

Babied by Billy

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

Jimmy has decided enough is enough. He's already been humiliated in public so there's nothing Billy can do to make him go along with this baby treatment any longer. Or so he thinks, until he is introduced to a certain pair of doctors. Watch out, Jimmy, or you might lose more than your pride!

Chapter 6: Lunch Time!

Inside the cramped room, my roommate Stone was lounging on both beds, which he had pushed together while I was away. He was playing ska and snacking, and he looked at me like a guilty puppy when I barged in on him.

“J-Jimmy! What are you doing here?”

“What do you mean, man? I live here! Why are you on my bed?”

“Well, you see, I uh...”

I looked over at the walls and my desk.

“Where is all my stuff?!”

I rushed to my dresser and frantically opened all the drawers to find them empty.

“It’s not your room anymore Jimmy. The guys... they told me you were moving to the frat house. I’m sorry, Jimmy, but they also told me to call if you showed up.”

“No, Stone! Don’t!” I cried, but it was too late. He already had the phone to his ear.

“Yeah. He’s here. Uh huh. Uh... I think he is... yeah, I think he did. I can smell him from here. I what? Oh man, do I really have to- okay, I’m sorry, I’m sorry. No, it’s not a problem, I’ll take care of it. Yeah, just make it quick, bye.”

He shut his phone off and closed his eyes, gathering himself. Then he looked at me with his cool blue gaze.

“Okay little dude, come here, and let’s get you cleaned up.”

“Stone, please...”

“I’m sorry, little dude. It’s your ass or mine and I’d rather keep my undies, thank you. Now come here and let’s get you changed. Don’t make me ask twice.”

I sniffled a bit but obeyed, laying on the bed as he brought the changing supplies out of my backpack. Before I knew it, my legs were up in the air and my former roommate was preparing to unleash the smelly beast in my diaper.

“I’d better open up the window. This could get ugly.”

I just laid there like a wuss while he opened the window. Then he walked toward the door.

“No, don’t!”

“Shh, stop whining, Jimmy! I need the cross-ventilation so I don’t have to deal with your stink!”

“I can take a shower, I won’t tell if you don’t!”

“No way buddy boy!” He said, propping open the door so that anyone who walked by could see me lying there with my legs in the air waiting to be changed by another guy my own age.

He grabbed my pacifier out of my backpack when he returned.

“Here, Billy said this would help.”

“No, please do-”

He ignored my plea and just popped the rubber teat in my mouth. I could only whine around the pacifier now, effectively muting my complaints. He pulled Theodore out of my backpack as well, and I accepted him into my arms, squeezing my eyes shut and hugging him tight. Smelling him helped calm me down as I caught Tank’s scent and I found myself sucking on my pacifier rhythmically as Stone did what he had to do.

Finally, after many agonizing minutes, I was cleaned up

“All done! You can open your eyes now!”

I opened my eyes and smiled, that wasn’t so bad. I was startled by the sounds of clapping to my right, and saw that we had gathered an audience, with several students recording on their phones. My mouth dropped open in shock and my paci fell out, only to be retrieved by stone and put right back in.

“There we have it! Our newest pledge for Alpha Beta Delta Lambda!” Billy’s voice rang out as the crowd parted, and he stepped through.

“Hope you enjoyed the show, folks! You can check out live updates on the website. Now it’s time to take this loser to lunch, so give us some privacy. *Scram.*”

The crowd began to dissipate, and he closed the door.

“Well, *that* was a performance,” Billy said to Stone, clapping him on the shoulder.

“Eh, I do my best,” Stone said, bumping fists with Billy.

I looked between the two of them, confused. Billy locked me with his cold stare.

“Stone here is one of my secret operatives on campus. He's been keeping tabs on you all day and he doesn't think you did a very good job of behaving yourself. It's time for another spanking, and if you say you're sorry then maybe I'll let you eat lunch in the dining center like a big boy.”

The prospect of real food did appeal to me. The spanking did not. I just laid there in just a diaper and T-shirt and let him hold my legs up. He raised his meaty hand up high and spoke.

“This is for trying to use the potty.” SMACK. “This is for leaving class early,” SMACK. “This is for running away without permission.” SMACK. “And this is for arguing with a grown-up who was trying to give you a change.” SMACK.

My bottom felt hot and my cheeks felt hotter as he snapped a few shots of my reddened backside and pulled my diaper back up. He snapped up my onesie and pulled my pants up over my legs.

“Butt up!” He said, and I raised my bottom to let him slide them all the way on and doing up the button. “You know you're lucky you get to wear these after your behavior today. What can I say? I'm just a nice guy.”

He pulled me to my feet and grabbed my chin, forcing me to look at him directly.

“Are you sorry? Don't just nod, I want to hear you say it. In baby talk.”

“I'm sowwee big bruffa. Pweeze let me have lunch in da dining centow,” I said around my pacifier.

“Are you gonna behave now?”

“Yes, bruffa.”

“Are you gonna be good when we go to the dining center and not cause a scene?”

“I'll be good I pwomise!” I wanted that food.

“Okay then, let's go. Wave goodbye to your old room. You're not coming back.”

He took my wallet from my pants and stashed it in his pocket.

“You’re not gonna need *this* anymore, diaper boy.”

I watched as yet another piece of my identity was taken by this man. I panicked when he shouldered my backpack and tugged me toward the door, pointing to my paci, then holding out Theo with my free hand.

“Oh, you want me to put your baby things in the bag?”

I nodded again. He smiled.

“No. Now stop complaining or I’ll have Shelley feed you a bottle of formula in the lobby.”

I definitely didn’t want that, so I followed along behind him like a little bitch into the hall. I looked around and to my relief it was fairly empty. I crossed my fingers for an empty elevator but that was not the case. A number of people were inside when the doors open, and we stepped in as the curious eyes of everyone there looked me up and down. A guy and a girl were giggling to each other.

“Oh my gosh! That’s the kid that pooped in History class today!”

“Haha, really? Wow! Is he even old enough to be here?”

“Nah,” said Billy, “Probably not. He’s only old enough to have formula right now, and that gives him big smelly poops all the time. His babysitter thought he would be able to handle going to classes on his own, but that’s clearly not the case.”

This brought laughter from the other students. I whined and hugged my plushie tight.

“Aww, poor guy,” said another student. “Is that your little bear?” I squeezed my eyes shut and nodded wishing this elevator would stop soon and let me out. “What’s his name?”

I opened my eyes again, taken aback by the question and looked over to see the androgynous punk looking kid that asked the question.

“H-hiff name iff Feodore.” I said around my pacifier.

“Aww, Theodore! That’s classic!” they said, giving me a thumbs up.

I smiled back. This person was being really cool, and I felt a little better. Finally the doors opened, and we all piled out of the elevator.

“See ya later, gator,” he said, waving as he walked off.

“Look at you, diaper boy, making friends already!” Billy smirked, looking after the person who just left. We made our way to the front desk where Shelley was still sitting, texting someone on her phone. I hoped she wouldn’t look up, but she did.

“Oh, Jimmy, are you okay? Oh! Who’s your friend?”

“He’s fine. He’s just getting adjusted. I’m Billy. I’m his big bro while he pledges for Alpha Beta Delta Lambda.”

“Oh really?” she said, raising an eyebrow. “That’s funny, Jimmy didn’t mention anything about that!”

“I know, he just got recruited yesterday. He just came to say goodbye to his roommate because he’s moving in with me. Isn’t that right, Jimmy?”

I nodded, as he had conditioned me to do whenever he asked me a question. It wasn’t really a choice by now, my body made the decision for me.

