

Adutus Infans

Chapter 1: The Drive

I received an E-mail from a University far away. I was 2X and didn't think about going to college, but when I read it more closely it wasn't to apply for the school, but to participate in an experiment. At the rate of \$500 a day how could I say no? What I found odd was they sent a limo to pick me up. The chauffeur took my bags and we set off.

"Enjoy the bar, have yourself a drink. It's complimentary."

I helped myself to one of the soft drinks. The drive was going to be 10 hours and only 2 hours in did I run into the problem; I had to pee. I really couldn't pass up a free drink and now I'd have to embarrass myself a few times this trip. With my weak bladder I should have known better, but I couldn't turn down a free drink.

"Do you think we can pull over sometime soon?" At first it seemed as if the driver was ignoring me. "Mister, can we pull over soon?" I said a bit louder.

"I'm afraid we just passed a rest stop, sir."

"I didn't see it."

"May I ask what the stop is for? We have many miles to go," he said?

"I need to use the restroom."

"I see, how bad do you need to go? Do you think you can you hold it?"

The way he said felt condescending. He was saying it like I was a little kid. I didn't want to hold it in too long. I recalled long ago when I couldn't hold it in at school and I had to walk to the nurse for peeing my pants. I even spent a week in diapers. As time kept going I was shuffling in my seat. All I could think about was using the bathroom. It has already been 25 minutes since I asked and we still didn't stop.

"We really need to pull over soon." I held my crotch.

"I wish you said something sooner. We just passed another rest stop."

"But I didn't see it. I was looking out the window."

"I assure you we did."

"I told you I had to go. Are you messing with me? Is this funny to you?"

"I truly forgot, sir. I'm very sorry."

It had been another 15 minutes and the feeling was getting worse. I didn't know how much longer I could hold it for. I held my crotch and shifted around. It was unbearable. I felt so stupid.

"It's okay if you go in your pants."

I wasn't sure I heard him right. No way he said that.

"Say that again?" I looked at him thru the rear-view mirror. His eyes met mine in the mirror.

"I said, don't go in your pants, we're close." He pointed at the sign that read GAS & REST STOP 5 MILES. While not looking a deer ran onto the road and the limo swerved to avoid it. The tires

screached as we almost drove off the road. He held on to the wheel and kept us from going off the highway and pulled over.

“That was a close one, are you alright- oh.” He looked at me a bit taken back by something. I looked down and saw I was wetting my pants. I couldn’t stop all I could do was try and cover it. Wetting myself left me mortified.

“Hey, it’s okay. Don’t be embarrassed.” He was talking to me like a kid again. “It’s not safe to stop here, you’ll have to wait till we get to the rest stop to clean up. I’m sorry.”

I couldn’t even speak, I was so embarrassed. We made it to the rest stop, the chauffeur grabbed me a change of pants from my bags. It was going to be 6 hours till we made it. I didn’t want to speak, so I put my headphones on and closed my eyes. I nodded off, but was unable to get any real sleep. By the time I woke up we were pulling out of a gas station. I needed to pee again, but I was scared to ask directly about it after last time.

“How much longer till we make it?”

“We should be there in 40 minutes, Tank was empty. You need to make pee pee again?”

“Is this a joke to you? Why’d you say it like that?”

“I asked if you need to pee. Look, I won’t tell anyone about what happened.”

I thought for sure he had said it like I was a child again, but I just wanted to get this over with. I put my headphones back on and ignored his comment.

Chapter 2: Deals

From the first look of the campus it was clear this wasn’t some backwoods college, but a large university. I didn’t look up anything about the place when I e-mailed them back. I didn’t really think it was real. The limo should have really tipped me off thinking back. It was no wonder they could pay me so much. The limo pulled past the library and admin office.

It pulled right up to a large building with a dome over it. At the top of the stairs was a woman in a lab coat. The driver opened the door to let me out. He took my bags and walked me to the woman.

“You must be him. I trust your travels for fine? I hope you don’t mind; you’ll be living on campus.”

“Sure as long as I’m paid it’s all the same to me.”

“Then, in good faith we’ll pay you in advance.”

She pulled an envelope from her coat and handed it to me. I opened it to see a receipt for \$2500 added into my account.

“Thanks I’ll make sure I do good work. I’m still not sure what I’m doing.”

“Very good now come with me. Don’t worry your bags will be brought to your apartment.”

I still had to pee from the ride over. “Do you think I could-”

“No time for anything now. I know it’s been a long trip, but we just have some important paper work that can’t wait.”

She took me by the hand and led me to where she wanted to go. I was brought into a light gray room that looked more like a police integration room than an office. A desk, two chairs was all I could see. At least the chairs were comfortable.

I still really had to pee, but it was clear she wouldn't let me go till this was done. I had to wear some odd thing on my head for "scans" of brain. Question after question, it felt more like I was a damn lab rat than an employee. She could tell by the way I was moving in my chair something was going on. "Need to use the potty?" I couldn't admit it to her when she asks like that. "N-nope. I'm fine," I told her.

"Good, we have a lot more pages to go."

After another 15 minuets I couldn't fake it anymore.

"Miss, I need to use the bathroom."

"Why didn't you say so before when I asked. You better not tell me "I didn't need to go then." Understand?"

"I lied. I did have to go. Please let me go."

I waited too long. I knew I'd never last more pages. I tried to get up.

"If you leave now you're fired. You already lied to me once. You might do it again to get out of this work. You're making good money, so hold it in like a big boy. You are a big boy right?"

This woman; The way she looked at me when she said it. It gave me a strange feeling I had to sit down. The pages kept going and going. The pressure in my small bladder was too much. I had been holding it in since the car ride. I let go of the floodgates. Pee filled my seat. The front of my pants grew warmer and wetter. I felt it seep down to my butt and a puddle on the floor. I couldn't stop it; It felt so good to go even, if it was in my pants.

"Well the test is over. You peed your pants."

"I-I'm so sorry."

"Don't be, this was my fault, but-" Someone entered the room; the driver.

"Dr. Riley, he peed his pants in the car like a little kid. I was going to tell you sooner, but I didn't want to interrupt." She looked back at me.

"Is this true? Did you really go pee-pee in your big boy pants twice?" The way she was talking again disarmed me.

"I did. I wet in the car, but it-"

"Well we can't overlook this, you're going to need to do something for us."

She walked out of the room with the driver leaving me to sit in my wet pants. She entered the room again; alone this time. She held out something.

"These are daytime trainers for boys who can't hold it in. You know; Pull-ups."

"You want me to wear that?"

"Would you wear them if we added another 300? a week?"

If I was being honest with myself I would have done it without the raise, but I wasn't going to tell her that. I wasn't even sure why at the time I would agree to that.

"This isn't a one time thing, sweetie. You wear these 24/7. I want to hear you say you'll wear them and not anything else under your pants."

"I'll wear the pull-ups at all times. 24/7 I wear pull-ups."

"Good, now get changed," She handed them to me.

"Right here in front of you?"

"I'm a doctor, you're not the first naked guy I've seen."

I did as I was told and slid off my wet pants and boxers. I took my belongings out of my pants pocket and put them on the table. The pull-up on the table was very childish. A cartoon bear looked at me on the front. I sighed and slipped it on. It felt soft on my skin. Not very thick, but not thin like normal underwear. The doctor felt around the legs. It made soft crinkle sounds as she checked me. I felt something inside me again.

