

Wet Wonderland

November 2021

It was a wet and stormy night.

Tree branches lashed the window pane. The roof creaked with every fresh gust of wind. And with every passing moment, I was more grateful than ever that I'd decided to stay home. Office parties could go screw themselves on night like this. It wasn't like I was going to miss anything. On the contrary, I was about to enjoy...

Well, what *was* I about to enjoy?

It was highly anticipated, at the very least. My fingers were trembling as I removed the little memory card from its case, then slipped it into my laptop. The card wasn't the valuable part, of course – it was the files on it... the custom-made files I'd ordered from that sketchy-sounding place overseas. The files that, if they only lived up to half their promised potential, would send me over the moon with pleasure.

Here they were. I squinted into the screen, shifting in my seat with a crinkle and slipping the laptop closer to my nearsighted eyes. *Introduction.ogg. Read Me.txt.* And above them, a plethora of sub-folders: *Baby Brain. Bedwetting 101. Binky Boy. Going with the Flow. Mummy's Sweetheart. Poopy Pants. Puddle Pants. Wet Beds and Diaper Dreams. Wet Wonderland...*

Yeah, I'd kinda gone all out. And they hadn't exactly been cheap, either. But what better use for a yearly bonus than to spend it on... well, on the things I wanted more than anything in the world?

And so it was that, ten minutes later, I was slipping into bed: my Bluetooth sound therapy mask secured tightly over my ears and eyes, acutely aware of the bulk and rustle of the boosted, night-weight diaper between my thighs. Light out. Paci in. And then the file I'd chosen more or less at random was starting, and I sank back, heart thudding, into the soft embrace of my pillow.

Quiet strains of harmony. A subtle, rhythmic thrumming in the bass register. Then, from somewhere far in the distance, the sound of angelic voices: whispering and singing and calling out as yet indecipherable words...

God, I was achingly horny already at the mere thought of what might be about to happen.

And then she was there: unannounced, her voice sweeter and more delightful than any I'd heard before. "Jake," she breathed in a polished, gently lilting British accent, and I started at the mention of my name. *Oh, yeah. Dub. They customized them for me-* "Jake, my darling," she continued, as goosebumps shivered up and down my bare arms. "Shh, don't worry, dear! I'm here now. I'm here, and I promise you're going to be safe with me. You may call me... Auntie Kate. I'm here to take care of you, and to help you achieve the things you're so eager for..."

God, her voice was magical... velvety soft, sweet, with just that potent mix of condescension and motherly affection that always set me trembling with longing. But there was no time for reflection. I had to focus, to listen, to follow Auntie Kate's instructions to the very best of my ability.

I needed to get my money's worth, after all.

"I know why you're here," she continued, a hint of a smile in her voice. "I know what sorts of adorable dreams and fantasies you have, Jake. Remember, you told me yourself, didn't you?" *Oh, wow. Yeah, I guess when I filled out that questionnaire-* "You are a sweet, wonderful boy with some really big dreams – some really magical dreams, darling. And I want those dreams to come true, dear Jake. You want them to come true, and I want them to come true, and so... between us, love, we're going to make them come true. We can, and we will."

The conviction in her voice was unmistakable, and so found myself nodding imperceptibly. *Yes, yes Mommy Kate. Please, I want them to come true so badly-!* But her voice was already modulating, observing how tired I looked, how sleepy, how drowsy and cute and cuddly. I should just cuddle with her in bed now. Her dear boy should just lean back, and close his eyes, and listen while she told me a pretty little story about dreams coming true in a place called Wonderland...

I knew all about inductions and the usual pattern with hypnosis. Lots of time relaxing the subject, guiding them down into trance. It had never seemed to work with me, unfortunately; in all the files I'd tried before, I never once found myself waking up from a trance in which I'd unwittingly fallen. And so, although I kept listening attentively to Auntie Kate's gentle repetitions – to her talk about slipping further down the rabbit hole, just like dear little Alice – I was still conscious and far too alert for anything like trance. Not that it was a surprise, of course. I'd just, you know, hoped for something a bit more spectacular...

"And... *one*. So far down into Wonderland, darling. So far down that there's no need to think about ever leaving. You're here, dear little Jake... and you and I are going to make all your dreams come true. Because here in Wonderland, dearest, everything is possible – and you can do and become

anything you want..."

