

An Easy Bet

By Champ (<https://champtehatter.com/>)

Dexter thought that joining a fraternity would make him one of the cool kids at college. Too bad for him he ended up as the house baby. All he has to do is get through one day without creaming his pamps. Easy, right? Don't be so sure, kiddo!

Dexter lay in his crib watching the mobile above his head turn and tinkle a soft lullaby tune. He was in college. It was supposed to be his entry into adulthood, but here he was going in the opposite direction as he spent every waking moment as a diapered baby freshman. How could he let this happen? He was supposed to be smarter than this. If only he hadn't let his horny brain take over. Dexter thought again, for the thousandth time, about how he ended up in this situation.

It all started the first week of classes. It was a sunny day in the quad, the plaza in front of the Student Center; a perfect day for the student org fair. Tables for cultural clubs, social clubs, hobby clubs, and more were set up in the grass alongside paths where students of all kinds perused. The nice thing about going to such a large university was that there was something for everyone - even for huge nerds like Dexter and Eugene.

"Computer club! Cool!" said Eugene, eyeing a table with several people in glasses typing away with their noses buried in their laptops.

"Play it cool," said Dexter. "This is the big leagues. It's not gonna be like high school. If we play our cards right, we might even be *popular*."

"Yeah, but... computers!" Dexter's red headed friend pointed as Dexter grabbed his wrist and dragged him away.

"Not yet, Eugene. We'll come back after we've seen *all* the organizations."

Eugene sighed. "Alllll riiiiight..."

Eugene soon forgot his annoyance as they looked at various tables and talked to a few people. The duo tended to be attracted to nerdy organizations like the tabletop gamer's club, chess club, and mathletes. On the other hand, they avoided the athletic clubs like the plague. Or for that matter, any club with people that looked like the people who made their high school lives miserable.

"Wasn't that booth for math club awesome?" asked Dexter, as he and Eugene reached the final stretch of clubs. "I like how they had that asymptote design in their logo."

"That was pretty sweet. But look over there," said Eugene, pointing. "Dexter, my man, I think we discovered the holy grail!"

It was MENSA; the 'smartie pants deluxe' club. They were actively signing up members and it looked like they had a very challenging puzzle for people who wanted to join.

"See? I told you we should wait," said Dexter. "We'll make short work of that brain teaser!"

The duo made a beeline for the MENSA table, but were halted as a huge guy in a football jersey stuck his arm out to block their path.

"Hey, there fellas! You look like just the kinda guys we could use in our Greek letter organization!"

"A fraternity? Uh... no thanks," said Dexter, blushing and laughing nervously as he tried to edge around the wide-chested man. "It's all Greek to me, haha."

"Come on, man," said the frat boy, laying a meaty hand on Dexter's shoulder. "I saw you two checking out the other tables. Leave the *geek* life and join the *Greek* life. What's your name?"

Dexter, who had a hard time getting off the phone with a telemarketer could only reply to the man's commanding voice with a meek, "Dexter." It didn't help that he had a bit of a crush on the beefy guys that bullied him.

"And what about you, carrot top?" the man asked, turning his attention to Eugene, who had nearly managed to sneak off. Eugene cringed and turned around to face the jock once more

"Er... ah... Eugene?" he said, as if he was asking permission.

"You can call me Alpha," said the man, giving Dexter a squeeze on the shoulder. Dexter instantly got weak in the knees. "You two should sign up! Whaddya say?"

Eugene looked skeptical. "Isn't this like, you know, a *jock* thing? What would you want with a couple of math and computer geeks like us?"

Alpha shrugged. "We're trying to add more diversity, is all. Yeah sports are cool and all but meatheads are a dime a dozen for us. I think you two could be really good to have around." Eugene didn't look convinced.

"Really? Level with us, man. Why are you wasting our time with this?" Dexter stared at Eugene, shocked by his candor and a little scared of what the bigger man might do. Alpha chuckled and scratched the back of his head.

"All right, I'll level with you. I'm just here because no one else wanted to man the table. I'll be ready to close up shop here as soon as I've signed up enough people, but it's been slow as balls. I just need *two more people* to sign the list and promise to come to the frat house tonight, and you two would be the last ones on the list. Would you help a fella out? You don't even have to pledge if you don't want. Come on guys, I'm desperate here!"

"I don't know...", said Eugene, rubbing his chin. "You'd owe us pretty big if we did that..."

"Oh yeah," said Alpha, smiling down at Dexter. "Big time! I would make sure everyone knew you were *protected*. I can promise you that."

Alpha patted Dexter's butt as he said 'protected', causing Dexter to blush even harder as blood began to rush to the area between his legs.

"Come on, Euge," said Dexter. "Have a heart. The guy's suffering! B-besides, we coulda used some protection in high school. Maybe this'll be a good change!"

Alpha snickered a bit as Dexter said that.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing. Just a joke I heard. I'll tell you later. So you're signing, right? And we'll see you tonight?"

They did sign, and then Alpha made them promise to show up.

"You have to come or it doesn't count and I'll be screwed! I promised you protection, so don't fuck me on this, or I won't be happy."

The two guys gulped. No way they wanted to make a new enemy so soon in their college careers.

"Are you sure this was a good idea?" asked Eugene, as they walked over to the MENSA table.

"That was scary, right?"

"Uh, yeah," said Eugene, nodding.

"Then imagine how people will feel if they try to mess with us and *he* shows up!"

They both agreed, feeling better about their decision already. Besides, they didn't *have* to join. Alpha said so. All they had to do was show up.

That evening, the two of them walked into the big frat house where the rest of the pledges were already waiting. Alpha greeted them enthusiastically when they came in, clipboard in hand.

"Wow, you made it!" Alpha said, checking off the last two names on his list. "I was beginning to think you weren't coming. Thanks again guys."

"Yeah, hehe," laughed Dexter nervously, his eyes snapping back up from Alpha's flimsy shorts as Alpha looked back up at them. "N-no problem."

Of course, Dexter didn't dare mention the fact that he had mostly just come to see more of Alpha. There was no way *that* conversation would end well. Stealing glances at the bigger man's body whenever he wasn't looking would have to be enough, but a nerd could dream.

After a short speech by one of the senior members, which the two boys practically snoozed through, they were on to the assignments. Each aspiring member drew a task that they had to complete in order to join. They ranged from the very easy - such as completing every member's math homework by the end of the night, to nearly impossible, such as going out and getting 5 guys' or girls' numbers in five hours. Some accepted, while some turned them down. Dexter suspected that he and Eugene weren't the only misfits that signed up, as evidenced by who agreed to their tasks with confidence and who slunk away.

Finally, it was Dexter's turn.

"Okay pledge," said Alpha, "Ready to learn your challenge?"

"I-I don't know," said Dexter, but Alpha smiled and put a hand on his shoulder bending forward to whisper in his ear.

"Don't worry, buddy. No matter what the challenge, I'll look out for you like I would my little bro. Do you trust me?"

Dexter gulped and nodded, pulling down his shirt with one hand to hide the pokey problem that had developed in his pants. He drew his piece of paper in his

shaking hand and held it out, not daring to read the contents. Alpha took it, turned around and looked. He turned back around and grinned. "Oh, this is a fun one!"

He held the piece of paper up and showed it to everyone but Dexter. People began to chuckle and giggle.

"Feast your eyes..." The Jock reached into a small backpack on the floor with a flourish and pulled out...

"A diaper?" Dexter asked, cocking his head in confusion.

"Your new underwear." Alpha said with a grin. "At least until you beat this challenge. You're house baby now. There's always one. Think of it like tag. Once you pass, this one moves on to someone else and you won't have to be house baby again."

"We don't have to go through with this, remember?" asked Eugene, who was looking ready to bolt.

"Oh come on, it's not that hard," said Alpha. "All you have to do is go through one day as house baby without creaming your pampers and you'll be a full-fledged member with all the protection you could ever want. But until then, it's diapers all the way."

"W-well..." said Dexter, shifting uncomfortably and glancing toward the exit. "Thanks for the offer but..."

"What's the matter? I gave you an *easy* one." Alpha placed a hand around Dexter's waist and squeezed when he said easy. "It shouldn't be *that* hard to keep from creaming your pampers... unless..." Alpha looked at Dexter and rubbed his chin with suspicion. "Unless you're *into* that sort of thing..."

"N-no!" said Dexter, blushing. "I'm not into that at all!"

"I don't know, man. You don't seem so sure, does anybody else?"

He looked around the room. Pledges and members alike shook their heads and several snickered. Dexter got a sinking feeling in his stomach.

"Uh oh, Dexter. You don't want the reputation of being the campus diaper boy, do you? And just when I was beginning to respect you..."

"B-but I'm *not*," whined Dexter, looking around the room at all the unsympathetic faces.

"Then why don't you prove it, kiddo?" He held the diaper up to Dexter, who stood stock still, looking like a deer caught in headlights.

