

Dear Film Aficionados,

The following is a novelization of the rare, never before seen first draft of Pulp Fiction, written but never filmed, wherein Vincent Vega was not killed by Butch. Given that bad things happen to Vincent throughout the film while he's using the bathroom, Tarantino wrote the below sequence as a kind of epilogue for the Vincent and Mia relationship that would in a lighthearted albeit strange way mirror Butch and Marsellus Wallace's arc in the pawn shop. Worried that elements of Adult Baby Diaper Lover kink might not sit well with mainstream audiences, Tarantino opted to cut this from his final draft and spend the rest of his career doubling down on the use of racial slurs, eating other people's food as a power move, and foot fetish.

Enjoy.

It was on shaky legs that Vincent Vega walked into Marsellus Wallace's strip club. As with the last time, his boss was just finishing up business. Vincent was pretty sure Wallace planned it that way. You see man exerting power over another man, it was easier for him to hold power over you.

"Two things, mother fucker," Mr. Wallace said loud enough for Vincent to overhear. "One; you take this money, you're not selling me a loss in the fourth. You're selling me your pride. You take this money from me and I own your pride. It goes in my back pocket. You sell me your pride and a year from now, you're living like a prince in Vegas. Understand?"

The boxer. A young fella this time, reached for the envelope. "Yessir, Mr. Wallace."

Marellus yanked the money back. "Two: Your girl's not going to the fight. I'm having one of my boys take care of her. Keep her safe. Just in case." Vincent grimaced at the not so veiled threat. Not because he found such an insurance policy distasteful; it just reminded him of one of his own fuck ups. "You take this money, you make it to the fourth, your ass goes down. Then my guy pays for dinner and sees your girl home."

For a second time, the guy about to ruin his career for cash reached out. "Got it."

"Say it."

"I take the money. I make it to the fourth. My ass goes down. My girlfriend gets a free dinner."

This time the kid got to take the money. They all took the money if they made it this far. Some days were just a motherfuckin repeat of the last.

Unlike the day before, Vincent didn't have Jules by his side. After all that time misquoting Bible verses before shooting people, Jules finally found God in a diner of all places and was gonna be a bum. How fucked up was that? Now Jules was out of the game. At least, Vincent looked

more stylish than last time. His black suit and tie, his working outfit. Way better than the shitty gray t-shirt he was wearing the other day.

“You want anything?” The bartender asked Vincent. “Liquid courage?”

Vincent played it cool and leaned against the bar. “Why would I need that?”

“Rumor has it, Mr. Wallace is doing this new insurance policy because you fucked up the last one.”

“Rumor has it you’re a fucking asshole,” Vincent said coolly. “Is that true?”

The bartender threw up his hands in a defensive gesture. “Okay. Okay. My bad. Just saying what other people was saying.”

Vincent rolled his eyes. One ill-timed bathroom break at a gas station and Vincent had missed this punchy has been who welched on a payoff by mere minutes. Word around the last forty-eight hours was that Mr. Wallace was no longer seeking payback as long as Butch Coolidge stayed out of LA. Vincent didn’t know what the asshole had done to deserve that kind of mercy, but Vincent didn’t know if he’d actually gotten it, either.

Damn.

Mia was right. When it came down to it, hitmen and leg breakers weren’t any better than a bunch of old biddies at a sewing circle. All gossip and speculation over shit they knew nothing about.

Mia...

“Vincent Vega?” Mr. Wallace called over. “My boy! Get your ass over here!” Vincent did.

In the right light, Marsellus Wallace looked as strong, healthy, and confident as he ever did. A big black man with a loud confidence and a quiet intensity about him, like he could see the date of your death scratched on your forehead, and if he liked you enough he’d pretend not to look at it. In the wrong light, Vincent could tell something had happened. Wallace looked rough. Low on a sleep. High on pain. He’d been standing with the latest boxer getting set up to take a dive. Not at ease enough to sit down.

