**Daily Free-Write June 1, 2021: Doctor's Orders Pt.6**

*Continuation of May 31, 2021 "Doctor’s Orders Pt. 5"*

"Little baby man! Little baby man!" jeered someone from the group of people sitting at a nearby booth. Ben shot them a dirty look as he took one of the cones from Steven and led him by the hand out of the shop at a brisk pace. "Don't worry about them," he said to Steven, who was struggling to keep up with the waddle he had going on. "They're just some kids being jackasses."

But Steven was worried. He had just been completely embarrassed in front of everyone because he didn't want to listen to what his boyfriend and doctors had to say. As Steven devoured his ice cream cone outside of the car, he thought about the life changes that were going to come along with the Doctors' new recommendations.

Ben was seemingly oblivious to Steven's concerns as dabbed at Stevie's shortalls and Clara's nose with a napkin to clean off drips of ice cream that had landed there. "Next time we're gonna have to use a bib", laughed Ben. "Of *course* it would have to happen to your *new* clothes. I'm just glad that you didn't get chocolate, or it would stain for sure."

"Next time? Please tell me there is not a next time, Ben. I don't want to be humiliated like that again."

"Well, that all depends on *you*, buddy. Do you think you can do everything the doctors and I tell you to do?"

Steven sighed and looked at the ground. "Yes, sir."

"Very good. Then I think your punishment is over for now. Let's get you home for your nap, okay?"

"But I don't take naps!"

"What did I just finish telling you?"

Steven's pout had come back. He didn't like being told what to do. It made him feel like a little kid, and doubly so when it came to naps and bedtimes. "...But...I don't wanna..."

Ben just shook his head. "Oh boy, we really do have a cranky boy on our hands. That tells me you need a nap more than anything.

Made an angry face and crossed his arms. Ben chuckled some more, ruffled his hair, and opened the back door.

"Come on, little guy. Into the car."

Steven sat down and Ben buckled him in. Once he was buckled, he knew he wasn't going anywhere until Ben let him out. He thought about it as they headed back home. How Ben had gradually started taking charge of his life. When had he stopped sitting up front? He wasn't sure. All he knew was that he was so used to it, he didn't even think about it most of the time. That's just where he sat, even when it was just him and Ben in the car.

Once they were home, Ben unbuckled Stevie and loaded him up with diapers to carry into the house. Steven was quite embarrassed to be seen waddling into the house with his armfulls of diapers. He tried to be quick so no one would see him but only managed to trip and burst one of the packages open, which he then scrambled to pick up.

"Hi Victoria," said Ben, waving to their neighbor, who had been watering the lawn. She was watching with her mouth open, the water still spraying.

*Oh no, not her,* thought Steven, who began to grab up the diapers even faster in the hopes of hiding them from the biggest gossip in the neighborhood.

"Steven, don't be rude. Come say hi to Victoria."

Steven slowly stood up, trembling with nervousness as he held his gaily decorated night diapers in his hands. He could almost feel her taking them in, and burning the image in her memory for later retrieval. "Um... h-hi," he mumbled, looking at the ground.

"No," said Ben. "You look her in the eye and say Hi, Miss Victoria."

Steven did as he was told, and was finally allowed scurry into the house, where he could listen to the conversation out of sight. Ben shook his head and said, "Little boys are such a handful, don't you agree?"

Victoria looked stunned. "Why... y-yes. They *certainly* are. But why on earth are you bringing in all those diapers? And... are those baby reins I saw on Steven?"

"I can't explain right now, I'm afraid. I really must get him down for his nap. But maybe we can talk after?"

"I want to hear all about it," said Victoria, sounding more curious by the second.

Ben grabbed the additional shopping bags and brought them into the house. Steven followed him as he set one bag down in the kitchen and brought the other into the guest room.

"You're not going to *tell* her, are you?" asked Steven.

"It shouldn't be a secret that you need diapers. If we keep it a secret, that means it's something to be ashamed of, and it isn't." It was clear from his tone of voice that that was the end of the discussion.

"Oh, you can go ahead and leave your diapers right there by the closet." That's where they kept the pull-ups and the diaper genie too, since Ben didn't want wet pull-ups stinking up his bedroom. Steven sat them down and eyed the large black bag that Ben had left there.

