Oh dear, what's wrong?" Alice said as she hurried over to the crib where the young boy was reaching his arms out over the crib trying to reach her.

Alice took the hint and lifted Billy out of the crib and cradled him in her arms. It was a little awkward to cradle an 11-year-old boy like this but Billy was small for his age and very light so they made it work. Almost immediately after Alice picked Billy up, the young boy's tears slowed down and eventually stopped.

Alice used the hand that was cradling Billy's back to slip into Billy's onesie and feel his diaper, a diffi-

cult maneuver for most people but not for Alice who aside from dealing with Billy had also done a lot of babysitting to help pay her way through school. She found that Billy's diaper was a bit wet but not soaked. This perturbed Alice a bit as even when regressed he rarely had a problem with staying dry.

"How old are you Billy?" Alice asked as she carried Billy over to the dresser next to the changing table.

Billy seemed distracted for a few moments then held up two fingers on his hand. Before putting them into his mouth.

Alice nodded and smiled, though the smile wasn't entirely genuine. This was a worry, normally a nap "cured" Billy and brought him back up to his usual self. This regression was lasting longer for some reason. Had the interrogation been more intense? Were the effects of regressing causing Billy to need longer to recover?

"Do you want to play for a bit?" Alice asked in syrupy tones saved for speaking to young children.

Billy nodded his head enthusiastically and started squirming around trying to get free of Alice so he could get to the toys.

"Hold on, hold on..." Alice said as she clutched him tighter, "First let's get you dressed."

Alice put Billy down on to the floor and removed the footed sleeper that he had slept in, she then turned around and began rummaging through the drawers for some clothes. Eventually she picked out an appropriate outfit and turned back towards Billy.

Billy meanwhile had started moving his hips around causing his big disposable diaper to crinkle even more than it did usually. He was looking down at his diaper and giggling like a madman to himself as he did so.

"What are you doing?" Alice asked with a laugh as she got down on her knees in front of Billy. Being at the same height as him made it easier to dress him and also made it so she wasn't talking down to him therefore it was easier to communicate.

"Dancing!" Billy almost shouted as he kept wiggling about on the spot.

"OK, well how about we get you dressed and then you can dance some more?" Alice said as she held out the shirt ready to pull it over Billy's head.

Billy raised his arms up and Alice slipped the shirt over his head. Next she held out the shorts and with a helping hand to keep Billy steady he stepped into the clothes. Alice pulled the shorts up and found they just about squeezed over the diaper Billy was wearing.

Alice thought Billy looked as cute as a button now. The T-shirt was baby blue with a red cartoon fire truck pictured on the front. The shorts were white with a couple of light blue stripes on each side.

"OK Billy you can go play now. I'm going to be over in the corner on the computer, OK?" Alice said pointing at the computer in the corner of the room.

Billy nodded and started toddling off toward the side of the room filled with toys and books and all kinds of fun things for a young child. After a few uncoordinated steps he fell forward on to his hands and knees and instead of trying to get back up just hurriedly crawled over to the treasure trove of childish fun.

Alice scowled slightly at the crawling. He really should be recovered by now she thought to herself

as she got back to her feet and headed over to the computer.

Powering up the computer she lost herself in thought as to the possible reasons for prolonged regression. When the computer was on she loaded up the folder with her reports in and opened a new document.

“Agent B seems physically healthy. He is also happy and content.” Alice typed, “The effects of the interrogation have lead him to regress to the usual age (indicated by Billy to be 2-years-old) and he doesn’t seem to have been adversely affected emotionally by his work today.”

Alice paused for a moment as she considered how to word the next part of the report. She turned in her chair to check on Billy and smiled despite her concerns. Billy looked the picture of innocence as he built towers out of blocks and then knocked them down again. Alice turned back to the computer and continued her report.

“However, there do appear to be some effects that are getting worse as time goes on. The time that Agent B is regressed seems to be growing longer each time he uses his gift. When he first started at the agency regression lasted between 30 and 45 minutes, this time has been lengthening and currently Agent B is still recovering 2.5 hours after regression began. Additionally, Agent B experienced a loss of bladder control whilst napping. Whilst we are prepared for this eventuality it isn’t something that has happened often before. Reports from Agent J indicate that even when at home, without experiencing regression, Agent B has been having accidents in the night. Request more investigation into the effects of regression both short term and long term.”

Alice saved the report locally and then attached it to an e-mail to be sent to the relevant people within the organisation. She sighed as the e-mail was sent, there was nothing anyone could really do, what investigations could she expect the Agency to make when Billy’s power was, as far as anyone knew, one of a kind.

Alice opened her internet browser and started having a look around the internet at various places. Billy seemed content with his toys and her job was just to make observations now so she took some time to have a little break.