Vincent didn’t know, couldn’t know, and didn’t want to know why. Maybe it had something to do with why Collidge had been allowed to walk away. There he went again, just like Mia said.

Mia...

Marsellus opened his arms wide, and Vincent went in for a hug. It wouldn’t be much for the big

man to crush the life out of Vincent. There was a reason Vincent worked for Marsellus and the money was only half of it. "I got another job for you."

"Yeah?" Vincent asked. "Who is it?" Finally, some normalcy.

"Mia..."

It wasn't gonna be like the last time, Vincent swore to himself. This time he was sober. This time he was on guard. Inhibitions would not be lowered. Heroin would not be found in his pockets. Nobody would fucking OD and need a needle jabbed into their chest. He wouldn't need a skinny ex-actress to almost die to resist temptation.

Just in case, Vega wore something underneath his fancy suit and bolo tie. Using the UC Santa Cruz t-shirt as an undershirt was a stroke of genius. Hard to succumb to temptation if he kept thinking about the reason he'd needed to change into that shirt. Dead bodies were real mood killers.

"This'll be fine," Vincent whispered to himself. "This is gonna be fine." Marsellus Wallace wasn't mad at him. Not at all. He wouldn't be asked to babysit the man's wife a second time if he was mad for the screw up. Marsellus obviously didn't know about the first not-a-date date, either. "It's just another dinner. Some dancing."

Like last time, she'd left a note for him.

Welcome back Vincent,

I'm getting ready. Come in and get comfortable. You know the drill.

-Mia

This time, the note had the faint trace of perfume on it. Jasmine and violets. Fuck.

Vincent Vega dragged his palm down his forehead and slicked back his hair. He inhaled through his mouth and thought of the gray shirt and cleaning pieces of Marvin in the back seat of Jules's car. That'd do it.

He went into the house. He didn't need directions to the intercom the second time. "Hey, Mia," Vincent said, making sure to press the button before he spoke. The house was quiet this time. No music playing while Mia primped and primed and powdered her nose.

"Hello, Vincent." Her voice, though flat, sent lightning tingle up and down the hitman's brain. "I'll

be down in a jif. You know where the bar is. Make us both a drink, yeah?"

"I'm not sure that's such a good idea, Mia." It was a bad idea. A bad bad idea.

"Live a little, Vincent."

Even through the slight electronic haze of intercom, Vincent knew it was a bad idea. Bad ideas never stopped him before. He went over and poured himself a drink. Whiskey. Top shelf. He downed it and refilled it before grabbing a martini glass and filling it with vodka for the lady.

This was a test. Vincent was gonna need liquid courage to pass it.

The slight hiss of a needle on vinyl. The thump-tha-thump and backbeat of a base drum accompanied by upbeat acoustic guitar. Almost time. Mrs. Wallace sure knew how to make an entrance.

"The night we met I knew I...needed you so."

Vincent looked up to the stairs and saw her coming down, gold colored shoes and black pants that flared at the ankles and hugged further up the legs to her hips.

"And if I had the chance I'd...never let you go."

A white blouse that did much the same with her wrists and waist, yet accentuating her supple breasts.

"So won't you say you love me."

Raven black hair to match Vincent's own, but cut into a bob style haircut with bangs so that it perfectly framed her face like a picture, making her scarlet lips pop.

"I'll make you so proud of me."

History was repeating itself. Save for the dorky t-shirt he made himself wear, he was dressed exactly the same.

"We'll make 'em turn their heads, every place we go..."

Save for the baby blue satchel purse over her shoulder, she was too.

"Hello Vincent." She smiled softly. "Ready to spend some time together?" Over the course of forty-eight hours, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had swapped demeanors. When Vincent last saw her, Mia was half a corpse. Now she was damn near radiant.

Amazing what a good night's sleep and a bit of secrecy can do for a gal.

