

## Just What the Doctor Ordered

March 2022 – Commission

### Chapter Ten

Sometimes they say times flies. Sometimes it seems to drag by on leaden feet. But what about when it simply... blurs? When it slips into a meaningless haze, one day blending into another, with hardly a single event or memory to differentiate them?

That's the state I'm in now. And as I blink blearily awake in bed right now, I have the vague, uneasy feeling of déjà-vu – that the day that's about to begin is one that I've already lived before.

I struggle from my sleeping position – on my belly, with legs splayed out behind me – and half-roll onto my side. I'm warm, and heavy with sleep, and it feels so normal and comfortable to find myself like this. I'm wearing my onesie that has replaced my old pajamas, and in my mouth is my pacifier – the nipple of which almost never leaves my mouth, even in my sleep. Then of course there is my night-weight diaper, taped fast around my rear. Its bulk between my legs is soft. Cool. Bulging and squishy. And yes... sticky, too. Sticky with the soft, almost liquid mess that must have escaped me at some time during the night.

Yes, you read that right. I'm messy. Because... well, I seem to have messed my diaper in my sleep.

It's not the first time, and so I don't panic. I don't even really feel that much anxiety about it. I mean, look; thanks to this feeding tube I'm wetting almost constantly. My mommy-wife sees to it that I'm being fed every few hours, and whatever is in that formula is extraordinarily good at making my belly churn and gurgle and expel its contents with what for an adult would be unusual frequency. But I'm her baby, she coos whenever I've ventured to whine about it. Babies mess all the time. Babies like me don't worry about that. They just let it out, and their mommy takes care of it for them...

Oh, I'm letting it out, all right. I have no choice. And so I don't whine about it anymore. For what does it matter if I do mess my diaper during the night? It's going to come out in the end anyway – and honestly, the less time I have to feel my gut grumbling and churning before it inevitably erupts into my pampers, the better.

Sure, I get it. I'm a grown man, and I *should* be alarmed at the idea that I'm now becoming so incontinent that I literally mess uncontrollably in my sleep. But you see... it's just so hard to care these days. For why should I care? Mommy wants it this way, and a naughty, sordid part of me

wants it that way, too. So I might as well not stress about it. Just roll with it and let it happen.

After all, the warm smile and the sweet words of my mommy-wife as she comes now to tug back the covers and change me quickly dispel any lingering regrets or fears. Mommy Rebecca is nice. She loves me. She clearly doesn't mind having a mush-tush baby for a husband. In fact, she actually *wants* me this way. So no need to fret or worry, right? At least, not right now.

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Anyway, where was I? I was talking about how days all blur together, wasn't I?

That's honestly what my life is like these days. Waking in my warm bed morning after morning. Getting changed out of my sagging nighttime diaper, and then crinkling after Mommy with a grumbly hungry to get my morning feeding. My tube is still firmly planted into my nose, and I've gotten completely used to the sensation. It's not a problem, really; she arranges me in my seat and hooks up the feeding tube to the bulging bag of formula, and I get to suck on my paci and watch Bluey on the iPad while my belly fills automatically. I don't even have to do anything. Just sit passively and let my breakfast trickle into me and fill me up...

Is it just me, or is my belly looking pudgier these days?

No matter. This morning will be like any other. Once done Mommy will let me up and lead me over to my playroom, where I have everything I need to stay safe and happily occupied until she returns from work. My iPad... my Switch... plenty of stuffed animals...

Wait. Not today?

"It's Saturday, baby!" she beams brightly now as she tugs the feeding tube free and tweaks my nose. "And I think it's high time we go out on a little adventure together. Just you and me – Mommy and Baby. We're going to have so much fun today..."

"Wha- wheah... wheah aww we goin'?" My own voice sounds odd in my ears, muted and garbled as it is by my paci. But it's too much bother to take it out, and Mommy can understand me just fine as it is. "Aww, honey, that's a surprise!" she giggles, helping me down and giving my padded booty an affectionate *thwack*. "Come on – let's get you dressed, okay? And then you can be a good boy and sit and watch while Mommy gets ready..."

How strange that not even waking in a messy diaper gives me quite as much of a Little sensation as what happens next. For after being helped into a soft cotton shirt with horizontal stripes and a giraffe, followed by overalls and socks and Velcro shoes, she pushes me down to the floor with a condescending smile and steps forward into the bathroom. She's a Mommy, after all – and being a grown woman, she sets to work applying her makeup and smoothing her hair and putting in her earrings. While all the while, I'm staring up at her from the floor, feeling my bladder leak out into my thick diaper, suckling my paci and fitfully beginning to rub the front of my diaper as my longing, naughty admiration for my beautiful Mommy swells and grows...

But there's no time for naughty times with Mommy right now. We're going shopping.

