

Just What the Doctor Ordered

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

It was just a dental appointment, but when Steven's doctor recommended he keep using his 'mouth guard' at bedtime, his boyfriend Ben took it to heart. Turns out that mouth guard is really the pacifier Steven sometimes sleeps with, and this is only the beginning. CW: Messing.

Chapter 1

"I can see you have some wear on your teeth. Have you stopped wearing your mouth guard? You need to keep wearing your mouth guard."

The dentist peered around with his mirror, and Steven felt judged. Steven blushed as he thought back to this morning's argument with his boyfriend. It went something like this: "I'm not wearing the pacifier to bed anymore, Ben. I'm not, I'm not, I'm not! It makes me feel like a kid! Wearing pull-ups to bed is bad enough."

The dentist's voice jostled Steven out of his memories.

"So you're going to keep wearing it to bed, right?"

"Yeah, sure. I guess if that's what I need to do," muttered Steven.

"Good boy!" said the dentist. That got an eyebrow raise out of Steven, but he said nothing, and the dentist didn't seem to notice. "Well then, buddy, you're good to go. You want a sucker before you leave? They're sugar free."

"Uh, sure," Steven said, blushing again as he took one. Did the dentist offer such prizes to *all* his adult patients? Steven went out into the waiting room where Ben was waiting "All done!" Steven said, holding up his lollipop.

"All done? Great. Let me just finish talking with the receptionist and we can be on our way."

The receptionist and Ben were already discussing what the dentist had done and booking the next appointment. Steven didn't even enter into the picture, which was somewhat embarrassing. Steven was a *big* boy. Er, man. He could do it himself. Steven sucked his lollipop instead. It was calming, like his paci.

"Is that true, little man?" asked Ben.

"Wha?" Steven asked. He'd been so distracted staring across the room at the toy corner that he hadn't picked up on his boyfriend's conversation with the receptionist.

"Well then we're *definitely* gonna make sure you wear your night guard at night, buddy." Ben whispered something to the secretary and they both giggled. Steven groaned.

"Hurry *up*, Ben! What's the hold up?"

Ben just shot Steven a look that said don't push it, so Steven plopped himself in the toy corner with a huff and started idly moving the little wooden blocks on their 3D wired tracks. Red block. Squiggly Track. Up over and down. Blue block. Zig-zag track. Up over and down. Green block. Wavy track. Up over and down. Then back up, over the other direction, and back down where it started. Yellow block...

A hand on his shoulder started him.

"Hey! Hey, buddy..."

Once again Steven had been startled out of his daydreams as he was engrossed in the childish diversion.

"It's time to go!" Ben said. He turned back to the receptionist, "See? By the time it's time to go they don't want to leave!" They both laughed.

Steven stood up. What was he doing? Here he was sucking a sucker and playing in the kiddie corner. This wasn't him. He needed to grow up.

"Let's go," Steven said, straightening up and sticking his chest out. He walked toward the door when Ben stopped him.

"Ah ah ah, little guy. Take that lollipop out of your mouth first. You know better than to walk around with that in your mouth. You could choke!"

Steven deflated at this comment and pulled out the sucker. It was a stupid sucker. He didn't need that. Even so, he missed it immediately and he almost caught himself replacing it with his thumb. He opted to toss the sucker out.

"Okay, buddy," said Ben, rubbing the back of Steven's neck. "One more doctor's appointment and we're done for the day and we can get ice cream!"

"Okay, Ben." said Steven, sulking a bit. He didn't like to go to the Doctor's. He always forgot his words when the doctor asked him questions about his symptoms or other issues. It was only after the appointment that he would remember what to say. That's why Ben was there, he supposed.

Steven may have felt a bit relieved to have his boyfriend with him on his doctor's visit, but that relief would be short lived. When they got to the office, Ben once again took charge of signing Steven in. It wasn't long before Steven was called in, and of course Ben came with.

"You don't have to come in, you know," said Steven.

"I know, bud," said Ben. "I'm just here to help. I live with you, after all, so I know all about your symptoms."

"What are his symptoms?" Asked the doctor after Steven's initial check was complete.

"He's been having a hard time going potty when he's awake," said Ben. "And he's wetting the bed again - almost every night. Also, he's been very constipated..."

Steven was sitting there in his underwear, aghast. Once again, the conversation was bypassing him completely.

"Hey!" he said, and they both looked over at him. "How come you don't ask me, huh?"

"I'm sorry, is there something you wanted to add?" asked the doctor.

As usual, there probably *was* something he wanted to add about his symptoms but as soon as Steven was put on the spot, words failed him. He just couldn't remember.

"He's been like this a lot recently," said Ben, turning back to the doctor. "This is the only thing that seems to calm him down." Ben pulled Steven's pacifier out of his pocket and stuffed it in Steven's mouth before he had a chance to react. Steven couldn't believe it.

"There we go, that's much better." Ben smiled as he saw his boyfriend begin to suck his pacifier and calm down.

"Does he drink coffee?"

"Yes, he does."

"He needs to stop that."

"Okay."

The Doctor took down some notes and turned back to Steven.

"Steven, stand up please."

Steven stood up.

"Take off your underwear and bend over the exam table."

Looking back at the doctor in confusion, Steven reluctantly pulled his underwear down to his ankles, where it stopped at his shoes. He had insisted on keeping his shoes on as they made him feel less naked.

The doctor was already pulling out a tube of lubricant and rubber gloves, which he snapped on while his face remained impassive, almost bored.

"Pwostate edsam?" asked Steven around his pacifier.

"I think your urinary issues may be due to a swollen prostate, but I have to be certain. This won't hurt a bit."

That's what they always said. Steven turned his head forward and concentrated very hard on the paper covering the exam table while the doctor moved into position behind him. He felt the gloved finger push against his pucker, push a little harder, and then it was in, causing him to gasp. It felt really good, but he tried not to show it. Nevertheless his cheeks were bright red and his cock was suddenly rock hard. This was extremely embarrassing.

"Oh wow, I feel it. Yeah, this is swollen quite a bit. You say he's not sexually active?"

"No, Doctor. He doesn't even masturbate."

Of course that wasn't the whole story. Ben wouldn't *let* Steven masturbate, but he wasn't about to tell the doctor that.

"Well that could be the problem. The prostate needs to release seminal fluid frequently or it can swell up and cause urinary and reproductive problems." The doctor paused to grab a condom and unroll it over the blushing Steven's stiff penis. "Let me show you something you can do to help."

Steven moaned into the pacifier as the doctor inserted two fingers into his anus and began to move them both inside him.

"You have to curl your fingers toward the belly button in a 'come hither' motion, and before you know it..."

"Mmmmm," moaned Steven, clamping his eyes shut and moaning into his pacifier.

"*There* we go," said the Doctor, his face softening into a smile of satisfaction.

Ben watched in fascination Steven's balls emptied, slowly filling the condom with a steady drip. He could see that Steven wasn't having an orgasm, or anything close to it, yet he filled the condom with just as much milky fluid as if he had - maybe more.

Steven felt something else though, as the doctor kept pressing. It felt like a strong sense of something rushing to go outside of his penis. He thought he was about to cum.

"Ohhhh!" said Steven, opening his mouth. His pacifier fell onto the table below him and he let out a powerful jet of piss into the condom, projecting it into the side of the table and spraying the floor with urine.

"Whoa!" said the Doctor, jumping back.

"Oh my god," said Ben. "I'm so sorry. This is what I've been talking about - he can't pee then he just goes without control."

"It's okay," said the Doctor, recovering quickly. We'll get this cleaned up. This happened because the swelling went down. The prostate is located next to the bladder so the pressure could have made it worse. When you do this, I recommend you keep him diapered just in case."

"Sure thing, Doc," said Ben.

"Let me call in some staff to clean up." said the Doctor, while Steven hid his face in his hands from the embarrassment of losing all control and hosing down the exam room.

"Don't worry, sweetie," said Ben, rubbing Steven's back. "It wasn't your fault..."

"It sure feels like-gluk!" Steven's words were cut off as Ben pushed the pacifier back into his mouth and continued his reassuring words like he wasn't even listening.

"There we go, suck on this and you'll feel *all* better."

Steven wanted to say something but he was still so embarrassed that he just did as Ben said, sucking at the oversized teat instead of trying to explain himself to the two men in the room.

Once the cleaning crew had mopped up all the piss, Ben and the doctor continued their conversation. Of course, Steven's underwear, socks, and shoes were soaked, so they went into a bag for them to wash at home. Steven just had to sit there naked while the Doctor gave his diagnosis.

"I'm writing you a prescription for Uriflow, Fibrolax, and Relaxaprin. Uriflow will reduce the prostate swelling and make it easier for him to pee, but he might drip or suddenly start peeing without warning, so I'm recommending he stay in diapers for the week while you see how he does."

"Diapows?" Asked Steven, who began sucking harder.

"The Fibrolax is similar but for his bowel health. It's packed with fiber and a mild laxative. Again this will help keep him regular, but he's going to need those diapers, especially while his body is getting used to the change."

"But sometimes people have to wear them for longer?" asked Ben.

"Yes," said the Doctor, "sometimes they do."

This was sounding worse and worse for Steven, but Ben didn't seem to mind.

"Finally there's the Relaxaprin. This should reduce his irritability though you should still keep his, uh, mouthguard handy. I think it's a healthy way to reduce his stress, and as a comfort object, it'll work better than any medicine."

"Comfort object?"

"Yes, those are things some people use to calm down and relax. They can be mouth guards, stuffed animals, a special blanket, even diapers. They're very beneficial and have no negative side effects. Maybe you can try them to see if they help. But again, you're getting a week's supply of Relaxaprin just to see how that helps too. Just remember that when he sleeps, he'll be sleeping more deeply, so he should be in thick nighttime diapers every night. Pull-ups aren't going to cut it.

"Now Steven," he said, bending down to address the naked man on the table. "No more coffee, alcohol, or soda for you, okay? Those can upset your tummy and make you cranky."

Steven frowned, and didn't respond, not that the doctor seemed to notice. He was already turning back to Steven's boyfriend with more instructions.

"Ben, you need to make sure he follows the recommendations, and you need to do the prostate massage every day for the first month to make sure he's draining that prostate. Since we couldn't collect a sample today, you can collect it at home and take it to any lab. I'll send you home with a kit. But you'd better make sure he's peed first. Keep him diapered and use a condom just in case."

"Got it," said Ben. Steven squirmed and sucked his pacifier. This was not what he wanted to hear.

"Okay Steven, Lie down," said the Doctor.

"Lie down for the doctor, buddy."

The exam was over, so Steven was expecting to get dressed. Why were they telling him to lie down? He reluctantly did as he was told.

The doctor pulled out a thin diaper from one of the nearby drawers.

"We'll get him all diapered up, but you should stop by the medical store to get him thicker protection as soon as possible. I know a place that specializes in adult incontinence products called the Big Little Diaper Store that should have what you're looking for. And yes, they take insurance."

Ben was frantically taking notes until the doctor mentioned that he could print them out along with the prostate massage instructions.

"This is a lot to do, Ben. It's very important that he follows the guidelines."

"Don't worry Doctor, I'll make sure he follows your recommendations."

When the doctor finally told Steven to lift his legs, he resisted.

"Do I weawwy hafta weaw diapows?" Steven whined.

"Yes, sweetie," said Ben. "You had an accident in the Doctor's office, so you have no right to complain. You need to respect the space and wear your protection."

Steven was still extremely embarrassed about what he had done, so he relented and let the doctor diaper him. The pants, which had escaped the flood, went back on over Steven's diaper, and he got to put on his blue polo shirt, but he had to leave the office barefoot, carrying a clear bag of wet clothing and crinkling with every step.

Ben seemed very pleased, while Steven pouted and sucked his pacifier. He was not a happy camper.

"You heard the doctor, sweetie. It's diapers for you. Now let's go get you some nice thick ones, and a few comfort objects while we're at it."

Chapter 2

Steven sulked in the back seat for the whole car ride to the medical supply store, which did not escape Ben's notice.

"Hey, grumpster. As cute as you look back there sucking your paci and pouting, I want you to be on your best behavior when we go into the store. Do you hear me? No sulking in the store, or you won't be getting any ice cream after, young man."

"Wike I fupping cawe about ice cweam," muttered Steven around his pacifier.

"Excuse me? What did you say?" asked Ben, raising his voice and slamming on the breaks.

Steven was shocked and didn't know what to say.

"Ooh, that's it. As soon as we get to the store you're in BIG trouble, mister."

Steven was now very angry. "You can't talk to me wike dat!" he said, his face getting red.

Ben was taking deep breaths as he drove, his face as red as Steven's. "We're going to have to have a conversation about what we can talk like, Stevie. You seem to have the wrong idea about our relationship."

Steven couldn't agree more. He cringed as his boyfriend called him 'Stevie' and he planned to sort his boyfriend out as soon as they were stopped. In the meantime, he sat there in the back seat, sucking his paci and sulking even harder until they got to their destination. From out of the car, Steven could see a big brightly colored sign that said The Big Little Diaper Store. However, judging by the size of the building and the oversized baby nursery on display in the window, they sold a lot more than just diapers. He didn't have much time to wonder just what kind of store this was and who would shop there, though, because his immediate attention was soon taken up by an angry Ben storming out of the car.

