



---

# REGRESSED

---



BecomingBabyAgain

It all started innocently enough. At least it seemed innocent at the time. Jane, my wife, had been away on business all week. Having nothing to do on a Thursday night, I decided to go to the club. Wilton Hills Country Club is the kind of place people like me aspire to but rarely attain. For all my hard work, I could never have become a member without Jane's income and connections. She came from a rich family, and I simply married into it.

Inside, I saw Carol. She worked with Jane in the office, I can't remember as what exactly but we'd always got on well whenever we saw each other. I wandered over to her and had a conversation with some good-natured teasing about the difference in our ages. I was only slightly older than Carol's but she called me an "old man," while I joked her about being a "kid." The evening wore on with more of our usual banter. As Carol got up to leave, I said, "You better learn to respect your elders, or somebody's going to give you a good spanking one of these days, little girl." She glared at me with a playful smile before picking up her things and heading out the door.

I picked up Jane at the airport the next afternoon. As she walked down the ramp from the plane, I noticed how imposing she looked in her tailored business suit and high heels. A briefcase holding papers which I imagined could be worth millions of dollars' worth of investments or even copies of secret documents about something her company was making. Jane kissed me on the cheek as she handed me her briefcase.

"How was your week, dear?"

"Fine," I said. "A bit lonely without you. How did things go in Chicago?"

She touched my face and smiled. "Very well indeed. We were prepared to go to eight fifty, but by the time I was done, they were happy to take six and a quarter." I had no idea what she was talking about.

Over dinner at a fancy restaurant I had made a reservation at to welcome her home, she told me stories of how she had driven the deal home. Laughing as she recounted how the president of such-and-such company practically whimpered as she set out a laundry list of the things that were wrong with her takeover target.

About that time, Carol came in. She spotted us right away and came over to say hello. Jane and Carol had become fast friends when Carol joined the department and were now thick as thieves. Jane asked her to join us. I excused myself and left the two of them to talk for a few minutes.

As I returned, I saw them laughing. Jane gave me a cool look as I sat down again. I didn't know what that was all about, but I decided I should watch my step. The three of us finished our meals and Jane called the waitress over and asked for the check. I was still reaching for my wallet when Jane handed the young woman a couple of bills, which must have included a substantial tip, judging from the smile she received.

"Richard. It's time to go," she said in her clear, powerful voice, as she strode toward the door. I had no choice but to follow. I tried to say a witty goodbye to Carol, but nothing intelligent came out of my mouth. Finally, I shrugged and trotted after Jane. When I reached the parking lot, Jane had already unlocked the car and was getting behind the wheel. I slid into the passenger seat and she drove away.

I wanted to apologize for whatever had caused her mood change. I could sense that

something had obviously been said while I was away from the table but I had no idea what it could be. The clenching of Jane's jaw and the whiteness of her knuckles on the wheel told me now would not be a good time. The twenty-minute drive home felt like hours.

Jane wasted no time as we entered the door. I had just taken off my jacket when she turned and spoke harshly to me.

"What have you got to say for yourself?" I stood there stammering. I found myself trembling as my mind raced between trying to think of something to say and trying to work out what I was apologizing for.

"I swear. It was like being out with a five-year-old. Maybe I should have ordered from the children's menu and cut up the meat for you. Don't you ever speak to Carol that way again. Not only is she my boss's daughter, but she is my friend. I think the jokes you made were disgusting! She told me so herself!" Her wagging finger, inches from the tip of my nose, emphasized her point.

"Well. Speak up," she said. My mouth moved, but nothing came out.

Jane grabbed my ear. I was shocked as she dragged me to a corner of the living room. "Since you aren't in any mood to speak, you can stand there and think about it while I get changed. I stood there for ages working on an apology. I couldn't believe I was standing there. A Forty years old and standing in the corner like a toddler. But Jane was really upset, and I needed her forgiveness. I began to wish that I hadn't drunk so much with my dinner though.

"Richard. Come here."

The call from the bedroom sent a chill up my spine. My knees shook as I made my way up the stairs. I found Jane seated in front of the mirror brushing her hair. She had changed into a simple white blouse and full dark skirt. She had rolled the sleeves of the blouse to her elbows and a necklace rested elegantly about her neck. I stood in the doorway, unsure whether to speak. After what seemed an eternity, but couldn't have been more than a minute, Jane turned to face me.

"Come here Richard," she said pointing to a spot in front of her. I moved slowly to the place she indicated, become more anxious with each step. My heart fluttered and rose to my throat. My stomach was a tight knot. She had hardly spoken to me since my comment to Carol. Each time, she had called me "Richard." Normally she called me Rick, so I was undoubtedly in some kind of trouble. Jane rose to confront me. In her heels she was as tall as me, and maybe a little more so. As she spoke, nearly nose-to-nose with me, she seemed to grow even more, or maybe I was shrinking.

"Now that you've had some time to think about it, have you got any excuse for the way you behaved tonight?"

"I'm sorry, Jane. I just lose track of what comes out of my mouth sometimes."

“What! You embarrass me like that, and that’s all you can say for yourself? What about the way you grumbled through dinner? That was Carol’s fault too, I suppose?”

I stood there trembling, trying to stammer out some other explanation. I did manage to get out another “I’m sorry,” before Jane sat down again in exasperation.

“Richard, your behavior tonight was intolerable. If this was the first time, I might mark it up to a bad day at the office. But it’s not, and it’s about time I did something about it. Tonight you are going to get the spanking you’ve needed for a long time. If you’re going to act like a toddler, by God, I’m going to treat you like on.”

The wagging of her hairbrush, which until then I hadn’t noticed was still in her hand, emphasized her words. She set the brush in her lap and started to unfasten my belt.

“Jane!” I whined, reaching to remove her hands. She swiftly slapped my hands, scooped up her hairbrush, and delivered three sharp blows to the seat of my pants. Shock more than pain caused me to jump. A second or two later, I realized that the shock had combined with the effects of everything I had drunk that evening, and a small damp spot appeared on my pants. I desperately hoped Jane wouldn’t notice. Unruffled by brief resistance, Jane returned to her task. I knew better than to interfere again. She unbuckled my belt and undid the buttons closing my suit trousers and worked the zipper down.

Perspiration formed on my brow as I realized she had lowered my pants but not my underwear. As I debated what to do Jane lifted my shirttails to get at the waistband of my briefs.

“Richard!” My blood ran cold. “Just look at yourself!” Jane stood and grabbed my ear. She gave it a twist as she dragged me toward the bathroom. I nearly fell as I was forced to shuffle with my pants around my ankles

“I can’t believe you,” she said in disgust. She stood me in front of the toilet and sharply pulled down my underpants. “Go ahead. Let’s see if you can at least finish like a big boy. Does Mommy have to hold it so everything goes in the potty?”

