

Rob
Turned
Into A
Baby

TERRY MASTERS

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ROB: TURNED INTO A BABY

By

Terry Masters

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INTRODUCTION:

This story was originally published by BBW as two separate stories. It started initially as a serial story, and then a sort of 'sequel' entitled "FIXED - The Valve" was added.

Rob goes into a medical supply store to get some disposable diapers and ends up becoming Dianne's special diaper lover and baby. With the help of the Institute, Rob is 'fixed' and becomes forever diaper dependent.

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The Indoctrination



It began the way it usually did, on a Friday, arguing with myself. "Please don't make me go in there!"

"Why not? It won't take more than a few minutes and think of the benefits."

"What if someone recognizes us?"

"Look, we've been through all this before. We picked this store because it's out of the way. Besides, doesn't the possibility of being recognized turn you on?"

"I just feel so embarrassed about all this."

"Yeah, but remember the stuff they have! This is the only store in town that carries real diapers and plastic pants. And remember how nice the saleswoman sounded on the phone this morning?"

I had a point! Of course, I always had a point when I carried on this conversation with myself. No matter how many times I came to a medical supply store to buy my "special supplies" it still took close to half an hour before I could convince myself to go in and look around. The combination of fear, embarrassment, and sexual thrill always made me feel very giddy and on the edge of passing out. I could not deny the massive sexual rush I felt when thinking of a woman helping me pick out diaper supplies.

Sometimes however, the fear of being recognized and the embarrassment of telling a woman I wore diapers, even though I made it appear I had a legitimate medical excuse, overcame my

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sexual rush and forced me to drive away without going in. Today, however, was going to be different, or so I thought.

After all, the saleswoman sounded great on the phone! Never before had one taken the time to talk about all the types of diapers and incontinent products. She sounded so sweet and concerned when I described my “medical problem” and she was the one that suggested that real diapers might be the only practical solution to my bedwetting problem.

Most of the other saleswomen that I had spoken to had treated me like I was sick or just plain laughed. This one, however, suggested I come right over and look at the diapers and rubber pants they had to offer. She actually used the words “diapers and rubber pants”. She was sure they had what I needed. To top it off, she had tantalizingly mentioned that even if they didn't have it, she knew about some special places where she could get the things I needed to control my problem. So here I was, in the parking lot of MCM MEDICAL SUPPLIES, trying to get up the courage needed to fulfill my innermost sexual desires.

“Yes, today would be different,” I told myself as I timidly opened the car door. It would be different alright, but little did I realize then what a massive and irreversible change in my life it would make.

Upon entering the door, I immediately noticed three things. First, and much to my relief, there were no other customers in the store. Secondly, off to my right behind a counter were three, very pretty, young women none of whom to my distress, seemed very busy. Lastly, was the very large display of incontinent products i.e., “diapers and rubber pants”. Most stores have a very small display with a limited assortment of adult diaper supplies. Even worse they put it off the back of the store as if it was an unmentionable personal problem. This store was incredible!

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I found myself just standing there and staring at what had to be the most comprehensive, varied, and desirable display of adult diapers I had ever seen. I was so amazed I couldn't even focus on the boxes. I just keep scanning the display barely recognizing products that I had only heard vaguely mentioned in the infantilist magazines and newsletters I routinely received. I was totally dumbfounded. There were even boxes and products I had never seen or heard of before! Finally, after what must have been two or three minutes, I caught myself, and with suddenly very weak legs moved the last 20 feet to the display. I could not believe it. I had no idea where to start!

All I could do was run my eyes across the familiar and delightfully unfamiliar supplies. It was like being 8 years old and being placed in front of the biggest assortment of your most favorite types of toys. All thought of maintaining the composed, concerned image of an adult with a temporary "medical problem" which necessitated the purchase of some incontinent supplies, vanished from my mind. I was totally overwhelmed. I opened every box I could, gazing wistfully at the desired contents.

Thinking about it now, I realize that in that lustful search, I probably had no concern for guarding the look of immense pleasure that must have been on my face. I am sure it was easily visible to the women at the counter. In fact, I am also sure that it dictated what occurred next. It all happened so suddenly and took me so completely by surprise that even now I have trouble remembering what exactly happened.

I had just opened a box that contained a pair of real rubber pants. Just the kind I have always dreamed of having. You have to understand that rubber pants are the biggest part of my infantilism fantasy. Even after searching for about 10 years, I had never been able to find a single pair of adult rubber pants. Now, not only did I find a pair of rubber panties, but if I read the label over that section of the incontinent display correctly, I had found a whole section of

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rubber pants and accessories. I was dumb struck! My mind refused to function properly, which is probably why I missed her approach.

“Can I help you?” she asked for the third time. Finally, it sank in.