Steven couldn't take off his seatbelt himself as Ben had started using some sort of child safety setting that prevented him from doing so. Between that and the doors and windows which he also couldn't open or unlock, Steven was left to feel very small as he waited for Ben to open the door and start the lecture.

"Listen, little man," began Ben as soon as the back door was open. "I know you're going through a lot of changes right now, but that does *not* give you permission to talk back. From now on, you are following the doctors' orders without complaint. I honestly don't know *why* you're being so immature about this. I thought that if you

wouldn't listen to me, you'd at *least* listen when the doctors told you exactly what I've been saying for weeks, but you still seem to insist on acting like a two year old."

Steven glared back at Ben, defiant, but feeling tears began to well up in his eyes from the dressing down he was getting. He had nowhere to go stuck in his seat like that and he hated how he was being talked to, but the worst was yet to come.

"If that's how you're going to be, Stevie, then that's how I'm going to treat you," said Ben, finally.

Steven couldn't hold his tongue anymore. This was not acceptable. "NO!" he yelled, causing his pacifier to fall into his lap.

Ben glared at him. "You don't get a choice in this, mister. This is about your health now, and I will not have my boyfriend make himself sick because he's being stubborn. You will be taking your meds and following your doctor's advice. Then, there are going to be some changes around here, starting with a little attitude adjustment."

"But, I-" began Steven, before he was immediately cut off by his boyfriend.

"You are going to be punished, but since I know you've had a long day and you're probably *cranky*, I'm going to give you a choice of *which* punishment."

Steven opened his mouth to respond but Ben cut him off again, holding up his pacifier once more. "And if you talk back, you're going to get *both* punishments. So what'll it be?"

Steven paused for a second, but he knew from experience that he wasn't going to win this one. He glared at Ben for a few seconds and then finally mumbled, "I'll choose," looking down at his bare feet and allowing his boyfriend to pacify him once more as his cheeks burned red with shame.

"Okay, kiddo." said Ben, calming down a bit. "I'm glad you're beginning to see reason. Now, listen carefully, because I don't want to repeat myself. Option one, you get a spanking here in the car, and option two, you spend the rest of the day without pants - and that includes going into the store. Which will it be?"

These both sounded like horrible options to Steven, but he knew he could never go into the store without pants, so he picked the spanking, as much as he dreaded it.

"Spanking?" asked Ben. "Okay, stand up," He said, unbuckling the seatbelt and helping Steven to his feet in the parking lot. He then proceeded to take Steven's pants off for what Steven *thought* was a spanking but when Ben threw the pants into the front seat and locked the car, leaving Steven standing there barefoot in just a diaper and baby blue polo shirt. Steven knew something was wrong.

"W-what awe you doing? What's going on?" asked Steven, as he was pulled toward the store by his much stronger boyfriend. "I said spanking!"

"I know you did, Stevie. That's why I'm not doing it. You just showed me which was the *worse* punishment for you and I picked it because I don't want you to forget this lesson. But I can do *both* if you want to keep fighting me. So what'll it be, little man? You want to test me some more or are we going to have a cooperative little boy who earns his ice cream cone after this trip?"

Steven was near tears as he was dragged ever closer to the store in nothing but a shirt and a diaper, but he knew when he was beat. "I'll be good, I'll be good!" he said, and allowed himself to be led the rest of the way.

The first thing Ben noticed as they approached the entrance was the adult sized nursery in the display window, and he didn't miss the opportunity to make a comment about it.

"Looks like this store is the perfect starting place for our new arrangement. I think *they* know how to treat little boys who don't know how to act their age."

Steven had nothing to say to that. Not when he was being led red-faced, barefoot, in a diaper, and sucking his pacifier.

Ben pushed his way through the doors, pulling Steven along with him. The bell went Ding and a friendly sales associate, an older woman with big brown permed hair and half-height spectacles greeted them.

"Well, hiya, y'all! Welcome in. I don't believe I've seen you two here before. Oh! And isn't your boy just so *darling*?"

Ben smiled and returned the greeting, while Steven wished he would be swallowed up by the floor.

"Remember," whispered Ben out of the side of his mouth. "Best. Behavior."

"And what brings y'all in today?" asked the woman, who introduced herself as Cheryl.

"Well, we had a recommendation from our doctor. You see, Stevie here's been having some serious potty problems, and the medicine they prescribed is gonna make it easier for him to go, but... well, he had an accident at the doctor's office already and he might have even *less* control while he gets used to the new medication so... the doctor said you'd be able to help."

Cheryl listened and nodded like she'd heard this all before. "Yees, we have just what you're looking for darlin'. Follow me."

She showed them several diaper samples, all of which Ben loved and Steven hated. Ben explained that Steven already had to wear pull-ups to bed, but that the new medicine would make him especially sleepy so he needed a thick night-time diaper to avoid any leaks. Cheryl was more than happy to oblige.

"Dese wook wike baby diapows," whined Steven, tugging on his boyfriend's shirt sleeve to get his attention.

"These are *perfect*," said Ben to Cheryl, making sure to look Steven directly in the eye as he held up a babyish night time diaper covered in pastel bears and clouds. The daytime diaper they chose was a thick one with pastel unicorns dancing across the front.

"But pink is fow *gowls*," Steven complained. "And so awe unicowns."

"No," countered Ben, "boys *and* girls can wear pink *and* unicorns. In fact, I think I saw a super cute pair of overalls hanging up with a unicorn and a rainbow patch on the front pocket!"

"Oh yes," said Cheryl. "We'll have to take a look at that as soon as we get your lil' mister situated. But speaking of which, that skimpy medical diaper just won't *do*. There's a changing table in the back and you can use one of the diapers from the pack if you like. It'll be good to know how it fits anyway."

"That sounds perfect," said Ben, giving Steven a victorious grin before leading him into the back to get changed.

Steven fumed as he lay there on his back for the second time that day, waiting for a diaper.

"Dis isn't faiw," he said, crossing his arms and turning his head away from Ben.

"I know it's not, sweetie," said Ben, pressing Steven's paci in an attempt to quiet him. But this is what you *need*."

The paci presses seemed to work. Stevie immediately sucked his paci and relaxed a bit as Ben kept talking.

"You need to trust the grown-ups like me, Cheryl and your doctors, and understand that we are doing what's best for you. Can you be a mature little man for me and do that? I don't want to treat you like a baby, but if you leave me no choice, I will.

That's exactly what I'll do if that's what it takes to get you to take better care of your health."

Steven hardly believed that statement for a second. Ben's long standing enthusiasm for all of this baby treatment was no secret, and the fact that he was unfolding a diaper even as he said this led Steven to doubt Ben's words very much. Still, Steven thought better of making a smartass comment about it. That was not the best move while he was on his back with his butt in easy spanking reach.

Instead, Steven just nodded his head and gave his paci a few more sucks. He would let Ben diaper him in the babyish diaper if it meant an easier time for him later on. Steven watched as Ben reached down, expecting his boyfriend to reach for the tapes, but to Steven's surprise, Ben did not take off his medical diaper. Rather, he tore open the plastic backing right down the middle and slid the new diaper underneath it.

"What are you doing?!" cried Steven, alarmed. Ben just smiled and spoke softly, as if speaking to a small child.

"Just relax. This will make sure you're even more secure while we look around the store. You don't want to have a leak in public, do you?"

Steven hadn't thought of that. "No... I don't," he said slowly, "But I don't have accidents during the day!"

"And what do you call the little incident at the doctor's office, mister?" Ben raised an eyebrow. They both knew Steven had no answer to that. "If you had been wearing a diaper, you could have avoided all that embarrassment and the big cleanup job for the grownups. And from what the doctor said, they're only going to get worse once we get your pipes flowing again. Now hold still, will you? I can't diaper you with all this wiggling."

Steven's face was red as he felt the diaper come up, enclosing his lower region in softness, spreading his legs wide and keeping them that way as his boyfriend taped the cute and crinkly garment safely and securely in place. Ben ran his fingers around the leg guards to make extra certain the fit was right eliciting a shudder of pleasure from Steven. Where Ben had learned these skills, Steven could only guess, but Steven's attention was mainly focused on just how different these diapers felt from his pull-ups.

The pull-ups Steven was made to wear to bed felt thicker than his briefs, yes, but at least he could *pretend* they were underwear. This diaper was even thicker than that, and with the loud crinkle and the pronounced waddle they caused, there was no way he could be wearing anything other than a baby diaper.

Steven couldn't help but try and squeeze his thighs together, testing the resistance of the garment and eliciting a loud crinkle. He doubted his pants would have even fit over the doubled diaper if he had been permitted to wear them, or if they did, it would certainly have been no secret what he was wearing.

Ben, however, seemed unconcerned with such inconsequential details, and was soon leading his blushing and waddling boyfriend by the hand back into the main room of the shop.

Chapter 3

Steven couldn't stop blushing and he kept reaching down to feel his thick pink unicorn-themed diaper as he was led waddling into the main room again. If this was a daytime diaper he didn't even want to know how thick the night-time diapers might be. He could hardly believe this was happening to him and that's why had to keep feeling his diaper to be sure that it was real.

Crink *Crink* *Crink*

Yup, definitely real.

"Oh! Isn't he just precious?" asked Cheryl. "What do you think, hon?"

"They're perfect," said Ben. "Let's get a case of these and a case of the nighttime diapers to start."

Steven's jaw dropped. Ben was taking this much further than Steven ever thought he would. Cheryl smiled and nodded as if this was a perfectly natural choice.

"I can do that for you hun, but are you sure you don't want to try some of the other diapers we have? A lot of caretakers and littles get very excited and go all in on the first thing they find, but this is just the tip of the iceberg, hon."

"Well," said Ben. "I've done some research and I have some ideas... Do you think you could pull out some recommended diapers and we can go over them after I get this little guy situated?"

"Sure thing, hon. Maybe we can do a mixed case. I can even make you a little sample pack to take home."

"Great!"

In contrast to Ben and Cheryl, Steven was not excited at all. In fact, he couldn't wait to be out of there. Steven couldn't believe he was standing there in a diaper for all to see, and he kept tugging at his shirt to try and hide the gaily smiling unicorns with limited success.

"First thing's first," said Ben, "let's grab little Stevie some more comfort objects."

Ben pulled Steven over to a wall of plush animals while Cheryl went about gathering diapers for him to look at. The wall was a floor to ceiling shelf display of adorable fuzzy critters, all soft colors and even softer materials, just waiting for a good home.

"Look at all these cute little buddies," said Ben, in a cutesy excited voice that would have normally grated on Steven, but since Steven was already so emasculated, Ben's words just made him feel smaller. Now, instead of snapping back, Steven sucked his binky meekly and stared back at Ben.

"Why don't you go pick one out, little guy? Go on, Stevie, don't be shy..."

Ben gave Steven a little nudge forward and Steven took a few stumbling steps forward, looking back at Ben with annoyance before turning his attention to the rows of stuffies. This was so stupid. He didn't need a stuffed animal. He was a grown man! But with Ben's encouragement, he looked anyway, and he pointed to a stuffed rabbit that was light brown with a little pink nose. He blushed a bit as he pointed. He didn't want to admit to himself that he actually kind of wanted the bunny.

"Aww! Is that the one you want?"

Stevie nodded.

"What a good choice, kiddo. That one will be perfect for you."

Ben handed Stevie the little bunny, which he immediately hugged, making him feel a little better.

"Why don't you hold your bun bun while we walk around the store and you can think of a name?"

"Cwawwa"

"What's that sweetie? I can't understand you." Ben took out Stevie's pacifier which the man had totally forgotten was even there.

"I said her name is Clara."

"D'awwww," said Ben, practically melting. "That's a *perfect* name, sweetheart. I can already tell you two are gonna be *good* friends."

Stevie buried his face in the stuffie, partially out of embarrassment and partially because he needed to hug something right then. There were a lot of changes happening and a lot of big feelings, and it took a moment for Steven to re-establish his big boy feelings enough to bring his head up. But as soon as Steven looked up, his paci was waiting for him in Ben's hand and into his mouth it went, making him feel small and bury his face in Clara's soft fur all over again.

On the way back to the counter, Ben stopped to pick up the cute unicorn patch shorts that they had seen earlier as well as a light purple child-safety harness and an

extendable leash which, much to Steven's dismay, Ben actually *put* on Steven. The durable nylon harness had adjustable straps which tightened around Steven's shoulders and thighs for extra security. Looking down, Steven could only imagine how they would bunch up his shorts if he was ever unlucky enough to have to wear them together. As it was, the baby blue shirt, the soft pink diaper, and the pastel purple harness was creating a look that Steven did not cherish. And of course Steven fussed at first, but a quick smack to the thigh and a wag of the finger was all it took to subdue him.

"Simmer down, Stevie," said Ben, taking up the slack in the leash. "Think of this as punishment for your bad behavior. It's better than having to hold my hand all the time, at least. Or do you think you can't be trusted with a little bit of freedom to wander?"