“Just making sure you put it on right. We have one last thing. It’s our contract, an NDA. Nothing, and I mean nothing here can be talked about outside this building. This is including your undies here.” She pat my butt. I read over the contract and signed it.

“Very good. That will be all for today. Dr. Arroyo will show you to your room.”

“Dr. Arroyo?”

“The man that drove you here. He’s Dr. Arroyo. As he said I’m Dr. Riley.”

I realized I’d be walking out of the room without pants.

“Can I get some pants?” I asked with a red face.

“We don’t have any. It’s not a very long walk. Nobody will see. It’s okay sweetie.”

I sighed and walked into the hallway.

“I’m sorry, but I had to tell her. We’re co-workers after all. You can forgive me right? It’s only underwear.” He told me walking me to my room.

“It’s fine. It’s not a big deal” I wasn’t happy he lied in the car , but, I really didn’t see wearing them to be a huge deal. It was very embarrassing to be seen in them like this, but they felt kind of nice and I wore them as a kid a few times. I handled that week in diapers so this was nothing. He seemed happy I didn’t hate him over the whole thing. We still didn’t talk the rest of the walk to my room. Dr.

Arroyo gave me the code to my door. All the doors were keyless and used codes.

“We already unpacked for you. We had to take away your contraband, you understand even if we trust you rules are rules.”

“I don’t take drugs.”

“You’re undies, kid. It was a joke.” He rolled his eyes. “Well, try and stay dry, kid.”

He closed the door and left me to my new home and what would be the start of my new life.

Chapter 3: Settling In

I was going over the new place. My living room and kitchen was once large space. A table for eating, a couch and TV. A shelf and a large window. Looking out I could see the forest and the lights of a city far off. The bedroom had a single bed and a dresser with the door to my bathroom. I had a tub and not just a shower.

My bags were sitting in the closet, but they were empty. My shirts already on hangers. My pants and socks in the draws. The only thing missing was my underwear. When I opened the top draw I saw them; pull-ups. At least two dozen.. I felt the ones I had one. It wasn’t a bad feeling. My thoughts were interrupted by the doorbell. I put on some pants before getting the door.

“I hope this is good enough for you. Feel free to do what you want with the place, it’s your home for as long as we wish to work together.” She looked down. “You are keeping your end of the deal, right?”

I nodded and she seemed to trust me enough to not pull my pants down.

“Just try and make it on time, okay?” Her words embarrassed me. “Anyway I didn’t come here to check your pull-ups. Dinner is all night here, but we will be starting early. I know you’re tired from the trip, but would you come have dinner with Dr. Arroyo and I?”

I agreed and walked with the doctor. In the dining hall Dr. Arroyo sat with a guy and girl around my age.

“Ah here he is now. I was just catching our students up on you.”

The girl was cute. Very cute. She gave me a smile. “The one that wets his pants, right? The one who was-” she covered her mouth “oops,” she said.

“You told them about that!?”

“They’ll be working with us, they needed to know it happened already,” said Dr. Arroyo.

“Already?” I asked

“What he means is we were going to find out by working with you you had a problem,” said the girl student.

“Let’s just drop the subject.” Dr. Riley said.

Dinner was surprisingly good for campus food. I didn’t talk much during dinner since the topic they liked went over my head. I learned the girl student was named Jess. She tried to get me to talk a bit. She seemed to feel a little bad for me, but I admitted I had no idea what they were talking about. After dinner they talked a bit more, so I got up to go to bed.

“I’m sure you’re sleepy after a long day, right?” said Dr. Riley. “Jess why don’t you walk him home and make sure he won’t get lost. This is a big place.”

Jess nodded and got up. She put her hand on my shoulder and lead me out.

“I didn’t mean to humiliate you back there, sorry.”

“It’s not a big deal. I wasn’t humiliated.”

“Is that so? Then I can check your pants right now?”

“W-what? You want to?”

“I want to check your pants,” she said again.

“I can stay dry. You don’t need to check.”

“Well then let me check. Ask me to check.”

She pinned me to the wall. I felt that feeling again, but much stronger this time. I couldn’t say no even if I wanted to.

“W-will you check my pants?”

“What am I checking for, cutie?”

“Check that my pants are dry.”

“I’m sure they are. I just needed to see how you’d respond.” She moved back from me and took my hand to keep walking. My heart was racing after what happened. Jess walked me past my place.

“We past it, Jess.”

“I know, but I want to show you the campus.”

I did want to go to bed, but I couldn't pass up a chance with this girl. She already seemed to like me a bit. I was getting the full tour as we walked for over an hour. I didn't want to interrupt, but I did have to pee. I kept trying to get a word in, but she wouldn't stop. I had too many drinks at dinner. How was I to know a cute girl would take me on a tour? She wouldn't let go of my hand either. I was starting to move in place as she talked about the building we were in front of.

"Do you need to use the potty?"

"Yeah."

"Why didn't you say anything, silly?"

She gripped my hand tighter and pulled me as she walked as fast as she could. By the time we made it to my door, I was doing "the pee-pee" dance as she put it.

I kept messing the door code up. She pushed me aside and punched it in herself. I ran for the bathroom, but it was too late. Standing in my bedroom I felt the pull-up warm up as I peed in it. I felt it swell up in my pants.

I peed myself in front of a cute girl. I went into the bathroom and pulled my pants down to check the damage. The cartoon bear had faded and it was clearly very wet. I pulled my pants back up and pondered my next move. I'd go and tell her I had a fun time and I'd see her later. I let out a sigh and walked into my living room.

"You make it to the potty?"

"Of course I did."

"Let me check you then."

"What?"

"Before you said you wanted me to check right?"

"Yeah, but I'm tired and you don't need to."

"You're going to let me check you, mister, and you're going to ask I do it again." She walked closer.

"You're acting different. I think you wet your pants like a baby and you're scared."

She got closer as I backed myself into a wall. I couldn't get away. I went to pull my pants down and accept it.

"Whoa, I said you're going to ask me to do it, little boy." She held my arm and looked into my eyes.

"W-will you check my p-pants?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Check my pants. Check and see if I'm wet."

She undid my belt and pulled my pants down. She saw it in full display; my wet pull-up. My face was bright red. She squished it into my crotch.

"Wow you really wet yourself bad, huh? No wonder you were so fussy."

I covered my face with my hands. This couldn't get worse.

"The Doctors won't like learning about this," she said.

"Please you can't tell them. They can't know I wet my pants again!"

"I don't know. I don't know. I really could get in trouble for it."

"Please!" I begged her on my knees.

"Fine, but you owe me a favor. Whatever I want. Do what I ask and I won't tell anyone you peed yourself again."

“I’ll do it, name it and I’ll do it.”

“Stand up,” she said pulling on my arm.

I did as she asked. She pat me on the front of the soaked pull-up. It felt odd, but also pleasing.

“I’ll think of something. You look too cute right now.” She went for the door, but turned back.

“One last thing. Next time I or the Doctors tell you we’re checking your pants, you do it. Understand? See you in the morning.”

