

Babied by Billy

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

Jimmy is shaken after his emergency meeting with the Director. It seems that he's going to be publicly humiliated as he descends into babyhood whether he likes it or not. Caught between a rock and a hard place, there's only one thing left for him to do. But will it work?

Chapter 16: In for a Pound...

My stroller was waiting for us as we stepped out into the main lobby. I saw Beth behind the desk, her usually sunny and cheerful self, directing another inductee into the program through the security gate. "Don't go!" I wanted to yell, but I would probably just yell something about how much I love being a baby if I tried.

Tank set me down and buckled me in, and I moaned as I was forced to sit directly on the larger stretching ring.

"My, he sure seems to be enjoying himself," said Beth with a knowing smile after the new patient departed.

"Yup. My little guy just loves his diapers," said Tank, ruffling my hair. "But we're going to work on his more adult reactions, at least until he learns about the birds and the bees."

I hid my face in Theodore to stifle my moans, feeling too embarrassed to comment.

"Good luck with that one," said Beth, giggling. "Little boys are just as bad as the big ones. As soon as they figure out they have a penis, they have their hands right down their diapers."

"Well, he's been pretty good about that," said Tank. "I don't think he can do much with those thick mitts on his hands."

"Well then what's the problem? It's just his body naturally reacting. I mean those diapers are always between his legs, after all. They're bound to feel pretty good at least some of the time."

"Yeah, I guess so," said Tank, who didn't look very convinced.

I blushed as the two of them discussed my sexual development. I didn't want to be turned on by diapers. It just sort of... happened. And it was happening more and

more. From the moment the fresh diaper touched my dick at the doctor's office, I was hard, and it didn't appear to be going down any time soon. I was ashamed that I was coming to love them so much. Maybe Dr. S. was right. Maybe part of me always wanted this.

Finally, they stopped gabbing, and Tank got behind the stroller.

"Bye bye, Jimmy!" Beth called before I was whisked off to my next destination.

As Tank pushed the stroller over the bumpy rubber floor and toward the outside world, it was all I could do to keep from creaming my pampers. The large stretching ring jostled and vibrated against my prostate with each bump while the thick diapers forced my legs apart, teasing and rubbing my stiff member. We soon passed out into the open air and made our way through campus where everyone we passed could see me squirming in nothing but my diaper. As much as I wanted to make stickies again, I didn't want to do it right there in front of everyone. I had had enough people thinking I was into this baby stuff as it was and was not in love with the idea of proving them right by becoming a moaning, shuddering mess in my stroller. But there was no getting away from it. I was strapped in tight and unable to do anything about what was going on between my legs.

As we left campus, away from the bustle of students and the C.A.B.S., the distraction of those physical sensations abated, and my thoughts turned back to my disturbing meeting with Dr S. It was clear the director had no intention of letting me finish my actual studies. No, instead I would only be forced to learn how to talk and act more like a baby in front of everyone. I was nothing more than another experiment to him. It wasn't enough that I was willing to give in and play the game, he really wanted to turn me into a baby – physically and mentally. And that look he gave me. I shuddered. It was like he considered it a personal challenge to strip me of all adult thought and behavior.

This was all Billy's fault, I thought. He had decided to make me his pledge. He had tricked me into signing up with C.A.B.S. He had promised I could stay in school and avoid penalties for pooping in class, but it was all a trick to get me to sign up. What he had done was wrong – even the director saw that, and I hoped Billy got more than just a spanking for it. But now that I was part of the program, what did the director have planned for me? What was it he said... something about Tank making things easier for later? Was Tank also to blame? Was he even real, or was that just another façade, another jailer in a nicer package? For the first time, I finally had to face the truth. No one was going to help me but myself. I suddenly felt very alone.

“Green means go, kiddo,” said Tank, as the lights on the street corner changed. He moved the stroller forward off the curb, the bump sending another jolt through my prostate, another squirt of pee into my diaper. I looked around me. What could I do? I couldn’t run. Everywhere I went I was secured, restrained, supervised. I couldn’t fight. That would only trigger me to ask for more baby treatment. I couldn’t even pretend and play along til it was over. They would know if I was faking.

There was only one option left. Passive resistance. I would not react. I would not cooperate. I would just sit there. A doll. Unresisting and unresponsive. I looked at Theodore. “Goodbye friend,” I whispered. Then, I tossed him out of the stroller onto the crosswalk as we rolled ahead.

Tank stopped the stroller and stooped down to grab the bear.

“You lost Theodore, kiddo! You gotta be more careful!”

Tank tried to hand him to me but I did not budge. I did not look at him. As much as I wanted to, I resisted. Tank was not my friend. He was the enemy. Tank hesitated a moment, then set Theo in my lap.

“Okay, kiddo. Here we go. Watch Theo now and don’t let him fall out again. It’s not safe for us to stop in the intersection like that!”

A car horn blared as we started moving again. Moments later, I tossed Theo out of the stroller again.

“I saw that,” said Tank, grabbing the teddy once more. “What’s gotten into you?” He hustled us off the street and out of danger before stopping the stroller and getting down to face level.

“*Little boy,*” he said. “That’s not how we treat our friends. You better apologize to Theo.” He held up the bear to look at me. I didn’t respond. I didn’t react. Again, a look of uncertainty crossed his face, his hand relaxed a bit. The proffered teddy was now more of a question than a command. “Come on, now, give him a hug and say sorry.”

I said nothing.

He tucked the Teddy into my stroller harness this time, between the two chest straps.

“There we go. Alright, no more getting away,” he said to Theo, and he smiled back down at me. I didn’t react. After an awkward pause, he walked around behind me and began to push the stroller again. The third time Theo hit the ground, he didn’t even

try to give it back. He just stood there for a second, looking at the bear like he was contemplating a great philosophical dilemma.

“Kiddo... I...” He stopped. Let out a breath and he seemed to sag a bit. Without another word, he stuffed the bear into the diaper bag and kept going.

When we got home, I was taken out of my stroller and cradled in Tank’s lap with a warm bottle of formula. I felt the liquid drip into my mouth and I allowed it to pool. I did not move or look at the large man holding me.

“Come on, kiddo, ya *gotta* drink up!” he pleaded.

Formula began to spill out over the sides of my mouth, running down my cheeks.

“Are you okay?”

I didn’t look at him. I didn’t react.

“What’s wrong?”

I said nothing. What could I say? If I tried to complain, I would just ask for more baby treatment instead.

“Are you going to tell me what’s the matter? Look at me when I’m speaking to you, Jimmy. I’m your Daddy!” His voice went from concerned to serious to plaintive. But his last words just hung in the air with no response.

“Alright, little one, if that’s how it’s going to be.”

My eyes went wide as he flipped me on my tummy and pulled down the back of my diaper. Tank had never spanked me before. I had never imagined those gentle hands causing me pain. He lifted his hand and I winced, imagining that massive hand coming down on my ass. I squeezed my eyes tight and braced myself. Time passed. One. Two. Three seconds. Four. Five. Six seconds... When was the hammer going to come down?

I dared to open an eye and take a peek at my jailer. Tank was frozen. His hand in the air. His face a portrait of conflict. Then it hit me. He couldn’t do it! He lowered his hand and hung his head. A few tears landed on my back and rolled down, causing me to shiver.

“I’m sorry, baby boy,” he whispered, finally, pulling up the back of my diaper and giving it a soft pat. “I couldn’t hurt you. Never ever.”

I did my best to remain still, stifling my little whimpers as best I could.

“Ha!” came a harsh laugh from the stairway, causing us both to jump. I found myself upright again, protected in Tank’s arms as we both peered that way.

“Oh, Billy,” Tank said, wiping his eyes off with his massive arm. “You darn near scared the crap out of me! What the hell?”

“So you’re too pussy to spank the baby, huh? I’ll do it if you don’t have the guts,” said Billy.

“There’s no need for that. He’s just a little tired.”

“How many pledges have you babied by now?” asked Billy, shaking his head. “You know that bad babies need their asses tenderized. And now you can’t because, what, you’ve suddenly got *feelings*?”

“I said we’re not doing it,” said Tank. There was an edge to his voice and even brazen Billy took a step back.

“Hey, hey, Papa bear,” said Billy. “Not in front of the baby! You don’t want him to see his Daddies fighting, do you? You wouldn’t want him to see what you’re *really* like.”

Tank squinted. “Are... are you drunk?” he asked. The smell of liquor wafted our way to answer his question.

“Yeah. I’m fucking drunk. You asshole. You wouldn’t understand. Everybody *loves* Tank. You get all the credit while I’m stuck doing grunt work for the doctors.”

