

## Babied by Billy

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

Jimmy finds comfort in the arms of Tank, but what will happen when it's time to go back to school? Has he figured out a way to get back to normal, or has he sealed his fate like the tapes sealing his diapers?

### Chapter 11: Bath Time!

"I'm very grateful for the fact that you volunteered to join us and allow us to study your unique capacity for hypnosis," said the director, once I had added yet another signature to my growing paper trail. "Your contribution will help us develop even more effective techniques for regressing our candidates!"

"Hold on," I said, as I watched the contract leave my grasp. "You want to regress me *more*? Just what techniques are you going to use?"

I watched from my stroller as the doctor placed the red folder on his side of the desk and went through his notes on the computer.

"I'm going to mark you as partially regressed, and recommend the treatment continue its course. I'm prescribing full-time baby treatment for you and putting it in your record. Your professors will get the notice in their inboxes that you are required to be dressed and treated as an infant at all times, and you will have special accommodations to participate in classes as such."

I began to panic.

"W-wait. No! I thought I was going to get my regular clothes back. I'm not supposed to be a baby! Let me out of this stroller! Tank! Security! Anyone!!!"

"Jimmy!" said Tank, clearly shocked by my outburst.

The doctor quickly came around the desk and touched my forehead.

"Sleep!"

I awoke to the sound of snapping fingers and looked around.

I was laying on the couch in the office, with my hands folded over my chest, and my teddy bear Theo was tucked snugly under one arm. Tank and Dr. Stannopoulos's faces hovered over me.

“How do you feel, Jimmy?” asked the doctor.

“Good,” I said, smiling.

“We had a little tantrum, didn’t we? But you don’t want to fight any more, do you?” he asked.

“Nope.” I said, smiling and closing my eyes again.

“Jimmy...Jimmy! I need your attention for a second,” said the doctor.

I opened my eyes.

“You’re a big baby, Jimmy.”

“Okay.” I said.

“Very good. I want you to repeat after me... It feels so good to be a little baby boy... I love being a big baby... I don’t want to grow up at all... I’m going to cooperate with my treatment... I’m not going to fight any grown-up who is looking after me... Whenever I have the urge to fight, I will say I need help feeling little... and someone will get me something to help me regress...”

I repeated each sentence. They were just sounds to me, and I didn’t really process what I was saying.

He turned to Tank and spoke.

“That should do. We’ll make that into a file that you can play for him at nap time. He’s going to be like this for a little while, but it’ll probably wear off in about half an hour, unless you bring him up completely yourself. Do you remember all the triggers I installed while he was here? Good. Any comfort item should do when he starts getting feisty. He seems to trust you, so I’m sure he will respond just as well to any positive reinforcement you give him. I’ll leave the rest to you and Billy.”

Tank sat me up and strapped me into the stroller. I just let him do it, staying limp and floppy through the whole process.

The doctor walked up to Billy.

“Unfreeze. Speech. You can get out of the corner now, Billy.”

Billy gasped, and stepped away from the wall, bending down to pull up his pants. His face and his eyes were red.

“Goodbye, boys,” said Dr. Stannopoulos. “Happy trails!”

“Come on, Jimmy,” said Tank. “You’re about due for a bath.”

“That’s what I said,” I giggled as I was wheeled out of the room.

By the time we got back to Billy’s house, I had somewhat returned to my regular self. Well, as regular as I could be under the circumstances. I was taken out of my stroller and set on the living room couch next to my friend David.

“I’ll be right back, kiddo. Just gonna run you that bath!” Tank bounded upstairs.

“I’ll bet you liked to see that, didn’t you?” sneered Billy, once Tank was out of earshot.

I shook my head. The truth was I didn’t. I didn’t like to see anyone get hurt, even an asshole like Billy.

“Whatever. Don’t think I’m going to go easy on you now,” Billy said. “I don’t owe you any favors. David, you watch the brat. I’m going to my room.”

Billy skulked off.

I turned to my best friend. It was the first the time I’d seen him since all this started. True, that was only yesterday, but it felt like an eternity.

“David. Oh my god, it’s been the most bizarre couple of days!”

“I can see that!” he said, looking me up and down.

I must have been quite a sight in nothing but a soaked diaper and a T-Shirt, an oversized baby pacifier clipped over my chest.

“You’ve got to help me! You’re roommate’s crazy, man. You won’t believe what Billy’s been doing to me!”

“Oh yeah? Try me.” he said, shifting toward me on the couch.

“Well, you saw what happened two days ago, when Billy made me play in the sandbox in nothing but a diaper.”

“How could I forget?” He said, raising his eyebrows.

“Well, I’ve been in diapers ever since. I’ve had to wet them, and mess them, and I was even spanked for talking back! And then when I went to class yesterday...they

made me... hey..." I said, noting a prominent tent in his shorts. "A-are you getting an erection?!"

"No dude, it's fine. Go on... so what happened in class?" he said, rubbing the front of his shorts.

"You're getting off on this aren't you? Can't you be serious for one second? I need you to help me get out of here!"

"Alright, ya got me," he said holding up his hands with a grin. "Watching you get treated like a baby and forced back into diapers is the hottest thing I've ever seen. I can't help myself!"

I scoffed.

"Unbelievable! You're supposed to be my friend, you horny idiot! Are you going to help me or not?"

"Look, dude. It was either you or me. And I wasn't about to become the Alpha Beta Delta Lambda's house baby!"

"David, what are you talking about?"

"I was almost in your position, dude. I was pledging to join the frat when I got picked to be the house baby. I wasn't about to spend my best years at college stuck in a crib, so I did what I had to do. I offered up something better."

So he was the pledge who 'gave up'. The one whose diaper I ended up wearing that first day.

"And you picked me? What the hell, man?"

"Hey, man, like I said, it was either you or me! And I knew if anyone would go along with the baby treatment it would be you. You remember high school, don't you? How you'd do literally anything you were told to do? I still think about that time I made you get on the table and bark like a dog the entire lunch period!"

His erection had returned to full mast as he recalled the incident.

"Besides," he said with a lecherous grin. "I've always had a thing for diapering up cute guys. And I've been wanting to see *you* in a diaper since we met."

"You asshole!" I said, "This is all your fault!"

I lunged at him, but he easily overpowered me, and pinned me to the couch.

“Looks like somebody needs a nap after their bath,” Tank said from behind me. “David, stop pickin’ on him or I’ll put *you* in time out.”

David got off of me and excused himself.

“I’ve got something to take care of…” he said, rubbing the front of his shorts as he walked away.

“Are you okay, sweetheart?” Tank asked, kneeling down close and looking me over.

“Yeah, I think so,” I said, rubbing my wrists. “Aside from finding out my best friend is a horny asshole.”

“Hey! Language!” said Tank. “...Hey.” He put his finger under my chin and lifted my head up to face him. “It’s not *all* bad. After all, if it wasn’t for him, I wouldn’t have found the cutest little boy in the world!”

Before I had time to blush, his hand shot down to tickle my neck, my side, and then my tummy.

“Stooooopppp,” I said, laughing. “I’m being serious!”

“Uh huh, very serious,” he said in a goofy voice, and copying my serious-face. “And it’s seriously your bath time! Lookit you, silly boy, you’re soaked!”

He picked me up and held me with one arm, patting my bottom with his supporting hand and bouncing me lightly.

“Good job, kiddo, that’s my good boy,” he said, into my ear and gave me a kiss on the head.

I hid my face in my hands. I felt very little when he said this, and warm all over, but the moment didn’t last long.

“Bath time! Bath time!” he exclaimed, zooming me up to the bathroom.

“Arms up!” he said, and I reached for the sky.

“Diapers down!” he said, and he untaped my diaper letting it plop to the floor.

“Baby boy in the tub!” he said, picking me up and lowering me down into the warm water. He had filled the tub with bubble bath and lots of bath toys.

“It’s been forever since I had a bubble bath...” I said, waving my hand through a clump of bubbles.

“Well, get used to it, kiddo! This is gonna be a regular thing!” he replied, grabbing the baby shampoo.

“I can wash myself, ya know.” I said to Tank.

“I know,” he said. “But I *wanna* do it. So let me take care of my little guy, okay?”

He took a little bucket and poured warm water over my hair. It ran down over my neck and shoulders and I sighed.

“Aww, somebody’s actually enjoying themselves!” he chuckled. “Isn’t it better when you relax and don’t worry about what other people think?”

I nodded. Of course it was much easier when it was just me and him.

He put shampoo in my hair and rubbed it all in. Then he rubbed down my back and neck with a wash cloth, which felt really nice.

*I could get used to this*, I thought, as he continued to my arms and upper body, making sure to get every inch nice and soapy all the way down to my belly button.

“Close your eyes, baby boy!”

He soaped up my face and then poured water over me to rinse all the soap and shampoo off.

“Show me your piggies!” he said, and I brought my feet up out of the water.

“You know what I’m gonna have to do now right?” he asked, grinning.

I tried to jerk my foot away, afraid he might try to tickle it.

“Hehe, you can’t get away that easy. I’m gonna count your piggies! This little piggy went to...”

“Oh no...” I said, groaning and rolling my eyes. “Not this. Tickle my feet instead! Please!”

“This little piggy stayed home!” he continued looking right at me with a shit-eating grin. “This little piggy had roast beef...”

“Oh gawd,” I said, covering up my face. “Kill me now!”

He continued the count and I played dead, slumping over the side of the tub.

When he finally finished, I came back to life and splashed him in revenge.

“I’ll get you for that, lil guy!” he said, splashing me back.

Pretty soon we were both laughing.

“Looks like I got a bath too! This’ll be a lot easier when we’ve got a tub big enough for both of us like back at the frat house.”

My eyes went wide as I thought about being naked in the tub with Tank. I tried to wipe the image from my mind as quickly as I could, and I was grateful for the bubbles obscuring my lower body.

“Alright, let’s get those toes and leggies clean already.”

He quickly scrubbed my feet and made his way toward my knees. I brought up my legs and pushed his hands away when he started to go higher.

“H-hey, I can do that part myself, Tank,” I said, blushing hard.

“Kiddo. I’ve changed your diaper.” He said. “Not to mention today’s doctor visit. Do you really think it’s anything I haven’t seen before?”

I looked away as he gently brought my legs back down and started washing my more intimate areas with the washcloth. It felt weird being taken care of down there by another guy. It felt kinda good. It felt kinda awkward. But mostly, like a lot of things in my life lately, it just made me feel like a little kid.

“There we go, kiddo! All clean! Now, you have to do one more thing before we get you out of the tub.”

“What’s that?” I asked.

“You gotta play with your bath toys!”

I looked down at the toys, then back to Tank with some doubt.

“Uh... I don’t really know how.”

“Well, why don’t you make up a story?” he said. “Here, what’s this one’s name?”

He held up a little tugboat with a smiley face on it.

“Uhh... Henry.”

“Okay. Henry the tugboat. And this is Willy the whale.” He said, grabbing a nearby sea creature. “And what do you think they’re doing?”

“Maybe they’re... I dunno, goin’ out to eat?”

“Oh, so it’s a date then?” he asked.

“Hehe, yeah...and...”