"I-I-I..." Dexter tried to speak but he was too embarrassed. He should have known they all just brought him here to laugh at him.

"Hey, man, calm down," said Alpha, his expression softening. "I didn't think it would be that big a deal... I'll tell you what, I'll make this challenge even easier. Wear til the end of the night without cumming and if you can do that, you can be a member and spend some more *quality* time with the big boys. Don't tell me you can't do *that*."

"N-no. I mean, I can! That's easy." said Dexter, imagining just what that quality time could entail. Drinking with the guys? Maybe more?

"Alright, he accepts," said Alpha, looking around. "Go get the old house baby."

A guy wearing a pink bunny outfit was led waddling into the room. He was sucking a pacifier and hugging a cute teddy bear tightly. His face bright red as he was led to the center of the room, wearing what was clearly a thick, saggy diaper underneath his infantile pajamas.

"I'm outta here," said Eugene, backing away. "Have fun, Dexter." And with that he was gone.

"Gee thanks," said Dexter, who was suddenly flanked by two large guys who rested their hands on his shoulders. They did it in a jovial manner, but when he tried to back up, the hands were as unmoving as stones.

"Okay, buddy. You're out of diapers," said Alpha.

The guy immediately spat out the pacifier.

"Really?! You mean it?!" asked the man, who seemed overjoyed.

"Yup, no more protection for you."

A frat brother took a key and unlocked a little padlock at the back of the man's pajamas and unzipped him. Then they took off his diaper and let it fall to the ground along with the pajamas, leaving the man naked and dripping pee in the middle of the room.

"Here, put some clothes on, dude," said Alpha, who tossed the man a plain tank top and gym shorts.

"Thank you. Thank you!" said the old house baby, putting them on and hurrying out of the room.

"W-was that a ... uh... member?" asked Dexter.

"No, sadly he never made it through the challenge, so he's just out of the running now. I'm sure *you'll* do better, though." Alpha had a smirk that said anything but.

Dexter had a sinking feeling as he was taped into the man's soggy diaper and zipped up in his bunny outfit. He cringed as the thick soggy material pressed against his crotch and butt, forcing his thighs apart and bulging obscenely out in the pink bunny outfit. Alpha smiled in approval.

"Well I think that's everyone. Good luck with all your tasks, pledges. I'm gonna tuck the little one in for the night. It's his bedtime."

"Let's show you your new room, baby bunny." Alpha said, grinning down at Dexter, who struggled and failed to break the man's grip. He was tugged out of the clamorous room and upstairs to face his challenge.

They then entered a large oversized nursery with furniture and equipment sized for a very big baby. Just like Dexter. There was a pervasive smell that Dexter thought he knew, but couldn't quite place.

"You can't be serious," said Dexter, as if the thick wet diaper and bunny sleeper he wore weren't ridiculous enough.

"Come on, Dexter. I'm an honest guy." Alpha put his hand to his chest like he had been insulted. "I *promised* you protection, didn't I? Well, what's more protected than wearing your thick diapers and staying in your super safe and padded nursery? Nothing to hurt yourself on here, little guy."

"Lemme go! I'm not a baby!" said Dexter, trying to pull away, but Alpha was much too strong. Dexter now knew what that familiar odor was. It was baby powder. And as he was strapped into the crib by the wrists and ankles, he had the distinct feeling that he would be smelling it a lot. The plastic mat crinkled underneath him as he squirmed and wriggled in his stupid bunny sleeper, but nothing else came of it. He watched the bars of the crib go up like a prison cell, locking him in for the night.

"Sorry for all the extra security measures, little guy," said Alpha. "It usually takes a few nights before we can be sure our little ones won't try to make a break for it. But at least you won't be able to rub your diapees! After all, you seemed pretty worried about being able to resist cumming in them, right?"

Alpha reached through the bars to rub the front of Dexter's bulging wet diaper. As disgusting as it was to Dexter, the thick soggy padding did one thing very well - it hugged and rubbed Dexter's malehood, stimulating him whenever he made the slightest movement.

"Oh my," said Alpha, noticing the bespectacled math nerd grind his crotch into his hand. "Looks like somebody *is* enjoying themselves. Better be careful, buddy, or you might get yourself stuck in the nursery for a long time."

Dexter shook his head. "Never!" he said through gritted teeth as he summoned the willpower to stop thrusting.

"Oh? Is that a challenge?" asked Alpha, beginning to take over where Dexter had stopped. Now he was back to rubbing the front of the new pledge's diaper and smiling. He turned his head and called out to the rest of the party.

"Hey guys! Get in here! The baby's enjoying his diapers!"

A rush of fraternity pledges and brothers bounded up the stairs and into the room, hooting and cheering as the nerd tried to resist the urge to blow a load.

"Uh oh! I think he's getting close! Almost seems like he *wants* to be the house baby." said Alpha, hamming it up for the audience.

Tied up as he was, Dexter could do nothing to stop all the hands that reached through the bars to tickle and tease him as more members crowded around the crib. The bindings were unyielding leaving him wide open to be groped and rubbed in whatever way they saw fit. He was actually glad to be in the diaper and bunny sleeper at this point, as they offered some protection from the probing hands. Nevertheless, the babyish outfit didn't do much to stop the stimulation from reaching a fever pitch.

Just before Dexter thought he would cum, Alpha called a stop to it and brought out a digital clock which he set in view of the crib.

"Okay, everyone, let him breathe a bit. We're gonna play with the baby til midnight and see if he can control himself. If he manages to resist the urge to cum before 12:01," he tapped the face of the digital clock, "then he'll win the little challenge. I'll be taking bets. And given how much he obviously loves them, I'll be taking bets 10 to 1 that he doesn't make it.

"I'll take that bet," said one pledge. Alpha grinned as more pledges started to place their bets, though not the senior members, Dexter noticed.

"Don't worry, Dexter, my friend," said Alpha, "I won't force you to cum before midnight. I'll just take you to the edge and let you decide. This is a challenge about self control. At least for tonight. But if you show us you really want this, then all bets are off. Or I should say, rather, anything goes."

Dexter was red-faced. "You meanie! There's no way I'm gonna lose your stupid game. This is an easy bet, you'll see."

"Oh? Do *you* want to wager something?"

Dexter thought, his eyes landing on Alpha's perfect bulge. "Maybe. Maybe if I make it, *you* have to wear the diapers."

Alpha chuckled. "Is that all? I'd take that. How about wagering something else to make it more interesting. How does no pants in the house sound?"

Dexter gulped, his heart beating fast as he imagined Alpha in just his underwear. "N-n-n-no pants?!"

"What's a matter? I thought you said it was an easy bet?" said Alpha, in a mocking tone. "Guess that was all talk huh? Yeah, I'm not taking your bet, son. You're obviously not mature enough to be making bets with the big boys."

Dexter was red in the face. This was exactly the kind of teasing he got in high school and he was sick of it. He would show this jock loser who the baby was!

"Fine," he said, sounding about as brave as he felt. "Prepare to lose."

"Good boy," said Alpha, patting Dexter's diaper and making him moan. "And if you lose, no holds barred. You'll be stuck in the nursery in a very special seat for all of tomorrow. A little something that only the biggest diaper babies get to use."

He nodded over to a large bouncer in the corner of the room.

"One day in that and you'll be an incurable diaper boy for sure!"

Alpha squeezed the front of Dexter's diaper, focusing on the bound boy's dick for a few seconds, before tapering off, leaving Dexter needy and humping the air, desperate for just a little more.

Dexter didn't reply. He just looked away, his face still bright red. As much as he hated to admit it, the diapers felt better than any sex he'd ever had. Though, admittedly, the only sex he'd ever had was with his hand while thinking of his bullies doing unspeakable things to him. If he couldn't keep it under control this time, he had a feeling that even *that* would be a thing of the past.

The party had officially moved into the nursery with various frat brothers taking turns manning the crib, 'keeping Dexter entertained' as the hours ticked by.

True to their word, none of them pushed him over the edge. They would always leave off at the very last minute, and Dexter would be left humping the air. It would take him a few seconds to catch his breath and realize what he was doing. Then he would stop, look embarrassed, and go back to denying that he liked any of it.

When the clock said 11:59, Dexter was in the middle of a very intense rubbing session from Alpha. The scent of piss and baby powder was strong in the air, and it was getting all mixed in with the pleasurable diaper sensations and the crinkle and the teasing until they were all tangled up in one big knot. Alpha nodded to another member and a massage wand was mounted to the side of the crib, positioned just above Dexter's crotch. Alpha made his rubbing lighter and lighter leaving Dexter desperate once more.

"Almost midnight, buddy. You think you can hold it til then?"

"No! No way," jeered the partygoers around the crib.

