I was just looking at Craig’s list. I always look for bargains. My buddy Mike saw me looking. I hadn’t been on a date since my wife left me.

“Why don’t you look at the personals and see what’s available? Who knows you might get lucky or find a hooker and get your ashes hauled.”

I laughed and ignored him until he left. Then I *began to peruse the ads. They were all quite ordinary until I came to this one add that I could not ignore.*

**Single Mother of Twin Baby boys**

**I am a single mother of twin baby boys 6 months old. I am desperate and will do anything to keep my babies and me from starving. I am young and sexy and can make you very happy. This is a long- term arrangement, no one night stands. Call me you won’t be sorry. (212) 555-xxxx**

I couldn’t help but call. This was a chance to live out my fantasy, if she would agree. I dialed the number.

“Hello?”

“Hi. I saw your ad and wanted to talk to you about it.”

“OK. What do you want to know?”

“I was wondering what anything meant, would I live with you?”

“If you wanted to. You would be the man of the house and have the same rights as a husband even more because as part of the deal you wouldn’t have to ask just take what you wanted.”

“Suppose I wanted something else? I make a good living and can afford to take care of you very well.”

“What else could you want? Tell me I don’t think there is anything you can ask me that I wouldn’t do now.”

“I’m embarrassed to talk about it.”

“Don’t be a baby, tell me I’ll probably do it.”

“I want to be treated like one of your babies when I am not at work. Diapers, bottles, baby food, breast feeding if you are nursing. You will be like a mommy to me completely in charge when I am home with you. In return for this I will fund a checking account and a credit card to take care of all our needs for as long as we are together.”

“You want to be a complete baby at home? Use your diapers, eat no adult food, drink formula and breast milk? You understand I check my baby’s diapers anytime any place. I might change you in public or in front of strangers, Babies don’t care.”

“Yes”

“Do you have big baby Pampers?”

“Yes”

“When do you want to start?”

“I start my vacation tomorrow. I will go to the bank and set up the account. Text your name I’ll setup a joint account with your name on it, a debit card for you then I’ll come over and we can start.”

“OK. But before you go to the bank you are to be diapered, and to insert 2 Dulcolax suppositories. I want you to know what it feels like pooping in public because, you will be doing it regularly just like any other baby. Don’t worry mommy will change your didee when you get here no matter who sees.”

“Oh, and baby, please bring your pampers, and we’ll get your clothes later. Nighty night baby.”

First thing in the morning I shaved showered and inserted the suppositories before diapering myself. I ate breakfast, hoping it would be the last adult food I would eat until I returned to work. I packed a suitcase with my diapers and baby things. Mommy would take me back to get the rest of my things when she was ready for me to have them. I went to the bank transferred some funds and was just bidding the teller goodbye as large cramp hit me and I filled my diaper.

The walk to mommy’s house was about 6 blocks. I kept pooping the whole walk. It was embarrassing, and uncomfortable. I finally got there and even I could smell the poopy diaper. I knocked at the door.

“Who is there? Is it baby Mikey?”

“YES”

“Yes who?”

 “Yes Mommy.”

The door opened, mommy sniffed the air.

“Is somebody poopy?” Loudly in that singsong voice that all mothers use when talking to babies.”

Then she pushed a pacifier into my mouth while he door was still open. She turned me around and pulled my pants back away from my body and checked my diaper.

“Is baby finished pooping? Well wait a little while and make sure. Lay here and suck your binkie, while mommy explains things and the rules.

1. For the 1st 2 weeks you will be a newborn complete liquid diet, then like all babies we will introduce new foods gradually. I should probably tell you that when on a liquid diet, babies poop within 15 minutes of every feed. Soft mushy and messy.
2. No talking cry for everything.
3. You will be sucking on something all the time.
4. You will be treated like a baby at all times when home.
5. As long as we don’t get arrested I don’t care and neither will you who knows you’re a baby”

Mommy began to change my diaper.

“Oh! baby made such a good poop. Does his tummy feel all better? He’s going to feel so much better in his clean diapee.”

After she finished changing me, talking to me like an infant she undid a few buttons on her blouse and opened the flap on her nursing bra. She guided her nipple to my mouth and pressed my head to her breast.

“Baby loves mommy’s milk, doesn’t he? Drink up so I can put you down until your next feeding. Every 2 hours like a newborn. And (giggle) you will probably need your poopy diaper changed too.”