“Maybe if you weren’t such an....” Tank stopped himself and took a breath. “I’m sorry. You’re right. We’re not doing this in front of Jimmy.”

“Hey guys,” said David, walking into the room with a half-eaten energy bar in his hand and freezing in his tracks. “What’s all the hubbub?”

“Get him out of here.” Tank said, gesturing over to Billy who continued to rant.

“This is *my* house! Mine! You hear?”

“Yeah, I know,” said David, gently guiding an arm around Billy and walking him up the stairs. “You’re the man. Now we’re gonna get you some water and you’re gonna drink it, my dude. We don’t want you throwing up all day tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow!” Billy yelled. “Be ready, Jimmy. Tomorrow it’s my turn!”

My eyes went wide with shock. Please god no, I thought.

“Don’t worry,” Tank murmured in my ear. “I won’t let anything happen. I don’t trust either one of them enough to leave them alone with you.”

I was torn. If this was baby jail, maybe it was better to be Tank’s prison bitch than end up alone with an abusive bully or an insatiable horndog. But I wasn’t in for a long weekend. I had the sinking feeling I’d been sentenced to life. No, I was done playing along. I wouldn’t respond until someone treated me like an adult.

For the rest of the day I continued my silent protest, and Tank continued to try to engage with me. He tried to remain cheerful, but I could see it was wearing on him.

I didn’t drink my formula. I didn’t nap. When it was time to watch TV, I stared off into space, and David complained that he wanted his show back on if I wasn’t even going to watch. By the time bedtime neared, Tank seemed desperate.

“I know! Why don’t we give you a nice bath? That oughtta cheer you up.”

Tank ran the bath and took off my diaper. I was chagrined to see that there was already a big yellow patch inside, but I didn’t let it show. He picked me up under the armpits and gently lowered me into the bubbly water. Then he dumped all the bath toys into the water. They swirled all around and I didn’t even look at them.

“Hey, look! It’s tugboat Henry!”

I didn’t acknowledge him.

“And, and... here, it’s Willy the Whale! ...What do you think they’ve been up to since yesterday?”

I just sighed and swirled some bubbles around in the water. Another awkward silence.

“Hey Henry,” he said, in Willy’s deep voice. “Why won’t you talk to me?”

I didn’t do Henry’s voice, so he had Willy go around and ask all the other toys to help. But nobody could make Henry speak. They were all very sad.

“Are we still friends?” they asked, but he wouldn’t respond. Finally, they all gave him a big group hug and told him it was okay to be sad. Willy told Henry that he would always love him, even when he was sad and didn’t want to talk. He’d be right there with him until he was ready to speak again.

By this time I was crying.

“Oh, baby,” he said, “Don’t cry. It’s okay...”

Tank went to wipe my tears away, but I flinched when he reached out. He flinched too. I think this hurt him most of all.

He let his hand drop. Then he picked up the scrubber and cleaned me up.

After, he laid me down on the bed and started fluffing a new diaper with cute bunnies and kittens on it. “It’s bedtime, baby! You still wanna cuddle with your ol’ Uncy Tank, don’t you?”

He kept his eyes down as he diapered me.

“I know how much you love your cuddles ...C’mon, just give me a little smile to show me you want a cuddle.”

I *did* want to cuddle. I desperately wanted him to cuddle me and tell me everything was alright, but I knew that it wasn’t.

Tank seemed uncertain. Maybe even afraid. For the first time, Tank didn’t seem so big. He stood up and clicked off all the recording equipment in the room. No computer. No cameras. Then he came back and sat down by me.

“I know today was hard for you, little one. Everyone’s been pushing you really hard. It’s hard to accept all these changes that are happening, or to understand *why* they had to happen. But you’ll feel better soon, I know you will. And then things will be better. You’ll see.”

I couldn’t tell if he was trying to convince me or convince himself, but I was sure even he could see that my future was anything but certain. If he really cared about me, he’d do something about it.

He pulled down the covers and flipped off the light. “I love you, little one,” he whispered, as he drew me close and pulled the covers over us. “No VR tonight. Tonight it’s just us. Please don’t tell, okay?”

I nodded, ever so slightly. I heard his breath catch as I did so. I knew he felt it. I lay awake for a long while. I couldn’t see Tank but I could tell he was awake as well, from the way he kept fidgeting. He rubbed my belly, he ran his fingers over my legs, and I tried not to enjoy it, but it still felt nice. Eventually, he got up and quietly slipped

outside. I heard muffled voices in the other room for some time. And then, sleep took me.

Chapter 17: An Unexpected Occurrence

*I really hope you don't see tomorrow
I tried to play nice with you
'Cause all you ever do is try to fuck up my day
And you were successful (But I know the truth)*

*No, you don't have anything better to do
Everything you ever loved has tried to escape you
So why would I want anything to do with you?
Fuck you*

–Fuck You, Silent Child

After such a terrible day, I slept surprisingly well. I woke up once again to hands cleaning my messy backside, and I almost smiled knowing that Tank was caring for me once again, but when I looked down, it was Billy between my legs.

My face must have registered my shock because he smiled a nasty grin and said, "Surprise, bitch! It's me! Your big bro Billy. Aww, whatsa matter, didn't you miss me?"

My mouth hung open. Where was Tank?!

"If you're wondering where your *Daddy* is, he's not here. I sent him home. It's *my* turn, and we're going to have oh so much fun today," he said, though his eyes told me a very different story than his words. I had a terrible feeling in the pit of my stomach, but I just shut my mouth and looked up at the ceiling as Billy continued cleaning me up. He was clearly an old pro at this and was soon taping me into yet another thick diaper, the crinkly padding forcing my legs apart and bulging out obscenely from my waist.

"There we go, diaper dork." He said, patting the front of my diaper. "You're all cleaned up and in a fresh diaper. I'll bet you're loving it already. Time for breakfast. And you know what you're getting next, right? More formula! Mmm nummy." He snickered as he brought the bottle up to my mouth. I was missing real food, but I did my best not to react to his teasing.

"Open up, baby. Or do I have to do it the hard way?" he asked, the threat of more pain implicit in his voice.

I opened my mouth and allowed the nipple in, but that was all. I was determined to do the absolute minimum to go along with what he said.

“Well go on, you big baby. Drink up!”

He shook the bottle and a few drops landed on my tongue. I slowly began to suck. He grew impatient and put his hand on my forehead. “Sleep...”

When I came to, I saw I was sucking on an empty bottle and my stomach felt full and bloated. He grinned and set it down. “Much better. Did you like your bottle?”

I nodded involuntarily.

“Aww... isn’t that adorable. And would you like another?”

Despite the fact that I was sure I couldn’t drink another drop, I found myself nodding again.

“Well, okay, then. We’ll give you one more bottle, baby Jimmy.”

He set the empty bottle down and picked up another, bringing it to my mouth. I moaned slightly as he stuck it in, knowing that this too would end up in my belly whether I liked it or not.

“*Such* a hungry boy,” he said in his best baby-talk voice. “Drink up, Baby Jimmy,” he commanded. “Drink up so you can grow up big n strong like me!”

My body responded immediately to his command and took up the bottle, gulping down the contents regardless of my discomfort. While I drank my bottle, he turned toward the camera that was already trained on the bed and began to speak. I realized with a sinking feeling that he had begun recording while I was out. What manner of humiliation was already out there for all to see? I was sure I was better off not knowing.

“Hey folks! A lot of you have been wondering what little Jimmy has been up to so I thought I’d share a little of our morning routine with you. He’s such a hungry boy! Did you see how he begged for another bottle? Well, don’t worry, there’s plenty more where that came from.”

He patted my head and I wished I could bite his hand, but my mouth was too busy sucking on the stupid baby bottle.

“We’re gonna feed him plenty of our special C.A.B.S. formula and make sure he packs on the baby fat so he’s cuddly-soft. Isn’t that right Jimmy?”

I nodded automatically as I drank up the thick creamy liquid. It was just like when this all started. Billy was controlling me using hypnotic suggestions, and no matter how I tried to resist, I just kept drinking down the bottle. Before I was finished, I could already feel the wet warmth against my hairless crotch. The camera captured every moment as untold numbers of viewers watched the wet spot on the front of my diaper slowly grow larger and larger, causing the material to swell up and turn yellow. My little pee pee began to respond to the stimulation, pressing into the padding, and it took everything I had to keep from humping and mewling like a cat in heat as I suckled. I hated how good a wet diaper felt on my bits, and how comfortingly familiar that feeling had become.