Vincent came up to her before she'd fully descended and handed her the martini glass. "Sure," he said. "Yeah. Where are we headed? A fake speakeasy where the waiters dress like Al Capone?"

Mia didn't break her stride. She knocked back the martini and walked around to sit on the couch. "I was thinking of staying in and doing something different."

Walking around to maintain eye contact, Vega pouted his lips and cocked an eyebrow. "Yeah. Different how?" He eyed the bulky bag still leaning against Mia's hips. "Why the purse?"

One of the hottest women he'd ever met, and his boss's wife, was suggesting they stay in tonight. Alarm bells should have been ringing in Vincent's skull. Horny, buzzed, and a streak of dumb luck can do a lot to drown out alarm bells.

"I have something to ask you. But you gotta promise me not to get offended." A playful smile tugged at Mia's lips as she threw back Vincent's words from the other night.

The game was afoot. "Pretty sure that's a bullshit promise," Vincent flashed a grin. "That's a promise I can't keep. I can't promise how I'm gonna react because I don't know what you're gonna say. So say what you're gonna say and then I'll react to it." This was dumb. This was dumb. This was really, really, dumb.

Mia chuckled dryly in recognition. She was playing too. "You saved my life, Vincent. You took care of me in a way Marsellus never has."

Too strong! Vincent took a half-step back. "Whoah, whoah, Mia. Slow down. I like you, as a friend," he lied, "but I'm not looking to do anything with you that he would."

Mia remained seated, comfortable and confident. "I know, Vincent. I know." She patted the sofa cushion next to her. As a compromise between smart and stupid, he sat down an extra cushion over. Mia didn't seem to mind. "I haven't told him about that night. Neither of you. And you know how I feel about uncomfortable silences."

She was beating around his bush, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out about what. He wasn't gonna sleep with her, not this sober. Either she was lying or...or...? "What do you wanna do? He asked.

The mob boss's wife looked him dead in the eye. "I want you to give me something he won't. I want a baby. Just for tonight."

Red flag! Red flag! RUN! RUN!

Instead, Vincent laughed. “And I’m not a doctor, but I’m pretty sure that if I give you a baby, Marsellus will know and will find something higher than four stories and toss me out of it and only if I’m lucky. I know it’ll take longer than one night to get here.”

Mia was unphased. “No you idiot,” she said. Only she could call Vincent an idiot and it somehow not feel like an insult. Maybe he was an idiot; for her, anyway. “I don’t want you to put a baby in me.”

“Then what the fuck do you want?” Vincent’s smile didn’t quite reach his squinting eyes.

In answer, Mia snapped her fingers and pointed to the speakers. The Ronette’s were still playing. She let the music do the talking for her.

“So won’t you, please
(Be my, be my baby)
Be my little baby
(My one and only baby)
Say you’ll be my darlin’
(Be my, be my baby)
Be my baby noooooow!
Whoah-oh-oh-oh”

Vincent guffawed. “How is what you said any different than what I just said?” He still wasn’t getting up.

“You’re cute,” Mia said. She undid the satchel and flipped it open. “Clever. Dumb with hints.” Vincent tilted his head to the side. The purse didn’t go with what she was wearing at all. What did a lady like her need with a purse anyways? It’s not like she ever had to pay for anything. “Let me help.”

First thing out of the bag was a white bottle of baby powder. Mia slammed it on the coffee table and a little bit of white residue shot up in the air from the loosened cap. It wasn’t the first white powder Mia had put up her nose. The fan carried the scent of it, jasmine and violets, into Vega’s nostrils. That hadn’t been perfume he’d smelled.

Next came the packet of wipes. Quite a lot, more than enough to get makeup off.

The white folded hunk of soft plastic came down next, and Vincent sucked in his breath. “Is that a...?” A second and a third one joined it on the coffee table, making a stack. “Diaper?!” Vincent finally understood what she meant by the song.

