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Sue Erickson

Best AB Story Ever Written

Dear Friends,

It's March 17, 1997, St. Patrick's Day, and, as promised, I'm uploading The Best AB Story Ever Written as a gift for all my wonderful, diapered friends - to show my appreciation for all the support and kind works I have received over the years. How do I know this is the best story every written? Well, a little history may shed some light.

In 1985 and I was sitting in front of my "powerful" Apple II computer with 128K and working with Appleworks, the most popular software ever written (in terms of market share). For the past few years I've been publishing great AB stories written by other DPF members, but now I have decided to write one of my own called "My Brother Ritchie". My plan is to publish it in four sections, about one section every year of so. All DPF stories are distributed by snail mail, and anyone who returns a Story Rating gets a 10% discount on future purchases.

Now it's 1990 and my Apple II has grown into an Apple IIGS with a lot more memory and an external hard disk. My latest software is AppleworksGS. I decide to publish a complete version of "My Brother Ritchie" as part of DPF's first dozen Novelettes. The Storey Ratings have been coming in by the hundreds during the past five years, and "My Brother Ritchie" has become the highest rated story out of almost 200 published. I am amazed, and this little kid's ego is also somewhat elevated (so what't new?).

Now it's March 27, 1997 and "My Brother Ritchie" is still the highest rated story we have ever published. And now it has become the first DPF copyrighted story to be available FREE on the Internet (other than those stolen), and including the original illustrations. By the way, I'm sitting in front of my MAC9500 and using Pagemaker and PageMill to prepare this page. I'm sure you will enjoy this story, as 86% rate it as Excellent or Good.

Tommy

My Brother Ritchie

Chapter 1 - The Problem

DAMN! It was happening again. At the age of fourteen he was only two years younger than his brother Ritchie, and you would think that he'd be treated like the maturing adult he felt he was most of the time. Yet, time and time again he found

himself being treated like a little kid, sometimes almost like a baby. And, damn it! It seemed to him that his older brother, Ritchie, was always being treated almost like a real grown-up even though he was only sixteen. It just wasn't fair. Damn it, it wasn't.

For months now he had been complaining to his parents about the way they treated him. He had tried and tried to prove how mature he was, how smart he was, how responsible he was. After all, wasn't he a genius? How many kids his age had mastered the secrets of computers the way he had. He remembered the time the FBI had contacted his parents because he had been able to gain access to some of their secret files. They said that he had done the impossible. And although they warned him never to do that again, they also offered him an opportunity to join the FBI after college.

But his mother, and to some degree his dad, seemed to have some sort of hang-up about him that was reflected in the way they treated him. For example, just today he and Ritchie had approached his parents about a school sponsored backpack trip into the high Sierra for grades 9 through 12. And while his parents said Ritchie could go, they nixed any possibility of him joining the group. Dad had said that he thought the hike would be too strenuous for him. But mom's reason made him madder and madder the more he thought about it. She was worried that he'd fall and hurt himself, that he might get lost, that he couldn't keep up. Finally, after his pleading she came right out and said that he was just too little.

Hell, at 5' 3" he knew he was average for his age. Average weight too. With light brown hair, smooth skin and hazel eyes, he knew he was just as capable as any of the other kids in his class who were going. And just because Ritchie was 5' 8", athletic build and a star on the school football team, why did that always mean he could do anything he wanted to do. But that is just exactly the way things were. Ritchie could do anything he wanted, and Steven was still treated like a kid. Damn! Damn! Damn!

That was it! Suddenly he decided to start the 'plan' he had been working on for the past few weeks. He knew it would work. In a way he felt sorry that he had to use it, but talking to his parents was just not getting any where. With the determination he could always muster up when he needed it, he walked over to the computer. He started up his 'secret' program, then lightly hit the keys 'BW'. That was all he had to do. In a few short hours his plan would start to work. He grinned. "What a gas this will be", he thought, and relaxed.

Chapter 2 - The Plan

About a month ago Steven had seen an ad in one of the computer magazines about a series of Hypnotic Tapes which promised to help you stop smoking, lose weight or gain confidence. He had sent for one of the tapes, and when it arrived had been able to analyze how it worked. The hypnotic suggestions appeared on the screen, worded in a special way based on the theories of Milton Erickson, the world renowned hypnotist who had died only a few years ago. To help him understand Erickson's techniques he had gone to the library and read all of his books.

To Milton Erickson's theories he added one of his own, based on what he recently learned about subliminal advertising. It seems that a few years ago it was thought that an 'ad' could be placed on a movie screen in a series of short flashes, so short in fact that the audience would not see them. Yet their sub-conscious minds would receive the message. Many tests were done, and the results were inconclusive. To this theory Steve added one of his own. He thought that each person had their own

"threshold". That is the time interval that the message was on the screen would have to be customized for each person.

Now, one thing for sure was that Ritchie was a computer game freak. Although he did not like to write programs the way Steven did, he sure loved the games, and had a big collection of everything from Q-BERT to Flight Simulator. For weeks Steven had experimented with messages which would flash at varying durations and intervals while Ritchie played his games. Yesterday the subliminal message was:
"YOU ARE VERY THIRSTY FOR A COKE"

And it had worked. At about five in the afternoon Ritchie was sitting at the computer playing a game called "Capture The Flag". As Steven watched, Ritchie got up, went into the kitchen and came back drinking a Coke. IT HAD WORKED! You see, Ritchie hated Cokes. This was Ritchie's first Coke in many years. With a great sense of satisfaction, Steven watched as Ritchie drank the whole thing down. "Hey Ritchie", Steven asked, "How come you're drinking a Coke? I thought you hated them."

"I don't know, it's weird", said Ritchie. "I just suddenly got this urge for a Coke and just had to have one. Crazy, isn't it?"

"Sure is", replied Steve. "Sure is."

Now Steven thought about what he had set into motion a few hours ago when he pressed the keys 'BW'. He thought about the subliminal message that would begin to flash every time Ritchie played his games. He grinned again and again every time he envisioned the results. Later that night he had a real hard time going to sleep, thinking about it over and over. Again he pictured the results in his mind, the results of the message that read:

"YOU WILL WET THE BED WHILE DEEPLY SLEEPING"

Chapter 3 - Ritchie Tries To Hide It

Bzzzzzzzz! What! Time to get up already? It sometimes seemed to Ritchie that on school days the alarm buzzes just a few seconds after his head touches the pillow. Groggily he reaches over and turns off the alarm, then suddenly pulls back his hand as he senses something strange. For a moment it feels like he is lying in a cold and clammy bed as if he had been sweating. He moves his body slightly in an effort to get rid of this uncomfortable feeling. And as he puts his hand under the sheets to get a better feel, his heart almost jumps into his throat.

'What the?' he thinks. "What the hell. Shit. I can't believe this". Lifting the sheet, the unmistakable odor of pee hits his nose. "Damn, I don't believe this. I've pissed the bed". In a mild state of panic he tries to understand what has happened. But as hard as he tries he simply can not remember anything except that he has had a sound night's sleep. He tries to think of some reason for this to happen. Did he have a lot to drink before he went to bed? No. Does he feel sick, or have a fever? Everything feels normal to him, except the wet, soaky feeling from his legs way up to his chest. Whew! What a mess.

Finally he realizes he has to do something about his wet clothes and bedding. A sick feeling of threatening embarrassment starts to grow as he tries to figure how he will hide it from his family. After all, what would his Dad think of his tough football playing son if he saw this. And Steven, he'd probably laugh his head off.

That's it. He'll hide all the wet stuff in his closet and put clean sheets on his bed. Then, this afternoon after school he'll come home and launder the evidence. Gingerly he gets out of bed, removes his soaked pajamas and the drenched sheets, rolls them up, and stuffs them in the closet. Quickly he sneaks into the hallway closet and grabs clean sheets. Suddenly Steven's bedroom door opens and Steven heads towards the bathroom. "What are you doing?", asks Steven as he notices the sheets in Ritchie's arms.