“Aww, look! He’s using his diapees already! Good boy. We’ll check in on Jimmy in a little bit. He’s been having so much fun running around with his big Alpha Beta brothers. Most of us are still getting ready for Friday and our grand opening of the newly renovated Alpha Beta Delta Lambda house! It’s going to be a blast, so be there or be square! That’s all for now. It’s time to get the baby ready for another day of fun and learning on campus. Catch ya later dudes and dudettes!”

I found myself sucking air as he turned back to me and took the bottle out of my hands. Then, he patted my back until I burped. After, my tummy felt less bloated, which was a relief.

“You’re being so obedient. It almost looks like you’re enjoying yourself!” I grimaced, aware that to an outsider, that was probably just how it appeared. “Surprised? Let me let you in on a little secret. I’m not a pushover like old Tank, and your passive resistance bullshit isn’t going to work with me. You’re going to be the Alpha Beta house baby, and I don’t really give a fuck how you *feel* about it, so from now on, you’re going to do as I say and act like the baby you are. Got it?”

I nodded slowly, my eyes wide in shock. After all that time with Tank, I was not used to the harsh words of Billy the bully.

“Good. That’s more like it. Now, let’s pick an outfit.”

He left me sitting on the bed, and I watched as he slid open the closet to reveal my extensive wardrobe once more. I was getting worried that I might not be able to psyche Billy out like I did Tank, because Billy really didn’t seem to care about how I felt. Still, I wasn’t going to give in so easily. If anything, I was invigorated by the ‘fuck you’ energy I got from listening to that asshole speak. I just had to figure out what to do about it, and that was easier said than done.

“Hmm, let’s see,” he said, looking into the closet and back at me with a wicked grin. “Gee, I just don’t know. Should we go with the snapping shortalls, or the baby bunny outfit?”

After being paraded around campus in my diaper for the past couple days, I really didn’t care what he chose. I didn’t even look. I just sat there on the bed with my chin on my hand, looking bored.

“You know, I don’t really want to have to deal with any clothes,” he said. “I’m just going to go with a t-shirt and diaper. Makes changes easier. But you’re going to wear shoes – I’m not carrying your fat ass around everywhere like Tank does.”

I looked down at myself. I had put on a little pudginess thanks to all the formula they were feeding me, but I wasn’t really *fat*, was I? I was looking down at my belly now and poking it. The abs were still there, but not quite as easy to make out under the thin layer of baby fat.

“Yeah, yeah, get over it, lardass,” he said. “Arms up.”

I put my arms up, slightly annoyed that I had let him get to me. I guess a lifetime of bullying others gave him some special talent for getting under peoples’ skin, though I was sure that didn’t earn him any friends. He pulled the T-Shirt down over my head and I found that it stopped just above my belly button.

“And here are your shoes,” he said, holding up a pair of bright blue tennis shoes with a green accent, yellow lining, and a red strap across the top. “Aren’t you a lucky boy? They’re so colorful and they have Velcro on the tops so even a doofus like you can put them on and take them off. Well, maybe when you get those mitts off.”

He roughly pulled socks and shoes over my feet, causing me to wince a bit, then grabbed me by the mitt and pulled me over to the mirror, making me stumble as I adjusted to walking in the bulky diapers. I didn’t want to look, but he grabbed my chin and made me look. I saw myself in some very thick space diapers, colorful Velcro shoes, and a bright blue shirt with cartoon versions of the pamper pals holding a sign that said “Diaper Loading...” on the front. I looked every bit the baby boy, right down to the dimples around my knees where there was just a little more baby fat than there had been a few days before. I tried to tell myself that I didn’t care anymore, but it still shocked me to see just how babyish I looked.

“Come on diaper dork,” he said, grabbing hold of my mitt and yanking me toward the stairs. I was afraid I would fall down and nearly did when I slipped on the last step and landed on my tush. Luckily my padded butt and mittened hands broke my fall, but it

still hurt. I winced and rubbed my tailbone through my diaper, letting out an involuntary whimper. This was where Tank would have scooped me up and checked me for boobos and kissed me until I felt better, but I wasn't with Tank.

"Get up, you wuss." said Billy, crossing his arms and scoffing. "Come on, I don't have all day."

I got up and toddled after him. This really sucked.

Billy grabbed the stroller and brought it out front, then told me to sit, strapping me in. The stroller felt empty without Theo – he hadn't been there when I woke up, I realized. Where was he? Oh well, I didn't care, I told myself, even though deep down I really missed that bear.

The walk to school had none of the explanations or chatter I had become accustomed to from Tank. It was pretty much just point A to point B until we got to campus. Then, in the middle of the quad, he stopped to give me a very public diaper check, pulling out his phone to record the occasion.

"Well boys and girls, we're back on campus with little baby Jimmy. A lot has happened since we last saw him. Little Jimmy here has been to C.A.B.S. for his diagnosis, and his treatment is already well underway. In fact, he just had his first day back in classes yesterday! Isn't that right, little Jimmy?"

I nodded.

"And have they taken good care of you? Are you having fun being a little boy?"

I nodded again, wishing I could just run and hide.

"Aww. He's just so stinkin' cute, isn't he? Let's go ahead and check his diaper and make sure he's going to last through classes this morning..."

I gasped as two fingers invaded the leg hole of my diaper, tickling my thigh and causing me to squirm in my seat at the invasive touch while the straps held me firmly in place.

"Nnnnope, not a chance. Looks like he's going to need a change pronto. I don't think anyone will mind if we change him right here in the quad, will they?"

My eyes went wide with shock, and I shook my head. *Oh god please no*, I thought. But the camera wasn't on me anymore. The camera was trained on Billy and he was painting a very different picture for the audience.

“Jimmy looks excited for his change. He loves his diaper changes *almost* as much as he loves soaking his diapees. We’ll set up a good angle for the change so you can see this adorable stinker from head to toe as he gets his fresh diapee on. I promise you it’s the cutest thing you ever saw. By the way if any of you out there feel like you may have an inner need to be babied, C.A.B.S. is always taking applications! All you have to do is walk in for a consultation, and you could find yourself happier and more fulfilled before the day is out. And it’s all free to students! Here’s hoping a few of you can come and join the fun so we can find Jimmy some more playmates!”

I hoped to god that no one signed up for this nightmare on account of me, but I knew now that I was being used as a recruiting tool, and more than likely, several unfortunate victims already had. I thought about the new patient I saw checking in last time we left the clinic and felt sick to my stomach knowing that I may have had a part in the demise of their adulthood.

Jimmy walked out of my field of vision to detach the diaper bag from the stroller, He brought it back around and pulled out a large changing mat, which he spread out right there on the grass in the middle of the quad. This was going to suck.

Billy undid the buckle holding my butt in the baby seat and stood me up.

“Okay, baby Jimmy. Get on the change mat, nice and easy.”

I got down – gently this time – and laid there among the cheerful balloons and teddy bears of the changing mat. It felt weird to be lying there in the quad in just a T-Shirt and tennies. I could feel the air on my legs, and hear the rustling of the thick diaper each time I shifted my body. People were already staring at the big baby with the swollen diaper in the middle of the quad. They didn’t even bother to hide their morbid fascination with my babied condition.

“Looks like baby Jimmy has an audience,” said Billy, after he had roped one of the bystanders into holding his phone to record the change.

I turned my head away and closed my eyes. I pretended I didn’t hear the rustling of my next diaper. I pretended I didn’t know it was meant for *my* behind. But that wasn’t going to fly with Billy. He took up position between my knees and tickled my belly.

“Aww, let’s see your cute lil face, Baby Jimmy!” he said, “Look at me.”

I looked.

“Good boy. Now suck your thumb, giggle and smile. Show everyone how much you *love* being my baby boy!”

I giggled, smiled and kicked my legs, cooing around my thumb as I looked at all the people. *Damn*, I thought, as he untaped my diaper. *So much for my grand plan*. But at least I still had my mind. They hadn't taken that... yet.

The diaper came down, and my little two-incher stood straight up in the cool breeze. I watched in fascinated horror as an arc of golden liquid shot up into the air. Up and up it went, squirting Billy right in the face before he managed to pull the diaper back up. Now I was genuinely laughing as he sputtered and wiped his face. The crowd was laughing too.

A girl came out of the crowd and told Billy to move aside. It was Shelley from the front desk of my dorms! I was both happy and alarmed to see someone I knew so well getting closely acquainted with the padding between my legs.

