

Just What the Doctor Ordered
September 2021 – Commission
Chapter Four

Oh, my goodness. Today is turning out to be one of the most wonderful days of my life!

First there was the visit to Dr. Liu. My dear little Kennie was nervous, of course. Who wouldn't be upon getting a feeding tube installed for the first time ever? But he was a little trooper through it all – didn't even whimper or whine. And now, thanks to all the generous advice the doctor's given us, the rest of our day is shaping up to be super busy. Busy, that is, with all sorts of delightful mommy activities...

"We're home, sweetie," I call softly, catching a glimpse of Kennie's pacified face in the rear view mirror. The garage door is closing amid a chorus of squeaks and groans, and then it's shut; we're safe to get out without the neighbor's seeing. I help him out from the back seat, and even then I can't help but plant a kiss on his cheek as he stands and waits for me to open the trunk. "Such a good boy, helping Mommy carry in the bags!"

Yeah, we have a lot to carry in. Dr. Liu practically gave us a whole shopping list of things like Pedialyte and Metamucil and stuff I've never gotten before – and a lot of it is heavy. So while Kennie may be my little baby, he's also my man: a man with the muscles to carry loads of his new feeding supplies with ease.

"Now, we need to get you fed, okay? It's lunchtime already, and I think we're both getting hungry!" Of course I bustle around and prepare a sandwich for myself, then begin setting up Kennie's feeding per the doctor's instruction. *Hmm, one liter of the formula. And then later half a liter of the electrolyte and fiber mixture...* It's a bit bewildering at first, what with the bag, and the tube, and the mixing guidelines that I don't fully understand just yet. But in the end, we achieve success: Kennie is seated at the table in his usual seat, while down his tube and into his nose flows the creamy stream of formula.

"It doesn't feel like much," he assures me as I, ever the concerned wife and mommy, ask how it feels and whether everything's okay. "I guess it's a bit like I need to burp, but that's fine..." And so, my concerns slightly allayed, we settle in for our lunch: Kennie sitting there scrolling through his phone, and me munching on my sandwich and contemplating my next tasks.

I've got the entire day off of work, and so it only makes sense to tackle all the other things Dr. Liu

suggested. After we've finished and we've cleaned up his tube as directed, it's time to figure out his new feeding backpack. It's an ingenious little device, I must say. And even Kennie has to admit that it's pretty cute. But best of all, it's super easy even to run and program remotely; thanks to its Bluetooth and WiFi connections, I'm now realizing, I don't even need to teach him how to run it. I'll just set it and control it remotely even when I'm away at the office...

And then comes even more fun stuff. "Kennie," I begin after we've successfully hooked up his backpack and begun administering his electrolyte blend. "Do you remember what the doctor said about your diapers?" The sudden blush on his pacified face and the embarrassed duck of his head vaults me effortlessly back into full-on Mommy space, and I give a condescending giggle. "We've gotta find you some better ones, huh? I can't have my little super soaker leaking all over the place!"

God, it's fun, sitting there with my Kennie beside me, scrolling through the websites that are fast becoming our favorites. "Hmm, some of these Camelots are gonna be fun for special times," I comment, clicking them merrily into the cart. "And of course lots of MegaMaxes and PeekABUs and boosters. Wait, didn't I see something about some new super-high-capacity model on Amazon?"

It's so sweet to watch the longing and humiliation and delight grow in Kennie's eyes as I place one order after the other. "These are gonna be so much better than the ones you have now," I smile with a knowing pat of his padded crotch and a gesture at the pastel-colored diapers on the screen. "Oh, you're gonna be so cute, waddling around in your pretty new diapers for Mommy!"

His cheeks are almost as red as his pacifier right now, but in his eyes I see the flash of submissive, shy gratitude. He loves all this, I know. And believe me, I love it too: more and more with very single day.

"Now, then! Let's get your chart set up, hmm? See, I was thinking that we should give you a sticker for every day you make messy in your dipie. Doesn't that sound like a good plan?"

I'm not sure if I want to tell Mommy this. But today is like a fantasy come to life.

I'm seated here at the table for supper now, watching out of the corner of my eye as the creamy river of formula flows silently down the tube and into my belly. It's so... strangely automatic, and silent, and surreal. I'm not doing a thing except sit here – and yet I can feel my stomach slowly

filling and becoming heavy with the weight of it all. I burp now and then, and Mommy smiles over at me across her plate of big person food.

