

Ch.1 The Party Begins

Alex had been looking forward to the family get-together for weeks. It was a chance for him to see his aunts, uncles, and cousins, and catch up on everything that had been going on in their lives. But most importantly, it was a chance for him to see his mother, Linda.

Alex had always been close to his mother, and he treasured the time he spent with her. They talked on the phone every week, but it wasn't the same as seeing her in person. So when Linda invited him to spend the holidays with her, he jumped at the chance.

He arrived at his mother's house on Christmas Eve, feeling a sense of nostalgia as he stepped through the door. The house was decorated with tinsel and lights, just like it had been when he was a child. The smells of baking cookies and roasting turkey filled the air, and Alex felt a warm sense of belonging wash over him.

But as the day went on, things started to feel strange. His mother was acting differently, treating him like a child instead of a grown man. Alex couldn't understand why she was acting this way, but he didn't want to ruin the holiday by causing a scene. So he tried to ignore it and enjoy the time

with his family

It was around dinner time when things began to escalate in weirdness though. Alex sat at the dinner table, feeling like something was off. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but there was a strange feeling in the air. He looked around at the other guests - his aunts, uncles, cousins - but they all seemed normal. It was only his mother, Linda, who was acting strange.

She kept hovering over him, cutting his food into tiny pieces and wiping his face with a napkin whenever it got messy. At first, Alex thought it was just his mother being overprotective, but the more she fawned over him, the

more uncomfortable he felt.

"Mom, I can cut my own food," he said, trying to take the knife from her hand.

Linda smiled at him, her eyes shining with something Alex couldn't quite place. "Oh, I know, baby," she said, using the nickname she hadn't called him since he was a toddler. "But I just want to make sure you're taken care of."

Alex frowned, feeling like he was being treated like a child. He couldn't understand why his mother was acting this way, but he didn't want to make a scene in front of their family. So he let her cut his food and wipe his

face, even though it made him feel embarrassed.

After dinner, they all gathered in the living room to watch a movie. Alex sat on the couch, feeling uneasy as his mother tucked a blanket around him and held him close. He was a grown man, but he felt like he was being treated like a child.

As the movie played, Alex felt himself getting drowsy. He tried to fight it, but he couldn't keep his eyes open. He drifted off to sleep, still in his mother's embrace.

Alex stirred from his nap on the couch, his eyes struggling to focus on

the figure standing over him. It was his mother, Linda, holding a small, glittering gem in her hand. She was rubbing it with her thumb, muttering something under her breath.

As Alex watched, the room around him started to grow and stretch. The couch seemed to elongate, the coffee table expanded, and the TV screen grew to an impossible size. Suddenly, a strange sensation washed over him, starting in his toes and creeping up his body. He tried to sit up and ask his mother what was happening, but his limbs felt heavy and uncoordinated.

Alex let out a cry of alarm as he realized what was happening. He was

shrinking, becoming smaller and smaller until he was no longer an adult but a toddler, barely two years old. His clothes suddenly felt too big and baggy on his tiny body. His mother continued to hold the gem, pointing it directly at him as he shrank down to his new size.

Alex watched in disbelief as his entire world was turned upside down. He tried to speak, but only a few words came out of his mouth. He struggled to form sentences, and his words were often slurred or muddled. It was then that he noticed his mother's expression, a mix of wonder and happiness. Alex couldn't understand why his mother was doing this to him,

but he knew he was completely at her mercy.

Alex looked up at his mom and asked, "Why?" She responded with, "I've missed my baby so much, and I just couldn't go on knowing I'd never see your cute little cheeks again." As she pinched his face, she then lifted him up under the armpits and said, "Just look at my little man, so cute."

As she was admiring her regressed son, she was hit by something warm. She quickly grabbed his big boy shirt and used it to defend against the baby boy's onslaught of pee. "Uh oh, that's what I get for hesitating on getting my little guy into a fresh diaper in the first

place," she said in a sing-song voice.

Alex's eyes went wide with horror as he said, "Wha no diapie, me gwon up!" She simply ignored him and brought him over to the kitchen where she had hidden a bag of baby stuff. She first grabbed a pacifier she'd already sanitized before the guests had shown up and popped it into his mouth. He uncontrollably suckled it, unable to control himself. She then got out a diaper and wipes

Lastly, she grabbed a mat of some kind and brought it to the living room, where she spread it out on the floor and laid him onto it. She went about wiping him clean and powdering his

bottom, making sure to point out how cute he was now that he was little again. The whole time, Alex was in shock at how things had gone. One second, he was sitting in the living room, watching a movie, albeit a fairly childish one, but at least he was wearing big boy undies. He stopped and realized what he had just referred to them as and cringed at his newfound childish, or rather babyish, view of his situation.

Then he noticed that his mom had finished putting the diaper on him. He was then picked up and placed on his feet. She took out her phone and said, "Can you walk to mommy?" as she moved to the other side of the room.

He wasn't going to play along, though, and sat down and huffed, not giving her the satisfaction or so he thought, until she responded with an overly enthusiastic "Awww!" He had unintentionally given her the perfect babyish response she longed for.

She then said, "Uh oh, looks like I have a grumpy baby on my hands here. Someone needs a visit from the tickle monster to cheer them up." His eyes went wide, and he started crying out, "No!" but it was too late; the tickle monster had arrived for a visit

That's when one of Alex's aunts walked in and exclaimed, "Is that Alex? He's so adorable!" Alex looked

over in shock, still reeling from the tickle attack. His mind was racing with questions - how did she know it was him? But he wouldn't get an answer, at least not right away. He seemed to be stuck as a simple ornament or a plaything of sorts, not really being allowed to have a say in the conversation. "After all, what two-year-olds do?" he thought.

His aunt then suggested that it was probably bedtime for the babies, and that it would be best if Alex went to bed as well. She asked in a "don't you think" kind of manner. Linda sighed, knowing her sister was right, but she was so happy to have her baby back that she didn't want to give him up just

yet.

However, she knew what she needed to do. So, she made him a bottle of what he assumed was milk. She brought him over to the couch and began to feed him, but he quickly realized that it wasn't milk he was being fed. Not that it really mattered, as his body had a mind of its own when it came to bottles and pacifiers, apparently.

While she fed him, Linda could feel his diaper growing warm. She smiled so warmly at having her baby back, and she wasn't the only one in the house with that feeling, to say the very least

Things were going to be a bit more loud in the morning that's for sure.