

Mommy's Day

By Champ (champtehatter.com)

Melissa wants to experience being a mommy for Mommy's Day, and a special campaign from Cardmark will help her turn one person of her choice into her little to make that happen!

"Love Mommy's day but not a Mommy yet? Why not use Mommy for a day? Guaranteed to make you the center of a little one's world for a whole day!"

Melissa read the poster on the front of the Cardmark store window and rubbed her chin. Melissa was young... Too young to be worried about her biological clock running out, but old enough to be out of college. Thus, the number of friends that she regularly saw had dwindled and she spent most of her time with her girlfriend, who certainly wasn't looking to adopt.

"Well... Mother's day is coming up... and it would certainly be nice to see what it felt like at least for a day," she reasoned. "Oh, I'll just check it out. It's better than wandering around the mall aimlessly, like I do every Sunday."

"Hi there, welcome to Cardmark! How can I help you?" said the friendly, bubbly, cheerful store clerk the moment she entered the store.

"Hello, cheerful store clerk," said Melissa, smiling and waving for some stupid reason. She put her hand down, feeling silly. "Er, I'm here about the poster in the window. I don't have anyone to call me mommy, and with Mother's Day just around the corner..."

"You wanna spend Mother's day as a 'Mommy', do you? Well, you've come to the right place! We don't just sell *delightfully* festive holiday cards. We also help make delightful festive memories! So here's the deal: You have some options here... let me know which one feels right for you."

"All right, Shoot."

"So first we have a photo studio in back. If you want just a quick memory maker, we can bring out our models, or we have props that you can do with someone, *anyone* you pick. As you can see, we have the *lovely* wall of photos here of all the happy families." Melissa looked at the wall and indeed it was covered in pictures of adorable adult babies with their 'Dommies' and 'Daddies', some looking happy, some looking embarrassed, and some looking very pouty.

Melissa shook her head when she heard the first option and said, "that's not quite enough." The clerk continued.

"Second, you can rent a little one for the day. Now for various legal, labor, and liability reasons, the Little One has to be 18 or older. All our models are 18 or older, but many mommies find that more manageable and more adorable as well, anyway."

Melissa found herself getting more excited as they spoke, imagining taking pictures and just really living in the fantasy even just for a day. And maybe that's all she needed.

Still, Melissa shook her head. "I wouldn't want to do this with a *stranger*," she said. The clerk nodded, like he understood her all too well.

"The third option is called 'Little for a Day' where you can actually turn anyone you choose into a little for the day." For the third option, Melissa rubbed her chin.

"How does that last one work? Is it a pill? A spray? Is it some kind of drug? Hypnosis? Magic?"

"Oh no, we don't condone drugging people and besides that it's extremely illegal. We are a *legitimate* business. We send spam emails and texts! You tell us the target - all we need is their contact information - we will send them a text or email that looks like a regular ecard from you, and after they open it and they look and listen, it will implant the suggestion in their mind that they want to be your little for a day. The best part is, they won't even notice - they will just think you sent them a nice message and they will think being your little for Mommy's Day was their idea!" Melissa smiled to herself.

"That's really cute," she said, "and I know just who I'd like to send it to..."

"All right, we're all ears! By the way, the charge is only 35 cents, but we do hope that you'll come back in and purchase a photo session with us. I bet they're going to be extremely adorable whoever they are."

Meanwhile, across town, Melissa's friend Chet felt a buzz in his pocket. Since he was sitting there at the property management office awash in tenant requests, he welcomed the small distraction from his busy day. He pulled out his phone and looked. Oh, how nice! A message from my good friend Melissa. I'm always too busy to connect with her. I'm glad she reached out."

He opened it and saw a corny little ecard with the typical terrible graphics. The graphic began to animate, with a baby giggle sound effect and a message: "Thinking of you and don't forget to say I love you to all the Mommies in your life!" He chuckled to himself. "Melissa, you're such a Mom." He typed a quick thank you to Melissa and then he saw the little link on the animation.

The animation... For all its corniness, something about the sparkly, fake glitter graphics and the simple two frame motion was mesmerizing to Chet. The little happy baby giggle tingled in his ears as the words flashed before his eyes over and over again.

