

The Device

I woke up to find myself in a hospital bed. Tubes ran into my arms and other places. I was wired for sound as well. What had happened? I only remember going to work that on Friday and nothing else. As my eyes began to focus, I looked around at my surrounding. A nurse leaned over.

“Good, you’re awake,” she said.

There was some familiarity, and as things started becoming more solid, I recognized her as my wife. She was a nurse by profession. I tried to talk, but my mouth was dry. After a few attempts, I succeeded.

“I see I get my own private nurse,” I said with a smile.

She laughed and then I had to ask the important question. “What happened?”

“You don’t remember?” she stated. “That’s not uncommon. You may remember later. You were on your way home from work and clobbered by a drunk driver. Let me tell the doctor you’re awake.”

The doctor came in and let me know that all in all I was in pretty good condition. My car barely was recognizable. Still, I’d not broken anything major, just a couple of ribs and a small bone in my foot.

Over the next few days, they got me up and about into a little physical therapy. I thought I was doing pretty well. Of course, a lot of things hurt. Up until this time, I had a foley catheter in place. They decided to take it out and I was happy. It was then I realized one big problem. I had to pee something badly, but going to the bathroom, I couldn’t make anything happen.

The doctor was notified, and he ordered me cathed again. The catheter was replaced and while the relief was welcome, having tubes shoved up, your willie was not anybody’s idea of fun. Tests were run: MRI, ultrasound. A day later the doctor sat down with the two of us and explained the situation.

“The nerves to your sphincter were apparently damaged. Of course, when that happens it could be one of two things. You could be leaking all over the place or as in your case, you’re stuck closed.”

“So what happens now?” I asked.

“Well, there are a couple of options. The first, is we do nothing. You’ll have to cath yourself periodically to pass urine.” This made me shudder, the idea of shoving a tube up my dick scared me. “The other option is that we can open the sphincter surgically. Of course, you’ll not have any control.”

“So I’d be in diapers for the rest of my life?” I asked.

“Or you can wear a Texas catheter. It’s sort of like a condom with a hose that goes to a bag on your leg,” the doctor explained.

Boy, I couldn’t figure out which of those was the lesser of two evils.

“The other option is a new medical device we have developed. It’s a small implanted device that stimulates the nerves on the sphincter. You will activate it by remote control. The downside is at this point it’s very expensive and still experimental. I’m afraid your insurance won’t cover it.”

I was crestfallen. The description of the device had given me hope I could live a normal life.

“However,” the doctor continued, “Since it is experimental if you wish to help participate, we can absorb a lot of the cost. There’s a condition though.”

“What’s that?”

“The device has, shall we say, two channels. One for the urinary sphincter, and the other for the anal. Also, it will stimulate the muscles of the rectum to force a bowel movement. Now mind you, you don’t need that, but if you’re willing to test it for us from time to time, we can make you an offer on the price.”

It seemed reasonable to me. I could test it for them in exchange for getting control of my life back. I agreed and signed the papers consenting to the implant of the device, that I understood the risks, that I would help participate in the testing, etc...”

A couple of days later I was back in the OR having the device implanted. A few hours later the doctor entered. He handed me a small device about the size of the thing I used to unlock the doors on my car. It had two buttons marked 1 and 2. He asked me to go into the bathroom and try it.

I went in and sat on the toilet. Here goes nothing I thought. I pushed button one. A tickling sensation ensued, and urine started to flow. I released the button, and the flow stopped. I pressed it and held it down until I was completely drained. So far so good.

I held my breath and pressed button two. As with before, I felt a tingle just in a different location. Then I felt my gut spasm as a large turd was ejected from my rear. I let up on the button and after a second tried again. The tingle and the spasm was there again but nothing was left to expel.

I came out of the bathroom and told the doctor it worked like a champ. After a few questions, he handed me a log book. He asked me to log any time I used it over the next few weeks. Obviously, I'd be using button one a lot, but he asked that periodically I give button two a try as well.