“Aww, I see. Well, I’m gonna miss you Jimmy, but good luck getting into the fraternity! I hear they’re the top dogs on campus!”

“We sure are!” Billy said with pride. “Wave goodbye, Jimmy!”

I gave the least enthusiastic wave I could manage, but Shelley didn’t seem to notice my reservations.

“Bye Jimmy! Be sure to visit!”

“Oh he will,” said Billy, giving me an evil smile that made me very uneasy.

As we walked through campus toward the dining center, I tried to ignore the stares and comments I got. Most were actually positive, saying things like “Cute!” and “Awww!” but there were also plenty of jeers like “Hey baby! Where’s your baba!” and “Where’s your mommy baby boy?” Billy only made it worse when he paused outside the dining center to unbutton my pants and check my diaper for wetness. I stood stone still as gawkers slowed their gait to look over at the diapered freak. Many students laughed as they walked by. One was so distracted that he walked into a pole.

“Alright, boy. You’re good for now. Only a little damp,” he announced loud enough for everyone to hear.

A little damp? I thought, as he buttoned up my pants. I didn’t remember wetting at all.

“We’re gonna have to get you pants with snaps in the legs. I don’t want to go through this every time I have to check your damn diaper.”

I just cringed and nodded, knowing full well that he was just making a scene to embarrass me further. I wasn’t gonna argue and give him any more ammo, or a reason to take away my pants. We got in line and he swiped two meals on my student ID.

“Lunch is on you, dipwad.”

I didn’t care. I was gonna get real food! I followed him to grab a tray, but he smacked my hand when I tried to pick one up.

“Hands to yourself, baby. We wouldn’t want little Jimmy Wimmy to hurt himself, would we?”

I crossed my arms and pouted as I watched him pile his tray higher and higher with delicious foods. My stomach growled.

“Alright, alright, don’t worry, you’ll get lunch too. Over here.”

He led me over to where the cooks had the hot trays and desserts.

“Hey, Marco!” He yelled, drawing the attention of a guy in a hairnet coming out of the freezer.

“Hey Billy,” he called back, and then his gaze fell on me and his face lit up. “Ooh! Be right out!”

He came back with a big chilled bottle of formula, and I groaned in disappointment.

“See, little guy,” said Billy. “I *told* you you’d get to eat, and you get to do it in the dining center, just like I promised!”

Marco was eating it up with a big grin plastered on his face.

“Bring the bottle back if the little guy wants seconds. There’s plenty more where that came from!”

“Actually, can you fill a jug for me? I think he’s got a real appetite today.”

“Sure thing, boss!” he said, practically clapping his hands in excitement as he left to do just that.

“Boy this stinker sure is gonna have a full diaper later!” He exclaimed as he took the jug from Marco.

“I can’t wait to see it,” Marco replied, still grinning from ear to ear.

I was beyond embarrassed, standing there with my paci and teddy in, while yet again I had two bigger guys talking about me like I wasn’t there. What was worse was I could feel my diaper getting tighter. I could not possibly be enjoying this, could I?

When we were seated, he handed me the bottle and pulled out my pacifier, leaving it on the table next to Theodore for all to see.

“Drink up, dweeb, before I feed you myself. My food’s getting cold so don’t make me wait!”

The image of him holding me in his lap and feeding me like an infant was not appealing, so I opted for the dignity of feeding myself. As the nipple touched my lips, I braced myself for the horrible flavor that would meet my lips, and it was pretty bad, but not as bad as yesterday. I hoped I wasn’t getting *used* to this as my regular meal. Once the first bottle was done, he refilled it from the jug. It was a pretty big bottle so one refill was about half the jug.

“Drink up, baby. This’ll make you big and strong and give you bigger smellier poops too!”

“I’m full! And I don’t like how it makes me cramp up!”

“Don’t worry, little boy. Your tummy will get used to it and get on a regular schedule of pooping. You’re gonna become a little poop factory by the time this week is up, just like a real baby!”

I didn’t like the sound of that, and I resisted the urge to do as he said but he leaned in and spoke to me in that low even tone that I remembered from yesterday.

“Drink it all, baby boy. You can do it. Just let your stomach expand as you take in all the num nums from your bottle. It feels so good to fill your baby belly until it’s nice and fat. You’re so hungry. You love your baba. You’re going to drink it all until it’s all gone. Drink it now, baby boy, and don’t stop until it’s all gone.”

A feeling of intense hunger shot through me as I watched my hands bring the bottle up to my lips. I couldn’t stop myself. I sucked and sucked at the formula, and as I did, I could feel my diaper growing warmer, and expanding. It was just coming out of me and I didn’t even think to stop it. It seemed like I was peeing out as much as I was taking in and pretty soon the bottle was empty again while my diaper was very full. So full, my onesie buttons actually popped open. He filled it a third time and I whined as my hands once again brought the nipple to my lips with no way to stop it. By this time he had eaten his fill, so he took the time to capture my enthusiastic sucking and my bulging

belly on camera.

“Look at the big baby. He sure loves his bottle! Look, his shirt is stretched so tight it won’t even cover his belly button! What do you guys think? Does little Jimmy look better with a six-pack or a big baby belly? Let me know!”

I suddenly felt a stream of wetness around my legs and my pants immediately felt wet as a puddle began to form in the chair beneath me. My eyebrows shot up and I made frantic whining noises, but my mouth kept sucking, and my penis kept pissing into the diaper. The seat soon overflowed, and the sound of my piss splattering on the ground drew his attention. When he realized what was happening, he came around with his phone and got a close shot of the action.

“Oh no! Looks like the baby has a leaky diaper! I guess we’ll have to change him! Can I get a cleanup over here? We’ve got a puddle over here from my pissy baby bro! I better go take care of this, everyone. See ya!”

He sent the video off to god knows where while I finished off the bottle. By the time I was done, my pants were totally soaked. He brought me to my feet, and I felt my pants sag under the weight of the diaper. The wetness began to run down towards my socks. Pretty soon my shoes were squelching with each step.

Everybody we passed stared at the freshman in soaked pants being led to the bathroom by the tough-looking Billy. He led me into the unisex bathroom which was single-occupant and locked the door behind him.

“Let’s get you stripped down, pisspants,” he said, and he began the task of undressing me.

Because my onesie, shoes, and socks had all gotten wet, he took those off as well. I was completely naked as he laid me out on the changing mat on the floor of the bathroom.

“We’re going to have to take care of that big boy hair soon,” He said, pulling out a pube, which made me wince. “Little boys like you don’t get to have hair down there. That’s only for real men.”

He slid the fresh diaper under my butt and took off my soggy diaper. He wiped my crotch down, lifted my legs, wiped behind. He then grabbed several stuffers and added them to the bulk. He finished up with some baby oil and powder, filling the room with the mingled scent of boy-piss and baby powder as he lowered me back onto the padding with a loud crinkle.

My little penis dribbled constantly through the whole process, but the new diaper

was there to catch it all, and he smiled with triumph as he taped the diaper up, thicker than ever before.

“But what about my pants?” I whined, as I stood there bow-legged around the bulk of the diaper.

“Oh, these?” He said, holding up the drippy garments with two fingers. He gathered up my shoes socks and pants and threw them into the trash. “We’ll get you more suitable clothes later. A diaper and a T-Shirt should be enough for you right now.”

After he packed my wet onesie away with the supplies, I was dragged out into the open in just my diaper and shirt. I was so upset and embarrassed, I just wanted to hug Theodore. Theodore? Oh my god! I had forgotten Theodore!

“Billy, Billy! I lost Theodore!” I began to cry, forgetting all about the fact that I was standing there barefoot with my diaper on display. I wanted my bear back!