"I c-c-can," said Dexter. "J-j-just wa-oohhhh" his hips gave an involuntary jerk upwards and he was almost buzzed to oblivion by the wand. He slammed his butt back down on the mat with a loud crinkle and managed to stave off the orgasm, his dick convulsing in a mini orgasm that produced no semen. That was a close one for sure.

"You're almost there," said Alpha. "You just have to make it to 12:01 and then you can cum as much as you want!"

Dexter was sweating bullets. He was hornier than he had ever been, but he knew he would have to summon all his willpower and resist. After what seemed like an eternity, the clock switched over to 12:01 and Dexter immediately thrust his hips upward to get that stimulation he so desperately wanted.

"Ohhhhhohhhhhhhhhohhhhhhh..." he moaned as he unloaded into his diaper. After several hours of edging, his orgasm seemed to stretch on and on as he splattered the front of the last house baby's soggy padding with his seed.

"Atta boy. That's the way," cooed Alpha. "Alright, everyone. Looks like we have a... LOSER!" Alpha stood with his thumb pointed down while the crowd clapped and cheered. "Hand it over, boys. And if you can't pay up, we'll have to arrange some *other* methods of payment. I'm sure your senior members can tell you all about it."

"W-wait." Dexter gasped as Alpha collected cash from all the pledges that had it. "What are you talking about? I made it to 12:01!"

"Ooh, I'm sorry, buddy. I forgot to tell you. We never ended up resetting this clock for daylight saving time. It's an hour fast! The time is... 11:01."

Dexter couldn't believe he'd been tricked. He had *known* what time it was when he and Eugene got there. How could he have missed it when the clock said 9 instead of 8?

"We'll change you in the morning, baby boy," said Alpha, patting the exhausted boy's head. "But hey, at least you get to stay in the diapers you love so much. That's a bonus, right?"

The room began to clear out. The fun was had, and people had other interests, and pledges, to attend to. Before he left, Alpha smiled down at Dexter with a devilish grin.

"Aww, don't look so sad, guy. You'll *love* being the house baby. We're going to have so much *fun* with you. Tell you what, why don't I just put *this...* down *here...*" Alpha lowered the wand so it was pressed firmly against Dexter's diaper front where he couldn't get away from it. "That way you can enjoy your diapers all night long!"

The remaining people in the room laughed as Dexter grunted and squirmed, so to be milked of yet another load. Then another. Dexter's predicament attracted a new wave of interest and a few of the people in attendance started up a drinking game where they took a shot every time Dexter had an orgasm. Finally, at midnight, Alpha came back in and stopped it, removing the wand from the crib.

"Alright guys, come on, come on. Let the baby get some rest. I think he's proven how much he loves his diapers."

And with that, they cleared out. Alpha turned on the mobile and pinched Dexter's cheek, "Gotta leave some in there for tomorrow's fun time with Mr. Bouncy, don't we? Sleep tight, baby."

Dexter stared up at the mobile, hoping that tonight would be the last night he had to look at it. But as he drifted off to sleep, some part of him was already craving more.

Dexter slowly came to as he heard noise in his room. He groggily tried to sit up and wipe the sleep from his eyes but found that he couldn't move. He tried harder. Nothing but a distinct crinkle coming from his mattress every time he shifted. He opened his eyes and looked around, confused for only a moment to see himself in some sort of pink fleece onesie strapped into an oversized nursery crib by the arms, ankles, waist and thighs. Then, he remembered.

"Oh no..." he said to himself.

"Oh yes, baby boy," said a guy with curly blonde hair who he recognized from last night's festivities.

"H-hey, man. Come on. Let me out of here."

The man lowered the crib rails and grabbed the oversized baby under the armpits. "Look at you, baby bunny. You're so darn cute! Why would I let you out?"

The guy carried Dexter over to the changing table and as he did, Dexter could feel his diaper sagging low, the sleeper probably being the only thing that kept it from falling off his body. He was sat down on the changing table with a squish.

"Eughh... it's so wet... and I have to pee bad. Can I use the bathroom and have a shower?"

"That sounds like an idea, " said the fraternity brother with a smirk. "Yeah, sure. But I think a bath is better for a baby like you."

"Oh, come on. I'm not a baby!"

"Uh huh. Well then why did you lose the bet?"

"I didn't do it on *purpose*," said Dexter, blushing fiercely as the man unzipped his sleeper to check his diaper, ignoring Dexter's protest completely.

"Whoo-whee, baby boy! These diapers are destroyed!"

"Oh, gosh," said Dexter, hiding his face in his hands. This was beyond humiliating, and it wasn't even his diaper. It was the last house baby's.

"I'll tell you what kiddo. We need to feed you your nummy breakfast before your bath, so I'm going to give you two options. You can get a change now and then have a shower *after* you've used the diaper fully, OR you can stay in that diaper a little longer, eat breakfast, and then get out of that diaper right away."

"Can't I talk to Alpha about this? I'm going to drop out of pledging. I'm not cut out for this."

"You give up so easily, little buddy. There's no way I'd let you do that. Besides, Alpha isn't the one in charge of what happens to you. You're the *house* baby, which means you belong to *all* of us. So if you can convince each and every member to give up their favorite toy, then be my guest. Otherwise, you're going to have to win that bet fair and square. Besides, if we let you go, someone *else* has to become house baby, and good luck finding a volunteer for that!"

Dexter groaned. "This is completely ridiculous! I've got classes to attend! How am I supposed to go to class looking like this?"

"You'll figure it out, kiddo. We've got plenty of outfits for your daytime use. But if you're good and cooperate, we'll let you wear your own clothes outside."

"Oh boy," muttered Dexter. "Well, if I must choose, I guess I'd choose to keep wearing them. As disgusting as that sounds I just want out of diapers. So if that's what it takes, I'll do it. Where are we going to eat breakfast?" he asked.

"Down in the dining hall, of course," said the man with a grin. He gave Dexter's diaper a pat and zipped his baby bunny sleeper back up. "Oh, and my name's Dirk by the way."

"Nice to meet you," said Dexter, rolling his eyes. "Just take me to breakfast so I can get out of this thing. I've gotta pee and I'm not about to use a darn *diaper* to do it."

"An attitude like that is going to get you spanked, little mister," said Dirk, giving the boy a warning glare as he set Dexter down. He then gave Dexter a sharp swat on the rear which made him yelp despite the thick padding he was wearing. "Come on, then, kid. Let's go."

Dirk led the poor boy by the hand to the dining area and it was all Dexter could do to keep up with the taller man's strides. It was so embarrassing, and yet part of Dexter liked it. It didn't help that Dirk was stupid hot.

Dexter and Dirk passed several pledges and brothers in various outfits for the day. One pledge was in a rubber pup outfit begging for treats, while another was wearing a pair of underwear on his head which was so musky, Dexter could smell it down the hall. It seemed to be breakfast time because pledges and brothers were all making their way to the dining hall to eat.

Alpha stood at the head of the table as people took their seats and he called over to Dexter as the house baby was strapped into his oversized high chair and a bib was put on him that said "Baby Bitch".

"Hey there, little guy! Glad you could join us! Isn't our new house baby just the cutest everyone? I dare say we traded up!"

Everyone seemed to murmur their assent, and Dexter's heart sank as he realized the chance of convincing everyone there to nullify his bet and let him go early was slim to none.

"Welcome to the first day of pledging," said Alpha. "You're all here because you had the balls to commit to do a challenge you didn't even know. That is the kind of guts we need here at Alpha Beta Delta Lambda. We have breakfast here every morning at 0800 hours, so I expect you to be on time. We may be a fraternity, but we take our rules seriously. There's a reason why we're top dog on campus and it's not by being lazy. Best of luck to all of you on beating your challenges. For some it could take days, for others weeks. But just know that no matter how long it takes," he eyed Dexter causing

the boy to squirm as he said this, "We'll be with you every step of the way. Good luck everyone. Now chow down!"

A big bowl of porridge was placed down on Dexter's tray and Dirk blew on it to start feeding him. Dexter looked around and saw most of the other pledges enjoying omelettes, breakfast burritos, and the like.

"Really?" asked Dexter. "Why can't I have that?" he asked, pointing to Dirk's plate, which had a hearty looking breakfast burrito waiting.

"Burritos for a baby? Don't make me laugh, pipsqueak. Just be glad you're not eating puppy chow," he said, nodding over to the rubberpup who was eating from a bowl by another brother's feet. "Or is that what you want?"

Dexter shuddered. "I'll take the porridge," he said quietly.

Dirk just smiled and proceeded to feed Dexter the mush. It was embarrassing getting fed by another grown man, and a lot more porridge than it looked like. Dexter struggled to swallow it all but he managed to get most of it down and not all over his bib and pajamas. He was in a hurry to just finish it already since he had to go so badly; He'd been holding it since he woke up and it was only getting worse.