With great relief, I finally got dressed and headed home from the hospital. I hung the remote from a chain and wore it under my shirt so I'd always have it available.

A few days later I was in the shower. The hot water was good on my still sore body. Suddenly I felt the tingle and watched a stream shoot from my penis. "What?" I started to say.

I heard giggling. I looked out the shower door to see my wife standing there with the remote. She pressed and released it several times causing the flow to stop and start.

"That's not a toy," I snapped at her.

She gave me a stern look. "You are my toy," she stated. She punched button two and reflexively a turd erupted from my rear. She broke into hysterical laughter. I was out of the shower and snatching the remote from her hands.

"Give me that," I yelled as I put it around my neck.

"I'm sorry," she said, "regaining her composure. I'll clean that up."

I went over and logged this event. "I'm sure the doc will love this story of you pushing my buttons."

Things settled down. It was actually pretty convenient. I got used to whipping my member out and pushing the button through my shirt. Nobody needed to know what was going on. To appease the doc, I did from time to time press the number 2 just to report on its functionality.

My wife and I were downtown and sitting at a sidewalk café having a drink. A woman walked by. Beautiful. I mean supermodel beautiful. I instinctively turned around to watch as she went by. I knew I was about to catch hell with my wife for doing that. It had been a mock argument we've had for years. However, she didn't say anything, but I felt the tinge and then the feeling my pants were getting wet.

"What?"

I looked at her, and she had a remote in her hand. "The doctor gave me one of these," she said.

"Great. I gotta go change my pants."

We started towards the car, and I turned and tried to grab the remote from her. She turned away quickly, and I had to stop as I felt the number two button activate. A mass spread my butt cheeks and filled the back of my pants.

“Now you really do have to change your pants.”

I grumbled and sat gingerly down for the drive home. I ditched my soiled underwear, beyond repair into a plastic trash bag and threw my pants into the laundry. I popped into the shower and came out and got clean clothes on.

We didn't really speak for the rest of the evening. The next day I went back to work for the first time since the accident. Things were pretty normal. When I got home, my wife met me with a drink.

“Hey honey, how was your day,” she said with a smile.

“Good,” I said.

“I got you something today.” She opened up a bag and pulled something out and handed it to me. I soon recognized it as a diaper.

“I'm not wearing this,” I stated.

Almost immediately, the tingling hit. She'd was leaning on both buttons, and both sides of me were going. “God damn it.”

“Now, now dear. If you don't want to have to keep changing your trousers, you'd better wear the diaper. I like having control over you.”

I went up to the bedroom and repeated my clean up as the day before. As I emerged drying myself from the shower, she pushed me gently back on the bed and started to stroke me. This led to full blown love making like we haven't had in a long time.

“Now dear, let me put the diaper on you. You wouldn't want to deprive me of my favorite toy?”

What could I do, I let her do so. And so it went. Whenever we were together, I had to wear the diaper. If I did anything to offend her or she just felt the inclination to do so, she pushed one or both buttons. At least diaper changing usually was followed by intense lovemaking. At work, I had some peace. I also learned to push my two button regularly when I was on the toilet to make sure there was nothing for her to make happen.

It came to pass that a few days later she had to go to a conference out of town for a few days. I was relieved that I wouldn't have to worry about my buttons being pressed. That evening I was sitting home. I'd made myself a burger (one of the few things I knew how to cook) and was drinking a beer. The phone rang,

"Hi dear, just got back to the hotel room. How are things going there?"

"OK," I answered, "Just sitting down to a burger. The good news is nobody is pushing my buttons."

"Do you have a diaper on?"

"No."

"Too bad." I heard something that sounded like typing and the tingle hit and my pants were rapidly soaking.

"What!"

"I had the boys in the device lab whip up a wifi interface for your device. I can control you from anywhere on the internet. Now go put a diaper on before I push button two."

And so it went...

A couple of weeks later I was back in the doctor's office reporting on how well the device worked. I showed my logs and answered some questions. He then asked me to get undressed, so he could make an examination.

