

Mommy's Little Landlord

by Cowkites

Being a landlord means being responsible. John knew that much when he accepted the position. What he didn't consider was how social it would require him to be as well. It seemed like every time he'd leave his apartment there would be someone in need of his help. Not that he minded. That was John's job after all. It did help that the residents in the complex were older, kind women with far too much affection on their hands. For someone like John, at times it could be heaven. Something to give him cause to daydream at least. Which happened more often the longer he was a landlord. It would've been problematic at any other job, but not there.

John was an adult-baby. He wasn't open about it; in fact, he kept that information about himself a secret. It wasn't something he was overly ashamed of, he just didn't lead the kind of life that allowed him to explore that side of himself. Not until he started work as a landlord at least. The women in the complex stirred feelings within John that turned his longing into a strong aching desire. It, combined with the stress of the job, made his interactions with the residents a bit hard at first; but they seemed to enjoy when John would get flustered. Hazel Rush, the older woman that lived in the unit next to John, especially enjoyed John's company and would often ask for favors or help about the apartment. John never minded. The woman was incredibly sweet and would often tease John for his age. Just in his early twenties, he was the youngest person in the complex by a decade or two. Hazel certainly made him feel his age if not even younger.

"Oh, John...aren't you tired?" She'd often ask him. "Isn't it about time for your nap, little boy?" She'd tease in a sweet voice that would send a shiver down the length of John's body. "I bet you sleep with a little teddy bear, don't you? Must be hard tucking yourself in every night."

Hazel's words would often echo in John's mind late at night. In the dark emptiness of his room, John's mind would finally wander to his desires. He would imagine Hazel talking to him just like she always would, only then he would have a teddy bear. In his fantasies, Hazel would tuck him in and care for him. She'd tease and play and John couldn't contain his excitement. He'd touch himself to those thoughts and in those moments he'd feel truly happy; though the moment after he'd finish, a guilt would wash over him. The very same guilt he'd feel the next day when he'd see Hazel again. Still, Hazel's teasing, combined with her sweet nature, quickly made her one of John's favorite residents. Despite the guilt he felt, John would often stop by just to check on her. It was on such a check-in that Hazel offered John a gift.

"I'll be leaving soon. I'm moving out of town. But I can't leave without telling you that you're the only one here that's ever looked out for me, John. You're such a sweet boy and you deserve the

best. You really do." As Hazel spoke, she reached into her pocket and pulled from it an old jeweled necklace. "This necklace is special. Like you. I want you to wear it for me. To remember me...but also, to experience it's magic. I know how it sounds, but this necklace can help you live your deepest desires. For a time at least."

John took the necklace without question. Hazel had always been kind to him so, while he was skeptical about the magical properties, John kept his doubts to himself. "Thank you, Hazel. This is a lovely gift."

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Hazel replied. "I know it might not seem like much, but it will help you see the nature of your true self. That's something we all need from time to time."

Hazel smiled and gave John a warm hug. It was a bittersweet moment, knowing that Hazel would leave; but John knew the way of the world. That things come and things go. That being said, John put the necklace on without a second thought. If there was any magic in it, John didn't feel anything. Perhaps if he had seen the way it shimmered in the light when he first pulled it over his head, John might have thought otherwise; instead, John bid Hazel goodbye and left her apartment to return to the rest of his duties before eventually heading to his own apartment to end the day.

That night, John slept with the necklace on his bedside table. The brilliant green jewel shimmered in the darkness. It's light illuminated John's form as it peered deep within his mind. John's dreams took shape into some of the most erotic and powerful dreams he had ever experienced. For the first time in years, John had a wet dream. In the morning, he would feel a great deal of embarrassment before rushing about his day; but then and there under the jewel's glow, John truly felt happy. Little did he know that the dreams were just the beginning and that the necklace had far more in store...

The next morning, John readied himself to leave the apartment. He threw on his clothes along with the necklace Hazel had given him. It wasn't the most fashionable thing for a man like him, but it brought him comfort and that was enough for John. After he was ready, John checked his messages to see if the tenants needed any of his help. They, of course, did and so John's first stop was Alicia Perez in unit 2D. Alicia was a kind woman that seemed to be more of a homebody than most of the other residents. John was unsurprised when Alicia answered the door almost immediately. No doubt she had expected him the moment she had sent the email.

