

Babied by Billy

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

Someone should have been more careful with other people's stuff, or they might just end up getting baby punishment from their local bully. Unfortunately for Jimmy, some lessons last longer than others. A sequel to my story, 'Back to School'

Chapter 1: Butterfingers

I was chillin' at my friend David's house one day with a few friends. David is an Abercrombie boy who collects expensive cologne and does his hair up just so every day. At first glance you might get the wrong impression, but he's really a cool guy. His roommate Billy, however, is a big loud frat boy. He's exactly what he looks like too; a bully. If only I had known just how far he would take things.

So as we were sitting in the living room, David got the brilliant idea that I should play Billy's guitar for Carly and her friend. There was no way I was going to touch Billy's stuff, though.

"Don't worry, he's not even here. It might just get you laid, dude!" He whispered, knowing I had a crush on Carly.

"No way, dude!" I said as he insistently shoved the guitar in my direction. "No reall-"

I pushed the guitar back at him, but he had already released his grip. The guitar hit the ground and all the conversation in the room stopped. I carefully placed it back in its stand hoping Billy - who only got it for looks anyway - wouldn't notice. Suddenly, Billy came bounding in.

"Did I just hear what I think I heard?" He asked, looking round slowly and meeting the eye of every person in the room. Nobody answered him. He walked over and picked up his guitar and looked it over.

"What the fuck?" He fingered a large chip in the bottom of the guitar and made a face like murder. "Who chipped my guitar?"

He glared at each of us, as I tried to avoid eye contact and act natural. It didn't take him long to read the glances in the room and suss out the culprit.

"H-hey, man," I stammered, "I d-d-didn't mean to drop it. David just threw it at me, and I couldn't hold onto it right...!"

"Don't bring me into this, man," shouted David.

"Shut up both of you," Billy yelled. He looked again at me. Slowly, an evil grin spread over his face. "I should really kick your ass for this, buddy, but I have a better lesson in mind for you. Wait right here."

Before I even had a chance to run out the door he returned with a backpack. What the hell could he have in mind? Everybody was watching this scene fold out so intently, I felt like they should be eating popcorn. Billy came up close enough for me to feel his breath and whispered in my ear in a calm voice.

"All right boy. Since you obviously don't know how to behave proper, you're gonna have to learn from scratch. You're gonna do what I say when I say it whenever you're in my house and you're not going to stop until I tell you to."

I wanted to get up and leave, but from the second he said the word 'boy', my body began to feel heavy and I couldn't seem to move away from him. He stood back and pulled out the contents of the bag. A camera, a pacifier, and a big diaper.

Aloud he said, "You want to act like a baby in my house, fine. But you're gonna have to wear the proper attire. It's a good thing I had these left over from the last fraternity pledge who gave up! Who knows, if you behave you might be Alpha Beta Delta Lambda's newest member!"

What the hell? This was just too much. I shook off my stupor and rose to leave but Billy caught me by the arm.

"Hey, where do you think you're going, buddy boy?" He pulled me into a headlock and began to whisper again in my ear. I looked at the others with a hopeful expression but nobody in the room moved to help me. He started speaking again in that strangely soothing voice.

"Don't think you're gonna get off that easy, boy. I've had plenty of experience working with squirrely little runts like you. You're going to put this diaper on, and then you're going to go and play in the sand box out back until I say you can stop. And I'm going to video tape it. You're going to act like a baby whenever you are in my presence and if you disobey me, everyone you know will find out just how much of a baby you really are. When I snap my fingers you are going to strip and do just what I've told you and you won't be able to stop yourself until I say so."

Billy snapped his fingers. I froze for a few seconds. Nothing happened. Then, my face went red as I realized what an idiot I was. For a second, he had me going there! Why the fuck would I do anything he said, especially if it gave him something on me? I was so busy mentally slapping myself that I almost didn't notice David's exclamation of surprise.

"Dude! What are you doing?"

I was taking off my clothes is what I was doing. The girls started to giggle. Was this really happening? Before I knew it, I was lying on the floor putting on my first diaper since I was two. Billy grinned as I lay there taping it up, as if to say, 'I knew you were a bitch'. David already had his phone out recording. Some friend he was!

"A little help here, David?" I asked, desperately hoping for a way out of this predicament.

"Nah, dude! Looks like you got it covered!" He replied, mistaking my plea for help as an invitation to help me put the diaper on.

"That's enough from you, diaper boy. This oughtta shut you up!" Billy shoved the large pink pacifier in my mouth, and I instinctively began to suck, unable to spit it back out.

Next thing I knew I was padding over to the back door with nothing but a diaper on to keep me decent. The whole crew followed me out back where I began playing in the sandbox and sucking on my pacifier. Billy already had the camera rolling so he could capture this precious memory in 4k. Try as I might, I couldn't seem to regain control of my body to stop this craziness, and to top it all off I had to pee. Bad.

"Oh, shit!" Said Billy a moment later as my diapers turned yellow, "He's actually using them! It's a good thing you guys didn't let him sit on the couch!"

"Ewww!" Said Carly's friend, giggling at the embarrassing display.

I was totally fucked. Forced to suck on a paci and use diapers in front of everyone who, by the way, were laughing their asses off, except for Carly, who only smiled sympathetically. And it was all on camera! Well at least they were enjoying my miserable situation. Unfortunately for me, this was only the beginning.

Chapter 2: Little Mute Buttons

There I was, playing in the sandbox, making a total fool of myself in front of my best friend and my crush in nothing but a diaper. Correction, a WET diaper. Somehow, Billy the obnoxious frat boy was able to control my every move with a simple command and a snap of the finger. And he had it all on tape. Even my best friend had pulled out his camera to watch me suck on my pacifier and giggle and clap like a total idiot under Billy's direction as I played in the sand box.