"Okay, I'm done," Dexter gasped, as the last spoonful was cleared. He felt bloated and full but was relieved to see the bowl empty. "Can you let me out of this thing now? I really have to pee!"

"Not so fast," said Dirk. "You may be done but *I'm* not. You just hold on, baby bunny. I'll be finished in a sec."

Dexter struggled to hold it but he was strapped down so he couldn't cross his legs or hold his pee pee. While Dirk took his time enjoying the burrito, Dexter was taking short shallow breaths and hunching over to try and stop the pee from coming out. Unfortunately, the sharp pain was too much to bear and with a quarter of the burrito to go, Dexter felt the first trickle of pee force its way through, followed by a flood. Hot piss streamed into the front of his diaper so quickly it could be heard by everyone around him. They might not have noticed right off, but Dexter was putting on quite a performance for everyone as he groaned and whined at his final loss of control.

The bunny sleeper didn't stand a chance - the bright pink legs of his sleeper began to show a spreading dark wet spot as wetness pooled around Dexter's butt, and pee soon began to drip off the sides of the high chair. Everyone had stopped eating at this point, and several of them watched with open mouths and tented pants as this poor nerd was totally and completely humiliated before their eyes. Dexter was openly crying now, and that only made it more entertaining for everyone watching.

"This one's gonna be a lot of fun!" said Alpha. "Do I know how to pick 'em, or what?" Judging by the smiles around the room, a lot of people seemed to agree. Dirk dusted his hands and burped, patting his belly before turning to the diapered dweeb beside him.

"Okay, buddy. I'm all done with my burrito! Looks like you need that bath, pronto!"

"Y-y-yes," sniveled Dexter as his tray was taken off and he was helped down to his feet. "This is so *gross!*"

"I agree, kiddo! We're going to have to start *doubling up* on diapers to make sure you don't leak again."

Dexter was shocked. "B-b-but I thought you said I would get out of diapers right away if I kept this one on during breakfast."

The laughter from the people watching told Dexter he'd made a big mistake in thinking that.

"I said you would get out of *that* diaper right away," said Dirk, with a smug grin, "for your bath. I never said you wouldn't go right back into a new one afterward! Besides, it looks like you like 'em to me!"

Sure enough, despite everything, the front of Dexter's bunny sleeper had a prominent tent in front. Everyone laughed and began to tease the baby bunny for liking his diapers so much.

"I d-d-d-don't understand... Why am I hard?" asked Dexter, covering up the front of his diaper area with his adorable bunny paws.

"A little Viagra goes a long way," whispered Dirk in Dexter's ear. "You're going to be hard for quite some time with the dose you just ate."

Dexter was led, whimpering, out of the breakfast area by the hand. He tried his best to cover up his front with his free hand, squishing every step of the way to the big communal bathroom. It was mostly open showers but did have a few baths, one of which was already filled with water for the big baby.

"Thanks, bathroom boy," said Dirk, directing a pledge to hold their towel until it was time to get out.

Dexter was so embarrassed to be washed by another guy, but Dirk wasn't giving him the option of washing himself. His bunny sleeper came off, and the diaper dropped to the ground with a thud as soon as the tapes were released, only to be carried away

by their bathroom attendant. Dexter felt even more ashamed that someone had to take care of his soaked diaper and pajamas for him.

"Alright, Dorkster. Close your eyes!" said Dirk, as he pointed a powerful enema hose at Dexter to rinse him off. Once that was done, the shaving dude came by with an electric buzzer to shave Dexter clean from neck to toe. The poor nerd and he had to be held by two guys while his body was shaved clean, and he was sporting a puny but obvious erection the whole time. This did not escape the notice of those nearby.

"Wow! He's really having fun with this! He must be loving every second of it!"

"What a lucky loser he is! He must be in nerd heaven!"

Soon, Dexter was as hairless as the day he was born.

"Much more appropriate for your age, don't you think?" asked Dirk, giving Dexter a slap on the ass.

Dexter was aghast, but Dirk had little sympathy.

"Oh come on! Don't be such a drama queen. You're far from the only one getting shaved today." Sure enough, Dexter was but one of many stops for the shaving dude, who by and by left all the new pledges hairless and blushing brightly.

Dexter just hoped he could ride out the day and put this whole episode behind him, but when he was brought back up to the nursery to find two thick diapers waiting for him and the large and ominous baby bouncer waiting to hold him in, he had a sinking feeling that keeping his pampers dry was going to be easier said than done.

Nevertheless, there was a little tickle of excitement in his tummy that he couldn't deny. Being bullied always gave him a bit of a thrill, and this was no exception. Why did Dexter always have to crush on his bullies?

"Alright, crinkle butt," said Dirk. "Up on the table."

Dexter had a bit of trouble getting up on his own. He wasn't the most athletic of people to start with, and spending all day on a computer certainly didn't help matters.

Dirk smirked and said in a teasing tone, "Aww, does the little house baby need help up?"

Dexter sighed and held his fists at his sides, looking down at the floor with burning cheeks. "Yes, Dirk. I need help."

"I think you can ask nicer than that," said Dirk.

"W-what do you mean?" asked Dexter, raising his arms defensively.

"You can start by addressing me as sir, or Daddy Dirk. Your pick. And you can address all the brothers by a similar title until you finish your pledge."

"Y-yes s-s-sir," said Dexter, his whole face turning bright red. "Please help me... onto... hhh... the changing table, sir." Somehow he actually liked calling Dirk sir, but he hardly wanted to admit he liked anything about the situation he was in now.

"That's much better. Such a good baby for Daddy Dirk."

Dexter covered his face. He had avoided using the 'D' word, but Dirk had used it anyway. Dexter's reaction didn't escape Dirk, either.

"Oh, somebody likes that, don't they? Or is the big baby just excited for his diapers?"

Dirk gave Dexter a smug grin as he lifted the naked boy up onto the changing table. Still hard from the Viagra, Dexter kept his face covered so he wouldn't see his own hard pee pee as Dirk laid him on his back and lowered his butt onto two very thick diapers.

"Well, well, well. You're already wet for them, I see," commented Dirk. "We don't even have to condition you to love diapers, do we?"

Dexter's curiosity got the better of him and he risked a peek. Much to Dexter's dismay, he was not only hard, but dripping copious amounts of precum. But he couldn't help it. The sound and feel of those diapers on his bare skin sent a thrill up Dexter's tush and down his pee pee in a way that he couldn't explain. He felt it all the more because there wasn't a single hair to get in the way of all the sensations from his thick diapers.

Dirk spread some slippery pink gel all over the inside of Dexter's diaper, and Dexter's nose was instantly hit with an intense baby powder scent.

"W-w-what's *that*?" asked Dexter, his heart rate speeding up a bit.

"Just a little something to help you... enjoy your diapers..." Dirk's grin as he said this did naughty things to Dexter, who whined and pouted.

"But I don't *want* to enjoy-"

"Ah, ba ba ba," said Dirk, holding his finger up. "It's *quiet* time now. No more talking without permission while you're in the nursery or you're going to get a *spanking*."

Dexter cringed at Dirk's condescending tone, but shut his mouth nevertheless. He knew bullies all too well and he didn't want to make things any worse than they already were with a spanking.

Dirk taped the first tape up, then pulled out a knife and ran it down the front of the diaper. Dexter's eyes went wide with alarm and he attempted to sit up, but Dirk just placed a hand on his chest, arresting the weaker boy's movement completely.

"Don't worry," said Dirk, "We're not gonna fix ya like a pup. It's just so that the wetness can get through to the second layer."

Dexter whined as he realized just how long it might take to get out of double diapers.

"Oh, hush up. If you want out early you're just gonna have to wet through these. I can help there."

Dirk pointed to a large bag hanging up on a tall stand by the bouncer. It looked like it contained a few gallons of liquid, though where that liquid was supposed to go was anyone's guess. Dexter couldn't stop staring at the bouncer knowing that was where he was going next. It looked like the 'seat' of the contraption would hold his legs apart very wide and it looked pretty difficult to get out of if not impossible for Dexter on his own.

"There we go," said Dirk, as he taped up the ultra thick diapers around Dexter's waist. "Had to point you up since you're so hard down there. Good thing you're so small down there that it doesn't make much difference."

Dexter cringed at the blow to his manhood. He was often made fun of for having a 'baby dick'. It was humiliating, but also true. Calling it a two-incher would be a generous assessment.

"Well, how do they feel? ...You can speak when I ask you a question, you know."

The sensation of the diaper sliding across Dexter's bits and tickling his butt was intense. Dexter was still in shock at how much more sensitive he felt after being shaved.

"It's... different... without hair," was all he managed to say.

"I'll bet you *love* it, diaper butt. Alright. We're putting you in the bouncer."

"Do I have to?" asked Dexter, as he was helped off the table and dragged over to the big baby bouncer.

