

Just What the Doctor Ordered

July 2021 – Commission

Chapter Two

I am one excited Mommy today!

Oh, yeah, yeah, I know. I'm not *really* a biological mother. Not yet, anyway. Kids are friggin' expensive, after all! No, I'm referring to my lovely, amazing, handsome baby of a husband: my little Kennie, as I call him when we're playing together. It was he who first told me about the strange and wonderful world of age regression and power play; it was he who stammered and blushed and finally, hesitantly told me about those deeply buried fantasies of his. And it is he who every day shows me in a very real way – with that shy, blushing submission of his – what a matchless, wonderful feeling it is to be a Mommy.

I'm the one to take care of him when he's being little, after all. I'm the one who decides what he'll do, and what he'll wear, and when we'll have our special "happy times" in the bedroom. And of course, I'm also the one who even decides whether he'll be allowed to use the toilet like every twenty-six-year-old, able-bodied guy like him is expected to do.

Today is one of those times when I'm in charge and he's a Little. Sure, we're headed to the doctor now, just like I told him a week ago. But amazingly enough, this doctor actually seems to know about our type of people – about AB/DL folks and their caregivers. And so, just like I told Kennie over breakfast, it only seems silly to think that today of all days we should pretend that he's something he's actually not.

"Come on, honey," I coax, opening the rear door of our white Mazda and glancing brightly over my shoulder at the prim, businesslike, neatly landscaped exterior of the doctor's office. "Let's not keep Doctor Liu waiting, okay?" He's already blushing as he steps nervously out onto the hot asphalt, though goodness knows only someone with a very perceptive eye could have seen that he was wearing anything other than the normal garb of any other young guy. "Honey, maybe I shouldn't have come like this," he murmurs plaintively, but I simply give his hand a reassuring squeeze. "Hush, Kennie. You're going to be all right... I promise. Now come along."

Oh, it's so sweet to see how just a few firm words send him lapsing submissively into obedience.

The waiting room is small but clean and attractive – at least, it seems that way to me. But before we even have a chance to get settled, we're being called back the little hall and into an examination

room, coming face-to-face there with the diminutive, bespectacled, beaming figure of Dr. Liu. "Come in, come in!" she motions energetically, and then we're settling into two chairs and watching – me in anticipation, and Ken in trepidation – as she flips breezily through the clipboard in her hand.

"Ken Patterson? Yes? Good, good. And this is your wife? Nice to meet you, Rebecca! Yes, yes, we spoke on the phone. Yes, *so* nice to meet you..."

Half an hour later, the examination is finally over: blood drawn, band-aids affixed, clothes buttoned back up. Ken has slunk, still blushing a tiny bit, back to the waiting room, while the doctor has asked that I remain. Which, naturally, I do. I'm not quite sure what to expect, but as both his wife and his Mommy, I'm invested in doing whatever it takes to make sure he's well and healthy.

Because, honestly, those dizzy spells of his really do worry me. And I can't help but ask what might be causing them.

"Well, I can't say with 100% certainty until the test results come back, of course," Doctor Liu replies, squinting through her glasses. "But to be perfectly honest, I think we're looking at only one or two root issues. Now tell me, hon. How long have you two been playing as mommy and baby?"

I glance down, feeling my own cheeks reddening despite the doctor's cool, professional tone. "Um, well, I suppose- That is, we've been doing those sort of things, you know, for maybe two years now..." She nods. "Yes, yes. But how long has it been since you've been in charge of deciding when he'll be in diapers?" "Uh- um, maybe a few months? But not every day..."

"Ah, I thought so," Dr. Liu smiles. Then, seeing my puzzled expression, she expostulates further. "See, from my evaluation just now I'd say that your husband is noticeably dehydrated. I don't suppose you've been monitoring or portioning out how much he drinks in a day, do you? Any idea how much he drinks?" I shake my head silently, and she continues. "Additionally, his weight and height place him at the verge of being underweight on the BMI scale. Now, I know that scale has its own issues, of course. But the fact remains that based on his current level of fitness and body tone, I'd say he could benefit from an additional twenty pounds at least of body weight, and of course a good bit more fluid intake. And some extra iron wouldn't hurt, either."

I'm still struggling to see how it all fits together. "So- so, um, when you were asking how long

we've been..."

She smiles. "I've seen this problem several times before, hon. It's actually quite common for couples like you. See, what you've got on your hands is a darling Little man who's still quite embarrassed about this side of him, and who is doing anything he possibly can to avoid using his diapers as intended." I blink as the dots suddenly connect in my mind. "Wait, so he- Oh, I get it! Sure, sure, that makes sense... He does get awfully blushy when he needs a change-" "Exactly," Dr Liu affirmed. "Now, first of all, let me just ask as a matter of course: he *does* consent to you being his Mommy, correct? All normal rules of kink being followed?"

"Oh, of course," I hastily reply, shifting in my chair. "Honestly- and yeah, maybe I shouldn't say this- but he loves the idea of me being in charge. He's asked repeatedly for me to regress him- you know, forcibly..." "Again, very common in Little males," the doctor smiles, leaning back in her chair with a quiet creak. "And you would be happy to oblige, I take it?"

"Well, of course! I mean, I want him to be healthy and happy, and- well, I like it too... actually, a *whole* lot..." I'm flushing as the last words sink down into a self-conscious murmur, but the doctor merely nods and leans forward once more. "Well, then! Hon, I think there's a very simple solution for the two of you. I've done this with a few couples in the past, and it's worked wonders for them..."

"Are you familiar with the concept of a feeding tube?"

Oh, my god. This doctor is a magician!

I'm lying awake now, listening to the gentle breathing of my padded husband beside me. It's devilishly hard to fall sleep with all these exciting thoughts racing through my mind: these alluring thoughts of what the future is soon to look like for the two of us...

A feeding tube. Of course – it's absolutely brilliant! My dear Kennie's been stinting himself all this time, craving his diapers and yet feeling so embarrassed over the idea of wetting himself anywhere, let alone messing. With a portable feeding pump and a tube – which the doctor assures me will be safe as long as we keep things clean and come in for checkups every few weeks – my husband will be getting exactly the right amounts of calories and nutrients he needs. He'll finally be getting all the liquids his body requires. And with any luck, those dizzy spells of his should resolve themselves in a matter of weeks.

Oh, and as for learning to be more comfortable in his diapers? Well, it will be pretty hard *not* to become more comfortable using them when he literally will have no choice!

He doesn't fully understand all of the ramifications just yet, perhaps. Or if he *has* connected the dots, he hasn't said as much to me. But he's agreed to the feeding tube, and we've already set up the appointment to have it put in in just a few days. The doctor knows what she's doing, clearly – and honestly, it's just so reassuring to have that combination of medical expertise and kink awareness advising us on what to do...

My sweet little man, my darling little boy... waddling around our house, helplessly wetting in his soggy pampers like a wee little toddler... So helpless, so dependent on me... Gazing at me, pleading for his Mommy to change his soggy diaper...

Yeah, don't worry. Kennie won't mind if my hand is slipping under the sheets and down below my waist – if I stroke myself slowly, sleepily to the delicious, dreamy visions flitting through my head. I am indeed one excited Mommy – excited by the prospect of taking this wonderful dynamic of ours to a new and thrilling level.

Such a sweet little baby boy... Mommy's soggy little darling...