

## A Mommy's Love

August 2022 – Commission

### Chapter Three

I haven't the slightest idea what time it is when I finally blink awake. The ceiling above me is dark, and my first, sleepy impulse is to roll over and shut my eyes once more. But even as I do so, my sleep-fogged begins to realize that dozing back off to sleep may be... well, harder than usual.

It's the bars that catch my sight: their firm, smooth regularity standing out pale and distinct in the darkened room. They're crib bars. Crib. Yes, I'm... I'm in my crib. That's not terribly unusual, of course. But there's a second and far more intimate sensation that draws my waking attention. It's the soft, sticky feeling of something cool and slimy around my rear end. It compresses as I turn, pressing strangely against me, and I pause in my movement. *Uh-oh. What- what's going on...*

A hazy memory rises up before me, blurry and indistinct as a half-forgotten dream. Lying face-down in my crib. Quaking in the darkness. Aching tummy... Sweaty face... The nauseating cramps giving way to sudden, welcome relief – even as I felt the warm, greasy mush sputtering and expanding out to fill my bulky diapers...

Oh, god. I hadn't dreamed that, had I? I'm gingerly rolling onto my belly now and rising onto my knees, simultaneously revolted by the sensation of my full diaper and anxious to see whether my diapers have betrayed me. *It feels so messy... so disgusting! Mommy really did make me mess, didn't she? And now- oh, how I need to pee. Gotta let it out. Can't wait much longer... no point in trying...*

What a twofold relief it is, then, when my night-swollen bladder has emptied into my already soiled diaper, and my tentative fingers and worried glances find no indication of any leakage. It's all okay – I guess. I may be lying here in a full, smelly, soaked diaper – but somehow, at least the knowledge that it's still sealed away inside my diaper is comforting. I can settle back down onto my stomach for now. At least the smell isn't going to be as bad as it could be...

What time is it, anyway?

I may have wakened in a crib in a full diaper, but somehow the anxiety of a possible leak and the revulsion at the feeling of my own excrement have pushed me into the realm of rational adult worries. *Thanks goodness no leaks. Don't wanna my wife to have to wash the sheets. Hmm, there's light coming from behind those blackout shades. Surely it's not too late in the day, is it? Don't wanna be lazy and sleep the day away. Sure hope she comes in and changes me soon...*

And so I lie there, stewing in my bloated diaper and my anxious thoughts. Until, that is, I hear the soft steps of my wife outside in the hall, and the door swings open, and I find myself blinking into the backlit, smiling face of my wife Marissa: clad in a freshly floral sundress, and looking to me like the most beautiful and alluring woman in the world.

She's truly magical. For within mere minutes, she's got me tumbling head over heels back down into the Little baby headspace that we both know I love so much.

"Hey-hey, dearie," she beams, and the smile in her voice is like the warm sunshine of a cloudless morning. "Aww, did someone wake up already? I hope my little angel slept super well last night..." *Dearie. Little angel.* The endearing words, and the sweetly loving tone in which she says them, has me melting instantly. I was going to tell her how badly I need a change, you know. I was going to beg to strip down and take a shower and get the stink off my skin...

But in the face of her genuine love and motherly concern, all I can do right now is nod and murmur out a quiet little "Uh-huhhh..." as I rise awkwardly to my hands and knees. Just like the little toddler she loves me to be.

"Oh, sweetie," she exclaims softly – and now her pretty bare arms are reaching up and unlocking the bars that have held me captive through the night. "I think you may have made a sweet little surprise for me, huh? Did you make a stinky boom-boom last night? Hmm?" She sniffs the air experimentally, a wry grin on her face; and before I can shamefully confess the truth, she's patting the bulging seat of my pastel sleeper. "I sure think so! Such a *good* baby, making a nice full diaper for Mommy!"

*Good? Good baby-* Tingles are racing through me, my whole being quivering with embarrassment and regressed elation. Those big boy thoughts – worries and disgust and the deep-seated need to extricate myself from this humiliating situation – well, they're seeping out of my brain like sand through a leaky beach pail. I can feel the wave of regression swelling within me, egged on by Mommy's endearing words and her soft kisses on my cheeks and forehead. *Yes, good baby. I wanna be good baby...*

She's helping me out now, her soft hands tugging me gently up and guiding my unsteady legs down to the carpet. "Yes, that's it. Such a good little one," she coos, and I flush with mingled embarrassment and pride as I feel the weight of my repeatedly soiled diaper sag and settle between my waddling thighs. "Come-come, little baby. Come on over for changies. Mommy's gonna make it

*all better...*"

Oh, she is. I start to scramble up, and the sensation of her helping hand boosting me upward on the mushy seat of my diaper sends a mute shiver of regressed pleasure and humiliation sparkling through me. "That's *such* a good baby," she soothes, settling me down onto the giant table we've made my changing station. "Such a good, *obedient* little baby for me! See, Mommy knew you needed a bit of medicine to make your tummy all better. And I bet it really does feel better now, huh? Doesn't it?"

She giggles as the snaps come undone and she playfully pats my bare stomach. "Best way for Mommy's baby to start the day," she continues – and now I'm practically naked on the table before her, alternately shivering with embarrassment and writhing with arousal at her words. "Nice empty tummy... nice full diaper..." The cloth diaper is gone now, and her hands are probing, pressing suggestively on the visibly discolored crotch of my poor, swollen MegaMax. "Aww, that's perfect, baby! So full, and so stinky. That's just exactly what Mommy wants for her baby..."

As she sets to work cleaning away the filth of the night, I'm blinking up at the ceiling, feeling ever so many things and emotions coursing through me. Of course in the background of my mind is the faint chorus of my own adult thoughts once more: yammering about how smelly this is, how disgusting, how I must be grossing her out beyond belief. Which, frankly, is disconcerting.

But over that, and intensifying with every word she speaks, is the growing conviction that no – it's not disgusting. Mommy likes me this way. She said so. Mommy gave me medicine to make me go poopy on purpose... and I did. Exactly like a good baby should. Every loving word she speaks, every little giggle and condescending pat of my naked bum, every tingle-inducing touch of her fingers against my vulnerable body... it all tends to the same point: to reassure me, to immerse me fully and completely in the bright, innocent world of babyhood, and to show me exactly how much my dear Mommy loves me.

By the time she's finished, and I feel the whisper-soft powder and cotton and plastic of a fresh diaper encircling me and drawn tight like a loving embrace, I'm gone. I may not have my comforting dummy at the moment, but I'm still wordless and mute in the blessed depths of babyhood. "Good baby," she breathes, and I rise obediently under her encouraging hands. Puffs of powder escape the waistband of my fresh diaper, and the sensation of its thick, clean bulk between my thighs as I descend to the carpet once more is more comforting than I can say.

I'm clean. I'm changed. I'm baby. Mommy's baby.

"Such a precious, beautiful baby," she agrees, and takes my uncertain hand in hers with all the loving possessiveness of a doting mother. And as she leads me out to the sunlit kitchen and the breakfast waiting there for me, deep within I know beyond a doubt. This is heaven. Mommy's here beside me, caring for me, loving me with every bit of herself. And I love her, too.

So indescribably much.

**The End**