

Just What the Doctor Ordered

May 2022 – Commission

Chapter Twelve

It's really something, isn't it, how one's life can change so quickly? For Rebecca and me, in a matter of twelve short months we've changed... so very much. From a normal couple with one quirky little secret to... well, whatever this is. And yet, through it all we've also stayed the same, somehow. The same people, with the same interests and hobbies. The same loving couple.

I'm not making much sense, am I?

Well, let me be a bit more plain-spoken. The reason I'm being so darn meditative is that I honestly don't have much else to do at the moment. Here I am, sitting warm and snug in our car, resting behind the sunshade in my oversized "baby seat", as my Mommy-wife Rebecca loves to call it. The five-point harness around me holds me snugly upright, a sort of socially acceptable type of bondage. Beneath those protective straps I'm dressed comfortably in my shortalls and airplane t-shirt, and beneath that there's my onesie and the ever-present, booster-filled diaper to fill out my bum and splay my legs and remind me of my toddler-esque status.

But of course that's not all. My bright red pacifier rests in my mouth, my mouth suckling so habitually and gently on it that most of the time I forget it's even there. In my one hand is my 12-ounce juice bottle, half of its sweet, apple-y contents already drained. And in the other is my tiger stuffie, the stitched smile on its face reminding me of all the naps I've taken beside him, waking at last and finding that same happy expression waiting reassuringly for me...

So, yeah. A year ago, we didn't have hardly any of this gear. I'd only just mustered up the courage to tell Rebecca about my Little side and my fervent love for diapers. Oh, how nerve-wracking that had been! And yet, despite my fears she had cocked her head and listened and consolingly reminded me that she loved me regardless... before I'd dissolved into tears in her arms.

Still, even a few months after that – even after she'd shown me just how enthusiastically she was embracing my kink – I wouldn't have dreamed of being seen out in public like this. I'd been frightened enough at the thought of going out with Goodnites under my pants, much less a genuine adult diaper. Yet I'd learned to do it... for her. And as Rebecca had led the way, we'd both begun to embrace our roles: me as a good baby boy, and her as my doting Mommy. God, how I'd blushed when she first told me to call her that! How too I'd loved protesting, and fighting, and losing so hopelessly against her when she began to take charge and lovingly forced me into the diapers she

now knew I loved so dreadfully much...

But everything had gone to another level that day we met Dr. Liu.

I squirm here in my seat, feeling another warm burst of pee dribble out into my well-soaked diaper. God, she really has worked magic on me, hadn't she? Thanks to that feeding tube and my round-the-clock diapering at Rebecca's insistence, my bladder has been forced into what is now effective incontinence. Not that I mind, in my heart of hearts. True, sometimes I feel a bit regretful that I no longer have the option of big boy pants. And it can be pretty embarrassing at times. But all the same, there isn't a day now in which I don't thrill at least once at the delightful sensation of my bladder dribbling all on its own... or better and more humiliatingly yet, at the muffled burst and warm swell of poo spludging out into the seat of my diaper...

Which now happens pretty much at any time – even when I am hard at work in my home office, which I began once again last month. Even the biggest of babies can do work, you know, and I'm heartily glad that my life isn't actually just lying in a crib 24/7, watching the world go by...

"Hey, sweetie! We're almost there!" Mommy is beaming back at me in the rearview mirror, and I start to my senses. Oh, yeah. Our trip! It's a long weekend, after all, and confident road warrior that she is, she didn't hesitate once at the idea of driving to the city six hours away... there to celebrate the one-year anniversary of me telling her about my kink. We'll be spending two days here together: walking around, seeing the sights, going to whatever Mommy has planned out for us...

"Aren't you excited, baby?"

To which of course I nod... and burble out an enthusiastic "Wheffffhh!" from behind my paci. Which of course only makes her giggle and shake her beautiful head. "Of course you are! Now, hang on just a bit longer. The hotel's only about ten minutes away now..."

Speaking of things being different, I feel like it's never more visible than in our luggage.

I'm shuffling through our little hotel room now, eyeing the goodies Mommy is now unpacking. There's her pump, for the times throughout the day when we may not have the privacy for me to relieve the pressure in her swollen breasts (as I so love to do). There's a whole bag full of my diapers and changing supplies, and another with my babyish plastic pants and pajamas and bibs and onesies.

And perhaps most importantly, there's my food: not only formula, but nearly a dozen containers of colored mushes that we'd filled before leaving.

Yes, food. I may be Mommy's big baby, but she's agreed that I can try some soft foods now and then. Applesauce. Pudding. Oatmeal. Pureed prunes. Butternut soup. All kinds of things that I, being the decent cook that I am, have reveled in concocting and simmering and blending into the best mushy purees there ever were.

Because who's to say that a big baby can't cook his own baby food?

"Baby, can you help Mommy a bit here? Or would you rather wait and get it in a ba-ba tonight?" Rebecca's pulling open her blouse, baring her nursing bra, unhooking the flap... And I'm there at once, tugging the pacifier from my mouth as I shamelessly approach with parted lips. "No, I- I can help... please?"