"Hello, John! How are you, love?" Alicia greeted him, warm as ever. The older woman wrapped her arms around John and gave him a hug.

"I'm well. Thanks, Alicia," replied John, his voice warbled as he spoke. He had always found Alicia attractive and, while he would never act on his desires, that made hugs from her a little awkward for poor John. "You uh...you said something was going on with your sink?"

Alicia released John. She then stepped to the side and pointed into the kitchen where the sink in question was. "It's draining poorly and sputters when it goes down. I tried to clean the pipes but it's no use."

John nodded. "Hopefully it's something easy enough." He entered the kitchen and set his things down on the tile in front of the cabinets. With his back to Alicia, John opened the cabinets beneath the sink and began to clean them out. "This might take me awhile, but I'll try and keep quiet. Sorry if tha--" John turned back to see that Alicia stood behind him, a wry grin on her face.

"Are you going to be ok?" Alicia asked. "Working so long down there, I mean? Surely you'll need potty breaks. But maybe I could fetch you some snacks or something?"

John blushed. Alicia had always been attentive to his moods and needs when they spoke, but never to such a degree. "Uh...haha...I'm fine really."

Alicia winked, then let John to his devices. John adjusted himself as he watched her go. She was as curvaceous as she was genuine. Not to mention how sweet she could be. John couldn't help but daydream then, for a moment. He allowed the thoughts to wash over him as he leaned backward into the cabinet to get a better look at the sink. There he laid for some time. Occasionally, he would reach out to his box for a new tool. Mostly, he absentmindedly inspected the pipes as his mind wandered to thoughts of Alicia; and, by proxy, to Hazel. It wasn't until a hand touched his belt buckle that John snapped out of his reverie.

"Wha-what are you doing?" John asked. Alicia knelt before him. Both of her hands worked to undo the belt around John's pants. A stack of diapers, a box of wet wipes, and some baby powder were at her feet.

"Well, earlier you were squirming so much during our hug...and just now I saw you doing the same while fixing the sink," Alicia explained. "I know a potty dance when I see one. And I know you're a big boy that has lots of important stuff to do, so I figured I'd help."

John's eyes widened as he stared at the diapers. To his horror, the sight aroused him incredibly. Even as Alicia worked his zipper he grew hard and tented the front of his pants. He tried to protest but only succeeded in banging his head on a pipe and mumbling out a curse. Alicia just chuckled and continued on. She pulled his pants down around his ankles, then removed his shoes, and finally reached for his boxers. When she noticed his erection, Alicia stifled a laugh.

"Aww...poor thing," she cooed. "I must be making you nervous. But don't worry! We'll get you covered back up."

"N-No! Don't..." John pleaded. Yet despite his words, John didn't move. Instead, he watched with bated breath as Alicia stripped him of his boxers too. He covered his face in shame, unable to watch as his cock twitched from excitement. Alicia just continued on as if there was no issue. As if John was nothing more than an innocent boy that knew no better. She slipped the diaper

under John's butt, then powdered him. The smell and sensation was intoxicating. John's member strained against the front of the diaper while Alicia held it in place. With a knowing grin, she gave John a few firm squeezes as she used her free hand to tape the diaper in place.

"There! Now you can keep working like the big, helpful boy you are without having to stop for the potty. Isn't that nice, love?"

John couldn't help but nod. Perhaps if he had any of his senses he might have questioned where Alicia had found such a large, babyish diaper to put him in. Instead, John simply basked in the moment. Alicia, thrilled with John's appearance and attitude, gently patted the crotch of his diaper and hummed softly. John tried his best to focus on the task, but his mind was elsewhere. Unknowingly, Alicia had John on the verge of an orgasm. He had to do something, fast.

"This is uh...this might be a bit beyond me. I think we might need a plumber," said John.

Alicia nodded. "Of course. My special little John can't do everything! Sometimes it's best to let the adults take care of things, hmm?"

"Yeah...I-I guess..."

Alicia slowly backed up from the sink and pulled John with her until his head was free from beneath the pipes. She gently wrapped her arms around John's chest, then pulled him up and into her arms. With one hand caressing his hair, Alicia placed her other hand on John's diapered bottom and gently pushed him into her. Her chest pressed into his own, his head rested on her shoulder, and his diapered crotch was pressed into her lower stomach. In that moment, John felt only pure bliss. Helpless to his own desires, John gently pressed himself against Alicia. A soft moan escaped his lips and he slowly pushed himself over the edge.