Steven just went quiet. There was no winning this argument, and he *did* want to pick the option with more freedom, as distasteful as it seemed. Steven was once again directed over to the play corner and his leash was hooked around the play-table while Ben went and talked to Cheryl.

Stevie quickly discovered he couldn't unhook it himself. He looked over to see the two conspirators gabbing away, and tried to listen in, curious about what they might be talking about, but he was too far away to make out their words. Cheryl was unfolding various diapers and pointing to unseen features as she spoke. Steven always thought a diaper was a diaper, but apparently she had a lot to say on the subject. Ben pointed toward the furniture section, which seemed ominous to Steven, but he knew Ben wouldn't take it that far... would he? Ben hugged Clara tight and sat down at the table to color while he waited.

Once Ben wrapped up with Cheryl, he brought Stevie up front to thank her for her help.

"F-fanks," he mumbled into his pacifier, still clutching his bunny and looking down at the ground as he handed her his little colored-in page at Ben's behest.

"You're very welcome, sweet pea. I'll put it up on the visitor's wall! I hope you enjoy all your new things."

Steven turned to Ben with a questioning look on his face. "New fings?"

"I ordered some more things to the house, buddy. They should help you adjust more easily to the changes the doctors want us to make."

"...Wike what?" asked Steven, slowly. He was almost afraid to ask at all.

"Like a changing table for starters. And a few cases of diapers. Cheryl's own husband is incontinent so she knows all about what each diaper is best for. We got a lot of samples to try too buddy, so I can see what goes best on you."

"A few cases? I fought it was just fow a week!"

"You'd be surprised how many diapers you can go through in a week, kiddo, and it's always cheaper to buy in bulk. I'm just being a smart spender is all. After all, you'll need to wear them to bed either way and diapers don't go bad. Now no more questions. You're still in trouble, baby boy, don't forget that."

Steven couldn't argue with that logic, though he was still unsatisfied with the answer. He still couldn't shake the thought that Ben was a little *too* excited about all this baby stuff.

Cheryl sent the pair off with a few packs of diapers and several samples, and Steven was made to carry them back to the car as part of his punishment. He had to walk through the whole parking lot with his crinkly padding showing and his arms holding big stacks of diapers, unable to hide the purchase *or* cover his thickly padded butt.

Once they finally got to the car, the clothes and diapers were tossed in the back seat next to where Steven would sit, a reminder of what he had to look forward to for the rest of the week. There were also a couple bags that Ben carried, which went in the trunk. Steven wasn't able to get a glance inside them, but he suspected the shortalls were just the start of things. It seemed like Ben was going baby crazy, but maybe he could talk some sense into Ben once he got used to the new medication and no longer needed protection. Surely the side effects couldn't last *that* long, could they?

"Okay kiddo, ready to go?"

Stevie nodded, "Weddy!" He was more than ready to be back home where he could collect his thoughts and where nobody could see his crinkly behind.

"Alright, buddy! Next stop, the ice cream shop!"

"Ice cweam shop?!"

Steven had a pants shitting moment when he realized they were still going to the ice cream shop. At least, he *would* have if he had been wearing pants, but Ben had taken *those* from him as punishment for 'acting out'. Now, Steven found himself sitting in the back seat surrounded by diapers and sucking his binky in alarm, being driven toward the promise of more public humiliation.

"Can't we just go home? I don't weally want ice cweam."

"Nonsense. You *love* ice cream. Besides, you look so cute in your new diapers I just *have* to show you off."

Soon, they were parking in front of Svenson's Ice Cream Shop, a popular local spot where the whole neighborhood went in the evenings to enjoy delicious hand-made ice cream. It was the place to see and be seen, and Ben clearly wanted them to be seen. Despite Steven's vehement protests, he was dragged out of the car by the leash in nothing but his shirt, his diaper, and his body harness.

"But there are families in there!" Steven whined. "And... ewwwyone in the neighborhood will see me!"

"Well, you should have thought of *that* before you turned your nose up at your pretty new shortalls," countered Ben, nodding toward the car.

Steven didn't know what to say. It would be almost as embarrassing to be dragged in wearing those girly shortalls, but at least it would cover his diaper...

"F-fine.... I'll wear da cwoves."

"That's my good boy," said Ben, going around to the trunk and grabbing the garment.

"Can I at least take my paci out?"

"Well, okay, I'll take that," said Ben, pausing as he reached to take out the pacifier. "But no fussing, or it goes right back in until you have your ice cream. Okay?"

Steven nodded, happy that his humiliating punishment was coming to an end. As Ben removed the harness and held up the shortalls, Steven imagined he might even end up looking close to *normal*. He was expecting to have to step into the shortalls but to his surprise, Ben unbuttoned some buttons in the crotch and legs and he was able to slide the whole thing down over Steven and button it back up.

"What's with the buttons?"

"Easier diaper checks, of course!" said Ben.

Of course. Steven rolled his eyes but knew better than to push his luck by being a smart Alec. It wasn't until the child harness went back on that he protested.

"Hey! Not this again. I don't need a *child harness*."

"I think we've already established that you don't know *what* you need, little man. You just stop fussing or I can put your paci right back where it belongs."

Steven grumbled to himself but simmered down and let Ben cinch up the straps. He looked down at himself. The straps bunched the legs up around his crotch, emphasizing the outline of his diaper like a big neon sign. It was obscenely obvious that he was padded like a big baby, and he did not like it one bit.

"No... no it's too obvious..."

"Shhh.... you need to get over your embarrassment, buddy. You're incontinent. You need diapers. If other people don't like it, then too bad."

Steven kept fussing even as he was drug into the shop by his leash, and finally Ben sighed and shoved the soother back into his boyfriend's mouth to shut him up. It worked. Steven went quiet and calmed down - for about half a second. That was how long it took for him to notice that everyone in the shop was staring at him. He had caused more of a spectacle than he intended to with all his fussing; now all eyes were on the man in the unicorn shortalls and child harness with an obvious diaper bulge. He whimpered, sucking on his binky for comfort.

"Calm down, sweetie," said Ben. "Just hug Clara."

"Cwara?" Steven looked down and saw that he was clutching his stuffed rabbit and he didn't even know it. Despite the potential embarrassment of appearing childlike to those around him, he immediately hugged his bunny tight and closed his eyes. It actually made him feel better - safe - to have someone to hold while he waited in line. The combination of the snug diaper, the soothing pacifier, and the comforting stuffie all helped to soothe Steven and take his mind off the present moment as they went forward in line. Soon, it was Stevie's turn to pick out his flavor.

"You wanna pick out your flavor, sweetie? Can you point?" Ben spoke in a high voice, as if he was talking to a small child or animal.

Steven pointed to plain vanilla. A boring flavor but at least one he was familiar with. Ben told them to add a scoop of bubblegum flavored ice cream to the top. The cashier seemed to think Steven was special needs and he chatted and chuckled about what it was like to take care of Steven. By now, Steven was getting alarmingly used to being excluded from grown-ups' conversations about him. When it came time to hold the ice cream, Steven's paci was taken out and Clara was stuffed behind the bib of his shortalls with her head and paws sticking up over the top.

"Two cones?" asked as Ben handed him the delicious desserts.

"Sure, buddy," said Ben, putting his wallet away as he led the boy off to the side and away from the register. "Ice cream isn't just for little boys and girls. Grown-ups like it

too! I just need you to hold mine for *just* a sec." Ben got down on one knee, but Steven was still focused on his word choice.

"Little? I'm twenty-"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. But your punishment isn't over. You still need to prove to me that you're an adult worthy of adult privileges and responsibilities.

"I *am* an adult, and I can prove-"

SNAP *SNAP* *SNAP*

"W-what are you doing?!"

Ben had unsnapped half of the crotch snaps before Stevie knew what hit him.

"Just checking your diaper, sweetie. Indoor voice, now, or else you'll be getting that spanking we talked about"

There was nothing Steven could do to stop his boyfriend from opening the shortalls to check his diaper in front of everyone. Not with his hands both bolding pointed ice cream-cones. Steven couldn't even set them down to cover himself.

Ben gave the front of Steven's diaper a few firm squeezes, causing Stevie to gasp before declaring him dry in a voice loud enough for anyone close by to hear them.

"Look at you, big boy! Good job holding it." Ben then buttoned the shortalls back up and gave Steven a pat on the butt. "Okay, kiddo, let's go home."

Steven was at a loss for words. His face was red as he was led away, and it only got redder when he noticed a group of high school or young college students laughing and pointing. Steven never felt so out of control in his life. He was being made a fool of and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Little baby man! Little baby man!" jeered someone from the group of people sitting at a nearby booth. Ben shot them a dirty look as he took one of the cones from Steven and led him by the hand out of the shop at a brisk pace.

"Don't worry about them," he said to Steven, who was struggling to keep up with the waddle he had going on. "They're just some kids being jackasses."

But Steven *was* worried. He had just been completely embarrassed in front of everyone because he didn't want to listen to what his boyfriend and doctors had to say. As Steven devoured his ice cream cone outside of the car, he thought about the life changes that were going to come along with the Doctors' new recommendations.

Chapter 4

Ben was seemingly oblivious to Steven's concerns as he dabbed at Stevie's shorts and Clara's nose with a napkin to clean off drips of ice cream that had landed there. "Next time we're gonna have to use a bib", laughed Ben. "Of *course* it would have to happen to your *new* clothes. I'm just glad that you didn't get chocolate, or it would stain for sure."

"Next time? Please tell me there is not a next time, Ben. I don't want to be humiliated like that again."

"Well, that all depends on *you*, buddy. Do you think you can do everything the doctors and I tell you to do?"

Steven sighed and looked at the ground. "Yes, sir."

"Very good. Then you won't feel humiliated when we go out, because getting used to the changes you need to make is part of being a good listener. I think your punishment is over for now. Let's get you home for your nap, okay?"

"But I don't take naps!" Steven looked at his boyfriend in dismay.

"What did I just finish telling you?"

Steven's pout had come back. He didn't like being told what to do. It made him feel like a little kid, and doubly so when it came to naps and bedtimes. "...But...I don't *wanna*..."

Ben just shook his head. "Oh boy, we really do have a cranky boy on our hands. That tells me you need a nap more than anything."

Steven made an angry face and crossed his arms, but it wasn't helping his case. Ben chuckled some more, ruffled his hair, and opened the back door.

"Come on, little guy. Into the car."

Steven sat down and Ben buckled him in. Once he was buckled, Steven knew he wasn't going anywhere until Ben let him out. He thought about it as they headed back home - how Ben had gradually started taking charge of his life. When had he stopped sitting up front? Steven wasn't sure. All he knew was that he was so used to it, he didn't even think about it most of the time. That's just where he sat, even when it was just him and Ben in the car.

Once they were home, Ben unbuckled Stevie and loaded him up with diapers to carry into the house. Steven was quite embarrassed to be seen waddling into the house

with armfuls of diapers. He tried to be quick so no one would see him but only managed to trip and burst one of the packages open, which he then scrambled to pick up.

"Hi Victoria," said Ben, waving to their neighbor, who had been watering the lawn. She was watching with her mouth open, the water still spraying.

Oh no, not her, thought Steven, who began to grab up the diapers even faster in the hopes of hiding them from the biggest gossip in the neighborhood.

"Steven, don't be rude. Come say hi to Victoria."

Steven slowly stood up, trembling with nervousness as he held his gaily decorated night diapers in his hands. His palms began to sweat, dampening the sleepy bears covering the pillow-thick padding. Steven could almost feel Victoria's eyes taking them in and burning the image in her memory for later retrieval.

"Um... h-hi," he mumbled, looking at the ground.

"No," said Ben. "You look her in the eye and say 'Hi, Miss Victoria'."

Steven did as he was told, and was finally allowed to scurry into the house where he could listen to the conversation out of sight. Ben shook his head and said, "Little boys are such a handful, don't you agree?"

Victoria looked stunned. "Why... y-yes. They *certainly* are. But why on earth are you bringing in all those diapers? And... are those baby reins I saw on Steven?"

"I can't explain right now, I'm afraid. I really must get him down for his nap. But maybe we can talk after?"

"I want to hear all about it," said Victoria, sounding more curious by the second.

Ben grabbed the remaining shopping bags and brought them into the house. Steven drew back from the doorway and followed Ben closely behind as his boyfriend set one bag down in the kitchen and brought the other into the guest room.

"You're not going to tell *her*, are you?" asked Steven.

"It shouldn't be a secret that you need diapers. If we keep it a secret, that means it's something to be ashamed of, and it isn't." It was clear from his tone of voice that that was the end of the discussion.

"Yeah, but... *her*?" asked Steven.

"You can go ahead and leave your diapers right there by the closet," said Ben, pointing to the guest room closet. That's where they kept the pull-ups and the diaper

genie too, since Ben didn't want wet pull-ups stinking up his bedroom. Steven sat them down and eyed the large black bag that Ben had left there.

"What else did you get, Ben?" asked Steven, feeling a bit apprehensive about Ben's mystery bags.

