

# [POV] An Embarrassing Trip To The Doctor

*by Cowkites*

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"I'm afraid to say that this appears to be the first stage of Ejaculation Regression Disorder, or E.R.D." Your doctor, Dr. Collins, sits next to you. She holds your semi-erect cock in her white gloved hand. A warm load of semen dribbles down from your twitching member and onto the doctor's fingers. You apologize profusely, but she tells you not to worry. "I've had several cases of this earlier this week. You aren't the first person to ejaculate in front of me. Seems like more and more people are getting it by the day."

The doctor asks you to wait a moment. She stands, throws her gloves into a special waste bin, then leaves the room. Just when you wonder if you should put yourself back into your underwear, the doctor enters with your partner in tow. You're in shock. You had purposely kept it a secret from them for weeks and claimed the appointment was a checkup. Had they known, or had the doctor told them?

"It's more common with those that already experienced premature ejaculation prior to the disease. Would you say your boyfriend finished early often?" Your partner nods their head. "As long as I've known him. Just last night he came on himself when I gave him a squeeze through his pants." You express your anger at having such private matters brought up, but are quickly shushed. "This information is important for your treatment. It may be uncomfortable, but we need to discuss it."

"So what can we expect when..." your partner looks at you and gives you a nervous smile, "...if the disease worsens." The doctor walks over to a counter and hands your partner a pamphlet. "It may be embarrassing, but I recommend buying the thickest diapers you can. We've found that transitioning from underwear, to padded underwear, and so forth is more effort than it's worth. Pretty soon he'll be cumming so much and so often that adult diapers won't handle it. There are some links in there to...uh...adult baby websites that offer thick and absorbent alternatives. I've started carrying a few samples here. We can put him in them for now until you can buy some more."

You can't believe what you're hearing. Adult baby diapers? Cumming that much? There's no way that could happen...right? You don't like where this is going. You try to assert yourself only to be cut off by the sound of the office door opening. A young female nurse pokes her head in

the room. "I found these, Dr. Collins. They're the thickest we have." She's holding a thick, pink diaper with a cartoon pony print. They can't be serious!

"Nurse Lana, would you mind showing the patient's partner how to properly diaper someone with E.R.D.? I've got another patient to visit." The nurse nods and smiles. "Of course, doctor!" She then fully enters the room as the doctor leaves. A large pink bag is in her other hand. Wipes, baby powder, and several more diapers can be clearly seen within. "Alrighty partner, let's get your darling some protection before he has another sticky accident, poor thing."

You outright refuse to be humiliated in such a way. Your partner sighs and tells you to just behave, but you won't listen. The nurse seems unconcerned. "They're always so fussy when they have to go back to diapers." With a strong arm she pushes you back and pins you to the padded medical table. She grabs your right wrist and restrains it to the side of the table. You try to fight but her breasts are in your face. Your barely erect cock spasms. Jizz spurts from your dick onto the floor. Left in bliss, you whimper quietly to yourself as each of your limbs are restrained.

"He'll pretty much do whatever you want now. All you have to do is give him a little squeeze and he'll gladly obey. Well, as best he can. My partner has E.R.D. and he can barely even walk without cumming in his diapers now." You try to struggle against the restraints, but they're strong. You can do nothing but watch as the nurse strips you of your medical gown. "These diapers are great by the way. My boyfriend loves them. They're expensive though and he needs two at a time at this point." She slips the thick, embarrassing diaper beneath your bottom as she speaks casually to your partner about the disease.

The diaper crinkles loudly with every movement. You feel your face burn bright red. Your partner is staring at your crotch. A burst of cold air alerts you to the baby powder now covering your genitals and butt. "Powder is important. He'll get a rash otherwise. Then you'll really have a cranky baby on your hands...oh, I mean cranky man, of course." You've had enough. You start to yell for help. You don't care what your partner or the nurse thinks. Surely there's another way to fix this.

Your yells turn into feminine whimpers. The nurse has lifted the front of the thick diapers up and over your crotch. A gentle squeeze to the crinkly padding and you're cumming again. The warm, thick load coats the crotch of your diaper. "Here," the nurse hands your partner a pacifier with a strap on it. "He's going to reject a lot of this at first. I've found it best to just keep them quiet until they realize this is for the best." You look to your partner with as much panic as you can muster through your lustful expression. She ignores it and slips the pacifier into your mouth.