"Chet? Chet? Earth to Chet!"

Chet shook his slightly shaggy blonde hair and looked up to see Paula, his coworker, standing in front of him.

"Oh, sorry. I got a little lost there for a second," said Chet. Paula chuckled and shook her head.

"Oh Chet you work too hard. Look, we all need to go home now, including you, so let's get out of here, okay?"

"Huh?" Chet looked outside and somehow it was indeed already starting to get dark. "What the heck? Thanks, Paula. I must be working myself too hard. I don't know how long I was daydreaming just there. I hope not too long..."

"What are you talking about?" said Paula, "You've been working away like a little devil all day... I think you cleared up all the tickets, which I've never seen you do so quickly."

"I did? Asked Chet, jumping onto his computer to check the tickets only to realize that everything had been taken care of.

"Yeah, that's why I came over. I think it's time to go."

"Oh...okay..." he said, and didn't say anything more as they locked up and left for the night. It was very strange. Chet had no recollection of anything past opening that really adorable text message that was from his good friend Melissa.

As Chet walked to his car, he thought to himself that the message from Melissa was a really sweet gesture and he should return it somehow. Then, he remembered that she had once told him she always wanted to experience Mother's Day, but was never a mother. An idea started to form his mind.

"Oh, that would be really cute," he said to himself. He blushed a bit as he thought about it. "Oh gosh, but would she really appreciate it? No, she'll love it. I'll go do some shopping for props to make it happen when I get home." That sentiment lasted about as long as it took him to get to his car. The moment he sat down he said to himself. "Why wait? I could just follow that link I saw on the message and see what they have..."

Chet clicked the message link to see a special Mommy's Day package for little ones.

"Let's see here. Mommy's Day sale... Comes with one adorable outfit... Diaper shirt, diaper, Pacifier and bottle. Oh, that's so cute! The shirt says 'I love my Mommy.' It comes with a bib too that says 'Mommy's little baby.' That's adorable! Oh, I'll definitely upgrade to a full pack of diapers. One will not be enough. And you can add on a flower and a little box of cookies... Oh how nice, low-carb, vegan, and allergen free... That's super nice, like they thought of everyone!"

Chet made his selections but when he clicked purchase and entered in his information, it said he already had an account.

'Purchased and ready for store pickup'.

"Wow, I guess I already took care of it. Okay, I guess I better hurry over there then." Unconcerned about his gaps in memory, Chet hurried over to the mall. He had about an hour before the store closed, so he wasted no time walking over to the Cardmark store.

The happy friendly bubbly clerk was there.

"Hello! Welcome to Cardmark! How can I help you?"

"Hi, I've got a Mommy's Day Special package for pickup. The name's Chehet."

"Oh, yeah! We got it right here for you, buddy" said the clerk. The way the clerk said that made Chet blush and feel really little for some reason but he shook it off.

"Thank you! Oh, my friend Melissa is gonna be so happy and surprised when she sees this."

"I'm sure she'll love it. I'm not so sure she'll be surprised," added the attendant to himself.

"What was that?" asked Chet.

"Oh, nothing," said the clerk, smiling. "By the way, did you see our nice photo wall? We have a photography studio here where you and Mommy can take a mother's day picture. Take a look at all the cuties up on the wall!"

"Oh wow, they are adorable! Mommy would love that! What's your name, by the way?"

"Oh! Nobody ever asks me that. It's Clerk!"

"Thanks, Clerk. I'll definitely be back with Mommy on Mommy's day. Oh yeah, could I get a card too?"

"Absolutely."

At home, Chet opened up the package in his bedroom and looked at the contents. The shirt was very adorable. He put it on and looked at himself in the mirror. It was very cute. Just small enough to end above his belly button and a nice soft baby blue. He looked at the pastel package of diapers next and started blushing for some reason as he examined them.

"Why am I blushing? They're just *diapers*."

He picked them up. The package was so thick. There were only 10 diapers inside, but it was huge.

"Well, I guess the bigger the baby the bigger the diapers, huh?" He said to himself, chuckling. "I should wait to open this up till the day of. I wouldn't wanna run out."