"I'll show you later after your nap. Now let's get you undressed. I'm going to leave you in your padding for the nap since you know what happens when you sleep."

"I figured you would say that," said Ben, with a sigh. He stood there in the guest room while Ben unclipped his harness, and unbuttoned the shortall's shoulder straps to let Steven's outfit drop to the ground. Next came his socks and shirt, which Ben removed himself. Like car rides and bedtimes, getting dressed and undressed had been taken over by Ben at some point that Steven couldn't quite recall. Steven just responded by reflex at this point, lifting his arms when Ben held his shirt, or taking hold of Ben's shoulders to stay balanced for shoes, socks, and pants changes.

Soon, Steven was left in nothing but his diaper, which made him feel very naked indeed. He had only just gotten used to sleeping in pull-ups, which felt infantile enough. Now, he was standing there in big poofy diapers with pastel unicorns dancing across the plastic. He couldn't believe this was happening.

"Do you have to go before your nap?" Ben asked, noting how much attention Steven was giving to his diapers.

Steven shook his head and blushed. "No. I think I'm all peed out since that doctor visit."

"Well, that just means you're not drinking enough water," said Ben. "I'll get you a glass. And I expect you to drink it *all* before your nap."

Steven tilted his head. "But isn't that going to make my bedwetting worse?"

"You're dehydrated, Buddy. You need to drink something. And if you wet a little more this time, I'm sure your diapers can handle it. Don't forget you're doubled up right now."

"How could I forget? I can hardly walk in these things!"

Ben looked like he was running out of patience. "Are you going to keep questioning what I tell you to do? Cause I can just toss out your pants right now if that's the case."

"No! I mean... no, please don't do that. I was just wondering."

Ben put his hands on Stevie's shoulders and shook his head. "Curiosity killed the brat, you know. I'd like you to practice following directions without asking all those questions. I think it will help you behave more."

Steven stomped off to the bedroom and Ben appeared shortly after with a tall glass of water.

"I want you to drink all of it. Then you can take your nap."

Steven knew that Ben wasn't going to let this go so he did as he was told and handed the glass back to Ben.

"That's a good boy," said Ben, who set the glass aside and pulled back the sheets for his boyfriend. "In you go."

Steven gave Ben his puppy dog eyes but Ben wasn't budging, so he got in bed, his diaper crinkling loudly as he hit the mattress. Ben tucked him in and kissed him on the forehead.

"You had a big day, buddy. I want you to be completely rested, so we don't have any more tantrums."

"How long do I have to nap for?" asked Steven.

"Until I come to wake you up," said Ben, who was already pulling down the shades to block out the sun. "And you will stay in bed until I do."

"But what if I wake up and have to go?"

"You're not allowed to get up so just use your diaper if you have to go. That's what they're for anyway. Now, no more questions," said Ben. "Open up."

Steven knew what was coming next. With a roll of his eyes, he opened his mouth and got his pacifier.

"Don't forget," said Steven. "Your dentist said you always have to wear this when you sleep, so you will have a pacifier in *every* time you sleep. Got it?"

Steven nodded, already beginning to suck on it and feel calmer. He wasn't happy about it but that *is* what the dentist had said. And really, it wasn't so bad. It was even kind of nice to suck on a pacifier. It was just the *idea* that irked him.

"Oh, one more thing," said Ben. He produced Clara and handed the stuffed bunny to Steven, whose face lit up despite himself. He immediately hugged her and became more relaxed, eliciting a chuckle from Ben.

"I spot cleaned her for you so you could have her for your nap. She'll help you have good dreams, okay kiddo?"

Stevie nodded.

"Alright. Nighty night. And remember, no getting up until I let you up. I have plenty of ways of keeping you in bed if you don't behave.

Steven shuddered at the thought and nodded again, giving his pacifier a few more sucks for comfort. Ben left and Steven lay there, hugging Clara and hoping that things would get back to normal soon. Slowly, but surely, his eyes began to droop, and he drifted off. A minute or so later, he began to dribble into his diaper, but he was fast asleep by then. Stevie was totally oblivious to the expanding diaper between his legs as he smiled and hugged his bunny.

Steven woke up and immediately felt something was wrong, What could it be? Binky? Check. Clara? Check. Soaking wet diaper? Check. Soaking wet... *diaper?*

"Oh no," groaned Steven, knowing the all too familiar feeling. "Not again!"

Now Ben was sure to think that diapers were necessary for nap time. Steven jumped out of bed and tore back the covers, feeling around for the wet spot, but there was none.

"Well... at least *that's* better..." he said to himself. His pull-ups usually leaked all over when he wet the bed. He idly wondered if he could get away with changing out of the wet diaper and be unnoticed. Unfortunately, he lost his chance because just then the door opened.

"Rise and shine, Stev- HEY! What are you doing out of bed?" Ben asked Steven.

"I... I had an accident," was all Stevie could say. Steven instantly cringed at his childish sounding excuse.

"Of course you did, baby boy. You always have an 'accident' when you sleep. Although if it happens every time, I don't think that's an accident. That's just normal."

Steven rolled his eyes. "It's just a temporary phase. I'll drink less water."

"The hell you will! You're dehydrated enough as it is. Now do you mind explaining to me why you were out of bed?" asked Ben, crossing his arms. Steven could see his boyfriend was already holding a cartoon-themed sippy cup full of juice.

"W-what's that sippy cup for?" asked Steven, feeling a sinking feeling it was for him.

"I asked you a question," said Ben.

Steven looked down at the yellowed unicorn diaper and back up to his boyfriend with a crumpled face. "I was checking for wet spots... I thought..."

"That's *my* job," said Ben. "Yours is to stay in bed." Ben inspected the bed and found it to be totally dry. "There. Your diapers did their job - though just barely. This is why you need to wear thick night time diapers when you go to sleep, and *every* time you go to sleep. I don't like waking up to a wet bed any more than you do."

"I don't *want* to wear diapers," said Steven. "I'm a grown man! I shouldn't be wetting the bed and wearing baby pants..."

"And yet you do," said Ben. "You can't help wetting the bed. That's just a fact of life. There's no should or shouldn't about it. But what you *can* control is how well you follow directions. I believe I told you to wait for me to get you up, so we're going to have to have some more punishments until you learn to behave.

"Punishments. Again? I'm not a child, you know."

Ben stared Steven down. "Well, you certainly act like it sometimes. Come on, let's get you changed. We can't stand around here all day." Ben grabbed Steven by the hand and pulled him over to the guest room where he was changed on the bed.

"There we go, all nice and dry." he said, patting Steven's diaper. "Does that feel better?"

"Yeah, but it would feel even better if I wasn't in a diaper."

Ben laughed a bit. "Okay, well I don't think that's going to happen anytime soon. Not with how you're behaving. The doctor said you're gonna need them for a while so you'd better get used to 'em kiddo.

Steven sagged a bit, knowing that Ben was right again. "Fine... But can I at least have some clothes?"

"No," said Ben, looking smug. "It's just the two of us and you have to get comfortable with your diapers anyway."

"Aww, come on!" said Steven, beginning to blush. "I feel so *naked* like this.

"If you want to wear clothes, you're going to have to go outside and play until dinner. Otherwise, you're staying right here and watching TV as you are."

"Play outside?" asked Steven. "Play what?"

Ben thought for a second. "You're right, I should probably keep an eye on you. Why don't you watch some TV?"

Steven Blushed. "I was *gonna* pick that anyway, you know. Not because you have to look after me."

"Hold up, baby boy," said Ben, following Steven out to the living room. "I need to see that remote." Ben fiddled on his phone for a second and changed a few settings on the TV with the remote control. Then he turned it onto the Cartoon Channel.

"What did you do?" asked Steven, trying to change programs and only finding kids' options coming up.

"I put it on kids' mode and engaged the parental lock. That's part one of your punishment. If you get out of bed again, you'll find out what part two is, and you won't like it. Now take your sippy cup and I expect it empty when I return."

Steven looked down at the sippy cup in his hands, then back to the TV. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He turned to say something snarky, but Ben was already gone. He sat down and humphed. It wasn't fair. He didn't want to watch kids shows. They were so boring. The stupid smiling face of the big dumb dinosaur featured on the cup seemed to mock him. He glanced up at the screen and saw that same big purple dinosaur jumping around and singing to his pals. He took a sip from his sippy cup since he *was* a little thirsty. Then, he chuckled as the dinosaur fell over and his friends rushed to help.

"Okay... that's a *little* funny..." Steven said to himself, taking another sip. He was startled when Ben came back.

"Enjoying the show?"

Steven blushed. "No," he said, but they both knew that wasn't true.

"Up, up!" said Ben, making Steven get up off the couch. "Oh, look!" he said, reaching for the cup that Steven had left on the couch. "You finished all your juice too. That was fast!"

Steven didn't remember drinking all that juice, but he was still hung up on the insulting implication that he could actually *enjoy* such a stupid baby show. "Whatever. Why'd you make me get up anyway?"

"I don't want you on the couch where you could leak, so I got this blankie," said Ben, setting a blanket on the floor. Steven noticed the blanket was decorated with

African animal characters from *Pride Defender* on it and prominently featured a young lion cub with a mighty roar. "I don't want a leak on the carpet either so I want you to stay there 'til I get you for dinner."

Steven scoffed. "Leak on the carpet? I don't even need diap-" He was interrupted as Ben reached down and squished the front of his diaper without even asking.

"Hmm, you feel wet to me, kid. You sure about not needing diapers? Cause either you wet on purpose or you wet and you didn't know it, and either way it tells me you're liable to do it again."

"I... I... I..." Steven didn't know what to say to that.

"Well? Did you pee your pants on purpose instead of asking for a potty, Steven?"

Steven blushed and shook his head. "No..."

"Okay, then."

Steven sheepishly sat on the blanket.

"Good boy," said Ben, patting his head. "Now you can go back to watching your show and I'll bring you some more juice."

Steven grumbled and looked at the TV. It wasn't because Ben told him to, he told himself. He just didn't wanna have this frustrating conversation any longer. Soon he had emptied two more sippy cups while he was caught up in the colorful characters' stories. Steven barely noticed as cup after cup was switched out, and he didn't even blink when a binky was slipped in his mouth and Clara was placed under his arm.

"Hey, buddy! Hello? Earth to Stevie!"

Stevie came to with a start to see Ben squatting down in front of him. Stevie had been so engrossed in the shows that he lost all sense of time or where he was.

"Aww, look at you. You were really enjoying those shows, huh lil guy? Here, let's wipe off your face." Ben took out Steven's binky and wiped off Steven's face with a handkerchief.

Steven blushed as he realized he must have been drooling. He tried to pull away and wipe it off himself, but Ben had a hold of his chin and wasn't letting Steven go anywhere.

"Stop fussing, buddy, I'm almost done!" Ben released Steven's face and picked up the juice cup that was lying on the blanket. "Wow, all gone? You drank a lot. Do you have to go potty before dinner?"

Steven started to look down to check before he realized how Ben was talking to him. "Heyyy! Knock it off. I know when I need to go potty- I mean, when I need to go to the *bathroom*."

"Okay, tiger, okay, settle down," said Ben, reaching down to check Steven's diaper. "Let's just take a look, huh?"

"Oh, come on," said Steven, crossing his arms as he let his boyfriend check. "I think I'd know if I was-"

"You're soaked, buddy! I don't think your daytime diapers are gonna cut it if you're wetting *this* much."

"Wha?" Ben looked down and was astonished to see that his diapers were swollen and yellow. These ones were more plain except for a certain purple dinosaur on the waistband so it was easy to see they were soggy from front to back. "How did...how did *that* happen?"

"Sometimes kiddos get distracted when they're having fun and don't realize they wet. I guess that means you don't have to use the potty now. Come on and let's get you changed. Then we can eat!

Steven was mortified as he was led back to the guest bedroom for another diaper change. This time Steven put him in a thick nighttime diaper, saying that these would have to be his regular diapers until the delivery came with his stuffers and all the rest.

"Just how much stuff did you order, anyway?" asked Steven. "You looked like you wanted to buy the whole furniture section."

"And maybe I did," said Ben, wiping the pee pee off of his boyfriend's crotch. "You'll just have to find out tomorrow when it comes."

Steven was worried that Ben was taking things much too far. He understood the need for a changing table to help Ben's back and keep from getting the bed dirty, but he didn't like the finality of having one ordered to the house. It was like admitting that he would need his diapers long term, and that was exactly what he didn't want to hear.

"There you go, Stevie. All diapered up in your Bear Bottoms."

Steven sat up and felt the front of his diaper, squeezing his legs together experimentally. These were at least as thick as the double diapers he had worn earlier.

"Do you really think I need them this thick?"

"I do. You'll get used to them. In a week you won't even notice they're there!"

Steven doubted that very much. "What if I have to go potty- I mean to the bathroom?"

"Well, that's the cool thing," said Steven, pulling off a tape and reapplying it. "Velcro tapes."

"Brilliant," said Steven, looking less than enthused.

"Oh, I thought you *wanted* to use the potty," said Ben. "If not, maybe I'll have to go back to the shop and see what other options they have..."