We talked and talked and built up an elaborate story about how the other toys kept trying to set the two of them up, but all *they* wanted to do was hang out and eat sushi. And it all culminated with a big whirlpool washing them all away when Tank popped out the drain and drained out all the water. It was actually really fun, and as I played with tub toys for the first time in my adult life, the thought never crossed my mind that I should feel embarrassed or bad for doing it.

“Look at you! You’re turning into a prune!” he said, as he helped me up and toweled me off.

He scooped me up, folding the towel around my waist, and bunching it up between my legs.

“Hup! Here we go, little one. Off to the changing pad, before you make a puddle on the floor!”

I hated that diapers were the first thing I had to look forward to after the nice bath, but I knew I would have to get used to them sooner or later.

“Okay, let’s see. I think we’d better make this one super-duper thick, since it’s already close to bedtime for you.”

He grabbed a thick space-themed diaper and two bulky stuffers and got to work fluffing the diaper.

“How is it close to bedtime? It’s still light out!” I said looking out the window.

“It’s 5 o’ clock! Bedtime is at 8,” he said, plopping me down on a changing pad in the guest bed.

“No way!” I complained, as he laid me on my back and slid a diaper under my butt.

“Yes, way, lil dude!” he said, smiling, and taping up my very thick diaper. I could feel the bulk of it forcing my legs wide, and I was grateful that I would probably be getting carried more than walking for the rest of the day.

“I protest!” I said, crossing my arms and sticking my tongue out at him.

“Yeah, yeah, whatever you say, kid. I’ll tell you what. You drink your bottle and take a nap now, and maybe I’ll let you stay up a little later with me and watch some TV. How does that sound?”

“Well, I dunno.” I said, putting on my best negotiator face. “Are you gonna let me choose the show?”

“Don’t push your luck, kiddo,” he smirked.

“Sold!” I said.

“That’s my good boy,” he said beaming, and causing me to feel those warm fuzzy feelings I got whenever he said those words.

“Now to choose your outfit.” He said, as he opened the closet.

I gasped and sat up as I saw that it was filled end to end with babyish garments. Sleepers, onesies, rompers, shortalls, overalls, the works. I didn’t even know they made half this stuff in adult sizes.

“Not a bad spread, eh?” said Tank, stepping back to admire the plethora of babyish attire on display.

“Is this really what I’m gonna have to wear all the time now?” I asked, knowing what the answer would be before he said it.

“Yup, it’s all yours, kiddo. C.A.B.S. brought it by after they took your measurements in the doctor’s office.”

“I don’t think I can handle going to classes dressed like a baby, Tank. It’s too embarrassing!”

“Sure ya can, kiddo. Like I said when you were in the bath, you just gotta relax and stop caring what other people think.”

“But how do I do that?” I asked, thinking about how embarrassed I felt earlier today when Billy made me show off my pacifier and teddy bear in public.

“Well,” he said. “Try this. Imagine that everyone around you is your good friend. You feel comfortable around your friends, right?”

“Not dressed like a little kid I don’t.”

“You don’t think your friends would like you as you are now? I have to disagree with you there,” He said.

“How would you know?” I asked, hugging my knees to my chest.

“I know because I’ve seen ‘em. Look.”

He showed me a picture of me in the bubble bath, covered in suds with my eyes scrunched up tight, and underneath were a ton of comments. Some of them were from my friends.

“Super cute, baby boy,” said one.

“We love you, Jimmy! Come over and visit sometime! And bring that cutie I saw you with earlier!”

“Hit me up when you have a chance, bro. Or should I say baby bro? We need to hang!”

“Glad you’re enjoying yourself, Jimmy! You’re so brave. Keep having the courage to be yourself!”

I looked at the picture and back up to him.

“So this must be the blog I’ve been hearing about, huh?” It was about what I expected. I knew that my descent into babyhood had been a poorly kept secret at best.

“Yeah, that’s it. You’re a celebrity on campus, little man. But don’t you see? Nobody cares how you dress, or how ‘grown up’ you seem. Because they’re your *friends*, kiddo.”

“Well, it’s still embarrassing to me,” I said, frowning. “I’m supposed to be a *man*! I’m supposed to have outgrown all this kid stuff, not be enjoying it!”

“So you do enjoy it.” He said, with a smirk. “I thought so. Baby boy, nobody expects you to be a man anymore, and you’ve got nothing to prove. Even the doctors agree. All you need to be is the best little boy you can be. Alright?”

“Well, what happens if I go out thinking everyone is my friend, and they don’t feel very friendly, huh? What if I get bullied for being a big baby?”

“Oh, ho ho. Let them try and see what happens.” He said, curling his hand into a fist and flashing a nasty grin that looked like it belonged to a whole ‘nother person. “You’ve got the whole ABDL network looking out for you. You’ll always have someone nearby that has your back. Even Billy wouldn’t let anyone *e/se* mess with you. Nobody will ever lay a finger on you, and that’s a promise.”

I thought about it for a while. And thought about it some more.

“I guess... if I have to be treated like a little boy... I might as well try to enjoy it...” I said, finally.

“Hehe, I think you already do, kiddo!” he said, tapping my nose.

## Chapter 12: A Nice Massage

“Ooh, here we go, this’ll be a nice one!”

Tank brought out a onesie covered in little footballs and basketballs, with the words ‘most valuable pooper’ emblazoned all over. I groaned but stepped in regardless as he held the legs open for me. I could have at least tried to dress myself, but I knew by now this was a battle I wasn’t going to win.

“Mitts again?” I asked, as he slipped the padded mittens from the night before over my hands.

“Sorry, lil guy,” said Tank, looking anything but. “We gotta keep your little hands out of the way until you learn to let grown-ups do things for you!”

“But why?” I asked with a whine.

“I think you know the answer to that, little guy. Tell Uncy Tank why you need to let grown-ups do things for you.”

“Because I’m not a man, I’m a little boy?” I asked, rhetorically.

“That’s right, punkin. You’re so smart! Now you wait here,” he said, parking my butt on the bed, “and I’ll be right back with your baba.”

He soon returned with my bottle, and Theodore, who he rescued from the stroller downstairs.

Tank sat me in his lap and pulled me in close, holding me from behind and bringing the bottle to my lips.

“There you go, sweetums. Drink it all up!”

I lay there and hugged Theo, feeling a bit silly as I let Tank hold the bottle to my mouth with one hand and rub my belly with the other. Yet as silly as I felt, I drank eagerly. I realized that this was worse, in a way, than when Billy did it. Worse because I realized I was actually enjoying this treatment, and I didn’t really want to enjoy it. I didn’t even really mind the flavor of the formula anymore. It was by no means delicious, but my association of sucking with nourishment overrode any disgust I should have felt from the iron-flavored beverage. My body was getting *used* to being fed like an infant, and the bottle was quickly drained.

“There we go,” he said softly, “all done! Aww, somebody’s already falling asleep with his full tum tum!”

My eyes were indeed drooping. I could feel my dinner slosh around as he got up from behind me and laid me on the bed. Tank kissed me on the head and popped my pacifier in before grabbing a pair of headphones and placing them over my head. I drifted off just as a soothing lullaby began to play in my ears.

I'm sure it wasn't that long of a nap, but when I woke up, my cheek was lying in a puddle of drool and the music was still going. It was mostly just music, but I made out words here and there – they sounded like my own voice. I pushed the headphones off with my mittened hands, and wiped my cheek, which only served to smear the drool around. I huffed and got up to leave the room with Theo under my arm. It wasn't easy with two mittened hands and round doorknobs, but I managed to get out into the hallway. Billy's room was closed – he'd probably sulk in there for the rest of the night, and I was more than glad to let him. David's room was open, and I could hear the sound of the TV coming from the living room below. Probably another grown up movie. Unfortunately, there was a wall blocking my view. I wondered if I could sneak a peek without Tank finding out.

“Okay Theo,” I whispered to my bear. We gotta be extra quiet, ‘cuz we’re gonna sneak downstairs and watch grownup shows. We’re secret spies. Ninja assassins. And this is the big test, so we gotta be silent like the wind!”

I dropped down to the floor and belly crawled to the stairs so I couldn't be detected. Unfortunately I was foiled by a baby-gate at the top of the stairway.

“Don't even think about it!” came Tank's voice as I began to lift a leg to climb over it.

I suddenly realized that the sound of the TV had stopped some time ago. So much for that plan.

“Aww! How'd you know?” I asked, disappointed as the big man appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

“We could hear you crinkling from the hall, little dude,” called David. “Nice try, though, ninja warrior.”

I yelped and hugged Theo tight as I was lifted high up over the gate and carried down to the living room. I felt like a plush toy myself being carried around everywhere.

“See,” he said to David, “this is why you can't leave these little guys alone for even a minute. Jimmy, don't you know that little boys shouldn't be playing near the stairs?”

I just shrugged. I still had the sense to be slightly embarrassed, but after so much baby treatment I was starting to just get used to comments like these.

Tank plopped down next to David on the couch and popped open my crotch snaps to check my diaper.

“How’s it lookin’ over there?” asked David.

“He’s pretty wet, might be due for a change soon.”

“Hey!” I yelped, blushing and trying to push Tank’s hands away as I was manipulated in this giant man’s lap. I didn’t like having my diaper checked out in the open like this – it felt too naked.

“What’s wrong baby boy?” said Tank, grinning and batting at me like a boxer. “Got your pampers in a bunch? You wanna start something?”

“Stop takin’ off my clothes and showin’ my diaper in front of David,” I said, trying not to laugh.

David grinned, and gave my diapers a squeeze as Tank rendered me helpless with a big bear hug from behind.

“No fair,” I squealed, as the two of them teased and tickled me. Pretty soon my onesie was off, leaving me completely exposed to their mischievous fingers.

“Gimme back my clothes!” I said, reaching out as David inspected the design and laughed.

“Oh are these your clothes, little guy? Are you Alpha Beta’s most valuable pooper?”

“N-no! That’s not what I-”

“Yup,” said Tank, ignoring my outburst. “that’s what it sounds like to me! He’s a big pooper and wants his favorite onesie back to prove it! And after all that fuss he put up about baby clothes earlier.”

Once again, I was being talked about like I wasn’t there and not being taken seriously. My meal and nap had put a little fight in me, so I decided I was gonna push back for once. I managed to wiggle away and hopped to my feet as the two guys continued to joke amongst themselves. I stomped my foot to get their attention and put on my best serious face despite being in nothing but a soggy space diaper.

“Uh, oh!” Said Tank, “Looks like the little man has something to say!”

“Speech!” said David, grabbing a beer from the side table and clinking it with the bottle opener.

Oh, I’d give ‘em a speech alright. I was gonna let ‘em BOTH have a piece of my mind!

“I need help feeling little!” I said, crossing my arms and nodding with satisfaction. It took me a second to register what I had said. My eyes went wide, and I jerked my head back, stunned at my own words. Why had I said that?

“Aww!” said Tank, whose expression quickly changed from amusement to aww. “C’mere lil’ guy!”

I was pulled into his lap, and when I tried to stand up, he just gave a little downward push on the small of my back at just the right time to halt my momentum, causing me to drop right back down. He pulled me into him, showering me with kisses. I scrunched up my face and tried to wiggle away but I was caught.

He paused and turned over to David who was watching us with a sort of dazed expression.

“This little guy isn’t allowed to watch big boy programs. We’re gonna have to change it to something else.”

“Uh....oh, yeah, right,” said David, snapping out of it and grabbing the remote.

