

Just What Mommy Ordered

May 2021

This should be quite the adventure.

Oh, sure. I may look like just another ordinary biker pedaling through this quiet neighborhood, whizzing along through sunshine and birdsong and the hum of the occasional passing car. I may *look* the part of a typical young fellow in his twenties. But I know better. I've got so much more going on than any passerby will ever know.

Like my choice of underwear, for starters. Well, technically not *my* choice. Mommy's choice, that is: a puffy, nighttime-duty disposable diaper, replete with a smiling furry friend peeking over the front panel. Yeah, it's not exactly your typical boxers – though with these jeans over top I'm quite sure that no pedestrian nearby would even be able to tell that anything is out of the ordinary. At least, that's what I'm hoping!

I find myself suckling instinctively at the nipple tucked securely into my mouth, more aware than ever of the second little secret lurking behind my face mask. It's not every young man who pedals out to the store for his wife while nursing his binkie, is it? So yeah: between the concealed, yet undeniably puffy bulk of my butt and my nipple-filled mouth, I guess I'm not exactly your ordinary young fellow, am I?

Mommy's sweet voice sounds in my ears as, with a slight squeak of brakes, I ease to a halt at the main traffic light. "Oh, honey, I wish I could believe you! But from the look of all those soggy pampers of yours this past weekend, I'm afraid I just can't trust you not to have an accident while you're out." My cheeks are flushed behind my mask, more at the memory of her wonderfully condescending tone and head pats than from my cycling exertions. *Oh, how well she knows how to push my subby little buttons...*

"I know you want to be a big boy again, honey," she'd smiled, even as she'd begun unfolding the diaper that was now taped tightly around my waist. "So why don't we give you a little test? You go out to the store for Mommy this morning, okay? And if you can make it there and back without having an accident in your cute little pampers, well... Mommy promises that her little Davie can try wearing big boy pants again. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Oh, it had. And even though deep down I suspected that my Mommy-wife's slight sadistic streak might have led her to stack the odds against me somehow, I had still gone along with it. *She can't*

possibly know my body better than I do, right? Even if she does feed me some prunes or something for breakfast, I guarantee I'll be able to make it back well before they bit...

As I pull up beside the grocery store entrance and begin shackling my bike to the weatherbeaten rack, I wince slightly as I feel the grumbling pressure deep in my belly. Oh, she'd done just what I'd suspected: given me a massive bowl of oatmeal this morning that was clearly loaded with fiber and laxatives. *Silly Mommy*, I mentally chortle as I rummage in my pockets for the list she's given me. *She seems to think food works instantly, doesn't she? Well, I have quite the surprise for her!*

How silly, you might be saying. You clearly like playing as your Mommy-wife's little boy. And if you actually *do* like diapers and binkies and stuff so much, why on earth are you angling to get back into underwear? To which I can only reply: you just don't understand. The best fun comes not from merrily going along with every kinky thing Mommy proposes. It comes from my own resistance – from protesting and struggling and even losing in your bid for control. That's what makes this dynamic so incredibly pleasurable for me – and for my wife too, if I'm honest...

Never mind all that. I don't have the time to chat about the delights of pretend forced hypnotism and funishments and the sweet coercion of my mommy domme. I have a list of stuff to buy for her, after all.

This first stop is easy. Bananas, check. Applesauce, check. Instant coffee and some chamomile tea, check and check. Vitamin C tablets, check. Everything is pretty ordinary, thankfully; she hasn't asked me to buy packs of diapers or loads of baby food or anything. And before twenty minutes are up, I'm briskly stuffing my purchases into my backpack and heading back out into the warm sunshine.

Easy peasy, lemon squeezie. My gut is gurgling still as I remount my bike, but honestly I've felt much worse. Besides, there's literally only one other stop on my agenda, and it's a simple one. Stop by the little pharmacy down near the train station and pick up her order.

A few squeaky toots escape me as I lock my bike to the nearest lamp post, and I nurse my hidden binkie a bit harder. *Come on, David. You've got this!* Of course I do. Though just my luck, there's another customer at the counter who refuses to stop blathering to the cashier about her husband's issues with arthritis. And so I stand about, trying to ignore the ominous rumblings and gas pains of my gut and pretending to be interested in the athlete's foot treatments ranged before me.

