

Dreams of a Diapered Past

September 2022

Ding-dong. A glance at my front door camera, and I know at once that my instinct is correct. They're here – three minutes early, same as ever. Say what you will about these two, they're definitely prompt.

I rise from my chair and stride out through my home office to welcome them in. No receptionist needed when you're a home-practice, one-man operation. Hell, no specialized equipment needed, either. Just me and my voice and maybe a couple props: a pendulum, and a seductively soft couch, and an oil diffuser to lend the space a safe and sleepy aura...

"Right on time," I greet them, sweeping back the rain-spattered door and ushering the couple in. "So good to see you again! Here, let me take those coats. Yes, yes, that's fine-" Dan is smiling, thanking me for my help, his hand brushing reassuringly over against his wife's as she begins removing her rain-soaked shoes. "Here, honey, you need help?"

Oh, she does. Help of the hypnotic kind; help that I specialize in giving.

She's straightening quickly up, brushing the unruly frizz of hair from her eyes when I return from depositing their coats in the kitchen. Sheryl, her name is. Medium height. Brunette. Not terribly curvy, and a face that most would probably dismiss as plain. But the shyly questioning brown eyes, and that upturned glance into her husband's face, and even the way her sock-clad toes curl and wriggle tentatively on the doormat... well, they all have a certain sweet charm.

"Same room as usual," I reply to their unspoken question, and lead the way back to my comfortable office. Outside the rain might pour down – drumming against the roof, muting the windows into smears of dim light – but in my office it all disappears. It's well insulated, filled with comfortable chairs and an air of warm, cozy security. Because while doctors for the body might need cold light and sterile steel, those of us who heal the mind require... peace. Security. Calm.

"How have you been in the last week?" I ask simply, once we have all settled into our customary chairs. The clipboard with her file is before me, but I don't need it; her case is so unusual that it would be near impossible for me to forget anything. "Anything been... bothering you? Any troubling thoughts or anxieties you'd like to share?"

Dan glances over at her, and he gazes back: lips parted, in her eyes the quick questioning of

whether she should speak or if he will do it for her. "She..." Dan begins, and he turns his glance back to me even as his hand closes comfortably around hers. "She's been doing a bit better. We've been doing like you suggested in the mornings. You know, with the, uh, the games when I'm helping her clean up. And I do think it's helping..." He turns his fond glance back to hers, and I feel an indulgent smile tugging at my lips as I watch the two lovebirds gaze into each other's eyes. "You like it when I play a bit with you, right? When I tickle you and make those silly faces?"

She blushes and nods. "Umm... yeah," she agrees, gazing shyly into his eyes, then glancing in slight embarrassment at me, then flitting back to him once more. "It's funny when- when you do the voices..." "Voices?" I ask: simply, politely, professionally. "When I make her stuffed animals talk," Dan explains with a trace of a grin. "Maybe it's a bit silly, but it makes her laugh. Keep her mind off the change itself. And I love doing it..."

Mental note to self. Stuffed animals in the bedroom. Interesting. But comfort objects are a real thing, and a powerful thing, and the last thing this woman needs is more anxiety and guilt. "That's such a nice idea!" I assent, and as her eyes light up I smile to myself once more. Such a sweet woman. Just wanting approval from someone. Just wanting to be told she's worthwhile...

"And the wetting? How has that been coming along?" "Um, well, pretty good," Dan offers, and as she shifts self-consciously in her seat, I can hear the subtle rustle of the concealed padding. "We're having quite a few wet mornings, you know. Just- you know, just like always..."

Always. Oh, yes. That's the crucial term.

"Well, that's all to be expected, isn't it? I wouldn't expect anything different for someone with her condition," I smile, and then clear my throat before either the blushing woman or her husband can respond. "Now, then. Sheryl, dear, let's begin, shall we? We're going to try the staircase story this time: something nice and warm and cozy for today. Now, I'm going to need you to relax for me. Just listen and follow with your mind, just like you do so well..."

And that's no false compliment. Since we began she's made astonishing progress in the ease with which she sinks down into trance. Today it takes scarcely five minutes of my slow, even suggestions counting her down until she's under: eyes drooping and blank, pretty mouth slightly agape, her slack jaw and tired posture showing me that she's gone. Primed. Ready. Open and receptive to the ideas I'm about to renew in her mind.

"You've been doing so well, Sheryl," I commend, and she twitches in recognition of her name.