Big person food. Is that what ordinary food is becoming for me now?

Yes, it is. I realize it now with a self-conscious start as Mommy lifts another forkful of pasta to her mouth. With this tube I've been effectively regressed not merely to the level of a two- or a one-year-old. I might as well be an infant in arms: a sweet little baby boy who needs nothing but a steady flow of liquid nourishment to keep him fed and healthy...

"Aww, honey. I'm sorry you can't have any," Mommy sympathizes with a smile, and I realize with a start that I'm gazing half-longingly at her plate. "Here, why don't we give you something for that hungry mouth of yours?" My lips part instinctively as she presses my pacifier back into my mouth, and I begin suckling almost automatically as she gives a soft chuckle. "There, see? Now it's like little Kennie's eating too – just like Mommy!"

God, I've never felt quite so regressed and babied as in this moment. Here I am, suckling away while my unresisting belly fills with formula under Mommy's watchful gaze. Under my bum is the warm, swollen bulk of my diaper that I've been soaking with increasing frequency all afternoon. I might as well be a tiny baby lying in a crib, or held safe in Mommy's warm arms, safe and snug and ever so helpless.

Mommy must be a mind-reader. Because only a few hours later, after we've cleaned up the dishes and I've had my bath, I find myself clambering up beside her and obediently lying down across her inviting lap. "Time for my little boy's nighttime feeding!" she coos, and I gaze up with inquiring eyes as she once again affixes the tube and yet another fresh stream of formula trickles smoothly down to its destination. "Now open up, dear. Remember, the doctor said you should use your binky..."

She beams maternally down at me, her left hand playing softly through my hair in the lamplight, and I shiver with sudden delight at the intimacy of our situation. "Just look at you now," she murmurs in my ear – and then I feel her other hand slipping down to run suggestively up and down my freshly padded crotch. "Such a darling little baby for Mommy. Drinking up your formula, and sucking your passie, and laying here like the sweetest little darling baby that ever was..."

I tremble again, sensing the pressure of arousal mounting between my legs. I may be her baby right now, but underneath all the powder and lotion and plastic and padding, I'm a grown man with very

grownup biological responses. And I know of few things that gets me more excited than to have my sweet Mommy-wife whispering in my ear about what a sweet little baby she's making me...

She giggles softly, and a tingling thrill races through me in response. "Aww, you're so cute, getting all excited and hard in your nice fresh diaper, honey! I guess you really like how soft and safe it feels, huh? So soft and nice on your wittle pee-pee?" I nod and let out a tiny whimper of agreement, my mind spiraling helplessly down into regressed submission. *So nice, yes- So soft, so good...*

"Oh, then I bet you really enjoyed your big day, huh? Getting to watch Mommy buy all those super-thick new diapers for you... Seeing the diaper chart where Mommy will keep track of all your messy diapers... Thinking about just how little and babyish you're gonna feel, waddling around in your soggy, bulgy pants... Learning what life's gonna be like now with your tube..." Her smile is audible now as she bends closer to my ear. "Aww, you don't even get to try big person food anymore now, do you?"

I whimper again, more aware than ever of the growing weight in my belly. *She's right; No more big boy food- Just formula and whatever she feeds me. Oh and- and I won't even be able to help it, will I?*

"But you know, that's just how it goes for little babies," she observes with a gentle stroke of her finger on my nose. "They don't get to decide, do they? Their Mommy and their doctor decide for them, and all they can do is lay there and be good, obedient babies. Just obeying and letting all their wet accidents out into their nice warm diapers..."

By the time my feeding is done, I'm squirming and pressing my padded crotch desperately against Mommy's hand, aching for release of this pent-up arousal. But she only giggles once more and withdraws her hand. "Oh, baby, you're so silly!" she scolds playfully as my tube is unhooked and she helps me up off her lap. "Little baby boys don't get to make stickies in their pants. Only big boys do that, honey – and you sure don't seem like a big boy to me anymore..."

The involuntary whimper of disappointment that escapes me must be music to her ears. And so, as she tucks away my feeding bag and takes me by the hand, she's smiling one of the naughtiest smiles I've ever seen. "Then again, maybe if you show me just how much you want it, I suppose Mommy could have fun watching you pretend to be a big boy. Come on, now! Let's get you in bed, and maybe we can find you something to hump and grind on. I bet you'd like that, wouldn't you? Would that make your day just about perfect?"

Well, what can a big, horny baby like me do but nod?