“Can I pick?” I asked, hopefully.

“Sure, you can kiddo. Do you wanna watch Pawsome Squad or Greenie?”

I scrunched up my face again. I didn’t want either.

“Greenie it is, then,” Tank said, booping me on the nose as David switched over to children’s programming.

I looked down at my exposed diaper and bare legs and blushed at my nakedness as the cartoon dog family danced on the screen. This isn’t what I had in mind when Tank said I would get to stay up.

“This is a baby show.” I mumbled. It was all I could really think to say.

“Then I guess it’s perfect for you, huh, little guy?” said Tank, giving me another hug.

I just whined at this and tried to force my way out of Tank’s lap. Tank was treating me like a two-year old, and David was watching on fascinated like my life was the best show he’d ever seen. If this was my only option for hanging out, I’d rather go back upstairs.

“Shhh, baby boy. Settle down. I said settle!”

Tank smacked my thigh firmly enough to get my attention. I stopped and looked up.

“That’s better. Why don’t you just lay down in Uncy Tanks lap? There you go. Just lay down and relax, and look at the little doggies.”

As he said this, he began to run his fingers lightly over my belly, my legs, and the edges of my diaper - light enough to tickle but just firm enough not to make my body jerk away in response. I instantly relaxed and let out a soft sigh as my eyes drooped.

“I think he likes it,” said Tank, looking up at David and back down to me. “Look at him, he’s totally zonked out.”

“Wow, dude. Where did you learn that trick?”

“It’s just something my mom used to do. But it’s usually not this effective. God he’s cute like this.”

All I could do was make little noises of contentment in response as he continued the heavenly massage, pausing to pat my diaper from time to time. We must’ve gotten through four episodes and I had no idea what I watched – I was too busy blissing out.

“Watch this,” said Tank, after a while. “Do you like it when Uncy Tank gives you rub rubs, baby boy?”

I nodded and smiled, barely opening my eyes to look up at Tank’s gentle face.

“It feels so good to be a little baby boy, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah,” I mumbled, “I..I love being a big baby...”

“You don’t want to grow up at all, do you, little guy?”

I shook my head. “Never ever.”

“Wow,” said David, quietly. “Why is he like that right now?”

“Dr. S said that when they’re really really relaxed, they’re more open to suggestion.”

“So like... after a massage... or... an orgasm?”

“Yeah,” said Tank. “That’s exactly right. You just have to use positive statements. Why don’t you try it?”

“Me?”

“Yeah, go ahead. Give it a try, buddy.”

“Hey little dude,” said David softly. “Hi there.”

“Hewwo...” I mumbled back.

“You’re not mad at me still, are you?”

I shook my head no. I wasn’t mad about anything at that moment. I felt too good.

“Are you excited to be the Alpha Beta house baby for the next four years, little guy?”

I nodded and smiled.

“All the guys are gonna help take care of you, including me! That’ll be fun, don’t you think?”

“Yeah...” I said, giggling softly as I imagined all the cute guys looking after me.

“Jimmy... uh... I don’t know how to ask this but... do you like boys?”

I didn’t respond. My mind wasn’t clear enough to formulate an answer or even process the question.

“Remember, positive statements, dude. You like da da da, don’t you? Like that...”

David tried Tank’s advice. “You like boys, don’t you Jimmy?”

I nodded and smiled. “I fink so... I wike Tank...”

“What about me, little guy? You like me too, don’t you?”

I nodded again, totally unconcerned with what I was admitting.

“We still haven’t talked about the birds and the bees with this one, yet,” said Tank. “But we have some rules you need to know about that kinda stuff, so cool your heels on that for now,” said Tank.

“Dude, he’s so fucking cute, though,” said David. “I don’t know if I wanna eat him up or fuck him!”

“Hey, language. Not in front of the little one, you horndog. I’m going to get you a chastity cage if you get to babysit this lil’ guy. Seriously.”

“S-sorry, sir. It won’t happen again. This is still new to me, and I’ve known Jimmy for a long time. I’ve just never seen him this relaxed or this open. He- I think he’s peeing, dude!”

“Good boy,” said Tank. Before I could respond to David’s comment a wave of warmth washed over me and my world went fuzzy. I sighed as Tank moved his hands, putting a little more pressure onto the diaper as the warmth spread over my crotch. I began to moan and move my hips and he put my pacifier in to quiet me.

David’s eyes were bugging out of his head as I responded to Tank’s touch like an ignition switch turning on a sports car.

He was so gentle about it, he wasn’t really groping me so much as making me feel good in my diaper. Nevertheless I found myself getting very squirmy, and I began trying to rub myself through my diapers – a task made nearly impossible with the mitts and the thick diaper.

Tank Chuckled and moved my hands away. “Now, now, little one. You should know better than to try that. I think it’s time for the little one’s nightly milking. David. Get the lube.”

“Lube? What are you talking about-” He stopped as Tank gave him a sharp look. “Right. Lube. Right away sir.” David scrambled off to grab the requested item.

“And bring a rubber gloves while you’re at it,” Tank called after him.

David quickly returned with the items and Tank brought me up so my head rested up by his shoulder.

“Put your arms around my neck, sweetie.” He said, smiling gently down at me.

I obeyed hugging him and sighing contentedly. I was too blissed out to really put two and two together, even when I heard the snap of rubber. My eyes shot open when I felt him reach down the back of my diaper, though. I tensed up and tried to wiggle away, but he shushed my whimpers.

“Shhh, sweetie. It’s okay. Let Uncy Tank do what he needs to do.”

I squeezed my eyes, expecting discomfort like I had felt when the doctor first stretched my hole, but to my surprise I felt nothing at all as his fingers seemed to pass right into me without any resistance. And then I felt him, and I relaxed.

“I’m in,” said Tank.

“Already? How many fingers have you got in him?”

“Three.”

“Whoah. How is he that loose back there?” asked David, in awe. Tank’s fingers were literally as big as sausages, bigger depending on what brand you were talking about.

“Dr. W. put a hollow stretching ring inside of him. He’ll stay open as long as it’s in there.”

I might have known this if I had ever been allowed to touch my diaper area, but my hands hadn’t traveled below my waist in days. Tank’s fingers radiated warmth inside of me, and it was a strangely comforting feeling. At least until he began to move them. I gasped at the sensation as he brought his fingers up toward my belly button, just as he had seen the doctor do.

“Shh, baby boy. Just relax. I got you.”

I whimpered at that and let out a little moan as he pushed that special spot deep inside of me that made my dick jump. I felt another spurt of pee hit the front of my diaper and knew he had found the right spot.

“What are you doing to him?” asked David, taking note of my muffled moans and the way I was clinging to Tank’s neck.

“Dr. W showed us how to do this today. You have to curl your finger up toward his belly button. That’s the prostate. You just bring your finger in like you’re... uh...”

“Fingering a pussy?” asked David, breathlessly.

“I was gonna say beckoning someone over, but yeah. That too.”

“Fuck yeah, dude.”

“Language!”

“Sorry! Sorry!”

“Don’t do it again or you’re next. And I won’t use lube.” Tank’s voice had an edge to it that I hadn’t heard before. One that commanded respect. David gulped audibly.

Tank had already turned his attention back to me, though, picking up the pace of his ministrations.

I held on tight and my moans increased along with his pace until my voice was just one continuous moan. I pressed up against him as hard as I could. Whatever was left in my bladder soon warmed the front of my diaper as he continued to massage there. His efforts were making that feeling of stimulation grow and grow. It felt like the root of what it felt like when I masturbated – that part that builds until it passes the point of no return and spills over into an orgasm. Yet without any stimulation to the front of my body, it was frustratingly slower to build. I usually lasted less than a minute, and this felt like it went on forever.

And the whole time I could feel him. Curled up against his huge warm body, I could feel him breathe. I could hear him grunt occasionally, or shift to quicken his pace. I could hear his heartbeat as well. And the smell – that same smell that always comforted me when I held his old teddy Theo close. It was comforting to be with him through this intense and unfamiliar experience. It seemed like he was my security blanket through the whole experience of the past few days, and I wanted to hold onto him as tightly as possible.

My heart was beating in my ears as I tried to catch my breath, every stroke sending me further into the sensations that told me my body was going to have a big release. Whether that was an orgasm or going potty I found it difficult to tell. Then, my body involuntarily pushed out, trying to force his fingers out, and when that didn’t work, my hole spasmed around the invading appendages. My mouth hung open and the pacifier fell out as I moaned loudly, unable to care who heard me or think about anything but the intense sensations coming from back there. I scrunched my eyes shut. I was coming close. My body was at its limit and just as I thought I could take no more, I suddenly went rigid, my legs shooting out behind me and pushing me up over his shoulder. He adjusted his grip up toward my neck and held me down, as I spasmed and jerked on his fingers like a fish on a line.

He talked softly into my ear the whole time, whispering words that slipped right past my awareness deep into my mind as my yelling quieted down, leaving behind just the occasional whimper and moan as I jerked from the aftershocks.

“Oh my god, dude. I just came in my pants,” said David. “That was so f- I mean... that was hot.”

“It’s not like that, D. It’s just something the little guy needs to stay healthy. Doctor’s orders.”

“Uh huh, sure. I also know your shorts didn’t have three legs a minute ago. Don’t tell me you didn’t enjoy that.”

“I always like making my little guy feel good. But I’m not a pervert like you, D.”

“Yeah, keep telling yourself that. So who gets to keep him when he’s finished? I heard...” David’s voice trailed off.

As the hazy post orgasm state slipped away, it was quickly replaced by a heavy blanket of exhaustion that pulled me rapidly toward slumber.

“Well...”

“You think...?”

“...what about Billy?”

“Well, I have a plan...”

The conversation continued in hushed whispers, but I was already losing consciousness.

“I’m listening...”

## Chapter 13: Special Accommodations

*I remember seeing you, my tongue struck dumb  
When you first came here from wherever it was you came from  
The power in your voice, your rough touch  
You keeping care of me, keeping watch*

*Open up the doors to the tent  
Wonder where the good times went  
I will do what you ask me to do  
Because of how I feel about you*

–Genesis 30:3, The Mountain Goats

I was back in my normal room again. In normal adult clothes, with normal adult underwear. Was this real?

“Dude,” said Stone, pulling off his chunky headphones. “What’s got you all spaced out? You didn’t smoke without me, did you?”

I looked up from my daze. “Oh. Uh, no, it’s nothing. I was just. I should go... to class.”

“Right,” he said, raising his eyebrows. Then he just shrugged and put his headphones back on.

What had happened? I could swear I fell asleep at David and Billy’s place dressed as a baby. It didn’t make any sense.

My morning classes went like normal. I saw David at lunch, he didn’t say a thing about the bizarre events of the past few days. We passed Dr. Windelmann outside of C.A.B.S. The doctor didn’t even nod in my direction. At lunch time we were just outside of the Dining Center when we ran into Billy. My stomach turned as he approached us. He and David bumped fists, but Billy hardly even noticed me.

“Sorry, dude! Can’t do lunch today! My roomie and I have Alpha Beta business to attend to.”

Billy patted David’s butt as they walked off. I heard a distinct crinkle when he did so.

I couldn’t believe I had done it. I had jumped timelines and broken free of the twisted reality that was my life in baby treatment. And I would have stayed that way too

except that on the way to my next class I passed Tank going the opposite direction with some of his frat bros. I waved without even thinking and called out.