"You're doing so well remembering! There are so many lovely things in your past, you know. So many happy memories..." She nods dumbly, and Dan gazes in slightly anxious approval at her response. "You had such a good time every night. After playing and school and maybe even work, you'd come into your room and get ready for bed. Oh, how you loved putting on your nighttime diaper, Sheryl – remember? How good and soft it felt – just like the ones you wear now. It made you feel so very nice, so safe and warm and happy..."

She's nodding dreamily, and I know her mind is lapping it up. She *wants* to believe this, after all. She *wants* it. She *wants* – no, *needs* – to know that she has been a bedwetter.

"And oh, how good it felt! Remember that, Sheryl? Waking up in your warm bed... blinking in the light... stretching and feeling how nice and full and thick your diaper was? Just like now, Sheryl! It's so nice to feel how much you need your diapers. You're a bedwetter, after all. Of course you are. Everyone knows it, Sheryl, and that's okay. We all know you need diapers..."

Need, yes. In the emotional sense. In the sexual sense. In the *can't get them out of my mind, with me for life, permanent craving* sort of sense. And I suppose, if we keep this up at it, before much longer she'll need them in the physical sense as well.

"Sheryl loves her diapers. Sheryl loves how much she needs them. Sheryl knows she has always needed them. They're just part of who Sheryl is..." I continue, and she's nodding enthusiastically now. "Dan loves you, and he loves his darling bedwetter. You know you're the best and sweetest bedwetter that ever was. You're so sweet and happy in your diapers. So very, very happy and comfortable..."

And now we're finally there: time to bring out the happy, silly Sheryl. "So come on, now. Why don't you show us all how much you love being a bedwetter, hmm? Who's a good bedwetter? Is it you, Sheryl? Come on, you tell us!"

Oh, she does. With a tittery giggle and a bouncing of her now loudly crinkling bum. With a bright, rapt expression in her unfocused eyes and a biting of her lip. "I'm a bedwetter," she giggles softly, and Dan catches his breath in silent delight. Gone is her shyness and shame, replaced with something far closer to the coy, self-pleased delight of a *débutante*. "I'm good bedwetter. I'm happy bedwetter. Nice and wet in my dipies..."

Dipies? Hmm, must be another cutesy term these two have cooked up. "Yes, you are!" I agree, and she wriggles in excitement under my praise with all the irrepressible delight of an affectionate puppy.

"Always wet, Sheryl. Always nice and wet... You can show us, can't you? Go on, Sheryl. Show us what a good bedwetter does in her diaper." And sure enough, her bouncing halts – her eyes glide shut – and then in the silence of the room, a sudden rush and hiss of hot urine into the concealed bulk of her diaper.

Wow, that's progress indeed. Wetting under hypnosis... that must mean her control's definitely eroding...

"Wet," she articulates once the rush of liquid has subsided, and now her uncoordinated hands are fumbling between her legs. "Me wet..." "So nice and wet," I agree, and reinforce the positive associations. "Oh, so nice and wet! You're such a good, good bedwetter for us! Your sweetheart is so happy with you too, Sheryl. He's so happy seeing his pretty bedwetter soaking her nice soft diaper..."

When at last we've finished, and her giggles have sunk down into silence and her soft brown eyes have blinked back into the conscious world once more, the Sheryl that first entered the room still isn't quite back. Nor should she be. She's floating: dreamy-eyed, snuggling softly against Dan's companionable shoulder, shifting gently back and forth like a little girl on a rocking horse. She's in her post-session haze, that lovely state in which she's finally free of the crushing weight of her own internalized shame and self-loathing...

"I feel so good," she murmurs into his shirt, and he laughs softly and strokes her hair with soft affection. "I can tell, babe," he smiles, before glancing up at me and nodding. "Thanks, doctor," he grins, and I catch sight of his right hand slipping down around her to pat protectively at her now-wet bum. "She always feels so much better after visiting you. I just hope that someday..."

He trails off, and I nod and fill in the silence. "Oh, don't worry. All in good time!" I smile sympathetically. "Believe me, this kind of complex isn't something we get over in a day. But she's making astonishing progress. At this rate, it might only be a few more months before, well..."

Dan nods with a smile. Oh, we know. We don't have to say it. The goal has been clear from the outset, after all – the goal defined by her own stumbling and crimson-cheeked confession. The goal of being guided to believe – really and truly – that she's been a bedwetter all her life.

Or at least, as long as she can remember.

For really, what better way to erase soul-crushing guilt than by inventing a past in which your secret fetish has always been nothing more than a pretty medical necessity?