Billy was happily playing with his blocks without a care in the world. He was building towers and then watching them topple over and giggling as they did so, there was no rhyme or reason to the towers Billy was building he was just stacking random blocks as best as a two-year-old can.

Suddenly Billy felt a cramp in his tummy and even the regressed mind of Billy knew what that meant. He looked up at Alice who was typing away on the computer, he stood up and started waddling towards her. However, after just a few steps another cramp hit and this time Billy was forced to bend over slightly and as he did so he suddenly felt the back of his diaper expand. Billy froze in place and grunted slightly as he pushed out everything that was inside him. He stayed still until he had completely messed his diaper.

When it was over Billy straightened up rather tentatively and felt the mushy mess in the seat of his diaper ooze around a bit. Billy started awkwardly waddling towards Alice again, this time with a wider gait and he had silent tears coming down his face, he was not comfortable at all.

When he reached Alice he held out his hand and tugged on her sleeve and loudly sniffed as the tears kept coming. Billy was doing his best to not start crying despite how uncomfortable he felt.

“What’s wrong?” Alice asked as she turned around and saw Billy’s sheepish and tear streaked face.

Billy didn't say anything but pointed to his diaper, at just about the same moment that Alice noticed the smell.

"Oh... Oh dear, come on, let's get you changed." Alice said taken aback at what had happened. Billy's wetting accidents were rare but using his diaper for this was unheard of. It didn't do much to alleviate Alice's concerns.

Alice hurriedly stood up and took Billy's hand. She walked him over to the changing table before lifting him up and lying him down on it. As she did that she saw Billy grimace as the contents of his diaper was squashed and spread around his diaper area a little bit.

Alice pulled off Billy's shorts and ripped the tapes off of the diaper. She slowly lowered the front of the diaper to reveal that it was a little wet and very messy.

"Not to worry, we will just get you all cleaned up." Alice said with a smile that masked her fears.

It took a few minutes for Alice to clean up Billy but she kept up the chatter to take Billy's mind off of things. Which seemed to work as he was giggling away as she finished wiping everything up and placed a new diaper underneath him. It was another of the diapers with pictures printed on them, Billy seemed very keen on them.

Before long Billy was lifted off the table and was scampering back to his blocks and Alice, after balling up and throwing away the used diaper, headed back over to her computer to write an addendum to her report about what just happened.

A little while later, in the corridor Agent J was just heading towards the recovery room to check on his young partner when he ran into Agent C just outside the door.

"Hello." Agent J said as he approached the door, "You are Agent C right? The person who escorted Agent B in this morning?"

"Oh, yes that was me." Chloe said as she spun around. She hadn't expected anyone else to be walking past. She was just trying to get the card reader to work so she could go in the recovery room, for some reason it was denying her access.

"He did a great job today." James said smiling, "What are you up to down here?"

"Oh... I-I was just going in there to check on him..." Chloe said evasively, in truth she wanted to get back in Billy's good books. After their car ride this morning and then talking to other agents she realized she needed to get back in Agent B's good books. The other agents all held him in such high regard that she realized that if Agent B didn't like her that her career could be cut short.

"You won't be able to go in there." James said with a laugh, "You are fresh out of the academy right? So your clearance level is two, maybe three?"

"I have level three clearance." Chloe replied with a hint of pride. Most graduates of the academy joined the Agency with only level two clearance but she had been recommended for level three straight away due to her exceptional test scores.

"Well that room requires level five." James responded as he took out his own access card from his pocket.

"Agent B has level five clearance!?" Chloe exclaimed aghast that a kid had such a high access level.

“Five?” James laughed, “He is level seven... They dropped the recovery room to level five so that I was allowed in. They only did that because Agent B demanded it... That and ice cream.”

“Level seven...” Chloe repeated quietly to herself in shock as her fellow agent reached past and prepared to swipe his card.

“He has saved a lot of lives, maybe more lives than me and you will save in both of our careers. That kid will be our boss one day.” James said seriously before swiping his card and slipping through the door leaving Chloe alone in the corridor.

“Level seven...” Chloe repeated to herself again. Suddenly her pride at being level three took a serious hit, she was essentially outranked by an eleven-year-old child. Chloe scrunched up her face at the unwelcome news and stomped off down the corridor back to her office.

Agent J quietly slipped into the recovery room and carefully closed the door behind him. He took a few steps inside when both Billy and Alice turned to look at him.

Billy giggled and waved from over by the blocks that he was playing with. James smiled and waved back.

Alice got out of her chair and went over to speak with the new entrant. As she hurried over she put her finger to her lips to indicate that Agent J was to remain quiet.