"If a brother tells you to do something, you always have to do it. And don't make us repeat ourselves," Dirk said, giving Dexter a sharp smack on the thigh. Dexter yelped. "*That's* for speaking out of turn, diaper boy. Maybe we should get you a pacifier."

Dexter shook his head no as Dirk lifted him up and deposited him in the large hanging harness. Of *course* he would be strong enough to do that. It reminded Dexter of when he was lifted up by bullies in high school so that he could be given a mega-wedgie, suspended by his underwear on a towel hook in the locker room.

"You're gonna love this next part," said Dirk, as he secured the straps over Dexter's shoulders to lock him in securely. The straps were well out of the poor nerd's reach, so he was now well and truly trapped, unable to free himself, and unable to cover the front of his diaper, which was on full display thanks to the open fronted crotch of the harness.

So far Dexter was just hanging there feeling silly. Then, he shifted slightly in the harness and felt his dick slip on the front of the padding.

"Unff..." he said, his eyes going wide as he felt a sudden jolt of sexual pleasure from the slightest movement in his slicked up diaper. "Oh no..."

Then, Dexter caught sight of Dirk turning a knob on a handheld controller and the crotch of his harness began to vibrate. Dexter tried to stay still but the sensation was causing him to gasp and squirm. He now had *two* sources of pleasure working against him. He had to focus; if he came in his Diaper now, he would be stuck in diapers for another day.

Dirk took advantage of Dexter's distraction to shove an inflatable feeder gag into the gasping pledge's mouth. Dexter's eyes went wide as Dirk held it in with his hand, while giving it enough pumps to lock it in place. Once it was secure, he strapped it to Dexter's head for good measure and opened the flow of apple juice.

"Better drink up, buddy boy," said Dirk. "Hey, if you drink it fast enough, maybe you'll wet through those diapers and get out of the bouncer before you blow your load."

Dexter struggled and pulled at the gag even as he swallowed down the sweet juice, but he had no way of removing it. And the more he struggled, the more stimulation he was giving to his already overstimulated member.

"Aww, fussy boy. How about I help you... bounce a bit?" asked Dirk, as if he was being helpful. He pulled down on the harness and it began to bounce. And with each bounce, the diaper rubbed against Dexter's sensitive member, causing him to moan and struggle.

There Dexter was, bouncing in the big baby bouncer, his legs forced wide and unable to close by the crotch of his bouncer harness, his thick diapers sliding against his sensitive lower regions with each bounce. Everything was working against him as he tried to resist cumming. The vibrations, which went from barely a tickle at the top of his bounce to an overwhelming buzz at the bottom. The constantly changing sensations meant he wouldn't become desensitized to any of them. He didn't know how long he could last without blowing another load in his diaper.

Just then, a few other fraternity brothers came in to investigate the commotion.

"What's going on in here, boys?" asked a tall beefy man in a team jersey.

"Just bouncing the baby, is all," said Dirk.

"Oh, fun!" said a shorter, huskier guy who had come in as well. "Has the baby blown his load yet?"

"Not yet," said Dirk. "But The baby should start wetting sometime soon."

"Sweet."

Dexter hated being talked about like he wasn't there. It made him feel like he really *was* a baby - more than any of the nursery props. He would have said something about it too, if his mouth wasn't gagged and he wasn't swallowing down the liquid as quickly as he could.

Pretty soon, Dexter could feel his bladder reaching the limit and each bounce was putting pressure on it, making it incredibly hard for him to hold back from pissing his pampers like an infant. What's more, his penis head was getting so overstimulated, it was almost painful. Dexter gritted his teeth as one final bounce stimulated a platter spasm, causing his pee pee to fire a big squirt of pee into the diaper.

"Mmmmm," he moaned, much to the delight of the onlookers, who eagerly commented on the spot of yellow growing between Dexter's legs, perfectly displayed through the open-fronted crotch harness.

"Aww, look at the big baby piddling in his didees!"

"Guess he really does need diapers!"

With each bounce, more piss came out until Dexter had flooded his diaper uncontrollably. He gasped as the sensation of the diaper completely changed with the wetness. It was now swollen, warm, and squishy. It felt like someone had stuck his dick in a pocket pussy. Why did wet diapers have to feel so good? It was a cruel irony that something he could hate so much felt so amazing. But at least he had wet. He began to

make noises into the gag, and Dirk stopped the bouncing and clipped the hose so he could take the gag out and hear what Dexter had to say.

"What is it, boy. Speak up."

"I-I wet my diapers. Can I get changed out of them now?"

"Oh, a *diaper check*? Is that all?" The other guys in the room laughed. "Yeah, sure. If you think you need it."

Dexter grunted as Dirk grabbed and squeezed the front of his swollen padding. That felt too good. "Hmm. You're gonna have to pee a lot more than that to fill those diapers, buddy," said Dirk.

Dexter appeared shocked, so Dirk continued.

"Hmm, you clearly don't know *when* you need a diaper change, so no more asking for diaper checks, bud. At least not from me. I can decide when to check on my own, but if you want to ask someone else, be my guest. Maybe one of these guys would help you." he said, thumbing toward the two chuckling fraternity brothers.

"Oh yeah," said the taller one. "I'll give him a check alright. But my diaper checks last a little longer than most. I like to make sure that the baby is enjoying his diapers fully."

Everyone chuckled at that, and Dexter looked to each of them in turn, afraid that he was really caught in a situation from which he couldn't escape. How was he going to get out of this mess?

"Well, as much as we'd love to stay and chat, some of us have things to do today, so why don't you just have some more juice and watch some TV for a while?"

This wasn't really a question as Dirk immediately returned the gag to Dexter's mouth and started up the flow of juice again. Dexter felt defeated. At least he could zone out to some television and not be teased, though. He looked around for a TV but saw none. Then he saw Dirk grab a VR headset from a drawer by the crib. Of course. With all his bouncing, it only made sense to be *wearing* the screen.

What popped up on the screen when the headset was pulled down over Dexter's eyes made his heart sink. It was a stupid boring baby show. Even the theme song was insipid as the excited characters ran across the screen. He felt the vibration start up again followed shortly by more bouncing as his struggle to keep from creaming his pants continued.

"Have fun, diaper boy. We'll be back to check on you later," called Dirk, laughing with the others as he left the nursery. But Dexter couldn't hear him. All he heard was the happy theme song playing in his ears as he was mercilessly masturbated by the thick, squishy, slippery padding between his legs.

"I love you, you love me... come on, everybody! Sing along now!"

Dexter soon found his attention straying as he watched the baby show on the headset strapped to his head. He was supposed to be concentrating on resisting the stimulation of the baby bouncer and the vibrations in the front of his diaper, but the show was starting to draw his attention. No matter where he looked, there it was, and he thought he could see faint traces of spirals, and hear soft voices just beneath the surface of the show he was watching. Of course he couldn't be sure because whenever he tried to focus on them directly, they seemed to fade away, and he would come dangerously close to cumming in his padding. Thus, he gave up trying to make sense of it.

Dexter knew he was going to lose if he didn't stay focused on resisting all that stimulation coming from his warm, wet, squishy diapers and yet, as the minutes ticked by, Dexter became less and less aware of his body. Less and less aware of the constant flow of liquid going into his mouth as his swallowing became automatic and his urine began to flow steadily into his diaper unnoticed. He felt a bit of drool drip from the side of his mouth, but that sensation was quickly swept away by the next thing happening in the silly baby show he was being forced to watch. Then, a little twinge in his bladder and that too would be swept away in the bombardment of stimuli he was receiving. When Dexter finally did cum, he was hardly aware of it.

"Unhh..." he gasped, drooling slightly. He squirmed just a bit, but otherwise remained entranced by the cartoons, his mouth hanging open dumbly, drooling as he watched.

"Whuh..." Dexter squinted in the sudden light of the room as his mouth was freed and the colorful characters were pulled away. "Blarney? Is that you?"

"Haha, dude, he's totally out of it. Thinks he's actually in the show!"

"Yo! Wipe his face off! He's covered in drool!"

Dexter looked around the nursery, bewildered. It was gradually coming back to him. A blush slowly crept into Dexter's cheeks as he realized he'd embarrassed himself again. He looked around and saw that he had a small audience. Five or six people were in the room including Dirk and Alpha.

"Get him down, man. Let's check his diaper." said Dirk, his freckled cheeks dimpling in a big grin.

"I'll bet it's filled with nerd spunk by now," said Nelson, a well built guy from the wrestling team.

To his embarrassment, Dexter was picked up under the arms and carried to the changing table like he weighed nothing. He whimpered as he was laid on his back and strapped down by the wrists, elbows, and chest. It was already obvious from the swollen yellow padding that he had soaked through both diapers. He just hoped that was all he left in there.

"Alright, let's check it out," said Nelson, pulling the tapes away and slowly peeling back the front of both diapers.

Dexter immediately gasped as the cold air hit his privates leaving him completely exposed.

