

Spencey's Birthday Surprise

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

A certain contributor just had a birthday and they may have gotten their birthday wish. Let's just hope they're happy, because as we know, wishes are sometimes easy to make, and harder to take back. Inspired by a very special episode of a show that begins with G that influenced them - the Cuckoo Clock of... well, you can look it up for yourself.

Today was the day Spencer finally turned the dirty 30. As a gay male, he was somewhat regretting it. All of his friends called it 'gay death', but of course this was just said in jest... right? He looked at himself in the bathroom mirror. He'd woken up in bed with a crick in his neck... His pants were a size larger than they were last year... and... *was that a gray hair?* He shook off the negative thoughts as he washed up and finished getting dressed for his big day. After all, there was a party to attend... food to pick up... decorations to put out... and then all the cleanup to look forward to after...

"Wasn't this easier when I was a kid? If only I could go back to *those* days..."

He laughed to himself. That could never happen, but oh how he wished it could.

"Youth is wasted on the young... oh, listen to me! I sound like an old man already. Next thing I know I'll be waving my cane at the neighbor kids!"

He chuckled to himself as he grabbed his car keys and tossed them in the air. It was his day. He would think about the consequences later.

On his way to the store, he stopped at his favorite antique store. It wasn't so much the antiques that he was interested in, though, but the hot guy who worked behind the counter. The man had been working there since he was a kid. His first crush, in fact, and he swore Mr. Antique hadn't aged a day since then. Hell, if he didn't know any better, he'd think the guy was magic. But of course he knew magic wasn't real. And he knew that when magic is working for you, you never ruin it by asking *why*.

Today would be the day. He would *have* to ask the guy out now. After all, he was 30. If not now, when? Surely enough time had passed that Mr. Antique would see him as the man he was. He parked in front of the old antique store in downtown and took a steady breath.

"You can do this, Spencer. You're not waiting another 30 years to ask him out, are you?"

He stepped out and strode right up to the door and pushed.

Locked.

"Shit," said Spencer, under his breath, banging his fist against the wood in frustration. He forgot that the place kept odd hours. He turned to walk off, thinking he would check back in on his way back, but doubting he had the courage to try twice. Just as he was leaving however, the door creaked open.

"Hello? Who's there?"

Spencer froze and turned around. There he stood, a youngish looking guy with short cut hair and a loose shirt that hung off his lean, athletic frame met his gaze. Spencer looked him up and down. Mr. Antique was at least twice as old as Spencer but looked like he could be his younger brother. How the hell did he do that? Oh god, he was wearing those tight shorts... the ones that showed off his massive...

"OH! Shit, sorry. I..." Spencer mentally slapped himself. "I didn't know you were in..."

"Oh! Spencey!" he said, recognizing Spencer, who cringed at the childhood nickname. "I was just having lunch. I'm actually open..."

"I hope so," said Spency, to himself.

"What was that?" said the guy, cocking his head.

"Uh, sorry, I actually wanted to talk to you."

"Yeah, sure, come in, come in. You don't mind if I eat while we chat, do you?"

"No, I'm not gonna be long anyway..." Said Spencer, following the man in, rows of old dark furniture marked sold, past paintings and cases of old war memorabilia to the front desk, where a half-eaten sandwich lay on the display case.

"Don't see as much of you since you grew up and went off to college, kid. What's new?"

Spencer had to laugh. It felt weird being called 'kid' at his age, but yet he always felt like he was looking up to this guy. Being around him made him feel small in some ways, though definitely not in every way, as his boner sprang to life at the gentle teasing. Spencey cleared his throat, his voice cracking slightly as he spoke. "Listen I... uh... Today's my birthday and I... I'm having a party... um..."

"Your birthday! That's great! Happy birthday birthday boy. Have you made your birthday wish yet?"

"Birthday wish?" asked Spencer, puzzled.

"Sure! Every boy and girl gets a birthday wish on their birthday!" said the man with his adorable smile.

"Oh come on," said Spencer, rolling his eyes but blushing slightly. "I don't believe in that kind of stuff anymore. I'm not a kid."

"And just how old are you today Spencey?" asked the guy, wearing that playful smile that always drove Spencer nuts in the best possible way.

"I'll have you now I'm 30, *old man*," said Spencer, crossing his arms proudly.

"Psh. Still a kiddo in my eyes, *little boy*."

