

Just What the Doctor Ordered

June 2021 - Commission

"Come on, honey. Come on. Who's a good little Kennie for Mommy?"

I feel a wash of tingling embarrassment sweep over me as my wife's voice murmurs in my ear, her voice warm and tinged with amusement over the buzzing hum of the wand. "Don't worry, honey, I'm here!" she soothes me, and I shiver as I feel her gentle fingers stroking affectionately through my scalp. "Mommy's here, and she's going to make sure her little boy is all happy in his new diaper..."

The very sound of that word – those two magical syllables that have made my pulse quicken for as long as I can remember – sends a fresh was of tingles coursing through me. Oh, the rational, adult part of my brain is still there in the background. I'm still holding in my mind's eye the image of what I must look like: a grown young man, flat on his back on the bed, clad in nothing but a T-shirt and an oversized, crinkling disposable diaper. And beside him there sits his wife, gazing down in love and amusement as she presses the magic wand home, sending those delightful vibrations deep into her husband's padded groin. She is in charge. She's pushing him – pushing *me* – closer and closer to the peak of bliss...

"Go on, baby! Little Kennie's all safe and happy in his diaper, isn't he? Now, why don't you show Mommy just how much you like making happy little accidents in your pants?" The sweet condescension in her tone rockets me into orbit, and soon I'm babbling, mindlessly agreeing with whatever she proposes. "Yes, yes, Mommy," I hear myself whining. "Yes- I like- I love my- my diaper-"

A gasp escapes my lips as the wand presses home, and I hear my wife chuckle softly. "Of course you do, honey! Mommy's training you to be her good little boy, isn't she? Her good little *baby*?" And *bam* – out from my mind flies any remaining vestiges of rationality. "Yes, yes, train me, Mommy," I'm moaning, squirming desperately under the wand's insistent buzz. "Make me- force me- train me to be your- your soggy little diaper boy- your good, wet little baby- your- your-"

And then I'm gone: trembling, shivering with pleasure as the waves of orgasm crash over me and send spurts of sticky cum out into the padding surrounding me. Mommy is everything in this moment: my goddess, my caretaker, my love. And I... I am hers. Her little plaything. Her baby.

Well, at least that's how it felt in that moment. But things look very different once your brain is no longer a hormone-soaked pile of mush. For starters, I'm not really a little baby, of course: I'm a twenty-six-year-old guy who does data entry and loves cooking and sci-fi. Rebecca's not really my Mommy: she's my wife, a smart and lovely young IT specialist with whom I'm madly in love. And outside of the bedroom, we live what seems like a pretty ordinary existence. You know, paying bills, and shopping, and dealing with family, and just living life as best we know how.

I've had my little secret for pretty much as long as I can remember: that secret, burning longing for the babyish things we call diapers. No need to explain how and why I've felt this way over the years; heck, I don't even know myself why I like them so much. But it's as much a part of me as my blonde hair and blue eyes – and more importantly, it's a part of me that my wife knows about and, against all odds, has already begun to enjoy.

"Why *wouldn't* I enjoy it, honey?" she responded once when I timidly asked why on earth she put up with me having such a weird kink. "Honey, it's just part who you are, and I love you – *all* of you. And besides," she had grinned, a naughty twinkle appearing in her eye. "It's almost like you've got a special little button that only I know how to push. You know? Because you trusted me enough to tell me, *I* now know the magic words – and *I* get to turn you on and tease you and play with you like no one else ever can. That's pretty heckin' special, babe, don't you think?"

Still, the very memory of moments like that one yesterday evening is enough to set me blushing. It's not merely that my wife gets to see me so vulnerable, so silly, so embarrassingly diapered up like a toddler – as I am more and more these days, at her insistence. It's that she has a way of coaxing my most sordid fantasies from my lips: fantasies in which my Mommy forces me into unwilling obedience, strips away my control over my most basic bodily functions, turns me into her waddling little baby boy. And yes, in those moments, there's literally nothing I want more in the world than that.

Who wouldn't be embarrassed to admit something like that?

It's over an ordinary supper, as we're digging into our plates of spaghetti and salad and regaling each other with harmless little anecdotes about our days at work, that Rebecca first brings it up – that first, innocent step. "Hey, Kennie," she says, after a preliminary clearing of her throat. "So I was thinking about something you said the other day. You know, about those dizzy spells you've been having?"

I wipe my mouth carefully and nod. "Uh, yeah? I mean, they haven't been too bad lately, though-" "Honey, can you let me finish?" she smiles, and I nod bashfully, a flash of my inner sub urging me to hush and listen to Mommy. "I know it's probably nothing super serious," she goes on, sipping at her water glass. "But I worry. And really, it's better to get it checked out and be safe than wish that you had a couple of years down the road. So..." She twirls her fork in the spaghetti, wrapping it gracefully around the unyielding tines. "Today I made an appointment for you at a new doctor. She's just a general practitioner, but at least she'll be able to give you a physical and make sure you're okay."

I shift in my seat, my padded rear crinkling softly beneath me. "She?" "Yeah, Dr. Liu, I think her name is. Sharon Liu, I think?" I push some salad around my plate a trifle uneasily. "Um, okay. Sure. I guess- I just don't know about getting a physical from a- you know, a-" "A *girl*?" My wife grins, and I find myself blushing despite myself. "Well, yeah. And because, you know, I don't think- I mean, I suppose I'll just have to make sure I'm not padded-"

"Honey, you'll be fine," she reassures me with a consoling pat on the back. "Don't worry! And listen: I happened to find out online that Dr. Liu actually works with other folks like you! So you're just gonna go there padded like usual, okay? I know you will if I tell you to..." I gulp, unwelcome visions flitting through my head: visions of myself pulling down my pants in front of a strange female doctor and revealing my embarrassing, thickly diapered rear...

But Rebecca has made up her mind, and I see little point in arguing about it. She *did* go through the bother of finding this doctor and making the appointment, after all. And part of me really is becoming very curious to meet a doctor that apparently knows other AB/DLs. "Besides," my wife continues with a bright smile, "I'll be there with you too, honey! It's just next Thursday, and I know we're both free then..."

And so it is that the first innocuous step toward my new future, still completely unknown to me, begins to take shape. Where it will actually lead, I don't think either of us quite knows. But, well, isn't that just how life works?

(To be continued!)