Her tone was not anger, but as if she was talking to me like a child. Something I’d been getting a lot of since I stepped in that limo. Whatever was waiting for me tomorrow couldn’t be worse than it was already. I changed and went right to bed.

Chapter 4: A Deals A Deal

The next morning I was woken up by Jess shaking me awake.

“Jess, how did you get in here?”

“I have the code, silly.”

“Well why are you waking me up? What time is it?”

“I told you I’d be here in the morning.”

“Okay, but I didn’t think you’d let yourself in.” I rubbed my eyes trying to wake up.

“Get used to it, how else am I going to check you.”

She ripped the blankets off and flipped me on my back to inspect my pull-up. “Good boy, you didn’t wet them.” I looked away embarrassed. She slapped my leg and sat on the bed.

“What I’m really here for is my favor. I need your help pulling a prank on Dr. Riley.”

“Won’t that get me fired?”

“No, she likes pranks, plus it’s harmless. I swear I won’t let you get fried over it.” She held out her hand. I grabbed it and she pulled me up.

“So what’s the prank?”

“I want you to spill drinks on her.”

“You want me to throw drinks on her?”

“No, I said spill. Like, knock your drink over. Nothing hot of course.”

“And she’ll think it’s funny?”

“After the fourth time she will.”

“How many times? That’s just mean. I can’t do that.”

“Then I’ll tell her you pissed your pants last night and again this morning.” She smiled and touched my face before walking out.

“Okay I’ll do it,” I yelled out. “I’ll do it don’t tell, please.”

She stuck her head back in to look at me crawling over my bed to make it to the door.

“So cute,” she said before leaving for good this time.

When I met the doctor she was sitting alone at one of the tables writing something.

“Am I late?” I asked. She looked up at me “No, I was already here. Don’t worry you already made your first impressions.”

“I’m that bad?”

“Not at all. What happened yesterday, ah it will all make sense, never mind that for now.”

A waitress came and put an omelet with a glass of OJ in front of me.

“I ordered for both of us, was that alright?” I looked at the OJ then at Dr. Riely. I really had to spill this on her? Did she really like pranks that much? She was telling me a little about what was planned for our afternoon, but I wasn’t paying attention. I could see Jess and the male student from last night sitting at a table at the far end of the hall. She was looking right at me. I looked back at my drink. I guess I have no choice. Dr. Arroyo sat down next to her to join us.

“Morning both of you, sorry I’m late. Morning project couldn’t be left untended.”

It was now or never. My hand was trembling. I went for the glass of OJ and knocked it over, but I messed up. I spilled it all over the table and right onto Dr. Arroyo. I was shaking so much I hit it the wrong way.

“Are you kidding me? You spilled it all over my coat! Ugh my pants too!”

Dr. Riley was clearly holding back a chuckle as Dr. Arroyo ranted over my spilled drink.

“I’m so sorry. I didn’t mean to spill it!”

“It’s- look- how can- don’t worry. I just want to eat. I’ll clean up later. Unbelievable.”

I failed my mission, but maybe it was good enough for Jess. I peeked over and saw them both laughing and holding their sides. The waitress came by and helped clean my spill and I asked for a glass of water instead. Peeking back at Jess again she was still laughing but pointed at Dr. Riley. I really had to spill two drinks before I even left the cafe? I sighed and looked down at my new glass.

Arroyo was still patting down his lab coat and Dr. Riley was looking at him holding back laughter as she handed him a washcloth . This was almost as embarrassing as wetting my pants. I pushed the drink over and let out a rather childish “uh oh” I spilled it all over Dr. Riley’s coat and lap. She looked right back at me, somewhat surprised to feel a cold drink hit her.

“Well, Arroyo it seems we both look silly now won’t we,” she said with a laugh.

“Again? You know what this means right. Not even a day and you know what this means.”

“It’s fine. I’ll handle it. Just go clean up. I’ll bring you a good lunch later.”

Dr. Arroyo stood up and looked at me.

“Fine.” He walked off in a huff.

“That was a pretty funny prank you pulled on him. He’ll get over it, he’s just grumpy this morning,” she said.

“You knew it was a prank?”

“That Jess is a real joker.”

“She said she’d make sure nothing I did would get me fired.”

“She’s right, we can’t fire you, but Dr. Arroyo was right. I need to do something.”

“What would that be?”

“A spanking.” My mouth was wide open but I couldn’t speak.

“Relax, that was a joke. I’ve pranked you back, now. I do really have to do something about this, but it won’t be so bad. You’ll see.”

We finished eating and headed to the lab.

“You’ve stayed dry since your last accident right?”

“I’m not peeing my pants if that’s what you mean.”

She touched my butt. “Well you didn’t poop your pants at least, but I should do a real check in the lab. Come now we have a lot of work to do.”

Chapter 5: Consequences

The tests they had me doing weren’t very hard. Wires hooked up to my face and chest as I had a brisk walk on a treadmill. We did a few more physical tests till around 3pm. They also put that brain scanner on me again. Dr. Arroyo seemed to have gotten over my prank. We had lunch on a small table in their lab’s break room. Dr. Riley gathered three sandwiches from the fridge. She put a lime drink in her spot and handed Dr. Arroyo an orange soda.

“Oh real funny,” he said. His coat still stained from my OJ. He never had the chance to get changed.

Dr. Riley handed me my drink too, but it wasn’t in a glass. She placed a blue and yellow sippy cup in front of me. “What’s this?” I asked.

“Your new cup,” said Dr. Arroyo.

“A sippy cup?” I held it up.

“For now on you can only drink out of sippy cups” said Dr. Riley.

“This is a prank right?”

“Nope” they both said together.

“What about when I’m in my place?”

“Jess already replaced your glasses. She should be here by now,” said Dr. Arroyo.

Dr. Riley put her hand on my head and gave it a pat. Nothing could be done about it, so I took sips from the cup. It was just another odd thing I’d get used too. After lunch we did more testing and worked on my physical abilities. Soon the day was over. They told me we start later for now on since they have normal classes to teach. For now on we’d meet in the lab at 1pm till 8pm.

Went I entered my apartment Jess was at my kitchen table. Something was boiling on the stove.

“Sorry I was out today, but I made us dinner.”

“Sure, that’s nice of you. I just want to get changed.”

“Oh, no did you have a little accident again?”

“No I mean I want out of my work clothes.”

“Hmmm you better let me check anyway. Pull your pants down; right now.”

I undid my pants and dropped them to show her my dry pull-up. She felt my crotch then my butt.

“Alright, get cleaned up; dinner should be ready in 20 minuets.”

I took a shower. I dressed in a fresh pull-up and matching Pjs. When I walked out of my bedroom dinner was ready. She looked over at me and frowned.

“When you’re with me you can’t wear pants. I want to be able to check your pull-ups with ease.” Jess pointed at my pants.

“I won’t hide them again like last night.”

“Probably, but I don’t care. You look cute in them.”

I slipped off my PJ pants and kicked them aside without protest. She was looking at me with a smile which made me blush. Jess made chicken stir fry. In front of my plate was a yellow sippy cup. I sighed and took a sip from it.

“I told you she’d find it funny.”

“You did, but now I’m forced to use these silly cups.”

“It’s okay, here I have one too, see.”

She held up a green and blue sippy cup. While she was being very kind I still felt sad about it.”

“Hey, it’s okay. They’re just cups with lids.”

