

Big Boy or Bigger Baby?

March 2022

There he knelt, bear dangling from one limp hand, pacifier suddenly slack between his dumbfounded lips. She- she couldn't. Mommy just couldn't do this. Not to a big boy like him. Not in front of- of everyone...

And yet she was. And laughing the entire time, too.

"What's the matter, sweetie?" she giggled, reaching over and playfully tweaking his nose with her elegantly manicured fingers. "I told you there'd be consequences if you didn't clean your plate over lunch. I told you you'd be in trouble if you didn't do your chores. And I told you you'd regret it if you keep on 'forgetting' to ask me before trying to use the big boy potty." She shrugged and glanced pointedly downward. "I really don't see how you could possibly expect to get away with anything less... *baby*."

It wasn't a term of endearment – at least, not in the usual sense. For Nolan's eyes dropped at her words, following her gaze down to the sight that he was now protesting so much. The sight, that is, of his bare legs and the fresh, fully exposed diaper that now swaddled his bum like a plump, oversized marshmallow.

"But you never said you'd take away my *pants*!" Nolan wailed now, his voice cracking and causing him to blush furiously as he clenched his pacifier tighter. "You- you never said- And there's people coming, too- other people-"

"Oh yes, there are indeed!" Mommy beamed, before reaching forward and prying open her husband's fingers to retrieve the pacifier within. "You better believe it, baby. But there you are already, disobeying all over again. What did I tell you about your dummy, hmm? Where does it belong?"

"In... in my mou-*ffhmm*-" Nolan began shamefacedly, cutting off with a mumble as Mommy smilingly pressed the nipple home between his parted lips. "That's right, baby," she giggled, working it back and forth in his mouth and clearly relishing the spectacle he made. "In your sweet wittle mouff! A gweat big dummy fow a gweat big, dummy baybee!"

And with a quick swat of his padded and exposed rump, she straightened up and tugged him from his knees to stand before her. Never had Nolan been quite so conscious of his wife's five feet and

eleven inches as now, standing before her in his stocking feet and all of his diminutive five foot three stature. "Now, come along and get busy cleaning up your toys, baby," she exhorted with an assertive nod and gesture toward the bedroom door. "Your friends are gonna be here any minute, after all – and you don't want them to see just what a messy baby you are with those Legos of yours!"

Oh, there were many things Nolan didn't want these kinky friends of his to see... but the state of his Legos wasn't exactly in the top ten. Still, there was nothing to do now. Mommy had spoken, after all, and deep down he did long to please her. And so, instead of safewording, he muttered behind his paci and waddled obediently after her. Just like the obedient, henpecked hubby turned oversized toddler that she'd been training him to be these past few months.

"Hi, Laura – so nice to see you! Sure, come right on in! Yes- yes, shoes at the door are fine. Aww, is this Audrey? Goodness, you look so cute today! I love your hair, sweetie..."

Mommy was in full housewife mode now: bustling about in dress and apron and heels, smiling and laughing and welcoming in their guests. Or more correctly, *her* guests. Sure, Nolan knew them casually; they were two kinky couples that he and Mommy had met online and chatted with once at a local munch. But right now, all they were to him was an audience: pairs of laughing, smirking eyes that were going to see just how far this big boy had fallen, just how much of a baby Mommy was forcing him to become...

He tugged fitfully at the hem of his pastel dinosaur shirt, hardly daring to meet the gaze of the two women coming toward him. Here they were, Laura and Audrey: the first a goth-tinged butch in leather pants and a low-cut top, and the other a veritable doll, complete with poofy lavender skirt and frilly stockings and neatly-plaited brown braids. Maybe if he didn't move too much- maybe if he just stood here in the protective cover of the baby gate Mommy had installed between the kitchen and living room-

"Hey, Nolan! How are you today, hmm?" Laura asked, her eyes sweeping pointedly over him and slipping inevitably down toward his bare legs. "Oh, good luck understanding him," Mommy called from the door where she was still tucking away the guest's coats. "He knows he has to keep his pacifier in his mouth. Training, you see." She giggled and clicked forward on her heels now, peering over Laura's shoulder and beaming sweetly at her blushing hubby. "But go on, honey. Why don't you try to say hi to our guests, hmm? Don't be shy..."

