

Just What the Doctor Ordered
December 2021 – Commission
Chapter Seven

"Hey, sweetie. Hey-hey! Time to wakey-wakey, baby..."

I struggle through the fog of sleep to find Mommy's smiling face beaming down at me. "You sure were sleeping hard, honey," she giggles softly, and her hands are smoothing my little hat close to my head. "I guess you really were sleeping like a baby, huh?"

Oh, I wish.

"Not really," I tell her, struggling onto my thickly padded rear and feeling the cool squish beneath me. "I- I didn't sleep very well... again..." Yes, again. "Kept waking up all through the night..." "Aww, honey, I'm sorry! Is it stress keeping you up?" She's helping me tug back the covers, and now her hands are smoothing down over the thick bulge between my legs that the sleeper does absolutely nothing to hide. "You worried about something, dear?"

"No," I assure her, and the pang in my bladder reminds me of what I've been feeling all night long. "No, Mommy – it's just- I- I have to go potty!" The juvenile phrase might have made me blush only a few weeks before, but now it feels almost natural. "It's been like this ever since getting my tube," I maintain, and as my padded feet slip to the floor and I rise from my sitting position, I relax internally and let the first warm rush of urine flow from my aching bladder. "I- I'm just- it's making me wet so much..."

"Aww, but that's a *good* thing, baby!" Mommy praises, and now I'm blushing under the twin influences of her sweetly maternal tone and the feeling of standing there before my Mommy-wife literally soaking my diaper. "That's exactly why we got you your extra-thick nighttime diapers and your boosters, right?"

Well, yes. I can't deny it. Just like I can't deny the heavy swing and rustle of my well-soaked diaper beneath me as I waddle after her into the dining room, or the audible squish as I settle my now-warm, bulgy bottom onto the kitchen chair. This tube feeding is turning me into a regular leaky fountain – and a sleep-deprived one at that. If only my bladder were big enough to be able to handle it for even a few hours at a time...

But it isn't. Maybe Dr. Liu will have a solution for me when we visit later today? Because at this

rate, I'm not sure I'll be able to handle another few months of this!

"So how's he been doing?"

Strange how such an innocuous little phrase can get to me so easily. Dr. Liu doesn't mean to tease or torment me, I'm sure of it. But I can't deny the feeling of subby Little-ness wells up stronger than ever as her syllables sound in my ears. Because here I am, sitting barely a meter away from her on this examination chair, and she's not even glancing at me right now. She's talking over my head to my Mommy-wife. To Rebecca. To the one who really matters, who's the only other adult in the room.

Certainly not to me.

I suckle instinctively harder on my pacifier, hidden away once more discreetly behind my mask. Not that it needs to be hidden, of course. Dr. Liu knows all about my Little habits. But this way, thanks to my mask I can keep it in my mouth the entire time from home to here, and no one needs to see. No one needs to catch sight of the grown-up man with an oversized dummy in his mouth and a strange waddle in his step, holding hands with the woman who seems to be an extraordinarily affectionate, doting wife...

I jerk back to reality as I hear the "d" word. "Oh, yeah – the nighttime diapers were a godsend! I'm telling you, without them I'm sure I'd be washing those sheets every single morning..." *Poopy. They're talking about me wetting so much. And why wouldn't I be? I bet they'd be wetting a lot too if they were being pumped full of formula round the clock!*

I shift impatiently on the chair, feeling a sudden, strangely juvenile wave of irritation welling up within me. Here these two women are, laughing and joking about how much I have to pee thanks to my tube. Sure, I'm still very much down for the baby treatment... within reason. But *this?* Well, it isn't that funny anymore – not when it means I only get a few hours of sleep every night! My eyes are still gritty with fatigue, my brain fogged, my entire body feeling so very tired. And it's all because of this silly, stupid-

"Ifh fhtoopid!" I blurt, only then remembering that my pacifier is muffling and slurring my words into something reminiscent of a toddler's speech. I reach up and tug down my mask, then pluck out my binky and glare up at the surprised women in front of me. "It's stupid!" I repeat, a tremble in

my voice despite my best efforts. "Like, I can't even sleep for an hour or two before I have to wake up and- and pee! And it's every single night! And all because of this *stupid* formula and this *stupid* tube..."