Chet. chuckled to himself. As if *that* would happen since he didn't really need diapers. The outfit reminded him of a big baby Cupid thing although these diapers looked thick and puffy and said 'Baby' in cute cursive scrawl. Chet looked forward to opening them up and feeling them with his own hands on Sunday.

"It's only a few days away," He reminded himself, tamping down his excitement.

Finally, he looked at the other accessories that came with the outfit. The pacifier and the bottle could definitely be used now since they were reusable, and it would make for good practice if he was to use them tonight. He decided to try them out and found that he actually quite liked sucking on the pacifier. The bottle was a little frustrating, since it wasn't as quick to drink as a glass like he usually used. He put the bottle back in the box with the other Mommy's Day stuff and just focused on the pacifier, sucking on it.

In fact, he enjoyed it so much he kind of forgot it was there. He didn't even notice until he got on a video call while gaming with friends, and they started laughing.

"What are you wearing, you goof?" Chet looked at himself and was surprised to see he was still sucking on a pacifier and wearing his baby tee. He hadn't even taken it off!

"Oh," Chet laughed, blushing. "This is a little costume I was trying out for Mommy's day on Sunday. I forgot I was wearing this stuff." His friends in the video call all laughed.

"*Mommy's day?*" asked one of them. "That's cute."

"Wow, you make a cute baby," said another, and Chet blushed harder.

"I hope so. This is for my friend since she doesn't have a little one of her own to give her a happy Mommy's day."

Chet shrugged off the teasing and set his pacifier aside to game, though he kind of missed sucking on it while he was playing and kept looking over. One of his friends noticed.

"Hey, what are you looking at?"

"Oh nothing it was just the... uh..."

"He's looking at his pacifier! Dude, he totally wants to put it in!"

"Do not!" said Chet, blushing.

"Dude, don't worry about it. If you like to game with a pacifier, then just do it. We don't care."

Chet blushed harder and just shook his head and played, but his heart was racing for some reason and he could feel the pull of the pacifier as he was gaming. The longer he played, the more he wanted to put it in until finally, he bit the bullet and just shoved it in his mouth.

"There we go. See, I told you it would take him less than 10 minutes." said one of the friends. "Now pay up!"

"You guys were taking bet-th?" asked Chet around his pacifier.

"It was bound to happen sooner or later," said the friend who won. Chet blushed and rolled his eyes, but was smiling behind his pacifier, glad his friends were so supportive. Was he really that easy to read?

The game eventually finished and Chet looked at the time and said he better get to sleep since he had more work tomorrow. He didn't have a day off until Sunday. One day a week off wasn't much, but he looked forward to spending it with Melissa.

As Chet got ready for bed and climbed inside. He felt like something was missing. He tossed and turned but he just couldn't get comfortable. An idea popped in his head that one of those diapers sure would be cozy to wear to bed. That was strange. He had never thought about that before, but the more he thought about it, the more it made sense. He was sure that it would probably be extremely comfortable to wear a diaper to bed.

After tossing, and turning for a few more minutes, Chet sat up and rubbed his eyes. He looked at the clock. It was already well past midnight and he had to get up in the morning to go to work. Anything that would help him get a good night's sleep was worth a try. So, he once again bit the bullet, opened the diapers up, and fluffed one up. In any case, if he somehow ran out by Sunday, he could always pick more up from the Cardmark store.

He put on the diaper and got into bed in his diaper, sucking his pacifier, and still wearing his baby tee. He drifted off, sleeping more comfortably than he'd ever slept before.

In the morning, Chet woke up well rested and happy and sat up, glancing over at the clock.

"Wow, I haven't slept that well in- Oh my gosh, I'm going to be late for work!"

Chet scrambled out of bed. There was no time to shower or do anything but throw on a pair of pants and run out the door. He didn't notice that he was sucking on his pacifier and wearing his baby tee with his diaper peeking up over the waistband of his pants until Paula pointed it out.

"Oh my gosh you're such a goof. What are you wearing?"

"Huh?" Chet was surprised and embarrassed to realize how he was dressed.

Meanwhile, Melissa was at home with her partner. It was Friday so they both worked from home which was nice.

"Hey make sure you don't have any plans for Sunday, sweetie," said Melissa.