With the strap secure and the buckle locked, there's nothing you can do but suck on the pacifier. Which you do. The nurse finishes taping the diaper. The padding is so soft and tight. You fight the desire to cum as best you can, but it's a losing battle. "I also recommend these locking plastic pants to prevent leaks and pesky little fingers from ripping the diaper off." The plastic

pink polka dot pants are just as tight as the diaper. They barely fit over the thick padding. You lose control again and moan around your pacifier as she locks it in place.

"Patients, especially men, suffering from this disease are extremely resistant to treatment due to how embarrassing they feel it is. I suggest you take on a more dominant role in the relationship until he learns to behave himself." The nurse casually removes your restraints as she talks. Now's your chance. You jump off the table as soon as your last limb is freed. You're almost at the door when a powerful orgasm rocks your body. You fall to your hands and knees and gasp as an intense vibrating at your crotch causes you to cum again and again.

The nurse holds up a remote. "I've had quite a few runners at this point. I put a vibrator in the plastic panties. That should keep him from misbehaving too much." She hands the remote off to your partner who takes it gladly. "So he's only going to get worse and worse?" your partner asks. The nurse nods. "Soon even the stimulation of his diaper rubbing up against his thighs will be enough to make him excited. And the more he orgasms...well...to put it plainly, the more helpless he'll become." Your eyes widen in horror. That can't be true!

"Helpless? How so?" your partner asks. "It's a little different for everyone," the nurse responds, "but it'll become very apparent by the time you have to start double diapering him that he's really not a man anymore." You can't hear anymore of this. You try to crawl out of the room. Your partner stops you dead in your tracks with a single button press. You whimper and gasp at their feet as they continue to talk. "Between the thick diapers, his cumming at the smallest bit of stimulation, and the changes in his life; your little boyfriend here won't be able to do much more than crawl around, cum in his diapers, and drool on himself. Much like he is now, but without the help."

Your partner looks down at you. They look disappointed. The nurse continues, "He'll need help doing the most basic tasks. Including being dressed. I've been putting my boyfriend in skirts and dresses. Makes the diaper changes much easier. It's actually pretty common among E.R.D. caretakers to treat their partners like little girls. It helps to distance them from their old selves which, in turn, may help with the loss of your relationship." Your partner continues to hold down the button. You're pushing your face into the cold floor tile. Cum is soaking through the padding. Your diaper is threatening to burst.

"Jesus...is everyone with a dick ending up like this?" asks your partner. The nurse shakes her head. "More masculine, virile men and those with higher testosterone levels appear to be unaffected. Which makes sense given that the disease appears to feminize its victims as well." They talk about you as if you're a small child or a pet. Cum is dripping out of your diaper, down your thighs, and onto the floor. "Oh god..." groans your partner, "his diaper is leaking already." The nurse chuckles. "Poor thing is changing faster than most. He'll probably be in the final stage in less than two weeks."

Your partner and the nurse lift you from the floor and back onto the table. They give you a diaper change. No restraints are necessary. Your limp dick is squirting onto your stomach nearly every thirty seconds. The smallest bit of stimulation is enough to render you stupid. They double diaper you this time. The thick padding is more than enough to cause you to waddle terribly. They stand you up and put you in a short pink summer dress. The nurse claims it's all they had lying around, but the smile on her face says otherwise. There's nothing you can do anyway. You can't go a minute without squirting in your diapers. It's hard to think straight let alone do anything more than babble around the pacifier.

Perhaps if you had known about the disease prior...if you were aware that each orgasm only exasperates the issue, you might not be where you are now: humping a stuffie in your playpen while your partner-turned-caretaker makes out with their new man on the couch. Your cum-soaked triple thick diapers squish and crinkle loudly with each enthusiastic hump. The frills of your prissy pink babydoll dress *swish* in time to your movements. The lacey bonnet, mittens, and booties you're wearing aren't really necessary; but you don't have any say in the matter. According to the real man replacing you, you're just a dumb sissy baby that couldn't be a big boy if you tried. The old you might have punched him; the new you just giggles as you cum in your sopping wet, sticky diapers. You can hardly form a cohesive thought anymore. You have no idea what he's saying. All you know is that your caretaker seems to like it so you should too. That's what a good, dumb sissy baby does.