“I know it’s just. I’ve felt more and more childish since I came here and it’s only been a two days.”

“None of us are judging you. Truly it’s out of concern.”

I didn’t say anything else and we ate in silence

“It’s not a big deal that I need to wear them, you know.”

She looked up seemingly lost in thought.

“What’s not? You mean the pull-ups?”

“I don’t mind it that bad. I just feel embarrassed having them checked”

“You like wearing them?”

She leaned over the table.

“You think I look cute in them?”

“Yeah, I don’t know why. It’s just cute. I could touch your little butt-oh”

She stopped herself from saying the rest.

After dinner we sat on the couch and watched TV. The air felt tense as we sat apart.

“You can check my pull-up if you really want. I don’t mind if you do.”

She tried to hide her excitement and bit her lip.

“You’re right turn over let me check if you pooped yourself.”

“What? Why that?”

“Just let me check if you pooped your pants.”

I did what she asked. I rolled over showing her my butt. If this was what she was into I could play along. She grabbed my butt and pat it down then pulled on the back of the pull-up.

“Yeah you’re clean. Good job not pooping your pants” She pat my butt again and I sat back down. She started to stroke my hair and I ended up putting my head on her lap. It was very soothing. I wasn’t sure what she saw in me and I was worried it was moving too fast, but I felt so safe I didn’t care. That’s when she said it.

“You should wet yourself for me.”

Chapter 6: Warning Signs

I looked up at her and let out a small laugh, but it became clear she wasn't joking.

"You want me to wet my pants?"

"Well, your pull-ups, but yes."

"Why?"

"Why not? You've already wet your pants a few times."

"Sure, on accident."

"So, then what's the big deal. You're already having your pants checked a few times a day, right?" She tapped the front of my pull-up.

"Yes and it's embarrassing."

"Do you really think it's going to be a big deal if the doctor checks you and sees you're wet?"

"Wait, wait, you want me to wet myself when I'm with Dr. Riley?"

"Yeah, and I want you to do it for me right now too."

I got up and looked at her puzzled. I figured this must be a test. She's into me and this is a test to see how far I'd go or I was being pranked. I thought maybe I'd find a workaround.

"Look. I might be willing to do that for you right now, but why in front of the doctors?"

"I never said they need to watch. I just want you to go in your pants in the lab tomorrow."

"She'll be mad if I do that."

"Nah, Dr. Riley is very laid back and Dr. Arroyo won't be in the lab much anyway. I'll make sure it's worth doing. I swear if you wet yourself in the lab tomorrow something good will come out of it. If I'm wrong I'll do anything you want." She rubbed my leg. "Anything."

She was right. This wasn't the first time I wet my pants, but it would be the first time anything good came out of it. I agreed and her face lit up

"Good now sit on my lap and relax. I'll help you go."

I did what she asked and lay my upper body on her legs. My head resting on a pillow. She rubbed my belly and pressed down on it lightly.

"I don't need to go."

"Shh it's okay." She took a sippy cup from the coffee table and made me drink up. We lay there with the TV on as she rubbed my belly keeping pressure on me. It took a while, but it urge came.

"I think I need to go, Jess," I said. She put more pressure on my belly. Her other hand stroking my hair.

"Just go for me. You need to pee and you're going to pee now," she said over and over. I was in a trance from her words. The soft way she spoke and the sensation of her massaging me. I felt more relaxed than I had in years. She moved her hand from my belly to the front of my pull-up. Her hand on my crotch. The pull-up began to swell up slowly; it was working.

"Very good. Don't be shy, keep going."

I felt the warm wet feeling fill the seat of my pull-up. Her hand cupping my genitals as I did. She could feel me wet myself.

“Oh what a good little guy you are. You wet for me.”

I wet enough for it to reach my butt. I soaked it. Jess kept her hand on the front of the soaked pull-up and moved it around. “Yeah it feels like you really had to go. You enjoyed that too; I can tell.”

I didn’t want to admit she was right, I did enjoy it. I wasn’t sure if it was the wetting I liked or just how Jess acted. It was a very strange feeling.

“I don’t- I never said- who would like wetting their pants. That’s silly.”

She cupped my wet pull-up a little harder and rubbed it into my crotch with more force this time. I didn’t say anything but my face didn’t lie. I blushed and bit my lip. She raised an eye brow gave me a little grin.

“If you say so,” she let me get up. The trainer sagged down a lot.

“I’ll change you into a clean one.”

Jess walked to my room and brought back a clean pull-up. She was also holding baby wipes.

“Can I trust you to control yourself if I clean you off?”

“Yes. I’ll be good.”

Jess pulled the wet trainer down and lifted my legs with me like I couldn’t do it on my own. The wipes were cold to the touch. She cleaned me up very nicely. I was in too much shock to get hard. “Thanks for controlling yourself, sweetie,” she said sliding the trainer up. She pat my butt, something I grew used to by now.

“We should do this again sometime soon. I have another favor, no I should say a request.”

“You want me to poop myself too?”

This was the first time I was able to catch her off guard. She didn’t see that coming.

“Well, uh, no, no. I was going to ask if you could not use the bathroom again tonight if you needed to pee. I mean if you, uh, if you want to poop your pants however.”

“Not a chance. Why do you want me to hold my pee in till tomorrow?”

“I think it would be cute to check on you after you wet yourself in your sleep.”

I looked over at my room then back at her. “You want me to wet the bed?”

“No, your bed will be dry, your pull-ups will be wet. Please.” She cupped her hands begging this of me. “Like I said you don’t need to. If I wake you up and you’re dry I won’t be upset.”

Something was going on with me. This request of hers rattled my brain. At first I thought there was no way in hell I’d do it, but I was already pissing my pants for her awake, and I liked it. In fact waking up to find myself wet sounded a little fun. She could tell I was thinking it over a bit, so he kissed my head and left me for the night. I felt the pull-up I wore, It had a very soft crinkle sound to it.

I felt my own butt and felt it push in when pressed then push out when I let go. It also wasn’t very thick and I was worried I might leak. I went into my draw and doubled up. What was the worst that could happen, right?

Chapter 7: Down The Rabbit Hole

When I woke up I already knew something was wrong. I wet myself in my sleep like Jess and I wanted, but this was different. The sheets, the sheets felt wet too. I tossed off my blanket and saw the large wet spot on my bet. What was I going to tell Jess, what was Dr. Riley going to say? There was no hiding this. The sheets were soaked. I wet my bed like a little kid. How did two not hold it all? I heard the door open. It was Jess. I was about to be found out.

“Time to wake-” she stopped and looked at me “I uh, I didn’t mean for you to wet the literal bed you know?”

I felt like I could die from embarrassment. I wanted to cry.

“It, it was an accident. I went to bed without peeing first like you asked. I liked the idea, I even put a second pull-up on.”

I was getting a little hysterical and held back the tears.

“Shh, shh it’s okay. Just get ready for work. I’ll take care of the sheets. We added a rubber mat under them anyway.” She might have gave me a hug if I didn’t smell like pee. I claimed myself down and walked into the bathroom to get clean. The pull-up fell like a brick into the trashcan. By the time I finished my shower and walked into the bedroom the bed had new sheets. I opened the pull-up draw and looked down at them. The little bears mocked me.