"NO! No, no, that's fine," said Steven, hastily backpedaling. "Let's go have dinner. It smells delicious, honey."

"Nice save," said Ben, with a smirk. Then he tossed a shirt to Stevie. "Here. In case you get cold."

Steven put the shirt on, grateful for some clothing to wear other than a diaper. But when he looked down, he saw that it had the blue dog from Boo's Clues leaning in from the side and waving. He looked back up to Ben, aghast. "This is a baby shirt! Can't I wear something else?"

"It's that or nothing. If you don't like the clothes I bought you I'll return them and you can go around in just diapers. Now come and eat. Not like there's anyone here to see you anyway."

Steven relented, preferring the shirt to nothing, and followed Ben out for dinner. He wasn't happy when he got another sippy cup, and especially when Ben insisted on putting a bib on him to protect his new shirt, but his biggest complaint was no soda.

"Sorry, kiddo. Doctor's orders." That seemed to be Ben's answer for everything. And then when they were done, Ben had another surprise for Steven.

"Okay, it's time for bed. Let's get your meds and put you down."

"What?! It's not even eight o'clock!"

"Did you forget you were being punished, little man? You get an early bedtime til you learn to behave better. Besides, with your new meds, you'll be out like a light in no time, and I don't want to be dragging your sleepy butt all the way across the house to bed after you fall asleep."

"This sucks," said Steven, crossing his arms. "I don't wanna go to bed!"

"Now you really *are* acting like a child," said Ben, sighing. He grabbed Steven under the arms and pulled him up out of his seat. "Come on, little mister. It's healthier for you, and your medicine isn't optional, end of story. This is when you have to take it. Doctor's orders."

He pulled the surly Steven over to the bathroom, and Steven allowed himself to be led, though he clearly wasn't happy about it.

"Come on, let's brush our teeth and then you can try to use the potty before bed."

Steven just stared into the mirror and went through the motions of what he had to do. Ben gave him the pills and a glass and watched him drink it down, praising him when he did so. Then, he untaped Steven's diaper and told him to go ahead and use the potty.

"I can't with you watching," complained Steven. "Get out."

"Okay," said Ben. "But it's not like it's anything I haven't seen before. I *am* your boyfriend, after all."

Steven sat there, frustrated, but nothing came out even after Ben left him. By the time Steven gave up, he was already feeling drowsy. He stumbled out of the room and Steven helped him over to the guest bedroom to get re-diapered in the diaper he'd been in since dinner.

"Whoa, careful there, tiger," said Ben, holding Steven up as he stumbled into the guest room. Ben led Steven to the bed and helped him sit. "Now you just lay right there."

Steven lay back and gave a light smile, staring at the ceiling. "Okay, Ben..."

"Up goes the butt!" said Ben, lifting Steven's legs up and making him giggle a bit. Ben added some powder and rubbed it in before setting Steven down and raising the front of the cute diaper. "Down goes the butt and up goes the diaper!"

Steven laughed a bit more, and then his face grew concerned as he looked around. When Ben finished taping him up, he noticed his boyfriend's distress.

"What's wrong sweetie?"

"Where's Clara? I want Clara?"

"Oh! Of *course*. She must still be on the blankie in the living room. I'll go grab her right away. Wait right here."

"Okay," said Steven, who began sucking his thumb as Ben left.

By the time Ben got back, Steven was already asleep. He smiled at the sight of his boyfriend sucking his thumb, and placed Clara in the crook of his arm. He then pulled Steven fully onto the bed and laid him down.

"Nini, sweet pea," he said, kissing Steven's head, "enjoy your new bedroom." Then he left, turning off the light.

Chapter 5

Steven woke up. He immediately knew something was wrong, and it wasn't just a wet diaper this time. For starters, he wasn't in his own bed, he was in the guest room bed. Then, when he sat up, the whole room started spinning violently.

"Ugh... Ben! Ben! Oh, I think I'm gonna be sick!" Steven flopped back down on the pillow and Ben came into the room looking alarmed.

"Honey, what's wrong? Are you okay?"

"Everything spins when I move," groaned Stevie.

"Oh, no," said Ben. "I wonder if it's the medication..." Then, Ben started sniffing the air. "Uh oh! I smell a stinky diaper! We better take care of that first."

Steven was shocked. He stopped groaning for a second and opened his eyes. "You're kidding me! I don't poop my diapers..." But as he shifted his bottom he could feel it. He whipped off the covers to reveal a soaked and sodden diaper, and that's when he smelt it too.

"Looks like the Fibrolax did its job," said Ben, chuckling. "Let's take care of you, buddy, then I'll call the doc."

"No wait!" cried Steven, pulling away as Ben approached him. "It's too embarrassing. I'll take care of it."

Ben rolled his eyes.

"Oh, come on, you're not going to do this yourself. Not in the state you're in. Just let me take care of you, Stevie. That's what I'm here for."

Steven tried to scoot away, but the room instantly started spinning again and he was forced to lie down and stare at the ceiling. His boyfriend was going to change his poopy diaper and there was nothing he could do about it.

What followed was the most embarrassing few minutes of Steven's life to date. And his boyfriend wasn't helping with his cutesy baby talk about leaving presents for Daddy and making boom boom in his didee. When his boyfriend dropped his butt onto a new nighttime diaper, Steven was shocked.

"Hold on. Don't I get a bath?"

"No, silly! I don't want to put you in the water right now with how you're feeling. I cleaned you up nice and good, so that should be sufficient. If it works for babies, it'll

work for you. Besides, I have to call the doctor and see if you need to go to the E.R., so there's no time to waste!"

Steven didn't like the idea of showing up in the emergency room in a cutesy diaper, but when he sat up to protest, he was reminded once again that he really couldn't move much without setting off that horrible feeling of vertigo again.

"You just rest while I call the doctor," said Ben, patting the sleepy bears on Stevie's diapers.

Steven lay there as Ben spoke on the phone from the doorway. They were talking about him again without his input, and he could just imagine what the doctor would recommend next.

"No, this can't happen. I'm going to go over there and make sure they don't get carried away," Steven said to himself, determined to retain the few adult freedoms he had left. Steven tried to get up so he could talk to the doctor, but he got so dizzy getting out of bed that he ended up falling down off the side.

"Hold on, Doc. Steven just fell down! Oh goodness..." Ben helped Steven back on the bed and admonished him. "I told you to stay in bed! You could have really hurt yourself. Are you sure you're okay?"

Ben fussed over Steven for a minute or two and Steven was too shaken to argue. When Ben came back, he went into the closet and got an outfit for Stevie: a padded sleeper made of puffy pink satin with another rainbow and unicorn patch on the front.

"No way!" said Steven, glaring at Ben. "Get away from me with that thing! Where did you even get that?"

"Just some more stuff I picked up yesterday," said Ben, ignoring his boyfriend's protests and unzipping the puffy garment. He was already pulling it up over Stevie's legs, which were pushed up as the silky puffy outfit was brought up over his extra-thick diapers.

"You have a terrible fashion sense," groaned Stevie as the cool silky material came up over his chest and arms, encasing him from neck to toes, and encasing his hands as well. The softness and pressure felt good as it caressed every inch of him, and somehow that made him blush even harder than usual.

"What? I think they're cute!" said Ben, pulling the pink zipper up to seal Stevie in snugly and securely. "Besides, this will keep you from walking."

"What do you mean?" asked Steven, moving his body experimentally. He could feel his outfit hugging his body, and the zipper was well out of reach so he really was

stuck. He also noticed that he couldn't seem to straighten his legs. "Wait a second... I think this outfit is too short..."

"That's the point," said Ben, patting Steven's head. "You're going to crawl until we can get this problem fixed. Don't worry; the doctor says it's nothing serious. It's just an inner ear issue that the doctor can fix when I bring you in."

"And when will that be?"

"Tomorrow was the earliest appointment. You'll just have to take it easy today."

Steven groaned again. "Can I at least get some coffee?"

"No coffee, buddy. You're getting juice and oatmeal. And you'll be taking your pills too, now that we know they aren't what's making you sick."

Steven groaned again as he propped himself up against the headboard. No soda. No coffee. What was next? Ben left and when he returned he had a tray with his breakfast, pills, and his juice in another plastic sippy cup.

"Well, at least the sippy cup makes sense now," said Steven, looking at the My Little Unicorn sippy cup. Then Steven remembered something. "Oh crap, I'm supposed to go in to work today. I'd better call out."

"Don't worry, I already called out for you. Even sent them a picture to prove how sick you were."

"You what?!"

"Calm down, sweetie. I had to explain what was going on to them. You're on sick leave for the week while you get adjusted to your life changes. Don't even try to argue, it's already done."

Steven shut his mouth. He had a lot of responsibilities to take care of at the office and this wasn't going to help him clear his to-do list. But of course that was his secondary concern now. "You *told* them?" he asked, in a small, plaintive voice.

"It's nothing to be embarrassed about, Stevie. You need diapers right now. And if you just happen to be wearing diapers with fun designs on them, all the better."

Steven groaned. "When did you even take the picture?"

"Right before I changed you."

Steven's heart skipped a beat. "You did NOT just send my boss a picture of my poopy diapers."

Ben patted Steven's diaper through his sleeper. "Hey, it worked, didn't it? One week paid leave. Now open up your mouth, sweetie. It's breakfast time. Here comes the airplane!"

Steven's hands were covered by poofy material so he had no hope of picking up a spoon himself. Instead, Steven was forced to endure a feeding from his boyfriend, who seemed all too happy about his predicament he was in.

"Here comes the airplane! Here comes the choo-choo train! Open up for the motorboat! Don't give me that face, Stevie. Be a good boy and open up like a good boy."

Eventually, Steven finished the bowl of oatmeal and got to have a drink. He was surprised to feel himself starting to wet as he emptied the last of the sippy cup, but it could have been his imagination. He couldn't tell with the thick outfit he was wearing.

"Hey, Ben," Steven said, knitting his brow, "can I use the potty? I think I'm wetting..."

Ben chuckled.

"No way, buddy, boy. You're supposed to be resting. Your diapers are a good enough potty for now... But we can take you to the living room if you want. At least there you can watch some of your shows."

"Ugh, no thanks..." said Steven, remembering with embarrassment how he ended up watching hours of baby shows the day before, only to be left with a drooly pacifier and a soaked diaper. "Can't I just have my phone instead?"

That's when the doorbell rang.

"Ooh they're here," said Ben, Picking up the tray and walking out of the room briskly.

"Who's here?" called Steven. "Ben? Ben!!"

Steven tried to get up and see who was coming in, afraid that they might see him in his ridiculous satin baby sleeper, but he was instantly struck by a spell of dizziness that prevented him from making much progress, except to roll off the bed and land on the floor with a thud.

"Oof!"

Steven tried to get up but the sleeper limited his movement, so he was forced to crawl. Steven blushed as he got onto all fours. He really *had* started wetting when he hit the floor. This time, he could tell and it wasn't stopping despite his best efforts. The

diaper was swelling up even as he tried to crawl out of sight, but he was so dizzy he could hardly tell which way to go.

"Oh my gosh, are you hurt?" called Ben coming into the room along with a couple guys who Steven didn't recognize. Luckily, Steven wasn't. Thanks to the puffy protective clothing he was wearing, the only thing that was hurt was his pride. Steven groaned.

"Oh gosh. Guys, can you help me move him? This is why we need to replace the bed. I knew something like this could happen."

Steven was thankful for the thick sleeper which hid his wet diaper from Ben and the man who helped Ben carry him out of the room by the arms and legs. Steven was quickly moved into the living room and onto his 'favorite blankie' according to Ben. He was too dizzy to be very embarrassed as they carried him over, but as they set him down and his world righted, he was understandably worried about what was going on in his home.

"Unnnhh... H-hey! W-what's happening? Who are all these people, Ben?"

"Shh, sweetie, you just relax and drink your juice. No getting off your blanket, okay? I'll come check your diaper after I've told the guys where to put everything."

"Wha?" Steven asked, as a sippy cup of juice was placed in his padded hands and Ben directed his attention to the television.

"Look, Stevie. It's your favorite show. Don't you just feel so relaxed when you look at the screen?"

Steven smiled a bit when he looked over at the TV. He did feel a little more relaxed than usual. Ben placed Clara in his lap and he smiled a bit more. He liked Clara, but he was still confused about what was going on. "Ben, no. Tell me what's happening. This is my house! I deserve to know!"

"Correction, little man. It's *our* house, and you will find out shortly. Just remember that the grown ups are looking out for you and making responsible decisions since you clearly can't. Guys, go ahead and take out that bed first, I'll show you where I want everything."

"You got it!" said one of the strangers.

"Ben, what-"

Ben knelt down and put his hand on Steven's shoulder. "Sweetie, you just have to trust me, okay? I want you to snuggle your bunny and watch the show while you drink

your juice. I'll be back in fifteen minutes for your diaper check and if that juice cup isn't empty, these guys are gonna see my boyfriend get one very sore red bottom."