"Oh? Why is that my love?" Asked Trisha.

"Well, it's Mommy's day. I think we should do something special. Maybe spend some time together. My friend, you know Chet, he might visit too."

"Oh, I love Chet! Yeah we can all hang out," said Trisha.

Melissa didn't tell her partner the whole story. She would learn the rest soon enough.

Sunday came around and Chet was standing on the door step of Melisa and Trisha's apartment, feeling kind of stupid and dumb wondering why he was doing this, but also knowing that it would make Melissa happy. Chet had on his short diaper shirt with his pacifier clipped on. He had brought his diapers and accessories, in a cute little diaper bag. In his hand was the flower, the card, and the box of cookies. And all he was wearing below the waist was his diaper and his shoes and socks. Was this a stupid idea?

"Just press the button, stupid," he said to himself. "Come on... you can do it..."

"What is going on?" asked Trisha, looking through her 'Band' camera phone app. "Why is Chet standing there in an adorable baby outfit?"

"Oh yes," said Melissa with a guilty look. "I may have forgotten to mention *one* detail about his visit..."

"You *what?*!" asked Trisha, once Melissa had explained the whole situation.

"I was just afraid you'd say now... You're not mad at me, are you babe?" asked Melissa. Trisha sighed.

"It's fine... but I'm annoyed that you didn't say anything earlier, and the reasoning that you didn't want me to say no isn't good enough.

The women giggled as they looked at the camera.

"Oh my gosh, is that what he is wearing? How long do you think til he rings the doorbell? Finally, the doorbell rang and Melissa answered.

"Happy Mommy's Day!" cried Chet.

"Well *hello* Little One. What a pleasant surprise! And why are you all dressed up so cute?" Chet stumbled and stuttered over his words.

"Ummm w-well, you sent that nice message and I remembered you don't have a little one of your own, so... I thought I could be your little one for Mommy's Day."

"Oh that's so sweet!"

Melissa thought he just looked so adorable standing there in just his diaper and baby tee, his belly poking out between them, his face, blushing and fringed with unkempt, shaggy blonde hair. Chet looked like such a little boy standing there like that.

"Well, come on in, sweetie," she said, finally.

"I brought you this, Mommy," Chet said, handing her the box of cookies, the flower, and the card.

"Oh thank you, my sweet little boy. I'm sure I will love them. So, what does my little boy have planned for his Mommy today?"

"Well... I can help with chores around the house... And maybe later we can get a picture together at the mall for Mommy's day!"

"Oh, that sounds *wonderful* sweetie. You're just full of good ideas, aren't you? And are you gonna cook Mommy a nice big breakfast too?"

"Well," Chet said, shifting in embarrassment. "I don't know if I'm old enough to cook... But I can try!" Melissa chuckled and shook her head.

"No, better not risk it, sweetie. You do look a little bit *too* little to cook. After all you, you're not even potty trained!"

Chet blushed. Instead of being seen as ridiculous and being rejected like he had feared, it seemed that Melissa was a little bit *too* receptive to the little boy thing. Still, it was *her* day so he had to play along.

"Okay, Mommy! I can get started on chores."

"Sure thing, sweetie. Why don't you go ask mommy Trisha what you can help with?" Trisha shot Melissa a look that said '*I didn't ask to be called Mommy*', but went ahead with it anyway. She crossed her arms and smirked.

"Okay then, Chet. If you want to help out, I have a list of chores for you. Why don't we start with laundry? Then you can clean the bathrooms. I'll show you where everything is."

Chet went wet right to work with complete enthusiasm. Trisha crossed her arms and smirked, looking on in approval.

"I could get used to this," she said. "That's right, keep cleaning, little boy. Make your moms happy."

Soon the smell of breakfast wafted into the bathroom and Trisha checked in.

"Chet! You can go ahead and take a break." Chet was in the middle of scrubbing the tub and didn't respond. "Chet, did you hear me? You can go ahead and take a break now, sweetie. Breakfast is ready."

"Oh, but I'm only halfway through with the tub!" Chet whined.

"You can finish after breakfast, sweetie. Go ahead and wash your hands right now."

"Can I at least rinse the tub out?" he asked.