With a bit of trepidation, I pulled my pants off revealing the diaper I'm wearing. The doctor regarded me with a slight amount of confusion.

"Are you having problems with the device you didn't mention?"

"No, not other than the fact that my wife has control of it. She's always loved to push my buttons, sort to speak. Now she can literally. The unpredictability means I'm pretty much relegated to these."

"I'm sorry. I should have been suspicious when she asked for a spare remote. It wasn't until I heard she was working with the biomed techs on other things that I got suspicious."

"Well, we could change the coding of the device and issue you a new remote, but it would take surgery and there's no guarantee she couldn't hack a solution to that even without the assistance of the techs."

“Yeah, OK, doc. I’ll live with it.”

I headed home. When I got in she was all cheery. “How was the doctor?”

“Fine, except I did have to explain to him why I’m wearing diapers even with the device in place.”

“O.K., by the way, I got you some new diapers. They’re up in your dresser.”

Great, but not wanting to start an argument, I decided to take a look. I opened up my underwear drawer figuring that’s where she would put them. Sure enough, my underwear was gone, replaced with a stack of diapers. I pulled one out to examine it. It was a lot thicker than what I had on. It also had printing on it. Pastel prints with building blocks that spelled out “BABY.”

“Are you going to try one on?” she asked.

“The one I’ve got on is dry,” I stated immediately regretting it. Sure enough, she let me have it with both buttons. My diaper simultaneously was wet and being filled in the rear.

She pushed me to the bed, and I fell with a squish into the pile of feces in my diaper. She pulled off the tapes and cleaned me up. Despite myself, I grew hard, and she spent additional time cleaning my growing cock.

“You like this,” she goaded. And then took me in her mouth and brought me to climax. I laid back in bed in the post-coital exhaustion.

“Besides, you’re easier to deal with after you’ve gotten laid.” She worked the diaper under me and carefully did up the tapes. I stood, slightly bow legged from the bulk. “You look cute,” she said. “Let’s go get lunch.”

I tried to pull the pants I had been wearing over the diaper but it was too thick to get the pants closed. I dug through my closet for a pair of track pants and got those on.

“I guess we’ll need to get you some new clothes to match.”

My trousers I wore to work fit fine over the diaper, and I’d pretty much grown less self conscious about wearing them. We pretty much settled into a routine. At work, I pretty much had control of myself. Even at home, I could use the toilet most times, but if she were mad at me, she’d let me have it even if we were out. At other times she’d just get frisky and making me wet and then changing would evolve into full-blown sex...and it was pretty good.

One day she had me on the bed and untaped the diaper, she massaged me into a stiff one and lifting her skirt to reveal the absence of underwear climbed on top. Just at

the point of climax ...holy shit... I felt the buzzing in my rear; she had pushed number two. I convulsed out both ends simultaneously; the sensation was overpowering.

Cleaning me up afterward, she seemed proud of herself. "That was good for you, wasn't it." I had to admit it was extraordinary.

"Look, if I'm going to forgo panties to get quicker access to you, you need to help."

I had no idea what was coming next. After she had taped on the new diaper, she brought me a shirt to put on. "You can wear this around the house." As she pulled it down over my head, she kept going. It snapped under my crotch. It was a giant baby bodysuit.

"Where did you get this?" I asked.

"You can find all sorts of things on the internet."

Later when we went out, she just had me pull some shorts over the onesie. It was strange wearing that, but really it was probably indistinguishable from just wearing a t-shirt I told myself. She was really enjoying this, and I kinda liked the attention and the sex. The uncommanded buzzing and wetting was just my signal that soon we'd be doing it. Soon wetting myself became a subconscious sexual turn on for me.

Saturday we were going out to get some stuff from the Mall and eat lunch out. I was just dragging myself out of bed wearing nothing but a diaper when she handed me my outfit for the day. A brightly colored shirt and a pair of short overalls. Stepping into them I noticed that they had snaps in the crotch.

"Anticipating the need for quick access?" I asked.

"You never know," she winked.

"Another internet purchase?"