I fell asleep, and was soon woken by cramps. One particularly strong cramp started me pooping my diaper. The poop was softer and mushy. It ran everywhere, coating my diaper area front and back. I had a feeling that my poop would be like this for as long as I was on a liquid diet. I hoped mommy wasn’t going to keep me like this once my vacation was over. If she did I would need a diaper at work and someone to change me.

It was a while before I got back to sleep. Next thing I was waking as mommy was lifting my head to her breast. She pressed her nipple into my mouth.

“Drink mommy’s milk, if you are still hungry mommy has a bottle for you. Is baby Mikey poopy? Does hims have a messy didee? Don’t worry. Mommy will change him.”

With that she switched me to her other breast. Then burped me. Then came the bottle of formula. I was very sleepy as she changed my diaper. As I began to doze I filled the diaper with poop again. This was continued throughout the night. Morning came and mommy gave me some breast and then a bottle. I seemed to fall asleep right after the bottle just like an infant. I always woke up in a diaper filled with soft mushy baby shit. Her girlfriend came over and while I was being fed my bottle they discussed me. Mommy thought I was asleep and explained that my formula was drugged with sleeping meds and a laxative, and stool softener combination that would ensure my infant like toileting.

Her girlfriend began to talk.

“Are you going to take him to the gym for baby and me?”

Mommy giggled and said.

“Do you think the other women would go for it?”

“Oh! call them and ask them. He should experience baby group play and even play groups. Besides that, where else could you publicly change his diaper in front of 8 or 10 young women?”

“What about him? I mean he might not want that?”

“Who is the mommy? He has no choice. Did you ever ask your infants their opinion? Just take him.”

Mommy began to dial the phone. Her friend remarked.

“He stinks! Would you like for me to change him?”

“If you want to. If you don’t he can lay in his poopy diaper until after I’m done on the phone.”

“Where do you keep his supplies?”

“In his diaper bag, over there.” As mommy pointed to it.

“I never changed such a big baby before.”

“It’s no different the messes are just bigger>”

“Here are his diapers ok Mikey auntie is going to clean you up. Such a messy diapee. You know you ought to fix his hands so he can’t use them. Put a tennis ball inside a gloved and sew the fingers to the ball. He won’t be able to hold anything. Then put a spreader panel in his pants so even if you let him walk he walks like a toddler. He should have the whole experience he is paying for.”

“that’s a great idea. I’d start on the gloves now but I have to feed him.”

“I’ll feed him babies don’t really care which tiddy he gets his meals from.”

“Just make sure you give him the formula too. I want him pooping after every feeding.”

As her girlfriend began to change me she prattled as she did to her own baby.

“Who made a stinky?”

“Auntie Jane thinks Mikey likes being in poopy diapees.”

“But that’s OK he is a baby.”

“Yuck what a stinky tushie”

Soon she finished me and brought her nipple to my mouth, I latched on and she patted my bottom as she nursed me. After about 10 minutes she changed breasts. A while after that the formula and I fell asleep. I woke poopy and couldn’t move my hands or put my legs together. I started to cry and mommy came over giggling.

“You’re poopy again. And you found out you haven’t got the use of your hands. A baby doesn’t have the coordination to hold anything so the gloves make sure you don’t either. The spreader in your pants will make it difficult if not impossible to walk. So, you won’t be able to walk when at home until my babies do. Be happy they should start crawling soon. In the meantime, I got a big baby stroller for when we co out. In your baby clothes, it should be as close to the true baby experience as possible. Don’t say a word. If you do, I promise you regular public diaper changes.”

She wouldn’t do that, or would she?

“in case you are wondering if I have the chance I promise you a very public diaper change at some time. I probably will be whenever I think I can get away with it.”

Soon the doorbell rang again.

“Hi Marcia, I was just talking to Jane and she said you might need a babysitter for Friday night when the girls go out for her birthday.”

“Might but,”

She hesitated a little.

“I Have another baby to take care of and you might find him a little unusual.”

“He can’t be any different than any other baby.”

“Take a look, then I’ll explain it to you.”

Mommy came in with a young woman who couldn’t be more than 19 years old following her.

She led her over to me and sniffed the air.

“It looks like Mikey pooped his diaper again. Mikey wants to be a baby and I am indulging him. He is treated just like my babies and acts just like them. Do you still want to babysit my babies?”