"Okay, that's good. Now pour some sand down the front of your diaper...Haha, awesome. What a dork!"

I grimaced, feeling the sand start to chafe as it got into every nook and crevice, but what could I do? I was powerless to stop it. I simply had to ride it out until he let me go. Eventually, he called it quits.

"That's enough playtime, diaper dork. Stop playing and come inside."

He turned off the camera and popped out the memory card, whispering something to David who disappeared into the house ahead of us. Billy's massive hand encircled my entire upper arm and he pulled me in close to whisper in my ear. All the space in my mind was taken up by his words and I went into a kind of half-conscious state, just listening as he led me back toward the house.

"Listen up, runt. You're gonna behave yourself when we get back inside. That pacifier does not come out unless I take it out myself. That diaper does not come off unless I take it off myself. And if I ask you a question, you just nod your head. That's the only response I want outta you. You got that, diaper butt?"

I nodded my head, still in a daze from the sound of his voice. Once we got inside, David was nowhere in sight. I stood there awkwardly with Billy and the girls, unable to say anything with the paci still in my mouth. Carly's friend Megan was the first to speak up.

"Wow, Jimmy, I didn't realize you liked playing house so much! You were really convincing out there!"

I crossed my arms and stared back at her with my worst death glare, but she just giggled. I guess I couldn't look very intimidating standing there in a droopy diaper and sucking loudly on a big pacifier. Seeing trouble, Carly jumped to my defense.

"Ohhh, he probably just felt bad after what happened to Billy's guitar, isn't that right Jimmy? And now they're even, aren't they? Even Stevens, right Billy?"

Billy looked a little surprised at her charitable assessment of the situation but rolled with it anyway, putting his arm around my shoulders and patting me on the chest.

“Hehe, yeah, we’re just even Stevens and we can all be pals again, huh Jimmy?”

I nodded, but I kept my arms crossed and continued to pout.

“Hey, don’t be such a sour puss! You don’t have to act like a baby anymore. We’re even!” He said ruffling my hair, then paused as if expecting me to say something more. “Uh, Jimmy? You can spit out the pacifier now and stop playing baby like a big dork.”

I stared back at Billy in disbelief as he faced me with a big grin. He knew I couldn’t take it out myself!

“I don’t know guys, I don’t think he wants to stop. Looks like he’s enjoying the baby treatment more than he’s willing to admit! Is that it, Jimmy Wimpy? Do you like being a big baby?” He asked, in exaggerated baby talk.

I grimaced and nodded, unable to stop myself from agreeing to his insinuations in front of the girls.

“You’re really serious, aren’t you?” He said, feigning surprise. I nodded again. “Aw, geez, Jimmy. That’s... pretty stinkin’ cute! I’m sorry for callin’ you a dork, bud. I wouldn’t be a good friend if I didn’t let you do what makes you happy. Tell ya what, kiddo. Let’s get you cleaned up and you can spend the whole day with your buddy Billy the babysitter. Sound good, champ?”

I nodded again, glumly.

“Awww! This is too cute!” Carly laughed and patted my soggy tush, which sent a thrill up my spine. “I think you may be onto something, Billy. Jimmy looks way cuter like this, I mean, in a ‘I wanna babysit you’ kinda way. Maybe I’ll want a turn next!” Great, not her too! I was finally getting more attention from Carly, but this was not the kind of attention I wanted!

“Hehe, yeah, why not? Little guys like this are quite a handful, so I could use some help!” They both laughed while Megan just gawked, looking about as confused as I was. “You know what, you’re a pretty cool chick. Why don’t we exchange numbers in case I really do need a babysitter? What did you say your name was again? Here, just put it in my phone.

Was Billy hitting on my girl?! Well, she wasn’t my girl exactly, but I saw her first! I had dibs! And now they were bonding over my stupid baby treatment. And I just couldn’t...I couldn’t help it. I started to bawl.

“I’m only livin’ here for another week or so while they renovate the ABDL house. You two should come to the reopening party, I- ...uh oh.”

Billy looked back over at me as my cries became loud enough for everyone to hear.

“Looks like the little man is getting cranky! I guess I better get him cleaned up and put him down for nap time. I’ll see you girls later! Think about what I said, okay?”

“Yeah, sure,” came Carly’s reply.

“Wave bye-bye to the girls, Jimmy!”

I blushed fiercely as I waved like a meek obedient wimp and let him lead me away. I wanted to stand up to him and tell him to back off of Carly, but all I could do was follow along, trying not to look back at the two girls who watched with amusement as Billy led me by the hand like a toddler, pulling me up the stairs to the bathroom in nothing but a diaper.

Once inside the bathroom, he untaped my diaper and let it fall to the floor with a wet plop. I had little time to feel embarrassed about my nudity because Billy was already giving me my next command.

“Get into the shower, runt. I don’t want you getting sand all over the place.”

I did as I was told, and he grabbed a hose which ended in a nozzle with a rounded tip. A blast of cold water hit my body, but I could only make pitiful whining noises around my paci as he used the strange attachment to wash the sand off my whole body.

“Since your little pink mute button is activated,” he said, tapping my paci, “you can just listen to me. You probably think that you can just go home now, and things will go back to normal. Well, I’ve got news for you, boy. This is far from over. I’ve whipped a lot of runts into shape in my time at Alpha Beta Delta Lambda, and you are without a doubt the subbiest diaper bitch I’ve ever met. I didn’t even have to try, and you went right into trance and obeyed my every word the first time! Do you know how rare that is? I’m not gonna let you waste your talents trying to be something you’re not. I’m gonna teach you to stop thinking of yourself as a man and accept that you are just an overgrown toddler who’s only good for using his diapers and obeying Alpha males like me.”