“Stupid pull-ups. You were supposed to keep my bed dry.” I pulled a clean one over my waist. It hugged my bottom nice and snug. Jess wad gone, but she left me a plate of pancakes with a smiley face made out of whip cream, they aided my poor mood.

I made it to the lab and Dr. Riley was looking over some papers.

“Good afternoon, Doc.”

“It has been a good day, hasn’t it?”

“Not really.” I said with my hands in my pockets. She looked up from her papers at me.

“What’s wrong? Need me to check you?”

I didn’t really want to say anymore than I already did. I had a feeling Jess told her about my sheets, but I wasn’t going to ask.

“No I’m fine, and yes I’m dry, jeez, just slept bad. Let’s get testing or whatever I’m doing.” She didn’t want to press the issue and took me on my word.

“Are you willing to test some drugs? Nothing heavy of course.”

“What kind of drugs?”

“Things yet to go on the market.”

She pulled out a pill bottle from her coat and put it on the table.

“What will it do?”

“It’s a hangover pill.”

“Bullshit,” I said with a chuckle.

“That’s for you and I to find out. I didn’t make it.”

“But I’m not hungover.”

“Not even with how fussy you’re being?”

I almost crossed my arms and pouted like a child. The bed wetting might have rattled me more than I thought, but something else was going on with me. Something inside was changing.

“That was uncalled for,” she said. “We’re going to make you have a sugar crash. It’s close enough, hell it might feel worse.”

It took a few hours but after being given a large sum of sugar I felt the crash. It didn’t feel worse than a real hangover, but I felt awful. She handed me the pill and I downed with my sippy cup. It was about 13 minutes later and I felt as good as I did before the test.

“It worked. I feel fine.”

“Thirteen minutes? Not bad. If you’re okay drinking we can test the real thing over the next two days.”

“Sure I’m fine with that, but what do we do now?”

“I just need to hook you up and see if your vitals or brain scans changed.”

It took 25 minutes to hook me up, so she made sure I peed beforehand. Straps and wires all over. About an hour and half into the vital tests I felt something wrong, my gut hurt.

“I think I feel a side effect.” I said hugging myself in pain.

“Nothing is showing up on your vitals.”

“My belly. It hurts. It feels like a cramp.”

“Is it a sharp pain?”

“No it feels like I need to use the bathroom”

“It’s okay if you go pee-pee, I won’t be mad.”

“No I don’t need to pee I need, I need- get this off me!”

“Can you hold it in, we’re almost done.”

“I’m not going to make it.”

My lower back ached and my belly growled. I felt myself get sweaty as my heart raced. I had to go and I had to go now. She rolled her eyes and flicked a few switches on the machine. Then began undoing the straps. Pulling out wires and unplugging cords. I stood up and knocked down the doctor down, one of the computers fell. I was pulling wires off and dragging what was still hooked up. The brain scanner still on my head. The bathroom was a mere 20 feet away, but I only made it 5. The worst thing I thought could happen. A loud fart ripped and I felt it slide into the back of the pull-up.

The warm mess falling into my pull-up. My legs got weak and my knees buckled. More kept coming out. It pushed into the trainer and started to sag. It felt like someone was pulling down on it. I didn’t even realize I was wetting too. The awful feeling in my gut was gone, but I stood there with my legs spread feeling the mess cling to my butt and hang in the pull-up. I started crying.

“I just pooped my pants. I pooped myself.”

“Oh, my. Arroyo was right after all.”

“Right about what? Did he know that pill would do that? Did you?”

“No, no it has nothing to do with the pill. I thought after what she said- never mind that. I need to get you something.”

She walked out of the room and came back pushing a large cart into the lab. She pushed it up to the check up table. She singled me to walk over. With every step I took I felt the mess move around in the pull-up. I had to crab walk to her.

“I’m going to have to ask you to get on the table. Please don’t make a fuss.”

“What are you going to do?” I asked drying my face and sniffing. “What comes next?”

“Do you trust me?”

I nodded and got onto the table and lay down. I felt my mess mush around on my butt as I did.

“I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to put you in diapers.”

“Diapers? I had an accident is all.”

“I know it was. That’s why you need them. Please don’t make this harder on yourself.”

I closed my eyes and put my hands over my face and accepted my fate. She pulled down my pants and removed the stinky trainer. She cleaned up my butt and made sure I was spotless. I peeked from my hands at what the doctor was doing. She pulled a large white diaper from the push cart unfolded it. She had me lift my butt up and slit it under.

“So now I wear diapers?”

“I understand you wet the bed last night? Leaked I’m told. Before you blow up and have a tantrum; I asked Jess to keep tabs your progress, or I should say regress.”

“My regress?”

“You’ve been here not even a week and wet yourself how many times? You’ve now pooped your pants, and need to use a sippy cup. You never once resist or fight back past a few words at any suggestion. Even right now you didn’t get angry or push back very hard.”

“But it’s my job.”

“How many jobs treat you like you’re 2 years old?”

I didn’t say anything. She was right. I was just told I’d be wearing diapers. Not only did I not fight it, but it didn’t even bother me for more than a few seconds. She put baby powder on my crotch and rubbed it in. I moved my hands away from my face and looked down. She was putting the tapes on and made sure the diaper was on correct around my legs. The diaper felt softer than anything I’ve felt before. It hugged my bottom and felt softer than anything I felt before.

“You’re not here by chance. You wanted to be here. Do you really think we’d pay you six figures for snake oil pills and some brain scans. The truth is you want to wear diapers.”

“I know, you told me that already.”

“No you don’t understand. It’s true I’m making you wear them, but you want to wear them.”

“What are you getting at?”

“How do they feel?”

“They feel great. I like-” It clicked for me. I was speechless.

She helped me down and pat my padded butt. “We’re done for today. I’ll leave you to your thoughts.”

Chapter 8: Regression

Dr. Riley let me wear my pants on the way back home. Unlike last time nobody would be able to tell I was in a diaper. It still felt like every set of eyes that saw me could tell. Was it peeking out? Could they hear the crinkles? Were those girls laughing at me? I rushed as fast as I could back to my place. Instead of letting herself in as she always did I could see Jess waiting outside my door.

“Don’t be mad with me.”

“I’m not mad at you. I’m, not mad at all.”

“You’re okay wearing diapers?”

“Yes , I guess I am. I think I like them.”

She gave me her warm smile.

“That’s nice, let’s go in shall we?”

She closed the door behind us and pulled at my pants. I didn’t resist. She pulled them down to my ankles. My diaper was exposed to her. She felt my butt. “Making sure my little guy didn’t make poopie. Lift those legs. You don’t need pants in here.” I did as I was told. Jess removed my shoes and pants.

“I know a lot of things don’t make sense right now, but soon everything will be clear, okay?”

“I don’t know why, but I trust you. I feel really close to you Jess.”

We both hugged and stayed that way for a moment.

“I know you do. I feel close to you too. Soon we’ll be closer.”

I didn’t understand yet what she really meant. This feeling was like no other. I was like nothing I felt with past girlfriends. We made our way to the couch and put my head on her lap again. I felt at peace. She stroked my hair and hummed as I tried to make sense of what was going on. Dr. Riley was right. I might have felt embarrassed over and over again since I came here, but I never quit. I never even thought about quitting. I could admit I liked diapers. I think I knew that from my past, but pushed it away. How did they know what I pushed down?