"Oh, I just needed some clean towels", is the response.

"Then how come you've got sheets there?"

"Yeah, thanks, what I wanted was towels."

"Right," says Steven.

Ritchie puts back the sheets and grabs some towels. As soon as Steven goes into the bathroom he trades them back for sheets, goes to his room, flips over the mattress to the dry side and makes his bed. Later that afternoon he manages to return and launder the wet stuff without too much problem. At one point Steven asks Ritchie why he is doing laundry and Ritchie replies that he just wants to help Mom. Fortunately Steven doesn't probe any further so Ritchie feels a sense of relief. That night as he goes to bed he thinks back on the crazy thing that happened that morning and thanks God that he was able to cover up the evidence.

Buzzzzzzzz! As Ritchie shuts off the alarm he can't believe what he feels. Impossible as it seems, it has happened again. "Damn! What is happening to me? It doesn't seem real. How can a grown guy like me start to do such a damn babyish thing?" As he rolls up the wet sheets he suddenly realizes that he can't keep it completely secret any more because he can't keep turning over the mattress. So he goes downstairs and asks his Mom to come into his room. There he tries to explain what is happening and with slightly teary eyes asks for her help. Putting her arms around him, his Mother tells him that it will most likely rapidly pass, and that she will take care of his bed while he is in school. In a weak voice he thanks her and goes down to breakfast.

That night he finds the bed made. He spends the evening doing his homework, playing a computer game, and watching a little television. As he gets into bed later that night he feels something's different. The sheets have a strange slightly slippery action--no, it's not the sheets. He lifts the corner of the sheets and feels the smooth plastic sheet under him. "Damn, does Mom think I'm going to keep wetting the bed. No way! I'm going to stop". As he lies in bed he concentrates all his mental effort and says over and over again, "I won't wet the bed, I won't wet the bed again, I won't". Soon he is deeply asleep, calm, relaxed, comfortable, serene, and WET.

Chapter 4 - When You're Wet You're Wet

The following week Mom makes an appointment with their doctor. That Tuesday after school Ritchie and Mom go to the doctor, where he is given a fairly complete physical. The doctor tells them both that he simply can not find anything wrong with the healthy young man, and suggests that they consult with a psychiatrist. At first Ritchie rebels saying that he is not crazy. But after a few more days of soaking beds, he decides that he's got to find out why he is acting so strangely. After just a few sessions,

the shrink announces that he finds Ritchie devoid of any serious mental problems. He is quite at a loss to explain what is causing the bedwetting, and suggests that until it stops that Ritchie consider wearing an incontinent garment to bed. "Lots of people your age or older with incontinence wear them", he explains, "and that is a good temporary solution".

"GOOD SOLUTION?" Ritchie is mortified, but shamefully admits that under the circumstances the doctor is right.

That night when Ritchie is ready to go to bed he gingerly approaches his mother and asks her for one of the "incontinent garments" that she purchased that afternoon at the drug store. He hesitates when she hands him the package, and stands there for a moment reading the instructions. Then he takes the package to his bedroom and lays one of the "garments" on the bed. Ritchie's heart sinks. He doesn't want to admit it even to himself but they sure look like large "baby diapers". He's not sure how they go on, and decides to ask mom to give him a hand.

"Let me help you with your diaper", says Mom. "Why don't you take off your clothes and lie down on the diaper," she suggests. He feels a flood of embarrassment especially after his mother calls it a diaper. But he doesn't want to say no because Mom is being so understanding and helpful.

"Raise your legs up in the air a little," she says as she gently slides the soft, thick disposable "diaper" under Ritchie's bottom.

"I can do that," he stammers.

"Don't be silly, dear, it is so much easier and better if I put it on you"

So Ritchie lies there, feeling frightfully embarrassed, as his mother gently pulls the diaper up between his legs and tapes it snugly into place.

"There", she say, "that'll keep you nice and dry and comfy in bed tonight, won't it?"

Ritchie is ready to die.

In the morning Ritchie is pleased that only his diaper is wet. At least the bed and his bedclothes are dry. Instead of feeling cold and clammy he notices that his diaper feels warm and a lot more comfortable than wet sheets. "Besides," he tells himself, "it's going to stop soon anyway."

In the meantime Steven is not totally pleased with what has been happening. Ritchie has been getting lots of attention because of his bedwetting, but the situation has not helped Steve at all. His parents still refuse to let him go on the Sierra pack trip, although he is encouraged by the fact that Ritchie has dropped out of the trip (diapers or wet sleeping bags are a no-no when camping with your friends). He decides to put the second part of his plan into effect, goes over to the computer and loads his secret program. Gently he depresses the keys 'PW' and then retires to his bedroom to do some home work. But he keeps thinking about the results of the next subliminal message that is going to flash invisibly when Ritchie plays his usual evening computer games. Besides, for some reason, thinking about it gives him an erection. He gently rubs himself as he fantasizes about the result of the message that will read:
"WHEN YOU GET REAL EXCITED YOU WILL LOSE CONTROL AND WET YOUR

PANTS"

At about ten after seven Ritchie sits down at the computer and loads one of his favorite games, "SPACE WARS". He getting real good at it and feels he is almost ready to score over 100,000 points and enter the game's 'hall of fame'. In the first two games he scores 91,000 and 86,000 respectively, not bad at all. Then in the third game he rapidly crosses through the critical 'winged falcon defenses', and is on his way to the 'Victory Sector'. Higher and higher goes his score: 92,000, 94,000, 96,400, 97,800. His heart is beating fast as he his score approaches the magic number. Almost there. He's getting very very excited.

Suddenly he stops cold with his hand frozen on the joy-stick. A strange weak feeling grows in his groin and a warm wetness starts to flood his jockey shorts and his pants. Then a moment later a little trickle spills over the side of the chair on to the carpet. Finally realizing what is happening Ritchie leaps from the chair and makes a mad dash for the bathroom, not noticing Steven grinning from ear to ear from his bedroom. Grabbing for his fly he zips open his pants, grabs his penis, and points it at the bowl. A few drops manage to end up in the toilet but to his chagrin the great majority is in his pants. Slowly he sits down on the toilet and tries to understand what has just happened. "Something must be seriously wrong with me," he thinks. "Guys my age just don't wet the bed or their pants."

In the bedroom he puts on some dry underwear and pants and rolls up the wet clothes which he plans to air out tomorrow before dumping them in the laundry. "It must have been some freak thing that happened to me, maybe I wasn't paying attention because that score was so high. On the other hand I better be sure."

In the bathroom he drinks 1 1/2 glasses of water.

By 10:30 he is ready for bed and breathing a sign of relief. His bladder feels full, but he is having no problem holding it. Just to be sure he goes into the bathroom and lets a stream go. Oy, it sure feels good to have normal control. Then he calls his mother to help on with his nightly diaper.

"Thank God," he thinks. "What happened was obviously just a freak; maybe I was so excited at scoring over 100,000 that I just forgot what I was doing". And so to sleep.

Chapter 5 - The Big Football Game

As the days pass, Ritchie becomes more and more convinced that his pants wetting accident was truly just a strange but obviously freak accident. Except for his nightly diapering by his mom before bedtime his life is basically unchanged. Thursday, after football practice, he spends the evening with his girlfriend. She helps him with his homework and afterwards they both go down to the coffee shop to meet some of their friends. Laura is in love with Ritchie and considers herself very lucky to be going with the most popular boy in school. On Friday, Ritchie goes to bed early in preparation for the big game tomorrow. He is still slightly embarrassed when his mom diapers him while talking to him about tomorrow's game. The contrast makes him feel a little uneasy about himself. He pictures himself in his football uniform in an effort to blot out the image of the diaper that is being pulled snugly up between his legs.