Spencer blushed harder at that. "I wish. But that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I'm *not* a kid anymore so... um... oh fuck it, would you go out with me, mister...?" He stopped, leaving the sentence at 'mister' and actually sounding quite childish since he didn't actually know the man's name.

"Haha," laughed the mister in question. He ruffled Spencer's hair. "I'm flattered, kid, but I don't know if you're old enough."

"Oh come on, cut it out. Give me a chance, man. I've waited for years to say this to you."

The man regarded Spencer carefully. "Hmm... alright, kid. Sure. You gonna invite me to your birthday party or what?"

"Y-yeah," said Spencer, taken aback. "I mean... would you come?"

"Yeah, sure. I'll come. As you can see I'm not exactly swimming in customers." The man gestured around him to the empty store. "Don't expect a present though. I barely even had any *notice* after all."

"Oh n-no present needed! You coming is present enough! I m-mean..." Spencer covered his mouth as he realized what he'd just said. "Uh... th-thanks for coming. Here's my address. See you in a few hours, I hope?"

"Yeah sure," the man said, waving goodbye and chuckling to himself as Spencer practically ran out of the store, holding his hands over his crotch to conceal his obvious boner. "That kid..." he said smiling and shaking his head. But then he thought again... Spencer *had* made a birthday wish, whether he believed in them or not. And he knew just the present that would be perfect for him.

"Stupid, stupid," said Spencer as he drove the rest of the way to the grocery store to pick up the catered food. "Good job, Spencey Suave."

He had made such a fool out of himself, he doubted the guy would show up at all. And he couldn't help but replay the whole embarrassing conversation in his head as he drove the food home, set up the decorations, started the grill and made all the other necessary preparations for the party. He'd planned to spank off his frustration in the bathroom before people arrived but he was so in his head he lost track of time and before he knew it the first guests were arriving.

"Hey, guys! So glad you could come. Set your things down in the bedroom if you need to. Refreshments are in back. Oh you can just toss those presents over there on the couch. I'm sure we'll get to them later. Just glad to see you!"

"Uh, you might want to make a pit stop, buddy," said his friend Nick, who noticed Spencer's bulge taking up a fair amount of real estate in his pants.

"Oh... shit, sorry," said Spence, turning red. "I, uh... was daydreaming..."

"A good daydream, apparently," said Nick, with a grin.

"E-excuse me," said Spencer, hurrying off to the bathroom. He screwed his eyes shut and tried to jerk off but he was too embarrassed to get there now. He grunted in frustration as he tried to at least empty his bladder, but with his cock half-hard it wasn't exactly easy. The last dribbles ended up on his pants, and he cursed.

"Shit... ah, man.... Maybe no one will notice."

He dabbed it dry as best he could and then flushed, before making a furtive exit out of the restroom. And who should he bump into but Mr. Antique himself.

"Whoa, there buddy. Where's the fire?"

"Oh! H-hey... you made it." he said, trying to cover the spots on his pants. This was the last person he wanted seeing him that way. "Come on, let's go out back..."

"Hold on, buddy," said the man. "Did you have a little trouble in the potty? Need a little help there?"

Spencer's eyes went wide and he shook his head. "Y-yeah..." he said, surprising himself. That's not at all what he'd meant to say.

"Well, come on," said the man, shaking his head, and bringing Spencey right back into the bathroom he came from. "Well, sit down."

Spencer felt completely ridiculous doing this, especially since it looked like he was being given potty training by a guy barely college age, but he felt so small around the man that all he could do was follow along. Thus, he found himself in the ridiculous

situation of being encouraged to make tinkles in the potty while Mr. Antique watched. Worse, it had made him rock hard for some inexplicable reason.

The man stood there patiently as Spency squirmed on the toilet. Eventually he managed to make a few dribbles into the potty and the man seemed satisfied.

"Alright, buddy. I guess that's all you got for now, huh? You sure you're all done?"

Spencer just nodded, too embarrassed to say anything as the man helped him wash his hands in the sink and led him out to the main area, where the guests were gathering. Spencer was too embarrassed to notice his reflection in the mirror. How his polo shirt had been replaced by a too-big hoodie, and his slacks by a loose pair of jeans. Or the shaggy hair that was suddenly almost to his shoulders.

"Come on, come on, you're gonna be late!"

Spencer was surprised to see that his presents were all stacked neatly on a table outside, and there were a lot more than normal. He could swear he'd told people to just throw em on the couch.