“Would you be okay if I fed you on the couch?” Jess’s question broke my trance.

“I think I’d like that,” I said very timidly

She got up from the couch and pulled something from the fridge. It was a baby bottle, but adult sized. It was filled with something. She came back over and sat down. Without being told to do so I put my head on her lap again.

“I’m going to feed you this, okay baby?”

I didn’t say anything. I let her put the nipple of the bottle in my mouth and I drank. It tasted very good, but couldn’t make out what it was. I closed my eyes as she kept the bottle in my mouth. I sucked it down rather fast. I never felt as calm as I did in that moment.

“Good baby. All gone.”

I felt myself drifting to sleep, but I also felt that I needed to pee. I was too relaxed to even talk. I allowed myself to let it go. I saw no reason to tell Jess I needed the bathroom. My pants was my new bathroom. I felt my diaper grow warmer and warmer. It felt better than the wet trainer. I felt much safer. I let it flow and grew even more relaxed. The more I let out the better it felt.

“That’s right, little one, just let it go. You don’t need to worry about the potty. You’re safe in your diapers. You won’t leak, so just let it all out. Good, little one.”

I drifted to sleep feeling euphoric.

I woke up and it was sunlight so I figured it was at the next morning. I was tucked in bed and felt wetter than when I went to sleep. I wanted to feel how my wet diapers felt, but I realized my hands were in these large vinyl mittens, the insides were silk. I could move my fingers inside, but my hands were useless. I also noticed they had locks.

Jess came in to greet me.

“I see baby is up. Do you like your mittens?”

“They’re cute, but why are they locked on?”

“We need to make sure baby needs me. You can’t help yourself anymore. Baby will have to trust me to take care of him.”

I blushed a little. I didn’t know what to say. Since last night she a been treating me like this. I was enjoying it. She made something in my brain go off. The thought that I was helpless without her. I needed Jess to take care of me. I can’t feed myself or change my own diapers. I gave her a smile.

“Did you go pee-pee for me again?”

I nodded. “Y-yes I did.”

“Well it can hold more, so I’ll change you later.”

She got me out of bed and we headed to the kitchen. A highchair big enough for me was in place of my chair. I sat down and Jess fed me. She spoon fed me what looked like paste, but tasted like waffles and a bottle of whatever I drank last night. She cleaned off my face and pat my head. I was let out of the highchair and taken to my room. Jess led me to the shower.

“I know you have control down there still right? Can you hold a poopie in?”

“Yeah. I can hold a poopie.”

She smiled and removed my shirt. It struggled a little over my mittens. She ran the bathtub and took my diaper off. And I got in the tub. She began to clean me. Using a washcloth she bathed me all over. She rubbed my genitals and nothing happened. I didn’t feel any urge at all for her.

“Sorry, but you’ll need to get used to me cleaning you, little guy.”

After my bath she dressed me up and headed to the lab.

Dr. Riley was at her desk when we made it. She looked up with a smile.

“How’s our little baby today,” said Dr. Riley

“No resistance. He let me feed him a bottle last night with no fuss. Was more than willing to use his diaper. Given how fast he accepted the other items I saw It coming in my hypothesis. Not like the last person,” said Jess.

“Dr. Arroyo said the same. He’ll enjoy reading your report,” said Dr. Riley.

“What’s this all about. What’s this really about?” I asked.

“We had a feeling about you. This might be hard to believe, but you’re regressing into what we call *Adutus Infans*. An Adult Baby. We’ve only seen two other cases. Most of your mind will be intact, but soon you won’t be able to resist acting like a baby. You already show clear signs.”

“Is that why I started wetting my pants? Long ago I was put in diapers for a week.”

“I know. We all know. I’ll come clean about something, you were here once. For some reason you became incontinent over night. You had to wear diapers for a full year,” said Dr. Riley.

“You’re wrong. I was in them for a week. I’d know if I spent a year in diapers.”

Then it hit me. I looked around the room and I remembered it all. When I was seven I lost all control and had to wear diapers. I was taken here to see what was wrong.

“They figured out my incontinence was mental. I was choosing to not use the bathroom on a subconscious level.”

“Yes that’s the *Adutus Infans*. We found your scans by chance when scanning the head of another person with the same problem. The database pulled your scans.”

“This *Adutus Infans*. It makes me think I want to use diapers?”

“You’re close. It makes you need them. It makes your body lose control forcing you to wear them. I have no clue how you repressed it so well and for so long. You even locked away the memories, but it’s not just needing diapers.” The doctor pointed at a graph on the table. “*Adutus Infans*. Makes you act like a baby too. If we took those mittens off you’d try and suck your thumb.”

With no control I wet myself again. This was enough to make the diaper sag a bit. I looked down at it. You could see I wet by the change in color.

“I had a feeling dumping that much info at once might make you do that.”

“What happens next?” I asked.

“You’re not allowed to talk like a big boy anymore.”

“So I need to act like a baby, more than I am already.”

“Pretty much, yes. You need to talk like a toddler at all times and you can’t ask us anything else about what we’re doing. Talk like a toddler, a baby or not at all you decide.”

“And if I don’t talk like a toddler?”

“We’re going to ignore you and if you keep it up will gag you,” said Jess.

This *Adutus Infans*; Are you curing it?”

“Yes and no. We’re going to study your brain so we can try reverse it, if you want us too, but also find a way to implant it in others. There are people that would pay big money for a pill that makes them need diapers.”

“People who like them, but don’t have *Adutus* whatever?”

“Yup. We’re paying you for something they’d pay for. Funny how life works,” said Dr. Riley. She stood up and walked over to me.

“Any last words? Might be some time before you talk to us like this again.”

“Is Jess staying with me?”

“Jess is more or less your mommy, yes she’s taking care of you.”

I looked at Jess, she gave me another warm smile. I smiled back.

“I guess I’ll start calling you that, Jess, um I mean, mommy-mama.”

“That’s right. I’m your mommy now, and you must do whatever I tell you.”

It was with that I started my decent into this regression. I didn’t fully understand it yet, but I trusted Jess and the Doctor to do right by me.

Chapter 9: Point Of No Return

“Okay little baby. Mommy and I are here to do some fun stuff with you, but first.”

She felt my diaper.

“My, my it looks like you really wet didn’t you. Did you wet your diapers?”

“Uuuh nooo I no pee-pee.”

Jess walked me to the changing table and cleaned me up. She pulled out a thicker diaper than I had on

“This ones has more padding for babbies who pee-pee a lot like you.”

The thicker diaper crinkled with even the smallest movement. My legs couldn’t close.

“I need to dress you up now. Don’t I?”

She removed my shirt and pulled out a onesie. She undid my mittens only to slide my arms into the sleeves and lock them back in place. It was light blue with little happy bunnies. The outfit was buttoned up at the crotch. The thickness of the diaper was very visible and peeked out from the sides. Dr. Riley helped me down and I found it was too hard to stand up, so I got on the floor.

“It’s okay little guy, you can crawl. You’re too little to walk,” said Jess

“I want baba, I trusty”

“Jess can feed you a ba-ba while we test.”