Saturday dawns bright and sunny. This is the day of the big game. The

Oakwood Demons are only one game away from the championship. Belmont is a good team and Ritchie knows it is going to be a fight to the end. But he is confident that Oakwood will win. He removes his wet diaper and showers to wash off the damn baby smell that accompanies him every morning. Then, shortly before noon he goes down to the field for warm-up time.

Their opponents, the Belmont Tigers, are in real good form. They apparently had scouted well, and had developed a few new offensive plays that catch the Demons off guard. At the end of the first half the score is Oakwood 13, Belmont 17. Back in the locker room the coach gives the team a good pep talk. Telling Ritchie that he expects a super effort in the second half, the coach pats his star player on the rear end sends the team out to 'give em hell'.

Belmont's defenses seem stronger than ever, although their offense is having a much harder time breaking through Oakwood's line. Late in the fourth quarter Oakwood kicks a field-goal out of sheer desperation, and the score is Oakwood 16, Belmont 17. With less than one minute to play, Ritchie grabs the ball out of the air on the 31 yard line. He runs to the 40, then the 50. Mustering all the inner strength he has, he dodges Belmont players one by one as he runs steadily for the victory.

Finally only two opponents remain in his way. His excitement is rising. One makes a flying tackle, but Ritchie dodges just in time. His heart is pounding. Only one man remains in his way as he passes the 30 yard line...25, 20, 15. He can almost feel the breath of the Tiger behind him about to throw a tackle. In an unbelievable burst of speed and excitement he plunges towards the goal line. He's done it. Oakwood's Demons are the champs. As he crosses the goal line he feels his excitement rise to a peak.

He also feels a strange weakness between his legs. OH NO! Ritchie can't believe it. He feels that same warm wetness flooding his athletic supporter, spreading, spreading. Instead of turning to greet his fellow team-mates he continues to run, run, run, ruuuuuuun for the locker room. His team-mates are following. Still he runs. In panic! Into the shower room. He turns on the shower full blast. All over himself with his clothes on. His team-mates are laughing. They think it is just the funniest thing they have ever seen. But they don't really care. They're the champs.

In the shower Ritchie has only one thought. Get home. What's happening? I must be sick. I've got to see the doctor again. This has got to stop. Night time bedwetting is bad enough, but these daytime accidents are another story. Oh, please help me. I don't want to be a bedwetter. I don't want to be a pants wetter.

He is very shocked and scared on the way home. The excitement of the whole episode now dulled by the realization that Ritchie must confront his folks, tell them the whole truth, the truth that he is losing control of his bladder, and sometimes wets his pants. He can't bear to think what they will think, but he has to tell them.

Ritchie spends most of the rest of the afternoon in his room trying to figure out what he is going to tell his folks. After dinner he goes back to his room and tries to get the subject off his mind by playing some computer games. But he can't really get his mind into the games. Finally he decides he just has to tell them so he goes into the living room. But only his Dad is there.

"Where's Mom?", he asks.

Dad answers, "Mom went to her bridge club. She's in the big tournament tonight so I don't expect her home until really late."

You can almost hear Ritchie's sign of relief, as it gives him a good reason for waiting until tomorrow to broach this unpleasant subject. "I guess I'll go to bed", he says, "I'm real tired after today's big game."

Back in his room he realizes that he is going to have to put his own diaper on for the first time since this all began. He spreads it out on the bed and is just about to lie down on it when the door suddenly opens and in walks his Dad. Up until this time Ritchie wasn't even sure that his Dad even knew about his problems, and now here his Dad was sitting on the bed when Ritchie was about to pull a disposable diaper between his legs.

"Your mom made me promise I would help you get ready for bed," Dad offered in a slightly embarrassed voice. "I tried to tell her that it really wasn't necessary, but she insisted, and I didn't want to disturb her just as she was about to depart for her important game."

"God, Dad, you really don't have to. I can manage OK," pleads Ritchie as a feeling of painful humiliation grows in his stomach as he realizes that his Dad knows all about his bedwetting.

"I hope I remember how to do this," his Dad says. "I don't think I have done anything like this since Steven was about four years old."

"You really don't have to, Dad. Really, I can do it."

"Now, lie down there and raise your hips up so I can slide this, er, diaper between your legs. That's good."

Ritchie feels so embarrassed he can hardly look at his Dad. He also feels something else, something so strange and unexpected that he is completely taken by surprise. He feels himself starting to get an erection and a growing feeling of excitement that he struggles in vain to control. Fortunately for him, his Dad has the diaper pulled up over his stomach and doesn't notice anything. Or if he does he doesn't say anything. By the time his Dad is attaching the tapes around his waist, Ritchie's erection is total and he is as hard as a rock. As soon as his Dad leaves the room he feels all funny inside and starts to rub himself through the diaper. It feels so good he finds himself climaxing in just a few moments. He can't believe that it all has happened so fast, but a feeling of relaxation comes over him and he is soon drifting off to sleep of another wet night for our super football hero.

What Ritchie does not know is that tonight, when he played his computer games, he received a new set of subliminal hypnotic messages which Steven had put in the computer just this afternoon:

"WEARING DIAPERS WILL GIVE YOU STRONG FEELINGS OF SEXUAL EXCITEMENT, ESPECIALLY WHEN BEING DIAPERED BY SOMEONE ELSE"

Chapter 6 - Steven Sets A Plan

Steven lay in his bed thinking about the effects of the last subliminal suggestion

he had put on the computer. That was days ago, and by now it must be well impressed into Ritchie's mind. He wonders what Ritchie feels every night, whether he is able to hide his sexual excitement when his mother diapers him before he goes to bed. And he wonders what his mother thinks. Or maybe it is his Dad who now has that duty?

Steven tries to picture the scene as the thick night diaper is being pulled up between Ritchie's legs. As he does, he almost unconsciously places his hand on the fly of his jeans and slowly starts to rub himself excitedly. As the visual images move slowly through his mind, he is suddenly racked by the pulses of an orgasm which sends hot sticky stuff squirting into his jockey shorts. Oh, hell, he thinks, that sure felt good.

Suddenly he gets an idea. If he can make Ritchie feel more like a real baby when being diapered, then that would give him a feeling of even greater power over his big brother. Going over to the computer he places a new subliminal hypnotic message into the memory, ready to invisibly pound itself into Ritchie's mind every time he plays his beloved computer games. It reads:

"WHEN YOU ARE BEING DIAPERED YOU WILL HAVE
PLEASANT BABY FEELINGS"

Chapter 7 - The Baby Feelings Erupt

Three days later Steven is doing his homework in his room when there is a knock on his door.

"Steven, are you busy?", asks his mother.

"No, come on in," he replies.

His mom explains that she and his dad are going to be out late that night as they are playing bridge with the Coletti's. "Please do me a favor and see that Ritchie is well diapered before bedtime. The doctor says it is important that someone help him get to bed because he feels that is what your brother really needs."

"OK, mom. I'll do me best," he says as his minds reels with expectation.

"Thanks, hon, see you in the morning," his mother says lovingly as she kisses him on the forehead and closes the door.

Steven prances around the room, his gathering excitement making him breathe faster. Watching the clock, he waits impatiently to be sure that his folks are gone.

As Steven enters Ritchie's room, he finds himself strangely excited. He finds Ritchie seated at his computer playing one of his games.

Good, thinking to himself, the suggestion will be fresh and strong. Going over to the bed he spreads a double thick diaper on the bed. "Come on, Ritchie, it's time for bed," he says in a pleasant tone.

"What?," says Ritchie nervously, "you don't have to do that."

Steven tells Ritchie that Mom and Dad have set the whole thing up so he better not make any trouble.

"Oh, well, get it over with fast, damn it. I really hate this whole shit."

Ritchie takes off his clothes and lies down on the bed and quickly tries to pull the diaper up between his legs to hide his rising excitement.