“Hey, Tank!”

The group looked my way, verified amongst themselves that none of them knew me, then just continued walking.

“Wait! Tank! It’s me! Don’t you recognize me?” I said, catching up to him, and tugging on his sleeve. He turned around with a friendly but confused smile.

“Uh, I think you’ve got the wrong guy, lil’ dude!”

“Tank, what are you talking about, it’s me. Jimmy!”

“Yo, get outta here,” said one of the other guys, stepping toward me. “We don’t *know* you.”

“Hey, hey, cool it,” said Tank, throwing his muscular arm out to stop his friend. He looked back at me. “Look, if you wanna join Alpha Beta, we’re still taking pledges. Just-”

I stepped back in shock. Of course he didn’t know me. I wouldn’t have met Tank if I had stayed an adult. I knew then that I couldn’t have it both ways. This wasn’t right. This wasn’t fair. I began to cry.

“Uh... h-hey,” he said, looking distinctly concerned. “You okay, lil’ dude?”

I was dangerously close to a meltdown. I had to suck my thumb to calm myself down, and when I did finally speak, I could only barely manage it between sobs. His eyes got wide and he held his hands up as the tearful words that trickled out of my mouth became a torrent.

“I... you... Billy made me a baby... and then... you came and... I was so scared... and Billy was so mean... but you said you’d protect me and you made me feel safe and I don’t wanna be a baby but I love you Tank and I can’t...”

I stopped. My eyes went wide. I knew what to do! I held out my hand – there was no mitt there now – and stuck out my pinky. “Pinky promise! Remember, Tank? We made a pinky promise!”

“Pinky... promise...” he murmured to himself, looking down at his own hands.

I thrust my pinky at him again, signaling him to link his with mine. Hesitantly, he began to do so. As soon as we linked fingers, a dawning recognition came over his face...

“... Baby... boy...?”

“Yes,” I said, smiling through my tears, “It’s me! It’s your baby boy!”

He began to cry and pulled me into a big bear hug. “Baby boy! Oh my god, how could I forget? I’m so sorry sweet pea. I’ll never forget my little guy again.”

“But I’m not...” I said, my voice cracking. “I don’t want to be a baby...”

“But... didn’t you like being my baby boy, sweet pea? I don’t understand.”

“I did! I- I do! But...”

“Baby boy...” he said, cupping my chin. “I know you want this as much as I do. Let me take care of you. No, don’t look away from me, don’t even think about it. Just say yes.”

Tank stood there, looking down at me and smiling softly. I nuzzled his hand with my cheek. It was so warm. All those fuzzy feelings were coming back. It felt like I was coming home.

“Yes, Tank! Yes. I want to be your baby boy.”

He smiled and swooped me up into his arms. Brushing past his confused companions, he carried me off into the sunset.

“Come on, baby. Let’s go home...”

I woke up to the chill of a wet wipe passing over my hairless crotch. The feel of the thick mitts immobilizing my hands had returned, but the press of my thick and soggy padding was missing. It was an unfamiliar sensation. Was it weird that I missed the comfort of my snug diapers?

“There’s my little boy,” said Tank, smiling a relaxed smile as his gentle hands continued their work. “That must have been a good dream, little pooper! You were smiling and giggling so much!”

I was right back to being a helpless baby boy, no use of my hands, not even the ability to take off my own onesie, much less change my own diapers. I looked down at

my tiny hairless dick, limp and dribbling onto the soiled padding even as I was being cleaned off. I tried to clench and stop the flow, but it had no effect.

“You’re quite the little pooper, buddy. I’m glad the stretching ring is doing its job!”

“Da- er...Tank?” shit. I had almost called the man ‘Daddy’.

“Yes, sweet pea?”

“Why do I have to wear a stretching ring?”

Tank chuckled, as he balled up the diaper and tossed it into the diaper pail by the bed. He grabbed another diaper and began to fluff it out, getting it ready to go under my Butt.

“Little guys like you sometimes need help to stay relaxed back there and use their diapers whenever they need to!”

He lifted my legs and slid the diaper under my bottom. Then, he gave the ring a little tap, sending a shiver of pleasure through my body, and causing me to squirt pee onto my stomach. I moaned in pleasure and humiliation. I was an 18-year-old man, and I had just peed on myself.

Tank’s eyebrows went up and he quickly lowered my legs and butt onto the diaper.

“Oops! I forgot you’re a squirter, little guy! Let’s get that cleaned up and I’ll tape you up.”

I looked away as my tummy was wiped clean. I was ashamed, but I couldn’t deny that it felt good to let Tank spread diaper cream on my hairless diaper area. I let out a contented sigh at the comforting feeling of the diaper being taped up, hugging my bottom and my little bits nice and snug. Tank had put it on me, so all those feelings were thanks to him. It was like carrying a nice hug from him around with me wherever I went and that made me smile.

“Somebody’s happy to be back in a diaper!” said Tank, looking pleased as punch. He lifted me up and held me close for the short trip to the closet.

“I can walk, ya know!” I said, with a laugh.

“I know,” he said, smiling down at me. “Now let’s see what the little boy is going to wear today!”

I looked over the options. There were overalls, mostly onesies, and a whole lot of pajamas.

"I don't suppose there's a regular pair of jeans in there? Maybe a plain black T-Shirt?"

"Nope!" said Tank without a hint of apology in his cheerful voice.

After a minute he came out with a light one-piece sleeveless outfit with snaps on the shoulder straps and crotch. It had vertical blue and white stripes, and little bunnies munching carrots on the front.

"What is *that*?" I asked, pulling a face.

"This is called a Jon-Jon. It's super comfy for active little guys like you who like to scoot around. Let's see how it looks!"

"I feel kind of naked," I said, once it was on me. I noted the amount of exposed skin around my neck, shoulders, and especially under my arms. "You can see right down the armholes to my diaper!"

"Chill out, kiddo. You look so stinkin' cute! Take a look!"

Tank scooted me over to the mirror. Staring back at me was an overgrown toddler. Adorable, yes, but nothing like the athletic and confident guy I was so used to seeing. I looked down at my padded mitts. I felt a sense of panic as I realized that I was going to go to school like this whether I liked it or not.

"Aww, why the long face? I think somebody needs a little breakfast in his tummy. Let's go!" He picked me up and zoomed me up to Tank height, sound effects and all. Down the hall we flew, passing Billy's closed door. Going through the baby gate. Down the stairs. Into the kitchen where he was soon warming my bottle as he gently bounced me on his hip.

I was fed breakfast in Tank's lap, my hands useless for even holding a bottle. I sucked on the sweet nectar automatically, feeling all warm and fuzzy as the liquid hit my empty tummy. I could already feel my diaper getting wet as I drained the last of it. Then he burped me.

"Wow! That was a big one!" he said. "Now we're ready to take on the day. Are you excited?"

"Tank, what's got you so happy today?"

“I’m happy because my little boy is going back to class, and I know this time he’ll be *safe* and *protected* so he can’t wander off and get lost! And if you call me Tank like a big boy again, you’re gonna have a sore bum, Kiddo. Call me Uncy Tank, or that cute name you almost called me this morning.”

I blushed hard. So he had caught that.

Tank sat me in my waiting stroller and buckled the straps up between my legs and over my waist. My backpack had been replaced by a fully packed diaper bag hanging over the handles. He handed me Theo to cuddle, not even pretending at discretion anymore.

“All ready to go captain!” he said, saluting after he finished his safety check. He began to push me toward the front door and the waiting world.

“Hey, wait! Didn’t you forget my shoes and socks?”

“Don’t worry about that. You’ve got your stroller and Uncy Tank to carry you around wherever you need to go.”

“No... this is too embarrassing!”

I pawed uselessly at the buckles holding me in place, but I was pushed out into the sunlight regardless. All I got for my efforts was a paci pulled from the diaper bag, clipped to my shirt, and stuffed in my mouth.

“Snuggle Theo, little man. There you go. I’ve got a blankie right here too if you get cold, okay munchkin?”

I immediately obeyed. I sighed in contentment and nodded as I took a deep huff of the teddy and caught Tank’s comforting scent. I found myself beginning to drool as my eyes began to glaze over.

“Wow, little guy, that worked a little too well, huh? Maybe take it easy on the good stuff, there. You’re gonna be totally zonked out for class!”

Again he kept me feeling small by narrating our trip to school.

“See the big yellow bus, Jimmy? That’s how big kids go to school! You’re going to school too! You’re gonna learn lots today, aren’tcha?”

The walk to school was not a long one, and I could feel my anxiety growing with every step. I squeezed Theo tight as we approached campus.

“It’s okay, sweetie. I’m here.”

The walk through campus garnered a lot of smiles, stares, and even a few glares. A few people came up to gush over me, but Tank was built for crowd control.

“Listen,” he said, “I don’t have time for this right now and you’re scaring by boy, so calm your titties. If you really want to see him, just check out the alpha beta website. Or come to our party at the end of the week!”

Once again, he was my protector, even while I was being forced to go to school dressed like a toddler. In a short time, we rolled up to the Humanities building.

“Guess what, little man? Your first class is with me!”

“Uh, so it’s going to be hard to take notes in class with these on.” I was sitting next to Tank looking at my useless hands encased in poofy mitts. My desk was bare. No pen, no paper, and my textbooks were nowhere in sight.

“Don’t worry, kiddo, I’ll take notes for you. Theo can help too!” He patted the bear’s head and sat him back in my lap.

“What about when we both have classes?”

“Don’t worry, I’ve taken care of it. You’ll have a designated caretaker in each class, and a backup in case they have a sick day. Between Alpha Beta and C.A.B.S. There’s plenty of willing volunteers, believe me.”

“A chaperone? Is this because I ran out of class yesterday?” I asked.

“This isn’t a punishment little guy, so don’t think of it like that. Yesterday wasn’t your fault. Little guys like you need to be looked after and I’m so sorry I left you alone yesterday. I promise it’ll never happen again.”

“But I don’t wanna have a babysitter in class,” I whined.

Tank got off his seat and kneeled in front of me. He reached down and gently guided my paci into my mouth.

“No more of that, sweetheart. You’re officially just a baby. You’ve already proven you can’t be unsupervised, and you can’t expect the professors to look after you while teaching a class. That’s why you need this, sweetie.”

I sucked on my paci and hugged my bear. Was I really a big baby? Did I really need this? While I was puzzling out my place in the universe, Tank took the opportunity to unpop the crotch snaps of my romper for a quick diaper check.

“Lookin’ good, kiddo.” He said, with a thumbs up. “We’ll see how it looks after class.”

Professor Rice was a tall bespectacled woman with a copious amount of blond hair flowing down to her waist. She was dressed simply, with a sweater, a black knee-length skirt, and pumps. When she looked over at me in my new outfit, she gave a little wry smile.

“Okay, everyone. Let’s take attendance. Yes, I take attendance, because all you freshman are still babies in my book. Some more than others.” She shot me a look and raised her eyebrow.

This drew some nervous laughter from the class, and I sunk down in my seat.

“Today, I’ll be going over punctuation. Your excitement is palpable, I can already feel it, but pay attention, kids. A misplaced apostrophe can be the difference between knowing your shit and knowing you’re shit. Isn’t that right, Showboat?”