The last 30 minutes was bad enough. Did Billy really think he could train me to think this was normal? I felt anger and frustration rise in my throat, and my face felt hot. Why couldn’t I do anything to stop this?

“Aww, looks like somebody’s grumpy pants! It’s definitely nap time, little boy. Let’s get you dried off and diapered, and I’ll put you down for your nap.”

I tried to push him away, but a quick smack on my thigh stopped me. He was way stronger than me, and I knew I couldn’t win in a physical confrontation. I let him towel me off, hiding my face in my hands when he reached my private area and commented on how tiny I was downstairs.

“Haha, dude! You call that a penis? Your shaft and balls are like legit toddler size. I have to send a picture of this to the guys, this is too perfect!”

After he was done with his humiliating photo op, he marched me over to his bedroom and pushed me onto the bed.

“Stay.”

Once I heard the big goon shuffle off, I used all my willpower to shake off his last command and get to my feet. I ran out the bedroom door and down the stairs to the living room where I found my clothes lying on the floor. My friends were nowhere to be seen, and I wanted to be gone too, so I put on my shorts and left the rest behind. It was just enough to cover my shame while I made a run for it. I scrambled to the front of the house, flung open the front door, and crashed right into a wall of muscle. I pried my face out from the front of a very large belly to see an imposing figure staring back down at me. It was Billy’s friend Tank.

Chapter 3: Uncy Tank Saves the Day

I had attempted to escape my captor via the front entrance only to be met by Billy's friend Tank, who stood there blocking the entire door frame with his bulk.

"Excuse me! I was just leaving!"

At least that's what I meant to say. It was then that I realized I was still sucking on my pacifier. Tank looked at me and broke into a big friendly grin, patting me on the head.

"Hey, little fella. You're not thinkin' of leaving, are you? Let's get you inside, now. It's not safe out here for a lil' guy like you!"

He put his hands on my shoulders and spun me around to face the inside of the house again. After that he didn't have to do anything more than just walk forward and I was forced to go right back inside.

There was Billy, waiting in the living room with another diaper in his hand, and a cocky grin plastered to his face. He shook his head and chuckled. Tank spoke up.

"I caught this little guy trying to go out on his own! You really do need to baby-proof this house if you're gonna keep him around."

"Yeah, looks like he had a little fight left in him after all! But I'm only here for another week or so. I think I can handle the little stinker 'til we can get back to Alpha Beta House."

They were talking about me as if I wasn't there and it was pissing me off. With another surge of willpower, I pulled out my paci to let them have a piece of my mind.

"Hey! I'm right here, ya know! I'm done with this stupid baby game! I don't know what kind of weird cult you Alpha Betas are running, but I'm not interested. Now move the fuck out of the way," I said, attempting to storm out of the room, though my unsuccessful efforts to squeeze my way around Tank kind of ruined the mic drop moment I was going for.

"I guess he forgot about the little video I took," said Billy, freezing me in my tracks. "It was a big hit in the Alpha Beta Delta Lambda chat group. Maybe his classmates and professors will like it too?"

"It was preeetty cute!" Said Tank, wrapping an arm lightly around my neck and giving me a gentle noogie. They weren't taking me seriously at all. "I just had to come by and see the lil' guy for myself!"

“No kidding! The other guys all think the baby look really suits him, but I guess he doesn’t agree. What do you think, Tank? Should I let the baby go?”

“Hmmm,” Tank said, as his hand moved down to squeeze my ass. Finding nothing there, he hoisted me up and slid my shorts all the way off with his free hand, leaving me totally exposed. “Uh oh, chief. I think we’ve got something else to take care of first. The little jaybird tried to run off without his diapers!”

Tank held my shorts up high out of reach while I struggled to grab them back.

“You need to watch your kiddos more closely, bro. If it’s too much trouble I could always take the little guy off your hands!” Tank said, looking down at me and grinning ear to ear.

“No way, dude! I saw him first! Get your own pledge!”

“Learn to share, bro! He would’ve gotten out if it wasn’t for me!”

Great, now they were fighting over who got to hold me hostage.

“How about you both just let me go?” I asked, trying to wriggle my way out of Tank’s grip.

“How about we don’t!” They both said in unison, and Tank moved my own hand toward my mouth, forcing the paci back between my lips.

“Suck on that for a while, kiddo.” He said, and I found myself suckling on the teat. “Good boy.”

Those words from Tank shot through me like wildfire and made me feel all warm and fuzzy. I went limp. What did he just do? I couldn’t understand it, but for the moment I was hardly able to care.

“Wow! Well, that worked,” said Tank, a little taken aback by my extreme reaction as my eyes glazed over and a big dumb grin crossed my face. He set me down carefully, making sure I knew that my feet were touching solid ground before letting go.

“I told you guys this one was special! Now stop being so nice to him, you’ll spoil him!”

“I’ll tell ya what, why don’t we split him? You’re gonna need me to run interference while you get him trained up, unless you want to have this conversation with every other brother who decides to pay you a visit.”

“Down on the floor right now, boy, and put your diaper on!” Billy barked, throwing the diaper at his feet and ignoring Tank’s proposal.

I was snapped out of my reverie by the harsh commands as I immediately slammed myself down onto the floor to obey his orders. I let out a loud whine at the pain as I pulled the diaper up over my crotch and shakily began to fiddle with the tapes, too shaken up to grab a hold of them.