Chapter 7: C.A.B.S.

Text Message Record of Billy and Tank:

Billy: This is going faster than we expected

Tank: We can't send him off to classes in this state

Billy: Agreed. We have to bump up the Dr. appointment

Tank: How soon?

Billy: Today.

Tank: Too soon. I'm making progress. It's only his second day

Billy: You've gone soft. We don't have time to be nice. They want him ready for the grand opening

Tank: I want to be there for the Dr visit

Billy: Then move your ass. I'm not waiting for you.

Tank: On my way

"So this is the one that left the big puddle in the middle of the dining center. I should have known." said the lady at the card reader station by the front of the dining center.

She dug behind the counter and pulled out a familiar bear, holding him out with one hand on her hip and the hint of a smile behind her butterfly glasses.

"I think this is yours, little boy. Someone from the cleaning crew brought it over."

"Yes! That's him!" I yelled, jumping up and down. "Theodore!"

I took the bear and hugged him tight. The lady raised her eyebrows and broke into a large grin, shaking her head.

"They just keep getting cuter and cuter, Billy. You guys sure keep this job interesting. You know Stanley and I thought real hard about snapping up that last-"

"Thanks, Dotty," said Billy, cutting her off. "And sorry for the mess. Baby Jimmy had a rough day, and I thought I'd be nice and let him wear his big boy pants. I thought he could tell me when he needed a change. Big mistake. This one is obviously too little to keep track of something like that, so he's lost his pants privileges until we can get him something that makes diaper checks easier."

He smacked my butt and gave the diaper a squeeze, causing me to yelp in surprise. I suddenly woke up to the fact of where I was and what I was wearing, and I buried my face in Theo once more, breathing in his scent and wishing that the world around me would just go away. If Dotty replied, I didn't hear her. I just felt a tug on my arm and let it lead me away. Hopefully far away.

"Oww!" I said, jerking my foot up. We were back outside and I had stepped on a rock.

"Don't be such a wimp, it's just a bit of gravel. If you didn't wanna go barefoot you shouldn't have pissed in your shoes."

I just pouted. He knew it was his fault it happened, but I wasn't going to play his stupid game and try to argue the point. In fact, I wasn't going to have anything to do with this bully. I stopped right there, and crossed my arms, with as much conviction as a guy in a diaper hugging his teddy could muster.

"That's it. I'm not playing baby anymore. I'm not moving in with you and I'm not going to wear diapers. You can threaten me all you want but I've already been publicly embarrassed, so I've got nothing left to lose. Now buzz off."

Billy stopped and sized me up for a minute.

"You're right." he said, finally.

I was taken aback. I hadn't expected him to cave so easily.

"You don't have to worry about being exposed anymore. You've already done a great job exposing yourself. You can just go back to class like normal, and I'm sure everyone will forget what they saw. I'm sure you can explain to your friends that you didn't really want to put on that diaper, play in the sandbox and pee yourself. I'm sure you can explain to your professors that you just pooped yourself in class because you were *told* to behave like a baby. And I'm sure my good friend, the Dean of Student Affairs, will understand that your behavior in class, on campus, and in the dining center should be given a free pass because it *just wasn't* your fault."

"Wait- No- That's not-"

He was twisting the whole situation around on me and try as I might, I couldn't think clearly enough to straighten things out again. Anyway, he wasn't going to give me the chance. He was on a tear now.

“Why should Dean Hardiman believe me, or Tank, or anyone else who witnessed you acting like a baby all on your own? Why should he believe your friends who witnessed you *admitting* you like being a big baby? Or the videos which, frankly, speak for themselves. No, I’m sure you can just blame it on someone else and they’ll believe you. Go ahead. Try walking away dressed like that and see what happens.”

My narrative suddenly seemed very flimsy. How could I expect anyone to believe that Billy made me do it? He hadn’t laid a finger on me when I put on that diaper in front of my friends and pissed myself, or when I agreed that I liked being treated as a baby, or any time today when I was walking around campus.

“That’s not fair!” I yelled, practically stomping my feet. “I didn’t have a choice!”

“That’s not gonna fly, diaper butt. All you sound like is a cranky toddler. A video of your little stunt in history class has found its way to the inboxes of Dean Hardiman and all your professors, so you better think long and hard about what you’re going to tell them. Frankly, I don’t think they’ll *let* you return to classes if they don’t have to.”

“W-what do you mean *let* me return? I pay money to be here!”

“Actually, your *parents* pay money for you to be here, and I’m sure *they’d* love to see where that money went, too.”

He looked pointedly at my diaper.

“But back to the point. You’ve got two options, Jimmy. Either you like to dress like a baby and poop your pants for fun, or you do it because you have a medical condition, and you need them all the time. Only one of these options gets you back into classes. The other will get you expelled, and possibly arrested. So which is it?”

It was hard to believe, but the more I thought about it, the more I realized just how this whole thing would look to anyone else. And it didn’t look good. I gulped.

“I... I need them.”

“What do you need, baby boy? Say it for the camera.” He brought his phone up to face level as he spoke.

“I n-need to wear diapers and baby clothes.” I choked out the words, hating to hear them coming out from my own mouth.

“Are you sure you don’t just *like* to wear them, Jimmy?”

“Yes. I’m sure.” I said, knowing that at least this was true.

“Well, if you really need them, then you can’t exactly go around without them, now can you, Jimmy? That would be very suspicious. So how often are you going to wear your diapers and baby clothes, baby?”

I glared at him, and he just smiled right back.

“Go on, I’m waiting.”

“I’m going to wear them all the time.” I said through gritted teeth.

“That’s right, baby boy. You’re going to wear them all the time, or else we’ll know you’re faking.”

Billy turned the camera on himself.

“You heard it here first folks! Jimmy finally admits he *needs* his diapers and baby clothes, and he’s going to wear them all the time. So if anyone sees him dressed like a big boy, you know what to do! I don’t think that will happen, though. He seems pretty serious about this whole baby thing, and we should all do our best to support him with lots of love and attention. We’ll keep you updated on his journey to self-acceptance as it unfolds. See ya!”

He sent off the video and put his phone away, looking so smug I could just punch him.

“Are we done yet?” I growled, clenching my fists.

“Well, *I’m* convinced, Jimmy, but I don’t think that will be enough to convince the university. You’re going to have to get a Doctor’s note that *proves* you need this.”

A doctor’s note? How was I supposed to get a doctor’s note? I’d never been incontinent in my life, and I certainly never wore baby clothes.

“Lucky for you, this campus has a special place dedicated to diagnosing and helping people just like you. It’s called CABS, the Center for Adult Baby Studies!”

“Adult...baby...studies?” I asked, trying to piece together the words in a way that made sense.

A cold feeling in my gut told me to stay away from CABS, but what else could I do? I was totally fucked. I had tried to stand up to Billy and only ended up digging myself deeper.

I hung my head in defeat as he patted me on the back as if that would make me feel any better. After that brief and pointless delay, Billy once again led me forward.

“Where are we going, Billy?”

“To CABS of course. Might as well get it over with now so you don’t miss any more classes!”

The Center for Adult Baby Studies was hard to miss. With its sharp angles and bright contrasting colors, it stuck out like a clown at the opera. And yet, for that very reason I never really noticed its presence. It was just too surreal, too overbearing to accept as anything but a momentary glitch in my peripheral vision. Yet here we were.

The moment we walked into the gargantuan structure, we were surrounded by colors and sounds. Stripes on the carpets, and walls splashed with bold colors like gold and purple. There was adventurous music that made me feel like I was in line for an exciting ride, and large screens that stretched upward toward the glass canopy above the lobby. And this was just the lobby!