They sat down and placed the scanner on my head Jess fed me a bottle. I was asked a lot of questions. All of them I had to answer like a toddler. Sometime after lunch I was sitting on the floor as Jess and Dr Riley went over notes from the tests. I had already wet the large diaper a few times. It sagged a little, but I enjoyed the squashy feeling. I’d mush my mittens into the wet diaper for fun. I could still hold it in, but I gave up on trying to. I figured I was going to become incontinent by the end of the week anyway. Something I seemed to have more control over was looming inside me.

It wouldn’t be the first time I pooped my pants, but it felt different this time. I knew I wasn’t going to be able to do this sitting down and standing was too hard. I got up on my knees and spread my legs. I relaxed myself and pushed. It took less effort than I thought it might. I didn’t stop as I felt it push into my diaper. It kept going and going. The back of my diaper s grew larger as I went more. When it was done I felt it plop into the back of my diaper. The sag and bulge made it clear as day what I did.

I pooped my diaper like a helpless baby. I managed to wet myself again with the pushing. I went to feel my loaded diapers. I pushed the mess into my butt with the mittens; I somehow forgot were on. It made me feel all the more helpless. I couldn’t even check my own diapers. I almost asked for help, but an amazing feeling washed over me like a wave. I liked the feeling of being trapped in

my stinky diaper. I couldn't do anything about it. I was at Jess, my mommies mercy. I smiled at the idea and sat down. I felt it mush over my butt. My plan was short lived as Dr. Riley came over to me.

"It seems our little baby likes sitting in his messy diaper. Mommy better change you." Dr. Riley pinched her nose looking down at me. Jess came to me with diaper and cleaning supplies in hand.

"Aw did my little go poopie?"

"my diapie stinky, mommi."

"That's right," said Jess. She laid me on the floor and undid the buttons on my onesie. She undid the tapes and held her nose.

"Wow you really made a stinky!"

I giggled for her. I still had a small part of my adult self to find this embarrassing, but quickly pushed away the embarrassment. If I'm supposed to act like a baby then why wouldn't I use my diapers like this? I looked up at Jess taking care of me and how good it felt. I had just pooped myself and could do nothing about it, but wait for her to take care of it, and she didn't even mind. After the change I sat on the floor again The diaper felt like a cushion.

"Well little guy we need to do some testing."

They sat me in a highchair and put the brain scanner on my head.

"Question 1: How did you feel when you wet your big boy pants"

"Em um emberr- not good." I didn't want to push my luck on a big word like "embarrassed" even if I'd say it as poorly as I could.

"Question 2: Did your pull-ups make you feel safe from wettings?"

"Yes, but I wet dem. I not potti twan yet."

The questions went on for a short time.

"Well it's clear the effects of your *Adutus Infans* are increasing. The more we ask about being a helpless baby the more you react positively," said Jess.

"We're going to play the quite game now okay," said Dr, Riley.

We sat in silence for what felt like forever. I was getting a little restless. My diaper crinkling as I shifted in my seat.

"Thank you, Sweetie." Dr. Riley pat my head.

"I think for this next part we should let him watch cartoons. As long as you're a good boy and don't move or talk we can do the scan, right Doctor?" Jess said.

Dr. Riley shrugged and turned the TV on for me to watch.

As I sat and watched the cartoons they both kept a close eye on their monitor then back to me. I started to pee myself within seconds of knowing I had to go. My diaper filled and I smiled.

"Did you make pee-pees?" Jess asked

"Yes I use diapie."

"Look, he's enjoying it. When you look at the original scan from when he peed his big boy pants he was ashamed, but on a subconscious level he liked it." Jess nodded at what Dr. Riley said.

“I’d like to get a scan of his brain when he makes poopie, but we have nothing to compare it with. I knew we should have made him poop his pants sooner,” said Jess.

“The result from his accident was ruined when he knocked our equipment over trying to not poop his pants. I think the data we have is good enough, so don’t worry.”

They both talked a bit longer about me, but I found it boring so I went back to watching cartoons. I was fed another bottle and something to eat. The day was ending and Jess pulled a large stroller out from the other side of the lab.

“Time to take baby home.” She helped me into the stroller. She placed a pacifier in my mouth.

“Don’t take that out. Keep it in till I remove it.”

I did what I was told and let it bob in my mouth. I found it very soothing. I felt myself wetting again as I sucked on it. I also needed to poop again. I pushed and managed to make a very small mess that sat in the back of my diaper. I could feel the small lump push on my butt in the seat of the stroller. As we made it back to my apartment Dr. Arroyo and the male student were at my door.

“We have his new home ready. Just follow us up another floor.” said Dr. Arroyo.

“I see baby is already in diapers and liking them,” the male student said. “And I think he pooped.”

“He can’t talk right now. I want him to get used to sucking on that,” said Jess. “and yeah he pooped, why else would he be in diapers?”

We made it too the door of my new place. It was much larger than my apartment. A playpen sat next to a couch. A bouncer was hung up from the ceiling. The kitchen table had a normal chair and a large high chair pulled up to it. My new bedroom had a large crib that looked more like a cage, the doors folded open. A large changing table near by. It smelled of lavender and baby powder. Jess felt my butt and small mess I made.

“That’s not a very big poopie, It can hold more. Don’t worry, baby won’t get a rash.” I was helped into the bouncer and the three of them sat at the couch to talk.

All I could do was bounce in place as I felt my diaper squish around my crotch and the mess mush more around. It felt good so I didn’t stop. It was hypnotic to suck my pacifier and bounce in my used diaper. I didn’t even notice till it happened, but I wet again. The diaper could hold more and I really didn’t want to be changed anyway. With the need to poop hitting me again I stopped bouncing and grunted. I closed my eyes and pushed. With very little effort I filled my pants with poop. This time it wasn’t a little bit, but a lot more. It felt great to pack my diapers. I went back to bouncing; care free at what I did.

“Hh-oh I think baby needs a diaper change,” said Jess. Not even a week ago I was having a breakdown over wetting my pants and now here I was pooping myself and liking it. What a life; I never wanted it to end.

Chapter 11: One Last Test

I woke up in my crib; wet as always. It had been a month since I first came to this place and since then. I became fully incontinent. Even if I wanted to talk normal I lost the ability. In my mind I was talking like an adult, but all that came out was baby gibberish. I was limited to only saying a few words, but kept my pacifier in most of the time anyway. I couldn't walk even if I wanted to. The regression into a baby was working as planned it seemed. I was changed, fed and taken to the labs. Same was any weekday so far, but today Dr. Riley had news; Big news. I was still able to understand them even if I seemed like I couldn't.

"You've been great this last month. We learned a lot thanks to your effort. I know you're in their and I know you're liking this, but the final test we have has never been tested." Dr. Riely was very serious. Jess removed my pacifier so I could 'talk.'

"I stay wike dis"

"I'm getting to that. We can't reverse aging, but; well we can shrink things. We can shrink you down. Do you understand me."

I nodded.

"It won't be like that movie. We can't make you smaller than an ant."

"How smol?" I asked.

"Three feet. We can't risk making you smaller than three feet. We're going to see if your brain waves act different. You might really act like a baby or toddler if you're the size of one."

It sounded a little scary, but it also sounded fun. I imagined how it would feel if Jess could pick me up and I couldn't do anything without her help, even more than now. I also felt a fear of if failing and killing me, so I waited for the doctor to tell me the rest before jumping at this chance.