“Geez, Billy, take it easy! You’re gonna hurt the poor thing! No wonder he tried to get away.” Tank got onto his knees and leaned over me, grabbing my shaking hands and lowering them gently to my sides. “Does the little guy need Uncy Tank to help him out with his didees?”

I just nodded, my body still responding to Billy’s suggestion to answer all questions with a nod.

“Fine, ya know what? You deal with him,” Billy huffed. “I’ve got to get the spare bedroom ready for his nap time. The runt is gonna be staying over ‘til we can get him behaved enough to pledge, and we don’t want him getting away.” And with that, he left the room.

“There there, that mean ol’ Billy is gone. Now, Uncy Tank is gonna take care of you and get you all diapered up, so you don’t have any accidents. Won’t that be nice?”

I didn’t think so, but there was little I felt I could do in the matter. I just averted my eyes and let him do his thing. His hands were actually very warm and gentle for such a large imposing man. And he knew what he was doing with a diaper – he had me oiled, powdered, and taped up in a flash, and before I knew it, he was patting the front of my diaper and praising me as puffs of powder billowed out around us.

“There we are! Alllll better!” He said, in a gentle singsong voice. “You’re such a good little boy, aren’t you? Such a cutie!”

That feeling again. That feeling of sheer unbridled pleasure and joy washed over me, as I heard his words. What was that feeling? And why was I crying?

“Ohhhhh, no, punkin, don’t cry!” He pulled me into his arms and hugged me close. I immediately nuzzled into him. It just felt like the natural thing to do. “You’re okay, now lil’ guy. Uncy Tank has got you and I’ll make sure nothing bad happens to you.”

“Pwomise?” I mumbled into my pacifier, as I felt my eyes begin to droop shut.

“Promise.” He replied, before the stress of the day washed over me and I fell into the black abyss of sleep.

I had a vague sense of being carried. Of being set down on something soft. Of light pressure on certain parts of my body followed by a sharp click. And of snatches of heated conversation from another room.

“...too delicate to be manhandled like that...”

“...not your choice...”

“...if you want me to help...”

“...Fine. But you better pull your weight, or...”

“...deal...”

Chapter 4: Sleepover

My dreams were strange. I saw myself walking around campus in just a diaper, but no one seemed to care. Then, in biology 101, I found myself on a table at the front of the lecture hall as Professor Billy began changing my diaper in front of the class.

“Now class, today we’re going to learn how to change Jimmy’s diaper. There will be a test so pay close attention!”

I tried to get away but found myself unable to move and as I began to cry out, a giant pacifier was shoved in my mouth. Everyone began to laugh as my diaper was taken off revealing my baby-sized dick. I began spraying pee everywhere, and the whole desk got wetter and wetter as pee started to flow over the sides and onto the floor.

“And that’s why you should always bring a spare diaper!” said Billy, smirking at my lack of control. “Isn’t that right little Jimmy? Little Jimmy? Little Jimmy?” I shook my head as if to clear his words from my mind, and as I did, I began to come back to earth.

“Wakey, wakey, little Jimmy. Naptime is over!”

I came to full awareness once again. I was in an unfamiliar room in just a diaper and a T-shirt that said ‘Waddle Monster’ with my favorite pacifier clipped to the front. My blanket had fallen to the side, leaving my diaper completely exposed. I was obviously very wet – I could feel the swollen padding forcing my legs apart and I could see that the wetness indicator had mostly dissolved away. My hands were locked into pink mitts making them useless, and Billy was on his knees next to the low bed.

“Is Jimmy ready for din dins?” I found myself nodding my head thanks to Jimmy’s earlier suggestion. “Good, because I brought him his favorite! A big bottle of formula!”

He gave me a nasty grin as he held up an oversized baby bottle and I just groaned. I was hoping for real food, but I was very thirsty, so I just reached for it. He batted my hands away and shoved the bottle into my mouth. “That’s big brother’s job. Now drink it all up, pisspants, so you can grow up nice and big.”

The first swig was something awful! Like cardboard and old multivitamins. I pushed away the bottle and spit it out, trying to get the taste out of my mouth. “What the fuck is that dude?! That’s nasty!”

Billy frowned and shook his head. “Talking back already? I’m gonna have to teach you how to behave, aren’t I?”

He picked up a thin silicon paddle from a hook beside the bed and pulled me into his lap before I could get away.

“I’m going to give you a spanking whether you like or not and you’re not going to move a muscle til I’m finished, is that understood?”

I nodded, automatically going limp in his lap, unable to move.

“Good. You’re gonna need this.”

Once again, the pacifier was shoved into my mouth and I immediately began sucking on it without control. He pulled down the back of my diaper. I shuddered as the cold air hit my skin and squeezed my eyes shut as I awaited the inevitable. I felt him raise his hand, but it did not come down. Instead he let the seconds stretch out torturously.

“This is for cursing... spitting out your food... and yelling at your big bro,” he said, pausing to give each offense its proper weight. Then he brought the paddle sharply down. SMACK. SMACK. SMACK. I screamed into my pacifier as tendrils of fire leapt from the points of impact, continuing to burn well after each strike.

“Let’s make this simple.” SMACK. “When I speak, you listen.” SMACK. “In fact, from now on you will do whatever I say whether I’m here or *not*.” SMACK. “Because you’re my baby *bitch*.” SMACK. He brought the paddle down with each emphasized word to bring the point home. “You will wear whatever I *put* on you, eat and drink whatever I *feed* you, and do whatever I *tell* you without *complaint*.” SMACK SMACK SMACK. “You are no longer a *grownup*. You are a *little boy*. And little boys do as they’re *told*.” SMACK SMACK SMACK.