Far from being the dry environment of a medical office, this place seemed designed to assail my senses and keep me distracted at all times. Images of adults in baby clothing flickered across tall projection screens, and the large raised dots on the red rubber walkway tickled my feet as we approached the front desk.

“Well hello Billy!” said the pert young woman behind the desk, and then her eyes fell on me.

“Oh my gosh!!!” she squealed, causing me to jump. “He’s so cute!”

I looked around to see who she was talking about.

“Yes, you, silly,” she said, in a sing song voice. “Come over here, munchkin!”

Despite her request, it was she who trotted down from behind the desk and right into my personal space, sticking out her hand with a big grin.

“Hi. I’m Beth! What’s your name?”

“Um...J-Jimmy,” I stammered, feeling more than a little confused about just how I *should* feel.

“And who is your little friend, there, Jimmy?” she asked, gesturing toward my bear.

“That’s Theodore,” I said with more confidence. “He’s my protector!”

“Oh wow, he is? Well, I’ve got a special protector too, but you have to keep him a secret. Billy, you go over there, and no peeking!”

Billy rolled his eyes and walked off a few feet, turning his back to us. When she was sure he was out of earshot, she pulled a small orange and white fox out of her pocket and brought him up to face Theo.

“Hello Theodore,” she said in a goofy voice. “I’m O’Farrell the Fox! Pleased to meetcha!”

“Uh...h-hi, O’Farrell. I’m Theo.” The bear said back in a higher voice.

“I can tell this is your first time here, because you seem a little nervous. New people are always nervous the first time they visit CABS, but ya know what?”

O’Farrell paused for several seconds, as if expecting an answer.

“What?” asked Theo, finally.

“You don’t have to worry one bit because all our special little friends like Jimmy are super safe inside this building!”

“Oh. Really?” asked Theo, tilting his head. I felt myself beginning to smile.

“Really really! And once you see how nice everyone here is, you won’t ever be nervous when you come to CABS again! Pinky promise!”

That last bit hit me right in the heart and I immediately thought of Tank. The image of his pinky waiting for mine hung before me and I began to cry, just like I cried when he first called me a good boy and told me he’d keep me safe. And I *still* didn’t understand why.

“I’m sorry,” I said, and turned away, wiping my stupid tears and trying to collect myself.

“Oh, no, honey, what’s wrong?”

“I-I don’t-”

“Are we done here?” Billy asked, approaching us with eyebrows raised, a thin smile on his face, his arms out in a gesture of impatience. “We’re here to see the Doctor, not play make-believe.”

Beth’s face fell and she cast her eyes downwards, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

“Oh, uh... yeah, sorry. I was just...I-I’ll check you in and print out your passes.”

Her voice was suddenly very small and seeing her like that made me hate Billy even more.

“Yeah. You do that. The Doctor is waiting, as well as you-know-who so don’t keep them waiting.”

She scampered back behind the desk and took us through the intake process. There were a few disclaimers and nondisclosure agreements I had to verify with my thumbprint.

“Okay,” she said in a well-rehearsed voice. “This is the part I have to read aloud. Billy can be the witness. Do you understand that all your medical information will be confidential, available only to you, your caretakers, and relevant CABS staff? Sign here. And do you understand that your visit here is no guarantee that you will be accepted into the program or given treatment? Sign here. If you are accepted into the program, do you agree to make this your primary place of care for the duration of your treatment? sign right there. And if you are accepted into the program, do you agree to abide by the Doctors’ recommendations, whatever they may be, regarding your health and any diagnoses, treatments, or actions they may recommend? Sign right there. Great, and read this statement please.”

She handed me a sheet of paper on a clipboard.

“I have a pre-existing interest in being regressed and am seeking medical confirmation of my need for diapers and regression therapy. I understand that I am required to tell the truth at all times to the doctor and staff at CABS regarding my condition, and that failure to do so can cause harm to myself and the program as a whole. If I am untruthful in any way, I can be held legally responsible for the...uh...hold on...can I have a minute?”

My heart was beating out of my chest. The consequences of lying sounded very serious and I was beginning to have second thoughts.

“Hurry it up,” said Billy, “The Doctor’s waiting and he’s a very busy man. I’m not going to take the blame if we’re late.”

“Oh, geez,” she said as she looked from him to me, “I can’t lose this job...”

I didn’t want to see her get into trouble just because Billy decided to be a dickhead, so I steeled my resolve and read the legalese.

“...and will forfeit my rights as an adult and will not have the option of backing out,” I finished, finally gasping to catch my breath.

“Perfect! Now we just have to take your picture for the pass, and you can be on your way!” said Beth with a smile.

She mouthed a silent ‘thank you’ to me and the camera captured the bashful smile I gave in response.

“Welcome aboard, Jimmy! I hope you find-”

“Yeah yeah, he knows all the stuff. Just give us the passes, and we’ll be on our way,” said Billy, leaving Beth’s sentence to trail off into nothingness as he grabbed the passes from her hand and pulled me deeper into the building. “The pediatric wing is this way.”

I turned and waved to Beth, determined to give her my best smile to wipe away the stench of Billy’s terrible attitude.

“Thanks Beth!” I called out, “Thanks O’Farrell!”

Beth smiled and waved back, then quickly grabbed the fox and made him wave as well. I felt happy knowing that I had taken away Billy’s power to make someone else’s day miserable. I had never been able to answer that silly question about what my superpower would be, but if someone asked me then and there, that would be it.

Chapter 8: Having Second Thoughts

Things seemed to become more orderly as we entered the section of the building cleverly referred to as 'adult pediatrics'. The walls were still an eye-watering mix of colors and shapes, but the carpeted floors gave way to plain rubber for easy cleaning, and the music was more relaxing. We soon found ourselves in a waiting room with a long desk, a few chairs, and an adult-sized play area off to the side. There was a bathroom too, not that it would be much use to me, I thought wryly.

There didn't appear to be anyone at the desk, so Billy sat me on the floor of the play area in front of a large television screen and told me to stay there while he made a phone call. I barely acknowledged him, as I was already distracted by what I saw on the screen. It was my favorite show, *The Diaper Pals!* Chester the Chipmunk and his friends were talking about how fun it was to visit the doctor. I grinned and sat there as I felt my diaper get warm, just vibing on the music and colors... completely enthralled. I don't know how much time passed, but I was jerked back to awareness by Billy shaking my shoulder.

"Come on, Jimmy, it's time to see the Doctor."

I immediately felt a flash of panic. How could I have let myself get so distracted? I'd wasted all my time watching silly baby shows when I should have been thinking of what to say to the doctor. How was I going to get that note without condemning myself to a whole semester in diapers and baby clothes?

A plump man in a white coat came through a door by the desk. He had a wide, friendly face, and the wrinkled eyes of someone who smiled often, but he wasn't smiling now. In fact, he was looking a bit stern and I wondered if I was in trouble.

"You're late, Billy," he began, in a thick German accent.

"Sorry about that, Dr. Windelmann. I know this was last minute."

"Yes, it was, and you're lucky I could squeeze you in! But now zat I see ze patient," he said looking at me and breaking into a kind smile, "I just can't stay mad. Und how are you, little vun? My name is Doctor Windelmann."

"J-Jimmy. I-I'm good, I guess," I said, blushing at the baby talk and tugging at my shirt as if it could hide my diaper.

The doctor followed my gaze down to my feet and gasped.

"Oh my, but vat happened to your shoes? You're barefoot!"

“He pissed his pants at lunch, and we had to toss ‘em,” said Billy, conveniently leaving out the part where he forced me to drink gallons of formula without a potty break.