"Don't worry, I'm a babysitter!" she announced like a doctor resuscitating a fainting victim, or a superhero swooping in to save the day. As silly as it sounded, this seemed to pass muster, and the crowd was soon murmuring its approval as she reached for the wipes to clean me off.

"Hey, cutie! Aren't you just the cutest thing? I'll have you cleaned up and taped snug in no time. How does that sound?"

What could I say with my mouth full of thumb and my legs in the air? I just nodded, smiling and gurgling joyful noises, which spurred her to make more baby talk to me. It was humiliating, but it wasn't so bad once she was done. At least it was better than being left naked in the middle of campus.

Billy had commandeered a water bottle to pour over his head and was toweling himself off when Shelley dusted her hands off and announced a successful diaper change, much to the delight of the onlookers, who cheered and applauded her heroic efforts. It seemed that diaper changes were going to become a spectator sport on campus, and I was the Most Valuable Pamper Packer. But my eyes were trained on Billy, and what I saw there taught me a very valuable lesson.

I could see Billy's rage. He was close to losing his temper in front of the camera, and again, my smile became just a little more genuine as an idea sprang to mind. If he wanted a baby for the audience, he was going to get a baby for the audience, and this baby was going to make sure he showed his true colors on camera for all to see.

"Don't worry about it," said Shelley, placing her hand on his shoulder. "It happens to lots of new parents... or caretakers."

He looked at her hand like he was ready to bite it off. His face had adopted a deep shade of red, which she was clearly mistaking as simple embarrassment.

“It’s Billy, right?”

“Yes,” he said, through gritted teeth.

“Listen, a little guy like this can be a big handful. Why don’t you take my card; I’m President of the babysitter’s club on campus and I’d love to have him at one of our meetings.”

“Muh... meetings?” he said, his anger turning to confusion as he tried to process the new and unexpected direction the conversation had taken.

“Yeah, you know. Like... a get together. A chance for us to learn about looking after people like Jimmy here. Let’s set something up. You can share your expertise, we can share ours.”

“Uh... well that’s... uh...” Billy Looked from her to the guy recording everything and back. I realized he was trying to figure out what he could and couldn’t say. After all, he was speaking for the program as well as himself and anything he said would be ‘on the record’ so to speak.

“Wet’s do it!” I said, grinning at Billy.

“Well, then,” said Shelley. “That settles it!”

“Can Tank come too?” I asked, smelling an opportunity.

“Sure thing, cutie,” she said, crouching down and tweaking my nose. Then she looked up at Billy. “I don’t know why we haven’t mixed with Alpha Beta Delta Lambda before, but that ought to change. Anyway, give me a call, you have my number. bring anyone you think should be there.”

Way to go, Shelley, I thought to myself. The girl had guts. I knew her pretty well and I was sure her showing up was just a lucky coincidence. But I also knew that she had to know exactly what she was doing when she made her proposal on camera. Whether Billy knew it or not, the Director had just been obliged to follow up on this issue, and I wasn’t so sure he would be happy with Billy regardless of the outcome. What I didn’t know was just how popular my videos were. If I had, I might have been prepared for what would come next. But for the moment, all I was thinking was how fucked Billy was, and how much of a living hell I could make the lives of those who did

this to me. This was only the beginning, and I was going to enjoy watching from the comfort of my stroller as sparks flew between the Director, Billy, and Tank.

Chapter 18: Shitting Bricks

Billy's phone went off and when he looked at the name that showed up, his face went white as a sheet. He looked like he would be sick to his stomach as he hit the 'accept' button and with a trembling hand brought the phone up to his ear.

"Sir. I'm so sorry – I. What? Turn around? What are you talking about?"

The phone fell from his hands and clattered to the ground as the director himself came strolling over, hands in his pockets as if he just happened to run into us on a casual walk through campus. But like everything he did, this was carefully orchestrated.

"Billy, Billy, Billy," he said, shaking his head.

Billy immediately began to whimper and whine. "I didn't know, sir! I-I-I d-didn't mean to, I mean, I didn't *know!*"

"Shut it, Billy," said the Director, making a closing motion with his right hand.

Billy immediately stopped talking and stood there, looking like he was about to shit his pants. After a pause, Dr. Stannopoulos continued.

"The babysitter's club, huh? Well... I think it's a *great* idea, Billy. I'm really not sure how *you* stumbled into such an opportunity, but you did good, *for once.*"

Billy let out a breath, relieved he wasn't in trouble after all.

"But Jimmy here... he's not quite done with his training. You know that when you and Tank go to this event tonight, the two of you are going to have to be *extra careful* to avoid bringing any negative attention to the program and its staff. And if Jimmy should do something... out of character... I'll be holding the two of you *personally* responsible."

Billy was shocked. "Me? And Tank? T-t-tonight? But *sir*, I can't-"

"Well you *have* to," barked the director, causing the two of us to jump. He was rippling with so much repressed anger that I could practically see it coming off his body as an aura. I realized his slow, measured demeanor right then was not calm but rather a gargantuan effort to hold back his rage and Billy was just poking the bear harder. "You... have put me.... in a really tight spot... with your theatrics... Billy. That fucking *agreement...* was broadcast all across our social media feeds. There are already hundreds of responses of people excited to see this meeting, so now we have to follow through."

Billy's mouth flapped like a fish and he scrambled to save the situation. "W-w-w-we can cancel, I can just c-call the number and-"

"My people are already working on it. You will be there tonight. Keep an eye on that phone," said the director, who had regained his composure and was eyeing the phone on the ground with distaste, "because the details will follow shortly."

"Y-yes, s-s-sir," said Billy, looking like he had just swallowed a lemon.

I really had to hand it to Shelley. She had played the perfect game of chess with the director via his own pawn. Not only was her club going to be the next thing on everybody's browser history, she could easily use the event to raise the profile of the club and get more funding. I mean, who wouldn't want a ticket to see the world's biggest baby and learn all the lurid details of my life? I didn't exactly look forward to such an exposé, but it was worth it to see these two assholes squirm.

"Oh, and one more thing," said the Director, just when it seemed the conversation was over.

"Y-yes sir?" asked Billy.

The director sat down and patted his lap. Billy's face fell.

"N-no! No, no, no... *please*...!"

The director's eyes widened and he gave Billy a glare so hard I thought lasers were going to shoot out. Billy flew onto his lap faster than a pigeon on a french fry. In seconds, his pants were around his ankles and the director was playing patty cake with Billy's bum. His hand rained down furiously, sending slaps that echoed across campus with every angry word.

"DON'T. YOU. EVER. SCHEDULE. ANYTHING. WITHOUT. MY. PERMISSION. AGAIN."

Billy cried out as he was spanked, and several people turned to look their way to see what the commotion was. A couple school peace officers even walked over but one held his hand out to stop the other when they saw who it was. They just stood by and watched as Billy got his ass beat. When he was done, the director told Billy to stand up and looked down at his own pants, which had a visible wet stain on the crotch.

"I guess Jimmy isn't the only one with a potty problem, is he, little Billy?"

Billy shook his head and looked even more scared. "No... no not that... Anything but..." He cut himself short when he got another warning glare from the director, not even daring to bend down and pull up his pants. I watched from the stroller with a smile on my face as his scarlet butt cheeks stuck out on full display so everyone could see the spanked and humiliated frat-boy. Several passers-by laughed and even took photos.

The director stood up, reached into a bag he had set down beside him, and pulled out a pack of DryNites XL. He tossed them to the castigated jock-boy who caught it out of reflex more than anything.

"Good to see you still have those catching skills, Billy. And I'm sure you want to keep them. I will remind you that we're running a legitimate operation here, Billy, not some fucking sideshow attraction. You'll be wearing these until you redeem yourself. One more fuck-up, and you're going to be drooling in diapers next to Jimmy here, and making him look like a fucking doctoral candidate. Am I understood?"

"Crystal clear," squeaked Billy.

"Good now go put one on. Or do I have to do it myself?"

"No sir! I can do it sir!" Billy snapped to attention so fast it gave me whiplash.

"Good. Now go. And pull your damn pants up."

The director then turned and walked away as dignified as one can when your lap is covered in someone else's piss. I wanted to make a snide remark and rub it in Billy's face, but I thought it was better to let Billy stew in his emotions for a while. Soon Billy had wheeled me over to the nearest bathroom and Billy had conscripted some nearby frat-bro in a backward baseball cap to watch my stroller while he went in the bathroom to 'take care of something'.

"Haha! Nice one, bro," said my temporary babysitter when he saw the package of pull-ups in Billy's hand. "Who's the unlucky freshie?"