He lowered his paddle, and I tried to catch my breath between sobs. My butt was radiating white hot heat and my face was red and tear stained.

“Now you will drink your bottle like a good little boy, and you will thank me for the privilege, am I understood?”

I nodded as tears streamed down my face. He pulled out my pacifier and raised the paddle high as if daring me to contradict him. “Say ‘Yes, big bro, I understand.’”

“Yes, big bro, I understand!”

“Now say, I’m your baby bitch and I will do whatever you say.”

“I’m your baby bitch and I will do whatever you say!”

“Now beg me to keep you in diapers and treat you like a big baby from now on. And do it in baby talk.”

I cried hard at this one, but he lifted the paddle again and fear made all the words come tumbling out in a rush.

“Pweeze, big bwo, keep me in diapows and tweek me wike a big baby fwom now on! I’ll be a good widdow boy and dwink my ba-ba, I pwomise!”

That seemed to satisfy him because he pulled my diaper back up and let me off his lap.

“Yeah, that’s what I thought, bitch. That’s how I want you to talk *all* the time. And since you obviously love your baby treatment so much, I guess I’ll have to give you what you asked for.” He smiled and squeezed the front of my diaper which had gotten considerably wetter during the spanking.

Looks like someone really needs a change,” he teased, and he held up the bottle. “Now be a good boy for your big brother and drink up, and you’ll get a nice fresh diapee, you big dork.”

When he brought the bottle to my lips again, I eagerly sucked the formula down, ignoring the taste as best I could.

“Get used to it, baby boy, because I’ve just decided this is all you’re getting for the rest of the week. It’ll help you pack on some baby fat to cover up that lousy excuse for a six pack you have down here.” He patted my belly which let out an ominous gurgle as I continued to gulp down the disgusting liquid. “Besides, I like to watch little wimps like you squirm!”

Eventually I finished the bottle, and Billy moved to untape my diaper. He grabbed the wipes and carefully cleaned off every inch of my crotch and butt, taking time to savor my discomfort as he once again teased me about my tiny baby dick.

“You know how I know you’re not a man? A real man wouldn’t let another man put him back in diapers and treat him like a baby.”

He balled up the old diaper and tossed it aside, only to slide an even thicker one under my butt, with a thick soaker in the middle to bulk it up.

“You’re a little super soaker, so you’re gonna have to wear heavy protection like this from now on, especially at night.”

He rubbed in baby oil and powder with just as much painstaking attention as the wipes. My face was beet red as the babyish scents mingled in the air to overpower my own masculine odors. After he brought the bulky garment up between my legs and secured it snugly, he turned toward the front of the room and said “Smile for the camera Jimmy! Your fans want to see your cute lil face!”

My stomach dropped as he pulled up the live feed on his phone and I saw myself laying in the bed dressed like a toddler while comments appeared below. I immediately tried to cover up my huge diaper with my mittened hands as the camera caught my horrified expression.

“If any of you see this dweeb around campus, give him a diaper check for me, will ya? Gotta make sure the little soaker is staying padded like a good boy!” He used a remote to end the feed as the comments continued piling in. “I think that’s enough streaming for tonight. You did pretty good so I guess I can let you stay up with the big boys until your babysitter shows up, how does that sound?”

I was still getting over the shock of my public humiliation, so I just let out a pathetic whine and covered my face. Billy rolled his eyes.

“Tch. No need to thank me, loser. Let’s go.”

He grabbed my arm and hauled me out of the room and into the living room where David was flipping through Netflix. I tried unsuccessfully to hide behind Billy, but David didn’t seem surprised to see me at all.

“Hey, Davey! Did ya pick a movie yet?” asked Billy, ruffling my friend’s perfectly kempt hair before flopping onto the sofa and pulling me into his lap.

“Hey, watch the ‘do dude! I’m still trying to choose between ‘SplatterHouse V’ and ‘Captains of the Dead’.”

“Ooh,” I jumped up suddenly feeling excited to see a movie that wasn’t a year out of date. “Captains of the dead! I’ve been wanting to see that one!”

“Nobody asked your opinion, little boy.” Said Billy, pulling me back into his lap. “And that’s not baby talk.”

“Sowwee, big bwo.”

“That’s better.”

David gave a short laugh and looked me over more closely. “Wow, Jimmy, you’re really getting into this baby thing, aren’t you?”

“He loves it!” Said Billy, “In fact, he asked me to treat him like this all the time, isn’t that right, Jimmy?”

I immediately responded with a nod, not that I had much choice. David just raised his eyebrows. “Okay, dude, whatever you say!”

“Forget the kid. Let’s go with ‘SplatterHouse V’, Davey.”

“Fine, but would you knock it off with the Davey shit?”

The movie started up and I was on the edge of my seat, which in this case was Billy’s lap. I loved horror and action flicks, especially since I was never allowed to see them growing up. Almost immediately someone’s head was chopped off. I had to look away because of how realistic and bloody it was.

I looked over to David to see his reaction and I caught him staring. I suddenly felt very naked and began to squirm in Billy’s lap in an effort to close my legs, but this just elicited a smack on the thigh and a warning to settle down. I had a hard time reading David’s look. He didn’t look sympathetic, more just... lost in thought. It was then that I noticed the huge erection tenting his shorts. What the hell was that for?!

“Heyyy, dudes! Tank’s reporting for babysitting dutyyyy- Hold the phone! What manner of filth are you exposing our little one to?” Tank dropped his backpack and the oversized diaper bag he brought and put his hands on his hips in his best impression of a disapproving dad. “You should know he’s too little for this kind of stuff!”