“Hello Agent J, remember that Agent B needs quiet time when recovering. His gift is very raw when regressed, it is hard for him to control and if he senses even a small lie from either of us it could complicate recovery.” Alice said with a stern but quiet voice.

“I know, I know.” James replied in a whisper. He was aware that Billy’s gift could be unpredictable when he was like this. Even saying something as innocuous as “good to see you” when you weren’t happy to see the other person could reset and prolong Billy’s recovery.

“I just met that new agent outside... She was trying to get in, glad she couldn’t.” James said.

“Why’s that?” Alice asked. She felt like she was being left out of some juicy gossip.

“Well... Let’s just say if Billy needs quiet and honesty to recover that you don’t want her in here. She seems nice enough but she seems to have trouble being herself.” James replied.

“Ah, I see...” Alice replied. Being near Billy when he was recovering was not easy. Alice was one of the few people who were able to be honest enough to not harm Billy’s recovery. Even when Alice had to tell a little white lie, she often was able to do it in such a way that it masked her real thoughts and Billy couldn’t often use his gift on her.

There was a moment of silence where both adults looked over to Billy making sure he couldn’t hear their conversation. Judging by how Billy was engrossed in his blocks they both assumed they were OK to talk.

“So is he OK?” James asked, “I got the report that said recovery was going slower than expected.”

“It is. Normally he would have been back to normal and ready to go a while ago but it seems to have taken much longer this time around. Was the interrogation particularly taxing?” Alice asked looking for clues as to why it was taking so long for the recovery to kick in.

“Pretty standard.” James said shrugging, “Though he did pick up quite a few answers in a short time, as well as some other information we didn’t ask about, it was a lot to take in at once.”

Alice pursed her lips concerned at the answer she was given. Billy had used his gift quite a few times in a very short period, it could explain why it had left Billy regressed for longer than usual. They really needed more data but there was no way of getting it without putting Billy through even more of this stuff.

"How is he now?" James asked hoping that there were signs of improvement.

"Good news on that front." Alice said with a little smile as she turned to look at Billy and his blocks, "Look at the blocks. Up until the last twenty minutes or so he was just stacking them randomly but now he is building a house with all the walls the same color. That shows co-ordination that is beyond what a 2-year-old would be capable of. I would suggest he is finally recovering or maybe even fully recovered, I was giving him some extra time before asking him about it."

Agent J smiled and after saying his goodbyes to Alice and giving a farewell wave to Billy he turned and exited the room.

Alice walked slowly over to Billy and knelt down in front of him causing Billy to look up.

"So Billy... How old are you?" Alice asked with a small smile.

"I'm... Eleven." Billy said after some hesitation as if certain connection in his mind were there but required some time to work.

Alice beamed as Billy looked back down at the blocks. She was ecstatic to hear confirmation that Billy had recovered.

"Do you think you are ready to go home?" Alice asked cautiously, she was being careful not to put too much pressure on the child.

"I think so..." Billy said as he nodded his head and yawned, "But maybe a nap first?"

"Of course. Take all the time you need." Alice said standing up and helping Billy to his feet. She took a couple of steps towards the crib before she realized Billy wasn't walking with her.

"What's wrong?" She asked concerned.

"Er..." Billy blushed a deep shade of red, "Maybe I should get a change first..."

"Oh... Of course." Alice said hurrying back over to the boy.

Alice hurried past Billy to the changing table and took a pull up from one of the drawers before rushing back to where Billy was awkwardly standing.

With Alice's help Billy pulled off the shorts he had been wearing to play and Alice could instantly see that Billy's diaper was very wet. Without a word she pulled the tapes off and lowered the diaper down before balling it up ready to throw away.

Next, with Alice's help again, Billy stepped into the pull up and allowed Alice to pull it up his legs until it was correctly positioned.

"So... Do you remember anything from the interrogation?" Alice asked, she was looking for more information to put in her report.

Billy shrugged his shoulders.

"I remember a man with a funny scar... But I don't remember anything else." Billy said as he climbed up into the crib. He didn't complain about sleeping in a baby crib because he knew it was the only

bed they had available.

“How about your time in this room?” Alice asked. She wondered how much he ever remembered of his stays in this room. When he required its use it seemed like he was familiar with the layout when he came in so Alice assumed he retained some memory, though Billy always claimed to remember nothing of his stays.

“Just playing with blocks just now... Nothing else.” Billy said quite emphatically.

Alice could swear that as he answered that question he turned slightly red, unfortunately Alice did not possess Billy’s gift so she couldn’t infer much from his answers.

Billy laid down without another word and as Alice pulled the crib’s blanket over him he drifted off into another sleep. One which would hopefully leave him refreshed and good as new for his trip home.