"Not so fast," says Steven as he gently pulls the diapers out of Ritchie's hands. Trying not to do anything that might upset Ritchie, he starts to gently apply the baby lotion all around Ritchie's crotch in the manner usually reserved for babies. It's working, he thinks to himself as he notices a gradual look of pleasure and satisfaction come over Ritchie's face. Very gently and very slowly he massages the lotion into the creases between Ritchie's legs.

Wow! What strange emotions are now clashing in Ritchie's mind as he becomes more and more aware of what Steven is doing to him. One moment he feels humiliated, ashamed and not just a little upset. It seems so incongruous in light of his past success as an athlete and his popularity in school with the 'in crowd'. But in the next moment he is also aware of the pleasure of having warm hands softly moving over all the sensitive areas between his legs, so nice and so comforting. He feels almost as if he is floating up into a cloud, a feeling that somehow seems so right. He can't quite place this new-old feeling, but he is strongly aware of visions from the long ago past. Like that of a soft cuddly Teddy Bear in his arms and his thumb in his mouth.

Steven is reading my mind, Ritchie thinks as he feels his hand being picked up and his fingers gently curled and pressed into a fist. Then he watches as if from afar as his hand is slowly moved toward his mouth, and his thumb gently placed against his lips. Oh, I can't, he thinks, I can't do this. But he feels himself opening his mouth and engulfing the round firmness of his thumb. In a moment he begins a sucking motion that he thought he had forgotten many years ago. What am I doing? Why am I doing this? His mind struggles with questions that he simply can not answer in any way that makes sense.

Ritchie continues to suck his thumb as the sensations between his legs continue to grow more wonderful all the time. Sensations, in fact, which are threatening to reach a traumatic peak, and suddenly Ritchie feels the spasms of an orgasm. Although he knows what has really happened, he is easily convinced when Steven wipes up the mess while gently teasing him for wetting all over himself like a baby. Ritchie feels somehow mellow and relaxed as Steven pulls up the diaper and fastens it securely. Maybe I'll understand all of this better tomorrow, he thinks as Steven waves bye-bye, turns out the light, and closes the door.

Chapter 8 - Ritchie Tells Linda

Saturday morning, and Ritchie wakes up wet as usual. Then he remembers his experience with Steven the previous night. It seems like a strange, disturbing dream to him, yet he also remembers the pleasant feelings he had, feelings of being a-. "Nah! Can't be!" He also remembers what Steven did to him when he put him to bed. "No! I don't want that!" he thinks. "I'm not going to let that happen again, no way!"

Remembering that he has a date with Linda, he suddenly feels relieved. It will be good for his bruised ego to spend time with his girlfriend. That sure seems like a good way to get these troubling thoughts out of his mind.

Some hours later he is in his car driving with Linda. She notices that Ritchie

seems a little quiet and not his usual self. They soon park in an unused parking lot behind a closed building. Ritchie puts his arm around Linda and tells her how much he loves her; and Linda responds by giving him a passionate kiss. Ritchie excitedly moves his hand up along Linda's thigh toward her panties. No! Suddenly he senses the beginning of that awful feeling again. He is losing control of his bladder, and he is afraid that he is about to wet his pants. In panic he opens the door and runs out of the car, with Linda calling after him, "What's the matter, what is wrong, where are you going?"

He turns a corner and stops. Is it happening? No, he is relieved to find that somehow he has regained control of himself. His pants are still dry and the weakness seems to have faded away. Slowly he walks back to the car, gets in sheepishly and slinks down into the seat.

"What happened," asks Linda. "Are you all right? What happened? Please tell me what is wrong? I love you and want to help you."

Ritchie meekly starts to tell Linda that he has some problems, but he just can't tell her about them

Linda replies that she loves him so much and wants to spend her whole life with him. "What are good friends for if not to share our problems in life," she pleads. Putting her arms around Ritchie she holds the frightened boy tightly.

Slowly he relaxes a little and decides he just has to tell her something about his problems. In his mind he NEVER BELIEVES that she will understand.

"I've developed some-er-serious medical problem which has seemed to effect my-er-er-bladder. I'm becoming-incontinent-I mean I have trouble controlling myself at night-er- you know what I mean? And I have had to wear-er-er-an incontinent pad-er-'thing' at night". Then he tells her that a few times it has happened during the day. "I'm really scared of that. That's what started to happen a little while ago. But, thank God, it didn't. I just don't know what to do," he says as his voice begins to crack with the first feeling of tears welling up in his eyes.

(As Ritchie is talking, Linda is thinking, This is the boy I truly love. And he's got a seriously problem. I've got to help him in any way I can. Finally she suggests, "Why don't we go back to your house and you can put on one of those 'pad things' and we can go to a movie. You can relax for a while and then you'll feel a lot better."

Ritchie agrees, starts the car and they head back to his house.

Back at the house Linda feels more and more like she wants to help Ritchie in any way she can. After going to the bathroom, Ritchie shows Linda the 'pads', knowing in his mind that they look an awful lot like diapers. When Linda suggests that she wants to help him put them on, Ritchie blushes with embarrassment. But when she gives him a loving kiss on the cheek, his hesitatingly says "OK."

Lying down on the bed, she helps him off with his pants and underpants, then gently starts to assist him with the 'pad'. Ritchie tries to help her so that he won't feel completely helpless. But, as he feels the diaper being placed under his bottom, he starts to get excited. What is worse is he is starting to get that same strange feeling that came over him when Steven diapered him the night before. More than anything else he wants to tell Linda to stop, but it is too late.

Linda decides that a little 'caressing' would help him feel more relaxed and forget about his problems. She had no idea what she is starting. Sitting down on the bed she puts Ritchie's head in her lap and kisses him on the forehead.

Ritchie moans with pleasure as he looks up at Linda. He is terribly confused by the contradictory feelings pouring through him, and suddenly feels an uncontrollable urge to suck his thumb. No, I can't do that, he thinks. Wouldn't that indicate that my wetting is more than just a medical problem? He tries to fight it, but it is a losing battle. Finally, with a little sigh of relief and frustration, he puts the thumb in his mouth and sucks it.

Linda is a bright girl. She is not completely surprised by this babyish reaction. Somehow in her mind she is starting to realize that, for some strange psychological reason, 'babying' is what Ritchie needs at this time in his life, and she is ready to give it to him. Ever so gently and smoothly she starts applying baby lotion in Ritchie's diaper area. Just like a baby, she thinks.

The feeling that comes over Ritchie is almost impossible to describe. He is pleasantly aware of his thumb in his mouth. Before he is even more aware of the way that Linda is applying baby lotion to him. It is so gentle, so soft, so loving. He feels every movement of her fingers and warm hand. He realizes that he is feeling just like a baby, and that seems weird. But he can't seem to help it, and it feels so damn GOOD!

Linda bends over and whispers in his ear, "My baby, my baby, my little baby feels so good."

Suddenly he erupts in a powerful orgasm Linda continues to coo baby talk to him. "It's happened again, he ponders, as he nestles his head into Linda's soft breasts. As he lies there wondering what this all means, he watches Linda as she finishes putting the fresh diaper on him. He realizes now for sure that it is a 'diaper' and not an 'incontinent pad'.

Shortly after that he and Linda are on their way to the movie. For the first time in his life (well first time in a long time anyway), he is wearing diapers under his daytime clothes. He feels very embarrassed and is sure that everyone will notice. But no one says a thing or even seem to notice. Not even his friends and classmates whom he runs into at the movie. Very slowly his feeling of embarrassment is joined by a feeling of security. He realizes now that even if that strange weak feeling should happen to him, at least he would not wet his pants. And that sort of makes him feel good.