“Uh oh, the big man has spoken.” Said Billy, stopping the movie.

“But it was just getting to the good part!” I whined.

“No can do, kiddo,” said Tank. “That stuff’ll give you nightmares! Up we go.” He lifted me up from Billy’s lap despite my attempts to wiggle away, and he cradled me in his big arms. I tried to protest, but Tank just plucked up the paci dangling from my shirt, stuck it right in my mouth, and booped my nose, causing me to blush hard and feel really small.

“Such a fussy little one. That’s how I know it’s your bedtime. Let’s get you upstairs and you can watch a more age-appropriate show before you go nini.”

He carried me up to the spare bedroom and plopped me down on the bed. Then he proceeded to shuck off his pants and shoes, and his shirt, leaving him in just his boxers. He was a massive man, and I couldn’t help but stare at him, blushing slightly as I realized how close to naked he was.

“Here kiddo, I’ve got something for you.” He handed me a teddy bear from the diaper bag. “His name is Theodore. He’s a good friend. He helped protect *me* from nightmares when *I* was little.” I took the proffered teddy and squeezed him tight. He smelled like Tank, and that calmed me down a bit. I tried hard to imagine Tank as little, and I just couldn’t picture it.

He grabbed a VR headset from his backpack and set it down by the bed.

“Scootch over, kiddo, and give Uncy Tank some room.”

I scootched.

He pulled me in close and gave me a big hug. He was so warm, and a bit soft, like there was a nice layer of padding over all those muscles. It felt nice.

“There we go, little one. Just relax. I can’t believe they were going to let you watch that. Did it scare you, sweetie?”

I whined and nodded in response, feeling about two feet tall as he talked me right into baby space.

“I know, I know, you still want to hang with the big boys. But you’re *not* a big boy and you have to stop thinking of yourself that way. You’re just a little cutie, and there’s nothing wrong that!”

I felt a fleshy tube poking into my back. He was hung like a horse! I blushed harder as he gave the front of my diaper a little squeeze.

“Hmm, still pretty dry, I see. I’ll have to get you a bottle for bedtime to help with that.”

I shook my head vigorously. I was still pretty full from my last bottle, but I had no opportunity to complain with the paci in my mouth. As much as I wanted to spit it out and say ‘hell no’, I couldn’t seem to stop sucking and the mitts on my hands keeping me from pulling it out.

Paying no heed to my head shaking, Tank got up and grabbed my empty bottle. Then with a moment’s thought, he reached into his bag and pulled out a VR headset. He put it over my head, and suddenly I saw a colorful backdrop in front of me with a couple of logos hanging there – ‘CABS’ and ‘Fresh Start’ were prominent in the foreground. He lifted one of the headphones and I heard him speak softly into my ear while costumed actors began to dance onto the screen. As he spoke, his words sunk deep into my mind, radiating warmth through my body.

“You’re being such a good boy for your Uncle Tank. Look, your new favorite show is about to start. Just watch the funny characters, little one. Aren’t they fun? Uncy Tank will be right back with a bottle, so sit tight.”

The outside world was shut out once again, and I was met with the last strains of a childish introduction song explaining who everyone was. It looked like a classic kid’s show, but I’d never seen it before. All the actors were dressed as animals wearing diapers, and I found myself mesmerized as they began to speak.

“Today’s we’re going to talk about how great it is to wear diapers!” Said a cheerful looking chipmunk named Chester.

“But that’s what we ALWAYS talk about,” said his giggly beaver companion, cueing laughter from an unseen audience.

“Well, duh,” said Chester, “because diapers are AWESOME!” This was met with applause and cheers.

Onto the stage walked a sad looking donkey in a saggy yellow diaper.

“Why the long face, Dusty?”

“I had an accident,” the donkey replied, sniffing. “I peed my diaper and I’m so ashamed!”

“Oh is that all?” Chester let out a laugh at the foolish donkey’s concerns. “That’s nothing to be ashamed of, Dusty. That’s what diapers are for!”

“I-it isn’t? T-they are?”

“Yeah, of course!” said Barry the beaver. “Diapers are there to catch your pee, so you don’t have to think about it. See? I’m peeing right now!”

Everyone looked down at Barry’s diaper and the camera zoomed in to show a visible yellow stain getting larger and larger, and beginning to drip on the floor.

I felt the warm soft body of Tank slide up against me once more, and a moment later my pacifier was pulled out, and replaced by the bottle nipple. I began sucking rhythmically, automatically as I watched the show and Tank began rubbing my belly.

“Wow, Barry! You did such a great job wetting your diaper!” Said Chester. “Why don’t we all try peeing right now?”

I began to squirm a bit at how full my tummy and bladder felt from all that liquid, and almost as soon I noticed the pressure, I felt myself peeing into my diaper. Tank’s massive hand came down to cup the front of my diaper as it grew warmer, and I wanted to feel embarrassed, but I was so engrossed by the action of sucking, and the sensation of peeing, and the show, that my mind was too overwhelmed to focus on any one thing. The screen began to swirl adding to the confusion and that’s the last thing I remember.

I woke up in the middle of peeing my diaper. It was dark, but I could tell I was no longer wearing the headset because I could hear Tank snoring in my ear. He had fallen asleep with his arm draping over me, his hand still resting on the front of my diaper. What had woken me up, though, was the urgent need to poop. I heard my stomach gurgling from all that formula, and I was immediately hit by a strong cramp.

