

## Just What the Doctor Ordered

February 2022 – Commission

### Chapter Nine

Oh, my goodness. Things are developing faster than I ever imagined possible!

I stretch languidly beneath the sheets and half-roll onto my side, conscious of the heavily-breathing form of my dear husband beside me. There he lies: oversized pacifier still tucked between his slack lips, eyes drawn shut in dreamy slumber, the collar of his babyish onesie peeking up from beneath the covers. I smile softly – because who could help smiling at such an adorable spectacle? – and ease my hand gently over to where I know without a doubt I will find the babyish, plastic-covered, padded rump that completes the look...

Oh, yes. He's soaked once again. Just like the lovely little bedwetting baby he needs to be.

I resist the urge to pat and rub that cool, bloated bulk of his pampers and instead roll onto my back, sighing quietly as the memory of last night washes back into my mind. Oh, my word. Never in my wildest fantasies had I dreamed up such a scene: of feeling my submissive husband writhing desperately beneath me, losing control, cumming uncontrollably as I rode him... and then getting to watch as not two minutes later, the poor dear promptly lost control of his bladder and sent a far more babyish spurt of liquid flooding out and into our bed.

He'd been so sweet, too... so utterly humiliated... so vulnerable and adorable as he lay there in his shameful little accident. I'd almost cum right there just from watching his face as he realized what was happening, as he heard my sweetly condescending words cooing over *what a wittle assident my wittle baby had made*. Of course I'd comforted him too – I'm not pure sadist, after all, and I knew his fragile ego, caught between manhood and infancy, could only take so much belittling and humiliation.

And I suppose it was that combination of loving care and laughing condescension that made the rest of that evening so magical. I was consoling him that it was okay, and wiping him clean, and bundling his sweet, naked tush into the booster-filled bulk of his now-customary nighttime diaper. I got to pull the plastic pants up over his freshly diapered bum, and tuck that paci between his lips to silence his whines. And then I was letting him gaze up half-gratefully, half in shame as I hooked up his feeding tube and flooded his belly with his nightly dose of soporific formula that would set his eyelids drooping and his muscles relaxing once again into the dreamless, babyish sleep he needs so much...

I suppose the only downside for him was that, once I'd tucked him into our freshly changed sheets and he'd slumped down into sleep, he didn't get to watch me in the bathroom later that night. He didn't see me shrugging off my robe... cupping my bare breasts one after the other in the warm glow of the night light... letting the pulsing whir of the pump work its magic yet again, coaxing them and seducing them into thinking that I had an actual infant latched on and gulping down the nourishment their life depended on. And neither did he get to watch as my hand slipped down between my thighs to finish the job his adorable, dribbly penis had begun, rhythmically rubbing in time with the pump's pulsations, drawing moan after quiet moan from my parted lips...

Yeah. Last night had been something else.

But now, as I slip free from the sheets and pad toward the bathroom door to begin my morning routine, I reflect a bit more rationally on everything that has transpired. A few things are certain. That plastic sheet protector is worth its weight in gold, for one thing. And I definitely need to get the laundry going to get those wet sheets cleaned up. But on a more serious note, I'm also seeing that he's becoming littler and more diaper dependent far more quickly than I'd anticipated – which is honestly wonderful. It's everything we both want, after all – but at the same time, it's going to perhaps necessitate some changes. In our employment, for instance.

And by that I mean that this very morning, I'm going to help him request a several-month sabbatical from work. I'm making more than enough money for our needs right now, after all, and there's no reason on earth why he should feel forced into that boring data entry gig when it's just stressing him out.

After that? Well... let's see. I'm still a tiny bit worried that he might be feeling slightly emasculated when he wakes – you know, once he remembers just how quickly he came, and how he had that adorable accident in our bed. Luckily, I do have this idea about how to help him feel better. Though it's going to require me to do some rather unusual shopping this afternoon...

\*\*\*

"That's right, sweetie-pie! Aww, you've been such a good boy for me today! Helping her write that nasty long email to your work people... Sitting in the car and being good while Mommy did her shopping... Not complaining about your feedings..." I beam and take another bite of my pasta, watching in delight and affection as his liquid supptime trickles down the tube and disappears into his nose. "You're being so good for me, and I think you deserve some extra-fun playtime

tonight with Mommy to celebrate. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Kennie regards me with a flicker of interest in his eyes, then reaches up and tugs the pacifier free from his working lips. "Umm... okay? But- but last night-" Shame creeps into his expression as he fumbles for words, half floating in little space and half floundering in the uncomfortable awareness of being a grown man who'd failed to fully satisfy his wife. "I- I dunno if I can-"

"Shhh, sweetie," I console, setting down my fork and placing a consoling hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry! I've got everything figured out, okay? You and I are going to have a wonderful time together tonight, I promise. All you need to do is be your sweet, wonderful self, okay? Just relax and enjoy whatever happens, and it'll all be okay..."

