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When we got to the house, mommy brought me inside and sat me on the floor.

“What’s my name Mikey? What do you call me?”

All that came from my mouth were babyish cooing and gurgles. Mommy and Tawanna both laughed.

“Mikey, let me tell you about Tawanna. She is a psychologist who specializes in behavior modification. When I told her about your fantasy, she thought she could make it much more real for you, using behavioral modification and sleep time hypnosis, your behavior has been modified to that of an infant. There are keys to growing you up or allowing you to mature gradually. As it is set right now, it will take you two years to be able to begin toilet training with any hope of success. Should the need arise the modifications could be eliminated in about 5 minutes. As of now we have every expectation of allowing you to mature at the same rate as any other baby. Through this all you will have your mature mind understanding what is going on but will not be able to act any other way than is appropriate for a child of that age. For instance, you are now 4 weeks old and require only feeding and sleep. You don’t really mind being wet and messy.”

Without warning, all I wanted to do was cry. No! Let me correct that I didn’t want to cry but could not stop myself from doing it.

Tawanna said.

“Better give him some tiddy, and put him down he hasn’t slept in about 2 hours. Your baby is very tired.”

Mommy slipped her breast out of her blouse and bra and began to nurse me. A calm fell over me as I suckled, and I began to feel very drowsy. Before long I was asleep. I awoke in my crib with a dirty diaper. The mobile above my head was fascinating. It was so entertaining. This was so much fun and then I went back to sleep. I awoke hungry and crying. Mommy came in and started to coo and speak softly to me as she changed my diaper and cleaned my messy bottom.

“Is baby hungry? I bet he is! Does he want some tiddy? Yes, he does. As soon as I get you cleaned up I’ll feed you.”

It did not take long, and soon I was again nursing at mommy’s breast. As I was nursing I filled my diaper as any other newborn would do during or immediately after a feeding. It didn’t bother me, and I fell asleep at mommy’s breast for the second time that afternoon.

As mommy put me into the crib I heard her say to another person.

“Would you like to baby sit your ex-husband? I know that he will be humiliated by it. And you can get the satisfaction of him being totally in your power and helplessly embarrassed.”

I heard my ex-wife say.

“This should be fun. I don’t want him at my breast. Do you have formula or stored breast milk?”

“I do, both actually. He cannot help acting like a baby, and he should be treated like one. Don’t abuse him. He will be so humiliated but will not be able to keep himself from acting like a baby. I don’t think you will have any sweeter revenge than knowing how humiliated he will feel having his diaper changed by you, you can do that anyplace and he won’t object, he can’t even talk. Just don’t do it where you and he will get arrested.”

“I would love to do that, but unfortunately I’ll be away on business for the next three months. Could I postpone it for a while?”

Mommy smiled and said

“Sure. But stay here a moment and hear what Tawanna is going to tell the baby.

Tawanna smiled at me and cooed to me. Then said.

“You are going to be a baby form as long as we want there is no way out of it except by us reversing your conditioning. We think we would like to keep you as a baby permanently. My ideal way is to allow you to grow up until you have a vocabulary of no more than 10 words then regress you to a newborn.If mommy is not lactating, then it will be formula only. But either was is back to infancy. I don’t see you getting much older than 12 months before we regress you.”