“Mmmf,” I grunted into my pacifier, fighting off the urge to go. I lifted his arm a bit and tried to scoot out from under it, but he shifted in his sleep and pulled me in tight again, mumbling to himself. The big lummo was dead to the world, and I was trapped! No matter how much I squirmed, I couldn’t seem to get away, and I couldn’t make any noise loud enough to rouse him with the pacifier in my mouth. I only lasted another minute or so before my muscles made the choice for me and I felt a stream of poop begin to exit from my backside. Exhausted from a battle I had already lost, I just allowed my butt to relax the rest of the way, and pretty soon I was actually pushing to get it all out of me. That felt so much better!

I instantly regretted my decision as the smell reached my nose. This was so gross, but I had no way out, and Tank wasn’t showing any signs of life aside from his loud snoring. I just rested my head back on the pillow and tried to ignore the feeling as best I could, hugging Theodore close and sucking on my pacifier. That seemed to help because it wasn’t long before I drifted off to sleep once more.

Chapter 5: Big Boys Wear Diapers?

I dreamt I was having a completely normal day. Waking up in my dorm room. Going to classes. Eating in the dining hall. Ordinary. Boring. Wonderful. Until I took a wrong turn and ended up on the set of the 'Diaper Pals'. All of the animals came out and carried me off kicking and screaming to a big changing table.

"Oh great! Our new star looks perfect!" said Chester the Chipmunk. "He'll have lots of fun being our newest baby!"

"Wait! You've got the wrong guy! I don't belong he--"

My voice was cut off by a comically oversized pacifier stuffed into my mouth and a giant poofy diaper was taped around my waist.

"Smile for the camera Jimmy," said Billy, as he pointed the lens my way.

I cried and cried as my diaper got wetter and wetter in front, and heavier and heavier in back. Meanwhile the audience clapped and laughed.

Then the lights came on. The animals left, and I was there alone. Suddenly I felt silly. I knew that soon this terrible episode would be forgotten, and it would be just like a dream... a dream... a dream? That's it. I was in a dream! And if it was a dream... I could easily wake up! The moment I had the thought, the dream began to fade...

I woke up to Tank changing my wet and messy diaper.

"Well hello lil' guy, welcome back! You sure made a lotta poopies for me last night, cutie! What a good boy!"

No warm-up. No lube. Just immediate whiplash into baby mode. I whined and hid my face in Theodore. He was indeed a good protector.

"D'aww, the little guy is shy! I know you're in there! I'm gonna getcha and fill your tummy with formula so you can make lots of poopies and peepees for Uncle Tank!"

I felt about two feet tall with this massive man wiping me clean, yet somehow, I kind of liked it. It wasn't like when Billy did it. Tank was actually nice to me. And then there was the fact that every time he praised me, I felt something I never knew I needed, like being given air or water for the first time. It made me feel feelings I didn't understand. And that wasn't all I felt...

"Well hello there! Looks like your lil peepee is excited for his new diapee!"

I could have sunk into the floor. I don't know why but I really didn't want to embarrass myself like this in front of Tank. He didn't seem to think anything of changing

my messy bottom, though. He didn't seem to think of me as a grown man at all!

He finished the change with a kiss on the nose and a raspberry on the tummy, making me giggle. Then, he pulled me into his lap and enveloped me in a massive hug. We just sat there for a while with him gently rocking me and giving me diaper pats while he called me his good boy. It was easy to forget that I didn't like this when I was with Tank. Dangerously easy.

After a while he spoke up.

"I've got good news, kiddo. I talked to Billy and he said he's gonna be nicer to you from now on. Annnd," he paused for dramatic flair, "you get to go to campus today! As a big boy!"

"Weally?!"

"Yes, little one," He said, chuckling at my enthusiastic response. "But you gotta follow the rules. You can do that, can't you Jimmy?"

"Wules?" My heart sank. This couldn't be good.

"Yup! You still gotta wear your diapers, and only a grown-up can change them. That means no touching them, okay? And no fighting with grown-ups who try to check or change you. Good boys don't fight. And you gotta keep your phone on in case your Uncle Tank or Big Bro Billy needs to check-in. And you gotta super pinky promise to be good and do what we tell you when we text or call. No being difficult or trying to run away. Do you understand, Jimmy?"

I nodded, thinking only of the possibility of escape, not of following any of these silly rules.

"Billy doesn't think you can handle it, but I told him you'd be good. I know I can trust the part of you that is still a big boy to be good and listen to his uncle Tank. You are a good boy and I know you don't want to disappoint me, little one. Can I trust you to be a good boy?"

He held out his pinky.

There were many conflicting emotions fighting for dominance inside my head. I wasn't a baby. But I didn't want to disappoint Tank. I wanted to show him I was a big boy! But that meant letting Tank and Billy treat me like a baby. But I wasn't a baby! I felt stupid for liking this big lummoX whose friend was basically holding me hostage but sitting here like this with him made being stupid feel so good. In the end, my desire to get away won out. I linked pinkies with Tank and spoke around my pacifier.

“Woo can twust me! I pwomise!”

“That’s my good boy.” He said, rubbing my belly and making me melt. Even my diaper felt warmer, and I blushed as I realized I was so relaxed I had actually started peeing.

“I know Billy can be a big meanie, but ol’ Tank here has just as much pull in Alpha Beta, and I’ll make sure he doesn’t hurt you again. That’s a promise, little man. But if you’re naughty, that means you’re just too little to handle big boy responsibilities and you’ll get the full baby treatment 24/7.”

“Bu am notta baby!” I said around the pacifier.

Tank laughed and mussed my hair. “I know, little one, I know. Now let’s get you dressed for your big day! You don’t wanna be late for class, do you?”

Dressed and freshly padded I felt almost normal. Aside from the diaper and onesie I had on under my clothes. I was fed a breakfast of formula (yuk!) and Tank grabbed my backpack from a hook by the door. My backpack?