"Shut up," said Billy, looking mad enough to spit as he walked into the bathroom with the package.

The guy in the backward baseball cap crossed his arms, and leaned against the wall with his foot up in an attempt to look cool while watching over an overgrown infant.

"Sup, little dude?" asked the guy with a nod. I just stared back at him. It was real awkward.

A few minutes later Billy came back out with a bag that was one pull-up lighter.

"Dude! Who did you diaper?" said the guy, nodding and raising his eyebrows conspiratorially.

"Shut the fuck up, or you're next," said Billy.

The man put his hand over his mouth as his eyebrows went up. "Oh shit. Are you... is it you, bro? Are you diapering *yourself*?"

"You're dead, loser!" growled Billy, but the guy just kept saying "Ohhhhh shit. Ohhh shit," holding up his fist to his mouth and laughing as he jogged backwards away from the scene. "Just wait til the guys hear about this one!"

Billy stood there watching the guy leave, his fists clenching and unclenching. He looked from him to my stroller and back, clearly weighing the risks and benefits of leaving me for a minute to beat this kid's ass. Ultimately, his own self-preservation won out and he grabbed the handles. I didn't have to see him to know that he was white-knuckling them all the way to Biology 101.

"Bet you fucking loved that, didn't you, twerp?"

His voice was so low and husky that I almost didn't realize he was speaking. I looked up at him, raised my fist, and gave him the middle finger.

He just looked at me and looked up at the ceiling.

"You too, huh?" he muttered. He was clearly done with today and there was little I could do to make him feel worse in that moment, so I considered my job well done. Classes went as well as you might expect.

In Biology 101, The Biology professor arched his eyebrows at the sight of Billy leading me in in my outlandish attire but said nothing. Billy looked down at me and explained.

"Your professors responded to the news of your condition with... varying degrees of enthusiasm, but they have no choice – they have to accommodate you."

He went through the motions of babying me, but I could tell his heart wasn't in it. That streak of cruel glee just wasn't there. It was halfway into my first bottle feeding when I looked up and realized nobody was paying attention to the lecture. The professor did his best to go on, but his lesson was clearly shot. Then I sharted. Loudly.

The smell soon stank up the whole room as the cannons continued to fire into my diaper.

"Whew. Must be all that formula," said Billy, waving a hand in front of his face and giving me a momentary smirk that soon faded away again.

Billy began to undress me for a diaper change while classmates gasped, laughed, and chattered. It was at this point that the professor threw his chalk on the ground and stalked out of the room.

I felt bad for disrupting class but I had to remind myself it wasn't my fault. Besides, the more untenable my position as a student on campus was, the more chance I had of getting expelled and avoiding 12 units of classroom humiliation a semester. Yeah. Becoming a spectacle everywhere I went was a *good* thing. Not convinced yet? Me neither.

As detached as I tried to be, the public diaper changes were undeniably humiliating. Everyone saw my poopy bottom and tiny pathetic hairless penis dribbling pee as I was wiped down and changed right in the middle of class. I felt so emasculated, though I had to smirk a little as he placed a wet wipe over my penis to keep from getting squirted in the face again.

World History went a little better. The professor, ever the gentleman, was there early and, being very old-fashioned, had set his cane and bowler down on the desk and greeted students as they entered. As soon as he saw us come in, he rushed over to us, his moustaches lowered in an expression of concern as he addressed *me* in particular. Me, rather than my wardens, like everyone else had done.

"Are you alright, young man? I was so worried after yesterday's class."

"He's fine," answered Billy, before I could respond. "He didn't mean to cause any worry. He was just embarrassed because he pooped his pants in front of everyone."

"Not to worry, young man," said the professor with an avuncular smile, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. We have doors and windows. Next time something like that happens, I don't want you running off like that. You gave us all a good scare." I nodded.

"Thowwy thir," I said through my binky, looking down at the ground, and I meant it. As mad as I was, I liked this man, and he had been nothing but kind to me all semester. I wasn't like Billy. I didn't want to ruin someone's day just to do it.

"Jimmy's going to have someone looking after him in every class so it won't happen again. Actually, could I talk to you in private for a minute?"

Billy and the professor stood out of earshot while I sat there in my stroller. Feeling rather foolish. After a brief discussion and a pat on the back, the professor looked much more reassured. So did Billy. Could it be? It almost seemed like he was behaving like a competent caretaker.

Again I was fed a bottle, and again I messed in class. If you're beginning to see a pattern here, then congratulations. You deserve a cookie. That's right, I filled my diaper. I packed my diapers with fudge and there was nothing I could do to stop it. At first I panicked and tried to stop it but I couldn't.

"Just drink your baba," said Billy, in a quiet, calm voice. "Nothing you can do to stop it anyway, dork." And sure enough It just mushed out of me.

Once windows were opened and the class settled down, the professor continued on with his lecture, giving me a wink and a nod. Once class was over, Billy took the liberty of changing me right on the desk at the front of the room, and the professor graciously removed his hat and cane to let him do it. Whoopee. For once, I wished the man wasn't so damned cordial.

Mercifully, Billy was a practiced hand at changing diapers and I was out of mine relatively quickly. There was only one more class, and that was Calculus. However, my heart nearly stopped when I saw who my babysitter was going to be.

Chapter 19: Coddled by my Crush

"Okay, Jimmy," said Billy, as he wheeled me out of yet another humiliating history lesson. "I'm not going to be able to watch you during Calculus. Coach needs me to show up to *some* practices." I breathed a sigh of relief. I had had enough of Billy to last me a lifetime. Even the more subdued and humbled Billy was obnoxious enough to drive me batty.

"Yeah, yeah," Billy said, rolling his eyes. I know you're relieved to hear *that*. And believe me, I'm not losing any sleep over getting out of math class either. Anyway, I arranged a special *surprise* for you. We got one of your *friends* to sit in this time."

"F-friend?" I asked, my ears perking up. This could be my chance to get out of baby treatment - if I could get them to listen to me. But anyone - *anyone* - would be better to have as a babysitter than this asshole.

"Okay, diaper dork, game face on," said Billy, opening the door and carrying me through. I looked to where we were approaching and instantly hid my face in his shoulder. "Look who it is, Jimmy," gasped Billy with the kind of enthusiasm reserved for young children. "It's Carly!" I couldn't. I just couldn't. I tried to hold onto him as he lowered me in the seat next to my big crush.

"Heyyy, Jimmy," said Carly, in a playful, teasing voice.

"Hey, c'mon brat! Let go," said Billy. I shook my head and whimpered as Billy finally extricated himself. There was Carly, my crush, looking right at me in nothing but my diaper and my humiliating shirt that said 'Diaper Loading' on the front. That just *screamed* boyfriend material, right?

"Sorry, he's a little shy," said Billy, flashing his million-dollar smile her way.

"Aww, you don't have to be shy with me, Jimmy!" said Carly in a coaxing voice. "We're friends, remember? I don't care if you wanna be a baby. I just want you to be happy."

"W-weally?" I asked, peeking out from behind my mitts.

"Really really," she said, smiling. That was Carly. She always knew how to make me smile. That's what I liked about her. And she was drop dead gorgeous, which didn't hurt. She leaned in and kissed my nose. I could feel my little penis instantly stiffen in my diaper, giving me yet another reason to be thankful for my padded protection. Diapers were helping me out a lot lately.

"Aww, I think somebody likes you," said Billy, patting my diaper and giving Carly a wink. "I bet you have that effect on all the little pamper packers you babysit."

She giggled. "Yeah, I've babysat quite a few," she said. "And how could I say no to a little cutie like this?" She tweaked my nose as she slipped into baby talk and I blushed. This was all wrong. She wasn't seeing *past* my baby treatment. She was seeing *me* as a *baby*. I wasn't even on her radar as date-worthy, if indeed I ever was. And just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, Billy did something that nearly made me lose my breakfast. He leaned in and *kissed* her.

"I can't blame them, babe," he said, looking at me as he kissed her, then ruffling my hair a little too roughly. I wanted to bite his hand off, but he didn't give me the chance.

"By the way, you were really funny this morning," Carly said, grinning at Billy.

"This morning?"

"Yeah, you know. When you were changing the baby in the quad?"

"Oh, yeah. That," said Billy. Now it was his turn to grumble.

"Good thing Shelley was there. She's so good with babies," Carly said.

"Shelley? You know *Shelley*?" asked Billy. He was doing his best to hide it, but I could tell he wasn't pleased.

