

## Mommy knows best!

Baby boy wakes up all wet and cold and stinky. Louder and louder he cries until Mommy comes into his room to check on him.

"Aww, who's a wet baby? Hmm?" Mommy puts baby boy's paci back in his mouth. He whimpers, but sucks hard, the paci such a comfort.

Unsnapping his crotch, Mommy untapes his wet diaper and folds it under him. Taking some baby wipes, she cleans his prince parts thoroughly, making sure that his peepee and bumbum are all dry. Then comes the lotion! Mmm, so good. He gurgles through his paci, happy and content.

Wafts of baby powder descend, the smell eliciting all sorts of memories and emotions. He giggles as she changes him into a nice clean dry double diaper, adding a booster to make it extra bulky and secure. Baby boy is such a heavy wetter!

Mommy guides baby boy to the floor where he crawls behind her to the kitchen. Mommy puts him in his highchair. His handies are in baby mittens, so Mommy will have to feed her baby boy.

A nice warm custard for breakfast. Baby boy is messy and gets it all over his face. Mommy giggles as she wipes his face. Once she's done, he crawls into the living room where Mommy has him lie in her lap. She has a lovely warm bottle of formula to feed her special baby boy.

Baby boy lies down and Mommy offers him the baba. He closes his eyes and drinks while Mommy pats his diapered backside gently. She holds him nice and close.

Halfway through, Mommy has to burp baby boy. Then she feeds him the rest of his baba.

Baby boy almost falls asleep, but not quite.

He wakes up and wants to play!!

Mommy puts baby boy into his nice playpen. It's got nice high sides that stop baby boy from getting into any mischief!

Mommy tidies up a bit, but baby boy starts to fuss.

Mommy lets him cry for a little bit, (babies need to cry sometimes) and then lets him out of his playpen.

Baby boy goes straight for the candy jar sitting on the coffee table and knocks it off! All the candy spills onto the floor and baby boy scoops some up and into his mouth. (Baby mittens and all!)

"Naughty baby!" Mommy scolds. She gets some baby reins and fixes them onto baby boy. Holding the reins tightly, she makes baby boy crawl after her as she tidies each room.

Phew! Baby boy gets tired from all this crawling. He begs Mommy to stop. Mommy gets his paci and puts it in his mouth.

Unfortunately for baby boy, he spits it right back out!

"Well, mister! You are asking for a punishment!" Mommy ties some pink ribbons to the paci and ties it tightly onto baby boy, making sure that the paci is firmly in place. "That's going to stay there until lunchtime, baby boy!"

Baby boy whimpers and cries. Dribbles and drools. Mommy fixes that! She ties a sweet baby bib onto baby boy that reads:

### "MOMMY'S DIAPER BABY"

Baby boy blushes with embarrassment. He doesn't want anyone to know he has to wear baby diapers! But there it is for anyone to see! Strangely, the more embarrassed he gets, the harder he sucks on his paci and the calmer he feels. Mommy sees that baby boy is resigned to his fate.

"There's my good boy. Nice and docile now!" baby boy squirms but nods. Mommy knows best.

Mommy embarrasses baby boy even more by doing a thorough diaper check.

Uh oh! Baby boy is wet again!!

"You're soaked right through, baby boy!" She leads him through to his changing table and undoes his diaper. "My, my, such a heavy wetter! I think I need to triple diaper you for your nap time sweetie!"

Baby boy looks at Mommy in horror. Three big thick diapers! Oh boy, he wouldn't even be able to crawl with those on!

He tries to complain but the paci is still in his mouth so all that comes out is baby talk and gibberish.

"Ooooh, baby trying to talk? You like the idea of big bulky diapees don't you, baby boy?" Mommy teases him knowing full well that he's trying to fight her. "So big that you won't even be able to turn over in your crib!"

The bulk goes on, between his legs spreading them so far apart! He lies there, a helpless baby in Mommy's care. She helps him slowly get into his crib, the onesie that he's dressed in making his diaper all tight and snug against his botty. Laying down on his back, Mommy covers him with a soft blankie and ruffles his hair. She turns on a mobile above the crib that has baby boy transfixed.

Before he can even gurgle, baby boy falls fast asleep.

Hungry! Baby boy wakes up with his tummy growling! He tries to call for Mommy but the paci hasn't moved. He cries and cries. Finally Mommy appears and baby boy is so happy to see her! He holds his hands up, wanting a hug, needing some comfort. Mommy gives him a lovely hug and baby boy feels a little bit better. But there's a soggy mess in his diapees and his tummy wants food. Baby boy is so miserable.

"Did you have a lovely sleepy byes?" Mommy teases. Baby boy cries harder. "Oh, poor wet baby boy! Mommy change you, hmm?" he nods his little head, desperate to be dry. She lets down the side of the crib and helps him onto the change table. His diapees sag and feel icky. He tries to talk but the paci makes him sound so little and babyish. Mommy takes the wet diapees off and cleans him with cold baby wipes. Baby boy squirms and wriggles, not liking the cold at all!

"Gah, gah, gah." He babbles, the paci making his words impossible to understand. Baby boy is at Mommy's mercy, a helpless little baby boy who needs her to care for him.

"Such a cute baby boy! Tickle, tickle, tickle!" Mommy tickles his tummy and under his arms and on his feet and under his chin. Baby boy giggles and giggles, wetting himself uncontrollably, just like a new born baby.

Luckily Mommy was prepared and had a cloth covering his peepee. Blushing with embarrassment, baby boy starts to cry again. He isn't a baby! He can be a big boy! Right?