"Hhi..." he managed, blushing as the muted, lisping syllable escaped his mouth. "Hhhi. I dthooin' gooth..." But as if that wasn't enough, Audrey, clearly already immersed in little space and swinging her beaded purse back and forth impatiently, stepped forward and pointed down with one chubby finger at his exposed shame. "Look, Laura! Look what he's wearing! He's wearin' a- a- *diaper!* Jus' like a *baby!*"

Laura laughed and cast a sidelong glance at Mommy's mirth-filled eyes before nodding in agreement. "Oh, but of course, honey! You're so smart, huh? It's only *babies* who wear diapers, isn't it?" "Uh-huh!" Audrey declared, even as Nolan cast his eyes downward in scarlet-faced shame and clutched protectively at the front of his puffy pampers. As if he could conceal them. As if he could somehow salvage his adulthood, his ego, his masculinity...

All of which were shattered now beyond repair. And not only in the eyes of these two, but in the eyes of Bryce and Eddy, the second set of guests who arrived not five minutes later.

Even days later, he still don't quite know what it had been that had made him snap. Maybe it was Audrey's repeated giggling and smacks to his padded rear. Maybe it was her lengthy explanation to Bryce and Eddy about how babies were the only ones who wore diapers, and that he, Nolan, was a baby, and that she was a great big girl and never, *ever* pottied in her pants and never cried like a silly stupid cry baby...

So unfortunate for her that her hair was in braids. Because damn, they were the perfect little pull-handles to teach a brat a lesson.

"Laur-AAA!" she wailed now, though Nolan could swear all he'd given her was a quick little tug that couldn't possibly have hurt. "He- he- that big ol' meanie baby. He- he hurt me! He pulled my- my hair!" And there came the women: Laura stroking her partner's head and consoling her that little babies didn't know better... and Mommy, with a stern glint in her eye that made him quail.

"Bad baby!" she rapped out, stepping nimbly over the baby gate and jerking him to his feet. "We don't hurt other people, baby! That's bad, bad, bad-" "Bhu fheee wufh bheen meeann!" he sputtered, though his garbled toddler-speak carried no weight with her. "I've had just about enough of your brattiness today, mister," she retorted, pinching his cheeks and forcing him to look up fearfully into her eyes. "Now are you going to apologize to your friend like a good baby?"

"Th *nob* uh bhay-bhee. An' fhee *nob* my fwendh," he heard himself declare, a sudden blaze of anger

coursing through him. "Fheeev a *bbitffhbb!*"

There was apparently no better way to get one's ass hauled over Mommy's lap than by calling someone a bitch.

"Bad- bay- bee!" she scolded, her every syllable punctuated with a loud smack to his padded rear, now more on display than ever. "You-" *smack* "don't-" *smack* "call-" *smack* "people-" *smack* "names!" *Smack*. "You-" *smack* "don't-" *smack* "tell-" *smack* "lies!" Of course he was kicking and squirming, alight with the pent-up frustration and shame at being so treated in front of their guests, and all of it melding into a burst of explosive emotion. It wasn't fair- the spanks hurt- that stupid girl was getting off scot-free...

And so the tears came: tears of anger and shame, of peevish rage and humiliation. But strangely, even as the tears flowed and the swats descended, he felt himself tumbling deep, deep into childish Little space. His infantile rage began to flicker out, washed into oblivion by an overwhelming rush of repentance and a wordless, aching need to obey: to do as Mommy said, to please her, to show her what a good boy he could be...

He really was a sub at heart.

Nolan was hiccuping and drooling, snot covering his face and dribbling onto the front of his pastel shirt when she finally pulled him upright and stood him before her, a wet and repentant mess. "Okay, honey," she intoned, and he sniffled at the sound of her warm, caring tone. "Now, have you learned your lesson?"

He nodded. Wordlessly. Wetly.

"Good," she commended, and rose from the sofa with an apologetic smile to the guests, who had all this time been looking on with a mixture of grins and sympathy. "Just one more thing then, honey. I want you to tell the guests something for me." He nodded shakily, looking through wet eyes up at her. *Please, Mommy- please, anything-*

As he stared up at her, she smiled softly... and then reached forward, pressing deep into his mouth the pacifier that had fallen out during the tantrum. "Tell them that you're sorry... and that you're nothing but a silly... little... diaper... baby."

And so, with a gulp and a shudder, he did. Knowing more intensely than ever that it was nothing

less than the truth.