**Daily Free-Write June 7, 2021: Doctor's Orders Pt. 9**

*Continuation of June 6, 2021 "Doctor’s Orders Pt. 8"*

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

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

"Honey, are you okay?"

"Everything spins when I move," groaned Stevie.

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

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

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

"No wait!"

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

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

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

"Wait! Don't I get a bath?"

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

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

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

Steven lay there as Ben spoke on the phone from the doorway. He tried to get up so he could talk to the doctor and ended up falling down off the side of the bed.

"Hold on, Doc. Steven just fell down! Oh goodness..."

Ben helped Steven back on the bed and admonished him to stay there until he finished talking to the doctor. Ben was too shaken to argue. When Ben came back, he went into the closet and got an outfit for Stevie.

He brought out a footed sleeper made of puffy pink satin with another rainbow and unicorn patch on the front.

"No way! Get away from me with that thing! Where did you even get that?" asked Steven from the bed.

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

"You have a terrible fashion sense," groaned Stevie as the cool silky material came up over his chest and arms, encasing his feet and hands as well. It felt good, and somehow, that made him blush even harder than usual.

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

"What do you mean?" asked Steven, moving his body experimentally. He could feel his outfit pressing against his whole body snugly and securely, and the zipper was well out of reach so he really was stuck. He also noticed that he couldn't seem to straighten his legs. "Hey... I think this outfit is too short..."

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

"And when will that be?"

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

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

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

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

"Well, at least the sippy cup makes sense now," said Steven, looking at the My Little Unicorn sippy cup. Then Steven remembered something.

"Oh crap, I'm supposed to go in to work today. I'd better call out."

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

"You what?!"

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

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

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

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

"Right before I changed you."

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

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

Steven's hands were covered by poofy material so he had no hope of picking up a spoon. Instead, Steven was forced to endure a feeding from his boyfriend, who seemed all too happy about his predicament he was in. Soon, his tray was cleared. He was surprised to feel himself starting to wet as he emptied the last of the sippy cup, but it could have been his imagination. He couldn't tell with the thick outfit he was wearing.

"Hey, can I use the potty? I think I'm wetting..."

"No way, buddy. You're to stay in one place. Your diapers are your potty for now.. But we can take you to the living room if you want. At least there you can watch some of your shows."

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

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

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

*-Written by ChampTehOtter*