

[Scrap] Restaurant POV by Cowkites

It's a lovely night out. You and your crush sit in a fancy restaurant, waiting for your food to arrive. You're nervous. You're going to ask her to be your girlfriend tonight. You lean forward to do just that when the waitress appears with your food in her hands. For you, miss, the steak and asparagus...

And for you, the chicken nuggets and applesauce. That wasn't what you ordered. That's off the kids menu. "Does everything look delicious?" The waitress asks. You open your mouth to protest but your crush answers for you. "It all looks great! Thank you." Your crush smiles at you sweetly. You want to be annoyed but how can you? Don't want to ruin the night.

The nuggets aren't so bad, you find out. The applesauce neither. The more you eat, in fact, the tastier they seem to be. You scarf the food down as quick as you can. "You're making such a mess!" Your crush wipes your chin with her napkin just in time for your waitress to return and see. You blush profusely.

"Can we get a bib for the baby?" Your crush asks. You laugh at the joke. The waitress smiles politely and leaves. You return to what's left of your applesauce only to be interrupted by the intrusion of a colorful cloth around your neck. A bright pink teddy bear stares up at you. It's a bib! Your crush wasn't kidding! You open your mouth to object--

Only to have a spoonful of applesauce pushed past your lips. You try to take it all in but it's too much! The sweet sauce dribbles down your chin and onto your bib. "Here comes the airplane!" Another spoonful of the delicious mush. More of it spills onto your bib. Looks like you really need that thing!

With each spoonful, you mind the bib less and less. You clearly need help eating. Why else would someone spoon feed you? Your crush returns to her meal for a moment. You look around as you wait and realize that things are far different than you remember.

Since when did the fanciest restaurant in town have a ball pit? Why was your crush dressed so casually? And why did your seat have a tray on it? All the questions make your brain hurt. You're thirsty. You grab your glass of water and bring it to your lips. Wait a minute...something about it is different too! The liquid is sweet and tastes of apples.

That's right! Your glass had apple juice in it. Only it wasn't a glass anymore, it was a sippy cup. Since when did you need a sippy cup? Aren't you a grown up? Oh well, you're thirsty. You gulp it down quickly and manage to soak your shirt in the sticky liquid. Your crush sighs when she notices. "Can't trust you with this, can I?"

She takes the cup from you and transfers the contents into a large, pink baby bottle. You can't believe it. You're not a baby! You try to stand and prove yourself only to be held down by the straps of your high chair. You kick your legs in frustration and your diapers crinkle loudly. You loudly declare to the room that you are, in fact, not a baby. You don't know where the diaper came from but it's not yours.

Your crush sighs again. She looks tired and annoyed. That's right! You were going to ask her out! You try to smooth things over only to have a pacifier stuffed in your mouth. Your crush shushes you and puts a coloring book on the tray of your highchair. It's your favorite one! You suck noisily on your pacifier and get to work scribbling all over the pages. What were you going to say again?

Peepee...that's right! You have to go peepee! You want to ask your crush if you can go potty but she's talking to someone. He looks familiar. Whoever he is, your crush seems to like him. You shrug and return to your coloring. A few minutes later the crotch of your diaper gets warm and squishy. You reach down past your frilly skirt and squeeze your diaper.

The sensation is wonderful. It's so good that you don't even question the frilly dress or the satin pink mitts secured to your wrists. You giggle and squirm in your seat as you rub your diapers. Your crush notices and groans loudly. "Looks like the baby wet her pamps again." Several people are next to your crush now. They must be friends of hers.

"So this is the sissy you babysit?" Wait...she's your babysitter? "I thought we were going to go to the movies, babe." That's right. She already has a boyfriend. You're just the sissy baby she takes care of for extra money. How could you forget? "I know, I know. But the job pays well. All I have to do is watch her until she tires out. Which should be soon."

You hardly notice them talk about you. You're too busy squirting in your diapers to care. Your toes wiggle in your satin booties as you dribble more and more of your sticky fluid into your diapers. "Looks like she's finished." Your crush, now your babysitter, lifts you out of your highchair. Her boyfriend kindly unfolds your stroller and helps her lock you in.

Some part of you feels as if you should be upset that things turned out the way they did. Weren't you a grown man not too long ago? Didn't you know your crush for years at college? Since when did you enjoy making stickies in your diapers? You didn't want to think. It was hard to think. Instead, you suck on your pacifier and gently grind your crotch against the seat belt as you drift off to sleep.