“I can do it myself,” I grumbled. Her hairbrush connected with my backside.

“Don’t talk back. Go on then.” I tried to relax but nothing happened, I couldn’t go under the pressure of her watching me.

“Come along,” she said condescendingly, taking me by the ear once more. I shuffled along behind. Jane took her seat on the bed and placed a towel she had grabbed along the way across her lap. “Just in case you have any more accidents,” she said with a smirk. Color rose in my face again, but I was so shamed by this point that I offered no resistance as Jane took my wrist and pulled me across her lap. Whether from the cold air conditioning or from nerves, I felt a chill as Jane drew my shirt above my buttocks. I tensed as she rested the flat of the hairbrush there.

“Unbelievable. Just unbelievable. What a sight you are. A grown man about to get a spanking like a little boy. I suppose it should come as no surprise. After all, if you aren’t too

big to wet your pants, you certainly aren't too big to spank." I groaned in shame, feeling my blush go from my face all the way to my toes. She started to smack

"Honestly! Peeing your pants like a two-year-old. Was the little boy scared? Hmm?"

"Jane. It was just all that coffee and the surprise and..." I tried to argue back

"Quiet!" She punctuated the command with another stinging slap. "I'm speaking!" My mind raced, trying to come up with something acceptable to say without sounding like I was admitting I needed any pull-up like protection.

"There are going to be some changes around here. This may be the first spanking you get from me, but I can assure you it won't be the last. I'm sick and tired of your whining and complaining every time we go somewhere. Remember when we went shopping last week? All day long, 'Another dress shop? Do we have to? Is it time to go yet? Can't I go get a drink somewhere?' I had to practically drag you through the mall." Jane laid into me with ferocity. She beat a steady rhythm that increased in pace as she recalled our shopping trip. I cried out and my hand shot back to protect my tender backside. Jane simply grabbed my wrist, pushing it away and continued as if nothing had happened.

"But Honey..." Another thunderous smack silenced me.

"But Honeeeey," she mimicked. "Don't you Honey me, little man. 'Children should be seen and not heard.' Isn't that what you always say? If anyone is acting like a child, it's you. And since you insist on acting like a child, that's exactly the way I'm going to treat you, unless and until you can show me you know how to behave like a grown up." I had given up all pretense of strength by this point, and tears flowed from my eyes. I babbled incoherent apologies between cries of pain.

"For starters, you won't be going out anymore without me there to supervise you anymore. I heard all about your little creepy jokes to Carol. Do you have any idea how you embarrassed her? Do you have any clue how that affects me and my job? Well, how does it feel little boy? Do you still think spanking is funny? Are you going to be teasing Carol any more? Or are you going to continue to jeopardize my career?"

"No. No. NO!" I screeched, as Jane went to work on the backs of my thighs. I had thought there could be nothing worse than the fire in my bottom. Now I was ready to beg Jane to spank me on my ass again, just to stop the torture of my legs.

"And there isn't going to be anymore complaining when we go out. You are absolutely right. Children should be seen and not heard. And if that means I have to stick a pacifier in your mouth to stop your whining, by God, that's exactly what I'm going to do." Tears turned to sobs as I imagined the future unfolding before me. Although I still jumped as each smack sounded a deafening clap through the room, I no longer fought the spanking. I only wanted it to be over and to cry and beg Jane's forgiveness. Jane must have sensed my defeat. She stopped spanking and stroked my behind, shushing me and murmuring consoling words. Upon my heaving sobs turned to exhausted sniffles, Jane released my wrist and eased me

off her lap. I buried my face in her skirt and repeated again and again,

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I love you. I’m sorry.” Jane stroked my head and whispered, “Hush, Baby. Mommy loves you.”

The spanking had been fierce and full of anger. But it seemed that the affection Jane gave me now was as genuine and tender as any in our time together. I knew, without doubt, that she loved me and always would. That unreserved love coupled with the spanking that came before could only be described as motherly. I felt the punishment I received was as much for my own good as it was to satisfy Jane’s anger. Jane stood me up and gently steered me toward the bathroom. She dampened a washcloth with cool water and washed the tears from my face.

“Now, brush your teeth and go potty. Come back when you’re done, and I’ll tuck you in.” I could only nod as I reached for the toothbrush. Jane kissed me on the cheek and left me to it. I found my way back to the bedroom, a zombie on autopilot. I crawled into bed and quickly rolled onto my side when I realized sleeping on my back was out of the question with my stinging red cheeks. Jane pulled the covers up around my neck and bent down to kiss me. I noticed she was still dressed.

“Aren’t you coming to bed?” I asked.

“No, Sweetie. I have some things I need to do. I’ll be along in a little while. You go to sleep now. You’ve had a rough night.” With that she kissed me on the forehead and turned off the bedside lamp. I smiled as she walked towards the door, and I drifted off almost as soon as my head touched the pillow. I didn’t even notice when Jane closed the door, leaving just a crack to let in the light from the hall.

My dreams were filled with strange images. Jane was so tall. Everything was tall. I felt like I was the size of a small toddler. Strange mixes of scents, chocolate chip cookies and fresh baked bread mingled with Jane’s Chanel No. 5 and baby powder. Jane wore the outfit she had had on at dinner the night before. Around her waist she wore a crisp frilled apron. I stood looking up at her as she tended something on the stove, a large wooden spoon in her hand. Jane noticed me and turned. Her face bore an expression that was half frown, half amusement.

“Just look at you,” she said. I looked down to see splotches of mud all over me. My knees were scraped and my hands were filthy. There was a large dark stain on the front of my shorts.

“That’s what I get for sending you outside unsupervised,” she sighed. Jane grasped my shoulders and turned me around. Ushering me from the kitchen with a swat from the wooden spoon, she said, “Let’s go see if there’s a little boy under all that mud.”

Once in the bathroom, Jane started the bath water running. She lifted my arms up and pulled my shirt over my head then knelt down to take off my shoes. A curious frown played across her lips as she removed my socks. She unbuttoned my shorts, and her frown grew

deeper.

“This mud is mostly dry, but your shorts are soaked. Can you tell me why that is, hmm?” I didn’t know. I had no memories of anything but standing in that kitchen just seconds ago. All I could do was stand there shaking my head, my lower lip quivering. Jane pulled down my shorts, confirming what she already knew.

“And here I thought you were a big boy. Shame on you.” She had a scowl on her face, but did I detect a hint of a smile in her tone?

Jane skimmed down my underpants, picked me up, and plunked me down in the tub. She picked up my dirty clothes. When she got to the underpants, she made a face and gave me a sharp look. Jane knelt down and pushed her sleeves up. She dipped a washcloth in the water and soaped it heavily. She roughly applied it to my face and neck. I gasped and shook my head. Some suds got in my mouth, and I sputtered and spit to rid myself of the awful taste. Jane efficiently scoured me from head to toe. I did my best to ignore her but that was impossible she reached between my legs to wash my privates.