“Wh... what, ... I'm sorry I didn't hear you,” I managed to respond.

“I just wanted to know if I could help you, you seem quite confused about our products,” she said.

All of my mental preparations, all of the plausible stories about accidents, medication, all of the usual things I say to salespeople to convince them I am just an unfortunate who, due to medical problems, must wear incontinent garments, faded from my mind. She was very pretty, and I was very overwhelmed. I could tell she sensed this, and her response confirmed it.

“I just wondered if I could answer any questions about our products or perhaps help you find something in particular for any special problem.”

Still, I couldn't get my mind to formulate an answer. She smiled a wonderful, comforting smile and said, “You men are all alike. You have a little embarrassing problem, and you can't deal with it”. When she saw that this did little to comfort me, she added, “My name is Barb. If it helps, I've helped dozens of men deal with incontinence problems. It's no big thing, honest”.

Finally, I managed to respond. “Thanks, I guess I am embarrassed and was trying to get this over with quickly, I didn't hear you coming. I had hoped to get something to help and get out before I felt too funny”.

“Well,” she said with a smile, “if we let you get out of here too fast we might not be sure we have helped with your problem, would we? The last thing we want is for you to leave and not have obtained

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the necessary things to control your problem. I can assure you we have quite a bit of experience dealing with wetting problems."

It was just a subtle thing, and I didn't figure it out 'til later but "my incontinence problem" from then on became my "wetting problem". Little by little as the "shopping" went on, the terms would become gentler, more direct, and more infantile.

However, I had all I could do to maintain some semblance of composure. I needed more time to pull myself together, so I decided to try a different approach.

"Ah... Barb, you are very nice to offer. When I called this morning I spoke to a Dianne. I discussed my problem with her, and I think she may already have something."

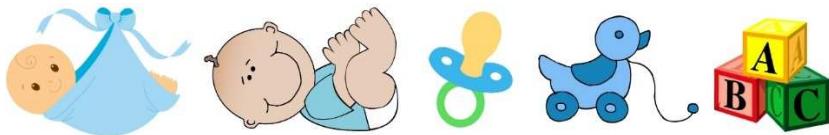
I hoped that Dianne might be gone for the rest of the day, and I could have a little more time alone to find something and leave. What happened though was not what I expected. Barb looked crestfallen at first but very quickly regained her composure and said she would try to find Dianne. I will never forget the pained look on her face as she walked away. It was then I realized that all of the women at the counter had been watching our conversation. What I had hoped would be a breathing spell to allow me to get my act together just became more of an upsetting situation.

Barb walked up to the other women and was soon involved in a very intense and very quiet discussion. Finally, all the women looked up and smiled at me. A very attractive and well-built woman broke away from the group and approached me. All I could do was stare at her as she approached me. That's probably why I missed seeing Barb move to the door and put the closed sign in the window. It didn't matter as with each approaching step of the other saleswoman my mind turned more and more to the consistency of oatmeal. I was rapidly losing it all!

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Finally, when she got to me, she held out her hand and said,
"Hi, I'm Dianne, we spoke this morning, and you are?"

Rob's Downfall Begins



What followed was my first fatal mistake! Before I could even think about it, I said, "I'm Robert Morgan".

No, you fool don't give her your real name, what are you crazy? Unfortunately, that thought came three seconds after it had been done.

"I'm glad you remembered me," she said. "You're kind of cute!"

That was it, the oatmeal became pudding and began leaking out my ears. All semblance of control was gone, I was lost. Still, the battle was not over.

"Ah... thank you, so are you... I mean, ah you are very... ah, well I think you know what I mean".

"I hope so!" she said with a coy smile. "Well, you really didn't mention much about your specific wetting needs on the phone." Again, that word.

"What are you wearing now?" she asked as she patted my bottom.

I hold it to my credit that I didn't pass out that instant. Instead, I even managed to hear her next statement. "I can hardly tell you're wearing anything! It can't be very absorbent if it's that small," she said. The thing was, I wasn't wearing anything. I had a strong fear of wearing any of my "things" out in public and rarely did. Again, she patted my bottom as she said, "What is it?"

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“Well, I'm not wearing anything now,” I said. The strange look on her face caused me to add, “I don't need anything right now.”

She smiled again and said, “Oh you're a bedwetter then, that's good. Oh, I don't mean it's good like that,” she blushed and giggled. “I mean bedwetting is easier to deal with than wetting your pants during the day. We have some great diapers and rubber panties for bedwetters.”

Again, had I been more than comatose I might have been able to detect the trend that both she and Barb had subtly begun to use. All I could manage however was, “Ah...yes,s I wet my bed, pretty bad, and ah.... all I need is some disposable diapers and I can leave... I mean I don't want to waste your time or anything!” She smiled that warm wonderful smile again and gently laughed.