After a hamburger he takes Linda home. Before they part, Linda gives him a very passionate kiss and tells him how much she loves him, wants to be with him and understands his current problems. As she talks, he is getting very excited and soon feels a warm wetness spreading between his legs. He knows he is wetting his diaper uncontrollably like a baby. It is also the first time this weak feeling has occurred without any real panic, just a strange feeling of embarrassment and humiliation even though only he knows what is happening. But he finds this quite preferable to doing it in his pants.

Chapter 9 - The Psychologist's Recommendations

Later that night Ritchie's mother takes him to his room for his nightly diapering. He is in a state of panic because he does not want his mother to discover that he is

wearing a wet diaper. But she insists on going with him to his bedroom. Ritchie tries to explain that he put the diaper on because he was afraid he would wet his pants and he wanted to go to the movies with Linda.

"Well, by the look of things I would say that was a very wise move", his mother says in surprise. "I think that things seem to be moving in new directions. It's time that we had another visit to the psychologist to discuss these new developments. I'll call him tomorrow for an appointment," she says as she pulls his night diapers over his now rigid penis. She kisses him good night and leaves the room.

Ritchie is worried as he accompanies his mother to the psychologist's office. What was wrong with me? Wetting the bed is bad enough, but why do I get these strange 'baby-like' feelings?

The doctor first talks to his mother, and for a long time, too. Finally the doctor calls him alone into his office. He wants to know what it feels like when he wets his pants.

"It's, like, well I can't seem to hold it. I try to stop it, but it's like my muscles don't want to do what I want them to do."

Then the doctor asks him what he feels when his mother diapers him. At first he is very embarrassed to tell the doctor, but finally admits that, "It feels sort of nice and for some reason it also excites me. And then I get a, er, er, erection. I don't want to, I think, but it happens when she does it, or Linda does it, and even when Dad or Steven does it. I don't like that."

Tell me more", insists the doctor.

"Well," says Ritchie hesitatingly, "I feel excited, yet sort of relaxed at the same time -- with a real strange feeling - like I was 'thankful' that someone is taking care of me."

"Your mother said that during the last few times you started to suck your thumb."

Ritchie turns beet red.

"Why does that bother you?" asks the doctor.

"Because it is so babyish," admits Ritchie.

"Like you're acting like a real baby, is that it?" asks the doctor.

"Yes," he answers.

The doctor then tries to explain to Ritchie that he thinks that deep down inside of him he wants to be a baby again. He doesn't understand it, but until this 'need' can be resolved he has instructed his mother that he should be treated accordingly.

Ritchie's mind reels with disbelief. He doesn't think he wants to be a baby. That's impossible! He wants to be a regular guy, to play football, to spend time with Linda and his friends. No, he thinks, I don't want to be a baby, and I'm going to fight this stuff 'til it stops for good.

Chapter 10 - Nap time for Baby Ritchie

On the way back to the car Ritchie feels his mother grab his hand as they cross the street. He tries to pull away, but to no avail. His mother tightens her grip and leads him across the street like a little boy. Not wanting to make a scene in case his friends are around, he complies and follows her just like he used to.

Once home, Ritchie goes to his room to get ready to meet his friends at the school athletic practice field. He is about to pull on his athletic sweat pants when his mother comes into the room with a couple of cloth diapers in her hands. "Oh, no, you're not going out to play. You're going in for a short nap. You've had a very trying morning."

With that she gently pushes him down on the bed and starts to remove his underwear.

I'm not going to let her do this, Ritchie thinks. I've got to stop this NOW. I'm not going to be treated like a baby. I'll show Mom that I don't need this."

But, it's too late. Mom has already placed the cloth diaper under Ritchie's bottom, and the feel of that soft cloth under him is already causing its inevitable effect. He feels waves of those now familiar feelings coming over him. He struggles to fight them, but they get stronger and stronger. A growing urge to suck his thumb finally overpowers his resistance and he starts to move his hand toward his mouth.

His mother is thinking, the doctor thinks that Ritchie wants to be a baby again, and I find that hard to believe. But this may help me to find out. If I give him a baby bottle and if he drinks it, that would be strong evidence that the doctor is right. She pushes away his hand and slowly brings the bottle of milk towards Ritchie's mouth. In amazement she watches as her 16 year old son grabs at it and thrusts the nipple in his mouth. He begins to suck with a happy, contented look in his eyes.

Yes, she thinks, that is the same look he used to get when he was just a toddler - amazing.

Ritchie is soon aware of being very drowsy and a strong need to go to sleep. He is also aware that his mother is putting baby lotion and baby powder all over between his legs, and it feels soooooo good! And he feels himself lifting his legs up into the air. Soon Mommy is pinning the new cloth diapers snugly, and he watches as a pair of soft white plastic baby pants are pulled over his legs and up securely over the diapers.

"There, that will keep you snug and dry while you take your nap", coos his mother. "You just finish your bottle and take a nice little nap. When we wake up we can talk about what we are going to do about school, and your friends. Mommy understands and is going to take real good care of you just like the doctor said I should. Ritchie has become Mommy's little baby again."

With that, Ritchie feels and sees a soft baby blanket being pulled over him. He loves his bottle and feels very secure and very sleepy. As his mother leaves the room he is left with a very dreamy feeling, and soon falls fast asleep.

Neither Ritchie nor his mother have been aware that during this episode they have been observed from behind the window drapes. Steven is fascinated by what his hypnotic suggestions are doing to his brother. He has watched everything with a

combination of amazement, satisfaction and some jealousy. There have been some small indications in the last few days that his parents are beginning to think of him as the older brother. Finally it appears that his plan is working, but for some reason the victory does not seem totally satisfying. As he looks down at his sleeping brother he wonders how it will evolve in the future. What is going to happen to his now 'baby' brother? And what will his life really be like now that he is the 'much older' brother in the family. His concerns are in strong contrast to the seemingly serene sleep that has engulfed the well diapered 16 year old boy who lies in the bed in front of him. I hope you will be happy, he thinks, as he takes an old teddy bear that he had found in the attic and places it in the arms of his 'baby' brother.

"Sleep good, little brother," he says softly. Then he turns and leaves the room, closing the door ever so quietly and goes to his room to think.

Chapter 11 - Things Take A New Turn

Steven keeps picturing over and over in his mind what he has just seen in Ritchie's room. After his mother had left the room Ritchie had continued to drink from his baby bottle. But he had also grabbed his foot with his free hand and had sort of 'played' with it. Soon after finishing his bottle he put his arms around his Teddy Bear, turned on his tummy, stuck his rump in the air and started rocking back and forth making little sounds that sounded a little like giggling. Why did that seem so strange to Steven?

Suddenly he realizes what that means. He remembers the latest subliminal hypnotic message that is being blasted into Ritchie's mind every time he plays his computer games. That message is quite specifically telling Ritchie to have 'pleasant baby feelings WHEN he is being diapered'.

Steven is an expert on hypnosis. He knows the possibilities and limitations of hypnosis. He knows that hypnotic suggestions are usually accepted literally and quite specifically by a good subject like his brother. If that is so, then why was Ritchie apparently experiencing 'pleasant baby feelings' even when he was NOT being diapered. The apparent answer almost blows Steven away. Without planning it, Steven has apparently triggered something that has been deeply hidden in Ritchie's subconscious mind, something that is now taking control and is directing the course of events by itself.

Steven hadn't really wanted or expected anything like this. But the more he thinks about Ritchie's behavior, the more he realizes that the big, popular, handsome high school football hero is now being 'controlled' by his own inner needs. It's not really Steven's power any more. Uncontrolled inner FORCES OF REGRESSION have now apparently taken over and are reducing Ritchie day by day, hour by hour, to the status of a Toddler.