A quick shampoo and it was time to get out of the water. I begged to be allowed to play while Jane snapped open an enormous towel. In a tone that brooked no argument, Jane told me to stand up. She wrapped the towel around me, somehow gathering it up out of the water. She helped me out of the tub and onto the fluffy bath mat, where she briskly toweled me dry. Jane told me to wait right where it was as she rummaged through the closet. She emerged with a bright pink potty chair, which she set down in front of me.

“I want you to go potty before we get you dressed again,” she said firmly.  
“I’m too big to use that,” I said.

“You’re not too big to potty in your pants,” she replied.

“I’m not gonna use that potty. I won’t. I won’t.”

“Suit yourself,” she said, picking me up again. She carried me to the room I knew to be our guest room but when we entered, I saw it was decorated for a small boy. A single bed with a racing car bedspread was placed against the wall. A short rail hooked under the mattress. The room looked totally different  
A chest of drawers dominated another wall. There was a deep matching shelf mounted to the wall above. The chest was somewhat more than waist high on Jane. I could not understand the purpose of the strap that ran from front to back across the top of the dresser. Jane set me down atop the bureau and reached up to the shelf. Her hand came down with a folded white cloth. I knew immediately what she intended.

“No!” I screamed. Jane simply laid me on my back. I flailed about, kicking.

“No! No! No! You can’t! I’m a big boy!”

Jane snatched up my ankles and gave a stiff smack to my still damp bottom. I quieted down

immediately. I found out too what the strap was for when Jane secured it about my middle.

“I can and I will,” she stated. “I gave you a chance to use the potty, Mr. Wet Pants. Since you don’t want to use the potty like a big boy, you must want to be in diapers like a baby. But I’m not going to have you ruining your clothes or, God forbid, my furniture.”

“I’ll use the potty. I’ll go now. Please, I have to go potty.”

Jane pointedly ignored me. By this time, she already had the diaper under me and pouring a thick coating of baby powder over my, causing it to poof up in a little cloud

“I’ll be good I’ll use the potty. Please Mommy, I have to go!” (Mommy? Where did that come from? This was Jane, my wife!) She smiled down at me.

“Then we better get your diaper on quickly!,” she chuckled, pulling the cloth between my legs. She pinned the diaper snugly and reached up to get some plastic pants. Pink. Why did it have to be pink?

I started kicking again.

“I’m not a girl! I don’t wanna wear pink! Don’t put that on. I gotta go potty!”. She ignored my protests and Jane pulled on the plastic pants, slipping them over my bulging bottom. She unfastened the strap and stood me up. After checking to see the diaper was safely encased in the protective pants, Jane set me on the floor, gave a tap on the seat, and said, “There you go, Little One. All safe and dry.”

I ran for the bathroom. The knob was high but within reach. I tried to turn it, but it wouldn’t unlatch. Damn! I thought. Jane’s been telling me to fix this door. I turned and turned the knob. I even kicked the door a couple of times. Then I suddenly put both hands to the front of the plastic pants and squeezed. Tears welled up, and I wailed, “Oh no!”

---

“Richard!” Jane yelled. I bolted upright in the bed.

“Richard! Look what you’ve done. I thought you were a grown man. First, last night, you wet your pants, because you were ‘frightened.’ Now, you’ve wet the bed. You’re worse than a three-year-old. This bed is soaked.” I cringed under her onslaught. I couldn’t say a word. I sat there on the damp sheets thinking how right she was.

“Get up now. I’ve got to get this cleaned up before the mattress is ruined.”

“I’ll do it, Honey. It’s ...”

“Don’t ‘Honey’ me! Go in the bathroom and get out of those wet things. If you want to help, you can bring me some towels after you strip.” I went to the bathroom and put my wet things in the laundry, and gathered some towels before going back into the bedroom. Jane was getting the last of the bedding off. I could only stand and stare at the enormous wet stain. Jane took the towels and began dabbing at the mattress.



"I hope you didn't take all the towels. I'll have to clean you up next."

"No, Jane. There are still some more."

"Good. Now, go back in there and sit on the toilet. I don't need any more accidents." She looked at the bed again. "Though I can't imagine there's anything left." I went back to the bathroom to wait... And wait. Jane finally came in wearing her robe and threw her nightgown in the laundry. She started to run the bath.

"Don't you want to take a shower first, H..." She gave me a cold stare.

"I'll get my shower. But first, I have to wash a dirty little boy." I blushed a deep red.

"Did you potty?" she asked.

"No," I mumbled. "I don't have to."

"Uh huh. Well, you had better not do anything in the tub." I almost said something. This was just too much. But I figured it was best say anything that would make it worse. Jane bathed me quickly and efficiently. We had a small struggle when she insisted on washing my hair and got shampoo in my eyes. Her stern warning and a tap on my cheek settled me down. She made me sit on the toilet while she showered. I watched her naked form through the frosted glass doors. She took a towel and dried herself in the shower. She came out wrapped in the towel picking up another to dry her hair. She asked again whether I "used the potty." I hadn't. She clearly noticed of how I was hunched over with my hands in my lap.

"What's the matter, Sweetie?" she asked. "Does your tummy hurt?"

"No," I replied simply.

"Are you sure? You haven't made a poopie yet. I bet you'll feel much better if you do. Why don't you go ahead and try." She said in her lightly condescending tone.

"No," I said as firmly as I could manage. "I don't have to."

"Richard, you always make poopies in the morning. I've already had to clean you up twice with peepee accidents. I don't want to have to do it all over again with a messy one." I was mortified. She was treating me like a five-year-old who had forgotten his toilet training. Her words went straight through me, I agreed meekly to try. I thought Jane would leave to get dressed then. To my further humiliation she stood watching me, arms crossed. I turned an even brighter shade of red as I made an appearance of trying to push. I just couldn't bring myself to let loose in Jane's presence. After a few minutes, Jane decided nothing was going to happen.

"Come along. It's time we got dressed"

Jane took my hand and led me back to the bedroom. Instead of getting dressed herself, she went to my dresser. She pulled out a pair of my baggier shorts, a Mickey Mouse T-shirt we bought years ago on a trip to Disney World, a pair of little white socks I hadn't worn in ages, and white briefs rather than the colored ones I usually wore.

"There you are," she said, handing me the clothes. "Go on; get dressed. I'll be with you in a few minutes." I put on the ridiculous ensemble. My reflection in the mirror looked as silly as I felt. This was an outfit for a kid going to Disneyland. Jane poked her head around her closet door.