“Believe me, you're no trouble at all! And like I said, you're cute.”

Dianne told me later that that was when she made her decision. The one that would end up changing my life.

“Tell you what, you look at the display for a minute while I get some literature and samples,” she said.

“Samples?” the thought of getting samples of any of these diaper supplies cut through any resistance I still could have mustered. “Yes, that's fine, I'll... look for what I need and bring it up to the counter.”

“Oh, no,” she said as her facial expression became firmer, “You look now, I'll be back and then we'll go through everything together and get you the right kinds of diapers and rubber panties to control your bedwetting problem.” She added, even more firmly, “Do you understand?”

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Due to the condition I was in, and the look on her face, I said, "Yes ma'am," before I could even think.

She smiled that wonderful smile again and added, "Good, I'll be right back, I suggest you start looking in the heavy diaper section, there are some very good nighttime diapers there." Then she walked quickly to the register and began talking to the other women.

"Barb, keep a close eye on him. If he makes a move toward the door tackle him! Jean, take a look in the parking lot and see if you can figure out which car is his, I have to call Doc," Dianne said to the group at the counter.

"Is he a 'good boy'?" Barb said trying to look disinterested.

"No doubt about that, he's a very good boy," and so as to leave no doubt as to her claim, Dianne added, "and he is all mine girls, finally I found mine! And did you see the erection he's trying to hide, it's huge!"

Then Dianne added with more urgency, "Now quick, before he loses all his nerve and leaves, let's get him traced, Please! Dee Dee, check the phone book for a Robert Morgan. He said that was his name and I believe it." With that done, Dianne reached for the phone and called Doc.

"Dr. Jamie Sheridan here."

"Doc, this is Dianne down at the store, I think I finally found my 'good boy'! I'm so excited, let me give you this fast I think he is losing his nerve and may leave before we trace him. He said his name was Robert Morgan and, ah hold on a sec." Jean handed her the license number of the only unaccounted-for car in the lot.

"Chances are his license is FBG-415"

"Dianne, I'm so happy for you. How long can you keep him there?" Dr. Sheridan asked.

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"I'm not sure, I can't read him too well, he's very scared though, I'm afraid he might make a run for it."

"Well, do your best. I just sent Bambi and Thumper out to the store to follow him, and our people here are checking the information you gave me. Make sure you let Bambi know who to follow. I suggest you get back to him and keep the indoctrination going, just like we taught you."

"Don't worry, Doc. If I have to follow him myself I'll get him. I know he's the one Doc, the one I've been waiting for."

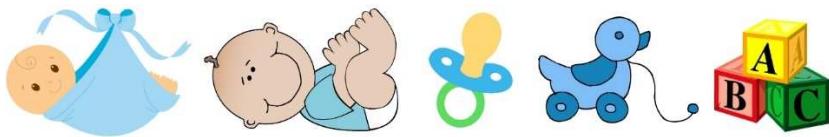
"I'm so happy for you Dianne, see if you can get any inconamine into him now if you can. Also, see if you can 'demonstrate' any diaper supplies in the exam room, try to get it all on tape"

"Don't worry, Do.c, I remember all the procedures, and I don't want to lose him".

"You always were my best student, Dianne, now go get him, he's yours!".

All of this was happening while I was still trying to take in all the things on the display. At the same time, I was trying to figure out whether or not I should just get out. My fear and disorientation were going wild but my lust for the diaper supplies was turning out to be stronger. I think what really cemented my fate, however, was the next couple of things I found on the display.

Rob's Choices Seal His Fate



One item was a very heavy cotton flannel diaper, something I had never seen at any of the other medical supply houses. It was not unique simply because of that, rather it was the way it was supposed to be attached to the wearer. It had thick nylon strings on the sides which as best as I could tell met in the back where they were tied or something. It looked as if it was meant to be put on and not taken off easily. Since the ties were in the back, it could not be put on by the person wearing it.

That meant... *Good Lord, the thing was meant to be tied on to someone who did not want to wear it by someone who wanted them to, I thought. Oh my gosh, Rob, I've got to have one of these, but we only brought \$15. I figured one package of disposable diapers and I'd get out! And look we haven't even looked at the rubber pants yet. Why not use our credit card? What, are you crazy, they'll find out who we are. Not quite, fool! If you remember we already told them our name! I couldn't help myself; did you see her she's gorgeous, and that body! Yeah, which might just get us hung!*

I always have conversations with myself like this, I have a terrible fear of people finding out I am an infantilist. At the same time, I have a terrible desire to tell some very special woman, one whom I hope will understand me and take care of me. This situation