Oh, this is getting interesting. Gotta listen now! She's gonna talk about-

"I know about your dreams, darling. You dream about seeing yourself as a young child... a baby, even. Isn't that right? Of course it is. You dream of living, and acting, and eating and drinking, and even sleeping... just as a young child does. Just as a baby does. Of course you do, darling – who wouldn't? You can imagine it so very easily, I know... A darling little baby, tired after a long day, sleeping peacefully in their crib and dreaming their little baby dreams..."

"The life of a baby is soft, and gentle, and ever so peaceful, my dear boy. No worries... no stresses... Only love, and soft cuddles, and long naps in the sweetest and prettiest nursery you can imagine. No need for potties, darling – not when you're wearing those lovely, thick nappies night and day. No need for walking when you can simply roll and crawl around to play with your beautiful toys. No need to worry about eating, darling. For mummies and aunties are always there, ready to hold you close and offer you a warm bottle or their lovely, warm breast..."

"You're so good at imagining these things, sweetheart! And Auntie Kate is going to tell you why that is, dear boy. It's because those images in your mind... They're not made up, darling. They're real: as beautifully real as you and me. You were a baby once, many years ago, Jake. And those pretty thoughts in your mind are not made up – they're part of who you were all those years ago. They're part of who you still are, and they're showing you what you will be again..."

"That's why I've brought you here to Wonderland, darling. Because here where everything is real and all dreams come true, Jake, everyone can be their sweet baby selves again. Here in Wonderland, there's no need to be grown-up. And so, dear Jake, you and I are going to become that baby again. Mommy Kate knows you want this. She knows exactly what to do to help you, to release that sweet, darling baby inside..."

"I want you to focus on the image of that sleeping baby, darling. See how relaxed and calm he is. The only things he knows are instinct and relaxation: he's suckling his sweet little pacifier by instinct, isn't he? It's so sweet and innocent, and I know you would like to do that, too. But listen, Jake: I have good news for you. We all were born with that instinct, darling. We all have it. And here in Wonderland, just like that sweet baby, you can't help it anymore. You find yourself suckling on your fingers... your thumb... your paci... just as you should. It's instinct, darling, and it feels so very good to do what is instinctual..."

"And here in Wonderland, darling, we relax... just like that sweet, sleeping baby in your mind. See how loose and soft his wee little baby muscles are? No stress, no holding on, no effort. Even inside, he's relaxed. His muscles for pee-pee and poo-poo don't need to work, darling. They don't even know how. They just let everything out peacefully... gently... uncontrollably... even in his sleep. Down here in Wonderland, my dear boy, you are already learning to relax, too. You can't help it. Just like the sweet baby in your mind, your body wants to relax. Your muscles don't remember how to hold onto anything. And so, you simply let everything sag open... loose and limp...

"And because you are here in Wonderland, where everyone is safe and secure and relaxed, you don't need to worry about potties. There are no potties in Wonderland, darling. No, of course not, silly! Here in Wonderland, just like everyone else your body just lets go... automatically. You can... and you do... and you will, darling. That's why you have your diaper, just like that sweet little baby. Your diaper is there to keep you safe and clean and secure. And when you are in Wonderland, you simply let go... you use it... your muscles automatically relax and let everything happen just as naturally and peacefully as that sweet, sleeping baby..."

The pale morning light was harsh in my eyes as I struggled up out of sleep. *What- what the- What happened?* On the pillow beside me lay the headband, clearly having slipped free sometime during the night. I reached over blearily and picked it up, curious as to whether the audio was still playing. Yes, I could hear something, small and distant. Wait: what was that voice saying?

"And so, dear Jake, whenever you hear the words *Wet Wonderland*, you're going to slip back into this wonderful place from wherever you are. *Wet Wonderland* is Auntie Kate's trigger, and you know that whenever you hear those words, all your grownup control will disappear. *Wet Wonderland* will pull you back here to be with Auntie Kate in Wonderland, safe and secure and babyish, just as you need and deserve to be..."

I gasped as I felt a sudden rush of warm urine into the padding between my legs – or at least, I would have gasped. But much to my shock, I found that my mouth was already full with the rubbery nipple of my pacifier – and I was already suckling it rhythmically.

Just like a good, wet little baby should.

Talk about getting your money's worth!