"But I-"

Ben continued, talking right over Steven. "So do you want to be a happy little guy who gets to watch his shows and cuddle his bunny, or a naughty little boy who gets a sore red bottom and a time out in front of the big boys?"

"Happy little boy," mumbled Steven, his face crimson with shame.

Steven knew that he was no match for Ben in his current state. He could barely even move without falling down, so he opted to just lay on his back with his legs curled up by the too-short sleeper and listen to the sounds of the show as he drank his juice. The sippy cup was one of the few things he could hold with the thick padding enveloping his hands, and he was determined to focus on that bit of independence. Steven wasn't going to be drawn into the show *this* time. He wasn't going to...

"Let's check the little guy out," said Ben, jolting Steven from his daze as he got down on his knees with a fresh diaper, a bottle of powder, and a pack of wet wipes in his hands.

"Wha? Has it been fifteen minutes already? You just left..."

"No, it's definitely been longer than that," Ben said, setting the changing supplies on the blanket." And look at you! You're such a good boy! You finished your juice!"

"That's impossible, I barely even..." Steven was startled as he looked down at his sippy cup and realized it was completely empty.

"Uh oh! Your face is all drooly again, kiddo!" Ben wiped his blushing boyfriend's face, and turned him on his side to unzip his back zipper.

"Ohhh, don't move me so much..."

"I'm sorry, kiddo, we gotta get this off you. I guess this clothing wasn't such a good idea."

"No! You can't! They'll see!"

Steven began to flail weakly, but Ben easily peeled the sleeper off Steven, off his arms and chest, off his hips and legs to reveal a soaked diaper.

"Hush, boy. Those guys have been carrying in your diapers and other things. I think they *know* who they're for."

Ben pressed Clara into Steven's chest, put his binky in, and told the babied boyfriend to close his eyes as he went to work on the wet heavy diaper weighing down his babied boyfriend's hips.

"Don't worry, kiddo. We'll have you cleaned up in no time. You really shouldn't move, baby boy. You're gonna make yourself sick."

"Just huwwy up befow one of dem sees me...," groaned Steven.

"Excuse me, where do you want the baby carrier?" asked a man, walking up just as Ben untaped Steven's soggy diaper.

"Oh! Perfect timing," said Ben. It certainly wasn't perfect for Steven, however, who was covering his face with Clara and blushing beet red. "You can leave it here because we're gonna need it. I think a certain baby boy has been feeling dizzy and missing his shows cause he can't sit up on his own. Poor guy."

Even as he spoke, Ben continued the process of changing Steven. He did it while he was talking to the other man, as if he were just routinely changing a real baby. Steven could feel every second of exposure tick by as he was wiped. Ben talked. The man talked. He was wiped again. His butt was lifted. He was wiped in a very *private* place. And then came the powder. The cloying infantile smell soon spread through the room, invading Steven's nose and staying there as the powder was rubbed into his skin and the familiar feeling of a snuck thick diaper returned to his groin.

"Aww, there's my baby boy. See? Aren't you just so much more relaxed when you're safe and secure in your didees? And you're so darn cute, too! Don't you agree guys?"

Guys? Steven risked a peek from behind Clara to see that there were more people in the room now.

"Sure does, boss. Looks like we're almost done in the ... er... guest room as well." The large man gave Ben a wink as he said this, leaving Steven to wonder just what the men had been doing in there.

"Great," said Ben. "Let's get him into his carrier so he can enjoy his shows while we finish up."

Steven was then lowered into an oversized infant carrier complete with adorable baby fox characters on the lining and a six point restraint system that left Steven reclined and snugly secured with his legs forced open to show off his bulging diaper to the world. Steven had nothing but his stuffed bunny to cover his unclothed body, but he was angled toward the TV and unable to look to either side without getting completely

dizzy again, so all he could see was his favorite dinosaur pal hopping around on the screen and playing with his pals as they went on another imaginary adventure.

As soon as Steven saw the screen, it grabbed all his attention. The grown-ups around Steven might as well have been in another room, because he was totally zoned out as he giggled, drooled and sucked his binkie to the beat of the purple dino's silly songs.

Steven spent the morning stuck in his carrier while his partner did goodness knows what in the guest room. The TV transitioned from show to show, and Steven just stared and smiled, sucking his paci and giggling like a fool. By the time Ben came to get him, Steven's diaper had swollen to become dark yellow, pushing his thighs out further and further until they pressed against the adorable baby foxes running over the soft padded lining of the carrier.

"Oh, boy, we have a soggy boy on our hands, I can already see," sang Ben, bending down to unbuckle his boyfriend from the carrier and inspect his diaper. "Did you make more presents for Daddy in back too?"

Steven whined a bit at first as Ben blocked his view of the big friendly bear on the television, but he soon remembered where he was - and *who* he was - as he was unbuckled. He groaned, speaking like he had just woken up from a long nap.

"I... what? I don't remember going potty... What time is it?"

"It's lunch time, silly boy," said Ben, before bending down, lifting Steven's legs, and giving his boyfriend's diaper a big sniff on the butt. "Hmm, no poopies yet. I think it can wait til after lunch when you have to go. No sense changing you twice."

Steven blushed and gasped. "Heyyy! Don't sniff me there!"

Ben just chuckled as he buckled his boyfriend back up, securing him in the carrier once more. "How else am I gonna check my baby boy? And don't tell me you're not a baby. You've been watching your silly baby shows all morning. Now hold still. I brought a warm washcloth to clean you up, drooly boy."

"Hey!" cried Ben, feeling so embarrassed as his boyfriend sat his stuffed bunny aside and wiped his face and chest off. Steven couldn't really get away from his boyfriend, and he *did* need a wipe down, so he was forced to sit there and take it. Instead his mind turned to what *he* had been doing all morning. "What happened? I don't watch this crap...Was I really watching baby shows all morning?"

"A day off does wonders, doesn't it? I think the Relaxaprin is just what you needed, little man. I like seeing you happy and giggly like that so we're gonna have to make this a daily routine for you."

Steven furrowed his brow as his boyfriend spoke. "But I don't..."

"Shh, this is much better than those scary action flicks you liked to watch, so this is what you're going to watch. Now settle down. I have your lunch right here."

"Where? I don't see it. And how am I gonna eat laying back like this?"

Ben held up an oversized bottle with white liquid in it. "All you need is right in here, kiddo. I warmed it up and everything."

Steven looked from the bottle to his boyfriend and back. "...You can't be serious."

"Do *you* want to try and move around in your state? No, the doctor said to keep you stationary, and that we need to feed you like this for now, so open up. Doctor's orders. I know that tummy is hungry!"

Steven's stomach growled, but he refused to eat from something so infantile. He turned his head away, but that was a mistake as he was instantly dizzy. Ben seemed prepared for a fussy baby, however. He simply pinched Steven's nose until he opened up and then slipped the nipple into Steven's mouth at the first opportunity. Then, he gave the bottle a little squeeze to get the flow started.

As soon as the white liquid hit Steven's tongue, he started to suck instinctively to fill his hungry tummy. Steven felt a warm sensation in his body from sucking and being rewarded with sustenance. This felt so good, but it was also so embarrassing to be fed like a baby. He fussed and squirmed for a few seconds but soon quieted down as Ben cooed and shushed him, petting his head.

"There, there, baby. There you go. Drink up for Daddy. That's a good boy. Who knew you were so hungry?"

Since he knew he couldn't turn his head, Steven realized the only way out of this was to finish the bottle, but even that was just a passing thought as the wonderful sensations of nursing his liquid lunch took over.

It wasn't until Steven's tummy began to rumble about halfway through the bottle that he began to fuss again. He usually had to poop right after eating, and this time was no exception, only this time, he couldn't get up and go to the bathroom when he needed to. This time, Steven was strapped securely in place with no way to let himself out.

"What's wrong, baby boy?" asked Ben, as he saw Steven grow increasingly agitated. "Is your tummy gettin all rumbly?"

Steven let out a loud fart, and Ben smiled knowingly.

"Oh, / know. Little Stevie has to make poopies, doesn't he? Come on little guy, drink up and make boom booms for Daddy."

Steven struggled and strained against the restraints. Why was Ben suddenly calling himself *Daddy*? Sure, he did it in the bedroom at times, and Steven had accepted that as one of his boyfriend's quirks, but why now? Steven tried to say "You're not my Daddy, and I'm not a baby, so let me out so I can use the potty already!" but his mouth was plugged up by the nipple, so all that came out was a series of 'mmpths' and grunts as Steven's face grew red from the strain of trying to hold back his poopies. Despite the bottle, Ben got his boyfriend's message and had an answer for Stevie.

"You're not getting out of this carrier until you finish your meal, little one, and you definitely aren't going to the potty, so drink up and relax. Relax, and let it happen."

Steven farted and turned practically purple, biting into the pacifier as he tried to hold it back, but it was a lost cause. The Fibrolax had done its job. Moments later, Steven let out a big grunt as he sucked down more milk and blorted right into the back of his diapers. He could feel hot mush spreading over his butt as he drank, followed by a rush of hot piss as his bladder made room for all the liquid coming in.

"Shhhh, there we go. That's a good boy. *There we go*," said Ben, holding the bottle upright and massaging Steven's tummy to help him along. "That's it, baby boy. Get it *alllll* out."

Steven was practically crying from embarrassment as his body balled up to push out all of the excrement that had been sitting in his gut. He squeezed his eyes shut, balling his fists and lifting his legs as he began to push in earnest, no longer even wanting to keep it in.

"That's it, baby. Just get it all out. I can change you as soon as you finish your baba."

Finally, Steven was done, and he relaxed as he felt a short lived relief before the smell and the feeling of the warm mush spread out across his butt cheeks hit him full force. Seven looked up at Ben, desperately wishing he could be changed then and there, but Ben reiterated the fact that it was lunch first, change later.

When Steven was finally finished with his 'lunch', Ben wiped a trickle of formula from his mouth and hugged him. Steven tried to speak as Ben started to pat his back,

but as soon as he opened his mouth an embarrassingly big burp emanated from his belly.

"Good baby. Let's get you changed, stinky boy."

"Yuck. Please do! I wanted out of this diaper five minutes ago. It's so gross..."

"You'll get used to it," said Ben, not even flinching as he opened up the soiled diaper. Stevie was mortified, and grateful to be alone with Ben for this embarrassing procedure.

"I certainly hope I don't get used to it," whined Steven, as his boyfriend wiped up his butt. "Why did you make me do it, Ben? I could have made it to the potty!"

"I'm only looking out for your safety, sweetheart. You're going to have to use your diapers until we get your ear problem fixed and you adjust to the new medication. Imagine you trying to run to the bathroom in your state? You would have fallen down and hurt yourself."

"But..."

"Shh, it's just for now. It's not like there was enough time to get you there before you made poopies anyway."

"Stop calling them poopies!" yelled Steven. "I can make it to the potty myself if you just let me try! Oh god. I can't even believe we're *having* this conversation."

Ben balled up the used diaper and set the other diaper under Steven's butt. Then he gave Steven several sound spansks. Steven was speechless.

"Are you going to keep giving me attitude, or do you want to go in your cozy comfy diapers where your little bum is safe from Daddy's hands?"

"I..." Steven caught Ben's glare and stopped. "D.... diaper please," he said in a hoarse whisper. He could barely choke out the words. Steven's face strained with shame. When Ben scheduled the doctor and dentist appointments, Steven had been annoyed, but he never imagined he would be put back in diapers, much less *beg* to be put back into them by his boyfriend.

Satisfied, Ben nodded, lowered Stevie's butt on the soft padding, and powdered him down. The diaper came up, and Steven was once again in thick diapers. The feeling was becoming frustratingly familiar. With a couple of squeezes to Steven's freshly padded crotch, Ben declared him clean, dry, and ready for his nap.

"Nap? Not again!" moaned Stevie, but he was already beginning to yawn. Of course, this was the perfect opportunity for Ben to plug Steven's mouth with a big binkie and wag his finger at his fussy boyfriend.

"There we go. Now, no spitting that out or that pacifier goes back in, and I'll make sure it doesn't come out again."

Steven whined into his paci as Clara was pushed into his arms.

"Come on, *big* boy," said Ben, helping up Steven and strapping him back into his carrier. "You can nap in here for a bit. I'll put a blanket over the carrier so you can get some shuteye and I can keep an eye on you today."

Steven was then left in the darkness of his cozy prison to snuggle his bunny and think about all the changes that had happened, hoping that things would go back to normal soon. As soon as he was able to move without getting dizzy, Steven thought, he would set his boyfriend straight. That's about as far as his thinking got before he dozed off.

Chapter 6

"Ok, kiddo, time for din dins and medicine!"

Light suddenly shone in Steven's face and a wet cloth was wiping him clean of drool. Steven was momentarily disoriented before he remembered where he was. He spat out his pacifier.

"Hey! Lemme out of here. I'm tired of being in this stupid carrier."

Steven was feeling very snappy and he was not going to accept being treated like an infant anymore, so he threw Clara to the ground on the spur of the moment. However, as soon as he did he immediately felt very upset and wanted her back, as well as his paci.

