

Just What the Doctor Ordered

November 2021 – Commission

Chapter Six

Thank heaven the boxes have finally arrived!

Very seldom have I waited for a Fed-Ex delivery more impatiently than I have this one. But here we are at last: tucked inside on a rainy Saturday afternoon, with four large cardboard boxes stacked up neatly in our bedroom ready to be opened. And of course, being the good Mommy I am, I just know that my little Kennie is going to love opening his presents together with me.

"Here, why don't you sit on the floor, honey?" I order rather than suggest, pulling his feeding apparatus over to the bed and bending down to slip the line once more into place in his nasal tube. "It's high time for your next feeding, but I'm sure you don't want to miss the fun, do you?"

He's nodding shyly, his eyes fastened eagerly on the massive boxes waiting for us. Or more correctly, for *him*. Of course he's eager – he has a pretty good idea of what's inside, and I know full well that the little diaper-loving baby inside him has been craving these things for years. So why keep him waiting any longer?

The scissor blades slice crisply through the paper packing tape, and I flash a bright smile at my seated, padded hubbie as I lift the first cardboard flap. "Ready for the first one, honey? This one's from Tykables! I bet you're going to love what's inside..." I ease the first bulky pack of Camelots from the box with a grin – and the wide-eyed, longing expression on his pacified face only intensifies. He's wanted these for months, I'm pretty sure. And perhaps the best part is that now he's getting them, not simply because his sweet Mommy of his decided to indulge him, but because we both know that thanks to his feeding regimen he's legitimately going to need the massive protection they afford.

And so it goes: Tykables, and several ABU models, and a pack of Rearz to try, and some of the bulky new super-absorbent Trest ones from Amazon. But that's not all. Not by a long shot. There's plastic pants, too: white ones and clear ones and even a pair with cartoon animals on it, all to help with those pesky nighttime leaks. There are two new onesies, cut wide and long enough to accommodate my little boy's padded tush. And of course, I couldn't resist a plastic mattress protector to top it all off. After all...

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," I repeat with a smile, watching Kennie's eyes fix

on the crackling plastic sheet as I unfold it and drape it over our bed. "It's a pretty small investment to save the mattress, don't you think?" Obviously he's blushing, but he nods and murmurs his assent through his pacifier. "Uh-fhuh," he concedes, and I giggle softly as I begin stripping the sheets off and slipping the protector securely into place around our mattress. "See? Nice and watertight, so even if you leak again we'll be safe and dry!"

And so it goes. Into the dresser go the plastic pants and the onesies, right where they belong. I'm not able to tuck all of the new diapers into the drawers, of course, but I fit in as many as possible before stacking the rest in neat rows deep in our shared closet. "There now, honey," I beam, thrusting the now-empty packaging and cardboard aside and noting with satisfaction that his latest feeding bag is finally empty. "All put away! Now, aren't you just the luckiest baby in the entire world, huh? What do you tell your Mommy, sweetie?"

"Fank... fank oo," he burbles softly, and I drop to one knee and give him a warm hug. "You're welcome, baby dearest," I murmur in his ear. "You're such a good baby boy for me..."

Isn't it incredible how Littles can swing from being angels to flat-out brats in the blink of an eye?

It's not that I've done anything extraordinarily different. All that happened is that just before suppertime, UPS came by with one final parcel, and my little boy happened to be there when I lifted his new pale green, cotton cap and padded mittens from their wrappings. They're to keep his tube safe and sound during the night, of course; I can't have him tugging at it in his sleep or accidentally snagging it on anything. But to see my Kennie's face and to hear him protest, you'd think I was planning to gag him and truss him up like a turkey.

"But they're- they're so silly!" he whined, eyeing them with disdain. "Reb- I mean, Mommy, I- I guess the plastic pants are okay. But the mittens are just- they're so-" But once I was clear that it wasn't a safe-wording situation, and that he was only whining because he wanted to be difficult, I didn't hesitate in laying down the law.

"Kennie, quit your whining," I tell him sternly, wagging my finger full in his face. "You know it's my job to follow Dr. Liu's instructions, and to keep you healthy and safe. It's just a sweet little cap and some comfy mittens, okay? So I suggest you quit complaining like a little brat and thank your Mommy for being so nice and getting you things to keep you safe at night. Or if you can't do that, then I think you had better keep that mouth of yours shut and be a good, obedient boy before

Mommy has to punish..."