"Yep."

We left for the mall with me carrying another acquisition, my new diaper bag. Baby blue, I was a little self-conscious about carrying it, but not too bad. Sitting down for lunch I felt the tingle and the wetness spread. She definitely did have something in mind. Rising from lunch, she grabbed my hand and led me off to the family bathroom. Latching the door shut, she laid me out and climbed on top. I was clothed from the waist up as she had just unsnapped the pants crotch and her dress covered us both, but it would be clear if someone burst in what we were doing. When we were done, she finished cleaning me up and pulled a new diaper from my bag and put it on.

And so it went. My wife alternated from being my tormenter to being an incredibly sexy lover. It was confusing to me and disturbing, and immensely pleasurable. I was wondering if I could live this way. The sex was astounding even if it meant having my bowels at her control.

We headed off to bed one evening. I stripped down to my diaper. I was expecting my usual commanded loss of control that would culminate in wild sex. She had already hopped into bed ahead of me. "I've been working on something special for you," she said. "Come here." I crawled into bed next to her, and she maneuvered my head towards her breasts. Was it my imagination, or were they even larger than I had remembered?

With one hand around me, she used the other to coax her nipple towards my lips. I reached out with my tongue and gave her a tentative lick. "Suck," she said. I placed my lips full around her nipple and started to suck. To my surprise, a warm, sweet taste washed over my tongue. It took a second, but it came to me. She was lactating. I paused. "Suck," she said. I continued sucking and swallowing the warm liquid.

Soon the familiar tingle occurred, and I started soaking the diaper. She reached down with the free hand and started massaging my cock through the diaper. In an instant, I was as erect as a man could get. She swung over and climbed on top of me ripping the diaper open. The two of us climaxed nearly simultaneously. My rectum convulsed as I knew she had pressed button two. Soon we collapsed her on top of me, me lying on a pile of poop.

After a few minutes, she rose and cleaned me off and did up a new diaper. "Did you like your present?"

"I sure did."

The next morning, I was awakened to a breast in my face.

"Breakfast?" I asked.

"Yep!" she stated.

I sucked my fill of the sweet milk from her, and soon my diaper was wet, and we were at it again. My rectum spasmed as she pushed my button again, but there was nothing to expel. Still, it was a powerful sensation.

She showered while I relaxed in bed and then I went in and showered. She had laid out a onesie and diaper for me. I did up the diaper and then pulled the onesie over my head and snapped the crotch. I came downstairs to find her preparing to leave.

“What’s up?” I asked.

“I’ve got some shopping to do. It will take most of the day. I know you wanted to watch the game so I’ll just leave you to yourself. I left you some lunch in the fridge.”

I did some chores around the house that morning, and around noon I went into the den. This was my man cave. I had my sports stats book, my computer, and a large flat panel TV. I kicked on the satellite and punched up the channel with the day’s game. They were just starting the pregame show, and I realized I was getting a little hungry. I plodded into the kitchen and opened the fridge. There, sitting right in front were two baby bottles full of milk. I took a sip of one. Very sweet. Her milk. I thought about it a second and popped it in the microwave for a few seconds. I shook the bottle up and tried it. Now it was warm like it came from her.

I headed back to the den and plopped down on the couch and watched the game and sucked my bottle down. During half time I retrieved the other bottle and finished it as the game continued. The game was close, and I realized that I had to pee pretty badly. Well, if I’m going to wear diapers, I might as well get some convenience out of them. I reached up and held my #1 button and felt the warmth spread across my crotch.

The game finished and sports center started. I leaned back and dozed off. I was awakened when she came through the door. “How was the game dear?” she asked as she dropped on the sofa.

“Good, we won.”

“I see you drank both your bottles.” Her hand headed towards my crotch. She kneaded me for a second and then stopped, unfastened the crotch of the onesie and reached into the diaper. “You’re wet!”

I grinned but didn’t say anything. “Let’s go get you changed.” Off we went, for a quick change and quick sexual encounter. Yeah, I guess I could live with this.