"No, sweetie. Do as I told you or Mommy will have to punish you," Trisha said, matter of factly.

"Okay," he said, going to wash his hands.

Trisha went back to the kitchen while Chet washed up.

"How is he doing?" asked Melissa, setting the last plate on the table.

"Well, I have to admit, it's pretty nice having a little chore boy."

"Oh? He's really putting his back into it is he?"

"I'm honestly surprised," said Trisha. "It's not every day you see a little boy complain that he has to *stop* cleaning."

Chet made sure to grab his 'Mommy's Little Baby' bib and bring it to the kitchen with him. He stood in front of her holding it up with both hands.

"Aw! Mommy's little baby? That's so cute!"

"Thank you, Mommy! I love you!" he said, giving her a big hug. Melissa was surprised for a second, but then smiled and gave him a hug back.

"Oh *thank you*, sweetie. You really *are* Mommy's little baby. Now let's get you some nummy pancakes."

As they sat down, Trisha pulled Chet's plate toward her and cut up his pancakes, before sliding them back to him and setting the bottle of syrup in front of him.

"There ya go, kiddo. You know, Melissa doesn't usually cook breakfast. I could definitely get used to this!"

"I'll bet you could," said Melissa, giving Trisha a sly look. "It certainly is easier to do with a little one helping with chores..."

"I'm gonna make the bathrooms really clean so you both can have a really nice Mommy's Day bath!" Chet blurted out.

The two women laughed at the silly boy, looked at each other, and smiled. Any day was a good day for a bath together.

Once breakfast was finished, Chet finished cleaning the tub, moved the laundry to the dryer, vacuumed, dusted, and folded the laundry after it was dry. By mid-afternoon, all the chores were finished.

"Okay Kiddo, are you ready to go to the mall?" asked Melissa?"

"I'm coming too!" said Trisha, grabbing her coat, seeming amused by the whole thing. I have to see where this goes!"

"Well, *that's* a first!" said Melissa. "You never want to leave the house."

"Hey, I *sometimes* do. Let's go kiddo, don't listen to that fibbing Mommy of yours."

"Okay!" said Chet, toddling right behind Trisha out the door. The idea of putting on pants didn't even occur to him as they left, and in any case, he hadn't brought any, so Chet was soon sitting in the backseat, crinkling and kicking his feet absentmindedly as Melissa drove them to the mall.

At the Cardmark store, the Mommy for a Day campaign was in full swing. There was a line going out the door full of blushing adult baby boys and girls holding their Mommies' hands, and waiting their turn to take their precious pictures. Some were with Mommy by themselves, some had a mommy and daddy. Some had two mommies with

them like Chet. But in every case, they were all adorable, dressed in diapers and baby tees with pacifiers in their mouths and bottles in their hands.

The trio got in line behind a big imposing woman in a diaper holding the hand of a woman half her age who looked more like a babysitter than a mom. The younger woman and Melissa got to chatting, and Melissa learned her name was Ashley, and she was here with her boss, Hilda. Apparently Hilda was a very naughty girl, but had had a sudden change of heart after receiving a certain text message. Now she was making up for her nastiness by giving Mommy a special day.

"My little girl has a *lot* to make up for after being so *mean* to Mommy. Isn't that right baby?" Hilda stood there, sucking her pacifier and rubbing her red bottom. "Yes, and as part of her punishment, Mommy's going to take plenty of pictures and maybe she will show *everyone at work* what a naughty girl my little Hildy is - but only if little Hildy keeps being a brat after Mommy's day. I think maybe she'll be more behaved from now on though, don't you, sweetie? Maybe even give me that raise I wanted?"

The babied boss nodded and sniffled looking at the ground. Her face cheeks were as red as her buttocks.

"Can you believe she actually *enjoys* all this?" asked Ashley. "She admitted it herself!"

Melissa didn't know what to say. It had never occurred to her that some people might use this service for revenge. There were probably many reasons all these little ones came to be out here in diapers holding Mommy's hand.

The line progressed forward slowly but eventually they were the next in line, waiting for Ashley and Hilda to finish their shoot. Ashley seemed to enjoy getting poses that really emphasized Hilda's wet diaper and her red butt, but Melissa wanted her photos with her little boy to be more sweet and wholesome than that. She wanted to feel like a *real* mommy. When it was their turn, she told the photographer exactly what she wanted.