The class laughed again, as she pointed to a guy wearing a team jersey from our school’s baseball team. He nodded and laughed right along with everyone else.

Professor Rice did not intend to be mean. In fact, her sarcastic humor kept everyone’s attention on what she was doing, and she wasn’t afraid to poke fun at other students either. Her casual acknowledgement of my condition at various points in the class actually helped break the ice, and the nervous laughter soon became more relaxed. Even I found myself giggling a bit at times.

How are you holding up, Champ?” whispered Tank, about halfway through the hour. I nodded and gave a thumbs up, but found that with my mitts, it just looked like a raised hand.

“Did the little man have a question about the wonders of the semicolon?” asked Professor Rice.

I shook my head. At this moment, of all moments, my body decided it was a good time to pack my pampers with mush. I felt a twinge in my tummy, and immediately filled my pampers. With a loud blort, warm poop rushed into the back of my diaper without anything to hold it back.

“I guess it was another colon you were worried about,” she said, waving her hand in front of her face. This drew more laughter from the class.

“Mr. Babysitter. You can be excused to take care of junior.”

Tank got up and pulled the diaper bag from under his seat. I was quickly led out of the room, having to walk barefoot between the rows of Desks until Tank had enough room to scoop me up and whisk me away to the bathrooms. Some of the newer buildings had gender neutral restrooms that were single occupant, but this was an old building, so we had to settle for a handicap stall. The idea of being barefoot in a bathroom seemed gross to me, but Tank had disposable changing pads with him and he had me stand on that.

He unpopped my crotch snaps and rolled the romper up out of the way.

“Okay, cupcake. This is gonna be a little different. Just squat down.”

I squatted down and he undid my tapes, letting the diaper fall onto the pad with a plop. He used the front of the diaper to wipe off as much as he could, and then the back. Meanwhile a couple of chatty guys came into the bathroom and I tried to get his attention. I tapped on his shoulders and gestured toward the noise, but he was busy finishing the job with some wet wipes.

“Hey! Are there two guys in that stall?” said one voice, sounding surprised and amused.

“Hey dudes, break it up, I can see your feet!” said another, laughing.

I tried to move my feet where they couldn't be seen but Tank stopped me.

“Hold still, sweetie. I'm almost done, then we'll get you all diapered up again.”

I heard immediate laughter from outside the stall.

“Is somebody getting his diapees changed?”

“Hey, guys, daycare center's thattaway!”

I was just about ready to flush myself down the toilet when Tank finished, balled up the diaper, and grabbed a new one from the diaper bag. It was thick, crinkly, and had a smiling chipmunk and beaver prominently displayed on front.

“Look! It's the Diaper Pals! Your favorite!”

More laughter.

He had me scoot back on the pad to pin the back of the diaper between my butt and the stall, then he taped up the front.

“This is a standing change, kiddo. That’s good for you to know in case you ever get to grow up and change your own diapers. But I don’t think we’ll ever have to worry about that. We’ll try and find a better place for you to change next time, sweetie.”

Once he snapped me back up, he gathered everything up and hoisted me up on his hip. He stuffed the balled-up changing pad into the back of the balled-up diaper. He opened the door holding me on his hip with one hand, the soiled diaper in the other, and the diaper bag slung over his shoulder,

Three guys in Alpha Beta jackets stood there, grinning, one was already recording on his phone.

“Thanks, guys,” said Tank, handing off the diaper to be tossed. He looked down at my confused face and offered an explanation. “This was just a practice run, muffin. You have to get used to bein’ a baby in public, even if people aren’t very nice about it. And you did so good sweetie!” He kissed my cheek, which I immediately wiped in embarrassment.

The guy who wasn’t holding the camera chimed in.

“I promise we’re not really that big of assholes-”

“Language!” said Tank, “Do I have to have a training for all the Alpha Betas?”

“Sorry big guy,” said the frat boy, raising his eyebrows and holding up his hands. “Force of habit.”

“You tell the guys the next one who curses in front of the little one has to wear a pacifier for the rest of the day. Here, take him for a second, I need to wash my hands.”

“No prob, broski,” he said, as Tank handed me off to him.

He looked down at me. “Hey little cutie!”

I blushed and looked away. I wasn’t *that* much smaller than most people – but the difference was enough. Whatever they were feeding those Alpha Betas meant that almost every one I met had at least seven inches on me.

“He’s shy, said Tank,” reaching his arms out to accept me back. I immediately buried my face in his shoulder. “He’ll warm up to you, I’m sure.” Tank gave by butt a reassuring pat with his supporting hand and bounced me lightly as his other hand rubbed my back.

“And cut! I’m sending the video off to the blog now. This is gold, man. Pure gold,” said the camera man, tapping away at his phone.

I didn’t care. I was already relaxed and warming my diaper from all the rubs, pats, and bounces I was receiving.

Professor Rice – in her characteristic style – stopped the class to call attention to our return.

“Well, if it isn’t Tiny and Gun Show sneaking back into class! You two might have to share a seat, looks like Mr. Teddy Bear took Tiny’s.”

Tank looked like he was seriously considering it, but I quickly slipped into my seat before he decided to bounce me on his knee for the rest of class.

After class, the teacher pulled us aside. I stood there barefoot in front of her desk fully expecting to be yelled at for messing in class, but that’s not what happened.

“I know we need to make some special accommodations for short stuff here,” she began. “I don’t think he can write an essay like that, do you?”

“No, not likely,” admitted Tank.

“Hmm. Well, I have an idea.” She whispered something to Tank and he smiled a nodded. Then she looked down at me.

“Hey, short stuff! What do you call that little seat-saver you have in your hands?”

“Uh... Theo, ma’am.”

“Great. So instead of writing an essay, you’re going to explain your topic to Theo. Gun show over here is going to record it and submit the video. Unless you want to do it in class for extra credit.”

“W-why would you want me to do it in class?”

“It’s fun. It’s cute. It saves me a lesson plan. Come on, kid, let’s work the baby angle for whatever we can get. I scratch your back, you scratch mine?”

I didn't feel like this was going to help me learn composition, but it was better than failing out.

"Yeah, okay. I think I can do that."

"Perfect, buddy. It's a deal. Now get outta here you two. Mama needs a smoke."

## Chapter 14: Lowered Expectations

The next class was Spanish. Yes, I was taking a foreign language, hardly an easy subject under normal circumstances. But when you're wheeled into class on the first day in a stroller, well you've already got the deck stacked against you. The moment we strolled in, a tall woman with long black hair, ornate silver earrings, and a shawl over her shoulders rushed over. It was the professor, Doctor Les Paña. She held her knuckles by her cheeks and squeezed them til they were white. it seemed like she didn't know what to do with herself.

“¡Mi amor! Oh, que lindo eres de bebe.”

She spoke a long string of words I couldn't understand and then turned to Tank. Even my protector had taken a step back to clear space for her effusive onslaught. All he could do was try to answer her rapid-fire questions.

“Yes, that's his chaperone over there. No, you don't need to feed him or burp him or anything like that. Huh. Well, if you really want to... Oh yes, adapting his assignments would be very helpful. He can't really write or type with his hands the way they are right now...”

He was referring to my mitts, of course.

“I'd be more than happy to take the mitts off for class,” I said. That just drew a chuckle from Tank and a ruffle of my already messy hair.

“Little boy, you don't get a say in this. No more interruptions while adults are talking, okay?”

It really wasn't okay, but there wasn't much I could do about it anyway so I just kind of huffed and nodded.

“He's too cute,” said the professor.

That only made me more huffy and embarrassed. I thought my professors would either resent me or ignore me, but this extra attention was worse. No going back now. If it wasn't already established, this week would cement my image as the biggest baby on campus in everyone's mind. My plans of 'getting back to normal' were seeming further and further from the realm of possibility.

Tank managed to extricate himself from the conversation and wheeled me over toward the desks. The seats were arranged around long tables that were set up in a horseshoe shape. A chalk board was at the open end, and a few students were already

at each table. We stopped next to the girl I met in Biology 101 on Monday. Her name, it turns out, was Katie, and she was not a regular student in this class. I'd have known because the class only had a couple dozen students to start with.

"Look at you, cutie! Did you pick this outfit out yourself?" Her bubblegum pink lips parted in a genuine smile that soon returned to its usual sly tilt. "I see you brought the new boyfriend again! I'll bet he helped, huh?"

"Ah... hehe, I'm... not his boyfriend," said Tank, visibly flustered. I was a bit taken aback. I had never seen him blush like that before. "Just his caretaker."

"Uh huh, sure." She said. "Well, don't you worry mister caretaker, I got all the instructions this morning. Hey," she said, placing a hand on his arm, "I know you don't want to leave him, but he'll be okay. I'm a professionally trained sitter, so you can count on me. Here, take my number if it makes you feel better."

"Actually that *would* make me feel better," he said with a relieved smile.

I spit out my paci and whispered, "come on, guys this is embarrassing! Please take me ho-!"

But Tank had the paci back in my mouth before I could finish my sentence and held it there as he finished his chat with Katie.

"You're gonna be late to your class, Mr. Caretaker," she said, finally, and Tank took the hint.

"Okay, you be good Jimmy and do what Katie tells you. And don't you dare spit out that paci without permission or I'll have to spank ya!"

I cringed as several students turned to look at us. The giggles around the room made it obvious that Tank had no concept of discretion when it came to his little guy. He just continued on as if oblivious to all of it.

"He's got two bottles in the diaper bag... and a change of diapers of course. And if he gets fussy just have him smell the bear – I know it sounds weird, but it works. Oh, and he likes-"

"Hey, I got this, big guy," she said with a laugh. "Now go on git before the professor drags you out!"

Tank finally left and Katie leaned in and popped out my paci as the professor took roll.

"I *told* you new boyfriends get clingy. Didn't I tell you? They're big puppy dogs. Hey, you know what though? That's good for you because... the thing about puppy dogs is... they will do anything for a treat."

"Treat?" I wasn't following.

"Yeah, lover boy! You know, just smile and be cute. Give him a kiss. Call him Daddy. He'll be putty in your hands, I'm telling you."

"Oh no, it's not like that, I- I- ah..." I could feel my face getting hot as I tried to figure out what it was I was even trying to deny.

"Just think about it. You'd be surprised how many bees you can catch with a little honey."

She gave me a wink. I just shook my head and smiled behind my paci. She had a point. I had to give her that. I just didn't know what I really wanted yet.

I then looked around and remembered where I was. All the students were seated, but I was still strapped into my stroller.

"Hey, can you let me out of this?" I patted the straps with my padded hands.

"Oh," she said, in surprise, reaching for my buckles. Something stopped her, though, and she pulled her hands back. "Actually, maybe we should leave you strapped in where you can't get into trouble."

"Get into trouble? Come on! I'm not an actual baby."

"Hola, amigos! Bienvenidos a Spanish 101."

"Hola, Doctor Paña," said the class in unison.

She must have noticed me trying to make myself invisible in the stroller because she immediately turned her attention to me.

"Niñito... little boy, can you say Hola, Doctor Paña?" She repeated herself more slowly. "Hola, Doctor Paña."

Why was she talking to me like this? It wasn't my first day. No, that was wrong. It *was* my first day... as a baby. And that made all the difference. My confidence shot, I gulped and squeaked out an "Hola, Doctor Paña." The way I said it only made me sound more like a shy little boy.