“Lay back.” The woman stood up. “Take your pants off,” she said. She closed in on Vincent. He still didn’t run. “No wait. Don’t. Let me.”

Despite himself, Vincent was lying back, trying stupidly to scramble over the low side armrest of the white leather couch. “Whoah whoah whoah!” He slapped at her hands to keep her at bay. He’d seen some wild shit in Amsterdam, he’d seen people dip their fries in mayonnaise. This was a half-step too far. “I’m not into this stuff.”

“Neither am I,” Mia said. “But I’m willing to give it a try if you are.”

“I’m not!” Vincent didn’t seem or feel all that convincing half-lying down.

Mia stood up and grabbed a diaper from the top of the stack she’d made. “I’ll tell you what,” she said, unfolding it. “Let me play my little game. Let me take care of you and pretend. You might like it. Or...”

“Or?”

“You can give me a foot rub.”

That’s how Mia got his pants off...

Vincent had had plenty of ladies, thousands, take his clothes off. Mia was the first to put clothes on him. Did diapers even count as clothes? He wasn’t sure. His business was covered, but he still felt oddly naked. He still looked like a dork, too. The one piece of clothing he’d walked into the house wearing was the lame college t-shirt that made him look like a dork. The white puffy diaper Mia taped on him wasn’t making him feel any less dorky.

Laying there on the couch, with his head in Mia’s lap, ‘oddly naked’ and ‘dorky’ were things he could deal with. He stared up into her eyes and saw the same fascinated and intriguing sparkle in her eyes that he’d caught glimpses of sitting across from her at Jackrabbit Slim’s.

He tried to mumble something up to her, but the rubber nipple was held firm in his mouth. “Finish your baba, baby,” Mia smiled down at him. “Make it all gone and then we can play. How does that sound?”

Vincent’s eyes drifted down from her face and to her breasts. He reached for them, wanting to touch. Babies did it all the time. He was just role playing, which is what she wanted. Might as well get into character.

She grabbed him by the pinky, and stopped him cold. “Only if you’re a good little boy,” she warned. “Finish your baba.”

The hitman placed his hands, both of them, where she could see them on the baby bottle. The milk wasn’t bad. It tasted sweet, and was kind of thick. Thicker than normal milk, almost like a

shake with ice cream to milk ratio reversed. It still wasn't worth five dollars, but it wasn't bad. Maybe next time, he could sweet talk her into adding a little bourbon in it.

The fuck was he thinking? Next time? Doing this? He made a face while he sucked down the last of the (he hoped) fake baby formula.

"Alright tiger," Mia said, "sit up." She took the bottle out of his mouth, placed it down on the coffee table and started nudging at his shoulders. "Up-up."

It wasn't easy sitting up in the diaper, though it had nothing to do with his body as much as it did with psychology. True, the thick padded core felt like like he was wearing several pairs of tighty whities at the same time, spreading his legs apart, but that didn't fuck with his muscle memory as much as the distinct crinkle, like a bag of potato chips, every time he moved his hips in the slightest. It gave Vincent the same kind of feeling that he got listening to someone else brush their teeth.

"Uhhhhhhgh..." he exhaled while Mia started slowly rubbing his back. A back rub. That was nice. Nice enough that when he closed his eyes, despite himself, he heard another crinkle even though his hips weren't moving. Vincent opened his eyes and glanced down at his crotch. One small blessing was that adult diapers were pretty good at hiding erections. Weird, considering how most people who needed them probably didn't get erections any more.

A foot rub is never just a foot rub and the back rub didn't stay just a back rub for long. The boss's wife started picking up the pace and alternating between rubbing his spine and pounding all along his back rapid fire; like a Swedish massage with the wires all crossed. "Huh?"

"Come on, baby." Mia said. "Give it to Mommy. Be a good boy and give me a good one."