"Oh my...someone likes his hugs, doesn't he?"

John's eyes went wide as he realized what he did. He tried to stop it, but it was far too late. Alicia held him firm. There was no room to move or adjust. All John could do was try to remain as silent and as still as possible as one of the strongest orgasms he had felt in years overcame him.

"Hnnng..."

"Aww...there there, little boy." said Alicia. She kissed John's cheek and pulled him even closer. There was no way John could hide his twitching and whimpering. Alicia knew exactly what he did...and she found it adorable. "I was going to offer your big boy undies back on account of you not needing the diaper if you're done working...but it's so very clear to me now that diapers are necessary. Don't you think?"

John gasped. Guilt and embarrassment washed over him as he realized what he just did in one of his resident's laps. "I-I'm sorry, Alicia. I didn't--mmph ta..." John's words turned to babble as Alicia pushed John's own thumb into his mouth.

"Little boys like you can't help yourselves. Miss Alicia understands," she assured him. "Now let's get your pants on so you can get back to being everyone's special little helper, hmm?"

John nodded. "Fank oou Mith Awitha..." he babbled out in reply. The blush on his face grew an even deeper shade of crimson as he heard himself speak. Feeling ashamed, he removed his thumb and got out of Alicia's lap. Alicia helped John back into his pants, dressing him like she might dress a child. John could only mumble out his thanks as he shuffled awkwardly from the apartment. Alicia continued to reassure and praise him, but John couldn't shake the embarrassment. It wasn't until he was outside her door with it shut behind him that he was able to take his first deep breath in a while.

The crotch of his diaper was sticky and warm. A constant reminder of what he had experienced in Alicia's apartment when he was supposed to do his job. John placed his palm on his face and groaned. "I can't just...d-do that. Oh gosh...I should change out of these. I smell like a daycare..."

"Oh! There you are John!"

John froze in place for fear that any movement might give away his being diapered. Another one of his resident's, Malai Saelim of unit 1A, approached. She bore a friendly smile, one that she was rarely without. Her long black hair was braided neatly in a single braid behind her back. In her hands she held a hammer and a few nails. As it was her day off, Malai was dressed casually in a pair of pink sweats and a loose grey t-shirt. She acted as comfortably as she looked and approached John without hesitation. Even despite the uncomfortable look on his face.

"You got my text right?" Malai asked. "About the window. I tried fixing it myself, but I'm no good at these things. Think you have time to help me out, hun?" As she spoke, she looked John up and down. It was as if she knew something was different. "Unless you're busy," she then added.

John stifled a sigh. "No no, I'm free. I just uh...yeah I'll head right down." He said. His arms and back were stiff with discomfort.

"Perfect," Malai replied. She grabbed John's wrist and gently tugged him along after her. John wanted to protest. He hadn't meant to head down so soon, but he didn't have the heart to pull his wrist from Malai's gentle grip. "Come along now. I'll show you what I'm talking about."

John walked behind her with some of the most awkward motions he had ever performed. It was all he could do to keep the diaper from crinkling loudly with each step. To make matters worse, his shirt was just a tad too short and any movement too far in one direction would expose the

diaper's waistband. It was a delicate process, but John eventually prevailed and made his way into Malai's apartment.

The fix to Malai's window was simple enough. It was tiring work, however; and when Malai offered refreshments, John gladly took them. It was just his luck that his glass of soda would slip from his hands and get all over the front of his pants. Malai, the wonderful hostess that she was, went into action immediately. She quickly cleaned the floor, then brought her attention to John and his pants. Without so much as a word, she began to unbutton them. John protested, but it was too late. The crinkly outside of the diaper was exposed. Malai couldn't have missed it.

"So that's why you were acting so strange in the stairwell..." said Malai. "Do you need a change, little boy?"

John stood abruptly. He was taken aback by Malai's response and was unsure if he wanted to invite another situation like at Alicia's. This only served to make it easier for Malai to completely tug John's pants down around his ankles. When that was done, there was no going back. John felt his face grow beat red with embarrassment as Malai gently urged him to help her remove his shoes. He did as she asked, but secretly panicked. *What is happening?! he asked himself. Twice in a row? S-She's not just being nice! I-I'm just a little boy to her...*

Malai stuck a finger into the leg hole of John's diapers. She watched his expressions as she did so. When John looked away in shame, Malai smiled. "You're just a little wet. No need to be ashamed. That's what diapers are for, right?"