"Go downstairs and get yourself some breakfast. There's cereal in the cupboard. Don't make a mess." She said sternly. "Great", I thought. Could she have chosen anything to make me look more juvenile? glimpse of myself in the mirror on my way out the door. I silently moaned.

I went downstairs and looked through the cupboards. The only cereal we had was Fruit Loops, left over from when my nephew was here. I put the coffee on and fixed myself a bowl. While the coffee brewed, I sat down to eat. I thought the cereal was way too fruity and way too sweet. As I neared the end of the bowl, I was asking myself why we even kept this in the cupboards. Jane came in and poured herself a cup of coffee. I got up to fix one for myself. Jane slapped my hand as I went to pick up the pot.

"No coffee for you, Mister."

"Ow! But I always have coffee in the morning."

"But I always have coffee in the morning," she mocked my whining tone. She even stuck out her lower lip for good measure. "I think after last night, you need to cut back on the coffee." I sulked as she got up from the table. "Careful you don't trip over that lip," she said. I realized my own lip was sticking out, and I sucked it back quickly. Jane smiled as she went to the cupboard and pulled out a glass. "We're out of orange juice," I said as she opened the refrigerator. She shushed me as she busied herself. I could hear her pouring something, but I couldn't see it from my position. She emerged and set a large glass of milk in front of me. "But Jane, I hate milk."

"I know you're thirsty, and it's good for you. It'll make you grow up big and strong and keep your bones from getting brittle. Now, drink up, every drop." I slowly drank my milk, detesting every swallow.

"Come, come now, Richard. I haven't got all day. Finish your milk, quickly now."

I downed the remainder of the glass as fast as I could—a little too fast. A small stream of milk dribbled out the corner of my mouth. Jane shook her head at me when I put down the glass. She picked up her napkin and held it in front of my mouth, while her other hand cradled the back of my head. I looked at her, wondering what she was doing.

"Come on, spit," she said. I stared at her blankly. She shook the napkin to draw my attention to it. "Spit."

It dawned on me what she meant. I couldn't believe it, but the look in her eyes confirmed how serious she was. I spat onto the napkin and she wiped my mouth and chin roughly, then brushed a stray droplet from the front of my shirt.

"Come along, Richard," she said, standing up from the table and taking the breakfast dishes to the sink. "We have shopping to do. You can wash up when we get home."

"Okay. Just let me get dressed and we can go," I said.

"Dressed? You are dressed."

"I can't go out looking like this! Just let me go ..."

"You look fine. In fact, you're adorable. Now let's go."

"Okay, just give me a minute to change, and we can be on our way."

"I said, come along, Richard. We have a great deal to do today. You are dressed just fine. You look very cute. Now, let's go." Cute?? I hadn't been "cute" in thirty years. Cute was the last thing I wanted to be. Handsome, yes. Sexy, of course. But cute? No, absolutely not. Jane grabbed my hand and was pulling me out the door before I knew what was happening.

"Jane, can't I just ..."

"Now, Richard!" I couldn't remember the last time Jane spoke to me like that. She was in complete control of the situation. She clearly was having no argument. We entered the garage and headed toward my car. Jane snatched my wrist and pulled me away.

"We'll take my car today." I shrugged. I always welcomed the opportunity to drive Jane's BMW. I put my free hand on the driver's door handle, and Jane slapped it.

"Hey!" I cried.

"Not today. We have a lot to do, and we don't need to be making a bunch of your famous side trips. I'll drive."

"But I always drive."

"And don't whine."

"I'm not whining."

"Uh huh. Get in," she said coldly, pointing to the passenger side. I walked around and got in the other side. I silently grumbled to myself and slammed the door. Jane gave me a hard look. Okay. I liked to stop for a quick snack or poke around the computer shop while we were out. But that's just efficient time management. Right? I crossed my arms sulking a little as Jane backed out of the garage. Our short drive ended at the mall. Definitely not my

favorite place to spend a Saturday. We got out of the care and started toward the entrance. Jane was several yards ahead when she turned around. She stalked back to me. She gave a sharp smack to my backside and snatched up my wrist.

“Don’t dawdle.” I quickly scanned the parking lot for familiar faces, praying nobody noticed. I glared at Jane all the way to the doors. The mall bustled with a crowds of customers, the shoppers all dressed casually but smartly, making me acutely aware of my own costume.

Jane released my wrist and turned me to face her. She looked me over and smoothed a stray hair down on my head. Satisfied, she addressed me, “I know you get bored when I’m shopping, and I don’t want you whining and making things difficult.” I opened my mouth, but she held up a finger. “So I want you to go down to the computer store and look around. I know that will keep you busy for quite a while. If you get thirsty, you may go to the food court and have lemonade or something, but nothing with caffeine. And don’t eat anything. I don’t want you spoiling your lunch with a bunch of junk food. Understand?”

I blushed and prayed nobody was hearing this conversation. “Yes, Jane,” I moaned.

“Good boy. Now, scoot. I have things to do.”

She gave me a gentle swat on the behind, sending me on my way. I wandered down the wide hall, glancing in the shops. I saw a suit that looked nice. I made a mental note to come back. I wandered into a few stores before eventually finding a computer store. This really was my primary interest, and I’d happily sent days mindlessly milling around with little wires and circuit boards. I looked at my watch and was started to see I had been in the shop for the better part of two hours so figured I had better go down to the food court in case Jane was looking for me. I got there and saw she was nowhere to be found. I decided to have that drink. I remembered Jane’s caffeine warning, and lemonade did sound good. I went over to the corndog stand—They always made the best lemonade—and ordered large one. I also ordered a hotdog. I was getting hungry, and I knew one would only take the edge off and still leave plenty of room.

I put a little line of mustard along the hotdog and took it and the lemonade to the first empty table I could find. The lemonade was cool and not too sweet. It really hit the spot. I gobbled down the hotdog as fast as I could. I didn’t need another argument with Jane about ruining my appetite with junk food. I sucked down the rest of the lemonade and took my trash to the bin. I pushed it through the slot and brushed away a couple of crumbs from my shirt. I looked around. Still no sign of her. I decided to head back toward where we had parted. I wandered into the shop where we had left each other and looked around the fragrance islands and through the women’s department. No Jane. I moved on to lingerie.

“May I help you?” a voice came from behind me.

I turned sharply. I may have jumped. “Uh ... No, thank you. I was just looking for someone.” What is it about the lingerie department that makes a man so nervous? She sales lady looked me up and down. “Mm Hmm,” she murmured with a tone that implied she didn’t believe me. “Well, if I can help you find anything, please let me know.”

“Thank you,” I said, and I hastily retreated out of that section.