“Vell, come in, and ve’ll get you all cleaned up,” he said, ushering us through the door to the exam rooms. “Zen you can tell your Uncle Windy all about vat is happening down below, hmm?”

He pressed his warm hand into my back and guided me to a room that featured an exam table with dinosaur print paper and a pair of stirrups mounted at the bottom. My eyes went wide. Then I noticed several trays of mean looking rods, plugs, and metal instruments. And a large hanging enema bag. I immediately tried to back away but was arrested by the Doctor’s firm hand on my back.

“Now now, little mouse, zere is nothing to fear. I understand you haff a little problem mit your, erm, eqvipment, so vee haff to get a good look at ze problem.”

“Jimmy, get on the table,” Billy said, massaging his temples in exasperation.

“N-no!” I said, feeling the panic rise in my chest, “I changed my mind!”

I thought this was just going to be a few questions, but this looked way more invasive.

“Jimmy...” began Billy in an aggressive tone.

“Oh dear,” sighed the doctor. “I should haff known.”

Billy lunged at me, but I ducked under the doctor’s arm and ran for the lobby.

“Jimmy!” yelled Billy. “Come back here!”

“Vait, little one!” yelled Dr. Windelmann.

I opened the door and ran out into the waiting room. My eyes were beginning to water and I was barely able to see where I was going, beyond just blurry shapes. Almost immediately, I crashed into one of the large blobs in my vision.

“I-I’m s-s-sorry,” I stammered, “I-”

“Jimmy?”

“Tank?!” I cried.

“Oh my gosh, are you okay? Why are you crying?” A large pair of arms brought me to my feet, and I was turned this way and that as Tank looked me over for signs of injury. He even sniffed my diaper to see if that could be the source of my distress.

"I-I had an accident in class and everyone was angry at me a-and all my professors found out about my a-a-accident and B-B-Billy said I had to have a doctor's note but the doctor's office is s-scary and I don't want to do it, and I just want to go hooooome!" I cried between sobs and hiccups.

"Whoa, whoa, slow down little guy!" said Tank, getting down on one knee and resting his hands on my shoulders. "It's okay. You're okay."

He pulled me into a big hug and whispered into my ear.

"You're my good little boy, Jimmy. You're safe and I promise nothing will hurt you. You've just been having some accidents is all, and we need to make sure you're okay. We can go to the doctor together, and I promise it won't be scary. If it hurts even a little bit, we can leave. How does that sound, champ?"

That *did* sound better.

"And you'll be there the whole time?"

"The whole time," he said, smiling down at me.

"Okay," I nodded, and I wiped my eyes and took his hand.

When I finally took my eyes off Tank, I saw that Billy and Dr. Windelmann were watching us.

"Didn't I tell you you need to watch your kiddos more closely, Billy? I found this little guy wandering off again!"

"I had things under control," mumbled Billy, crossing his arms and scowling.

"Oh goodness," said the Doctor. "Vee had a little scare zere didn't, vee?"

"Yeah, he was a little spooked, but I talked to him and he says he's ready to see you now."

"Iz zat true, little one? Are you ready to be a good boy for Uncle Windy und let him check your plumbing?"

I nodded yes and he gave me a big smile.

"Zat's my brave boy!"

The exam room felt very cramped with three large men and myself inside. It would have struck me as downright silly if the situation weren't so serious.

“Up you go!” said Tank, lifting me up high and plopping me down on the padded table.

I giggled a bit at the impromptu rocket ride and giggled some more when my sensitive feet were wiped clean with a warm washcloth.

“Zat’s better! Okay my little bärchen, let’s hear it. Vat is happening down zere, hmm? Having a little issue staying dry und clean?”

I nodded

“Und do you know *vhy* you are having zese issues?”

I shook my head.

“Ven did it start, little one?”

“Y-yesterday,” I said. “When I was put in a diaper.”

“Hmm, vas zat ven you were in ze sandbox, perhaps?”

“Uhh, yeah. Wait, how did you... Billy!”

My eyes immediately shot to Billy, and I gave him the death glare. He just smirked as if to say, *what are you gonna do about it?*

“I must admit,” the doctor said with a blush, “I’ve been followink your blog, und I have been expecting you to visit sooner or later. I’m glad it vas sooner!”

“I- wait, what?”

“Such a brave boy you are,” he said, with a hint of admiration in his voice.

I didn’t know what to say to that, but I had some questions of my own for Billy once this was over.

“Now Jimmy, think carefully. Ven is ze last time you vere aware zat you had to go to ze toilet?”

“Uh, I guess about 30 minutes before I pooped myself in class.” I said, thinking back to that morning’s disaster in World History. “I could have avoided that if I had made it to the bathroom in time...but...”

“But you didn’t, did you? Und zat is ze problem. Vat about going pee pee, hmm?”

“I-I can’t tell when I have to go. It just happens,” I said, truthfully. “And that started like I said, when I put on the diaper yesterday.”

“Vait, you put it on yourself? I thought you said you vere *put* in a diaper,” said the doctor.

“Oh, well, yes, I-I guess I did technically put it on myself, but...I...”

“But you what?” asked Billy, with a raised eyebrow.

“Uh... nothing.” I said. I couldn’t very well say that Billy had used some mind-control trick to *make* me put on the diaper. Would the doctor even believe me if I told him? I barely believed it myself!

“Vell, based on your account und your behavior in ze videos, I think ve can safely say you need diapers. Ze kvestion is vhy,” said the doctor. “Vell, no worries, ya? Doctor Windelmann will get to ze bottom of sings, so to speak! Hoho, A little proctologist humor, you know. Now let’s check your vitals, shall vee?”

He proceeded to check my blood pressure, my heart rate, my breathing, my nose and mouth. It all seemed pretty standard until it came time to take my temperature. He held the thermometer in his hand, and I opened my mouth, causing everyone in the room to chuckle.

“What’s so funny?” I asked, looking around the room.

“Not zat vay, little mouse.” said the doctor, pressing me gently down onto my back and motioning to the stirrups.

My mouth hung open in shock.

“You don’t mean...”

The three men in the room just nodded.

“A rectal thermometer? You can’t be serious!”

“I am always serious, little one,” said the doctor, snapping on a pair of gloves. “Now be a good boy und lie down. You von’t feel a thing.”

My pacifier was pushed into my mouth and my legs were bought up into each stirrup, then an absorbent pad was slid under my bum. Next, the doctor untaped my diaper.

“Oh my, it’s quite vet. Ven vas ze last time you changed him?”

“Not even an hour ago,” said Billy, grinning.

“Is he vetting a lot zen?”

“Oh yeah,” said Billy with glee, “I think he’s gone through at least six diapers since yesterday afternoon. And most of those had boosters too!”

Hmm, I’ll haff to make a note of zat,” he said as he applied lube to the thermometer and brought it down toward my rear.

I was extremely embarrassed. I tried looking at the dinosaur shaped containers on the counter, the colorful wallpaper, anything but what was happening between my legs, but it was hard to do in an exam room crowded with three large men. Why did I have to have an audience for this? My eyes shot open as I felt the cold thermometer press into my hole, and I started to sit up, but a large hand came down on my shoulder and held me down. I relaxed a bit when I saw that it was Tank’s hand.

I looked into his eyes with concern and he smiled back at me and squeezed my hand.

The thermometer slid deeper, and as I felt it press against something inside me. I made an involuntary moan and my dick jumped, letting out a small spurt of pee.

“Oh my,” laughed the doctor, as the urine hit his white coat. “It looks like ve haff a sharp-shooter on our hands! I sink zat vas ze prostate.”