He sulks for awhile, cowed by my forceful words. But scarcely fifteen minutes later, as I begin preparing his supertime feeding as well as my own meal, I see the expression on his face twisting into petulant distaste once more. "But Mommy," he begins, having plucked his pacifier from his mouth. "I- I don't want formula anymore! It's doesn't keep me full, Mommy! I want- I want chicken, like you're having. I'm tired of not eating big boy food!"

Oh, is he? I guess I'd suspected this all might get old at some point for my dear hubbie. But it's not like we can back out now, is it? No – I have to double down and teach this whiny fellow not only about making choices and sticking with them, but about who's in charge here.

Spoiler alert: it's me.

"Kennie," I admonish, my tone firm and dangerously even. "You know what the doctor ordered. You know that the feeding tube is for your own good: to help you gain weight and stop being so dehydrated. You know that in this house, you're my Little boy, and that as your Mommy I am the one in charge of things. Got that?"

"Yes, but-" "No buts," I cut him off, fixing his gaze with my steely one. "You're going to be a good boy and quit your whining now. And just to remind you of who's in charge and why you need to cooperate, I think now's as good a time as any to up your dosage like the doctor recommended. You were saying your formula wasn't very filling, after all, so maybe this will help..."

Oh, that gets him back to whimpering and begging in short order: the sight of me measuring out not simply his usual liter of formula, but then doubling it with an entire liter of the special mixture Dr. Liu had recommended. It's full of electrolytes, of course, but it's also filled with diuretics and laxatives. Indeed, I've already begun to notice that it's not terribly long after dosing him with it that I end up with an extra-soggy and frequently smelly little man...

But of course his whimpers don't count for anything right now. He knows he's in trouble, and that even if he used his safe word, he'd still need to take his formula all the same. And so, he sits there staring fearfully and enviously at my plate of chicken and rice while the first of two entire liters streams effortlessly down into his belly.

Good thing we've been doing this for a few days. Because fortunately his belly is getting nicely stretched, and the same sort of panicked whimpering and burping that he made at first after only

one liter now comes only while the second finishes draining into him. He's being trained nicely into the dietary pattern of an infant: his stomach consuming nothing but hefty volumes of fluids, his digestive system slipping into a regular rhythm of dribbling and messing not once every day, but almost round the clock.

Honestly the double-dose is hardly a punishment, really. Just helping him get acquainted with the nature of his new life.

"I- I'm so full, Mommy," he's still mumbling after his bath as I lay him down and prepare him for bed. "Well, that's because you were a grumpy, whiny baby at dinner," I remonstrate, slipping the stuffer-filled Camelot beneath him. "Now hush and think about how nice your pretty new dipie feels. You're going to look so adorable in this, waddling off to bed for me!"

Oh, he does. My Mommy heart nearly melts at the sight of my protesting little Kennie's rotund tush before me, and I'm still smiling sweetly even as I affix the cap and the protective mitts on his reluctant hands. "There, baby," I coo, and plant a soft kiss full on his mouth. "You look positively precious! Now let's give you one final feeding to top you off before bedtime..."

The peevish little wail he gives at that is adorable. But I know it has to be done, and so I do, holding my restless Little close while the extra formula slips down into his visibly swollen belly. And sure enough, even as I'm holding him I feel warmth blossoming out into his thickly diapered crotch. My dear Kennie's already wetting... heavily. And it's barely 8 pm.

Better put him in a pair of those new plastic pants, too. Just in case.

It's more than an hour later – once he's finally quit wriggling and crinkling like a little shopping bag caught in the wind, and his breathing has slowed and slipped into the quiet rhythm of sleep – that I ease myself back out of our bed. You see, I have some Mommy business to attend to. Business my Kennie doesn't need to witness.

He doesn't need to see the trio of supplements I produce from under the sink and hastily swallow. He doesn't need to see the little device I pull from its hiding place, or hear its rhythmic hum. And he definitely doesn't need to know exactly what I'm doing in here... even though in a very real way it's all going to be for him in the end.

Well, and maybe for Mommy, too. Though only time will tell if it will actually work...