



You wake up feeling groggy and out of it, the morning sun streaming in through the windows. In front of you, your girlfriend is stirring a bowl of mush and talking on the phone with someone. Your head hurts and your temples are throbbing.

Something is wrong, but you can't quite put your finger on it. She's sitting across from you, but very, very close. Why is she so damn close? Thinking of her as your girlfriend feels weird, too. But why?

Ex-girlfriend? You blink away the thought. No way would you leave her. You've had a good thing going with her for a while...

"Hey, yeah," she says into the phone. "I'm good. Yeah, I finally broke up with him last night." The little pink spoon she's using to stir up the mush comes towards your mouth. Reflexively, you open up and accept it; taking the mush and then swallowing it down. That makes you feel a little better, actually.

"Good job," Mommy whispers to you and dips the spoon in again.

Mommy?!

Where did that thought come from? For some reason, it feels kind of appropriate. Maybe it's those nursery decorations that are leading your mind this way. Are you...are you in a nursery/

"It was just about time," she says to her friend on the phone. "I mean it wasn't going anywhere." It doesn't sound like she's angry about whatever happened, but...wait a second...what did happen?

You're about to ask so many questions: Who is she talking to? Who is she talking about? Why and what is she feeding you? Who did she break up with? It couldn't have been you because you're right here and...

Mommy's spoon comes back at you. "Open up, open up!" she quietly coos at you. Without thinking you do as she says and get more of the mush scooped into your mouth. "Good job!"

Hearing her praise makes you smile. Too late, you realize you forgot to swallow everything and you feel the spoon catching some of the goop dribbling out of the corners of your mouth. The rest drips onto your bib.

Your bib?! With your hands free, you pat your chest and it finally occurs to you that you aren't wearing any clothes. Just a bib. And you're sitting in a highchair! That's not grits and food coloring you've been eating; that's mashed peas! You should spit that stuff out, but you're finding that you've developed quite a taste for it! Are you...are you drunk?.

Mommy doesn't seem to notice your confusion. "How did he take it?" she says to the person on the other line. "Well, let's just say that he kind of threw a temper tantrum." Her eyes light up in playful glee. "Yes he did! Yes you did!" she coos at you.

You scrunch up your face. What? She's talking about you?! She couldn't be! She didn't break up with you! You don't remember that. You don't...you don't remember anything about last night, come to think of it.

You try to stand up, but the harness in the highchair will barely let you get your bum an inch off of the hard plastic seat. Where is that crinkling sound coming from? It couldn't be you...could it?

She goes on, oblivious to your confusion and distress. "Yeah," she laughs, lightly, reminiscing. "He just started babbling and he just started crying these big crocodile tears. And he got so upset that he was on the ground and his pants were actually wet! Yes! He soaked his khakis."

Flashes of memory fill your head. You remember the world getting wobbly and spinny. And the people at the bar looking down at you from their barstools, smiling cruelly down at you while your...your...Mommy?...while she grabbed a baby wipe from out of her purse and started dragging it over your face.

“I mean he was in front of me in a puddle of his own piss, crying his eyes out and needing his nose wiped.” There’s a pause as whoever is on the other line says something to her. “Yeah, it does pretty much prove that he needed a Mommy more than a girlfriend. And I need a man who can keep his pants dry and his composure together.”

Your jaw drops in surprise. That’s not true! Your pants are very, very, dry! Even if it feels like you’re not really wearing any.

Mommy takes notice of you and your expression. “Yes I do!” she chirps. “Hold on,” she says to the phone. Then, more animatedly, she goes “Heeeeere’s a flyer!” Expertly you open your mouth and accept the yummy veggies. “There we go! Good one!”



The praise makes you feel a little better, and you relax. Your pants suddenly feel a lot warmer than you remember them being; squishier in front, too. Not sure why. You quickly put the thought out of your head.

“ No,” she says into the phone. “I’m just watching the baby.”

Baby?

Where?!

You don't see or hear a baby! If you have to help take care of some little brat, you're going to throw a tantrum the likes of which has never been seen!

But you don't see a baby.

Just Mommy. And her mush. And a baba. And this highchair you're sitting in. And this bib! And you hear a crinkling sound, kind of like a diaper, underneath you...and feel a wet squish around your crotch all of a sudden...but that's just a coincidence!

"So yeah, I'm still coming to dinner," she tells her friend. "Yeah, I don't have a boyfriend but I have a rather special surprise for you."

Doesn't have a boyfriend? What are you, then, chopped fucking liver? She's feeding you! Waiting on you hand and foot! If that isn't top tier boyfriend treatment, you don't know what is! Did you...did you propose and forget? Nah! That was never gonna happen! You wouldn't have gotten married...would you?

"Well," she explains, smiling coyly at you all the while, "let's just say that he's still in my life...he's still in my life but...hold on." Again, she notices what has to be the confused look of concentration on your face.



“What’s a matter, baby?” she asks. “Here, you want some of your baba?” She hands you a bottle and you take it from her, popping it into your mouth and you start suckling. Much better. “Good baby”

“Yeah he’s still in my life, but in a different way and I think you’ll really appreciate this way. It’s a lot better!”

While Mommy keeps talking and you’re sucking on the yummy ba-ba, you feel funny again. This time not in your head, but your tummy. You plant your feet and lift your bottom up off the seat.

“ I mean, it was very clear he needed something else,” Mommy says. It’s true. You do need to do something, but you’re not sure what. “He needed somebody to take care of him. And to wash up after him and to really just keep him in check, and I need a real man.”

Just like that, the funny feeling goes away and a hot mushy one enters the seat of your diaper.

Yes.

Your diaper. It doesn’t feel so weird now, thinking about it.

You get more flashes of memory: You laying in the backseat of Mommy’s car. Her taking off your big boy pants and tossing them into the parking lot. Something about you not needing them anymore while she unfolds something big and white and crinkly.

“I don’t want that in a boyfriend,” she says to the lady in the phone, while you keep sucking on the baba. “Yeah. Mhm,” she nods. “I’ll be there at like four o’clock. And I can’t wait!” she looks directly at you. “Make sure you’re on time cuz I have a surprise for you! Mhm. Yeah, I’ll bring the potato salad. Alright I’ll talk to you later, bye.



The above is a novelization of a video on clips4sale.com “Bringing A Change To Thanksgiving Dinner”

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