"Oh yeah, we're in the babysitting club together!" She looked down at her phone. "And we're having a meeting tonight?! Oh my gosh, that's so exciting! I can't wait!"

Billy gave a half-hearted smile. "Heh. Yeah. Whoo, can't waiiit. Hey, listen, babe. I gotta go or coach'll have my ass for dinner. Take care of the little butthead- er- baby for me."

"Sure thing sweetie. I can bring him to the babysitter's club after class if you want. That way you don't have to come all the way up here just to go back there."

"Yeah, sure," said Billy. "Sounds good." He gave her a quick peck on the lips and left, I caught a glimpse of his face as he walked away looking like he had just swallowed a lemon. Carly, of course, didn't see it at all. She was too busy gushing over how cute I was and how happy she was to be able to finally babysit me. Great. I had exactly what I wanted and exactly the wrong way. She was infatuated with me but only in the way that you might look at any other adorable baby or, say, a cute cat video. And to top it all off, it

looked like she was dating my *bully*! I sighed. This was going to be a long lesson. I was almost grateful when the professor once again picked me up out of my seat to hold me on his hip.

"Looks like ze little guy is grumpy again today, oui? No worries, we'll soon turn zat frown upside down with ze power of masematics as we continue our journey into the exciting realm of infinite series." Once again I was whisked away on a journey of learning and laughter as Professor Câliner actually made math fun. This time, I was only too happy to escape the unpalatable reality of my life turned upside-down.

Still, all good things come to an end, and class was over before I knew it. Professor Câliner handed me back over to Carly and bade me adieu.

"Okay, kiddo," said Carly. Let's hit the road, huh?" I nodded. That sounded good enough to me. I hopped to my feet, ready to toddle out the door when something stopped me. It was Carly, with one hand around my belly and another pulling open the back of my diaper.

"Hold on there, buckaroo. Do you need a change?"

I nearly spat out my pacifier. Of *course* I didn't need a change.

"Yup. You're totally loaded up back there."

"W-wha?" I said, in a confused and worried voice. Had I just humiliated myself in front of my crush? There was no way this was happening. And no way was I gonna let her change me.

"Come on, kiddo," she said, pulling me toward the door. "Let's get you changed."

"N-no," I said, trying to pull away. To my surprise, I was too weak. Or was Carly really that strong? What the heck was going on?

"Come on, kiddo. Be a *good boy* for me," she said, making a sad face. I tried to resist, I really did, but the harder I struggled, the weaker I felt.

"I need help feeling little," I finally said in frustration. Damnit. I had lost my cool and tried to fight my treatment so that damned hypnotic training had kicked in. Now she was *really* going to lay on the baby treatment.

"Awww! Sweetie! Why didn't you say so? Let me just grab my special friend from my babysitter bag..." She reached into her bag and pulled out a cute little stuffed bunny. "Here ya go. Hold onto Ms. Bunnykins, okay sweetie?" I just nodded and held tightly to

my only comfort right then. As much as I hated to admit it, I really needed a little fluffy friend to hug at that moment, and *this* one was from Carly. That made her a *special* bunny.

Squelch!

I squeezed Ms. Bunnykins tight, trying to block out the sound and feel of being sat in my stroller in a mucky diaper. I knew it was thanks to that stupid stretching ring that I no longer had any sense of when I was loading my undies or any way to stop it when it did happen. The thick wet padding pressed against my crotch as she snapped in the crotch strap and I sighed at the wonderful sensation. I knew I had to wear diapers now, but did they have to feel so *good*? It wasn't fair. Carly was wheeling me to the family bathroom to change me and part of me was loving it. Pathetic!

When I finally found myself on my back on the changing table, I was grateful that we at least had some privacy. I watched her open up the diaper-bag hanging from my stroller and thought. Maybe if I wanted it badly enough, I could find a way to communicate with her. I worked up all my strength and spat out my pacifier to tell her the truth.

"Carly- I make wotsa poopies," I said, letting out a loud fart and feeling my diaper grow a little heavier. No, damnit! That's not what I wanted to say!

"Awww, widdle guy, don't worry. I've done this a million times!" she said, tickling me around my ever-softening baby tummy and making me giggle and fart more. "Aww. Such a little *pooper*!"

"N-no!" I said, fighting my giggles and trying to convey my distress. "I wike my didees! I wike em nice n fick!"

"Oh, my," she said, as she opened up my diaper and caught a glimpse of my rock-hard pee-pee. "You sure do! I guess I'll have to double you up then. How about that?" she asked with a wink.

No! That miniscule erection was for *her*! Damnit. I was about ready to have a meltdown as I struggled to get through to my crush. Why was I even trying? I knew better than to try and go against my infantile training! It was probably to my benefit that she decided to put my pacifier back in and made sure I was holding Ms. Bunnykins tight before proceeding with the change. At least she knew what she was doing. She didn't even flinch at the mess before her. She simply wiped me up like she'd been doing it her whole life, and despite my distress, every touch from her was like ecstasy. I was this close to busting my nut when she taped up the front of my diaper, and to my

embarrassment, that's exactly what I did. But only *after* the last tape was secured. She was simply patting my diapered butt, praising me for being such a good little boy.

"There, we go, cutie. All diapered up in an extra thick one!" That's all it took.

"Uhhnnnhhhhhh!" I groaned, my eyelids flickering as all my muscles below my belly button contracted at once. I went limp as a ragdoll in her arms as I moaned and convulsed in the most copious and humiliating orgasm I'd had since this had all started. I lost every ounce of body strength as I practically pissed cum into my diapers. Why oh why did everything I did have to make her think I loved my diapers? Carly had made them so thick I could hardly move my legs and as far as she knew, I was *loving* it. I winced as she giggled and helped my poofy ass into my stroller.

"You are such a silly little boy," she said. "But you're stupid cute." She buckled me in and kissed my forehead. I totally melted. I was too exhausted and too hopped up on wonderful endorphins to do anything but smile and curl up with my bunny as she wheeled me out of the quad and announced that we'd be having lunch in the DC. Like it or not, my diapers had just made me feel amazing, and the feeling wasn't going away. It stayed with me the whole time, giving me the warm fuzzies well after my cum had been sucked up by the thirsty material between my legs.

The scary thing was, I could almost see myself getting used to this if Carly was my sitter. Especially if I could get an orgasm like that with *every* diaper change. Much like Tank, no matter what the ordeal, it helped to be close to someone you loved. Ah, Tank. I sighed, remembering *that* heartache. Was there no one in this world I could have all to myself? It felt like the Director had won and I was all alone. What was going to happen to me now?

Dorothy the cashier nodded my way as I was wheeled into the Dining Center. "Uh oh, here comes trouble," she said, looking down at me through her butterfly glasses. Her ruby red lips were pursed in an imitation of suspicion. "You're not gonna piss the seat again are you?"

I shook my head, and gave her my best innocent doe-eyes.

She chuckled. "Don't make promises you can't keep, kiddo, I'm just bustin' your chops. G'wan get in there you two. Babies get in free, just don't go trying to feed that tyke big kid food!"

I blushed hard at that. Carly leaned in and whispered in my ear as she wheeled me past the salad bar. "I don't think ice cream counts, do you?"

I looked at her and grinned. Ice cream? After almost a week of nothing but formula, I'd like nothing more. Soon enough, Carly was feeding me soft-serve by hand and laughing as I recoiled from brain-freeze.

"Slow down, little guy!" she said, pulling my hands down from my head and locking my gaze with hers. "Look. Do this. You rub your tongue on the roof of your mouth like this."

She demonstrated how to do it and I followed. Sure enough, the brain freeze went away immediately.

"That only happens when the roof of your mouth gets cold," she said, smiling. I was amazed. Carly was so smart. So kind. She was so perfect. Why the hell did she have such terrible taste in guys? I mean Billy? Really? At least go after someone worth chasing, like *Tank*.

"Oops!" she said, as the spoon of ice cream missed and hit my cheek.

"Hmm, maybe you *aren't* ready for this kind of food yet after all," she mused, setting aside the cup of soft-serve and the spoon. I whimpered. I wanted my ice cream! Sensing a tantrum coming on, she opened up her babysitter bag and pulled out a bottle of formula again. I recoiled as if she had just brought out a pistol and pointed it at my belly. Then someone interrupted her.

"Hey! I whipped some fresh formula up special for the little guy. Warm, just like he likes it!"