"What else did you get, Ben?" asked Steven, feeling a bit apprehensive about Ben's mystery bags.

"I'll show you later after your nap. Now let's get you undressed. I'm going to leave you in your padding for the nap since you know what happens when you sleep."

"I figured you would say that," said Ben, with a sigh. He stood there in the guest room while Ben unclipped his harness, and unbuttoned the shortall suspenders to let Steven's outfit drop to the ground. Next came his socks and shirt. Again, getting dressed and undressed had been taken over by Ben at some point, and Steven just responded by reflex at this point, lifting his arms for shirts or taking hold of Ben's shoulders to stay balanced for shoes, socks, and pants changes.

Soon, Steven was left in nothing but his diaper, which made him feel very naked indeed. He had only just gotten used to sleeping in just his pull-ups, which felt infantile enough. Now, he was standing there big poofy diapers with pastel unicorns dancing across the plastic. He still couldn't believe this was happening.

"Do you have to go before your nap?" Ben asked, noting how much attention Steven was giving to his diapers.

Steven shook his head and blushed. "No. I think I'm all peed out since that doctor visit."

"Well, that just means you're not drinking enough water," said Ben. "I'll get you a glass. And I expect you to drink it *all* before your nap."

Steven tilted his head. "But isn't that going to make my bedwetting worse?"

"You're dehydrated, Buddy. You need to drink something. And if you wet a little more this time, I'm sure your diapers can handle it. Don't forget you're doubled up right now."

"How could I forget? I can hardly walk in these things!"

Ben looked like he was running out of patience. "Are you going to keep questioning what I tell you to do? Cause I can just toss out your pants right now if that's the case."

"No! I mean... no, please don't do that. I was just wondering."

Ben put his fists on his shoulders and shook his head. "Curiosity killed the brat, you know. I'd like you to practice following directions without asking all those questions. I think it will help you behave more."

Steven stomped off to the bedroom and Ben appeared shortly after with a tall glass of water.

"I want you to drink all of it. Then you can take your nap."

Steven knew that Ben wasn't going to let this go so he did as he was told and handed the class back to Ben.

"That's a good boy," said Ben, who set the glass aside and pulled back the sheets for his boyfriend. "In you go."

Steven gave Ben his puppy dog eyes but Ben wasn't budging, so he got in bed, his diaper crinkling loudly as he hit the mattress. Ben tucked him in and kissed him on the forehead.

"You had a big day, buddy. I want you to be completely rested, so we don't have any more tantrums."

"How long do I have to nap for?" asked Steven.

"Until I come to wake you up," said Ben, who was already pulling down the shades to block out the sun. "And you will stay in bed until I do."

"But what if I wake up and have to go?"

"You're not allowed to get up so just use your diaper if you have to go. That's what they're for anyway. Now no more questions," said Ben. "Open up."

Steven knew what was coming next. With a roll of his eyes, he opened his mouth and got his pacifier.

"Don't forget," said Steven. "Your dentist said you always have to wear this when you sleep, so you will have a pacifier in *every* time you sleep. Got it?"

Steven nodded, already beginning to suck on it and feel calmer. He wasn't happy about it but that *is* what the dentist had said. And really, it wasn't so bad. It was even kind of nice to suck on a pacifier. It was just the *idea* that irked him.

"Oh, one more thing," said Ben. He produced Clara and handed the stuffed bunny to Steven, whose face lit up despite himself. He immediately hugged her and became more relaxed, eliciting a chuckle From Ben.

"I spot cleaned her for you so you could have her for your nap. She'll help you have good dreams, okay kiddo?"

Stevie nodded.

"Alright. Nighty night. And remember, no getting up until I let you up. I have plenty of ways of keeping you in bed if you don't behave.

Steven shuddered at the thought and nodded again, giving his pacifier a few more sucks for comfort. Ben left and Steven lay there, hugging Clara and hoping that things would get back to normal soon. Slowly, but surely, his eyes began to droop, and he drifted off. A minute or so later, he began to dribble into his diaper, but he was fast asleep by then. Stevie was totally oblivious to the expanding diaper between his legs as he smiled and hugged his bunny.

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*