For the umpteenth time that day I felt like I wanted to crawl under the nearest rock and die, but the doctor just smiled as if this happened to him all the time. He slid the thermometer in a bit further and held it there. I counted the seconds as they ticked by on the colorful clock. After what seemed like an eternity, he pulled it out. “Mm, very gut,” he said, nodding his approval at what he saw on the thermometer.

“Okay, little one, ve shall haff a close look at ze problem now, und collect a few samples. Now, let’s see,” he wiggled his fingers and bent over his trays looking like a kid in a candy store. I craned my neck to see what he might be doing, but Tank gently pushed my head back down, and told me to relax. The doctor grabbed a short tube with two floppy balloon looking things near the end and attached it to the enema hose. He began to lube it up, and alarm bells rang in my head.

Tank quickly blocked my view and dangled Theodore above my head to distract me.

“Hey there, kiddo! Look up here! It’s your old pal Theo!”

I then heard Billy’s voice whispering in my ear.

“You’ll be fine. You will remain relaxed and still. You will not feel pain or discomfort. You can allow any pain or discomfort to float away.”

The two of them worked together to keep me distracted while the doctor did his work down below. I felt something pushing at my entrance again, and I gasped as it slipped in. It was a strange sensation, but even stranger when I heard a pumping noise and things began to tighten up. I grunted and winced at the unfamiliar sensations, but true to their word, any pain I felt was brief and fleeting. Then I heard a click and felt a warm sensation in my bowels. After a few seconds I began to shift and squirm as I felt an uncomfortable pressure. The water must have been going up inside me. A hand massaged my belly, and the pressure lessened. I began to relax, with only occasional cramps passing, and eventually the doctor unhooked the bag, leaving the inflated nozzle in place. The two men petted me and praised me for doing so well.

“Ah, zat vashn’t so bad, now vas it, little one?”

I looked to the doctor and shook my head.

“You are very lucky, young one. It’s not often little ones come in here with two caretakers by their side!”

Lucky? If only he knew.

Chapter 9: Getting to the Bottom of Things

“Ve’ll vait a little vile for ze enema to clean you out. In ze meantime, let us take a look at your little pimmel,” he said, switching out his gloves for a fresh pair.

He examined my penis with his gloved hands.

“It appears quite underdeveloped. Let’s see how big it gets.”

He put a clear tube over my penis and pressed a button. The whir of a motor started, and the vacuum soon brought me to my fully erect length of two inches.

“Oh my, zat is kvite small, my little munchkin. Age-appropriate, I should say.”

He smiled and chuckled to himself as he measured and recorded the exact length of my penis. At least he was having fun.

“That’s just adorable,” said Tank, ruffling my hair and causing me to blush even harder than I already was.

“But vee vill haff to do something about zat pubic hair, you know. It isn’t good for your skin when you wear diapers.”

The tube was removed, and the doctor reached down for something else. I snuck a glance and wished I hadn’t. He was reaching for a set of metal rods ranging from thin to alarmingly large and I could guess where they were going. I shook my head ‘no’ vigorously as he brought up a gleaming rod of curved steel, but again, I was quickly distracted by my two minders who worked together to calm me down and hold my attention. I strained to see what he was doing to my penis, but a hand passed over my eyes and told me to sleep. I went limp and my breathing slowed as they talked me down.

“That’s a good boy. Just relax. There you are. That’s it.”

My eyes remained closed, but I could hear. I was aware of what was happening around me yet detached at the same time. I grunted as I felt pressure on my pee hole, then something sliding in. It stung for a second, but that soon went away as my minders continued to murmur in my ear.

“No pain, little guy, just relax. As long as you relax, you can just let any pain drift away. You’re being so good, such a good boy. You can smile and feel proud at what a good boy you’re being. That’s it. That’s right. Just relax for us, baby. Good boy.”

I felt a tug and some movement below, then the sound of water splashing. I could hear them talking, but it was as if they were in another room.

“Okay, zat does it for ze samples. Time to fill up his bladder und take a look mit ze camera, und zen ve haff some decisions to make. A little numbing agent und he von’t feel a thing. Wunderbar.”

I suddenly felt like I had to pee very badly, but nothing was coming out. I whined a bit.

“Oh dear, little one, it doesn’t feel good to haff a full bladder does it?”

I shook my head.

“Uncle Vindy can make it easier for you to pee, vould you like zat?”

I nodded.

“Alright, little one. Just a little bit longer, und I’ll make it all better.”

I nodded again and relaxed.

“Alright,” said the doctor, finally. “Out comes ze cytoscope.”

I heard water splashing onto the absorbent pad between my legs, and my crotch was quickly wiped dry.

“Do you see zat? Once his bladder reaches a certain level, he loses all control.”

“That explains the puddles,” said Billy.

“Since he’s using his diapers so much, it vill be important to keep him well hydrated. Call me overcautious, but I sink vee should use a stent to make sure he is no longer retaining any fluids. Vat do you think?”

“Oh yes, definitely,” said Billy. “Gotta make sure the little one doesn’t hurt himself holding in his pee!”

“Und vat do you sink, big guy?”

“I think that would be best,” said Tank, petting my head. “Don’t worry little guy, this’ll help you use your diapers like a good little boy.”

After a while, I was brought back to full consciousness, and when I opened my eyes, I saw the doctor’s smiling face.

“All done, little one! You did very vell for your first time! I’ve collected a sample of your urine for further analysis, but as far as I can tell, you are quite healthy up front.”

I wasn't surprised to hear that, since I had never had any problems in the past. I wondered what this meant for my medical diagnosis.

"Does that mean I don't need diapers?"

"Not to worry little one, you'll be able to wear diapers to your heart's content, and you won't have to worry about a sing. Ze stent vill keep your urinary tract open at all times, und it vill stay safe und snug inside you unless it is surgically removed. It is my own special invention, und can be widened as much as necessary for my examinations! Isn't zat wunderbar?"

I looked down and saw my penis dribbling a bit, but when I bore down, nothing happened. It just kept dripping! I was shocked. Now I really needed diapers!

"B-but, I-"

"Aren't you happy, kiddo?" asked Billy. "That means you're one step closer to getting that diagnosis."

I tried to sit up and get a closer look but I was stopped.

"Ah, ah, little one, no squirming," said the Doctor, as he brought a large metal bowl to sit below my butt. "I know your tummy is probably very uncomfortable, but Uncle Windy will have that enema plug out soon enough, so stay still. You wouldn't want to make a mess, now."

I whined and clutched my tummy, suddenly aware that my bloated belly was indeed cramping up. He let the air out of the plugs, and out came a torrent of water. Tank petted my head and held my hand as I grunted and broke into a sweat trying to force out as much as I could. Whenever the flow stopped, my belly was massaged until more came out. This continued for quite some time until everything was out of me and the doctor declared me clean.

"You're doing so vell, really you are," said the Doctor. "Now, let's begin mit ze rectal examination."

He lubed up a gloved hand and began to massage my hole. I gasped as a finger slipped in and then a second, opening me up. He grabbed a speculum from the table and once again, the boys used their magic to make me relax. Soon the speculum was in and he was looking around inside of me. I felt like I was stretched to my limit, but the boys talked me through it.

"Deep breaths, baby boy, deep breaths. There you go, all the way in, and all the way out."

The doctor reached in with two fingers, pressing upward toward my belly button until it hit that special spot inside me making my dick jump once again. He rolled his finger around my prostate, eliciting a moan from me. It felt like I had to pee, and I squirmed a bit, trying to clench down and force his fingers out. All I managed to do was squirt more pee onto the pad.

“Hmm, very interesting,” said the doctor.