"Shit. Stress must be getting to me. Somebody toss me a beer," he said. Some of his friends laughed. "Yeah right, man. You're not old enough to drink. Give it one more year."

"One more year?" he asked. Then he noticed the banner.

HAPPY 20TH BIRTHDAY SPENCER!

"What the..."

Spencer's sentence was interrupted as he was tugged over to the table and sat down by some of his friends. Every time he tried to ask what was going on, someone came by with something else to give him, whether it be a soda, a burger, or some other distraction that kept him from pursuing that line of inquiry. Pretty soon he was not only confused but stuffed, and his bladder was bursting. He tried to excuse himself but his friend's weren't giving him a break.

Mister Antique patted him on the back. "Hey kiddo. Great birthday party you're having here. Did you like your food? I heard your parents hired a birthday clown this year!"

"Birthday clown? Parents? What are you talking..."

"Huh huh huh heyyyy kids! Where's the birthday boy?" came a goofy voice from behind Spencey. "There he is!"

Spencer's jaw dropped as he turned around to see a big goofy clown with bright curly rainbow hair, a white face, a cherry red nose, and huge oversized checkered pants with suspenders.

"Huh huh huh! You can't hide from Cheero, birthday boy! It's happy time! Who wants to see the little boy become a clown like me?"

All Spencer's friends cheered, and squealed in delight. He crossed his legs and held his crotch for dear life to keep from peeing as he looked around and realized his squealing friends were all *kids* now. What was going on?"

"Okay, buddy. So you're the big one oh today, huh? That means you get to be a junior clown today! Isn't that exciting?" Before Spencey could respond, the clown popped a noisemaker between his lips, a red foam ball on his nose and a wig on his head. Spencer reached to pull them off, but that was a huge mistake.

"And remember kid! No frowning when we're clowning! Huhuhue! Here, let Cheero help you smile!" The clown reached his white glove fingers out to tickle Spencer's exposed ribs.

"Oh no," said Spencer, jumping up and letting the noisemaker fall out of his mouth and tug at his shirt as it dangled on its tether. "Not that! Please no! Nohohohohoh heheheheheheee!!!"

Within seconds he lost all control of his bladder and was filling his comically large yellow clown pants with hot yellow piss. His laughter soon turned to tears as the clown stopped tickling him.

"Uh oh... I guess we should call you Puddles now, huh?" said the clown, and the guests all laughed and pointed at the Spencey the pants pisser.

"Come on, big guy," said Mr. Antique, grabbing Spencey's hand. He was still crying as the young man reached down to grab the now tethered noisemaker and replace it in his mouth. Spencey felt a rubber bulb enter his mouth instead and began to suck, his tears quieting to sniffles as he was dragged away. Now he really was looking up to the young man, who was leading him off from his 5th birthday bash to a side room where they could have some privacy.

"Sorry, kiddo," said Mr. Antique, scratching his head in embarrassment. "I guess I shoulda watched you more closely. Looks like we're still not *quite* ready for potty training now, are we?"

The older teen ripped off his soaked pull-up, and wiped him down before pulling out a much thicker diaper. Spencer's eyes went wide and he shook his head, spitting out his pacifier.

"No... No!"

"Shhhh.... Calm down, baby. You haven't even gotten your *present* yet," said the older teen, popping the pacifier back in and holding it there. "Now you just be good and keep that in. These are going on whether you like it or not kiddo, at least until you show your babysitter you can be a big boy and keep those pants dry!"

Babysitter? This wasn't right. This was supposed to be his new *boyfriend*. Spencey sucked the pacifier red faced and teary eyed as his hot babysitter taped the thick diaper over his shrunken frustrated dinky. As he looked down to witness this happening, he realized with humiliation that he didn't even have any hair down there any more. How would he ever be seen as a man when he had the body of a little boy?

"Okay kiddo. You're all dressed. Let's get you back out there for cake and presents!" Spencey suddenly realized that he was going to be taken back out here *sans pants*. He tried to fight off his babysitter as he was picked up and carried kicking and screaming, but it was no use. He was too small and too weak. Despite his best efforts he soon found himself plopped in a high chair at the table, getting ready to celebrate his third birthday. All of the guests were now babies and their parents. At least he no longer looked out of place in a thick poofy diaper.

Everyone began singing the Happy Birthday Song and his cake was brought out with a big 3 on top. A bizarre parody of his 30th birthday cake without the 0 at the end.