Nice as I normally am, I can't deny that I'm finding a twinge of sadistic pleasure as we finish the rest of our meal. For I can practically see the cogs turning in his mind, the mingled arousal and puzzled uncertainty over what on earth is in store for him, the confusion about how on earth we'll possibly have fun if he's so clearly prone to cumming early and leaking like a dribbly faucet...

The pleasure only increases as the evening progresses. After supper comes bath time: when my bloated little hubbie gets stripped down and freed from his soggy and messy pampers, when I wash him thoroughly, when I help him out and towel him dry and lay him down to dress him for bed once more. I see the confusion deepening in his eyes as I hum and giggle and wrap him up in his customary night-weight diaper, boosted as ever, and tuck that lovely penis of his deep into its soft and secure folds. And then, just as he opens his mouth with the opening objection of "But- but how will I-", I press home his paci once more and silence those silly protests before they go any further.

"Hush, baby," I order, rising and smiling down into his questioning gaze as I begin unbuttoning my shirt with nimble fingers. "You're going to be a good boy and lay there for me, okay? Just be quiet and enjoy watching Mommy undress in front of you. After all, mommies like me don't need to be embarrassed about being naked in front of their babies! No, of course not. Because adorable little babies like you are far too little and sweet to even care..."

Sure, that may be the case for biological babies. But the hungry, longing gaze my pacified man-baby turns on me as I strip down, garment after garment, is enough to make me feel like the most beautiful and sexy woman on the planet.

"Now, then," I giggle- and fully nude at last, I step back over to the bed and my wide-eyed, diaper-

clad husband. "You'd better lay still, sweetie. I've got a little present for you, and it's going to be best if you keep still and let me put it on you..." Oh, have I ever. I'm breathless with anticipation as I slip the freshly sanitized, rubbery cock out of the dresser drawer and begin arranging the straps in preparation. "Now just lift up for me, baby. Just like when I'm changing your pampers..."

I wish I had two pairs of eyes as I proceed: one to focus on the intricacies of these straps and how they wrap around the bulging diaper before me, and a second to feast upon the incredulous, mortified, yet painfully aroused gaze of my husband as he cranes his neck downward, watching me tighten the erect artificial penis atop his padded groin. I'm growing wet with lust as the seconds tick by, longing already to be in position: straddling him, riding him, watching the helpless and groveling submission in his eyes as I spread my bare thighs and lower my needy pussy down over the firm cock beneath...

As I am soon enough. And while I'm not exactly proud of the filthy things that escape my mouth as the hormones surge and the inhibitions recede, I am more than satisfied with the babbling assent that escapes my equally turned-on, submissive hubby.

"Ooh, see this? See how Mommy likes to play with her little man?" I inquire, biting back a moan of pleasure. "Of course you do, honey! Oh, of course your little wee-wee isn't *nearly* strong and big enough right now to fill Mommy's lovely pussy, let alone make her cum. But you know what? That's okay! With Mommy's new present now – with this pretty strap-on – you don't need to be big! You can just stay my dirty, soggy little baby now- my leaky- incontinent- diaper-trained little bay- *baby*. Because now that *I'm* in control, you just can't help it-"

"No, no, Mommy, I- I can't- I can't help it..."

"Of course you can't, you silly little thing! Your little pee-pee can't do anything right now, can it? No, of course not! That's because Mommy has decided to keep it all locked away... all safely wrapped up in your pretty crinkly diapers. Your pee-pee just dribbles all the time now, honey. You're just my sweet little baby, just peeing- and dribbling night and day... leaking and filling your pampers all the time..."

"Yefh- Uh-*hub*- Mommy- Oh, Mommy, pweefve-"

I'm laughing sadistically now, the intoxicating euphoria of top space coursing through me as I hear him groveling and begging beneath me. I'm shuddering as the giant strap-in slips in and out of me, in and out, setting me alight with pulsing pleasure while I ride my dear diapered man-baby. "Oh,

yeah? That's the way you like it now, isn't it? Hah, you're such a *needy*, obedient little baby for Mommy, aren't you? You're so good, letting Mommy ride you... letting her play with your new toy... pretending you have a great big man cock when we both know you're just a sweet- leaky-diapered little- *baby!*"

I lose track of the number of times I cum that evening. But frankly, it doesn't really matter. What does matter is the sight of my husband beneath me, lost in the pleasurable humiliation he craves so much... and the feeling of him clutching me close afterwards in mute need and thanks... and the little whimper of gratitude that escapes him as I pull him close and nestle his head between my warm breasts, whispering what a wonderful guy he is and how much I needed that.

Because fuck, I did need this tonight... just as much as he did.