Jane must have gone on to another store. I made my way back down the mall, peering into shops I knew she liked to visit but still, I did not find her. Finally, arriving back at the food court, I spotted her on the far side. She was looking about, craning her neck and standing on tiptoe. Our eyes met, and hers turned to steel. We approached each other on the perimeter of the tables.

“Where have you been? I’ve been looking all over for you,” she barked.

“Honey, please. I was just looking for you too.” I kept my voice to just above a whisper, hoping she would lower hers. Several people nearby had stopped eating to watch.

“I told you, you could go to computer store and then come here. I did not give you permission to go gallivanting all over the mall without me. How was I to know where you were? I was worried sick!” I shrank. She sounded more like my mother than my wife. More people were staring, the men looking embarrassed for me, the women not hiding their amusement.

“And what’s this?” She pointed to the mustard stain on my shirt. Clearly a little bit that dripped off the Hotdog from earlier “I told you not to eat anything; you’d spoil your lunch.”

“Err ...” I said, thinking as fast as I could. “Um, some kid bumped into me.”

“Oh, really,” she said flatly. I turned cold. “I suppose he bumped into your mouth too.”

“Huh?”

She opened her purse and pulled out a tissue. “Spit.”

I knew what she wanted this time. I peeked at the onlookers who were trying not to giggle. I spit on the tissue with as much dignity as I could muster. Jane wiped the corner of my mouth and held the tissue up for my inspection. A bright yellow streak was unmistakable.

“Well ... See ...” “We’ll discuss this later. Come along.” She started off. At least, she didn’t pull me along by the hand this time.

“Where are we going?”

“Home.”

“Home? Didn’t you find anything you liked?” I asked, as she had no bags. “I did. I put them in the trunk before I had to go looking for you.”

“Oh,” I said, not feeling any better that this trip was nearly over. The palpable silence of the ride home ended when Jane slammed her car door shut. I slowly got out on my side.

“Go to your room.” Her voice nearly shook with anger.

“Jane ...”

“Not a word. Go. I’ll be with you as soon as I put the things I bought away.”

I slunk past her. I don’t know why, but I felt that if I made one false move, she would slap me. I continued to the bedroom and waited there as minute after minute went by. Racking my brain as to what excuse I could give Jane to explain why I had that hotdog then tried to hide it. The more I thought about it the more indignant I became. I’m a grown man, after all. I can have a hotdog when I feel like it. I had just decided to go out and tell her just that when she walked in.

My bravado sank even faster than my stomach when I saw the look on her face. Jane was livid. “How dare you? You stood there and lied to my face. You actually stood there with mustard all over your face and told me a little boy bumped into you. It’s bad enough that you disobeyed me. But to lie about it? When you are covered with the evidence? I’d say the only little boy is the one I’m looking at right now. Your five year old nephew wouldn’t even try that one. What have you got to say for yourself? Anything? Come on, let’s hear it. This had better be good.”

“Well ... I was kinda hungry ... uh ... and you said ... but it was just one ... and I thought ...”

“You thought? You thought? Oh, really. Just what did you think, little man?”

“I ...uh ... thought one little hotdog wouldn’t hurt my appetite ...”

“You thought what I didn’t know wouldn’t hurt you. That’s what you thought. Isn’t it?”

I shifted uncomfortably. I shook. I couldn’t look her in the eye. I already knew I was caught, but now I felt like it. I felt guilty and embarrassed. I felt ashamed. The emotions were powerful. But still I couldn’t admit it.

“Isn’t it?” A lump caught in my throat. It was the words piling up there. Part of me wanting to let them pour out, another part wanting to maintain my pride and force them down. I trembled as I nodded, never taking my eyes from the floor. I knew if I looked at Jane, I would break down in tears.

“You knew you weren’t supposed to eat anything, didn’t you?” I nodded. “But you did it anyway, didn’t you?” Nod.

“And you tried to keep it from me, didn’t you?” I bit my lip and nodded again. “And you got caught, didn’t you?”

I nodded again, fighting harder against the rising wetness in my eyes. “And you lied to me, didn’t you?” Nodding, the first tear rolled down my cheek. Jane took my chin between her

thumb and forefinger and forced me to look at her. Jane's face was fuzzy around the edges due to the tears in my eyes, but there was no mistaking the determination in hers. "You deliberately disobeyed me and made up that cock and bull story to cover your tracks, isn't that so?"

A sob escaped my lips and my nose started to run. Tears flowed freely. I squeaked something that we both knew meant "yes."

"You have been a very naughty boy, Richard, and I am very, very disappointed in you." Her simple words hurt me deeply.

"You're behavior today is absolutely unacceptable. Disobedience is one thing and certainly bad enough. But I will not have you lying to me. There is no excuse for that. Imagine. A supposedly grown man making up fibs when he gets caught like a three year old with his hand in the cookie jar. I'm very hurt that you felt you couldn't be honest with me." I stood there feeling smaller and smaller, hoping that I would actually shrink and disappear. I wept freely. Why did I even do it? "I'm sorry," I squeaked.

"Sorry you got caught you mean. Something is going to have to be done about this. I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you, Richard. I can't have you lying to me. I just won't have it."

"Yes, Ma'am," I whimpered. I was ready to beg her to punish me, just to get it over with. It couldn't possibly be worse than the way I felt just then.

"Good boy," she said. "Maybe you really are starting to feel sorry. I can assure you, though. By the time I am finished with you, you will be." A chill ran through me. Yet, I felt better hearing that tiny bit of praise.

"Go to the corner and wait there. I'll be right back." I would have run to the corner had the distance not been so short. I soon heard water running in the bathroom. A few minutes later, I heard Jane's footsteps behind me.

"Pants down. I want to have a look while it's still pale pink." I knew she wanted my bottom bare. I did not waste time trying to leave my underpants in place. I sled them down with my shorts. As soon as I did, Jane landed a stinging swat. I shot upright, my mouth agape. She reached around and shoved the well-lathered bar of soap right into my mouth.

"You can stay like that for a few minutes and think about how bad a lie should taste. Don't you dare take it out of your mouth, or it will be your lunch." I stood there doing my best to keep my tongue away from the soap. I sure didn't want to swallow any. It started to slip and I clamped down with my teeth. I got a good taste and had to fight gagging. The saliva I dared not swallow flowed out of my mouth around the bar. Pretty soon, I had foamy suds dripping down my chin and onto my shirt.

My shirt was quite damp, and I was quite miserable when Jane came back. "Alright, I think you've learned that part of your lesson. You were a very good boy for holding it so long,

though it looks like I should have gotten a bib on you first.” I’m not sure if my moan was out loud or just in my head. “I think it would be best if you spit that out in the sink. Go on now.” I shuffled to the bathroom, my shorts bunched around my knees. Jane followed. I would have sworn I heard her giggle. I spat out the bar avoiding vomiting but not without swallowing some suds. I grabbed a paper cup from the holder and started to fill it. Jane gently but quickly took it from my hand.

