

## Just What the Doctor Ordered

October 2021 – Commission

### Chapter Five

What a strange night this has been!

I haven't slept all that well, to be honest. Oh, sure – it began amazingly enough. Mommy herded me into bed and teased me and coaxed me as I lay there, diapered and pacified, inelegantly humping and grinding my way to climax. By the time she was back from her shower and slipping into bed beside me, warm and fragrant and oh-so-lovely, I was drifting out from my post-coital clarity and back into the sleepy, stuffy-clutching, binky-suckling world of little space. "Good night, my dearest darling," Mommy breathed before the light went out and the world plunged into darkness. "Sleep well..."

Oh, how I wish I had.

I guess it was all the new liquid formula that did it. It's difficult to tell time when my nearsighted eyes can't even begin to read the clock over on Mommy's side of the bed. But I'm pretty sure I was waking every few hours, disturbed by my once-again full bladder crying out for release. And release I did – for just like a real infant, I had no choice but to flood my diaper over and over again. Though heaven knows real infants surely don't worry about leaking as much as I have...

Yeah, about that. Now that the morning light is filtering in through the curtains and Mommy is padding softly around our room getting dressed, I stir and find – just as I feared – that it's not only my diaper that's cool and wet against my skin.

"Uh-oh," I mutter softly, but Mommy is already stepping over to my side of the bed, her cool hands smoothing back the tousled hair from my face. "Hey, honey, wakey-wakey! Good morning," she beams softly... and then she sees my downward glance of shame and apprehension. "Oh, honey, did you have a leak? Did that diaper of yours have an accident?"

No question about her husband, of course. She *knows* he's going to have accidents.

"Yeah," I mutter, tugging open my clearly wet onesie in impatient, rising disgust. "I'm really sorry, honey. I- I shouldn't- Jeez, and the sheets-" But she cuts me off short. "Shh, baby, it's okay! No, really," she reassures me, even as I sputter and protest and clamber out to survey the damage I've caused. "Listen, I know you're worried, Ken. Really, I do. But this is not your fault, okay? It's just

because we don't have the thicker diapers yet-"

I'm unaccountably embarrassed – mortified, even. Sure, it might be all well and good to play at being Mommy and little boy. I'm even okay with how this whole feeding tube thing the doctor prescribed makes me feel so babyish. But now, when I've soaked our marital bed, and created so much laundry, and probably grossed out Mommy who surely doesn't want to sleep anywhere near pee-soaked sheets... Well, the adult in me is afraid and angry and humiliated all at once.

"Ken, listen," she's saying, and now it's not really Mommy anymore: it's my dear wife Rebecca, the amazing, smart, caring young woman I love so much. "Honey, it's okay, I promise. We're just doing what the doctor told us to, okay? I'm sure that's why you leaked last night – and that's not your fault! It's no one's fault but FedEx's for not getting here sooner. Okay?" She pulls me into a quick hug, and I feel my anger and embarrassment melting away. *She's right. It's not all my fault, I guess...*

"We'll get you cleaned up, and then I'll take care of the sheets while you have your breakfast. Sound good?" To which I can only nod in quiet relief, sinking back with a sodden squish onto the bed and raising my arms to help her strip off my wet onesie. *She's going to take care of this. It's fine. It'll be okay.*

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That was this morning. And fortunately, since then things have indeed been better. But dang, this is going to take some getting used to!

I'm working from home, of course. Data entry isn't exactly the most social of jobs, and though I do handle a few emails and chats, there's no real need for me to see or be seen by anyone. Which I suppose is all the better for a Little like me; it means I can literally sit here in front of my computer screen in a T-shirt and a diaper, nursing my bright red pacifier and periodically flooding my pants while streams of formula trickle steadily down the tube and into my stomach...

Yeah, about that. Mommy set it up before she left this morning; it's remotely accessible, she says, but just in case she's busy she's set up the predetermined feedings on its built-in timer. I can't quite keep track of the amounts and timing and everything, but the beauty – and humiliation – of it is that I don't need to. I can just be sitting here working away like the most dutiful of baby-husbands, and all at once, with a quiet whirl, the pump beside me will spring to life and a fresh dose of liquid will flow into me.

