**Daily Free-Write June 13, 2021: Doctor's Orders Pt. 14**

*Continuation of June 12, 2021 "Doctor’s Orders Pt. 13"*

"Today is the day, big guy!" said Ben, shaking Steven awake.

It had been a long week indeed, with lots of fussing and tears, and a not too cooperative Steven. At night, he was bundled up in bed to prevent him trying to get up and go to the potty, and during the day, he was kept secured in his new playpen, with a tether that didn't allow him enough space to climb over the fence, his new high chair that had restraints, his super-secure baby carrier. Even his car seat and stroller had child-proof buckles which he couldn't seem to work out. In short, wherever he went, he found that he was safely secured and unable to escape whatever contraption he was put in. If only Ben would let him talk, he was sure he could talk his way out of this baby treatment, but he had no such luck. Whether for punishment or for Steven's own well-being, Ben held firm. So Stevie was understandably excited to be woken up at the end of the week and realize that it was the day he got to be big again.

"That's right, baby boy. You get to take out your gag, *and* you get to graduate to pull-ups."

Steven beamed as he thought about how great it would be to go back into big kid undies. Then, he smelled a wonderful smell coming from the kitchen. "I-is that... a real adult *breakfast*?"

"That's right, kiddo. And it's for you! Let's get you out of your sleepy bag and to the dining table!"

Ben unbuckled Steven's bunting bag and helped him to his feet. Steven was wobbly at first, but Ben helped him there. He didn't even notice he was wet and messy until he sat down in the grown-up chair with a squelch.

"Oh... I'm..."

Ben and Stevie both looked down to see the sagging overnight diaper between his legs.

"Oh well," said Ben, offhandedly, "I'll change you after... oh wait. You're a big boy now, aren't you? I guess you can use the potty and take a shower after." Then he looked left and right and spoke in a hushed voice with his hands by his mouth. "But if you use your diaper one last time, that's okay. It's a lot easier than trying to clean up in time to sit on the potty, right?"

"Yeah, maybe," said Stevie, seeing the sense of Ben's words, though not fully happy with the idea of messing intentionally. However, once he dug into breakfast, it became clear that it wasn't an option for him. He was halfway through his stack of pancakes when he suddenly felt a cramp in his tummy. By the time he stood up to run to the potty, his body was already pushing it out into his diaper, making it look like he had just gotten up to do the toddler squat and poop his pamps.

"There ya go! See? Isn't that easier?" asked Ben, smiling.

"Y-yeah," said Steven, blushing. He was unwilling to admit to Ben that filling his diapers had been a complete accident. Who knew what Ben would do if he found out? He might end up in diapers for good. Instead, he sat down, wincing as he felt the mush spread further.

By the time he was finished eating, Stevie was more than ready for his shower. It was the first time he had had a shower all week, having been given baths daily since his ear problem was fixed, and Stevie was not used to being on his feet for so long.

"I gotta work out," he said to himself, as he began to get winded just from standing. Not only that, but his tummy was looking quite a bit softer than it had been.

"What was that, sweetie?" asked Ben, popping his head into the open door, which he had insisted on leaving open, 'just in case'.

Stevie Blushed. "N-nothing!" That's when his pee-pee decided it was time to let loose and he started peeing uncontrollably in the shower. "Oh no..."

"What was that? Are you sure you're okay kiddo?"

"N, nothing, I'm uh... Just finishing up here," said Stevie, praying the stream would end before Ben decided to stick his nose any further into his business. How was he gonna keep this under wraps? He thought frantically. Maybe it was just the water. Maybe he could double up on pull-ups and toss the inner ones if there was an accident. Maybe...

The curtain suddenly slid aside. "Time's but, buddy," said Ben. "You're gonna turn into a prune in there, and we have to pay a water bill too, ya know. Here's your towel. Hurry up and... Wait, what's with all the yellow?"

"I just had to go, okay? Lots of people do it!"

Ben eyed him suspiciously. "Okay, buddy, if you say so. I just don't remember that being a habit of yours before..."

"Well, I'm trying to loosen up, like you and the doctor said. Be less stressed, right?"

Ben chuckled. "Well, that's one way of going about it, I suppose. Come on, then. I've got your clothes laid out on the bed, and you have follow ups with the doctor and the dentist today so hop to it!"

Steven felt weird walking around in just his pull-ups and overalls. He was used to much thicker protection, and this left him feeling like he was missing something as he walked to the car. Then he thought. "W-wait. What about Clara?"

"I thought you said you were a big boy. Big boys don't bring their stuffies to the doctor. Or their binkies for that matter."

Steven pouted. He didn't want to leave his favorite stuffie and binkie behind. "But I wanna bring 'em!" he said. "Big boys should be able to decide for themselves!"

Ben chuckled. "Okay, sweetie, go on in and get them."

Steven hesitated.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Well... aren't you gonna hold my hand while we go get 'em?"