“Very good, mi amor!” she said in a patronizing voice. I was being praised for being able to say words at all. “So cute,” the doctor said to herself before going back to the board.

Would the whole class be like this? The answer was yes. If I ever fell out of step with the other students, she would stop and make sure I spoke. I was praised for the most miniscule of accomplishments. When we paired up, I was with Katie.

Most groups practiced phrases from the chapter’s story. “Hello. How are you? Where is the library? Hola. Cómo estás. ¿Dónde está la biblioteca?” But I didn’t get to continue with the regular book. Instead, I got a special worksheet with my own words and vocabulary and conversations to practice. I read over the words aloud.

“Papa. Papi. Caca. Chupeta.” I looked up at the teacher in shock. She was teaching me *baby* Spanish! These words were the baby-talk equivalent of “Num nums, peepee, poopoo, bottle,” and other such insignificant terms.

“I think these words will be more useful for the little one, so please practice these with him.”

“Sure thing,” said Katie, taking the paper with a smile. Okay kiddo. Let’s give it a try.

I crossed my arms and turned my head away. “I don’t want to speak baby talk.”

“Oh come on, don’t be like that, kiddo,” said Katie, pouting. “Be a good boy for me, I hate to have to tattle on you. I heard Tank was gonna spank his boy in the hall if he didn’t behave today. He also said I could punish you if I had to...”

My eyes went wide at that. She was bluffing. She had to be. Then she leaned forward and reached for the snaps of my Jon-Jon.

“Okay, okay, I’ll do it,” I said.

Reluctantly, I began to practice the baby talk. This was all they were going to teach me, I realized. I thought bargaining to keep my classes would be a last lifeline to my adult life. In fact, my classes were just another opportunity for baby training and conditioning. I felt a pit in the bottom of my stomach as I thought about my future as a college student. It felt to me like it had hit a brick wall. Was college even worth it at this point?

While I pondered academic potentialities, Katie had something very different in mind. I jumped when I felt a pop from the vicinity of my legs.

“Wha-?” I began, but Katie quickly had my pacifier back into my mouth.

“You heard Mr. Caretaker,” she said. “You keep that paci in. I’d hate to have to tattle on you, but I’ll give you the first one free.” She then resumed unsnapping my pants the rest of the way.

“Wow, you are a wet boy!” she said in amazement, squeezing my soggy crotch.

I whined and squeezed my eyes shut. Could I crawl into a hole and die? I hoped so. The worst thing was, her touch felt *good*. Cum in my pants good.

Strapped in the stroller as I was, everyone could see Katie popping open the snaps to reveal my soggy Diaper Pals diapers. The energy in the classroom went into overdrive as everyone reacted to the spectacle in front of them.

Dr. Paña quickly intervened. “I can take care of him. Why don’t you grab a bottle and join me at the desk?” She looked like she had been waiting for this moment, because Katie barely had time to get out of the way before I was wheeled over to the teacher’s desk and unbuckled.

I looked back at Katie and mouthed “Help!” but just got a shrug in return. Nobody in the classroom was even pretending to get into groups and talk. They were all intent on watching the scene unfolding before them.

I looked around for a changing table but there wasn’t one. I realized that I was going to be changed on the teacher’s desk. I tried to fight her off as she reached under my arms to help me up, but instead I just said, “I need help feeling little...”

The teacher searched around the back of my stroller and came up with my teddy Theo.

“Here you go, chiquitito.”

I instinctively grasped onto the teddy as he was pressed into my chest, and he distracted me long enough for her to guide me up to the desk and lay me on my back. I was vaguely aware of her cooing over me. Of the cold air hitting my diaper area. Of my legs being lifted and cold wipes brushing over my skin. I noticed all these things, but only barely. And then the nipple of a bottle was pressed between my lips and I began to suck the sweet nectar from its teat.

“With how much he’s wet he’s probably a little dehydrated.”

I could hear the voices of the two women above me, but they were far away and unimportant. My whole world was filled with the sweet creamy flavor of formula, the feel of my teddy bear, the warmth spreading through me as my tummy filled up. I snapped out of it as I was sat up. The bottle was gone, and I became aware that I was babbling. I clamped my mouth shut and looked around. The whole class was staring. Some of the students were fascinated, and some, like Doctor Paña, were enamored. The truth was it didn’t matter which they were, I didn’t like any of the new attention. I did the only thing I could think to do, which was hide my face in Theo’s chest. This drew a chorus of ‘Awwwws’ and giggles from the class.

I was gently guided back into my stroller and rolled back to my seat. Katie petted me on the head and called me a good boy. That special phrase caused warm tingles to run down my body and right into my diaper, warming it up nicely in front. I felt a little better with the praise, and Theo, and my paci. They were able to keep me from completely freaking out. My diapers helped too. They made me feel comfortable and safe.

I was glad I was in diapers at that moment. In between snuggling Theo and sucking on my paci, I kept squeezing my legs together and patting the huge bulge to assure myself my diapers were still there underneath my Jon-Jon. When I looked up again, I saw that the class had cleared out and Dr. Paña and Katie were standing above me, chatting. What was happening to me? Why was I spacing out so much? I struggled to focus on what they were saying. They looked down at me.

“I have a special homework assignment for you, tiquitito.”

Great, more special treatment.

“For homework I want you to watch season 1 of Flora the Explorer. I think you’ll learn a lot from it.”

“Can you do that, little guy?” asked Katie. “I can help you do your homework. I’ll come over and we can have a study session!”

So this was it. Nothing more was expected of me than to talk to my teddy, watch cartoons and speak baby talk? I couldn’t wait to see what they had planned for me in math class. Pattern blocks? A toy abacus? A few rounds of ‘one-two buckle my shoe’?

By the time Tank returned, I was ready to throw in the towel and go home. But all of my gloomy thoughts were swept away when I caught sight of my massive caretaker squeezing through the door frame. I found myself smiling and reaching up as he

approached. He bent down and unstrapped me, holding me on one arm, and giving me kisses that made me giggle.

“How’s my little guy, didja miss me?”

I nodded and hugged onto him, squishing Theo between us as he spoke to Katie.

How was my little boy today? Well behaved?”

“A perfect Angel. He practiced his new words, he drank his bottle, he got a change, all without a single complaint!”

“Wow, really? I’m so proud of you, baby boy,” said Tank, pulling me into a bear hug that threatened to crush me.

“I think I’m gonna carry this little cutie to Calculus. Could you just park the stroller outside?”

Katie nodded and grabbed the stroller while Tank walked to the door with me on his arm.

“Wave bye-bye, Jimmy.”

Tank and I waved bye-bye to Doctor Paña. She smiled and waved back before we turned and continued on our way.

I entered my next class on Tank’s arm, still sucking my paci and still clutching my teddy. The class was similar in size to the Spanish 101 room. Big enough for maybe 30 students, it was mostly filled with the more studious types. Some would call them nerds, and until two days ago, I wouldn’t have stood out in this group. Now I didn’t know what I was. Was I really even a student?

My Chaperone in this class, a guy named Jason, was the Alpha Beta guy who had briefly held me in the bathroom. He was tall and somewhat thin with pronounced dark eyebrows. He wore a black pullover and a backward baseball cap, and on second glance, I recognized him as one of the players on the varsity baseball team. Him and Tank bumped fists, and Tank waved bye-bye. Tank seemed a lot more comfortable leaving me with an Alpha Beta – maybe they knew something I didn’t?

“Hey lil’ dude. Sorry about the language back there,” he said once Tank had left. “Us big boys sometimes have a potty mouth.”

“No pwobwem,” I said around my pacifier. “Fuck if I cawe!”

His eyes went wide, and his face went red. “Shhh! Man, please don’t talk like that. If Tank thinks I had anything to do with it, he’ll have my ass in a sling... or worse!”

The way he looked at me, I knew I was already being used as a cautionary tale for the other Alpha Betas. But I didn’t care. I was just happy I actually got a normal seat again. Maybe this class would be a little less humiliating than the last. Small victories, right?

I looked around. Our tables were empty while everyone else had their big graphing calculators and the stupidly thick class textbook in front of them.

“Hey, do you hab my tex’book?”

“Oh,” he said, fumbling like I had thrown him a curveball on a quiz. “well, let’s see what I have here.”

I watched as he dug through his backpack. If there was a huge calculus book in there it was pretty well hidden. Imagine my surprise when he sat back up and all he had in his hand was a toy calculator and some number blocks.

“How about these?”

I stared at the toys he placed on my desk. Then I looked at my mittened hands. Jason clearly wasn’t the brightest bulb in the bush.

“Oh, I guess these won’t work for you, huh?” he said, laughing nervously and scratching the back of his head.

“No,” I said, staring down at the desk and trying to keep calm, “dey won’t.”

I knew better than to try and pick a fight with Jason. That would just trigger me to say, “I need help feeling little,” which in turn would get me babied even harder.

I was aggravated. It just wasn’t fair! I had been told I would get to continue my classes. That was the whole reason I agreed to do this stupid program in the first place. Now, each class was a new ordeal. Technically they fulfilled the terms of my contract, but only in the most twisted and humiliating way imaginable. To be honest, I just wanted to go home and take a nice nap. Forget any notion of salvaging my former life. I tried to slow my breathing. I tried to control myself. But I found myself on the verge of a tantrum as class started.

The Calc professor was a heavysset French man with thick glasses, white curly hair, and permanent pit stains under the arms of his crumpled shirt. His name was

Professor Câliner, and it would be a grievous mistake to assume his messy appearance had any bearing on his intelligence. The man was a genius. If only for the fact that he could enthrall a group of freshmen with lectures on a topic that put most people to sleep.

“Hello everyone,” he said in a grandiose voice that projected excitement and enthusiasm. “I’m so glad to see you once again as we embark on our grand exploration of ze beautiful masematics known as Calculus. Now here on ze board...”

He stopped short and looked my way as my sniffles turned to sobs. I was already seen as a baby, so I might as well cry. Maybe it would get me kicked out of class. Jason frantically tried to shush me, or calm me down, but it wasn’t working. Even the paci and the Teddy weren’t cutting it anymore. I was so done with today.

The professor said something, then he approached me.

“This is it,” I thought. “I’ll be out of here in no time.”

But to my surprise, the professor didn’t yell, or scold, or even frown. Instead, he just bent down and picked me up. I stopped crying immediately as I found myself being carried on his hip back to the board. I was so surprised that I forgot to even feel upset. I just looked around at the class. The board. Then him. He looked back and smiled, saying something in French that I couldn’t understand. I naturally smiled back. I didn’t mean to do it, it just kinda happened. Then he bounced me a bit on his hip and said, “How about a front row seat?”

I just nodded, still a little unsure of what to feel. I looked around. All eyes were on us. I began to feel self-conscious again and I let out a whimper, but the professor bounced me and shushed me, then he turned to the class and said, “Let me show you all something really interesting I know you’re gonna love.”

He began to fill the board with sketches of curves and names and numbers, often stopping to add a funny anecdote or explanation. His stories were so interesting, his enthusiasm so contagious, that I found myself completely captivated. I forgot that anyone was watching me as he continued with his lecture, and whenever I did get self-conscious, he bounced and shushed me, which I’m embarrassed to admit worked.