"Dude! Is this a prank? It looks like someone poured lube down the front of his diaper!"

"He's totally covered in it!"

"Yo! That's one horny nerd! I can smell it from here!"

Dexter looked down and his jaw hung open as he saw just how much cum he had produced. It was hopeless. Utterly hopeless. He squirmed in his restraints as everyone continued to tease him for just how much he came in his diapers.

"Oh man, he really must love those. I've never seen a diaper boy cream so much!"

"Alright, guys, alright. Let's give him some privacy. He's had a big day and I think he's proven how bad he wants to stay home baby."

Dexter didn't even fight Alpha and Dirk as they used wipe after wipe to clean the sticky semen off of him and taped him into another, thinner diaper with cute baby cartoon characters looking up at him. What was the point of fighting? As long as he was in this nursery, Dexter didn't stand a chance.

"Aww, don't look so glum, Dexie," said Alpha, as Dirk sat Dexter up on his poofy padded butt. "We've decided that you deserve a chance to show you don't like diapers, so if you're good, we'll let you go out onto campus after lunch and go to your classes. We'll even give you another chance to get out of diapers."

"R-really?" asked Dexter, accepting his glasses back from Alpha and putting them on. "W-what do I have to do?"

"All you have to do is keep from making stickies again while on campus. And I know what you're thinking, but I can promise you that we won't try to make you cum when you get back or at bedtime when you're back in the nursery or anything like that."

Dexter was suspicious, so he decided to ask a few more questions. Yeah, he was sitting semi-nude in a giant nursery wearing only a diaper and at the mercy of a house of guys more than twice his size, but that didn't matter now. Now, the gears were turning. "So you're saying... All I have to do is keep from creaming my diapers while I'm out for classes and I get out of diapers?"

"That's right. If you come back without cummy pamps, you'll be let out of diapers for good."

"And... do I get to go back to the dorms?"

"That's up to you. You can stay here in the nursery, in a big boy room, heck, you can stay off campus if you want."

"That's it? No conditions or anything?"

"Well, there is one condition..."

"Oh boy, here it comes," sighed Dexter. "Okay, what's the catch?"

"If you *do* spooge your pamps like a big baby, you're gonna have to spend a whole *week* in the nursery before you get another chance to get out."

"A w-whole week?"

"Or we could just carry on as usual and keep you here when you're not in classes - no holds barred and no rules about just what happens to you while you're in here. It's really up to you."

Dexter knew it was a trap; that much was obvious. But it was also possibly his only chance at getting out of this predicament before graduation. Besides, he was probably all tapped out already. Even if he somehow did cum again, he'd be shooting blanks.

"Deal," he said, finally, against his better judgment.

"Great! Here's your clothes, then. You get to eat at the big boy's table for lunch. Just try and keep your 'undies' dry.

Dexter blushed as he pulled the pants up. This must be why they gave him thinner diapers. There was no way pants would fit over those double-stacked monstrosities he had been taped into before. Even so, his diaper still felt much thicker than normal underwear and it crinkled loudly with every movement he made. He blushed bright red as he looked down at his crotch, then his butt, trying to see how obvious it was.

"Alright, alright, quit admiring your pampers, kid," said Dirk, as he grabbed Dexter's hand and pulled him toward the door. "It's lunch time, and then *you* get to go back to campus. Oh, almost forgot."

"Hey! What are you-" Dexter was cut off as he was pantsed and the two guys scribbled their signatures on the tapes.

"So you don't try to cheat," said Alpha.

Dexter did his best to give a stern look which was severely hindered by the fact that Dirk pulled his pants back up and buttoned them himself without even asking. Dexter felt like a kid being dressed by his babysitter, and he didn't like it one bit.

"Little dude's getting another boner!" said Dirk, slapping Alpha's palm with his own.

"That's so cute. The little guy must really like those pampers. Or maybe it's just us?"

The two guys ruffled Dexter's hair and one of them smacked him on the diapered bottom.

"Try to keep it in your pants, short stuff. You got a whole day ahead of you."

Crink *Crink* *Crink* Dexter's pants crinkled with every step as he walked out of the nursery hand in hand with the two fraternity brothers. He looked exactly like a toddler walking with two bigger brothers holding his hands, even wearing a regular pair of jeans and a t-shirt. It didn't help that the diaper bulge and the crinkling sound were so obvious, or for that matter, the little bit of plastic peeking out where his shirt had ridden up in the back.

At the table, Dexter took his seat next to Dirk and Alpha went off to the head of the table to make another speech about brotherhood or some nonsense. Dexter tried to ignore all of the people who greeted him with cheery greetings like 'Hi, baby!', and other belittling terms, but he was cuffed lightly on the head by Dirk.

"Be polite and answer when spoken to, little one."

The brothers and pledges all commented on the cute bib around his neck, talked about how much he seemed to enjoy his treatment the night before, and gushed about how excited they were to play with the baby themselves. It seemed like everyone wanted to say hi, or pat him on the back, or ruffle his hair. Dexter was finally popular, but in the way that he had hoped.

When Dexter's food came, he frowned. Dinosaur nuggets, sliced up apples, a sippy cup of juice and a cut up grilled cheese sandwich came out on a cartoon plate for him. It was such a kiddish meal, but what choice did he have? He sighed and said "Thank you."

"I hope you like it," said Dirk, smiling. "That's the most big kid meal you're gonna get until you show us you're ready to grow up and get out of pampers. Oh, and you'll be using your hands - if you're allowed to feed yourself at all."

Dexter nodded and reached for a nugget only to have his hand smacked down.

"Ah ah ah," said Dirk. "I didn't say you could feed yourself. You'll have to wait for permission before you try that."

Dexter recovered from his shock and cast his eyes downward. "M-may I please feed myself, sir?"

"Mmm... no, not today," said Dirk. And he picked up a stegosaurus nugget.

Dexter blushed as the nugget went toward his mouth. For some reason, his diaper felt like it was getting tighter as this bigger man fed him. He had never experienced this before and it caused funny feelings in his tummy.

"Awww, little guy looks all flustered," said another brother who was sitting across from them.

"Oh yeah, he loves this," said Dirk. "At least judging by how hard he got when we dressed him."

This drew some chuckles from those who had overheard the conversation, which was not exactly quiet. Dexter blushed as Dirk continued to talk loudly about him like he wasn't there. Is this what being the house baby would be like? He shuddered and hoped he wouldn't have to get used to it. At least he was allowed to drink his sippy cup on his own.

When lunch was finally over, Dirk made him brush his teeth with a toddler brush they had gotten especially for him. Then he was led to a potty chair next to the toilet.

"Okay, buddy. You can do your business now." Dexter stood there staring at Dirk, and Dirk stared right back, smirking. "What's the matter? Don't you know how to use the potty?" Dexter shuffled his feet.

"You're not gonna stay here while I go, are you?"

"Of course! I can't leave the baby unsupervised. That would be irresponsible. Now sit down on the potty," he said, pointing to the bright blue potty chair.

Dexter eyed it with apprehension. It was about half the height of the toilet, with a wide splash guard in front and a measurement indicator on the side. It would be so humiliating to be made to use that instead of the regular toilet, but he had a sinking feeling he wouldn't be given any other option.

"C-can't I use the regular potty? I mean toilet?" Dexter asked, correcting himself. He mentally slapped himself for using such babyish terminology.

"No, little guy. The potty is for big boys. You're just a little guy, so you have to use the little training potty til you prove to use you figured out how to stop squirting in your pampers. Now, no more questions. You have five seconds to get on that potty, or I'll pull your pants down for you."

Dexter groaned and pulled down his pants.

"The diaper too."

Dexter looked to the right, seeing the bathroom door wide open. His heart was beating quickly as he stood there under the gaze of the larger man. He was so nervous going in the open like that but he had no choice, so he shimmied his diaper down and sat.

"That's the way," said Dirk. "You're getting the hang of it."

"Thanks," said Dexter, glumly. After a few minutes, all he managed was a piddle, so he was stood up and Dirk wiped his bum with a wet wipe.

"Hey! - Ow!"

Dexter's little outburst earned him a smack on the thigh from Dirk. "Don't you raise your voice, crinkles. You will respect anyone who is senior to you in this house, and that is everyone. That means no complaining or raising your voice. You are to let us do whatever we think is best without complaint. And always address me as sir. You got it?"

"Yes sir," said Dexter quietly as he looked at the ground. He felt a little ashamed even though he knew he shouldn't. He just had to get through classes without a sticky accident, and this whole ordeal would be over and done with. He had that to look forward to.

"Much better. Now let's wash those hands and get you to class. You wouldn't wanna be late and earn yourself a detention, now would you?"

Derek had to fight to keep from rolling his eyes. There was no detention for missing classes in college, but clearly Derek was getting into the role-play aspect of this house baby thing.