John nodded, but he hadn't wet himself. Not since his *little accident* he had in Alicia's lap. All John wanted to do then was to apologize profusely and leave, but Malai wouldn't have it. She kept a watchful eye on him as she placed his wet pants in the sink. The scene made John feel all the more small. He had been a child when he had last had an older woman clean his pants for him after an accident. The thought made him feel both guilty and aroused. However, John wasn't sure what to truly feel until Malai offered him a green and blue sippy cup full of grape juice.

"Here. No more accidents that way, hmm?" said Malai. Then, to John's surprise, Malai sat down at the kitchen table next to them and pulled John into her lap. "You've worked so hard today already, baby. You deserve a little break, hmm?" Malai gently stroked John's thigh and then patted the crotch of his diaper. It crinkled loudly and John felt a wave of euphoria wash over him.

It's happening again, he thought. She's not acting like this is weird at all. She likes that I'm in diapers...what the he--

Knock knock

Malai's front door opened ever so slightly and Malai's neighbor, Jamila, poked her head in. "Malai? Have you seen John? I've been looking all over for him and he's not answering my te...oh hi! There you are!"

John panicked. He moved to close his legs and turn them under the table, but Malai held him firm. With his diaper exposed and a sippy cup in hand, John meekly waved hello to Jamila.

"I've been looking all over for you! To think you were next door all along," said Jamila. "And while being so adorable too! I mean look at you!"

John didn't know what to say. Jamila reacted in a way he hadn't expected. Like Malai and Alicia before her, Jamila seemed to welcome the diapers. John could only blush and look down nervously at his hands and the sippy cup. Out of curiosity, he took a sip from the beverage. To his delight, Jamila seemed unfazed by the act. If anything, she looked happy.

"John spilled some soda on his pants. Now he's taking a break," said Malai.

"It is about time for lunch isn't it? Have you eaten yet, sweetie?" Jamila asked.

John shook his head.

"I see..." she replied. She then sat down on the chair next to Malai and patted her lap. "Well seeing as how I need you next, I should probably offer you some hospitality, hmm?"

John looked confused. Malai giggled and gently pushed John forward from her lap.

"What I mean by that is...come sit in my lap. I've got some nummy nums for you..." Jamila unbuttoned her blouse and exposed one of her breasts. "The perfect thing for growing boys like yourself."

John abandoned all of his misgivings at that point. Before him was the very thing he had wanted for years. Any guilt he had felt had gone out the window as he brought his mouth to Jamila's nipple. Any grown up thoughts he had dissipated the moment breast milk squirted past his lips. John practically melted into Jamila's arms.

"That's it, little one," Jamila cooed. With a tender hand, she reached down and gently inspected John's diaper. "He's so dry! I thought for sure that little John would hardly be able to keep these dry. He looks like such a super soaker, doesn't he?"

Malai chuckled. "Well he's certainly had fun in them. That much is certain. And I'm sure he'll have more fun. It's so easy to tell with boys like John that wear their desires on their sleeve."

"Or in their diaper bulge," said Jamila, one hand caressing the front of John's diaper.

The two talked to one another for some time as John laid there in infantile bliss. They talked to one another as if John were nothing more than an innocent child, unable to properly think let alone speak. Milk dribbled down his chin and Jamila was there to wipe him clean. Every act, every motion she made was done with the expert love and care of an experienced caregiver. Never before had John felt so loved and taken care of. For a moment, he entirely forgot of his old life and responsibilities. For a moment, he was nothing more than a helpless little boy. That moment quickly came to an end, however. John's strong desires eventually became even stronger. Unbearable even.

"Looks like someone is enjoying the attention..." said a grinning Malai.

"No kidding," said Jamila. "To think that our little John is a diaper loving sweetheart. A sweet baby that needs to be taken care of."