He tries to get up off the changing table. What? Why can't he move?

"Did you think Mommy would forget to secure her precious baby boy to the changing table? Hmm? What sort of Mommy would that make me? A careless one! That's for sure. Such a wiggly baby boy." The tickles continue and he wets again and again. Tied to the changing table baby boy submits to his wonderful Mommy. Only then does she relent, seeing his submission.

"Good baby." She croons. "Mommy knows what you need." Baby boy has just enough energy to nod his little head. Mommy knows best.

Mommy puts two diapees and two soakers on him. So bulky! Not quite as bad as the triple diapering but close! His thighs are spread wide apart and he has trouble even crawling!

Baby boy looks so cute crawling behind Mommy as they go into the kitchen. His padded backside wiggles and waggles looking puffy and adorable. He can't stop the feelings of helplessness as Mommy secures him into his highchair. He sits there waiting for his din dins.

Mommy brings out some pureed pumpkin that looks yucky. She insists though and baby boy actually likes the flavour. Mommy seems to have trouble finding his mouth though and a lot ends up all over his face, making him feel extra small and helpless.

His bib is replaced after lunch with another one. A bright pink one that says:

*"Mommy's Little Baby"*

He cringes! He's a big boy! He is! Baby boy tries to take it off, but his baby mittens won't let him.

"Mommy!" he whines. Uh oh! The paci is back! Mommy wastes no time in tying it in place.

"Shh, baby boy. Mommy get a nice baba soon." Oh, a baba. Baby boy likes that idea. He loves being held close and being fed by Mommy.

She leads him onto the floor where Sesame Street is on TV. Baby boy wants a big boy program on and thinks about fussing, but what use would that be? The paci makes him sound so babyish and Mommy wouldn't understand what he was saying anyway.

So he lies on the floor like a good baby, and gets drawn in by the show. He forgets about being a big boy and claps his mittened hands when the cookie monster appears. The show finishes and Mommy is there with his baba. He climbs onto her lap and lays his head down in her arms. She offers him the baba and he accepts it eagerly. Again she burps him and feeds him the rest. He snuggles in and falls fast asleep.

When he wakes, the paci is back in but he's still on Mommy's lap. Oh, so good! She's warm and cuddly and smells so nice!

"There's my sleepy head!" she coos. "It's hard work being a tiny baby for Mommy, isn't it?" he nods, surprised that she's right.

Easing him back onto the floor, Mommy leads him into the bedroom again. Yet another diapee change! This time though, she triple diapers him and puts him into a onesie that has long legs and long arms. The baby reins go back on and he is lead, crawling, to the back door.

Oh no! Not outside!! Not in bulky diapees and a onesie! What if someone sees!!

"There, there, baby boy. Mommy's here. Nothing bad is going to happen." Mommy's voice soothes him, but still he's so worried.

He doesn't want anyone to know he wets his diapees and that he has to crawl. Baby boy tries to stand, but the bulky diapees make that impossible. Baby boy has to crawl just like the tiny baby boy he is.

Before they exit, Mommy ties another baby bib on him to catch his dribbles from the paci. This one is bright yellow and reads:

**"Mommy's Precious Baby"**

Baby boy blushes and squirms but submits to his Mommy.

They go out into the backyard where he is encouraged to play in the sandpit. There are diggers and trucks and all sorts of cool toys and baby boy loses himself in his littleness.

He forgets about anyone seeing him. He can't even remember why that would be a bad thing. He just plays and plays, loving that Mommy is there watching him proudly. He holds up different things for her to exclaim over and he giggles when she claps her hands.

"Bath time, baby boy." Mommy's voice cuts through his baby thoughts. Baby boy fusses. He doesn't want to stop playing. But bath time sounds like fun!

He crawls slowly inside, the sand clinging to his onesie. He's a very wet baby too! And he hadn't even noticed! The bath is run and bubble are added. Baby boy giggles and squirms as Mommy undresses

him. She guides him into the warm water and secures him into a baby seat so that he can't move and slip. Helpless, she washes him gently, cooing at him.

"Let's get you nice and clean, baby boy." He nods, the water calming and soothing.

She allows him a little play time in the water, watching carefully just in case he slips. He reaches for the yellow ducky and puts it in his mouth. The paci is still there! He'd forgotten all about it in his baby state.

Mommy lets the water out and helps him to stand. His legs are all wobbly from crawling all day and he finds it hard to walk now.

She guides him back to the floor once he's dry and they go into the bedroom. Triple diapees and another onesie for bed is put on him, but instead of making him blush and squirm, the thick bulk is soft and comforting now. Baby boy is getting used to being in such big diapees. In fact, he doesn't like them being off anymore.

Crawling out to the kitchen he is secured in his highchair again. Another goopy mess of veggies is presented to him. He has no choice but to eat it all. Mommy can be very insistent. Baby boy thinks to fuss, but he knows better now. Mommy knows best.

Once he finishes his dinner, he has a nice baba in Mommy's arms again, so soft and warm. He drifts in and out of sleep until Mommy leads him back to his bedroom. It's still light outside, but baby boy is put into his crib and another diaper is layered on him. Now there are four thick diapees and he sighs. So good, so right.

Baby boy gurgles at Mommy through the paci. She smiles and rubs his tummy.

He can't move, he can't speak. He wets his diapees uncontrollably as Mommy pulls the blankie over him. But baby boy knows one thing.

Mommy knows best.