At long last, my turn finally comes. I step aside for the old lady to make her hobbling way past me,

then eagerly stride forward. "Hi, here to pick up an ordew... uhh, last name Tifton, please." *Dang, good thing I've been practicing talking clearly around a binkie in my mouth!* "Uhh, sure, just a second..." And then the attractive young cashier is stepping away, returning a moment later with two large bags in her neatly manicured hand. *Yes! See, easy peasy!*

It's as I'm tucking away my wallet that I feel my phone buzz to life in my shirt pocket. *A text?* I thank the cashier politely and turn toward the door, slipping my phone free and sliding it open. Oh, it's something from Mommy...

There's only one word in Mommy's text, and it's one I've never seen her text before. But it's at that precise moment that the strangest sensation I've ever experienced hits me – as if somewhere deep in my brain, a switch has softly clicked down into place.

Abalone.

As my widening eyes take in that singular word, a veritable wave of sensations cascades over me. An electric thrill runs through me from head to toe. I'm clenching my fists, my free arm tucking in instinctively to clutch my stomach. Deep within me, the rumbling pressure I've been feeling all morning has suddenly spiked – and I realize, with caught breath and sudden horror, that all control over my sphincters seems to have vanished in a puff of metaphorical smoke. *No, wait- this can't be happening- No, no- This only happens in those weird online stories-*

Impossible though it should be, there's no denying the sudden explosion of warm mush rapidly growing in the seat of my pants. There's no escaping the bubbling farts and muffled, sticky-sounding toots now audibly emanating from my padded backside. And, I now realize with shell-shocked incredulity, there's also no getting around the look of utter shock and bemusement on the face of that young cashier.

I'm frozen in place, half-squatting, helpless to stop the flow of diarrhea that is suddenly coursing out of my quivering sphincter and oozing its inexorable way, lava-like, through the crotch and seat of my diaper. *But- but how- Mommy, no- This can't be-* Oh, it can be. *It is.* I may be a strong, outwardly normal young man. But in this moment, thanks to Mommy's one little word I've become little more than a humiliated, pants-messing, diaper-filling, overgrown stinker of a toddler.

"Sir, are you- are you all right? Sir-" I'm beet-red behind the mask, and it's all I can do to shake my head and burble out behind my binkie. "S'okay. I'm fiwne, weally..." And so, even as I feel my bladder join in the fun, releasing a wet flood of hot urine to gush forth between my legs and turn

the already wet mush in my pants into a soupy sludge, I force myself to flee. Just like a real-life toddler, I'm actively wetting as I waddle gingerly toward the door, desperate to escape the humiliation of feeling the cashier's gaze on me. I can't look at her, can't let on, can't bear to see the flicker of horrified and amused recognition in her eyes. *Oh my god, did that guy just crap his pants?! Eww! Aww, but maybe he can't help it...*

No, he most certainly can't. He's not sure why, and he's not sure how his Mommy has so easily and utterly taken away his control. But in his shame and terror he knows one thing for certain. He has to flee, has to hoist his full, diapered ass onto the bike seat and sink down onto it with a shudder-inducing squelch. He has to return home to his Mommy, a humiliated little boy waddling through the door with a full backpack and a shameful, smelly load in his pampers: the very pampers that he was so very sure he could keep clean...

It's only then, as Mommy giggles and pushes my thoroughly soiled bottom down onto the changing table, that I learn the truth. All those lullabies she's been playing for me when I'm in Little space? Hypnotic, every last one of them. And those vitamin C tablets I always have before bed? Well, last night's were actually something far more explosive. Something called magnesium citrate...

Something that, I then recall with growing horror, I've just fetched two entire large bottles of from that pharmacy. Two large bottle which, I now realize, are probably intended just for me.

"Aww, don't cry, honey!" Mommy consoles, giving my freshly diapered crotch an affectionate pat. "I'm sure you'll get to try big boy pants again someday! Just maybe not when you're out running errands for Mommy, okay?" She giggles once more at my beet-red face and tweaks my nose as she slips my dummy back in – the final coup de grace. "Just imagine how embarrassed you would be if you've made such a stinky mess in your big boy pants, hmm? I really think you should be thanking Mommy for protecting you from such an embarrassing accident!"

Some adventure indeed, I muse, gazing down in mingled shame and arousal at the fresh diaper bulging out softly between my smooth thighs. *Oh, god, I don't want that ever again. I can't handle so much embarrassment, not in front of someone else...*

But the worst of it? Judging by the tingling shivers running through me and the stiffening front of my diaper, I knew deep down that, on the contrary, such humiliation – such complete loss of control – is precisely what I crave more than anything.