“if this isn’t some sort of joke and you will pay me extra for the 3rd baby then I see no reason why not. Oh my God does he stink are you going to change him?”

“sure! unless you want to.”

“Not this time but I would really like to watch.”

“No problem. Let me get his diapers, some powder, and wipes. Keep an eye on him please.”

Mommy came back and began to un-tape the diapers.

“Oh, what a stinky baby. Hims is just a baby but mommy will get him all clean.”

“Uh oh looks like he is getting a diaper rash.”

“Marcia, did you know that Mikey is the only one of my babies that hasn’t had a diaper rash.”

“Well, he wanted the full baby experience. I think with a little longer between changes and the complete liquid diet he’s on hell have the complete baby experience including a baby didee rash”

She giggled, then looked at Marcia.

Marcia said.

“you know I work for a pediatrician part time. I bet I could get her to see this very special baby if he had a severe diaper rash.”

Mommy smiled.

“See if she will. I’ll pay her for the visit. It could be even more fun if she had her full staff on when he got his 3- month exam. You know he is still only on formula and breast milk?”

“I’ll talk to her just make sure he has a severe diaper rash. Maybe he’ll have to go back for follow up visits.”

“We can make sure he has a severe diaper rash by changing his didees before his feedings. Then he will be messy when we put him down and hell wind up being in that poopy diaper for about 2 hours each time.”

“He told me he wanted to be a complete baby. He needs to really feel everything.”

“Am I still babysitting tomorrow evening?”

“Yes, you are. Want to feed Mikey his lunch now? He’s got a clean diaper on but you know what’s going to happen after you give him his formula. Oh well put him down for his nap in a poopy diaper.”

Marcia smiled and said.

Just make sure you feed him in the waiting room so when they undress him, he will have a messy didee.”

Mommy giggled.

“I just can’t wait to see his face when he gets his messy diaper changed by the nurse.”

I guess I was beginning to look upset.

Mommy saw it and smiled as she said.

“I know babies don’t like going to doctors, but my little Mikey wanted the complete baby experience. Mommy is going to make sure he gets everything he wished for. A full baby experience including a nasty ole dypee rash. Baby needs his shots and his monthly checkup whether he likes it or not so when your brothers get their checkup you’ll get yours.”

“Don’t you dare make a peep. If you do I swear I’ll put you in a daycare infant center for a week.”

I woke up in my crib. My ass was burning. I knew if I spoke or called out to mommy she would find a way to change me in front of others. So, like the baby she wanted me to be, I began to cry.

“What’s the matter with my baby? It isn’t morning yet. Ok mommy will give you some titty and a diaper change. Oh! what a bad rash on such a stinky baby. I’ll have to tell your doctor about it tomorrow. Yucky! you’re a real mess. Even your plastic panties are stained. “

Mommy continued to prattle as she changed me. Then she dropped the side of the crib, threw a diaper over her shoulder put me on her lap and guider my mouth to her nipple. As I latched on she continued to coo to me.

“That’s my baby. Is mommy’s milk good. Tonight, aunty Marcia babysits. I know you didn’t like mommy to leave but sometimes I need to be with grownups.”

Mommy then pressed me to her shoulder and started patting me on the back until I let out a big burp.

She the giggled pulled up the rail, covered me with a baby blanket, put a pacifier in my mouth, and left the room. I could just imagine the next few days. A babysitter, an appointment with a pediatrician for a 3- month checkup, shots, and a really, uncomfortable diaper rash.

Morning came, and mommy was changing my diaper and dressing me. Just a onesie and snap crotch shorts. You could see my diapers peeking out of the shorts.

Mommy guided me to the stroller. After feeding me a bottle of formula. After putting a pacifier in my mouth, she began to push me out on the street after saying goodbye to the babysitter who was watching the other two babies.

“I need to go to the drugstore. I think that I would like to walk through the park to get there. Babies usually enjoy being pushed through the park on their strollers. So, I brought you with me all dressed like a baby for your next baby experience.”

I sat in the stroller sucking on the pacifier as mommy pushed me through the park. Some people stared some giggled and one even came over to talk.

“He is so cute. How old is he?”

Mommy looked at her and said.

“Just like my other babies he is 6-months old. As we are stopped here let me check his diaper. Oh my god he is messy again. Would you mind if I changed him?”

“OK baby it’s time to go to your doctor’s appointment.”