"The last person who came here didn't feel doing the last test. It ended where we are now. I want you to know it's okay. We'll work on getting you back to normal. You can still wear diapers if you want. Heck you can still work here. The last person still wears diapers as far as I know, but moved on from this place."

The temptation of being smaller for Jess to take care of me won. I knew I needed to do this.

"Make me smol,"

"You're sure? You'll need to agree in writing. Your pay is also going up; Hazard pay."

I signed with my now awful penmanship and was prepped for the experiment.

"If this works we might have stumbled on a roundabout way for enteral youth," said Jess as she calibrated the machine. It felt like it took forever, but they really wanted to get it right.

"What you have on won't shrink with you, so you'll need to go without a diaper for a little bit."

I was stripped and sat on a mat in case I had to go. My fears were pushed away at the thought of being Jess's baby. I didn't see a beam or a wave when they shot me with the machine. The machine made a lot of sounds. I felt a rumbling in my whole body. My vision became blurred and I felt drunk. Nothing hurt at all. When it was finally over and my vision came back Jess and the Doctor looked taller. Everything looked bigger than before.

“It worked. We did it, Doctor. We shrunk a person.”

“Calm down and check his vitals. And get him in a diaper.”

Jess walked over to me. She was like a giant now. She picked me up like she never could before and put me on the changing table. Looking up at her as she put me in a diaper wasn't like anytime before. I never felt this helpless and in need of her. Her big hands carefully putting the small diaper around me, I was dressed up in a sailor outfit, little hat and all. I looked in a mirror. I saw myself in the childish outfit

“I wuk wike a babi”

“You are indeed small now,” said Jess as she fixed my hat.

“Nu I me I woook wike a weel babi.”

“You mean you see a real baby in the mirror?” She asked. I nodded “It must be how the *Adutus Infans* makes you see yourself. You look like an adult to me, but if you were a scaled down. Very interesting.”

My vitals were fine. The new scans had very good results. It seems my new size had my brain giving me very high levels of dopamine and other effects as well. I was 2' 7". Dr.Riley was happy she was incorrect about under 3 feet being unsafe. Jess sat me on her lap and fed me a baby bottle. A feeling of bliss washed over me. I felt sleepy after my bottle. My new size seemed to have drawbacks. I'd need to take naps. I woke up in a crib, but not my usual crib. I was in a nursery built for me in Jess's second bedroom. All the large adult baby stuff was gone and now I'd be in stuff for real babies. Jess was looking down at me from over the bars.

“Hewo my little baby.” I looked up at her smiling at me.

“Mommi I go poopie,” was all I said.

She put my binky in my mouth and changed me. After being dressed I was fed a bottle on her lap. Jess really was my mommy now.

“I wuv mommi” was all I could manage to say. Talking had become much harder. I knew what words I wanted to say, but it felt like trying to talk after drinking all night in the cold.

“Aw, well I love my little baby too.”

Jess put me in a playpen with some toys after my bottle. Toys I'd never think twice about touching a few months ago were now bringing me great joy. I sat there fixated on them oblivious to wetting myself. It had become normal for me now. I didn't even pay it any mind and sometimes I didn't know I wet myself till I already did it. It was a few days that went by like this. I'd wake up, Jess would change me, feed me and let me play. I'd go to the lab for scans. My regression was increasing then it finally happened. I lost sentience

Chapter 12: Thesis

The subject stopped showing signs of any adulthood. Prior he'd talk to me or ask for diaper changes in the very limited speech he still had. As of typing this he cannot talk at all. Our scans did show a change in his cognition. We knew he was still in there, but it was being suppressed. This regression is not without risks. When he still had his cognition his brain would release dopamine from acting like a baby. Using diapers or being fed bottles gave him a large sense of euphoria. No signs of this are there when he uses his diapers. He cries like a baby; A real baby. Dr. Riley might not call it a "cure" for old age, but we effectively turned an adult into a baby didn't we? It was another five months before we were able to make him speak again. He had his second chance at a first word. It was "Hello" After four days he was able to talk like a three year old again. He seemed to understand who we were, what was going on and most of all who he was. I was thankful he was still both sentient and the same person. It would have killed me if we accidentally erased his mind.

-Abridged entry from Jessica Robinson's Lab Journal

Chapter 13: Awake

The first few days felt like a drunken haze. I recalled what happened in the time I was 'gone' but it felt like a dream. Like I was watching my life. I remembered every night I was sleepless in my crib and all the bottles I was fed. Crying for a change and being rocked to sleep. I remember a feeling that I pooped myself, feeling trapped and crying. Jess came over to me and would feel my messy behind. After I was put in a clean diaper and I'd stop crying. At the time It felt scary or bad, but It felt very euphoric thinking back to it now. I didn't understand why the huge shift in emotion. Jess and Dr. Riley took notes on every word I said. They even recorded it on tape.

We sat in the lab around Dr. Riley's desk. I was sitting in my high chair kept.

"Shrinking you must have triggered a loss of self." Said Jess

"I don't agree. It was the regression. Had we shrunk and diapered him from the start I don't think he would have lost cognition," said Dr, Riley.

"What do you mean?" I asked

"It means we'd keep treating you like a baby, and you'd act like one, but that's the key word; acting like a baby. Without shrinking you it would all be role-playing from you. Regression alone would never make you think you were a real baby," said Jess.

"Is that what happened when I was young? I don't remember that year in diapers. I thought it was only a week."

"It could be you were small enough at that age for your *Adutus Infans* to effect your memory. We only have your scans, not the files on what happened," said Dr, Riley "My hypothesis would be

your mind was young enough for your *Adutus Infans* to believe you were a baby, for why you only thought it was a week; I have no clue, sorry,” said Dr, Riley.

“So what happens now?” I asked.

They both stayed silent for a moment looking at me. I could tell they were hiding something. Jess spoke up first.

“I’m afraid you’re going to be in diapers your whole life. Before it was mental, but after you were shrunk you, well your body is too weak to be potty trained.”

Dr, Riley bit her lip before speaking.

“We know you would be fine wearing diapers, but the bad news is we can’t bring you back to your normal size.”

I looked down at my already soaked diaper with my legs poking out of them. I was still dressed up like a baby. The only real change was I saw my adult legs and not the baby legs I saw the day I was shrunk. That feeling of euphoria came back. I looked cute and loved how I felt. Was it really that bad? I gave them both a smile.

“I can live with that. Do you think you’ll ever find a way to fix it?”

“It might be some time and for all we know you’ll “grow up” again,” said Dr, Riley.

“She’s right. You might grow, but we can’t be sure you won’t slip away again into that ‘baby persona’ for lack of another word.”

“I knew what I signed up for,” I said as I felt my wet diaper

They both looked like I removed a heavy burden from them.

“So you’ll keep working with us?” asked Jess.

“Well I can’t change my own poopie diapers now can I?”

Jess picked me up in her arms and laughed. Just then I let out a large poopy mess into my diaper. She felt the back of my filled diaper.

“You timed that didn’t you? Guess baby needs a new diaper.”

I giggled and blushed

Mommy Jess laid me down for a change. For how ever long it would be, I was happy this was my life.