

## Fixed

By Champ & World of Wetcraft

(<https://champthehotter.com/>)

You go through the trouble of finding a kink aware doctor to help you have the body you always wanted. This doctor makes peoples dreams come true, but they might not be the dreams you're expecting....

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“Come to my office for a free consultation. I make people’s dreams come true.”

That is what the website said. After months of searching for a kink aware doctor, you found exactly what you were hoping for. You answered the questionnaire, spoke to the doctor, paid the fee (and it wasn’t cheap), and waited. You were reluctant to put down your entire savings for the procedure up front, but the results spoke for themselves. Clients of his had never been happier with the results. He made people’s *dreams* come true.

Unfortunately for you, there was something you failed to notice. Something you missed as you were secured to the exam table, naked, your modestly-sized manhood standing at attention. You were too focused on the end goal to see the whole picture. Too busy imagining the monster cock you always wanted to ask questions. You closed your eyes and laid back, knowing that when you woke up, your imperfect equipment would be fixed.

But now... now that your eyes are open and you’re looking down between your legs, you see your penis is no larger than before. Nothing has changed. Disappointed, you try to sit up and grab it with your hand, but you’re still strapped down, unable to move. You watch as a single bead of precum appears at the tip of your cockhead, grows, and rolls down the shaft as more milky liquid issues forth. You watch with growing concern as your rigid prong continues to drip milky pre all over itself and the table, followed by an occasional spurt and drip drip drip of urine. You fling cum and urine across the exam table as you writhe and try to clench your legs. Your butt. Your pelvic floor. You gasp in shock as you realize that no matter what you do, you *can’t* stop it.

“He’s perfect,” comes a deep voice from just beside you. You turn your head to see a man beaming down at you. The doctor is shaking his hand. That’s when you realize your mistake. The good Doctor did say he made peoples’ dreams come true, but he never said *whose* dreams. In fact, now that you think about it, of all the glowing testimonials that convinced you to consent to care, none were the words of patients.

They were from delighted daddies and mommies, ecstatic masters, and *caretakers* of patients.

Your new Daddy is *very* happy, practically gushing over you. In his words, "A boy with a leaky faucet, *just* what I've always dreamed of..." The doctor has made that dream a reality. Daddy is asked to give a testimonial and he gives a glowing review. The doctor came highly recommended to Daddy and he was worth every penny. As you feel the wetness pooling at your bum, you wonder how many unsuspecting patients will be convinced by his words.

Daddy leads you out of the doctor's office by the balls, a little silver chain coming out the fly of your jeans; a black leather strap wrapped around Daddy's hand. You are forced to follow along, feeling your leashed cock leak urine and pre into your pants with each step. drip drip.

How many days of spotting your pants can you endure before you beg Daddy to help you? How much of a fight will you put up when you see the pull-ups waiting for you on your bed? Hardly any, it turns out. After all, you can't leave the house with wet pants. It would be *too embarrassing*.

Grudgingly, you step into the pull-ups as he holds them open for you. The smiling faces of your favorite kid's show characters stare up at you. Your favorite show according to *Daddy*, at least, since it's all he'll let you watch. Your cheeks burn as you feel the thick padding nestle your little leaky faucet, but you know it'll all be worth it. Now, you can finally step outside, maybe even gain a degree of independence again. Daddy says you can even buy yourself some real *grown-up* food if you want to. Of course you jump at the chance. You've seen what he has waiting for you in the pantry. He hands you some cash and you rush out the door.

In a short time, you realize that pull-ups are not the solution. Within an hour or two, the wetness in your pull-ups begins to drip from the leg holes. Rivulets of urine and globs of precum slick your thighs and soak into the fabric of your pants as you walk. You reek of it.

You know what Daddy is waiting for you to ask, but... but it's too humiliating! Even more humiliating than being asked by the cashier once again if you need to visit the incontinence aisle. You shake your head, and they stare at your dampened pants with concern. Then, they pick up the intercom and call for someone to bring you a pack anyway. The whole store finds out that *someone* on register five needs a pack of absorbent undergarments STAT. They're not an option for you. And they're not cheap. So much for buying grown-up food.

You know that you'll need thicker protection, and you're just as certain that he'll make you *ask* for it. The fact that you have to ask makes it all the more humiliating. And you *know* what he'll pick out when you do. You didn't know they *made* pull-ups with cartoon characters in *your* size; you can only imagine what the d... the di... what *those things* will have on them. Unfortunately, you're about to find out because you can't hold it in anymore. You screw your eyes shut as you feel another spurt of something dampen your pants.

"Daddy, please put me back in d...di... d-diapers."

The moment the words leave your lips, Daddy brings out the biggest baby diapers you've ever seen, with even more infantile designs than the pull-ups you've been wearing. You realize that he's had them ready and waiting for the moment that you broke down and asked! That realization burns on your face as he lays you down, strips the wet pants from your body, and tapes you into your new plastic prison. Then, it's lunchtime. Those absorbent undergarments you got at the store serve as handy stuffers to keep you from leaking as he fills you full of baby mush.

Daddy's said he's not taking you back to the doctor until your next check-up in three months. You pray that the doctor can "fix" whatever he's done, if three months of constantly dripping hasn't rendered that impossible.

After three months stuck in diapers with Daddy's constant reinforcement, you feel yourself becoming attached to them. And that's what scares you; you don't *want* to love them, but you do love them. More and more each day. You're convinced that you *need* them more and more each day. After three long months in diapers, you go back to the doctor for a second procedure. He promises to fix you so you can both be happy... however...

When you wake up you find out just how he fixed you. You now find yourself leaking heavily from both ends, the occasional gush of urine flooding your diapers without the slightest warning. Daddy is happy, and you will be too - happy that you have your diapers, because now you don't just love them, you can't go without them. And if they see what you have under the hood, no one will mistake you for an adult ever again.