"If this is what you think getting it good is," Vincent quipped, "then no wonder Mr. Wallace hasn't given you a ba-' his words were cut off by the sound of his own "UUUUURP!" as the milk he'd just finished came rumbling up out of him. He was too stunned to even try and cover his mouth.

"There we go!" Mia's voice perked up. "Two more."

"Two more?" he echoed dumbly.

"Burps," Mia didn't even stop pounding on his back. "Give me two more burps."

Easier done than said. "Urp!"

"One."

And then a final, much quieter, "urp'.

“Two.” The back beating turned back into a rub. “That’s my boy,” she whispered sensually into his ear.

“You’re...welcome?” Vega didn’t know what to say. What was the protocol for this kind of strange?

“Get on the floor for Mommy,” Mia whispered to him. This was something Vincent didn’t need to be told twice. It was just a quick scoot and a backward crab walk to make. Cockily, Vincent laid out spread eagle, hoping it meant what he thought it meant. Dry humping didn’t count. She’d already seen his dick, anyway.

(Yeah, dry humping counted. If a foot rub counted, dry humping counted. But a guy can only get so dead so might as well live a little.)

Mia reached into the diaper bag and started laying some wooden number and alphabet blocks down on the ground. “I meant ‘crawl on the floor’, silly,” she said. “Unless you’re so little you can’t even do that much.”

Something, some bit of pride, made Vincent roll over with a snap. He pushed himself up to his knees and got the flat of one foot down on the floor when Mia wagged her finger in his face. “Ah-ah-ah! Knees are as high as you go.”

Vincent stopped himself and lowered back down to his hands and knees. This was the craziest, dumbest thing he’d ever done. Mia pivoted around him and brushed a bit of hair out of the man’s face. The smile made Vincent feel warm in all the right ways.

A twinge in his bladder, and the plastic rustle between his legs brought Vincent back to reality. “I gotta piss,” he said. This time, he really meant it.

The hand the young and beautiful Mrs. Wallace placed on his back might as well have been a five-hundred pound barbell. “Let me check,” she said. Vincent’s elbows locked and he grit his teeth. Mia patted the back of his diaper and stuck her fingers inside the leg holes. “Still dry.”

In less than two days, this chick had gone from saying him going to pee was ‘A little too much information’ to feeling him up in what had to be the least sexy way possible. He wouldn’t even let his doctor do this kind of thing to him!

“I didn’t say that I pissed my pants,” he whined. “I said that I have to pee.”

“If babies knew when they had to go,” Mia teased, “they wouldn’t be wearing diapers, would they?”

“Yeah,” Vincent replied. “I’m not actually a-”

He was cut off by another rubber nipple entering his mouth. "Let's keep that comfortable silence going," Mia smirked. She booped his nose and then the button shield on his pacifier for good measure. "Stay here, and play with your blocks. Mommy's gonna go rustle up something to eat in the kitchen. If you're wet enough when I get back," she leaned over and patted his bottom "maybe I'll change you."

Mia didn't so much as look back trotting off to the kitchen. Having lost his looming erection to the mounting burning pressure in his bladder, Vince held himself. She really expected him to do this? In his pants?

With a hint of defiance, Vincent Vega pushed himself back up to his knees. He'd only just stuck his foot out into a kneel, kind of looking like that one painting of George Washington crossing the River Thames or whatever when Mia's voice called in from the kitchen. "Don't even think about it!" HOW LOUD WAS THIS DIAPER? There was something unnerving about the way she said it, too. It wasn't intimidating or angry the way Jules got when he was on a roll. It was so completely matter of fact. Just like, well, a Mommy.

The hitman lowered himself back to a crawling position. "I fasn't doin' anyfin!" he lied. Talking around the pacifier.

"Good!" Mia called back from the kitchen. "I already locked the bathrooms. Took your pants, too. Good luck going outside till we're done."

Vincent turned around like a dog trying to lick its own ass. She wasn't lying about that. He had no idea how or when she did it, but everything he'd come in wearing from his shoes on up was gone. When the fuck had that happened? "I wasn't goin' anywhere!"