Ben ruffled Stevie's hair. "You can get them yourself, big boy. Go on."

Steven felt silly. Of *course* he could get them himself. He was a big boy and big boys could get their *own* pacifiers and plushies. He hurried into the house, looking back hesitantly only for Ben to wave his hand for Stevie to hurry and go. When he came back proudly holding his Clara and sucking his paci, Ben had a gleam in his eye.

"What a big boy you are getting your own lovey toys!"

Stevie beamed around his paci and ran to the back door to be let in.

"No, sweetie," said Ben. "You don't have to have a car seat anymore. Remember? You're allowed to be big again."

Stevie was hit again by the sudden disconcerting realization that his regular routine was upended again. He wasn't a baby anymore. Big boys didn't sit in the back seat. But when he got into the front seat he couldn't get comfortable.

"Are you okay, honey?" asked Ben, a few minutes into their drive. "You've been fidgeting this whole time."

"I'm sorry, I just... I don't feel secure in this flimsy seatbelt..."

"You'll be fine, buddy."

As they pulled into the parking lot, Steven asked Ben to put the lovey toys away for him, and Ben put them into his day bag, which he always carried wherever they went.

"Okay, sweetie, it'll be our little secret," said Ben. Again, Steven was stunned to be walked inside of the hospital without the aid of a stroller. All this walking was wearing him out and making him cranky.

"Do you have to go to the potty before we see the doctor?" he asked Steven as they walked into the waiting area.

"No," said Steven, rolling his eyes. "I know how to do *that*. Come on, Ben."

"Okay, just checking, mr. Cranky pants Why don't you have some of your milk."

He handed Steven a twist top bottle that he could drink from, and Steven gladly partook, doing his best not to spill it all over himself. Only minutes later, the people around Ben and Stevie began sniffing the air. A mom picked up her baby and sniffed, shaking her head. "Not mine." The other parents began checking their toddlers and babies, with similar results. Then Ben suddenly jumped up. "Stevie! Oh no, honey, did you have an accident?"

Steven let out an incredulous laugh. "No, I..." but then he stopped and looked down when he felt some wetness between his legs. His pull-ups had failed and his pants were drenched and his butt cheeks felt slippery with mush. Steven immediately began bawling

"Oh no, sweetie..." said Ben, quickly grabbing the pacifier from his day bag and sticking it into Stevie's mouth, followed by his favorite stuffed Rabbit which made her way into the crying boyfriend's arms before he began to take off the boy's pants to assess the damage.

"No.... Dey's not supposed to see! You said it was a secwet!" sobbed Stevie.

"Stevie? Stevie Miller?"

"Here we are, sorry!" called Ben. "He had a little accident..."

"Oh goodness! Come right this way." The nurse ushered them in and told him to undress Stevie and lay him on the exam table. "The doctor will take care of him when he comes in."

"I didn't mean to!" said Steven.

"I know, sweetie," said Ben, petting his hair. "I know."

""It's not faiw! It was just supposed to be a week!"

The doctor soon came in and immediately set to work cleaning Stevie off and examining him, before putting him in an extra thick 'waddling wainbow' diaper from their diaper bag. Steven was still in hysterics as he was diapered by the doctor, and his boyfriend did his best to shush the boy.

"He usually feels much better with his comfort objects."

"Don't worry," said the doctor, "The nurse is on her way with a mild sedative for the boy." The nurse came in and injected Stevie in the arm, which helped him go back into that relaxed and loopy state of not caring, even as his diaper began to grow warm between his legs.

"Do you think he'll be like this for good?" asked Ben. "I've got his new room outfitted for that eventuality."

"Well, it's hard to say," said the doctor, "He *might* get back to continence with a long and arduous potty training regimen, but we find that most partners like to keep their little ones little either way. It's just more convenient than throwing everything away just so they can buy it back all over again when their little one fails at being an adult again."

"Well, I certainly don't plan on buying him back his big boy things. Not after everything I've gotten already."

"Well in that case, maybe we should just keep him like this."

"That sounds good, Doc. I think he's happier this way too, and I'm certainly prepared for it. I've got the dentist right after this, in fact, and they're gonna laser his hair away next door while he's still out."

"Hey, sounds like you're all prepared. Just remember, this little booster shot works quicker but also wears off quickly. In an hour or two he'll be back to normal, so start him on the Relaxaprin later today and don't miss a dose after that or you might have one cranky baby on your hands."

"Don't worry, Doc. I think we'll use this time to get him acquainted with his new life as a full-time baby. I think he deserves to know what's happening." And though these words sounded considerate, Ben sounded a little too excited about the prospect to be merely considerate.

With a handshake from the doctor, and a little help getting Stevie's stroller to the office, Stevie was once again back in his comfy secure stroller, heading back to his comfy secure car seat, wearing nothing but his comfy secure diaper below the waist and completely oblivious to what anyone else thought or said. He was as happy as a clam hugging Clara and sucking his binky. That's all he needed right now. It was really all very simple.