Each word spoken sent a shiver down John's spine. He was blatantly erect then. Completely unable to do a thing about it in his position, unless he wanted to risk openly being a pervert in Jamila's lap. While John was curious to see if whatever changed his tenants would allow him to go so far, he just couldn't shake the feeling that truly enjoying himself so much would be wrong. He was just about to free himself from Jamila's nipple when she pushed him back in. She then squeezed the front of his diaper firmly and giggled. "Ah ah ah, baby boy. What do you think you're doing? Numnum time isn't over yet and the adults are talking, sweetie. You just shush and keep your mouth where it is. Mama Jamila has you."

John squirmed in Jamila's arms. Not due to discomfort, but merely to feel the strength of the woman that held him down. Jamila's touch was firm yet warm and tender. It was clear that she wanted him right where he was. The only difficulty was the raging desire burning in John's heart. A desire that manifested itself in the form of an erection tenting the front of his diaper. Still, despite this, John couldn't bring himself to take it further. He knew that if he enjoyed himself in such a way, in such a position, that he'd never be able to look Jamila in the eye again. It occurred to him then that perhaps if he released some of the pressure that built in his bladder, that he would lose his erection.

It was a foolish mistake. John knew that deep down, but he wanted to trick himself. He wanted to give in. With a content sigh, John released his bladder. A heavy trickle quickly formed. The front of John's diaper grew warm, wet, and squishy. Jamila noticed almost immediately.

"See, little boy? Mama Jamila knew it was too soon for you to finish. It's so much better to finish your meal with an empty bladder, isn't it?" said Jamila.

"Oh?" asked Malai. "Is that a soggy diaper I see? Is our little boy being a good little boy?"

John's cheeks burned a bright shade of red. Almost immediately he lost the ability to continue urinating as his cock strained in the soggy padding of his diaper. "Mmmph..." he barely managed to mumble with his face pressed into Jamila's breast.

“It certainly looks like he is,” said Jamila. She gently squeezed John’s crotch through the padding with a smile on her face. “Judging by how he’s reacting, I’d say he loves numnum time.”

“All little boys do...” added Malai.

John gasped for air, his cock twitching and squirming in his diaper as he grew closer to climax. Alarm bells rang in his head as he realized what he was so very close to doing. Some part of him decided that what he did was wrong, even if everyone around him consented. Still, that part grew quieter by the moment. With each weak thrust John pushed himself into Jamila’s palm and some of his shame dissipated. In just a minute, John shamelessly humped away at Jamila’s hand as he sucked from her nipple. In a matter of moments, John had gone from reluctant baby to pleased as can be. His soggy, squishy crotch felt amazing and he wanted more. “Pease...” he whined. “Mmmph...so...good...”

“So polite,” said Malai. She pulled a rattle from her pocket and gently shook it over John. “But I wonder what he wants so badly, hmm?”

“Probably something a little boy like him couldn’t possibly understand. But that’s okay. Mama knows what’s best. And what’s best is for little boys to love wearing and using their diapers,” said Jamila. She then leaned in close and whispered into John’s ear. “Go on, little boy. Show us what a good baby you are.”

Several small gasps escaped John’s lips as he did exactly what Jamila asked. The front of his diaper felt taut against his crotch as his cock spasmed again and again. Swaddled and gently loved as he was in that moment, even something so adult felt juvenile and innocent. It felt as if John had no control or say over what he did whatsoever. It was just as Jamila said. He couldn’t possibly understand it. All he knew then, was that he couldn’t get enough of it.

“Good boy!” praised Jamila. “Such a good boy finishing his numnums.” Jamila gently removed John from her nipple and lifted him into a seated position in her lap. There, she turned him to face her and moved his chin to her shoulder. Jamila burped him like an infant as she continued to talk casually to Malai as if nothing were amiss. It was only after a few minutes of having his back patted, his eyes shut blissfully, that John started to pay attention again.

“...and sticky. You sure he’ll be able to help you like that? A boy like him might try to ask for numnums again. Could you deny him?” Malai asked Jamila.

“I’ve dealt with boys like John before,” Jamila replied. “Don’t you worry. I know how to keep them in line.” John was then pushed back from Jamila’s lap and allowed to stand on his own two feet. The urge to suck his thumb overcame him and John soon found himself absentmindedly sucking away as Malai and Jamila helped him get his work bag. Without a second thought, John allowed himself to be ushered out of the apartment with his pants still missing. He stood in the

hallway in a stupor, still sucking his thumb. It was only once he was in front of Jamila's door that he realized something was amiss.

"W-Wait..." John said. "I-I can't be out like this..."