She's smiling as she settles onto the edge of the bed with me kneeling between her outspread thighs, my mouth already closing on that delicious, swollen teat. "My, you really are hungry, baby. Aren't you? Aren't you just such a good little baby boy for me?" I nod and gulp, the breath exhaling out from my nose as I press deeper into the luscious warmth of her breast. God, she's so wonderful- so sexy- so creamy and lovely and tasty...

She's murmuring in my ear soothingly, thanking me for being so good and easing the pressure for her. "Good boy," she encourages, and behind me I can hear and feel that she's checking some sort of papers. "Now, let's see. Tonight we're just going to take it easy, of course. I'm thinking I'll get some take-out from that Chinese place that gets such good reviews. And meantime you can have your soup and applesauce, and of course your nighttime bottle. Then, if you've been *really* good, maybe you can show Mommy how excited you get when she plays with you..."

And then, as she opens her other breast and guides me toward it with cool and tender hands, I hear the smile in her voice. "As for tomorrow... well, I thought we'd make it a really special day, honey. It's been a long time since we went to a zoo together, you know. So *I* think there's no better place or time for a Mommy to take her adorable little baby boy... do you? Would you like that, baby? We can go and see the tigers, and the bears, and maybe even some pandas..."

I'm nodding excitedly and gratefully, blinking up over the curve of her gorgeous breast, the exciting visions of zoo animals and of her gentle smile melding before my eyes. Oh, god, yes. I can see it all already! Mommy and I, hand in hand, looking like what passersby will interpret as just another

affectionate young couple. Each of us will bring a backpack: mine stuffed full of the diapers and powder such a big baby needs, and hers with milk and purées and bottles for her darling baby-hubby. Through the zoo we'll go, just like that: her dancing gracefully down the paths in one of her beautiful skirts and blouses, and me shuffling dutifully and enthusiastically after her, the clumsy waddle in my step the telling mark of my discreetly hidden – but undeniably babyish – state...

She's nuzzling my blond head now, her warm breath matching the warm flow of her nourishing milk in my busily working mouth. "Oh, sweetie, we're going to have such a good time, aren't we? I hope you're going to have fun! You know, there's no one else I'd rather spend a weekend like this with – no one in the entire world."

I'm nodding, murmuring my agreement, my arms slipping around her waist and hips to give her the uncoordinated hug of a devoted child. "Yepp, fhank ooo, yepp," I manage, the emotion surging through me even as a little toot escapes me and a rush of urine floods out into my soiled diaper. I'm here, her baby, her sweetheart. Even an entire year later, she still loves me, she cares for me, she knows and understands all about me... more than ever...

She must be feeling the emotions too. "Honey, I love you so much," she tells me simply, and now her hands are slipping through my hair, her fingertips unleashing a flurry of tingles that ripple across my scalp and through my entire body. "I know at first you weren't quite sure about, you know. Sharing your Little side with me. Then going to see the doctor. And then the whole, you know... everything..."

I can feel her chest rise with a shaky intake of breath, and I pull away from her nearly-empty breast, gazing inquiringly up with the taste of her milk still warm on my tongue. "I love you too, Mommy." And then, as I see my wife's eyes filling with grateful tears, I say the name of the woman I married, the woman I love: "Rebecca."

I'm hugging her tighter, my words slipping from my wet lips before I fully even understand that I'm saying. "You are- you're everything. You're so sweet, and kind, and beautiful. You didn't mind when I told you about me and my diapers and- and stuff. You didn't care, not one bit. You helped me- You showed me- And you- you and Doctor Liu..."

I trail off, gulping at the grateful lump in my throat as I bury my face once more between her breasts. I can see these past months flashing by: the wand buzzing on my diaper, the nasal tube, the bags of formula draining into me, my bulging tummy, my waddling steps, and yes – my at-times grudging obedience to my wife's sternly loving commands. Rebecca... Mommy. It's all coming clear,

all making sense at last...

For it's been Rebecca who has been leading me through this entire momentous year. She has brought me to this point – the point of wholeness and completeness, where I no longer deny my baby side as I had for so long. Sure, it may have been Dr. Liu's treatment that has worked the physical magic to bring me to health and to make my naughty dreams come true. But my wife's unconditional love has been the real medicine. She has shown me how to move forward – how to accept myself – when my own courage and my own self-acceptance were lacking...

And then come the happy sobs, muffled in the depths of her womanly curves. I'm crying in her arms, just like I had one short year ago. "I- I just- I don't ever want this to end-"

Her hands are tightening around me, and I hear her heartbeat thrumming strong and comforting in my ear. "Hey... it's okay! Kennie... Don't worry. Shh... Don't cry, baby, please don't cry..." And then, as I gulp and shiver in her arms, her voice comes warm and musical as soft summer rain. "It won't ever need to end. Because no matter what, Kennie... you'll always be my baby."

"Always."

The End