It was Marco, the guy who had kept Billy supplied with enough formula to drown a cow last time I came here, and he was wearing that same shit-eating grin, too. He handed Carly a gigantic baby bottle of formula and I scoffed. If the bottle she held before was a pistol, this was a loaded shotgun. Thanks for nothing, Marco. The second that nipple hit my lips and leaked lunch onto my tongue, all my struggling ceased as my bodily instincts took over. I found myself sucking down the sweet liquid like it was the nectar of the gods.

"Gosh, the little guy sure is hungry!" I could hear Carly saying in the distance.

"Sure is," said Marco. He patted my impossibly thick diaper and opened my eyes into little slits to see him smiling down at me. I could just tell he was enjoying this a little too much. I was sure he was sporting a huge erection under that apron of his, but I was too blissed out to care. I allowed my eyes to close and the world to go away for just a little longer as I finished off the bottle. Finally, the bottle was empty, and unlike with Billy, she left it at that, but not before burping me.

"Aww, there we go! Nice big burpies! Gosh, Jimmy. You really are just like a baby! I think it suits you well." Carly gave me a sweet smile and I knew she thought she was being supportive but it just killed me to know that my crush saw me as nothing more than a baby.

Then I thought about something else. I was worried about my diaper. Last time I had lunch at the Dining Center, I ended up flooding everywhere. A leak would be ten times more embarrassing if it happened in front of Carly! I looked down to see that my diaper was very swollen but not yet leaking and I pointed it out to Carly.

"Um... hey Carly? I think I need a change!"

"Uh oh! You *are* getting pretty close to leaking," she said, squishing the front of my diaper and causing me to hide my face in Ms. Bunnykins once more, "but I can't."

"What?" I asked, alarmed. "Why not?"

"I was told to bring you to the club meeting nice and wet, so that's what we're gonna have to do. Aww, please don't be angry with me, little guy. I promise I'll make it up to you after."

I crossed my arms and huffed. It was totally unfair. Not only was I forced to wear diapers but I wasn't even gonna get changed in a timely manner. *Tank* would never leave me in a soggy diaper. I doubted that Carly had anything to offer me that would make up for this indignity. I was more than content to stick to myself and sulk while she ate her own food, but she was an experienced babysitter and she wasn't about to let that happen. Somehow or other, she had a way of cheering me up despite myself, and she soon had me smiling again and forgetting all about what was going on between my legs.

"There's my little cutie!" she said, mirroring my smile as she finally got a giggle out of me. "So, I have a question. What's your favorite cartoon?" she asked, innocently.

"The Diaper Pals!" I blurted out, without thinking. It was odd. I didn't even know where that outburst came from, but once I said it, I realized that it was true. I *loved* the diaper pals.

"That's a perfect show for you, Jimmy," she giggled. "I learned all about it in... oops, I'm not supposed to tell you." Of course, that got my attention.

"Wait! Ya gotta tell me now!" I said. I pleaded with her but she remained tight lipped. Finally, she stuck my paci in and told me that good babies keep their pacis in til a grown up takes them out. Then, she told me to hug Ms. Bunnykins and just like that, I

was pacified and unable to fight against her suggestions. My mind was still racing as she wheeled me out of the building.

Chapter 20: The Babysitter's Club

"Next stop, the babysitter's club!" Carly announced, as she chugged me along on an imaginary choo-choo train. Or what I imagined as the choo-choo train to doom. However, it turned out, hell wasn't all that glamorous. After Shelley greeted us at the door to the meeting place, I quickly saw that it was little more than an unused conference room, a handful of student club members barely out of high school, and a smattering of A/V equipment, along with a few people to run it.

Aside from the A/V people and the club officers, it looked like we were the only ones there. I noticed to my surprise that Billy and Tank were still not present, and while I didn't particularly want to see them right then, at least I would *know* them. I felt terribly uncomfortable there on my own, as if all eyes in the room were on me, and they probably were.

"That kid looks really wet," whispered one of the A/V people loud enough for everyone to hear. I whipped my head around to look at the person who said that, then we both quickly looked away in embarrassment.

"Hi little super-soaker," said Shelley, walking into the room. "You ready to be a big star?"

"Ready as I'll ever be," I said, crossing my arms and rolling my eyes. That was about as close to the truth as I could manage. Shelley and Carly laughed.

"Uh oh, somebody's a little sassy tonight," said Shelley. "That's good. It shows me you're not a *complete* baby. You're still Jimmy in there."

I raised my eyebrows and thought about it for a second. Yeah! She was right. Despite everything, I was still Jimmy. "Dawn wight," I said, moving my binky to the side of my mouth with a smirk. That got the two girls laughing.

"Awww, I just wanna take him home!" said Shelley.

"Get in line," laughed Carly. "I saw him first!" Oh how I wished she'd said that *before* all this BS started.

Soon, club members began to filter in, and for the next quarter hour or so it was a cycle of squealing, fussing over the baby, and passing me around from lap to lap. Meanwhile, the conference room filled up quickly. The room was only so big, but it seemed like every person who could remotely claim to be part of the babysitter's club had shown up and crammed their way in. There were even some people standing around the doorway as far as I could see.

I was actually relieved when Jimmy and Billy showed up, and caught myself making the grabby hands before I could stop myself. I was soon protected from the cheek-pinching masses by a massive wall of Tank on one side, and Billy, who was large but not nearly as big as his aptly-named counterpart, on the other.

"Hey, lil' guy! Didja miss me?" asked Tank, with a kind of hopeful smile. I looked up into his eyes for a second and felt a little tug inside. I realized he needed to hear a yes as much as I needed to say yes, but I was too hurt. I just turned my head away and didn't speak. The vengeful part of me hoped that I would hear his heart breaking when I did so, but there was no sound from him at all.

"Aww, the little guy missed me though, didn't he?" asked Billy, patting the front of my diaper and giving it a squishy squeeze. I winced as I felt some wetness leak back out onto my skin and collect around the leg holes. I looked up at Billy in annoyance and saw that he too wore an expression of trepidation, despite his bravado. He was putting on a front. I could see it clearly. He was just as scared as I was, if not more, and I knew why. If anything went wrong tonight, his ass was on the line. *Welcome to hell, Billy. So glad you could join me.*

"Okay, looks like everyone's here," said Shelley. "Let's begin with today's meeting agenda. We have some very special guests with us who we're all excited to talk to, but first, I want to talk a bit about the club."

Even though I felt sorely out of place, I at least saw this for what it was - just a regular old club meeting. Nothing over-produced or scripted. It could have been any dinky college club meeting if you ignored the massive turnout and the cameras. Any meeting at all. Except it was so much different. *This* meeting was all about me, and the spectacle my life had become.

"I think there are a lot of people here and online who have maybe *seen* Jimmy or *heard* of Alpha Beta Delta Lambda, but don't really know what this is all about. Why don't you introduce yourselves and tell us a little bit about the program?" said Shelley.

The camera person was so interested in hearing more that they almost bumped into the audio engineer. I suddenly felt nervous as I was hit by the realization that I didn't know how many people were watching this. Didn't I hear that this was going to be broadcast to the whole campus and maybe even publicly available online?

I looked over to my two caretakers and saw the same gears turning. Billy looked so tense, that someone could have pulled his chair out from under him and he would have stayed right there. Tank was a little more subdued, but he was looking around a lot, like he was slightly confused and lost. It was all over their faces as they introduced

themselves awkwardly and talked a little bit about the C.A.B.S. regression program, their fraternity, and me. I found it oddly reassuring to see that Billy and Tank were about as uncomfortable as I was. Shelley, on the other hand, seemed to be in her element, and she used her confidence to support the two tongue-tied jocks.

"So the two of you are from the Alpha Beta, a local fraternity on campus, and you're looking after little Jimmy here, who's entered the Fresh Start regression program with C.A.B.S., our school's very own Center for Adult Baby Studies. Did I get that right?"

"Yeah, that pretty much sums it up."

Maybe it was her personality, or maybe it was all that time working the front desk of the dorms. Whatever the reason, the president of the Babysitter's Club kept her cool incredibly well up to and including the much anticipated moment where I was hoisted up onto the conference table in my soaked diaper for a little demonstration.

"Who here knows how to change a soggy diaper?"

Some hands went up, including Tank's and Billy's. Shelley grinned at the two of them.

"What do you say, guys? Think we can use Jimmy here for a little demo?"

Tank and Billy looked at each other and shrugged. "Sure!" they both said, and reached to pick me up.

"Oops!"

"Hey, watch it,"

"You watch it."

I grinned as the two of them fumbled over each other trying to pick me up. The audience laughed. It looked like something straight out of the three stooges' playbook. Eventually, the two of them managed to get me up onto the table, and they rolled up their sleeves both expecting to be the one to change me.