Chapter 12 - The Baby Wakes Up

Slowly, drowsily Ritchie wakes from his nap. For one short moment he thinks he will jump out of bed, take a hot shower, and then go down to the athletic field to throw some footballs. But then he feels the warm, wet feeling between his legs. As he moves his thighs he is aware of the bulk of the diaper. It feels good! So good, in fact, that it immediately triggers a growing erection. He pulls at his diaper so that his lengthening rod will have room to grow as it expands. Soon he is moving around,

rubbing the now turgid shaft against the warm good wetness of his diaper. He grabs at his Teddy Bear and holds him close. First on his back while moving his legs. Then over on his tummy, rubbing and rubbing. Oooooooh! Ritchie-Baby! Ritchie diaper wet!

"Ritchie wants to be changed! Mommy! Daddy! Steven! Please change me!!!! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah." Semen squirts pulsatingly into Ritchie's diaper. But he can only think, Ritchie do more pee pee in diaper. Ritchie very wet. Then he lays very still for a few minutes trying to sort his thoughts out. "Help me! Someone please help me! I've got to get help!" he pleads. Real baby tears start to well up in his eyes, and soon he is howling and bawling.

Fortunately, Steven is home and hears the crying. When he enters the room, he sees Ritchie wearing nothing but a diaper and plastic pants, clutching his bear and crying like the world is about to fall apart.

"What's the matter?" asked Steven. "Are you all right? Are you sick?"

But Ritchie doesn't seem to hear him. He just keeps crying and wailing.

Sitting down on the bed, Steven positions himself so he can place Ritchie's head on his lap. Then he proceeds to gently pat his brother on the head and then to rub his belly. Slowly his brother's crying diminishes and then turns to sporadic sobs. Steven tries to get his brother to tell him what the problem is.

Between sobs Ritchie finally is able to talk. "First I woke up and wanted to go out for football practice. Then (sob) suddenly I realized that I had diapers on and (sob) and (sob, sob, sob) my diaper was wet and I felt embarrassed and (sob) and (sob) and (sob)--"

"And you needed changing," asks his bother.

The sobbing increases again and his answer becomes a babble. "Yeah, but I don't want to be-(sob) but I'm wet (sob) and big people don't wet (sob) and (sob, sob, sob) I need to be changed." Then all he can do is cry.

"I'll be right back, everything is going to be OK." He tries to tell his bother. Steven runs into the kitchen and grabs one of the baby bottles that his mother has just bought; fills it with milk and rushes back as fast as he can. "Here, maybe this will make you feel better."

Ritchie looks in amazement. He wants someone to take away his scared feelings, and instead his brother just brings him a baby bottle. "No, please, I don't want that, I don't need that," he pleads. But to no avail. Steven has already gently placed the nipple against Ritchie's lips. Seemingly beyond his control he feels himself opening his mouth and as his sobs are diminishing as he sucks on the nipple and drink the cool tasty milk.

For a few minutes Steven holds the bottle and watches Ritchie. Then he takes his brother's hands and wraps them around the bottle while he fetches dry diapers from the top of the dresser. In a few moments he finds himself changing his 16 year old brother's diapers. He is not at all surprised as a look of serene pleasure returns to his 'baby' brother's face. When he is done, he pulls some elastic waist toddler style pants over the plastic pants, and then starts to put on his shoes. Ritchie has finished his bottle, and as Steven slips a shirt over the big baby's head, Ritchie is actually smiling.

"Now, you go watch television for awhile. Mom and Dad will be home soon and we must talk about what we can do to help you."

"OK," says Ritchie, as he trundles off to the living room with a cute little waddle.

Steven watches him go, and has to struggle to keep from laughing at the way his brother walks. "That was great," he thinks about the new benefits of having a 'baby brother'.

Chapter 13 - Ritchie Sees The Truth

Some days later Ritchie decides that he needs to talk to someone. But who? He finally decides that he feels most comfortable with his girlfriend, Linda; that there are so many thoughts going around in his head that maybe she can help him sort them out. He certainly can't talk to Steven because of what he did to him a few days ago. And not his Dad, he can't do that. And his Mom seems to be doing all the wrong things, things that just seem to be pushing him in the wrong direction, like putting that oversized crib in his room for him to sleep in. That sure seemed to be the last thing he needed, even though he does have to admit that it felt good when he went to sleep in it.

"Some hours later he is sitting in the car parked out near the overlook talking to Linda. "For example," he is saying, "Mom is usually the one who diapers me. Now, I don't really want to be diapered. I just need it right now, that's all. It's better than what might happen if I didn't have one on."

Linda has her arm around Ritchie's shoulder as she listens to him attentively. She loves this wonderful, handsome boy who is going through a very strange and scary change in his life. She loves not only the football hero whom she thought she knew until fairly recently, but the sensitive and submissive little boy who seems to be taking the football player's place. "That's true," she responds, giving him a hug.

"And I don't want to be dressed in a sleeper at night, either. Mom just insists that I will be more comfortable in case I toss around in my cr--, bed. But I don't really want to wear it."

He continues. "And you know, I know you know, that Mom or someone gives me a bottle before I go to sleep. I don't really want to drink from a bottle like that. It's just that---."

"But you do drink it, don't you?" asks Linda.

"I don't want to do it." answers Ritchie. "I don't want any of it. I'm not a baby, and I don't want to be a baby. Real babies probably like all those things. They like to be diapered and dressed in sleepers and like to drink from a bottle. And I don't want to. So that's it, you see. I don't want those things, so I'm not a real baby. That's it, Linda. I'm not becoming a baby. Don't you see how important that is to me, to know that I'm not becoming a baby. Because I don't want those things. And real babies probably do."

"Then, why do you do it?" asks Linda.

"Because they PUT me in diapers. Mom PUTS them on me. I don't really want her to. But she PUTS them on me. And then she PUTS the plastic pants on over them. She PUTS me into the sleepers, too. I would rather wear my pajamas, but she

PUTS a sleeper on me."

"What else does she do to you, or PUT, as you say?"

"Well, then she gives me a bottle, and PUTS the nipple in my mouth. I really don't need or want it. I don't take it myself like a real baby would. You see that I'm not really a baby, don't you, Linda?"

"I see that you are PUT in diapers and plastic pants at night, PUT into a sleeper, and given a bottle with the nipple PUT into your mouth. That seems pretty babyish to me."

"No, it's not," replies Ritchie getting a little angry.

"Well, real babies are PUT into diapers, real babies are PUT into sleepers and nipples are usually PUT into their mouths, right?"

"NO!! That can't be. I don't want to do it. That proves that I'm not a baby!!!" Ritchie's eyes are starting to tear as he begins to realize that his theory of why he is not a baby is starting to fall apart. "No that can't be."

Squeezing him even more tightly, Linda exclaims, "I think you've got it a little mixed up. It's not a question of whether you like it or not. Maybe some babies don't always want to be diapered, or probably they don't always want to be put into a sleeper for whatever reason. And maybe they may not think they want a bottle. The important thing is----."

"I know what you are going to say," interrupts Ritchie. "You're going to say that babies are PUT into diapers and PUT into sleepers and ---" He feels a sob starting to form in his throat. "And because I'm PUT (sob) into diapers like a baby is, and because I'm PUT (sob) into sleepers like a baby, and---."

"Don't cry. You don't have to cry."

"I thought I had it figured out and I couldn't be a baby (sob) but now all of a sudden I feel (sob)--I'm always PUT into things (sob)---so--(sob)--I'm a baby--I'm really a baby (sob)."

Linda sees unquestionably that she has a big baby on her hands. "Let's check you and get you into something dry, if necessary," she says as she starts to unzip Ritchie's pants.

"No, no, wait," pleads Ritchie. "You've got to help me, please. I'm scared. If I am acting like a baby, I'm afraid that I'm going to say or do something in school that will be awful, really awful."

"Like what?"

"Well, I'm afraid that I may start to cry. I seem to do that easily now."

"That's true. But what would make you cry?."

In a hesitating voice Ritchie says, "I'm afraid I may cry or do something babyish if I'm thirsty, like I might-er-need my--"

"Your bottle?"