"Your potty options are your diaper or Marsellus's carpet."

Thinking about what Marsellus Wallace might do to a body had a bladder loosening effect on most people under normal circumstances. The diaper, embarrassment, fear, and two glasses of whiskey that had zipped all the way through him made it worse. He had no choice, he felt.

Vincent closed his eyes, took a deep breath, pretended the pacifier was a cigarette, and let go in his pants. It was worse than the splatter of blood to his suit. Actually, not that bad. Just...different.

He felt the physical relief of his bladder draining, but added to it a wet warmth spreading out and splashing around before dripping and being absorbed by the dense padding. A sensation of release coupled with a sensation of wetness. Yeah, that happened to Vincent often enough, just not like this; not since he was three or four or whatever kids learn to stop pissing their pants. The wetness wasn't going away either. No pulling out. No toweling off. No taking a shower.

The hitman sat back, the crinkling noise greatly diminished as he eyed the pack of baby wipes,

and shuddered. There also wasn't any noise. The process felt half-done. No flushing. No handwashing. It's not like he could reach down and shake it off. He reached down and patted the warm diaper between the legs, feeling the wet squish. It didn't feel too bad, if he didn't think about it. Too bad he was thinkin' about it.

He grabbed a couple of the baby blocks and haphazardly started to stack them on top of each other. With a final exhale and a quasi-accidental suck on the binky, Vincent mumbled "Aa leash I don' hafta fush."

Mia came back in with a plate, filled with those fancy little sandwiches, the kind that rich ladies had at lawn parties out in the valley or whatever. It was a far cry from a steak. "Let's eat up," Mia said, sitting back down on the couch.

Vincent reached out with one hand, took the pacifier out with the other, grabbed one of the little bread squares and nibbled at it. He winced. Way sweeter than he'd expected. He tilted the sandwich enough to see the brown creamy bottom and purple goop at the top layer.

"Peanut butter and jelly," Mia said. "Bite size. With the crust cut off."

"Aren't these supposed to be, I don't know...seaweed or watercress or somethin'?"

Looming over him, Mia gave out a dry chuckle. "I thought a big boy like you would like it. Want me to find some applesauce or oatmeal and spoon feed it to you?"

Never before had Vincent been so tempted. He quashed it and shoveled the sandwich in his pie hole. Not a steak. Better than a bullet in the brain. He reached for another.

From behind, Mia leaned over and gave the front of his diaper a squeeze. "I thought so. Looks like someone couldn't hold it. Not such a big boy after all, are we?"

Vincent felt his face heat up; his cheeks flushing. The crinkle up front wasn't audible, but with a relieved bladder, a renewed lust was breaching the surface. Feeling the warm wetness around his cock and the squeezing pressure of Mia's hand. It wasn't quite the same, but his penis was too dumb to appreciate the difference. Enough parallels could be drawn.

He let out a low moan.

"Those are good sandwiches aren't they?" Mia was fucking with him. She had to be fucking with him.

With crumbs tumbling out of his mouth and lips dabbed with jelly. Vincent nodded "Mhm."

“Good. Eat it all up,” she whispered. Daintily, she picked up her own sandwich and started nibbling on it.. Vincent went in for thirds.

“Hrrrrn...” he said, patting his stomach. This time the moan wasn’t out of pleasure.

Mia glanced at the clock. “Right on time.”

Vincent gulped the last bit of sandwich. “What’s right on time?”

Mia stood up and patted him on the head. “That wasn’t just milk I gave you in your baba baby boy.”

“Huh?” Vincent stood up, but Mia just pushed him back to the floor like he was just a toddler who hadn’t quite mastered walking and balance.. He felt funny. Weak. And something was brewing in his gut. “What did...what did you do?” The world wasn’t spinning, but Vincent was feeling weak like a kitten. Like a baby.