Jamila gently shushed John and brought him inside. She explained to him then, in simple words, what she needed help with. John nodded along, appreciative to be treated like a child despite his current misgivings. It was only a wobbly door and nothing more. Easy enough even for the very out of it John. Jamila did her best to keep John on track, though there were times it became clear that his wet, sticky diapers had caused him to become distracted. Jamila offered John a teddy bear to hold and she praised him for being such a big boy. The words brought a warmth to John's heart, but they did not perk him up as much as Jamila had hoped.

"Ah...I know what's going on..." said Jamila. "You've been such a good helper all day. You even behaved so well in my lap. It's so clear now...you just need a nap, don't you?"

John tried to refute the claim, but Jamila wouldn't have it. He wound up being put down like a groggy child in her guest room. The small room was clearly designed for a child and it only further put John in the headspace. He clutched at the teddy bear in his arms as he curled up in the bed. When he tried to suck his thumb, he found a pacifier quickly in its place. Jamila stood over him with a kind smile. With hushed words she assured him that she knew best and, within no time, John was fast asleep.

By the time John awoke, Jamila had already gotten started on dinner. She continued playing the role of a doting mother; but, having just woken up in a wet diaper with a pacifier in his mouth, John needed answers. He had played along for a while, but when he woke to find himself still in what part of him had thought was a dream, it was simply too much. He ran from Jamila's apartment with a quick goodbye. His diaper crinkled loudly as he went and the amulet about his neck bounced back and forth. He held onto the jewel and chain. John's thoughts turned to Hazel, so he approached her apartment. There, he found the door slightly ajar. When he entered, the entire apartment was empty. Hazel was nowhere to be found. His mind raced as he recounted the events of the day. Had he really been given all that he desired as a parting gift? He held the necklace close to his body and felt a strange internal warmth. What he had experienced that day was no dream. At least, that's what it had begun to feel like. Especially so when John returned to his apartment to find that things were slightly off.

'Slightly' might be an understatement, actually. It's not every day that one finds their apartment littered with baby toys and changing supplies. A rattle and bottle of baby powder was on John's nightstand. There was a training potty in his bathroom. A baby bottle full of formula was in his fridge. Most surprising of all was the stack of various diapers that had replaced the contents of his underwear drawer.

Today was real...every bit of it... John thought to himself. He pulled a particular poofy diaper free from the stack and admired it in the light. He held it close and enjoyed its crinkly embrace. *Diapers...* he thought fondly. "So this is my new life...Hazel's gift for me."

John fell asleep that night in his used diaper. There was still plenty of room for more *accidents* and John was reluctant to part with the very diaper he had worn on such an eventful day. If he focused, John could still feel the warmth of Jamila's breast against his face. The thoughts that accompanied the sensation were more than enough to get John riled up again. He spent a good hour or two happily humping away at his pillow as his thoughts raced about what he might do tomorrow. Just what was in store for him next?

A week had passed since John had first felt the power of Hazel's gift. His first day had been a confusing one that he spent feeling more guilty than anything. John had been cautious but hopeful on his second day. By the third, he had completely given into his own desires as well as those of the women that surrounded him. Truly they seemed to be more into the fetish than even John. Every single one of the women there had their intimate moments with John. Breast feedings, changings, baths. There wasn't a moment that went by that made John feel as if he was an adult. His infantile behavior was constantly, positively reinforced. It was to such a degree, that John nearly entirely forgot about his past life of a secret fetish and a boring job. John had learned to love his job. Nearly every task was easy and typically accompanied by the love and affection of at least one of the female tenants. John had grown so used to the life that he had even made several bold changes to his wardrobe.

An oversized pacifier dangled from a strap connected to the collar of his shirt. He wore his diapers constantly and did not bother to wear clothing that hid that fact. Toy keys dangled from his belt loop and he wore a pair of velcro sneakers that Jamila had bought him as a gift. Malai commonly and sweetly referred to John as her oversized toddler. John certainly felt that way. Especially when his baggy pants would get tugged down by one of his many 'mommies' for a routine diaper check.

John's demeanor had changed as well. The shy, business-minded man had given way to a more casual and carefree boy. It was in such a carefree mood that John left his apartment that fateful morning a week after Hazel left. He looked down the stairs and admired the place. He'd never felt so relaxed while at work. Especially while around others. John had grown quite close to the tenants over the past week. It was the most social he'd been in a while. So, when Alicia greeted John that morning, John responded warmly with a hug.