"I'll take it from here, boys," said Shelley, laying me on my back and ending the fun. I guess I didn't have a say in it, so I just sucked my binky and tried to will an extra-dimensional portal to open up and swallow me whole. No such luck. Instead, I heard the ripping of the tapes at either side of my diaper, and I soon went from being in front of a crowd on my back in nothing but a T-Shirt and diaper to being on my back in front of a crowd in just a T-Shirt as Shelley began to wipe all my nether regions for the

camera and everyone to see, narrating the whole while like she was teaching a fucking home ec class.

"Goodness, this boy sure was soggy! You have to be sure to wipe every part of your little one. Especially in the little folds of skin where the legs meet the crotch. You don't want them developing a diaper rash, after all. And of course you save the butt for last! You don't want to get poopies everywhere, now do you? Let's just lift up his little leggies and- oh that's right." She paused as she saw the anal stretching ring holding my butthole wide open. "Well, this doesn't come standard. I think they're using aftermarket parts here," she said. That elicited a round of laughter from the assembled onlookers. She gave it a few taps, eliciting a moan and another embarrassing - if tiny - erection from my winky. "Care to explain what this is all about, Billy?"

Billy smirked. "That's just a little something Dr. W. uses to help his patients stay relaxed back there. He's got something similar up front, but it's inside him where you can't see it."

"What amazing technology! So you're saying he's completely incontinent because of these devices here?" asked Shelley, tapping my stretching ring and my pee pee, and causing me to squirm as I felt my hairless balls tighten up.

"That's right!" Tank chimed in with practiced confidence. "It helps him use his diapers like a good baby so he can be happy and focus on other things. It's a good thing! It helps him be the best baby he can... uh... b-be..." Tank had started his little explanation with his usual sunny confidence, the moment he caught my eye and seemed to falter as I stared him down, becoming less and less certain with every word.

"Th-that's right," said Billy, who was visibly sweating from where I was lying at least. "He's a very good and happy baby, aren't you Jimmy?" I watched the beads of water form on his forehead and temples and I could literally feel the desperate thoughts of 'don't fuck this up, don't fuck this up, *please* don't fuck this up' radiating off him. I grinned around my pacifier and prepared to do just that by kicking a nearby glass of water right onto him, but once again Shelley spoiled my fun at the last moment, grabbing the glass and passing it off to Tank.

"Whoa there! That was a close one! Half of babysitting is anticipating problems and stopping them before they happen. I know you two are already experts in that awkward transition from adult to infant, but taking care of fussy little ones is my bread and butter. I think us at the babysitter club could learn a lot about helping newly regressed littles, and maybe you Alpha Beta boys could learn a trick or two from us as well, don't you?"

"Eh? Tricks?" asked Billy, who seemed offended at the idea that Shelley had anything to teach him.

"Tell me, guys, because this is very new to all of us, what is the potential market for babysitting big little ones like Jimmy here?" This sudden change of topic seemed to take Jimmy by surprise and his look of annoyance turned to one of confusion.

"Uh, well I..."

"I'll take this one," said Tank, with a renewed air of confidence. "I think there's a large potential market here, one which is relatively *untapped*. The program has been running for four years now and in that time has regressed thousands of patients from dangerous criminals, to addicts, to people who simply wanted another shot at life." He looked at me as he said this last part. Like he was making his case. "And that is exactly what they've found through regression therapy. Fully eighty percent of those who've completed the program have been adopted out to happy, loving homes. Homes with parents who need people to watch their little ones so they can go to work, take care of errands, or even just have a night off. Now get this. In the next five years, that number is set to pass ten-thousand regressees per annum. It doesn't take an Einstein to realize that they're gonna need caretakers. *Specialized* caretakers who have a little more knowledge than your average neighborhood babysitter."

I looked at Tank like he'd grown a new head. Had he just said all those big words? *My Tank*? He actually sounded really smart, and it was kind of hot. Okay, it was a lot of hot. But I was still angry with him, I assured myself.

"Who knows," Tank continued, "some of you just might end up finding your true calling caring for our special little ones like I have. You might even make a connection and adopt a special little one of your own, as I hope to do someday soon..."

My mouth went dry as he said those words. Was he... was he actually proposing...

"Wow, that's fantastic!" said Shelley, interrupting my train of thought. "I'm sold! I don't know about anyone else here..." Delighted murmurs of assent filled the room and the crowd generally agreed. "It sounds like we should really talk more often," she said with a laugh.

"Yeah," said Tank, smiling and rubbing the back of his head. Then his eyes fell on me again and his gaze made me blush despite myself. "I think so too."

I realized my heart was thundering in my chest. And suddenly all these feelings of anxiety came welling up inside me and had nowhere to go. I tried to cover myself up

as I suddenly became very self-conscious that I was butt-naked on a conference table with a camera broadcasting my babified butt to the whole school, potentially the whole internet, while these three talked about the economics of babysitting.

"It's f-funny you should mention that," said Billy, cutting in. "Because this Friday Alpha Beta House is having-"

Suddenly, I gasped as I squirted a stream of pee out across the table. There was nothing I could do to stop it. What followed was a scramble to get both me and the puddle I was creating contained. In the confusion, Billy's point was completely forgotten, but I was successfully secured and in a nice thick diaper.

"There, that oughtta hold him," said Shelley, passing the balled up diaper into Billy's hands. He backed away to toss it into the trash. "Hot tip for you babysitters out there - don't get distracted before you finish your diaper change." That drew laughter from almost everyone except, perhaps, me and Billy. Both of us were red in the face.

"Hey," said Tank, as if he had just remembered something exciting, "this Friday, Alpha Beta Delta Lambda is having the grand opening of the newly renovated Alpha Beta house! It'd be great if the members of the babysitter's club made an appearance!"

"Oh really?" Shelley asked. "Did you hear that everyone? We're all invited to the Alpha Beta Bash! That's the hottest party on campus, of *course* we're coming!" Cheers and applause followed, while Billy gave an oblivious Tank the death glare. I could tell that Tank had stolen his moment, and I wished I had a bucket of popcorn to enjoy as I watched Billy seethe. Instead, I got another bottle of formula and a seat in Shelley's lap. Her hand supported my head so comfortably that I found the piss and vinegar drain right out of me as I finally began to relax. As I suckled on the bottle, looking all cute for the camera, I wondered just what I had done wrong to end up here, and why there had to be so many nice moments mixed in with the bad.

I idly listened as the three of them prattled on, but nothing really caught my interest until the Q&A started up. That's when it really started to dawn on me just how many people had seen those little videos Billy kept posting up online.

Around the third or fourth question, Shelley called on a guy with glasses and a cute peeking animal hat. "What does Jimmy think of the fact that there's a whole movement of people inspired by him?" That got my ears perked right up. "He's become a mascot for the ABDL community. Does C.A.B.S. take notice of that?"

"Hold on," said Shelley, "Could someone explain what the ABDL community is? Are you talking about the fraternity?"

He was not. I was soon stunned to find out that there was a whole community of Adult Babies and Diaper Lovers who actually liked to wear diapers, feel little, or even act like babies. Of course, I wondered why it couldn't have been one of *them* that ended up in my situation. I'd have happily traded places with them. But what was more stunning was that people I didn't even know were following my daily activities, experiencing what I experienced vicariously. The big difference was that when they were done watching, they could go about their daily lives as if nothing was out of the ordinary. *My* life, on the other hand, had been completely upended and there was no waking up from that fact. I had sworn up and down that my diagnosis was bullshit since my very first trip to C.A.B.S., but the thought just wouldn't leave my mind. I found myself thinking it over as the others continued talking. *Was* the director right about my hidden inner desires? Could I be an ABDL?

Finally, blessedly, the stupid meeting was over and I could give my overworked mind a rest. The attendees applauded and left, chattering excitedly about Friday's party as they went about their adult lives. I heaved a sigh of relief, glad to go about my normal day being babied off camera.

"So how do you think it went, guys?" asked Shelley, standing up and handing me over to Tank. "**You** did fantastic, kiddo," she said to me, giving me a fake little punch on the jaw and making me blush.

"That was great," said Billy, with his big fake smile. "I'm so glad we decided to do this," he said.

Correction: She decided to do this, I thought to myself. And I was sure that Billy would do his best to make this the last meeting for a good while.

"And what do you think, Tank?" asked Shelley.

"I have a feeling C.A.B.S. is gonna get a lot of calls asking about courses in adult baby studies soon," said Tank, with a laugh.