“Wait... I didn’t bring my backpack with me yesterday...”

“I got it for you, little guy, and made sure you had all your books for today! That way we can go straight to your first class!”

“Uh...”

“Oh, and don’t worry, I’m putting Theo in there to watch over you, and there’s diapers and changing supplies in there too. Knowing you, you’ll need a change before long. We wouldn’t want you leaking in Calculus, would we?”

Shit. They knew where I lived, and they knew my class schedule. My mind went into overdrive as I thought of all the ways I could get out of this, as well as the reasons why each one wouldn’t work.

“You still there, buddy? I said let’s get a move on!”

“Wait, you’re walking me to class?”

“Of course! Wouldn’t want my little buddy to get lost on his first day out!”

He held my hand the whole way there, gripping it tighter whenever we crossed a crosswalk.

“Green means go, but red means stop. Always look both ways and hold a grown-up’s hand when crossing the street, little Jimmy! Do you understand?”

I nodded and blushed. His hand holding and talking down to me was embarrassing and served to make me feel like I really was a little kid. The whole time, in fact, he kept doing or saying little things that kept me feeling really small. Once we hit campus and began to run into more people, I tried to free my hand so people wouldn't see, but he was much too strong to let that happen.

"Settle down there, little man, or I'll have to put in your pacifier," said Tank, a little too loudly.

I immediately stopped and looked down at the floor. I didn't want to know who had heard that. I was resigned to walking all the way to Biology 101 with my babysitter. For an awkward moment we paused outside the room. It almost seemed like he was going to come in with me, but he just checked the straps on my backpack, checked my pants, and declared me clear for takeoff.

"Okay lil' guy. You be good in class." He gave me a pat on the butt, eliciting a loud crinkle, and I walked into class red as a firetruck. This was gonna be a long day. I looked back to the door and he waved. I waved back like an idiot, then caught myself and looked away.

"New boyfriend?" asked the girl to my left.

"Not exactly," I said.

"Oh, guys are always clingy when they first start dating. He's trying to play it cool, but he obviously didn't wanna say goodbye!"

"Oh, no," I said. "Tank, he's just. We're just... f-friends."

My phone buzzed telling me I got a text. It was from Tank.

"Have a good day at daycare lil' guy. Text me or Billy if you need a change or anything else. Our numbers are in your phone now!"

"I'll bet that's him, huh? See? What did I tell you!"

It was weird sitting in class diapered. Every time I shifted in my seat, I could hear a crinkle, and I kept on pulling down the back of my shirt, afraid that my diaper might be peeking. I don't think I heard much of the lecture that day. I obviously had other things on my mind.

Once I was out of class, the first thing I wanted to do was get out of this diaper. And the second thing I wanted to do was use a toilet. I only had ten minutes until my next class, and that formula was starting to work its way through me. I felt like I had to pee, and my gurgling tummy told me that I would not make it through the day without

another kind of accident if I didn't get to the restroom soon.

I tried to go to the bathroom in the Science Building, but I stopped when I saw a couple ABU guys loitering there. One of them spotted me, and he just crossed his arms and shook his head no. I backed away slowly and hurried over to the other end of the quad where my World History class was about to start.

I crossed the lobby and rounded the elevators past the vending machines to where the bathrooms were. Before I could reach the door, my phone buzzed and without even thinking my hand shot into my pocket to retrieve it. It was a new number, not Tank or Billy. That was a good sign. I quickly read the message and my jaw dropped.

"Hey, Jimmy. Your daddies told me to keep an eye on you. You better not go in there or you'll be sorry!"

Along with the message came a picture of my big diapered behind as I passed the elevators. I whipped around and peeked into the lobby to see if they were still there but all I saw was the bustle of students running to class. I looked back at the picture and squeezed my eyes shut. Geez, was it that obvious? I could totally see the outline of the diaper under my pants!

My phone vibrated again. It was a message from Billy.

"Better hurry up, baby boy! Wouldn't want to be late to class!"

I looked back at the bathrooms and then back at his message and tightened my grip on the phone. I looked back at the bathrooms one last time, but I finally gave it up and hurried off to class.

If I was self-conscious in biology, I was even more so in history. I could hardly pay attention to the Professor's lecture while trying to squeeze my legs together around a thick diaper to stop from peeing and pooping myself in class. Unfortunately, halfway through the lecture that's just what happened.

Fffrrrrrrtttt! *BLORT* *Pshhhhhhhhhhh!*

The sound of me farting out a huge poop into my diapers was quickly followed by the sound of my urine splashing against the padding and then into the puddle forming under my balls. My pants got tighter and tighter as the diaper expanded, and I moaned involuntarily at the sensation of relief mingled with humiliation as I lost control. The whole class turned to face me and even the professor paused at the interruption. Then the smell hit. Everyone within a 10-foot radius began holding their noses and complaining, waving away the stench. The students closest to the windows rushed to

open them.

“I-I’m s-s-sorry!” I squeaked, as I shakily picked up my bag and rushed out of the classroom.

“Young man!,Are you alright? Do you need-“

I didn’t wait for the professor to finish. I ran out of the building, past the quad, and all the way to my dorm room, crying the whole way. I didn’t pay any attention to what was around me, I just wanted to die from embarrassment. But being back in my own room where I could calm down and maybe take a shower was the next best thing.

I used my keycard to get in and ran right past Shelley at the front desk.

“Hey, Jimmy! Oh my gosh, what hap-“

I didn’t wait for the elevator, I just took the stairs all the way up to the 6th floor and went into my room. I was in for a big surprise.