“I wanted you to have the full experience,” Mia said. “I wanted to get the full experience.”

“What did you put in that bottle?” Vincent’s words were coming out soft and funny. He felt absolutely blasted.

“A little something I used to slip into guy’s drinks when I thought they were gonna slip something into mine, plus some laxative. It’s why I wanted you on the floor. Didn’t want my little guy to fall and bang his head on the table or nothin’.” Mia put the pacifier back in Vincent’s mouth. Oh god, why was this turning him on? “It’s okay, baby. Mommy’s here. Just let it happen.”

Vincent whimpered and held onto Mia’s knee like it was the mast in a storm at sea. His insides felt like they were swelling up, a balloon getting ready to pop. She stroked his hair, and quietly shushed whimpering that he hadn’t even been consciously aware he’d been making.

A few minutes later the balloon popped. He wanted to close his eyes, but his face had the exact opposite reaction. Eyes wide open, unblinking, he trembled as his body started to push out its contents into the back of his diaper. “Mmmm..mmm!” He sucked on the pacifier and hugged Mia’s thigh as it happened. “Muhmmmmm -muhmmmm!” It came in quick little spasms and waves, his diaper getting heavier and heavier with each.

“That’s right,” Mia cooed, sounding more and more motherly with each passing second. She stroked his hair and kissed the top of Vincent’s head while he helplessly filled his already wet pants. “Just let it happen. Let me have this.” She rubbed his ears and kissed his forehead. “Make Mommy a present.”

It might have been the drugs in the milk, or it might have been the weird ass couple of days he’d just had, but those last few words were all Vincent Vega needed to both finish pushing out the

mess in the back of him and for him to blow a load in the front of his pants. “Mommeeeeeeee!”

Exhausted and aching, Vincent’s knees caved and he fell back onto his bum, making the mess spread out. He didn’t care, flopping back spread eagle with the dumbest look on his face.

Cooly, calmly, as if this were all routine for her, Mia took the second diaper off the top of the stack she’d made, along with the wipes and powder. “Let’s get you changed.”

Vincent laid there in a drug and orgasm induced haze while the boss’s wife untaped his loaded diaper for him. She went to work wiping him down, the cool of the wipes feeling nice against the heat of his loins. He popped a thumb in his mouth and started sucking. At least he didn’t have to clean himself up. Silver lining and all that.

She pushed his knees back to his stomach and started wiping his ass down. That was something no girl had ever done for him. Not a girl that he’d wanted to sleep with. Yikes, he hoped he wouldn’t need therapy after this. “Glad you got that all out of you,” Mia said, balling the diaper up into a putrid plastic ball.

He hadn’t even had time to consider whether that might be the end or not, when she slipped the replacement under him. A cloud of powder enveloped his lower half, and just like that the diaper was brought up between him and held tight until she’d adjusted the tapes just right. Vincent sighed, feeling suddenly sleepy. A clean diaper felt so much better after a dirty one. “That was fast.”

“Course it was fast,” Mia said. “You never know when a little guy is gonna end up peeing all over everything, even during the middle of a change. So you gotta make like a baby tomato and catch up.” Mia picked up the used diaper and took it back to the kitchen. There’d be a lot of explaining to do if Marsellus found one of those in his kitchen garbage. That was a problem for later. A problem for Mommy Mia to take care of. This whole thing had been hers from the start; he had been hers from the start.

“So what now?” Vincent asked after she’d washed her hands and come back.

She took a seat on the floor next to him, and maneuvered his head back into her lap. “Why don’t we just enjoy the silence again.” She booped him on the nose with her finger. “Wait for the drugs to get out of your system.”

“What if I...you know?”

“We’ve got more diapers.”

“Can I get my binky back?”

Mia opened her blouse. “You’ve been a good baby. If you promise not to bite, I’ll give you

something else to suck on.”

Oh yeah. This was gonna be a good night.

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