The walk to class was just as embarrassing as everything else.

"You don't have to walk me to class, you know," Dexter said to Dirk as he led the diapered nerd through campus by the hand.

"I just wanna make sure you get there okay. Do you need a diaper check before we go inside?"

Dexter looked around nervously. They were outside the science building and he could only hope none of his classmates were in earshot.

"N-no," said Dexter, turning deep red. "I'm fine."

"Hehe, nobody told me you'd be this much fun to tease. Alpha sure knows how to pick 'em."

Dexter looked down, then balled up his fists and said in his bravest voice, "Well, I won't be around for long. I'll see you later when I beat the challenge!"

"We'll see about that," said Dirk, with a grin that made his words seem all the more ominous.

Dexter quickly made his way inside to chemistry lab and took a seat with a loud *Crinkle*. He cringed as he heard the noise and smelled the powder which had puffed out when he sat down. He looked around and was relieved to see that no one seemed to notice, but he nearly jumped out of his chair when his lab partner, Ashley, sat down next to him. This was going to be a long day of classes.

Dexter's classes went by painfully slowly. Every moment in chemistry lab was spent trying to move as little as possible. Every time he did move, he felt like a cat on tin foil, wincing at the loud crinkle that came from his pants. Ashley didn't seem to notice,

though, as she was more focused on the task of the day. Unfortunately, Dexter was so distracted that he ended up adding the wrong reagent to the flask and they had to start all over again.

"Are you sure you're doing okay?" Ashley asked.

"Yeah, it's just... I didn't sleep well last night," Dexter sighed.

It wasn't a lie, at least. He hoped that tonight would end in his dorm room like before, but he had a nagging suspicion that wasn't going to be the case.

After Chemistry, Dexter walked out of the science building and right into another frat brother named Nelson.

"Hey, kid, keeping your pampers dry? I'm your escort."

"What? Of course I'm..." Dexter lowered his voice, blushing red as he realized what he had almost said out loud. "Of course I'm dry... I don't actually *need* these things. Speaking of which... I have to make a trip to the little boys' room, and I *don't* need an escort."

"Haha, it's funny that you call it that, but no. Not unless you're using the changing station."

"Oh, come on. You don't expect me to..."

"Use your diaper? That's what it's there for, piddle pants."

Dexter's eyes went wide as Nelson spoke these words at full volume. He looked around in a panic. "Hey! Not so loud... people will hear you..."

"Hear what?" asked Nelson. "That you're still in DIAPERS?" he asked loudly, so everyone in sight of them could hear.

Dexter tried to walk away quickly and pretend he didn't know Nelson, but he was grabbed by the collar before he made it more than three steps.

"Hold it, buster. I still need to check your *diaper*..."

"Come on, lemme go!" cried Dexter, twisting this way and that as Nelson reached between his legs and groped his padding.

"Now is that any way to speak to your babysitter? Don't make me tell your professor to put you in corner time..."

Despite Dexter's protests, Nelson unbuttoned his pants and got a good fistfull of diaper while holding Dexter in a headlock. Nelson was quite the wrestler and a pencil-necked geek like Dexter didn't stand a chance. Dexter moaned in both humiliation and pleasure with his pants pooled around his ankles as Nelson's hand worked his crinkly bulge. He had to bite his lip to stifle an even louder moan as Nelson continued to 'check' his diaper.

"Better watch it there, diaper boy," he said into Dexter's ear as he groped Dexter's dick through the padding. "You don't wanna have an accident and end up in diapers for the week, do you?"

Dexter shook his head even as he began to hump against Nelson's hand.

"Your head says no but your little baby dicklet says something very different... I bet if I just..."

"Ahem, is there a problem here?"

It was Ashley, Dexter's lab partner. Dexter was mortified.

"I was just checking this dweeb's diaper... to make sure he wasn't wet," said Nelson, with a cocky grin.

"Yeah, well I believe I heard him tell you to let him go. Why don't you beat it, *bro?*"

"No can do, lady. I'm his babysitter and I have to escort him to his next class..."

"Well, I'm his lab partner, and I *think* I can handle it. Capeesh?" Ashley cocked an eyebrow and Nelson gave a short, uncertain laugh.

"Heh... yeah, yeah. That works too, I guess. Watch your butt, diaper boy. And try no to have too big an accident!"

"Hey dude, your panties are showing!" Ashley called out after him. "Ha! You checked! I guess we know who likes to wear panties now!"

Nelson walked off awkwardly, and it was obvious he was blushing because they could see the red even from behind.

"Some people never grow up," she said, rolling her eyes as she pulled up Dexter's pants.

"I... guess that's sort of ironic since I'm the one in a... you know..." Dexter was blushing himself. Had his lab partner really just decided to dress him up again?

"So what if you need diapers? That's no reason to pick on you..."

"I don't..." Dexter was about to correct her but then he thought the better of it. At least it would be less embarrassing than telling her the *real* reason he was stuck in diapers - that he couldn't go a day without spunking them. "Y-yeah... those jerks..."

Ashley nodded and looked off.

"I guess I'd better walk you to class... since I said I would..."

"Y-yeah," said Dexter, still blushing at being seen like that by someone he knew. He hated to admit it but if Ashley hadn't shown up when she did, he would have already lost the bet.

"Well, come on, let's get you to class before you're late!"

Ashley grabbed Dexter's hand and led him to the computer science and engineering building. Dexter was at a loss for words. Was this really happening? He had allowed Ashley to just dress him and take him by the hand to his next class. She did it so casually and confidently that he hadn't even thought to stop her. This, more than anything those frat guys had done, made Dexter feel like an infant. Of course, the crinkling and rustling of the thick diaper between his legs definitely contributed to that feeling as well.

"Okay. Here we are!" said Ashley, stopping in front of the big concrete building.

"Huh? Oh! Uh... Th-thanks, Ashley... guess I owe you one for that..."

"Yeah you do," she said, with a grin. "Babysitting services aren't cheap! You better pay up if you want protection on campus."

Dexter winced at the mention of 'babysitting' and 'protection'.

"Sorry," said Ashley. "Just trying to lighten the mood. Listen. Nobody who matters is gonna care what you're wearing under your pants. Just try not to bump into any other bullies, okay?"

"Yeah, I think I can do that," said Dexter, with a nervous chuckle, though he didn't quite believe it. "I might have to take you up on that offer, though. I need all the help I can get!"

Dexter sighed a sigh of relief as he entered the computer building. He knew that no jock would step foot inside such a geeky place. Dexter walked into the computer lab, finally in his own element. He held his head up high, then he nearly jumped out of his shoes as he heard his name and was hit by a fast moving shape.

"Dexter!" said Eugene, hugging Dexter. "You're okay!"

"Ahh!"

"I can't believe you're here. Did you get out of pledging? What happened?"

"Don't *scare* me like that, man. No, I didn't get out of pledging. In fact... I'm pledging right now."

"What do you mean y-" Dexter shifted his weight and a distinct crinkle could be heard coming from around his waist. Eugene immediately stopped talking and looked down. "Don't tell me you're-"

"A frat-baby." finished Dexter.

"Oh crap, oh crap," said Eugene, lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Oh crap is right, you gotta help me outta this," Dexter whispered back. "And I mean literally help me figure out how to get out of this thing without anyone knowing... I really have to pee!" Dexter was squirming now since he hadn't been able to go to the restroom before class.

"Me?! No way, I'm not going to help you and become the next target for bullies! If you get out of it, I might be next!"

"Gee, thanks, butthead," said Dexter.

"Hey, no need to be mean, Dex. We can still be friends (when we're not in public). I just can't be associated with you where those meatheads can see us. I hope you understand."

And with that, Eugene walked away and sat between two other students.

"What meatheads," Dexter muttered, looking around. There wasn't a jock in sight. Just computer nerds learning to code.

Dexter glumly walked to an empty row in the very back, plopping down in his seat with a **paff** and another poof of baby powder scent. He spent the rest of his computer class alone, contemplating his fate. At least, he thought, he was almost finished with classes. One more two-hour block and he would be free. And he hadn't even come close to rubbing or touching his diapers, which was a plus, even though he did occasionally spring a stiffy thinking about them for some strange reason.

In fact, now that he thought about it, he had been thinking about them a lot. Throughout class, he'd catch himself idly playing with the front of his diaper, or squeezing his legs together to enjoy the thick feeling between his legs. Then he'd

realize what he was doing, stop, and blush. What the heck was wrong with him? He didn't like diapers. He *couldn't* like diapers... Could he?

Dexter totally zoned out contemplating this question until he suddenly noticed the room emptying. He shook his head, pulled his hand out from under his waistband, and left, crinkling the whole way. Dexter didn't even remember what they had studied that day. All he remembered was the wonderful feel of plastic on his hand.