"Shh, shh, calm down cranky boy," said Ben, picking up Clara and returning her to the whimpering Stevie. Ben then picked up and sucked the pacifier to get the germs off before returning it to its proper place in Stevie's mouth. "I think we'd better take a look at that diaper before we feed you. You've been in it quite some time."

Stevie turned red and looked up to the ceiling as he endured yet another diaper check from his boyfriend, who squished the front, stuck his fingers in the leghole, and even unbuckled him to sniff his butt.

"Peeyoo! You sure *do* need a change! But I know you tend to go after din-dins, so let's just hurry up and feed you, kiddo, so we can get you changed."

Ben was completely ignoring his fussy boyfriend's outburst, and it was almost worse than getting admonished and spanked. It made Steven feel like he really *was* just a little boy. That his opinions and what he wanted made no difference in the 'grown-ups' decisions about him. Steven realized that this was really happening. This was really becoming his life. He felt trapped, and felt the beginnings of panic setting in. Steven didn't *want* to be stuck in the baby carrier any longer. On a sudden impulse, he kicked at Ben before the man could strap him in and connected with his nose, then hopped out and made a run for it, but after only two or three steps he fell over from the dizziness and felt a searing pain in his shoulder as he hit the floor.

"Waaaahhhhhhh!!!" he cried, loudly, and Ben rushed to him, holding his nose with the washcloth he had brought.

"Oh no! Baby boy, are you hurt?"

"Yeeheeheeesssss... It hurtsssss!" Steven was crying now from his own injury. "This is all your fault, Ben. Why am I a babyyyyyy?"

Ben quickly gave Steven a once over before taking off the cloth and kissing his boo-boo. "You'll be okay, sweetie. Nothing's broken. I'll kiss it all better. Muah. "

Stevie could immediately see that Ben's nose was purple and swollen and felt bad, but he felt like it wasn't his fault. He just panicked. If he hadn't been kept in a carrier all day it might not have happened. Still, Steven knew that he had done something very bad kicking his boyfriend in the face like that.

Ben calmly picked the man up and strapped him back into the carrier, keeping his face well away from the kicking zone this time.

"I'm sorry sweetie, I know it's hard to understand but this is for your own good. You don't have good self-control or judgment. You just proved it again trying to run around when you know you'll fall. I'm sorry, but you're gonna have to be kept safe until we can get you under control. I'm gonna call the doctor, sweetie."

As Ben dialed the doc's number, Steven spat out his pacifier again just to show his boyfriend that he wasn't a baby. Then, he commiserated with Clara.

"He's a big meanie, isn't he, Clara? He's tellin me what to do, and I don't like it. He can't do that. We'll show him."

Ben kept an eye on his boyfriend while speaking to the doctor.

"Yeah, he got up and fell again. I don't think the medication is working. He seems very agitated. He almost broke my nose. Yeah. Double the dose and keep him restrained? Yeah, that sounds good, Doc. I'll see you tomorrow. Thanks again." Ben hung up and looked at the dejected Steven, who had heard everything. "Sorry, kiddo. I know you don't like being cooped up, but it's for your own good. I'm gonna get your din-dins and a pack of frozen peas for my nose."

Steven once again felt bad, both because he was stuck in the carrier again, and because he had hurt the man he loved. He tried to apologize and bargain with Ben when he came back with the frozen veggies on his face and a bottle in hand.

"Please, Ben. I'm sorry! I didn't mean to kick you. If you let me out of the carrier, I promise I won't try to walk. No, I don't want a baba. I want big boy food! Ben, nooo-"

Steven tried to make his case, but his pleas were cut off when his mouth was plugged up by the large nipple of the bottle. Once again, Ben gave the bottle a little squeeze, hitting Stevie's tongue with the rich taste of baby formula. Steven immediately began sucking, unable to stop himself once the instinct to nurse kicked in. It was hard to describe just how good it was. So good, that all Steven's worries seemed to drop away as he suckled.

"That's a good boy. Just drink up. Drink it all right up," cooed Ben.

Steven barely resisted the urge to go this time. A little grunt was Ben's only warning before Steven once again filled his diapers to capacity with mush and kept on sucking. The mixture started getting thicker near the end of the bottle and Steven realized that the Fibrolax and other medicine must have been mixed in with the formula. He started nodding off before he was even finished and Ben had to keep shaking him awake to get him to finish the bottle. He drifted off as he was being laid down on the blankie for his change, drifting in and out, catching bits and pieces of Ben's cooing speech as he dozed off.

"Aww.... sleepy already... No need to brush... dentist and I already talked... just bundle you up in your bunting bag... sleep with Dada tonight..."

Steven was briefly stirred to wakefulness as he realized he was on his stomach in Ben's lap, the back of his diaper pulled down and two fingers up his bum, and then he was peeing his diaper uncontrollably. He grunted and cried out into his pacifier as he felt all the muscles between his legs contract, his balls tightening up as he fired several shots of cum into the front of his diaper before drifting right back off to sleep to the soothing encouraging words of Dada.

When he woke up, Steven found that he couldn't move. He turned his head to get a look and instantly felt dizzy again. He was, however, able to ascertain that he was in something that resembled a sleeping bag. There was also something stuck in his mouth. His pacifier. It felt like it was being held there by something, though he wasn't sure what. Most surprising of all, perhaps, was the fact that he wasn't too worried about any of this. He felt strangely relaxed.

"Aww, is the little boy awake?" asked Ben, poking Steven's nose. Steven scrunched up his little face and then giggled into his pacifier. Ben was so silly.

"Somebody's happy! I guess that medicine really did the trick, huh? I'll bet that's not all your medicine did!"

Stevie felt several buckles release and then heard the zipper go down, exposing him to the open air. Ben checked his diaper and told him he'd have to wait a little longer for his change until he finished breakfast.

"I really shouldn't even bother checking, little guy," said Ben, as he unscrewed the paci attachment from Steven's gag and screwed in the bottle attachment. "We both know you're just gonna go again when I feed you. There we go. Drink up, baby."

Of course, the moment the first drop of liquid hit Stevie's tongue, he began to suck ravenously. He could feel his tummy expanding, and didn't it look just a little bit softer than it had the day before? It was hard to tell, as full as he was. It didn't really matter. He was just hungry. Sucking his baba was more important than thinking about tum tums.

Once Steven finished his bottle, he was burped and changed before being dressed in a pair of shortalls and carried out to the car. His pacifier had been reinstalled via whatever device was keeping it there, so the conversation was very one-sided. Stevie would coo and giggle or fuss and whine into his paci and Ben would reassure him and rub his back.

"Aww, I know, honey. You feel all dizzy cause of the ear problem. We'll get you right as rain in just a minute."

Stevie saw a bright red car seat waiting for him when he got in the car. He would have said something if he didn't have the paci gag in his mouth, but as it was, he just suckled his paci and squeezed Clara as he was sat down in the seat. He immediately flopped over when he hit the seat, proving just how much he needed the seat right then.

"Gosh, that Relaxaprin really *does* relax you kiddo. You're as floppy as a rag doll! No worries. We'll get you strapped in nice and comfy."

Once Stevie was secured in his five point restraint, he was completely immobilized save for his arms and legs, which weren't going to defeat the child lock any time soon. And why would he want to? Everything was just fine. Steven was relaxed. He smiled and snuggled his bunny and sucked his binky. That's all he needed right then.

Soon, Steven was being wheeled into the doctor's office in his new stroller. He giggled as he was set on the crinkly paper and his crotch was unsnapped to remove the shortalls per-the nurse's orders. There was nothing now to hide Steven's newly soggy diaper, and even in his relaxed state he had some residual self-consciousness about his lack of control.

"Well, well, well, how is our little patient doing today?" asked the doctor, strolling into the room. "I hear he's having a bit of a dizzy spell?"

"Yeah, doc. It's pretty severe," said Ben. "I've had to keep him restrained this whole time to keep him from trying to get up. He even hurt his shoulder yesterday when he tried to toddle off."

"Oh, yes, I remember that conversation. How is your nose?"

"Sore, but healing," sighed Ben. "I've been extra careful to keep him restrained."

"And you're using an interchangeable pacifier gag, I see. Great idea. Best no talking while he gets used to the changes from his new medication. Until the end of the week or so."

Stevie smiled and drooled around his paci as the doctor shone some lights into his eyes.

"He looks a little loopy right now," the Doctor commented. "We can taper off his relaxaprin now that he's under control, but you may want to leave the gag in place. He needs to get used to his healthy changes in lifestyle without the medication, unless you want to keep him on it all the time.

Steven giggled. He was indeed very loopy. Loopy felt good. He liked loopy. At least, he thought he did. What did that word mean again? It was a silly sounding word. Loopy. Loopy. Poopie. Loopie poopie!

The doctor sniffed the air. "Uh oh, looks like the kiddo needs a change. I guess I don't have to ask if the *other* medications are working."

"Yeah, they're working just fine."

"And the prostate massage?"

"Gave it to him last night while he was passed out."

"Great! That's a perfect time. Especially since he seems to be reverting to a more... juvenile state. Well, let's go ahead with the procedure then. Go ahead and remove the gag just for now in case he gets sick."

The Doctor's treatment, which involved tilting Stevie's head this way and that, helped a great deal, however, Ben wanted to be safe, so on their way back, he picked up some knee pads from their favorite medical supply store and told Steven he'd only be allowed to crawl this week in case the dizziness came back. He then called Steven's work to confirm that he'd be gone for the week, and sent a few more pictures to Steven's boss.

"Okay, baby boy," Ben said, tweaking the boy's nose. "You've been so good, I think you've earned a trip to the ice cream shop again! This time we can sit and eat. I've even brought your bib."

Steven ate his ice cream in the booth, happily letting Ben feed him, and completely oblivious to the laughter of other customers nearby. The proprietors, at least, were nice, and they had even added sprinkles and a cherry for their 'favorite little customer', which had left Ben beaming with pride as he pushed Stevie's stroller over to the booth.

"I sure am gonna miss this," Ben said, as he wiped ice cream off his boyfriend's face and put Steven's pacifier gag back in. "You're not gonna be so happy when those meds wear off. Just remember kiddo: it's for your own good, and just for the week."

Stevie didn't really understand what Ben was worried about. Why would he be upset? Things were great. He didn't have any idea what lay ahead for him when his Relaxaprin wore off. It was going to be a long week.

Chapter 7

"Today is the day, big guy!" said Ben, shaking Steven awake.

It had been a long week indeed, with lots of fussing and tears and a not too cooperative Steven. At night, Steven was bundled up in bed to prevent him trying to get up and go to the potty, and during the day, he was kept secured in his new playpen, with a tether that didn't allow him enough space to climb over the walls. His new high chair, his super-secure baby carrier, even his car seat and stroller had child-proof buckles which he couldn't seem to work out, and none of his clothes could be taken off without help. In short, wherever he went, Steven found that he was safely secured and unable to escape whatever contraption he was put in. If only Ben would let him talk, Steven was sure he could talk his way out of this baby treatment, but he had no such luck - he was either sucking a binky or bottle at all times and was not permitted to say a word. Whether for punishment or for Steven's own well-being, Ben held firm, so Stevie was understandably excited to be woken up at the end of the week and realize that it was the day he would finally get to be big again.

"That's right, baby boy. You get to take out your gag, *and* you get to graduate to pull-ups."

Steven beamed as he thought about how great it would be to go back into big kid undies. Then, he smelled a wonderful smell coming from the kitchen. "I-is that... a real adult *breakfast*?"

"That's right, kiddo. And it's for you! Let's get you out of your sleepy bag and to the dining table!"

Ben unbuckled Steven's bunting bag and helped him to his feet. Steven was wobbly at first, but Ben helped him there. He didn't even notice he was wet and messy until he sat down in the grown-up chair with a squelch.

"Oh... I'm..."

Ben and Stevie both looked down to see the sagging overnight diaper between his legs.

"Oh well," said Ben, offhandedly. "I'll change you after... oh wait. You're a big boy now, aren't you? I guess you can use the potty and take a *shower* after." Then, Ben looked left and right and spoke in a hushed voice with his hands by his mouth. "But if you use your diaper one last time, that's okay. It's a lot easier than trying to clean up in time to sit on the potty, right?"

"Yeah, maybe," said Stevie, seeing the sense of Ben's words, though not fully happy with the idea of messing intentionally. However, once he dug into breakfast, it became clear that it wasn't an option for him. He was halfway through his stack of pancakes when he suddenly felt a cramp in his tummy. By the time he stood up to run to the potty, his body was already pushing it out into his diaper, making it look like he had just gotten up to do the toddler squat and poop his pamps.

"There ya go! See? Isn't that easier?" asked Ben, smiling.

"Y-yeah," said Steven, blushing. He was unwilling to admit to Ben that filling his diapers had been a complete accident. Who knew what Ben would do if he found out? Steven might end up in diapers for good. Instead, he sat back down as if nothing had happened, wincing as he felt the mush spread further.

By the time he was finished eating, Stevie was more than ready for his shower. It was the first time he had had a shower all week, having been given baths daily since his ear problem was fixed, and Stevie was not used to being on his feet for so long. Not only that, but his tummy was looking quite a bit softer than it had been.