This bouncing had an embarrassing effect, though. Thanks to the stretching ring holding me open, all the bouncing caused air to go up into my open rectum, which culminated in a loud fart in the middle of his speech about L'Hôpital's rule. I was so embarrassed. The Professor bounced me some more to calm me down, which caused a series of smaller farts following each bounce.

\*Frirt\* \*Frirt\* \*Frirt\*

I winced. There was nothing I could do to stop it – not with the ring holding me open.

“Shh shh shh...” he said, and when he managed to get my whimpers under control, the bouncing mercifully stopped.

By the grace of the powers that be, class eventually ended without a total blowout in my diaper. A group of students came up to fuss over me, saying how cute I was and complimenting the professor on how good he was with children. The Professor seemed to appreciate the attention, but he told them to please give me some space. I was handed over to Jason who held me on his hip just like the professor. I looked down at my bare toes and realized with chagrin that my feet hadn't touched the floor all day.

“Hey, lil' dude! Did you learn lots today? You sure make a cute teacher's pet!”

It was meant to be a compliment, but I didn't like being called a teacher's pet. What's worse, this class was particularly heavy and thus necessitated four sessions a week instead of the normal two to three. I didn't think I could take two more days of this 'teacher's pet' treatment.

Tank walked in a minute later to see me being bottle-fed by Jason. I was handed off midway through and the bottle didn't even leave my mouth during the changeover. Soon, the whole bottle was gone, only to be replaced by another before I could say a word. I squirmed and tried to protest but he just rocked me slightly and smiled, telling me to relax and that I was a good boy. I felt like I was being drugged – those words pulling me into relaxation, aided by the sucking of the bottle despite my best efforts. My tummy began to feel bloated and I fought to keep my eyes open, but it wasn't easy. When the second bottle was finally empty, I spoke, my words punctuated by his pats on my back.

“Tank, I-” \*buuuurp\* “I want to be taken-” \*buuuurp\*

“What are you saying, sweetheart?” he asked offhand, taking a cloth and wiping a bit of burped up milk from my chin.

“I want to withdraw from classes.” I said, finally. “This is no good. I'm not learning anything here except how to be more of a baby. The assignments they give me aren't even... hey, are you listening?”

“Uh huh.... Uh huh... that’s great sweetie. While you were busy drinking your milk, I got your homework from the professor. We can read it during bath time.” He held up a small puffy plastic book titled Calculus for Babies.”

That’s when I lost it.

“Tank! I don’t wanna be a student no more!”

I began to cry out loud, and Tank brought me in for a big hug. This time he didn’t shush me or try to put me under. He just let me cry. All of the horrible experiences of the day flashed through my mind, but they were not the majority of what I had felt that day. I realized that as much as I hated to admit it, most of the bad was slowly being overpowered in my mind by the good – how much I enjoyed my bottles, how cozy my diapers were, how snuggly my teddy was, and so much more. Out of the jumble of memories, Katie’s words flashed through my mind.

“Just smile and be cute. Give him a kiss. Call him Daddy. He’ll be putty in your hands, I’m telling you.”

A moment of realization struck me, and I knew exactly what I wanted.

I pulled back my head from Tank’s shoulder and got my breathing under control. Then I looked into his eyes.

“Daddy,” I began. That got his attention. He jolted and his eyes went wide at the mention of the ‘D’ word. “I want to talk to Dr. Stannopoulos. I have something important I want to tell him.”

“D-did you just call me Daddy?” He said the ‘D’ word in kind of a half-choked squeal. Now it looked like it was Tank’s turn to cry. Or jump for joy. I couldn’t tell which. “Yes, of course baby boy. Let’s go talk to him right now.”

## Chapter 15: In for a Penny...

I grinned as Tank carried me through the lobby of C.A.B.S. For the first time all week I felt like I was in control of something. I knew just what I wanted to do, and how I wanted to do it. Tank set me down on the red rubber walkway in front of the front desk.

“Well look who we have here,” said Beth the receptionist. “If it isn’t the cutest little boy on campus. C’mere, cutie!”

She ran out from behind the desk and came in for a hug. Remembering our last conversation, I held out Theo.

“Theo wants to know if O’Farrell can say hi too!”

“Of course he can, sweetie,” she said, already reaching down to her pocket. She pulled out the cute little plush fox and spoke in a high voice.

“Hi Theo! Hi Jimmy! Welcome back! Who’s your friend?”

“Hi,” said Tank. “I know Beth, but I never met you, lil’ fox guy. You new here?”

“Nope, said O’Farrell. I’m just really good at hiding. But Beth says you’re okay, so I don’t have to hide from you, huh?”

“No, you don’t,” said Tank. “Isn’t that right, baby?” He looked down at me and I smiled.

“Nope!” I said with 100% certainty, nodding my head once for emphasis. That drew a giggle from the two of them.

“Oh my, ” said Beth, “you’re just a chipper chipmunk today! You were a totally different person yesterday! I can’t believe the difference! I know, you must be a fast learner. Did you learn to be little, Jimmy?”

I smiled and nodded. “Yup!” This drew more chuckles from the pair.

“Wow!” said Beth, with a big smile. “What a smartie you are!” She patted me on the head.

“Baby Jimmy and I are here to see the Director. He has something *very important* to announce.” Tank made a serious face and nodded like me to show how important this news was.

“Oh? And what’s the big news?” asked Beth, leaning in close and looking around to make sure no one was listening.

“It’s top secret!” I said, crossing my arms and smirking.

“Even I don’t know what he wants to say,” said Tank, in a more normal voice. “But my baby boy says it’s important, and the Director *did* say to get in touch if we needed anything, so here we are!”

Beth smiled and booped my nose. “Okay, little cutie. You got it. One top secret meeting with the director coming up! Let’s see what I can do for ya.”

She went back up to her terminal and tapped the keys a few times. Then she raised her eyebrows and looked back at us.

“Well, you’re in luck, boys! By some miracle, the director is wide open this afternoon. It also says here you should see Dr. Windelmann for another checkup soon. Wanna take care of that today too?”

“Yeah, let’s do that,” said Tank. “Are you okay with that, kiddo?”

I nodded, grateful that he asked. “Yeah, Daddy! I like Uncle windy. He’s nice! I was scared when I first met him, but everything turned out okay and he helped fix my plumbing, so I don’t have any trouble using my diapers.”

Beth and Tank exchanged looks and she mouthed the words ‘so cute’ to him. He picked me up, sat me on his arm, and responded in a bright cheery voice.

“That’s right, lil guy. Uncle Windy is helpin you lots. We all are. We’re so proud of you, baby boy.”

I beamed at that. Everyone was giving me compliments today and it made me feel real good. I felt pretty smart for figuring out how to take control of the situation, too.

“Okay, then. You’re all booked. Here are your passes. You can go in and see the Director now, then just zip over to the medical offices for his checkup!”

“Thanks, Beth!” said Tank. “You’re the best!”

“Thanks Beth! Thanks O’Farrell!” I waved enthusiastically as we headed through the checkpoint and out of sight.

Deep into the bowels of C.A.B.S. we went. Down the hallway with the colorful murals, through the large atrium with the disorienting floor mosaic, up, up, up in the grand elevators, and over to the director's office.

Before I knew it, we were sitting in Dr. Stannopoulos's office once more. It was just as impressive and intimidating as the last time we entered, except this time I sat in Tank's, or should I say Daddy Tank's lap instead of in a stroller. Despite the nervousness I felt, I was determined to take advantage of my newfound leverage while I could.

"So, I hear you have some very important news to share, young Jimmy. I believe the exact words in my notes here are... top secret?" He gazed at me through his spectacles, smiling ever so slightly.

"That's right," I said, dropping the cute kid act. "Today was a real eye opener for me. I had to go to class dressed as a baby. I had an audience for every change, every bottle feeding, and every bodily function you can imagine. And the assignments? What a joke. I'm not learning anything but how to be more of a baby. They had me learning baby talk in Spanish class today! Look, *me* being in *class* like *this*..." I held out my hands and directed them toward my infantile outfit. "It's just wasting my time and theirs. If I *have* to be a baby, then I'd rather just do it in the privacy of the house. Besides, I'm sure it's detracting from everyone else's learning too. So that's why I would like to withdraw from all my classes until further notice. Effective immediately." I took a deep breath to replace all those words that had come out of me. This was a slam dunk. I could barely believe I managed that speech myself.

"Hmm, I see." The director stroked his beard as if deep in thought. "So you want to drop out of classes you say? Be a baby full time? An interesting proposition but..." he paused dramatically. "I'm afraid I can't let you do that."

"What?" I asked in surprise. "Why not?!"

"You think you're very clever, don't you Jimmy? That was a nice little act you put on, but I knew you had some big boy thoughts rattling around in there. It was too soon even for you my boy."

"You- you *knew*?" I asked, looking to the director, then back to Tank. Then back to the director.

"At first I was skeptical about letting you stay in classes, but now I see there is value in this exercise. We need to desensitize you to being little in front of others, which is exactly why you need this. We've never tried to put a regressee through a full college

program before. Imagine, this was only your first day, and there are still so many possibilities to explore. Isn't it exciting?"

I shook my head slowly. I certainly didn't think so.

"Besides, it just wouldn't be fair to deprive you of your education, now would it, Jimmy? After all, you really *are* just a little boy, whether you like it or not. No, I think it would be best if you stayed in classes and finish out the semester. We'll revisit this topic after finals. For now, just do your best and trust that, while you may not be learning what you expected, learning is happening. You are learning valuable lessons every day, aren't you Jimmy?"

His cold eyes stared daggers into my soul. This was my punishment, but also his personal amusement.

"No... no..." I shook my head. This couldn't be happening. "y-you have to... I mean... I really think you should reconsider... That..." I was shaking. I knew I couldn't do anything to change his mind now.

Tank bounced me on his knees and leaned in.

"It's okay, baby boy. I know you're just trying to do what you think is right, but we're the grown-ups and we *know* what is right for you."

"No," I said, beginning to sob. "I don't like going to school, Daddy. Please don't make me go! Please!"

"Shhhh, baby boy. Calm down. You're going to be fine. Papa Tank's got you. You're a good boy."

I felt all the fight melt away as I sunk back into his hug. I was a good boy. Everything was going to be fine. That's when my bowels decided to let loose and I filled my diaper as I was being bounced on Daddy's knees. Now of all times. I opened my mouth in a high, keening wail.

"Shhhhh... it's okay, baby."

Tank grabbed me under my arms and stood up. His hand moved down to support my squishy bottom as he hugged me, and I had to gulp back tears as I endured the warm feeling of my messy diaper against my skin. It felt good, actually. I didn't like that it felt good.

“Well, I think that proves my point,” said the director. “Thank you for coming in, Teddy. I think this was an important conversation for us to have. Now you should take him to Dr. Windelmann. I think he’s due for his next stretching ring. No, don’t bother changing him now, it’ll just have to come off when he gets there. He can get his plug and diaper changed together...”

The director walked us out to the front lobby, still talking as he kept pace with Tank.

“I can’t believe how much progress he’s made in the last 24 hours. You were the right choice for the job. I love that you took his shoes away too; he needs to get used to getting carried. It’ll make things so much easier later on.”

What did the director mean by that? I was sure I didn’t want to know.