"Yes, or even worse. What if I'm wet and suddenly feel I need a change. Oh God, please Linda, help me!"

"I know exactly what I'll do. I'm going to try to borrow Dad's van which he never uses on weekdays. It's got curtains in the windows. I'll stick as close to you as I can during the day, and if I see you starting to fuss or act up, we'll go right out to the van where I'll keep your bottle and some diapers and plastic pants. And I'll change you or feed you if you need it. OK?"

As strange as it seemed to Ritchie, Linda's suggestions seemed to remove much of his fear. "OK," he murmurs as he snuggled close to his 'girl'.

"Now, lets check that diaper of yours and get you into something dry." As she slowly lifts away the diaper, she notices his usual excitement. Watching it happening she feels excited too, and also feels wetness between her legs as an orgasm starts to build up.

Wow, she thinks, That sure was fast. I really do seem to love to do this to him, and I know that there are many ways that I can get him to do things that I like too, but this would not be the right time. That will come in the future.

Ritchie watches what Linda is doing; lifting his legs into the air so she can slide the diaper under him. He thinks, I'm really a baby. A real baby! And I need Linda to take care of me. With love in his eyes he puts his arms around Linda's neck and gives her a million baby kisses on her cheek.

Chapter 14 - The Psychologist's Conclusion

"The question at this point, as I see it, is what is likely to happen now or in the next few weeks or months, and what we can do about it," said Dr. Landrow. "Based on your description of Ritchie's activities and my session with him yesterday, there is a possibility of complete regression."

"Complete regression," gasps Ritchie's mother. "What exactly do you mean by complete regression? It seems pretty complete to me already. I would not like it to more complete. How could that be?"

"Well, it seems to me that his behavior indicates some deep need to return to being a baby. How far that could go is hard to say, but it could go further. Were you happy when Ritchie was a baby?"

"Oh, yes, it was a good time. David and I always wanted to have children. We love having children. I looked forward to having a baby ever since I can remember."

"How did you treat Ritchie as a baby. Is it possible that you did something at that time that may have had an impact on what is happening today. Even something that you did out of love but which could have an unexpected result?"

Ritchie's mom thinks for a moment. So many years ago. So much to remember.

Suddenly she remembers something. At first she does not want to tell the doctor, but then she realizes that he is sincerely trying to help her. Finally she speaks.

"I don't think I thought about it at the time. It seemed so unimportant."

"What seemed so unimportant?" asks the doctor.

"Well, when Ritchie was a toddler, at least from the time he was about one year old until maybe when he went to nursery school, I used to hold him in my lap, hug him, and tell him that he should always be a baby. He was so cute. I really wanted him to stay a baby, even though I knew he would grow up."

"What else did you say?"

"I would hold him and tell him how if he stayed a baby I would love him, and hug him, and change him, and feed him. I think I did that many many times, over and over again. It was our little special time together. Every day. Oh, God, no, sometimes more than once a day. My God, do you think---."

"You say you told Ritchie that he should remain a baby every day of his baby life while you were holding him and reinforcing your message with physical closeness?"

"Yes."

"Well, I think we finally have something to work on. It appears to me that it is very likely that that sort of conditioning at that age--those suggestions at that impressionable age--together with love and physical caressing--yes, that could create a very strong deep inner directive. It is a directive that would be later suppressed and supplanted by the more typical support of growing up, of learning, of becoming a big boy. But that other deep one---."

"Of course," interrupts Ritchie's mother, "that could be it. And now it's surfacing again for some reason. But what does it mean? What is going to happen? What can David and I do about it?"

"The doctor is deep in thought. Then he says slowly, carefully choosing his words. "It may go away, that is, reverse itself and become just a short episode in his life. But, what is more likely is that it will deepen, that Ritchie's regression will be complete. I think you may have an opportunity that no mother, to my knowledge, has ever had."

"An opportunity?"

"Yes, an opportunity to bring up your baby the second time and to correct all the mistakes that you made the first time."

"Oh, no, I don't think I want that! He's 16 years old!"

"Well, you may have no choice. You are not as young as you were the first time. Can you get help?"

"Help? Well, no, I, oh yes. I think I can get help. Ritchie's girlfriend, Linda, is very much in love with him and has stuck by him through everything that has happened. She probably will want to, er, help, you know, babysit him. But how long will this go on?"

The doctor explains, "I believe that it may take many years. I think you are going to have a real baby on your hands, a baby that, with your help, is going to grow up

again--go through all the stages of childhood. I hope you and David and Linda will have the patience."

"Oh, I guess we will have to." Her eyes water a little as she speaks. "Ritchie is going to be my baby again. I can't believe it. But I think you are right. Thank God for Linda. I don't think I could handle it alone."

The doctor puts his hand on Ritchie's mother's shoulder and comforts her as she speaks again and again of the task about to face her. She expresses fear, because raising a 165 pound baby does not appear to be an easy task.

As she turns to leave the Doctor's office she adds. "Well, I guess that I'll have to tell David to go ahead with plans to build a large size crib for Ritchie's room." He was shocked when I first suggested the idea to him, partly in jest, but it looks now like we really need it."

Chapter 15 - The Final Regression

Ritchie lies in his new crib trying to sort out his thoughts. The thing that causes the most confusion in his mind is his conflicting feelings and unstable frame of reference. He seems to flip back and forth between two very different thought processes.

Right now he is thinking about how good he feels. It feels good to lie here in his new big baby crib, diapered and snuggled into a rather large, soft, cuddly blanket sleeper. He likes the way his feet feel, cozy and warm inside the feet of the sleeper. He even likes the softness of the crib's bumper pads that surround him. And especially he likes the warm feeling of his diaper. "I'm wet," he thinks. He is surprised when he realizes that he isn't sure if he is wet or not.

Then abruptly his thoughts change. Suddenly he realizes how absolutely weird all of this is. Strong pangs of shame began to overwhelm him. "Why am I lying here?" he thinks. "I should not be here. I'm 16 years old and I've got to pull myself together. Maybe I'm going insane."

The idea of insanity really frightens him. In his mind he starts to struggle with his reality, to sort out the pieces and put them into place. I'm going to concentrate on getting myself together, and getting back on track like I was before this all started. I'm going to get rid of all this baby 'shit'. I know I can do it. I'll just concentrate my thoughts and break out of it.

Ritchie gathers every bit of mental strength he can, and begins to force himself to think in a way that, he is sure, will soon have him out of the crib and back to 'normal'.

First of all, I know I'm sixteen. I've been alive for sixteen years and that makes me a teenager. Yes, I've been alive for sixteen years, and that's a long time. Sixteen years. Sixteen big years. Sixteen bears. Big sixteen bears. Big bears with sixteen squishy ears. Oh, God! What am I thinking? Big sticky ears on bears. Oh no! Where's my bear. Oh, here's my bear. He hugs his bear.

Suddenly he stops and realizes where his thought have gone.

Oh, what was I thinking of. I've got to get back to that. Oh yeah, my age. I'm--.

I'm--. Damn it. I can't think of my age. It's a number. It's a big number. Not just a little number. More than ten. What's a number more than ten? I can't think of any.

Ritchie tries hard to think of a 'big' number. As he struggles, a sense of panic set in.

Oh, please! I just can't forget numbers. I've got to remember things. I can think of football. I know I can't forget about playing football. Not when I'm a hero.

He hopes and prays that if he thinks of football everything will all come back. In his mind he pictures himself catching a forward pass and running for the goal.

Catch ball and run like hell . Away from other guys. That's how I can do it. They can't catch me. I'm real fast. Ritchie can run fast. Ritchie can run. Nobody can catch me. It's fun to run. It's fun to run fast. And pick up ball. And frow ball.

Oh, God, he feels himself losing it again. He knows that he has got to keep football in the picture.