"Cake for Spencey!" someone shouted, and his pacifier was pulled out as a big plastic plate of cake was set down in front of him. He looked down and saw no utensils. Then looked up at all the smiling faces and realized he was expected to eat it with his hands. His babysitter helped him dig his hand into the food and put it up to his mouth and he tasted it. It tasted delicious.

"Awww, look! He likes it!" said his Mommy, and several of the parents clapped and cheered, or helped their kids cheer by clapping *their* hands.

"Yay Spenceeeey!"

Spencey felt totally condescended to as they talked about him and talked over him, but he couldn't stop eating the cake. It was so delicious. Soon his face was covered in cake and he felt an ominous rumble in his tummy. He began to whimper.

"All done!" said his mommy, clapping.

"It's a good thing his babysitter put a bib on him," said his father, pulling out several wet wipes to clean off the fussy baby's face and hands.

"Allow me," said Spencey's teenage babysitter, with a wide grin. Spencey's face went red as he felt the rumble in his gut, and tried - but failed to signal his need for a bathroom. His attempts to speak or get out of his high chair were frustrated by the enthusiastic cleaning and the secure straps holding him in place. All he managed to do was lift himself up just enough to unintentionally give his diaper room to expand as the inevitable happened. Spencey's face went bright red from the strain and humiliation of having a total blowout in front of his crush.

He cried as mush filled the back of his seat, pushing out and oozing warmth all over his butt, Pushing his diaper lower lower until it was resting on the seat below. Then his little arms gave out and he fell back onto his mess with a wet squelch, spreading it further up the back of his diaper and out toward his front, which had grown warm and swollen with piss while he was distracted by the slow motion trainwreck that was his first of many blowouts.

Nobody moved to react, however. They were going on as if nothing unusual had happened, and as he sat there in his mess, they began to put presents in front of him, opening them for him and exclaiming how wonderful all of the gifts were. Baby gifts like blocks, toy keys, even a wipe warmer. Things a 30 year old man would have no use for or interest in. But it was quite clear that Spencey was nowhere near celebrating that birthday yet.

His last present came from the Antique man himself.

"I got you something very special, baby boy."

He opened the box to present Spencey with a paw patrol wrist watch, toddler sized and just small enough to fit on his wrist at the smallest notch.

"See this?" he said, pulling out the turner and twisting it to move the hands back and forth. As he did so, Spencey felt himself growing larger, approaching his adult size and smaller back to a baby again, the high chair changing size with him. "This is your present. With this you can completely control your age. You don't ever have to grow up again. You can just be a little boy forever. Isn't that fantastic?"

Spencey looked at the watch and then back up to his babysitter. "Buh buh buh big boy?" he managed to ask, with a questioning gaze.

His babysitter sniffed the air. "I don't smell a big boy, do you ?"

Spencey began to cry again. "Spencey make poopie!!"

"Awww," said the babysitter, who slipped off the tray and unbuckled the baby, lifting him out of the seat by the armpits and holding him out at arm's length. "Wooks wike baby wasn't ready for big boy food yet. Guess it's back to bottles and formula for you."

Spencey was laid out on a blanket on the grass to be changed in front of everyone. There was no need to take him inside for He was a baby and babies didn't get privacy.

His babysitter grinned as he wiped up Spencey's poopy butt and gradually dialed forward his age through the changing process until he was a grown man on his back on a picnic blanket sitting on an open diaper with all his adult friends sitting around and chatting like it was completely normal.

"Sorry, bud," said the babysitter. "One of the side effects of my gift... you can be any age you want, but doesn't mean others are going to see you that way. I control that little piece of the puzzle," he said, showing off a watch of his own.

"W-w-what's going on? Does this mean you're not going to go out with me...?" asked Spencey, red faced but back to full hardness somehow.

"Aww, kiddo. I've always known you had a little crush on me. Do you think I didn't notice you staring at me? Or the way you always tried to find reasons to help out around the shop?" He smiled that award-winning smile and patted Spencey's belly, frustratingly out of range of the infantilized man's needy erection. "You're not a man to me, and you never will be, kiddo. But hey, I can always be your babysitter. And if you like, maybe I'll even take you home, cutie."

Spencey lay back, defeated as he allowed his new babysitter to tape him into his next diaper, but certainly not his last. It looked like he was going to be stuck in them for a long time. At least he got his birthday wish.