Soon we were in Doctor Windelmann’s office again, surrounded by the familiar assortment of rather intimidating devices. The enema bag, the speculum, the urethral stretching rods, all of the equipment he seemed so fond of.

“Okay, little mouse. Let’s assess the damage, shall we?” The doctor smiled down at me warmly as I lay there with my feet in the stirrups, his kind eyes crinkling at the edges. He untaped me and slowly pulled down the front of my diaper to reveal the poopy mess. I shifted on the colorful dinosaur print paper, self-conscious about how public my bathroom habits had become.

“Oh, my. Somebody left a lot of kacka for Uncle Windy, didn’t they?”

The doctor had not a hint of reproach in his voice. He didn’t even flinch at the smell. He simply grabbed some wipes and got to work, humming a happy tune as he did so. I felt so exposed with my legs up in the air, and two larger men standing over me, closely examining my poopy bottom. I was helpless to do any clean up myself – my mitts were teaching me to accept that. In a way I felt grateful that they were stepping in to take care of what I couldn’t, never once making me feel bad about it.

The cool wipes passed over my pubic area. Over my little hairless penis and balls, my thighs, and around back. Little by little I was made clean, but the diaper wasn’t taken away immediately.

“Okay, little one. We will have to take out the plug now. You may feel a little ‘owie’ but it will only last a second. One... two...” The doctor tugged at the plug and it dislodged from my Anus with a pop.

“Annnd there we go! Very gut my little häschen.”

Dr. Windelmann and Tank leaned in to look closely at my butt.

“Wow... it’s actually gaping...” mumbled Tank, his mouth hanging open slightly.

“Yes, as we move to the largest sizes that gape will become permanent. He won’t be able to hold in his kacka ever again!” The doctor smiled brightly as he said this, as if he was announcing the best news ever.

The doctor grabbed the inflatable enema nozzle and lubed it up. He spoke as he fed it into my hole.

“Before we get this yucky diaper out of the way, we have to make sure the little treasure is clean for his examination, yes?”

He pumped the nozzle a few times and I felt the pressure grow in my bowels as the plug inflated. He pumped a few more and I began to squirm. I felt like I had to poop. He pumped a few more, and I let out a squirt of pee as the inflated bulb pressed against my bladder and prostate. It felt good but it also felt like my body wanted to push it out. As big as it was, that wasn’t happening any time soon. Tank held my hand and told me to breathe.

“That’s it, baby boy. You’re doing so good.”

“Well, there is more good news,” said the doctor, as he unclipped the hose crimp. “The inflatable plug is pumped to twice the size it was yesterday. We can go up two whole sizes today!”

I just moaned in response as I felt warmth enter my body and gradually add to the feeling of fullness and urgency I felt in my bowels. Tank rubbed my expanding tummy in circles which seemed to help with the discomfort. While I was filling up, he answered the doctor’s embarrassingly frank questions about my progress.

“How are his bowel movements? What about his urination? And the plug – has he complained of any discomfort? And have you given him his prostate massage yet?”

At that last question, Tank looked distinctly uncomfortable. The doctor pressed him and he went into more detail.

“We tried it last night. I know, it was a bit soon, but I had to see that cute reaction of his again. Yes, he did pee himself as I massaged him. He emptied his prostate out and was very vocal about it as well. I’m concerned, though. I think that the experience is a little too sexual for my little guy. It seems like he’s having a very adult reaction to the massage and I don’t know if I’m comfortable with that yet.”

“Hmmm. Mmhmm.” The doctor nodded and held his chin as he thought about the problem. “Yes, ve can take care of that very easily. All you haff to do is put him under for his massage. Then you can express all the prostatic fluid und there vill be no orgasm. I can demonstrate ven ve svitch out the plug, yes?”

Tank seemed happy with this. I just scoffed. No more orgasms? Ever?

“But I like making stickies,” I whined. I covered my mouth as the two of them chuckled. Did I mean to use such a childish term?

“Sorry, kiddo,” said Tank. “You’re just too little for that. We’ll find something else for you to do whenever you feel like you need to make stickies. Don’t you worry.”

This was not what I wanted to hear, but I knew now was not the time to try and argue. Not when I was literally on my back and exposed in perfect spanking position.

Finally, the bag was empty, and the doctor detached the plug from the hose so it could remain inside me while he continued his work.

“Now to widen that stent. Of course ve could use Botox or surgery, but I prefer the natural vay with stretching.” His eyes gleamed as he swept his hand over a tray full of sounding rods. They went from the thickness of a q-tip all the way to ridiculous proportions the size of a dry-erase marker.

The doctor must have seen my alarm because he chuckled and said, “Not to vorry little mouse. You von’t be using those bigger ones. Zat would require some special modifications to your little pimmel like I did for my little pet at home. It’s not necessary for incontinence, so I only give it if a little one – or his papa – requests it. Today ve’ll only go to about... here.” He selected a rod near the middle in size. Not as big as a thumb but still huge by my standard.

The doctor’s eyes sparkled as he held it up. He clearly loved this part of the job.

“So is this kind of like the plug? Will he eventually be able to take out the stent as well?” asked Tank.

“Zat’s exactly right,” said the doctor lubing up one of the smaller rods. He lay it against the entrance to my peehole. He applied pressure and it slowly slid in causing me to gasp. Meanwhile he continued to talk without so much as a break in conversation. “The stent vill keep both his urinary sphincters open at all times. Once ve get them stretched out vide enough, zere’s no vay they’re going back. Even mitout his programming, he’ll always haff a bit of a drip, und vill therefore need diapers for ze rest

of his life, unless you don't mind cleaning up puddles off ze floor." He gave a chuckle at the thought.

He twisted the sounding rod and it slipped in deeper. My cock pulsed.

"Zat would be the prostate. Did zat feel good little von?"

I nodded and blushed a bit. The doctor smiled and patted my shoulder.

"Gut boy. You might like to meet my little pet some time. He likes zis too."

It's hard to describe how being sounded felt. It was sort of pleasurable after the stinging stopped, almost like being jacked off from the inside. It also kind of felt like the best parts of peeing – that good feeling you get when you can't hold it any longer and finally get to let go.

He continued this process with progressively larger rods until he was satisfied, ending at one maybe the size of a pen-style highlighter.

He inserted it all the way and twisted, then he pulled it out with a little pop. Urine splashed onto the padding between my legs as soon as he did so.

"Gut. The stent is locked in now. It vill stay the size of that rod until his next visit. Vunderbar. Now, let's let out zat enema. I think it's been long enough."

The doctor balled up my diaper and tossed it. Then, he placed the bowl below me once more to catch whatever came out. The bulb was deflated and pulled out. It was immediately followed by a torrent of liquid. Experimentally, I tried to clench down and found that I could not stop the stream from coming out, only slow it.

"Ah ah ah, little von, no holding it in. Ve're training zose muscles to stay relaxed so zat just von't do!"

Tank gave my bum a light smack, and I immediately relaxed the muscles, allowing the rest of the water to come out of me without hindrance.

"Okay. Let's see how my little mouse is looking down below." The doctor lubed up his gloved hand and began sliding his fingers inside of me. First one finger, then two, then three. Before I knew it, he almost had his whole hand in there, or that's what it felt like anyway. I began to moan at the wonderful sensation, until Tank tapped the doctor's shoulder and he stopped.

"This is what I'm talking about. I don't think he's ready for this. I haven't even had 'the talk' with him yet. You know. The birds and the bees?"

The doctor pulled his hand out and nodded.

“Oh, you must forgiff me, Teddy. I allowed myself to get carried away. It von’t happen again. Let’s get the next plug und zen ve’ll put him under for the rest of the procedure, yes?”

The doctor indicated a row of hollow metal plugs lying off to the side. “Top quality German engineering,” he said proudly. My eyes bulged out when I caught a glimpse of them. One of the plugs was missing from the set – and it was clearly one of the smallest ones he had. The largest one was the size of Tank’s meaty fist.

“Will all of those go inside me?” I asked, incredulous.

The doctor chuckled. “Yes, little bunny-rabbit. And it von’t be nearly as painful as you imagine. My little pet was a virgin when he first came here too, und now he begs to be stretched every day.” He chuckled and shook his head. “Such a funny little pet I haff. You should really meet him.”

“Excuse me, Doctor, but are you *sure* these will fit inside of my little boy?” Tank seemed as concerned as me about the Doctor’s spatial awareness.

“Mitout a doubt, Teddy. Zere is nothing to stop ze anus from expanding as wide as it needs to – ze only limit is the size of your hip bone, und ve can viden zat if we need to.”

“...Ah...” said Tank, not looking any more convinced than I was.

My view was then blocked off by the doctor and Tank as they huddled over the tray of plugs. “Zis is ze von ve’ll be inserting today.”

“Wow, that big, huh?”

“Yes, you vill see. I know my buttoholes, and I can stretch this one even to zis size if I wanted to, but we’re not in a hurry, are ve?”

“No, Doctor,” said Tank. “Let’s make this as comfortable a transition as we can.”

“Such a caring Daddy you are, Teddy. The doctor turned to me. “You are a very lucky boy you know.”

Teddy looked at me and beamed.

The doctor pointed Teddy to a standing cabinet.

“There is a VR set in there. We can set him up for the procedure, and he won’t feel a thing.”

“Don’t worry, little von. Uncle Windy will be done in no time, and then you can have your lollipop!”

Tank put the headset over my head and the sights and sounds of the doctor’s office were blocked out. The logo of C.A.B.S. and Fresh Start hung in the air once more before my favorite show, the Pamper Pals started. Chester the Chipmunk was waiting in a lobby for the doctor’s office. It looked just like the one outside. A nervous looking donkey walked into the waiting room.

“Well hello there Dusty, what are you doing here?” asked Chester.

“I’m going in for a checkup,” said the worried donkey.

“Well, why the long face then?”

Audience laughter could be heard.

“I’m scared. I don’t like the doctor’s office. I’m afraid it’s gonna hurt.”

“There’s nothing to be scared of, Dusty,” said Chester, laughing at the very idea. “The doctor’s here to help!” The audience laughed as well, and I found myself chuckling right along with them. Silly Dusty.

“Really?” asked the donkey, looking a little more hopeful.

“Sure,” said Chester. “He’s gonna make it so much easier for you to use your diapers, and you’ll never have to worry about using the icky potty again. Nobody wants to use the icky potty.” The chipmunk held his nose and made a face. The audience said ew, and so did I.

“But what do I do when I start to feel nervous?” asked Dusty.

“You just look at the swirls,” said Chester. The screen began to shift into a swirly pattern, and that’s about all I can remember from that episode.

When I came to, I was already being diapered up and the doctor and Tank were talking. The moment I felt the diaper against my bare skin, my little peepee sprang up to attention. My butt felt a little weird. I could feel the larger plug pressing against my cheeks and holding them apart, but there was no pain or discomfort. Tank lifted me up and patted my bum as I sucked my thumb. I reached down into the bowl that the doctor offered and picked out an orange lollipop.

“Such a gut boy for uncle Windy. You listen to your Daddies now, okay, little one? I want to hear all good things when you visit again, okay?”

I nodded and smiled. I didn't want to disappoint the doctor.

Tank looked down to me and gave me a kiss on the cheek. I blushed and rubbed the back of my hand over my cheek, hiding my face in his chest.

“That's enough adventures for one day, don't you think? Let's go home, little guy.”