Even as I speak I realize just how incredibly immature my outburst must sound. But Dr. Liu – trained as she is to deal with unruly patients, I suppose – merely reaches over and strokes my head with a sympathetic smile. "Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, honey! You do look pretty tired, I can see. And it's all because of that pesky bladder of yours, hmm?"

If I wasn't feeling quite so tired, I'd probably counter her, pointing out how she's neatly flipped the issue from *their* feeding tube to *my* bladder. But I huff a little sigh and remain silent while Mommy steps closer to intervene. "Oh, yes, that's true," she offers with a little shrug. "He's been wetting so often, but for some reason it really disturbs his sleep pattern." *Poopy again – now she's talking about me as if I were a six-month-old!* "I don't suppose there's anything to help him sleep better... is there?"

And just like that, she's slipping the pacifier out of my hand and tucking it back between my lips... silencing her bratty little boy before he can cause any more ruckus.

It's almost as if the doctor has anticipated just such a request. "Well, now that you mention it, I do think there's something that would work well for this situation," she responds with a bright smile. "I'll have to double-check the dosages and all, just to ensure it won't cause any serious side effects. But yes, I think we can definitely find a sedative and relaxant combo to help him sleep more soundly. Now, let's see: how much did we say he weighed during the last check-up? As compared with last visit?"

So on they prattle: discussing caloric intakes and fluid retention and BMIs and all sorts of stuff that I frankly don't know or care much about. All I want is to get a good night of sleep... and yeah, maybe to have some fun with Mommy the morning after. Either in a diaper or without one, whichever she decides...

And then, just as I'm starting to fantasize about Mommy pushing the wand deeper into my thick diaper, it's over. "Here, I'm sure the pharmacy will be able to fill that for you," Dr. Liu is saying, handing Mommy a folded paper and flashing her a bright smile. "But overall, things are looking really good with Kennie. Take care out there, okay? I'll see you back here in two more weeks!"

It's that night, just before bed, that Mommy gives me my first dose of that milky-white new medicine. And though I haven't any idea how much she's put in my formula – she takes care of all that complicated stuff – I can feel the soporific effects almost immediately.

It's like a warm, numbing blanket creeping up over me: a heavy drowsiness that both slows my thoughts and leaves me feeling limp and uncoordinated. "Shh, it's okay," Mommy is saying, and I struggle to lift my head as she gently unhooks the now-empty tube. "Let's get my darling into bed, okay?"

I scarcely remember the shuffling waddle into the bedroom. All I seem to recall is the touch of her soft hands tugging the blankets around me... the comforting rubbery bulb of my pacifier entering my slackened lips... the whisper of a kiss on my forehead...

And then I'm out.

When I finally do wake, it's not a once-and-done affair. It's a struggle, a fight to the surface, a dawning of consciousness as slow as the sunrise on a winter morning. And when I finally, shakily struggle upright, blinking against the bright morning light and the soft clink of dishes in the kitchen, I realize something strange. Different, somehow. Something's different than past mornings. Somehow, I don't feel that urgency, that familiar, desperate need to relieve myself...

I glance down. And with a jolt of surprise, I realize the truth.

My diaper is heavy, swollen, absolutely soaked... which itself is not the strange thing, of course. The terrifyingly wonderful part – the part that makes me shiver in sudden fear and arousal – is that try as I might, I have literally no memory of having wet it. At all.

I've officially wet the bed in my sleep, I think – and the realization sweeps over me with all the startling, thrilling power of an ocean wave. I'm a bedwetter now... and all thanks to Dr. Liu's new medication.

Oh- oh, my. Where is this all going to end?