Run with football. I can run with my football. I like my football. I can play with my football. I can play with my ball. I can play with my foot. See my foot. I see my foot down there. I can pick up my foot.

Ritchie grabs his foot inside his footed sleeper and pulls it toward him. His thoughts turn entirely to his foot. It feels good to touch his foot. My foot. Feel toe. Pull foot. He pushes his foot away. Then pulls it back and forth. Play with foot, he giggles.

Mouth. Foot in mouth. Put my toe in mouth. Can't get foot in mouth. Touch tongue to my foot. Oooooo! Tastes fuzzy.

Richie sucks on his toe through his sleeper. He realizes what he is doing is very different from what he had started to do. No, oh please, he thinks. He tries as hard as he can to remember what he had started to do. But no matter how hard he tries, he can't remember. It is gone!

GONE! That's it. Something is gone, he thinks. What is gone? I can't even remember what is gone, but something is gone.

But it is gone. Age is gone. Only big and little are left. Ritchie is little. Mommy is big. Daddy is big. Steven is big. He is Ritchie. Me Ritchie, he thinks.

Football is gone too. Foot it still here. His foot. His foot in his footed sleeper. He can feel it and touch it. But football is completely gone.

Things are going, he thinks. But he doesn't understand. I know something is going, but I don't know what it is that's going. Oh, please, somebody help me!

He can't seem to grasp at what is happening. It feels something like he is sitting in a sandbox, holding sand in his hands and feeling it slip away through his fingers.

In vain, he starts thinking of other things, trying to hold on to them as they too slip away. School turns into a story about Danny goes to school. He remembers that Mommy can read him that book about school.

He loves cars and trucks. But as he thinks of them they take on the appearance of toys in his mind.

And Linda, his wonderful girl friend. As he thinks of Linda, the image changes into a nice baby sitter who hugs and cuddles him.

Strangely, he does not seem to be 'losing' everything. Some things seem to be 'gaining'. Thoughts and feelings about his house are becoming clearer instead of going away. All the nooks and crannies and places to crawl under and hide become clearer to his mind. And the colors and shapes of everything in his room suddenly seem very vivid. He looks around. "My woom." he says out loud.

He looks out the window. 'Outside' is out there. Playing outside is out there. Sidewalk is there. His stroller is there. Mommy and Daddy's car is there. Go to store with Mommy is there. Only, it's not words but pictures and feelings that he thinks of. No words, just pictures and feelings. Run. Walk. Crawl. Touch grass. Touch tree. Eat dirt. All that is there in pictures and feelings.

But he wants words. He mentally struggles to find some words, and grasps at them like they are long lost friends. Just a few words. Car. House. Mommy. Daddy. Baby. Hungry. Big. Me. There must be more, but he can't think of any of them.

He becomes aware of a new feeling. He is hungry. He is thirsty. He would like to be out of the crib. He wants to let mommy know. But just how to let her know now seems like a strange mystery. He can make noise to her. But how? There are no words. Just his needs. So he starts to cry, louder and louder.

"What's the matter, darling," says his mother as she enters the room. She looks at Ritchie and sees him struggling to tell her something. "Tell me," she says. But the words don't come, Ritchie just keeps crying.

It's happened. What the psychologist said would probably happen has apparently happened. Ritchie's mother sees that her baby has no words any more. "What's the matter, baby," she coos. "Are you wet?"

Ritchie's mother zips down his sleeper and gently lifts his plastic pants and places her fingers on his diaper. She can feel that he is soaking wet. What she can't feel is the erection that is growing inside his diaper. "We'll change your diaper and then you'll feel better."

But Ritchie only cries louder. He does not care if he is wet. He wants his---, his----. He can picture it in his mind but there is no word. Then, suddenly there is a word. "Wan bottie." He yelps between his tears.

"Oh, so that's it. You can talk. Well you stay right here while mommy goes into the kitchen and gets you your bottle."

Ritchie is not sure what his mother says. To him it sounds like, "Oh, so claps it. Weloo staricheerwhyl MOMMY gosintooth kitcheenangeturr BOTTLE. (Only the capitalized words make any sense).

Soon Mommy is back and holds her baby on her lap. A feeling a supreme contentment comes over Ritchie. He snuggles closer to his Mommy. HIS MOMMY!

Chapter 16 - Steven Gets What He Wants

Steven is sitting at his desk at home, thinking about the fantastic changes in his life. His older brother has apparently become a complete baby, and will probably remain one for many years. And he, Steven, has gotten everything he wanted from the beginning.

His parents have accepted him as the older, mature, big brother in the family. He has been encouraged to go skiing, to get into some school clubs. They are talking about letting him go on a teenage group trip to Europe next summer. His folks are even talking about getting him a motorcycle for his birthday. It sure is great to be the older brother--and yet--.

Steven sometimes watches when his mother changes Ritchie's diaper and how Ritchie smiles up at his Mom. He's even watched Ritchie play alone in his playpen, focused with intent on the toys that he is playing with, giggling to himself. Curious. Interested. HAPPY!

Steven knows why Ritchie has become a real baby again. His mother has told him about how she treated them both when they were little. He finally understands why he had such a hard time growing up, why his parents often treated him as a much younger boy. Apparently Ritchie had been able to partly fight it because he was older, because he was a good athlete, and because Steven was around to absorb most of his parents efforts to 'put the brakes on', so to speak. But Steven had taken the full brunt of the treatment, and had remained a 'little boy' into his teenage years.

Thank God, that was all over now. Steven is finally being encouraged to do all the things that teenage boy's his age like to do.

As Steven thinks of all these wonderful things, something is still bothering him, but he's not sure what. Inside he seems to be hurting. It's been like this for the past few days.

For what seems like hours Steven sits at his desk. Thinking and thinking and thinking.

Finally he knows the answer!

He gets up and moves slowly toward the desk with the computer. He feels his heart start to beat faster and his breath getting shallow. He hardly notices the erection that has started to bulge his jockey shorts.

Almost absent-mindedly he pulls the disk for 'STAR WARS' out of it's jacket and loads it into the drive. His right hand turns on the video monitor, while his left hand reaches in back for the 'LOAD PROGRAM' button. He hesitates for one moment.

Then he takes a deep breath and pushes the button. There is a click and a whirr as the disk starts loading. In full color the picture of the 'Star Wars' fighter rocket appears on the screen under the words STAR WARS.

As the game images start to appear on the screen he begins to feel a growing interest in the challenge of the computer game that he is about to play. In his mind he begins to ponder over a tactic he thinks will allow him to score over 100,000. He really wants to enter the game's 'hall of fame', and hardly remembers that, up until just a few

moments ago, he considered computer games to be a real bore.

Last night he had reprogrammed the subliminal hypnotic messages that he had originally created for Ritchie. He had hooked them together in a unique way to the 'date' in the computer. In this way the messages would trigger automatically on predetermined dates whenever computer games were played. He had only added one important new message at the very beginning, all the other messages were exactly the same.

The first message, the 'new' one that was already effectively creating in Steven an irresistible interest in computer games was:

YOU WILL FEEL AN IRRESISTIBLE PLEASURE AND
NEED TO PLAY COMPUTER GAMES

All the other messages would trigger automatically during the next ten days as Steven enthusiastically and helplessly became more and more interested in the games. These messages were:

YOU WILL WET THE BED WHILE DEEPLY SLEEPING

WHEN YOU GET REAL EXCITED YOU WILL LOSE CONTROL AND WET YOUR PANTS

WEARING DIAPERS WILL OFTEN GIVE YOU A STRONG FEELING OF SEXUAL
EXCITEMENT, ESPECIALLY WHEN BEING DIAPERED BY SOMEONE ELSE

WHEN YOU ARE DIAPERED YOU WILL HAVE PLEASANT BABY FEELINGS

THE END

OR 'THE BEGINNING'