“No. I think you should wait till after the next part of your punishment is over before you rinse. It will help you remember. Now, back to the bedroom. Scoot.” She gave me another swat.

Jane passed me as we entered the bedroom again. She sat down on a chair in the corner of the room. I stopped in front of her and waited for the spanking I knew was coming. I thought she was getting her hairbrush. Instead she unfolded a disposable diaper on her lap. It was huge.

Jane looked up and saw I was staring at her lap. “I see you are wondering about this,” she said rustling the diaper. “I bought these while you were at the computer store ...or maybe while you were having your little snack.”

I winced.

“I thought they might come in handy for the little problem you’ve been having.” My shame deepened, and my face flushed with embarrassment.

“And I don’t need any accidents ruing those clothes.” I groaned as she added to my humiliation. I watched her reach toward the dressing table. This time she did pick up the hairbrush.

“Come on then. I think you know what comes next.” I did. Resigned to my fate and needing Jane’s forgiveness, I laid myself across her diaper protected lap. She slid her hand under me to make sure I was arranged to maximize the effectiveness if the diaper in the event I failed to control my bladder. She hitched up my t-shirt above the small of my back and wrapped her arm around my waist. The remnants of the soap in my teeth continued to melt while I steeled myself for what was to come.

“It hurts me deeply that I have to do this. I aim to impress upon you just how much it hurts. Don’t be afraid to cry, because I won’t be stopping until I’m sure you are sincerely sorry. Do you understand me?”

“Yes Ma’am,” I uttered, a bit of foam leaking out.

“Good.” WHACK.

I gasped. Jane’s onslaught began. It was hard from the very first spank. Smack after smack rained down on my bottom. It didn’t take long before I was crying hard, pleading my sorrow. Apologies bubbled from my mouth, while soap bubbles fell to the floor. Over and over she



recounted my crimes: eating when I was told not to, not staying where I belonged. Lying! She punctuated her words with sharp smacks to my bottom. Fire burned in the spot where I sit. I knew I would not be using it for a while. It went on and on.

“You will learn, little boy, that when Mommy tells you to do something you will do it. And if Mommy says no, she means no.”

“Yes Mommy. I understand Mommy. I’m sorry Mommy. Please Mommy, no more. I’ll be good,” I sobbed and begged and pleaded.

The end was as sudden and the beginning. The sudden stop only drew attention to the deep sting in my lower cheeks and along the backs of my legs. Tears and snot and soap suds mingled in little puddles beneath my face. I lay limp over Jane’s lap.

“SSSShhhhhhhhhh. That’s it let it out. Mommy loves you. I know you’re sorry. And I know you are a good boy. You just need a reminder to help you be good sometimes, don’t you?” I nodded, too much of a wreck to speak. Jane let me cry myself out. She rubbed my back and gently stroked my bruised bottom. All the while telling me how much she loved me and praising me for accepting my punishment like a big boy. When I calmed sufficiently, she helped me to my feet.

“Looks like I had better get another one of these before I put you down for a nap,” she said. I looked down and, to my shame, saw the yellow stain on the diaper. It was impossible and I blushed from head to foot and lowered my head. But Jane reassured me.

“It’s okay, Honey. I know you couldn’t help it. That was a hard spanking, and you haven’t used the potty since we left this morning. Why don’t you go rinse your mouth out while I get things ready for your nap?” I nodded weakly and walked to the bathroom. Halfway there I realized I was walking. I must have kicked my shorts off during the spanking. I rinsed my mouth again and again. At times, I wasn’t sure if it was making it better or worse. When I felt I had done as well as I was going to, I went back to the bedroom. I found the bed turned down and a diaper waiting for me. I stared at it.

“Go ahead and lie down, Sweetie. I just want to be certain there aren’t any repeat performances. You can understand that, can’t you?” she asked sweetly.

“I guess,” I said, lying down and positioning myself on the waiting pad.

“That’s my good boy,” she said, smiling as she pulled the diaper up between my legs. “You’ll sleep better knowing you won’t wet the bed this way.” I don’t know if I was tired or her logic was flawless, but I couldn’t argue with it. Jane slipped off her skirt blouse and hose and climbed into bed beside me. She cradled my head and stroked my hair.

“All is forgiven now, my sweet little man,” she whispered. “Just to show you, Mommy has a treat for you.” She opened her bra and slipped her nipple between my lips. I began sucking without thinking. I really was exhausted from the whole experience. It wasn’t till I woke up that I realized Jane had been wearing a nursing bra.

---

I woke refreshed. My sleep had been filled with dreams of soft scents and billowy cushions. I could not remember a better night's rest. I stretched and rolled onto my back, when I was struck by the sensation of dampness around my bottom. The events of last night began to unfold. The spanking, the soap, wetting on Jane's diaper covered lap, falling asleep as I nursed at her breast.

I was beginning to worry about how far Jane was planning to carry this. I had behaved badly with Carol, sure, but this was more than getting even. There was a change in Jane that I could not explain. These childish punishments were humiliating. Still, I had never felt so close to her. Something about this seemed so ... right. What was going on?

"Good morning, Sleepyhead," Jane startled me out of my reverie. "How did my Sweetie sleep."

I blushed, having wet a little in the surprise of Jane's intrusion into my thoughts. Jane sat down on the edge of the bed and kissed my forehead gently. Another more loving kiss was planted on my lips. I embraced her and was caught up in the moment, when I felt her fingers slide inside the waistband of my diaper. I broke the kiss and turned away, hoping I wouldn't cry.

"It's okay, Sweetheart. That's what diapers are for. Let Mommy help you get that off." She slid the bedclothes down, exposing me. She unfastened the diaper and smiled. I blushed. There was no denying my enjoyment of her ministrations.

"I think my baby needs a bath. He stinks," she said laughingly. She stood me up and gently pushed me in the direction of the bathroom.

"My, my. Such a red bottom. Are you getting a rash, Sweetness?" she giggled. I frowned at her. She knew damn well why my bottom was red. The bath felt great, especially the way she washed me. We could both feel my erection growing as she carefully rubbed my privates. She threw some of my nephew's tub toys in the water and told me to play while she got some things ready. Warning me not to get any water on the floor. I sat and looked at the toys for a few minutes wondering what to do. Eventually, I picked up a boat and started pushing it around. I pushed the submarine under the water, sneaking up on the boat and ramming it from underneath. I picked up a cup and started pouring water on top of the boat, trying to sink it. Pretty soon, I was making tidal waves in the tub.

Jane chose that moment to come back. My last tidal wave sloshed over the side and splashed her shoes. She was not pleased. I looked up at her and gave her a weak smile.