"Oh! It's good to see you too dear," said Alicia. She broke the embrace and took a step back. Her eyes wandered down John's body for a moment, then stopped at his waist. "I was wondering if you got my text," she continued, clearly distracted.

John was surprised. Alicia normally took the time to check his diaper during a hug. If anything, Alicia acted as if something was off. John assumed it to be nothing more than Alicia having a bad day and shrugged it off. "Yes, I did. I'll be over to take a look in just a second after I assist Jamila with something."

Alicia's eyes then widened slightly. Her gaze had fixed itself on the pacifier that dangled from John's collar. "Alright well...are you okay? You're not feeling too pressured to work hard are you?"

John laughed, oblivious to what Alicia was getting at. "Not at all. I'm fine. Thanks for the concern though!" John said. He then gave Alicia a reassuring pat on the arm before continuing on his way to Jamila's apartment. Once there, he knocked on the door and waited for Jamila to answer. It took her some time and, while John waited, Alicia's voice could be heard in the distance. Out of the corner of his eye, John could see Alicia and Malai talking in hushed tones. The door opened before John could put any thought to the matter.

"Well hi, John," said Jamila. "I'm glad to see you got my email. You're always so quick." Like Alicia before her, Jamila's eyes dropped to John's attire. A small grin appeared on Jamila's face for a brief moment before it formed into a kind smile directed at John. "Please. Come on in. It's the handle on the bathroom sink. Broke clean in two in my hands last night."

John entered the bathroom with his eyes fixed on the task at hand. He did his best not to get too distracted by Jamila. Ever since she had breastfed him, John had been rather fond of her. Despite that fondness, John wasn't so distracted as to not notice a slight difference in Jamila's demeanor. She was less talkative than usual and stood in the doorway with her arms crossed as if she inspected John's handiwork.

In truth, Jamila actually watched the waistband of John's diaper with some mild amusement. When a knock came at the door, Jamila happily answered knowing full well who it might be. Alicia and Malai stood at the door with curiosity plain to see on their faces. Jamila allowed them in without a word. Together, the three women watched John deconstruct the broken sink knob with interest. They chatted amongst each other quietly; or at least they tried to.

"...wants attention?" said Malai.

"Well he's certainly got it," replied Alicia. "You should have seen the way he waddled down the steps to your apartment, Jamila."

"I think he looks kind of cute in diapers," said Jamila. "A man his age wearing velcro sneakers and a pacifier on his shirt. It's adorable."

John couldn't help but freeze in place as he caught what the women were saying. He strained to hear better, unsure of exactly what they meant.

“Oh my gosh,” Alicia loudly whispered. “Is he really going right now. He’s doing that thing kids do.”

“John, sweetheart,” Jamila called to him. “Are you feeling extra comfy today?”

“C-Comfy?” John asked.

Jamila nodded. “Yes. Your underwear is just so thick. Must be like wearing a pillow on your butt.”

John laughed. “Yeah I guess so!”

“And is that pacif for when you get frustrated with your tools or something?” asked Alicia.

John took a moment and pondered that last question. Things had started to feel weird. Not at all like things had been the past week; in fact, if anything, that entire morning reminded him of how things used to be. John’s eyes widened as he slowly realized what might have happened. That Hazel’s gift must have only been temporary. “So that’s what she meant...fuck...”

“Oh my!” said Malai. “Such naughty language from such a little baby.” She giggled as she spoke as did Jamila and Alicia.

“W-Wait a minute,” John stammered. “I can explain. Remember Hazel?”

“Did she give you those diapers? She was such the motherly type. Was she your mommy, little boy?” asked Jamila.

John laughed nervously. “No, no...she gave me this necklace. And...and...”

“Jamila, do you wanna fetch the baby a bottle? It must be time for his feeding. He’s so clearly cranky.” said Alicia.

John whined under his breath, before managing to get out a coherent sentence. “I-I don’t need a bottle. Listen, this uh...” John nervously adjusted his pants as he spoke, not wanting to so freely flash his diaper to the older women that teased him. “...this...handle needs to be completely replaced. I’ll see if we have some downstairs...but uh...I-I gotta go.”