He pressed harder, and the feeling of needing to pee came back stronger, but there was nothing left in my bladder. Instead, I felt a warm sensation starting at the base of my penis and a bead of milky liquid began to form on my little dickhead. He quickly pointed to a sample container which Billy opened and brought to him. The three men were now working together to make sure I got a good milking. I began to pant and grow tense, and Dr. Windelmann instructed the boys to strap me down to the table so I didn't fall off. He kept at it and was soon rewarded with spurts of cum shooting into the container. I gasped at the intense sensation of an orgasm, the first I had had in days. My kegel muscles contracted so hard they hurt, and my legs went rigid, flying off the stirrups. My mouth fell open and I moaned out loud as I kept spurting. Finally, I was finished, and the doctor pulled out his fingers. It was the most intense orgasm I had ever had, and my two caretakers seemed fascinated at the sheer amount of semen that had ejected from my body.

“Get his legs back in ze stirrups!” said the doctor, snapping them back to reality. I felt my legs gently lifted and placed back in position as the doctor sealed and labeled the container. “I hope you boys vere paying attention. He needs his prostate milked regularly to maintain optimum health since I assume he von't be engaging in any sexual activity, or masturbation.”

“Certainly, not. He's too little for that,” said Tank, giving me a protective squeeze.

“Calm down there, papa bear,” said Billy, rolling his eyes. “He's not going to be using that peepee for anything but soaking his diaper.”

I lifted my head to say something, but Tank gently pressed my paci, keeping me quiet.

“Shh, little one. The adults are talking.”

“So what's the news, Doc? How does it look back there?” asked Billy.

“Hmm, he looks perfectly healthy back zere, but I am concerned mit his incident in class today. It sounds like he vas trying to hold his poop und zat is not healthy for ze gut.”

I didn't like where this was going. I began to wriggle some more under the restraints and a hand passed over my eyes, leaving me limp.

"Go to sleep now, little one," whispered Tank.

"What did you have in mind, doc?" asked Billy.

"Vell..."

I dropped off into a sort of half-sleep, and I could barely feel what was happening down below. Before I knew it, I was awake again, and the doctor was taping up a new diaper.

"All done, little one! Your medical record has been updated to show you are fully incontinent und diaper dependent. Your diapers are not only recommended, but mandatory at all times now. You should have no more trouble mit your professors, und you should haff no more mishaps from holding things in."

"I feel weird down there..."

"Zat is to be expected. You are now permanently hairless below ze vaist, und ze stretching ring you are wearing now is going to take some getting used to."

"Hairless? Stretching ring? What..."

"Make sure he gets a nice warm bath ven he gets home. This diaper should last through ze meeting mit Dr. Stannopoulis, but no longer. Do you understand?"

"No problem, Dr.," said Billy.

The doctor was no longer paying attention to me. I noticed I was no longer secured to the table, so I tried to get down, and almost fell. Tank quickly scooped me up and opted to carry me rather than let me stand. The doctor offered to send for a stroller so he wouldn't have to carry me home later, and Tank reluctantly agreed.

"It vas so gut to meet you, little Jimmy. You vere such a good und brave patient zat you can have TWO lollipops und a toy out of ze bowl."

"Go ahead, kiddo! Pick one out," said Tank in an enthusiastic voice.

I felt a little ridiculous as I picked a little toy car and a red and green lollipop. To be honest, it was exciting, but I was much too old for such things. I tried to play it cool, but I guess I didn't do a very good job.

"Aww, look how happy he is!" said Tank. "Do you want me to open up that green one for you now? Here ya go, sweetie. And here's Theo too. Can't forget him!"

I snuggled Theo and sucked my lollipop. I felt better already.

Chapter 10: The Director

Soon the stroller arrived, and I was strapped in. I was actually grateful for the rest as Tank wheeled me into the hall.

“See, that wasn’t so bad, was it? Dr. Windelmann is a very nice doctor, and you’re gonna be much more comfy in your diapees thanks to him.”

“But I don’t wanna wear diapees.” I said, frowning around my lollipop.

“You heard the doctor, sport. You *need* diapers. We all heard it. Even Theo!” he said, indicating my teddy bear.

“But that doesn’t make any sense, I didn’t need diapers two days ago...”

Billy chimed in. “You signed the form at the front saying you’d do what the doctor said. Are you trying to get yourself into *more* trouble?”

“No, I-” I was getting very confused.

“Look, we just have one more stop, and then you can have a nice bath and relax for the rest of the day,” said Billy.

“Fine. But then I have some questions for you! Like what was all that about a blog?”

We turned and came into a very different section of the building. The predominant color here was black – black marble floors rose up in massive columns that held up a balcony wrapped around a massive atrium. I looked at the floor and instantly felt dizzy. A spiraling pattern of inlaid marble drew the eye down impossibly twisted lines toward the very center of the room where I found my gaze fixed. Gravity shifted, and I feared I would be pulled along with it despite being well secured.

“Do you wanna see something cool, Jimmy?” asked Tank, bending close and speaking into my ear. “Listen,” He whispered.

As we approached the center of the circle, the footsteps began to echo more and more. Once we reached it, my line of sight was broken by the stroller and I could look around once more.

“Hello!” he called, and the sound echoed continuously.

“Hellohellohello,” reflected directly back at us over and over.

My mouth dropped open and my lollipop fell onto the cold stone floor. I was mesmerized. I was disoriented. And I was terrified. What was this place? All of it?

“Do you like it?” called a voice from somewhere above.

I perceived a man leaning over the balcony and smiling down at us. He had curly close-cropped hair, and a goatee.

“I was very particular in the design of this building.” He called down to us. “You are now situated at the very center of the whole complex. That effect you are experiencing symbolizes the reflective nature of our mind. All that we perceive is but a mirror of our inner selves.”

“Innerselves inner selves inner selves inner selves...”

“Oh brother. Not another speech,” muttered Billy under his breath. “Dr. Stannopoulos! What brings you down here? We were just coming up to see you,” he called, stepping toward the stairs.

“Well, I got tired of waiting,” said Dr. Stannopoulos. “No, don’t come up, I’ll come down.”

He quickly galloped down the stairs in the manner of a kid at Christmas, and I almost thought he would slide down the railing.

“Hello, young Jimmy, and welcome to C.A.B.S. I’m Dr. Stannopoulos, the director of this project. I hope you have enjoyed your time here so far!

He leaned in, and shook my hand, giving it a firm squeeze as he held my gaze.

“Well...” I began,

“It’s not often I greet our new guests in person, but you are a very special boy, Jimmy. I knew I would want to evaluate you myself. Right this way!” he hurried on ahead of us.

“Dr. Stannopoulos is the director and he’s very particular,” whispered Tank. “Be on your best behavior Jimmy, you don’t want to be on his bad side!”

I nodded and gulped.

We took an elevator to the second floor, along the balcony, and through a set of double doors where we found the Dr’s personal secretary at his desk.

“I don’t usually work here. It’s a bit out of the way, but it’s perfect when I don’t want to be disturbed, or when I have important meetings with people who don’t want to be disturbed. Teddy and Jimmy, you wait here. I need to talk to Billy. Alone.”

Billy went pale and followed the Dr. into his office. A set of double doors was closed.

I looked up at Tank.

“Teddy?”

“That’s my name, kiddo” he said, smiling, and ruffling my hair. “It means fierce protector. But everyone just calls me Tank.”

“Is your last name Bear?”

“That’s right little man,” he said with a chuckle. “I’m just a big teddy bear! That’s why I’m so good at snuggles!”

He tweaked my nose causing me to giggle.

We were suddenly startled by muffled yelling, and the sound of something being struck.

“Sloppy! ...Your mess! ...Freeze! ...Silence!” was about all I could make out.