"I think it's time for you to get out," she said, her anger barely under control. Jane pulled a towel from the cupboard and told me to stand up. She dried me roughly and sent me to the bedroom with a swift swat on my behind. There were clothes laid out on the bed. These were my regular clothes, and I breathed a small sigh of relief to know we would be getting back to normal. I moved toward the bed to get dressed. Jane stopped me abruptly.

"I don't think so. Those clothes are for somebody who's grown up and mature, not for somebody who can't be trusted to take a bath without making a mess. We'll have to find you something more appropriate, won't we?"

"Awww, Jane. I was just having a little fun."

"So, it's fun making a mess of the bathroom and getting my shoes wet, is it? Let's see how fun you think this is." She grabbed my wrist and headed for her vanity chair. Her other hand snatched the towel from my waist.

"No, pleeeeeease! Not another spanking. I'm sorry. I'll clean it up. I'll be good."

"Oh, you will be good. And you will clean up your mess," she growled. "But not before I teach you a lesson about minding what Mommy says."

She snatched up her hairbrush and brought it crashing down on my soft and tender backside. Sitting in the water all that time made me especially sensitive. It was only a matter of seconds before I was crying loudly with tears rolling down my cheeks. When my bottom was blazing red and my cries were no longer intelligible Jane put down the hairbrush and sent me to the corner.

"Now let's see what fashionable clothes the bad little boy will be wearing today." I could hear Jane rummaging around the room. I didn't dare turn to look. "I think this will do for now. Come on, little one." I turned around and she was holding a diaper in one hand and a pink and white striped top that belonged to her in the other. The top had lap shoulders and looked very sexy on her but when she put it on me, it did not even come down to the top of the diaper, making me look like an over-grown toddler.

"Now you will get in that bathroom, young man, and you will not just wipe up the mess you made. You will scrub the entire bathroom from top to bottom. You had better do a good job of it too, because you aren't getting any breakfast until I'm satisfied. Is that clear?"

"Yes, Jane," I said meekly.

"Yes what?"

"Yes ... Mommy."

"Much better. Now get in there and get to work."

I shuffled back to the bathroom, my head hung in shame. What was I thinking? I wasn't, obviously. I looked at the puddles on the floor and sighed at my stupidity. I took the discarded towel Jane had used to dry me and mopped up the excess water. I filled the sink with hot water and took the tub and tile cleaner from beneath it. For the next hour, I sprayed and scrubbed, sprayed and scrubbed. I made sure every crevice around the toilet was as clean as could be. The way things were going lately, I half expected Jane to come back with a white glove. I had emptied and wipe out the sink and was looking around to be sure everything

sparkled when Jane came in. She stood with her arms folded and slowly looked about, nodding.

“Acceptable,” she said. “I expect you to keep it this way. Is that clear?”

“Yes, J ...” I stopped myself, not knowing if things had changed that much. “Mommy.” The faintest trace of a grin formed around Jane’s mouth.

“Good boy,” she said, stepping over to me. “Now come eat your breakfast before it gets cold.” She took my hand and guided me out of the bathroom, giving me a few pats on the bottom as I passed in front of her. I got down to the table to find it set with a large bowl of oatmeal and a tall glass of milk.

“But Jane, I don’t like oatmeal.”

“Now, now, it’s good for you. Boys your age need to keep regular. Be a good boy and sit down.” As I sat down, Jane picked up the dish towel that was lying on the table and proceeded to tie it around my neck.

“What are you doing?” I asked, not a little shocked.

“That’s my shirt you’re wearing. I want to make sure it stays clean”. I couldn’t really argue with her logic. Well, I could, but it didn’t seem a very good idea at the moment. I stared down into the bowl of gray goo with the little square of butter melting on top.

“But there’s so much,” I said looking up at her.

“Don’t whine,” she said curtly. Then taking a more soothing tone, she suggested, “If you promise to eat it all, I’ll put some brown sugar on it, how’s that?”

“Okay,” I sighed, still not thrilled at the idea. Jane cleared her throat. “Uh ...yes, Mommy,” I stammered hurriedly.

“Mm hmm,” she nodded, going to the cupboard. Jane returned and sprinkled a little brown sugar in the cereal.

“More please?” I asked, giving her my best puppy dog eyes. She thought about it for a moment. “Alright,” she conceded and stirred a little more in. “But that’s all.” I would have liked more, but I wasn’t going to push my luck. Jane turned the spoon to me and urged me to eat up. By the time I had eaten half the bowl, I was getting full. It wasn’t too bad with the sugar, but I still didn’t like it. I was eating slower and slower. When the bowl was two-thirds empty I couldn’t make myself take another bite.

Jane set her coffee down. “Come, come, come, you promised to eat it all gone.”

“I can’t. I’m full. ... Is there any more coffee?”

“Not until you finish your breakfast. Now, eat,” she said firmly. I sullenly picked up the spoon again, but I couldn’t bear the thought of one more mouthful. I dropped the spoon into the bowl.

“Fine,” Jane huffed. She picked up the spoon in one hand and took my chin in the other. Before I had a chance to ask what she was doing, Jane shoved the spoon in my mouth. Shocked nearly to the point of panic, I swallowed and coughed. I opened my mouth to speak, only to have it filled with oatmeal again. Jane’s pace was furious. Between her feeding me faster than I could swallow and my struggling to avoid any more, my face and the dishtowel were soon dotted oatmeal. It was over as quickly as it started. I stared down at the now empty bowl, trying to catch my breath.

“Just look at you,” Jane said with disgust. “It’s a good thing I put your bib on you. Now drink your milk ... and use two hands. I don’t want you making an even bigger mess.”

“Can’t I have some coffee now? I ...” Jane gave me a chilling look. I turned back to the milk. I may have pouted as I picked it up ... with both hands.

“That’s a good boy,” she said, taking the bowl and spoon away. She rinsed them while I worked on the overly large glass of milk. I didn’t dare stop drinking. I set the empty glass down, gasping.

“There we go. All done,” Jane said cheerily. The next thing I knew, Jane was scrubbing my face vigorously with a damp cloth. “There. All clean and shiny, with a full tummy, ready to face the new day.” I blushed and considered muttering something. Jane talked to me as if I were more four than forty. I got up feeling terribly bloated.

“Can I have some coffee now?”

“Grammar, darling,” Jane intoned. “It’s ‘MAY I have some coffee please, Mommy?’ Now, you try it.” Trying not to clench my jaw in anger, I asked again, “MAY I have some coffee now please ... Mommy?”

“Watch your tone with me, young man,” she said, wagging a finger at me. “And no, you may not have a cup of coffee. You’ve been drinking far too much lately, and it makes you irritable.” Irritable! I’ll give you irritable! I thought. I was about to open my mouth when Jane stuck her fingers inside the diaper. All I could do was stare at her.