"Why don't we do a pose with my little one snuggling up to me in my lap?" She asked.

"That sounds perfect," said the photographer. "Do we wanna wrap him in a blanket or anything?"

"That sounds like a great idea!"

The photographer took several adorable pictures of Melissa and Trisha and the baby Chet and she purchased the deluxe photo package with high resolution digital pictures so that she could always remember this day.

"Oh, this will be so adorable when I post these online," Melissa said.

"I'm so glad you like it, Mommy!" said Chet, feeling good that he had made Melissa so happy. Melissa couldn't wait to share the pics, and as soon as she had the files, she uploaded the pictures to her 'Media Social' account tagging Chet.

The pictures were quite popular, with most people thinking Chet was doing a meme thing, since so many pictures of Mommies and Babies were popping up tagging Cardmark. Chet was getting demands from all the mommies in his life to come visit them well after Melissa had sent him home for the evening. He would have to buy lots more diapers to please, and visit all those mommies, so he put it in a big order of diapers to be shipped to his house before going to bed.

Melissa was satisfied and finished off her day in the bath with her girlfriend.

"Well, did you have a nice Mommy's Day, Trish?"

"That was quite something," Trish replied. "A little strange, but I have to say, I'm not hating breakfast and bath time. How did you like being a mommy? Was it all that you hoped for?"

"It was great," said Melissa.

"What is your favorite part?"

"Oh, I don't know... Feeding him the bottle, and then telling him no when he asked to use the potty, and then changing him, and then cuddling him, and the part where he told me "I love you "ommy....""

"OK so just all of it then," said Trisha.

"Pretty much."

"Well, I'm seeing a new side to you today," said Trisha. "Not that I'm judging. I just didn't realize how much you would love this." Melissa smiled at her girlfriend, looking slightly embarrassed.

"Are you still mad at me?"

"No, not anymore. If you wanna have a little over again clean for us to do chores, I wouldn't object."

"Okay, then," said Melissa. "I'll see about it."

Melissa was happy. Today had gone better than she ever could have hoped.

The next day Chet woke up with a fully soaked diaper and a pacifier in his mouth.

"What the... Oh geez, *diapers*? What was I thinking?" he said, reaching down to rub and squish the soft plastic between his legs to rub and squish the soft plastic between his legs. "Mmhhh... damnit... they feel *good* too... nobody told me these would be so *comfortable*."

He picked up his phone and groaned. He had dozens of unread messages from friends and coworkers laughing at how hilarious the pictures were.

"Aw geez," he said as he read through them. "At least everyone thought I was just doing the meme thing on purpose. What the heck came over me anyway?"

He then opened his social media and scrolled through all the pictures that Melissa had posted.

"What a silly idea that was," he said as he scrolled through the pictures of him dressed up as a big baby. "Still, it was kind of fun..." Chet started rubbing the front of his diaper as he scrolled, but stopped when he realized what he was doing. "Aw geez, I better get out of this thing and get ready for work..." As he got up to head toward the restroom, his eye wandered back to the open pack sitting on his dresser.

At work, Chet was greeted by Paula, who was wearing a big smirk on her face.

"So you had a nice weekend, I guess, didn't you?" she asked. Chet blushed.

"So, you saw the posts, did you?"

"Yes, and they're adorable," said Paula. "You've got some balls of steel posting those up in public, that's for sure."

"It was just a little fun thing for Mother's Day. Anyway, that's over now," said Chet.

"Are you sure?" asked Paula, patting Chet's crinkly butt. He blushed and went back to his desk, totally flustered. Soon he forgot his embarrassment as he was swamped by more work. Then his phone buzzed in his pocket. It was a message from

his friend Jason. Some corny e-card with a cheap cartoon image of a beefy dad in flannel waving and giving a friendly smile. Chet smiled as he read it.

"Don't forget Daddy's Day. Have you thanked all the Daddies in your life?... Aww! That's so sweet! A Cardmark ecard for Daddy's Day! Jason's so nice. I should really do something nice for him. Hmm..."

End.