Soon they were at the Dentist, and Ben and the Dentist were talking about Stevie's tooth care.

"Well, kiddo," said the Dentist, finally. "I guess I won't have to chastise you about wearing your mouth guard anymore. This is gonna be your last dentist visit you'll ever need."

"Remember, sweetie," said Ben. "This is for the best. Just trust me."

Stevie was laid back in the chair and told to count down from 10. When he came to, he was already being wheeled out to the car and told about what a good boy he was.

"We're gonna get you ice cream, kiddo!"

Ben smiled, but as the fog cleared from his brain, he realized something was wrong. He felt his face. It felt puffy. And then he pulled out his paci and ran his fingers around his mouth. No teeth. There were no teeth!

"Mo Teef!!"

"That's right, honey, no teeth! Babies don't have teeth! And neither do you!" Ben spoke in a sing song voice, as if he were announcing something exciting, like a Blarney marathon. "We also went ahead and got rid of all your big boy hair, so it'll be much easier to change you from now on, and no more razors!"

Steven was shocked and as he was wheeled into the ice cream shop and was greeted as a regular.

"An extra big cup for the baby boy today," called Ben, as Steven did his best to hide behind clara.

"I got the high chair set up for you guys already!" said the man behind the counter. "Don't forget his bib this time, eh?"

Ben laughed but Stevie wasn't laughing. He felt so embarrassed as he sat there in front of everyone. That embarrassment increased tenfold when he had to endure being put in a bib and fed by his boyfriend, but it did seem to help soothe his mouth, which was already beginning to ache.

"Such a fussy eater," said Ben, dabbing at Stevie's sloppy face. "I bet you really liked that huh, kiddo?"

Stevie just gave him a pleading look and said, "Peeze wess go home. Iss Embawwasing..."

"Aww," said Ben. "Don't be embarrassed! You're just a little baby. And I have a super duper surprise for you when we get home! Wave bye bye to the nice ice cream man!"

Stevie wasn't sure he wanted to know what the surprise was, but getting out of public and back home was his first priority, so he let Ben pick up his hand and make him wave at the ice cream man like a fool. Then, into his cozy comfy stroller he went, into his cozy comfy car seat, and back home, wetting his cozy comfy diaper the whole way as he felt his soft and pudgy baby tummy gurgle from all the ice cream that had been dumped into it. By the time they got home, he was already filling his pants with mush again, and didn't have a chance of stopping it.

"Looks like Daddy's poop machine is hard at work. And that's gonna be the only work you do from now on."

"Wha?" asked Stevie, wide-eyed as his boyfriend began to unbuckled him and transfer him to the stroller once more.

"Oh yes," he said to Ben, as he wheeled him into the house and toward the guest room. "You're now on permanent leave from work. I already called your boss, and I'll be sending him plenty of pics as proof of your new lifestyle."

"Wifsiyo?" asked Stevie, whose words now sounded more like baby babble than anything coherent.

"That's right sweetie. Take a look at what's behind the door. Your brand new room!"

Ben opened the door to unveil Stevie's new nursery. Steven was overwhelmed as he saw colorful walls decorated with baby lions and hippos and giraffes, a big changing table with an easy wipe vinyl matt printed with a matching theme. He was strapped down to the changing table and his paci gag was put firmly in place before Ben held up his phone and started snapping away at the baby in his overloaded rainbow-covered diaper.

"We've got thicker diapees on the way. I think we're gonna have to graduate to cloth for you, baby boy," said Ben, as he patted Stevie's cheek. "These will do for now, though. Oh, you look so precious. Let's get some of you in your crib."

The crib had a segufix system set up and waiting for Stevie, and the weakened man was no match for his strong boyfriend who soon had him strapped in and unable to move.

"No, sweetie, I'm not gonna change you yet. You're going to have to get used to sitting in a wet and messy diaper til Daddy can come around to take care of it. Besides, you're just going to soil it again after your nap."

Ben snapped more pictures of the adorable baby Stevie and told him all about how he was sending the pics to his boss, family and friends, and about the baby shower his sister was already planning.

"Don't worry sweetie," he said, as he unscrewed the pacifier and screwed in a feeder gag set up to a gallon of formula laced with generous amounts of fibrolax, Uriflow, and Relaxaprin. "When you wake up, you'll be so happy and relaxed, you won't even want to go back to being a big boy."

Steven whimpered and gulped down his formula as Clara the bunny was nested under his armpit and the mobile was turned on to lull him to sleep. He could already feel the next load approaching and his diapers becoming wetter by the second. He was on nothing but crinkly vinyl and knew that everything could be wiped down easily, including him. And yet somehow it all made sense. This was where he belonged, and he was going to be his boyfriend's baby for a long, long time.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*