“Still dry? Good. Let’s see if we can find you some pants to go with your top.” She turned away, expecting me to follow. I stood there fuming. She had taken a few steps, not even considering the possibility that I wouldn’t tag right along. Enough was enough.

“I am NOT a baby,” I shouted. I blushed a little, realizing I stamped my foot at the same time, but I determined to hold my ground. Jane turned, her eyebrow raised. Her gaze traveled up and down my body, stopping briefly at my waist. She glanced over at the dish towel on the table, eyeing the oatmeal stains. My eyes followed hers. I was beginning to weaken.

“Oh, really?” she said, giving me a cold hard stare. “Who had to be spoon-fed his breakfast this morning? Who was such a messy eater he needed a bid? Who made a mess playing with his toys in the bathtub?” Jane came closer and closer with each question.

“But ... but ... but ...” I wasn’t holding so firm.

“And who,” she asked standing right in front of me, “woke up with wet pampers this morning, hmm?”

“But you made me wear them,” I whined.

“I didn’t make you wet them, did I?”

“No. But ...”

“And why did I make you wear them?” My resolve was almost gone now.

“Be ... because I ... wet myself,” I finally whispered, my head hanging down.

“That’s right. And now I think you need a time out to think about this little outburst.” She took my hand and dragged me to the corner of the living room.

“You can just stand there for the next hour and think about whether that little tantrum was worth it. And don’t you dare take your nose out of that corner.”

Jane gave a sharp swat to my padded bottom and left me to my thoughts. There were certainly enough of them. I was mad that she was treating me like a child. On the other hand, I had been acting like one. At least, it could look that way. But how could I be expected to act grown up when I am running around in a diaper? And the spankings! I hadn’t been spanked since I was ten. Now I was beginning to lose count. Yet I suppose I couldn’t say that I didn’t deserve them.

The clock slowly ticked. Another thought entered my head. Not so much a thought, really, as a feeling. I had been up for the better part of two hours now, and I had that big glass of milk. That feeling pressed itself closer and closer to the front of my thoughts as my bladder was sending signals of needing relief. I was going to have to do something about it soon.

“Uh ... Jane ... Mommy?” I said tentatively. I knew she was in the room, I could hear the rustling of her newspaper as she turned the pages.

“Aren’t you supposed to be thinking?”

“I ... uh ... have to go to the bathroom.”

“Do you now? And you said you aren’t a baby. Surely a big boy like you can hold it for one little hour. I think you should stay there and show me what a big boy you are.”

“I let my head droop into the corner. There wasn’t going to be any convincing her soon. I

continued to contemplate what had happened over the last couple of days. How had things gotten to this point? Was my behavior that much worse than usual? It didn't seem so to me. Jane had always been a force of nature, but what had turned her from my beautiful sexy wife into a stern but loving mother? I had to admit that she was loving ... when she wasn't punishing me. It felt good. More than that, it felt right somehow. I had never felt closer to Jane than last night when she held me in her arms nursing me to sleep. This was getting very weird. The urgency in my bladder continued to grow, making it difficult to come to grips with these strange feelings. I felt very full, and I had to concentrate on holding it back. Clamping down on one particularly bad spasm, I farted and realized that I was soon going to have another problem.

"Mommy? ... I have to go ... really bad," I said, all but clenching my teeth.

"Not yet, Honey. Five more minutes. You can make it. You're a big boy. You said so yourself." Her voice was sympathetic but resolute.

"But Mommy ..." I pleaded.

"Five more minutes." That was the end of that. Jane was bound and determined that the punishment would be carried through for the whole hour. I knew from her tome that arguing would only make matters worse. I concentrated on proving I wasn't a baby. Five more minutes. Five more minutes. It's not that long. You can make it. It's no time at all. No problem. But it was a problem. The contractions in my bladder were coming closer and stronger. I was farting more and more. The last five minutes had to have lasted an hour in themselves. By the end, I wasn't even pretending not to do a little peepee dance.

"Alright, little man. I hope you thought hard about the way you were acting. I don't want any more tantrums out of you. You won't be very happy if I see one again. Now let's go upstairs and take your diaper off so you can go potty."

I would have run for the bathroom, but each step was agony. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, the worst spasm yet sent me to my knees. Putting all my effort in to staunching the flow, I forgot about my other problem. Along with the fart, I felt a tiny bit of mess pushing itself into the diaper. Flabbergasted, I quickly shut down the back door. My bladder took advantage of my momentary distraction to seek relief. And relief it got. There was no stopping it now. I could only kneel there in disbelief.

As the flood became a trickle, I became aware of Jane by my side. Mortified, I looked up at her. She looked down at me with a look that was part sympathy, part disappointment, and part I-told-you-so. I was devastated. Tears welled up in my eyes.

"I'm just a baby," I wailed.

Jane knelt down beside me. "I know, Baby. It's okay. It's okay. Mommy will take care of you."

Jane rubbed my back, as I sobbed. She cooed soothing things in my ear, and I was soon settled down enough to listen to her.

“Okay, Honey. Let’s get you upstairs and out of that wet diaper. I think you better crawl, I’m afraid of what might happen if you stand up.” I didn’t think. I just started crawling up the stairs. The pendulous weight between my legs reminded me of my shame. I dripped tears all the way to the bathroom. I was defeated. I was a baby, a bad baby. I deserved to be treated like this.

Jane directed me to get in the tub. I stood up mechanically and stepped in, feeling even more the weight of the sodden diaper and the load inside. I stood motionless, as Jane released the top tapes. The diaper slid off my hips and came to rest between my ankles with a sickening plop. Jane gasped. I thought I detected a giggle, as she spied the present I left in the seat. I was too numb to care. I stood there and wept.

Jane hugged me gently and murmured reassurances. “It’s alright, Sweetie. All babies wet and make poopies in their diapers. That’s what they’re there for. It’s okay.”

She lifted my feet out of the diaper, one at a time. She dumped the diaper into a little bin, while she had me hold the shirt out of the way while washed me gently, all the time assuring me that Mommy would make it all better. When I was clean again, Jane guided me to the bedroom and onto the bed. Still stunned, I lay still as she placed a fresh diaper beneath me. She rubbed pink lotion into my skin, followed by sweet-smelling baby powder. She hummed something familiar by unrecognized, and she soon had the diaper taped securely around my middle. Jane gently instructed me to get under the covers, and she would be right back. I meekly complied. I was mentally exhausted. Jane returned and lay down next to me. I curled up into her arms.

“You just take a nap, Sweetheart. You’ve had a busy morning.”

I was happy to obey. I drifted off, wondering where she got the baby bottle that slipped between my lips. I guess this was my life now, and it was just something I would get used to.