My seemingly stuffed belly, that is. There's once or twice that I wonder, with a brief surge of panic, whether or not the thing will stop in time before I burst. But in the end it does, much to my relief, and I'm left shifting uneasily in my office chair with a heavy tummy, a rapidly filling bladder, and an increasingly squishy bum. Indeed, it's only eleven when I begin wondering just how long it will be until I need to drop to the floor and change this already-soggy diaper for a fresh one...

Oh, and soggy isn't the only thing this diaper is going to be.

I can ignore it for the first few hours. When I feel the first leaks begin to seep out around my legs shortly after noon, I dutifully change myself; Mommy did grant me the privilege of one change while she's away. But after that? Well, I can squirm and twist and fidget all I like. But there's no denying the strange intensity with which the pressure is beginning to mount deep in my bowels. I'm going to need to go number two very soon... and though I've known intellectually that this is exactly what Mommy and I have agreed to, I'm not about to give in without a fight.

Why? Well, it's hard to say. It's not just that I dislike the smell and feeling of my own excrement in my pants. It's also that somehow, giving in and soiling myself in that way before I legitimately can't hold on any longer seems irresponsible... babyish... like I'm actually enjoying it. And after all, if I put up a good enough fight, nobody – not even myself – can blame me for what eventually happens.

Which it most certainly does. I end up half-rising out of my office chair, staring fixedly into the rows of numbers before me as I wince and feel the first hot, mushy wave burst out into the seat of my diaper. It's humiliating... and smelly... and everything I suspect Mommy wants me to feel.

It's everything a masochistic little corner of myself wants to feel, too.

And it's undeniably a brilliant play on Mommy's part, too. I've never watched the clock as ardently as I have during those final hours of the afternoon, shifting uneasily in my smelly and loaded diaper, praying fervently that she won't be caught in traffic... or that the continued flows of urine from my bladder won't set me leaking into my chair. *Come on, Mommy! Please, I need a new diaper. I know you said I can only change once, but I really, really need fresh pants...*

And then at long last the key turns in the lock, and the door finally opens, and I've never been quite so glad to see my wife's beautiful face.

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We take a walk in the nearby park later that evening. It's a chance for us to debrief as adults and to discuss how we're both doing. "I really worried about you today," Mommy confides, slipping her arm companionably around me. "I know you messaged and said you were okay. But I just wish I could have checked in on you – seen you on camera, you know. I don't suppose we can set up a webcam by your desk, can we?"

And I, in turn, tell her how stuffed I was, how alarmed that the pump wouldn't stop administering feedings. "Well, your body does need to get used to it," she reminds me. "We're trying to help you gain weight and stop being so dehydrated, so naturally you're going to feel pretty full at first."

And then the issue of my leaky morning comes up. "Honey, I've got a plan," she smiles as we settle together onto a bench underneath a sprawling oak. "Listen: your new padding will be here tomorrow, and after that we'll probably be okay. For tonight, though, I'm going to just add a second layer, and then a towel over that." She chuckles softly and gives my hand a squeeze. "I know it'll be kinda bulky. But better than a wet bed again, right?"

"Yeah," I cautiously admit, as not entirely unwelcome visions of me waddling into our bedroom with an enormous bulk between my legs flit through my mind. "But... what if the new ones leak, too?"

"Oh, sweetie, we'll figure it out!" she reassures me with a quick squeeze of my hand. We fall silent briefly as a trio of shouting children race by, then she resumes. "If it's really that much of an issue, we'll just see about a waterproof mattress pad. Or actually..." and here she grins softly. "We do have the spare room, honey. I'm sure we could set you up a nice little nest in there: you know, find some bed rails and some kid sheets and make it really cute. Aww, I bet my little baby would love having a crib of his own, wouldn't he?"

*Yes- I mean, no- But I- I wouldn't be sleeping with you-*

She giggles softly and shrugs. "Well, never mind! We'll just see what happens, okay? Now, why don't we head back so we can get you all fed up before bedtime?"

As I get obediently to my feet and walk, hand in hand, with my Mommy out through the park, I end up flooding my diaper yet again. This whole tube feeding thing is something else, I'm finding. It may be what the doctor ordered, sure. But wow, it's turning me into a human faucet – a faucet who's definitely going to need a lot of absorbent padding to keep him clean and presentable...

At least Mommy doesn't seem to mind.