"What the heck was that about?" asked Dexter to himself. He was waddling a bit more than usual and he realized that not only had he zoned out completely but his diaper felt thicker than usual. He stopped dead in his tracks. "Oh no. Oh no, no, no."

Dexter rushed to the bathroom and got into a stall to unbutton his pants and take a closer look. To his surprise and dismay, the front of his diaper was dark yellow. This was not good at all. He remembered wanting to go to the bathroom before class, but how had he wet himself without even knowing it? At the very least, it looked like the diapers had solved his potty problem for him. He hoped this wouldn't continue tomorrow when he switched back to undies.

Dexter thought about staying in the bathroom stall all night, but he knew that if he did that, the guys would probably come looking for him. And the terms of the deal had been very specific - he had to make it back to the frat house unsullied. No, the best bet was to get back as quickly as he could so he could take off these stupid diapers and be on his way.

When he stepped outside of the building he looked around expecting another escort, but to his surprise, there was none in sight.

"Huh... That's weird..."

Dexter wasn't going to look a gift-horse in the mouth, though. He was happy to go back to the frat-house on his own and finish this stupid challenge once and for all. On the walk there, he kept his head down, daydreaming about the events of the past twenty-four hours. He wasn't far from the house when he uttered an involuntary moan and realized he was sporting quite the stiffy.

"Unh..." Dexter's hand flew up to his mouth to stifle his moan. Whether it was the memory of all the lewd sensations he'd experienced in the nursery, or the soft warm squishiness of the diaper which seemed to be just a little soggier than it was a moment ago, Dexter suddenly realized that he was this close to blowing his load. Dexter had to stop walking, collect himself, and catch his breath before going forward.

"Think of baseball, think of baseball," he repeated to himself. He hated sports, so that usually did the trick for him. Unfortunately, his erection just wasn't going down. He

walked another ten meters before he had to stop again. He sighed. "I'm just gonna have to be careful. This shouldn't be hard. I've never been into diapers... Why would I start now?"

Of course Dexter hadn't considered what effects his time watching swirly shows in the bouncer might have had on him. Dexter tried various ways of moving to alleviate the pressure on his penis, even walking like a bow-legged cowboy to keep his diapers from masturbating him. Nothing really helped. Eventually, Dexter was within sight of the house. He looked around one more time. The coast was clear. He was approaching the lawn. His nerves got to him and he rushed to the house for the final sprint, and up the steps, heedless now of what was happening in his pants. He was so close, he could taste it.

But then, the moment his hand touched the nob, he heard something. He stopped.

"What the heck? Is that the theme song to Blarney?" He let out a derisive laugh. It was his phone, and they had apparently changed his ringtone. "Is that the best you guys could do? I'll just change it back as soon as I finish- eyuuuughhhhhhhh!!!"

Dexter's knees buckled as he felt a sudden rush of intense buzzy pleasure and came in his pants. The theme song had brought back all the feelings he had had when he was in the bouncer, and given how close he was to blowing his load already, the babyish Blarney tune had been more than enough to push him over the edge.

As Dexter fell slowly to his knees, his hand tugged on the knob and the door slowly swung open. There, waiting for him on the other side, was Alpha, along with all the other members of the fraternity. Alpha held his phone up to record the diaper-boy's failure.

"Welcome home, baby. Looks like you've just signed up for a week of full-time baby treatment."

"W-what the heck just happened?" gasped Dexter, still shuddering and spurting into his padding as he remained on his hands and knees.

"I don't know. you tell me, diaper boy" said Alpha with a smug grin.

"I guess somebody really likes his baby shows," chimed in Dirk, stepping up and putting an arm around Alpha's shoulder. Dexter looked up at them, his arms trembling to hold him up.

"But I don't... I don't... understand! I don't even watch Blarney..."

Dexter was completely confused and Alpha had to take his hand and lead him inside. Alpha was no longer talking to the house baby and instead addressed the other members of the house as he led the humiliated and blushing boy toward the living room.

"There you have it, brothers. A few hours of bouncer hypnosis and our little house baby becomes a total diaper-slut. And he's free for you to play with in whatever way you see fit, as long as he continues to cream his pampers on the daily. For those of you who are new, I'll give you a little demonstration of his services."

Alpha sat down on the big couch and pointed to the ground. "On your knees, diaper boy."

Dexter gave Alpha a pleading look. "Please, please give me another chance!"

Alpha just glared at him and pointed again for emphasis. Dexter didn't dare disobey, so he did as he was told.

"Good baby. You know how to listen. I'll tell you what. If you're good and do everything I say right now, I'll let you out of those diapers early."

"Y-yes sir!" said Dexter, immediately intent on following Alpha's every word to the letter.

"Take off your pants, and scoot forward so I can check your diaper."

Dexter went completely red as he unbuttoned his pants and pulled them down to his knees.

"All the way off. Your shirt and socks too."

Dexter took off everything but the diaper. He felt very exposed in just his wet diaper and almost wished he was naked instead. It might have been less embarrassing, aside from his tiny dick which he knew they would make fun of.

Alpha sat forward and lowered his hand, making a come hither motion.

"Pamp in my palm. Now. I want to feel how wet you are."

Dexter whimpered with humiliation as he scooted closer, letting the front of his diaper come to rest on Alpha's palm. He moaned as Alpha began to squeeze the padding.

"Oh my, someone is very, very wet. Guess the baby needs a change, doesn't he?"

Dexter whimpered and nodded as Alpha continued to massage his diaper bulge. It was obvious that Dexter was wet, but clearly Alpha wanted to make a show of checking him.

"Well, then. Show me how much you want it. Put your face in my crotch, diaper boy."

"What?!"

Laughter could be heard from the other frat bros as Dexter's eyes bugged out at the suggestion. He looked at Alpha's crotch, a fat bulge sat in the front of his gym-shorts. Dexter could even see the outline of Alpha's huge mushroom tip against the thin material.

"Wipe your mouth off, kid, you're drooling," said Alpha, smirking.

Dexter immediately went red and put his hand up to his mouth, which only caused more laughter.

"Dude! He's actually checking it!" said one of the other house brothers.

Dexter did his best to ignore the laughter. If this was what it took to get out of diapers quicker, he'd have to do it. He lowered his face slowly to within an inch of Alpha's crotch. Squeezing his eyes shut and holding his breath. Alpha put his hand on the back of Dexter's head and forced it into his bulge.

"Don't be shy, diaper boy. You clearly liked what you saw. Why don't you get to know your new friend a little better?"

Dexter could feel the hot tube of man-meat warming his face, and he was hard as a rock as it happened. He'd always secretly been into guys like Alpha, even as they bullied him. They often made fun of his dinky erection as he hung by his underwear from a towel hook in the gym or walked through the halls in a daze from being pantsed.

"That's it, diaper butt. Now take a deep whiff. Smell it. Do you like it?"

Dexter took a deep breath and his mind grew hazy with lust. He nodded, still red but totally lost in the moment. Alpha's musk was so strong. He didn't just like it, he *loved* it.

The laughter in the room had spread. Everyone found this very entertaining, and there were more than a few guys rubbing their tented shorts in the audience.

"Okay, that's enough, diaper boy. You can sit back up now."

Dexter stopped grinding his face into Alpha's crotch and opened his eyes. He suddenly realized, to his chagrin, that Alpha wasn't even tugging on the back of his head anymore. Dexter had been grinding his face against Alpha's man meat all by himself for who knows how long. Meanwhile, the cocky bastard had his hands behind his head and was leaning back.

"Guess we know what *this* one likes now," said Alpha with that smug grin still on his face. "Okay, diaper boy. Let's take you to your nursery for a diaper change. You've earned it."

Dexter was shocked. "B-b-but I thought you said you'd let me out of diapers early..."

"Nah, I said I'd let you out of *those* diapers early," replied Alpha. "Aren't you glad you don't have to wait 'till bedtime for your change? Or are you sad because you want to stay in your squishy diapers a little longer?"

"No, sir. Please change me now," said Dexter, defeated.

Alpha regarded him for a moment in silence, and then said, "You look good on your knees. I think you should stay that way for the rest of the week. No more walking on your own, only crawling or asking for uppies, got it?"

Dexter nodded with his eyes downcast. "Yes, sir." He was then led up to the nursery for his next diaper.

That was how Dexter ended up as the house baby, trapped in a never ending loop of resisting and ultimately failing to avoid creaming his pampers. And as the weeks turned into months, he eventually stopped even trying to win the challenge. He would hump his diapers as soon as he woke up, earning himself another full day in diapers. There was no longer any doubt that he was a full-fledged diaper addict who loved to spooge his diapers. And for that matter, there was no doubt he loved huffing all his sirs' crotches as he crawled around at crotch level. His dumb grin and enthusiastic underwear snoofing gave it away every time.

This was Dexter's new life. For the next four years he was Dexter the diaper-boy and house baby. Of course, everything would change once his time in college was finished, but that's a story for another day.