My backpack – the portable feeding pump with its Bluetooth and wifi connections – gets stuffed full of my formula and electrolytes. Mommy grabs my stuffed elephant and the purse she's designated as my diaper bag. And then we're headed out to the car and she's tucking me into the back seat and buckling me tightly in and planting a kiss on my forehead and slipping behind the wheel with all the energetic confidence of a mom who knows exactly where she's headed and why.

Unlike me, of course. Me, the pacified, quiet toddler in the back seat, staring out the window with wide eyes and wondering where on earth Mommy is taking me. Who will see me. Whether anyone will know I'm wearing a diaper. Whether anyone will care... or laugh at me...

As it turns out, our destination is the mall. And though part of me is blushing and cringing a bit as we step out of the car and walk, hand in hand, toward the giant doors, I don't have enough courage to say anything. I'm wearing my face mask, after all. No one will see my paci. No one will know, or need to know, that the tube in my nose and the feeding pump on my back is having such effects on my bladder and digestive system.

Just as with everything else these days, our time there quickly slips into a blur: of bright colors, and strange people, and rack upon rack of clothes. Mommy is shopping, and I'm simply along for the ride: watching passively as she sorts through the displays... tries on this dress or those jeans... enthusiastically asks me to point to which of the two colors I like best...

Because, I realize with a stab of arousal and humiliation, the only thing an oversized toddler like me can be expected to know is his colors.

It's maybe an hour in to our time there that the feeding pump kicks in, and I feel my belly growing heavier with a fresh dose of formula. And just like clockwork, my body reacts. Not ten minutes

later, as we're walking toward another clothing store, I feel the grumble in my belly reach a sudden crescendo – and even as I'm still walking, I feel a gooey, wet mess erupt out into my already well-soaked diaper.

I'm messing myself in public. And I don't even think I can help it.

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The rest of the day... well, it too slips by in a blur. I have a cloudy memory of sitting down and watching Mommy eat beside me in the food court... of her sniffing the air and leading me toward the family bathroom... of the cold tile and the wet brush of wipes and the sensation of a fresh, clean diaper being taped back around me. I remember the occasional curious glances of passersby, and the stifled giggles of a trio of college-age girls passing us by. And I vaguely remember the ride home, and Mommy tugging me out of the car, and leading me back to the bedroom and whispering that it was time for my nap...

Is it bad that I am only faintly surprised when I wake from my nap in the late afternoon light and feel once again the now-familiar sticky squish of a mess in the seat of my diaper?

The rest of the day slips back into the familiar, intimate rhythm of home: another post-nap feeding, and laying on the carpet playing a brightly-colored game while Mommy bustles about in the kitchen with a clank of pots, and sitting beside her once more and receiving my suppertime feeding while she tucks into her lovely adult meal of steak and potatoes and asparagus with wine. And even after my feeding, as I drop with now-bulging tummy to the floor once more, I crawl back to my game and squat there, waiting for the familiar grumble and pressure. It's the one time of day that I still deliberately focus on messing, and so I do. After all, far better to make a poo-poo now than after my bath...

"You were such a good baby for me today," Mommy coos later that evening, as she swaddles my dripping self in my towel and herds me once more to the bed. "I really think you're looking and feeling so much better now that we've put your work on hold. Relaxation and regular feeding is doing wonders for my dearest sweetheart..."

Oh. Work? Yeah, I'm glad too that I don't need to do that anymore. So much easier to just lie back in my comfortable fog and feel the lovely warmth and sensations of infancy surrounding me.

Somewhere deep in my brain, I know that this nighttime formula is deliberately drugged; it's full of

medicine to make me sleepy. But honestly, the effects are being amplified now by muscle memory and habit; the tube connects, and the flow starts, and I can almost feel my eyelids drooping automatically even before it reaches my tummy. Because why not? I'm warm... freshly diapered... held safely in Mommy's arms here in our lovely bed. My lips are suckling rhythmically on the ever-present nipple in my mouth, and I can feel myself drifting once more back into dreamland...

And then I feel the tug of the nipple being removed from my mouth. *Wha- wha- Mommy...?* I blink sleepily into the warm light – to be greeted by the sight of Mommy shrugging down the shoulder of her dress, and unhooking a strange little panel in her bra. And then...

Then her beautiful bare nipple, dark and erect and tantalizing, is slipping between my parted lips. And I instinctively latch on, suckling automatically, knowing without even a word of command that this is precisely where I belong and what I must do.

I am baby. I have been baby all day. I will be baby for days to come. And somehow – even with all the messy diapers and embarrassing moment – I can't resist the wordless conviction that this new babyish life I'm living is... not bad. Not bad at all.

The last thing I remember before time blurs and sleep claims me once more is the heavy weight of the formula building in my swelling tummy... and a faint taste, almost like a dream, of sweet creaminess on my tongue.