"I gotta work out," Steven said to himself as he began to get winded just from standing.

"What was that, sweetie?" asked Ben, popping his head into the open door, which he had insisted on leaving open, 'just in case'.

Stevie Blushed. "N-nothing!" That's when his pee-pee decided it was time to let loose and he started peeing uncontrollably in the shower. "Oh no..."

"What was that? Are you sure you're okay kiddo?"

"N-nothing! I'm uh... Just finishing up here," said Stevie, praying the stream would end before Ben decided to stick his nose any further into his business. How was he gonna keep this under wraps? He thought frantically. Maybe it was just the water. Maybe he could double up on pull-ups and toss the inner ones if there was an accident. Maybe...

The curtain suddenly slid aside. "Time's but, buddy," said Ben. "You're gonna turn into a prune in there, and we have to pay a water bill too, ya know. Here's your towel. Hurry up and... Wait, what's with all the yellow?"

"I just had to go, okay? Lots of people do it!"

Ben eyed him suspiciously. "Okay, buddy, if you say so. I just don't remember that being a habit of yours before..."

"Well, I'm trying to loosen up, like you and the doctor said. Be less stressed, right?"

Ben chuckled. "Well, that's one way of going about it, I suppose. Come on, then. I've got your clothes laid out on the bed, and you have follow ups with the doctor and the dentist today so hop to it!"

Steven felt weird walking around in just his pull-ups and overalls. He was used to much thicker protection, and these left him feeling like he was missing something as he walked to the car. Then, he remembered something.

"W-wait. What about Clara?" Ben gave Steven another doubtful look.

"I thought you said you were a big boy. Big boys don't bring their stuffies to the doctor. Or their binkies for that matter."

Steven pouted. He didn't want to leave his favorite stuffie and binkie behind. "But I wanna bring 'em!" he said. "Big boys should be able to decide for themselves!"

Ben chuckled. "Okay, sweetie, go on in and get them."

Steven hesitated.

"What's the matter, honey?"

"Well... aren't you gonna hold my hand while we go get 'em?"

Ben ruffled Stevie's hair. "You can get them yourself, big boy. Go on."

Steven felt silly. Of *course* he could get them himself. He was a big boy and big boys could get their *own* pacifiers and plushies. He hurried into the house, looking back hesitantly only for Ben to wave his hand for Stevie to hurry and go. When he came back proudly holding his Clara and sucking his paci, Ben had a gleam in his eye.

"What a big boy you are getting your own lovey toys!"

Stevie beamed around his paci and ran to the back door to be let in.

"No, sweetie," said Ben. "You don't have to have a car seat anymore. Remember? You're allowed to be big again."

Stevie was hit again by the sudden disconcerting realization that his regular routine was upended. He wasn't a baby anymore. Big boys didn't sit in the back seat. But when he got into the front seat, he couldn't get comfortable.

"Are you okay, honey?" asked Ben, a few minutes into their drive. "You've been fidgeting this whole time."

"I'm sorry, I just... I don't feel secure in this flimsy seatbelt..."

"You'll be fine, buddy."

As they pulled into the parking lot, Steven asked Ben to put the lovey toys away for him, and Ben put them into his day bag, which he always carried wherever they went.

"Okay, sweetie, it'll be our little secret," said Ben. Again, Steven was stunned to be walked inside of the hospital without the aid of a stroller. All this walking was wearing him out and making him cranky.

"Do you have to go to the potty before we see the doctor?" he asked Steven as they walked into the waiting area.

"No," said Steven, rolling his eyes. "I know how to do *that*. Come on, Ben."

"Okay, just checking, Mr. Cranky pants. Why don't you have some of your milk?"

Ben handed Steven a twist top bottle that he could drink from, and Steven gladly partook, doing his best not to spill it all over himself. Only minutes later, the people around Ben and Stevie began sniffing the air. A mom picked up her baby and sniffed, shaking her head.

"Not mine."

The other parents began checking their toddlers and babies, with similar results. Then Ben suddenly jumped up.

"Stevie! Oh no, honey, did you have an accident?" Steven let out an incredulous laugh.

"No, I..." but then he stopped and looked down when he felt some wetness between his legs. His pull-ups had failed, his pants were drenched, and his butt cheeks felt slippery with mush. Steven immediately began bawling.

"Oh no, sweetie..." said Ben, quickly grabbing the pacifier from his day bag and sticking it into Stevie's mouth, followed by his favorite stuffed Rabbit which made her way into the crying boyfriend's arms before he began to take off the boy's pants to assess the damage.

"No.... Dey's not supposed to see! You said it was a secwet!" sobbed Stevie.

"Stevie? Stevie Miller?"

"Here we are, sorry!" called Ben. "He had a little accident..."

"Oh goodness! Come right this way." The nurse ushered them in and told Ben to undress Stevie and lay him on the exam table. "The doctor will take care of him when he comes in."

"I didn't mean to!" cried Steven.

"I know, sweetie," said Ben, petting Stevie's hair. "I know."

"It's not fair! It was just supposed to be a week! Why is being a big boy so hard? I don't like iiiiiiiitttt!!!"

"Aww, there there. It's much better being a little boy, isn't it, Stevie?" asked Ben, hugging his boyfriend. Steven just nodded and sobbed into Ben's shoulder.

The doctor soon came in and immediately set to work cleaning Stevie off and examining him, before putting Stevie in an extra thick 'waddling wainbow' diaper from his unicorn diaper bag. Steven was still in hysterics as he was diapered by the doctor, and his boyfriend was shaking Clara in his face, trying his best to shush the boy.

"He usually feels much better with his comfort objects."

"Don't worry," said the doctor, "The nurse is on her way with a mild sedative for the boy." The nurse came in and injected Stevie in the arm, which helped him go back into that relaxed and loopy state of not caring, even as his diaper began to grow warm between his legs.

"Do you think he'll be like this for good?" asked Ben. "I've got his new room outfitted for that eventuality."

"Well, it's hard to say," said the doctor, "He *might* get back to continence with a long and arduous potty training regimen, but we find that most partners like to keep their little ones little either way. It's just more convenient than throwing everything away just so they can buy it back all over again when their little one fails at being an adult again."

"Well, I certainly don't plan on buying him back his big boy things. Not after everything I've gotten already."

"Well in that case, maybe we should just keep him like this."

"That sounds good, Doc. I think he's happier this way too, and I'm certainly prepared for it. I've got the dentist right after this, in fact, and they're gonna laser his hair away next door while he's still knocked out."

"Hey, sounds like you're all prepared. Just remember, this little booster shot works quicker but also wears off quickly. In an hour or two, your little man will be back to normal, so start him on the Relaxaprin later today and don't miss a dose after that, or you might have one cranky baby on your hands."

"Thanks for the advice, Doc. I think we'll use this time to get him acquainted with his new life as a full-time baby. I think he deserves to know what's happening." Although these words sounded considerate, Ben sounded a little too excited about the prospect to be mere consideration.

With a handshake from the doctor, and a little help getting Stevie's stroller to the office, Stevie was once again back in his comfy secure stroller, heading back to his comfy secure car seat, wearing nothing but his comfy secure diaper below the waist and completely oblivious to what anyone else thought or said about it. He was as happy as a clam hugging Clara and sucking his binky. That's all he needed right now. It was really all very simple.

Soon they were at the Dentist, and Ben and the Dentist were talking about Stevie's tooth care.

"Well, kiddo," said the Dentist, finally. "I guess I won't have to chastise you about wearing your mouth guard anymore. This is gonna be the last dentist visit you'll ever need."

"Remember, sweetie," said Ben. "This is for the best. Just trust me."

Stevie was laid back in the chair and told to count down from 10. When he came to, he was already being wheeled out to the car and told about what a good boy he was.

"We're gonna get you ice cream, kiddo!"

Ben smiled, but as the fog cleared from his brain, he realized something was wrong. He felt his face. It felt puffy. And then he pulled out his paci and ran his fingers around his mouth. No teeth. There were no teeth!

"Mo Teef!!"

"That's right, honey, no teeth! Babies don't have teeth! And neither do you!" Ben spoke in a sing-song voice, as if he were announcing something exciting, like a Blarney marathon. "We also went ahead and got rid of all your big boy hair, so it'll be much easier to change you from now on, and no more razors!"

Steven was shocked and he couldn't stop feeling his face and running his tongue around his gums even as he was wheeled into the ice cream shop and was greeted as a regular.

"An extra big cup for the baby boy today," called Ben, as Steven did his best to hide behind his stuffed bunny.

"I got the high chair set up for you guys already!" said the man behind the counter. "Don't forget his bib this time, eh?"

Ben laughed but Stevie wasn't laughing. Without the Relaxaprin in his system, Steven was completely aware of all the stares and comments he was getting from other patrons. Some were even recording him on their camera, making sure to get a good shot of his wet diaper, which was easy to see with the high chair restraints holding his legs open and the seat keeping his crotch at eye level. Steven felt so embarrassed as he sat there in front of everyone. That embarrassment increased tenfold when he had to endure being put in a bib and fed by his boyfriend, but it did seem to help soothe his mouth, which was already beginning to ache. Then he felt his tummy rumble, and he squirmed as he tried to tell Ben.

"I maff mo mo oo da baffoom!"

"Baby has to make boom boom?" cooed Ben, as he fed his struggling boyfriend more ice cream. Steen whined, but it was only a moment after his tummy felt it that his body decided to take care of the problem on its own and drop a load into the seat of Steven's diapers.

"Such a fussy eater," said Ben, dabbing at Stevie's sloppy face once the ice cream was all eaten up. "I bet you really liked that ice cream, huh, kiddo?"

Stevie just gave Ben a pleading look and said, "Peeze wess go home. Iss Embawwasing..."

"Aww," said Ben, ruffling Stevie's hair, "don't be embarrassed! You're just a little baby. And I have a super duper surprise for you when we get home! Wave bye-bye to the nice ice cream man!"

Stevie wasn't sure he wanted to know what the surprise was, but getting out of public and back home was his first priority, so he let Ben pick up his hand and make him wave at the ice cream man like a fool. Then, he was released and strapped into his cozy comfy stroller. He went into his cozy comfy car seat and back home, wetting his cozy comfy diaper the whole way as he felt his soft and pudgy baby tummy gurgle from all the ice cream that had been dumped into it. By the time they got home, Steven was already filling his pants with mush again, and didn't have a chance of stopping it.

"Looks like Daddy's poop machine is hard at work. And that's gonna be the only work you do from now on."

"Wha?" asked Stevie, wide-eyed as his boyfriend began to unbuckle him from his seat and transfer him to the stroller once more.

"Oh yes," Ben said as he wheeled Steven into the house and toward the guest room. "You're now on permanent leave from work. I already called your boss, and I'll be sending him plenty of pics as proof of your new lifestyle, since they'll be keeping tabs to make sure this really *is* your new lifestyle full time."

"Moo Wifesiyo?" asked Stevie, whose words now sounded more like baby babble than anything coherent.

"That's right sweetie. Take a look at what's behind the door. Your brand new room!"

Ben opened the door to unveil Stevie's new nursery. Steven was overwhelmed as he saw colorful walls decorated with baby lions and hippos and giraffes, a big changing table with an easy wipe vinyl mat printed with a matching theme, and of course a Crib. Steven was strapped down to the changing table, his butt sinking into the soft vinyl cover, and his paci gag was put firmly in place before Ben held up his phone and started snapping away at the baby in his overloaded rainbow-covered diaper.

"We've got thicker diapees on the way," said Ben, as he patted Stevie's cheek. "I think we're gonna have to graduate to cloth diapers for you, baby boy. These will do for now, though. Oh, you look so precious. Let's get some of you in your crib."

The crib had a segufix system set up and waiting for Stevie, and the weakened man was no match for his strong boyfriend who soon had him strapped in and unable to move.

"No, sweetie, I'm not gonna change you yet. You're going to have to get used to sitting in a wet and messy diaper 'til Daddy can come around to take care of it. Besides, you're just going to soil it again after your nap."

Ben snapped more pictures of the adorable baby Stevie and told him all about how he was sending the pics to his boss, family and friends, and about the baby shower Steven's sister was already planning.

"Don't worry sweetie," Ben said as he unscrewed the pacifier and screwed in a feeder gag hooked up to a gallon of formula laced with generous amounts of Fibrolax, Uriflow, and Relaxaprin. "I just wanted you to know what was happening. When you wake up, you'll be so happy and relaxed, you won't even want to go back to being a big boy."

Steven whimpered and gulped down his formula as Clara the bunny was nested under his armpit and the mobile was turned on to lull him to sleep. He could already feel the next load approaching and his diapers becoming wetter by the second. There were no blankets to hide his condition from the camera. Nothing to cover up his diaper. Steven was lying on nothing but crinkly padded vinyl, and he knew that everything could be wiped down easily, including him. It was so humiliating, so unexpected. And yet, somehow, it all made sense. He knew that this was where he belonged, and that he was going to be his boyfriend's baby for a long, long time.