

The
Birthday Surprise!

Chapter I

BecomingBabyAgain

I woke up in the same way that I had done for the past couple of months. My eyes opened slowly and were met by the sight of the tall wooden bars that surrounded my bed, the crib that held me prisoner at bedtime. The light streamed in through the bars, and I could see the brightly painted walls and toys that littered the room. Each time I rolled over trying my best to shut out the light and snatch just a little more sleep I could feel the crinkling plastic mattress cover that my Mom had covered my bed in just in case of any "little accidents". Although it was almost impossible for me to make a little puddle in my bed anymore considering that now she puts me in extra-thick diapers and plastic pants before I go to bed each night! Besides, I'm not even that much of a bedwetter. I only have night time accidents like three or four times a week!

The door opens slowly with a long "creeeaaaakkk" and soft footsteps approach the side of my crib. With my eyes still trying their best to hold on to just a second more of sleep. I hear my mom gently and quietly unhooking the side of my crib and then I hear the little whoosh should as she slides it down. She reaches forward and slides one hand under my head and the other cradling my body as she lifts me out of my bed and into her warm embrace.

"Good morning" she whispers in my ear with the soft almost caramel like smoothness in her voice. I wriggles and shudder slightly as I stretch my legs out and a yawn escapes me. Just as I had woken up in the same manner, the morning routine was again exactly the same as every morning I had experienced ever since I moved back in with my Mom.

She lay me down on the cold pink padding of the changing table in the corner of the room and slid down my pyjama bottoms. The world around me was one of a little girls, dolls and pink ponies, but my pyjamas were about the only male thing I had left (barely). I guess it shows how far I've fallen since the only little bit of manhood I have left is my set of blue Thomas the tank engine pyjamas. I think Mommy lets me have them just to tease me, just to remind me what I used to be. It's not even as if I was a huge Thomas the tank fan as a child but now that it's one of the few TV shows that she actually lets me watch, I can't seem to get enough! Next, down came my plastic pants and she pressed her hand against the front of my diaper.

"Only a little wet!" she cooed. Again, I shuddered. I seem to have been wearing diapers for so long both day and night that not only was I losing more and more control with each day, but even more worrying to me was that I couldn't even tell if I had used my diaper until it felt warm and squishy when my hand pressed against it. At least I could easily tell when my diaper was *really* full, and luckily Mom never made me wait too long in a stinky diaper.

Up she slid the plastic pants back and pulled my arms through my sleeves and pulling my pyjama shirt off with ease. I never had any say with the clothes that she made me wear. At first, she let me have some vaguely boy clothes with t-shirts and shorts, but then she began to drip feed more brightly coloured items in soft pinks and purples, then came long white socks and tights. Before I knew it, she was fitting me out with frilly dresses and petticoats, black buckled shoes and pinafores. I tried my best to sulk and avoid it, but Mom made sure to dress me in the outfits I hated more than the rest. I was her little girl, and there was nothing much I could do about it.

Today, the outfit was just as humiliating as it had been every day before. Today, it was a dress, with a frilly diaper cover sewn in, and it was easy for anyone to see it as the skirt started just below the chest and barely came down lower than the belly button. It was bright pink (as so many of my new outfits were) with short white ruffled sleeves. There were two pink bows set in

the middle of the chest and a silk white collar to which was attached a strip of white ribbon to clip a pacifier too.

“We want to make absolutely sure that you’re looking your best for our guests”.

That struck a chord of horror in me. Guests? What on earth did she mean by that? So far, I had managed to put up with the diapers, the dresses, the toys and the kids shows simply because up until now, it had just been us two. Mom and me. Her looking after me and me being doted upon. I let out a little worried squeal at the idea.

“But first, we’ve got some presents to open!”.

Presents? For me? Guests? Okay this was too crazy. Her dainty fingers pulled up some long white socks and tied the laces of the shoes on my feet. She let her strong arms lift me up from the table and pulled me close to her warm bosom. I could feel the scratchy fabrics of her thick jumper brushing against my face with each step she took. As she walked down the stairs into the living room of the house, I felt her heavy breasts jumping up and down as I rested my head against them. The soft cushioning of her body supported by her hand made me think that perhaps life wasn’t all bad.

Right at the base of the stairs was a great pile of wrapped gifts. Again, all wrapped in bright colours with bows and ribbons (a lot like myself). Large boxes that were much taller than me sat next to little square boxes and softer parcels. Across the rooms were hanged bright silvery banners with “Happy Birthday” written across. Huge helium balloons were grouped together like floral bouquets with cartoon characters smiling out from the pictures.

A birthday? My birthday? It would seem that today was not going to be exactly the same as all those before it.