“Nonsense,” said Alicia. “Jamila almost has your bottle ready and you promised to help me immediately. Right?”

“That’s right, John! Almost time for baby to have his baba,” called Jamila.

John spent the rest of his time at Jamila’s anxiously drinking milk from a bottle as the three women cooed and teased him. It was clearly apparent that whatever had affected them over the

past week was no longer taking place. Their motherly love and affection had given way to curiosity and playful teasing. There were many times during his visit at Jamila's where they'd tell John to slow down with his bottle or one of them would tease him and ask about the status of his diaper. John would blush and do his best to politely ignore the ribbing. He had grown so used to his new life that he wasn't used to people reacting 'normally' to his antics again. As soon as he was able to, John left Jamila's apartment. He assisted Alicia as best he could despite her teasing, then immediately left for his own apartment. There, he stripped himself of his diaper and juvenile attire and wondered just what on Earth he would say or do the next morning. There was no way he could continue on acting like a big baby if everyone were acting as if it were odd. John weighed his options, then decided that he'd need to come up with an excuse. Something, anything to free himself from the questions and teasing he'd no doubt receive the next day. He spent the entire night and early that next morning coming up with excuses. It wasn't until he heard a knock at the door that he finalized his story. John opened the door, expecting one of the tenants, only to be greeted by nearly all the women that lived there; Jamila, Alicia, and Malai included.

"Good morning, John." said Jamila. She stood at the front of the group with a warm smile on her face. "You alright today, little landlord?"

John nervously laughed, the story he had concocted slowly losing cohesion in his mind. "Uh...yeah! I'm fine. I uh...actually wanted to talk to you all."

"Same here," said Malai. "We decided to pitch in and get you something seeing as how you work so hard for all of us."

"Yeah. After yesterday, we figured you must be so stressed that you could use some relaxation," said Alicia.

Jamila then took John by the hand and led him next door to Hazel's old apartment. "It's not every day that you see your landlord dressed like a sweet little boy. We all thought it so cute that we decided that we'd like to see more of it. Especially if it brings you happiness."

"What do you mean?" John asked.

Jamila opened the door to Hazel's apartment to reveal that the old, one bedroom had been converted into a nursery perfectly sized for a big baby like John. There was a crib, a changing table, toys, and more. Everything John could ever want or need as a baby.

"Seeing as how you take such good care of us. We figured...why not take care of John?" said Malai. "Granted, we'll be taking mommy shifts and it'll only be when you want us to, but we're here for you."

John nervously looked about. While he was used to Jamila, Alicia, and Malai's antics, having the entire apartment complex be aware of his status as a baby boy was something John had yet

to get used to. Especially after his fateful day of teasing and realization. Nonetheless, there was no going back. His tenants, the people he worked hard for, had in turn done so much work for him. There was no way he could refuse such a wonderful gift; at least, that's what John told himself. He couldn't help but wonder if it had all been a part of Hazel's plan and that his acceptance of the gift was just another way for him to live his true life. Being a baby boy was certainly exactly what he had always wanted. With a quick pinch to his arm to ensure he was not dreaming, John broke into a smile and warmly hugged his tenants. "Thanks so much. It's such a wonderful gift. But really, you all don't have to mommy me if you don't wa--"

Jamila had raised a finger to John's lips. With a kind and soft expression, she shushed him. "Nonsense," she said. "We all know for a fact that you're just the cutest thing in diapers. Besides, me and the girls were thinking that we might even get you a hot young college babysitter sometime. Wouldn't that be lovely?"

John nodded, tears in his eyes. Never before had he felt such love and appreciation. Despite it all, John had found peace where before there had only been guilt and worry. He took a deep breath in and caught the scent of baby powder and lotion. Even just standing in the doorway he could tell that there was a nursery within. It brought a smile to his face.

"Now, I don't know about everyone else," said Jamila. "But I get the feeling that John here probably shouldn't be in big boy pants for much longer."

"Why don't we get you up on the changing table sweetie. I'm sure you've got plenty to get started on today and we best make sure you're padded," said Malai.

John took their hands and happily allowed himself to be led inside. Laying on a changing table sized perfect for him put him right back in that headspace of infantile bliss. Of course, they were right, John still had his job and his adult life. But those things could be distant for the moment. John enjoyed himself while he could and when he could and it was the best time he had ever had.