I looked to Tank in concern, then to the secretary, who didn’t seem to react at all. Then back to Tank.

“Should we...?”

“NO,” said Tank. “No, best to just wait like we were told to.”

And so we waited in tense silence. In a few minutes, the door opened. The doctor smiled and beckoned us in, wiping his brow with a handkerchief. We followed him to a beautiful office, lined with books. Several degrees and awards were prominently displayed behind his desk. I might have taken more time to take in the details, but my jaw dropped at what I saw next. In the corner facing the wall was Billy with his pants around his ankles and a very red bottom.

“Billy?” I asked, incredulous.

“Don’t mind him, he’s in time-out right now. He’s been a very bad boy.” He said, as if it was perfectly normal to have someone standing in his office with their red bottoms exposed. He motioned to Tank to take a seat beside me. I remained strapped into my stroller.

“I must apologize for Billy’s terrible conduct. This is not how we normally do things here at C.A.B.S.”

My eyebrows went up in surprise. That's not what I expected to hear.

"You must have a lot of questions, but first let me explain exactly what it is we do here. It all started four years ago, with my groundbreaking paper on Adult Baby syndrome. I had a vision – something that would reform the justice system as we knew it by regressing criminals, re-introducing some to society, and turning others into harmless babies who could serve society in *other* ways. With the help of a very special volunteer, we were able to refine our techniques and demonstrate the viability of my idea. As you can see, it was quite effective."

I was beginning to see what Billy was complaining about. What exactly was his point?

"Today we run a very successful rehabilitation program called 'Fresh-Start', and a very successful adult baby research program, dedicated to the study of adult babies like yourself. That's where you come in. We could really-"

"I'm not an adult baby!" I interjected. Seeing Billy in the corner like that had made me brave enough to drop my pretense and try to get control of the situation.

"Hmm, that isn't what your intake papers say. Or the video evidence that's already in your file."

"You saw that?" I asked, feeling my face fall.

"Frankly, I think you'd be hard pressed to find a person on campus who *hasn't* seen it. You've made quite a stir, young Jimmy. Quite a stir."

"Look, I know this is going to sound crazy, but he made me do it with *words*. He just... whispered into my ear and... I don't know I just found myself unable to resist his commands!"

"So you think he hypnotized you."

"I guess? Maybe?"

"Look, Jimmy, I'm going to level with you. I know everything that has happened to you. Yes, everything. What happened with you and Billy... that's not *normal*."

"Obviously!" I said, crossing my arms.

"No, I mean what he did – giving you bald suggestions like that – should never have worked!"

"What do you mean?" I asked. Now I was really confused.

“Look, intimidation is one thing, but hypnosis doesn’t work on unwilling subjects. If what you say is true, then you must have had some level of trust in him, or the desire to *do* the things he was telling you to do. Your average person would probably not have responded at all to the suggestions that Billy spoke into your ear. Plainly put, you *are* an adult baby.”

“That’s bullshit! I never imagined anything like this in my life! I don’t like it at all!”

“Really? Any of it?” he asked, arching an eyebrow.

“Well...” I said, looking up at Tank, and back down at my lap.

“I thought so. Jimmy, leaving that aside, that’s not the only thing that is unusual about your case. There’s a reason why I wanted to evaluate you personally. Allow me to show you something. May I?” he asked.

“Go ahead.”

“I’m going to start counting up. As I do, you can allow your eyes to get heavier and heavier until-. Jimmy, are you with me? I haven’t started the count yet... I can’t believe it,” he said barking out a surprised laugh, “I haven’t even started the count and you’re already... He-he’s already...”

“Yeah,” said Tank. “I know. It’s unbelievable.”

“Awake.” The doctor said, snapping his fingers several times, and my eyes fluttered open.

“Jimmy,” he said, lacing his fingers together and leaning forward on the desk. “You have a very special gift. You see, most people see hypnotists as skilled specialists, but few know that being hypnotized is a skill as well. Some people are more gifted than others. And then there’s you. Even for an adult baby, the speed at which you have been picking up and responding to suggestions is uncanny. Frankly I’ve never seen anything like it in my life.”

“Are you saying I’m some sort of... hypnosis genius?” I asked, incredulous.

“That’s exactly what I’m saying, Jimmy!” he said, smiling. “And I would be delighted if you’d allow us to study just what happens when you go under, and how you react to our various techniques.”

“To be honest, I was hoping that once I told you the truth, you could just reverse all this and pronounce me cured? I mean, like I said, I’m not an adult baby.”

“We hear that one a lot, Jimmy. The short answer is no. We can’t reverse it. It’s your own mind that made you this way, and I have yet to find an adult baby who can change their inner nature. And even if I was to pronounce you cured, that wouldn’t help you weather the fallout with your professors, the student body, or the university administration. I’m a powerful man, Jimmy, but I’m not god.”

I thought about it, and he was right.

“Then there’s the legal issues. You see, we run a legitimate program here. I can’t just fabricate evidence to satisfy my patients’ whims. It remains to be seen just how much of your regressive behavior has come from your adult baby nature, and how much is pure suggestibility, but from everything I have seen, I have to conclude that part of you needs this – even if you aren’t quite ready to accept that yet. Remember the contract you signed when you came in here. You must follow our recommendations.”

“Even though I was coerced?”

“Did Billy hypnotize you to sign your name? Or force you to read the prepared statement?”

“Well, no I-”

“No, you did that on your own. Regardless of what Billy has or hasn’t done, there are serious consequences for lying to get into this program. I’m talking felonies here, Jimmy. Not only would your professors likely refuse to take you back into classes, you’d be facing some pretty harsh penalties for fraud. Now *are* you a liar, Jimmy?”

My mouth hung open. I shook my head no.

“No, I don’t think you are. And it wouldn’t make my program look very good if you were either.”

I was beginning to get the picture. Going back on it now wouldn’t be good for either of us.

He stood up and put his hands on the table.

“Jimmy, I like you. I like that you trusted me enough to tell me the truth, and I don’t want you to feel like you are being forced into this. So, I’m willing to make you a very generous offer in exchange for your cooperation, and your discretion. Something that will help us both.”

“I’m listening.”

“If you would allow us to study you, not only will you get to return to your classes, but we will pay your tuition. We will pay your housing. We will compensate you for any expenses related to your condition. We can even make sure you never see these two again.” He pointed to Billy and Tank.

I looked to my two captors and back at Dr. Stannopoulos.

“Will I still have to have a caretaker?” I asked.

“Yes, but we’ll get another one, that won’t be a problem.”

“Well, if I have to have a caretaker, I’d like to have Tank.”

“Aww, thanks sweetie!” he said, smiling down at me and ruffling my hair.

“I’m afraid that’s not an option,” said the director. “Since they both had a part in this, I have to either remove both of them from their duties as caretakers – and punish them for their behavior – or let them both off with a warning, and they will continue to watch after you.”

I frowned at this. Nothing about this situation was allowed to be easy, was it?

“And what do I have to do?”

“You will continue your treatment with C.A.B.S., you will cooperate with your caretakers and anyone involved in your treatment, and you will sign a nondisclosure agreement stating you will not speak of what we discussed today again.”

He took out a red folder and set a piece of paper before me. The words CONFIDENTIAL were printed across the top.

“This is the contract. Take as much time as you need to look it over.”

I stared at the page and thought about it a long while.

“You say I’ll never see *either* of them again?” I asked.

“That’s right. If that’s what you want,” said the doctor, his face serious.

“Then I’ll keep them both and take the offer.” I said, hardly believing my own words.

“Are you sure?”

“I am,” I said. “Now where do I sign? I’m about due for a bath.”