

## Babied by Billy

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

It's almost Friday and time for the grand opening of Alpha Beta House: The headquarters of Billy and Tank's fraternity, and Jimmy's new home. Is there anything that can save Jimmy, or is he doomed to be the frat boys' resident lap-sitter and bouncy-knee-rider for the rest of his college career?

### Chapter 21: The Gloves Come Off

*Even though I thought I knew you*

*I'll admit I didn't check*

*It's pulling me*

*Back into a nightmare*

*Even with a bitter taste*

*I miss every moment in your space*

*So sad in me*

*And leave me alone*

*1010 Benja SL - Wind Up Space*

While Tank and Shelley chatted, and Billy ran off somewhere with Carly, I was left in relative peace to sit on the conference table and swing my legs.

"Hey, Jimmy!" came a female voice from behind me. "You did so good!" I turned around. It was Katie, classmate and babysitter from my Biology and Spanish classes. I blushed.

"Oh, hi Katie. I didn't know you were watching that," I said, unable to look her in the eye. All I could think was how she just watched me pee all over the place as I got my diaper changed on camera.

"Of course, I was watching, silly. I wouldn't miss the big meeting. After all, I *am* gonna be babysitting you."

"You are?" I asked her. "When?"

"Well, tonight, for starters. We're all gonna hang out and do study group at Carly's place."

"I *guess* that counts," I said, fiddling with my mitts. "I don't really know what I could study, though..."

"Well, you do have that *big assignment* for Spanish," she said, in an exaggerated manner. I scoffed.

"Oh, you mean the cartoons I'm supposed to watch?"

"Hey, Flora the Explorer is *very* educational. It's won awards and stuff," she said, with a smirk.

"Uh huh," I said. "Well, I'm sure nobody here wants to watch that dumb baby show so I guess we'll have to tell the good professor to give me an F."

"I'll watch it with you," said Katie. "We can make fun of how bad it is, or maybe it will be good! Have you ever watched it before?"

"Well... no," I admitted, "but I'm sure it'll be boring as heck."

"Oh? Just like that diaper pals show you seem to like so much you wear them on your pampers?"

"Hey, that's a low blow," I said.

"Yeah, she said, I'm sorry for hitting below the *waist*." She couldn't stop from laughing a little as she delivered the terrible joke, and I made sure to groan appropriately to let her know how bad it was.

"Hey, what are you two up to over here?" asked Tank, coming up with a friendly grin. "It sounds like you two are having too much fun." I immediately clammed up and looked away, crossing my arms.

"Oh, Jimmy and I were just... we were just..." Katie's laughter died down as she saw my change in demeanor. "Uh... talking about... homework? Jimmy, are you okay?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," I said, quietly.

"O-kay, well, anyway, we were talking about his homework from Spanish class. He's got to watch the whole first season of Flora the Explorer. Can you say 'diez fácil'? That's Spanish for Easy A!"

"Well, that's cool. I was planning on joining you guys but I wanted to make sure if I was welcome first."

"Oh, sure, I don't mind," said Katie. "You're more than welcome."

"Well, I actually wanted to see if Jimmy minded..." Tank said softly, looking over in my direction. I still wouldn't look him in the eye, but I was listening. "I kind of... uh..."

"Oh? Oh. I'll give you two some space." Katie backed off and pulled Carly aside just as she was coming back to join us.

"Hey, kiddo, listen," Tank started, raising a hand but hesitating to place it on my shoulder. "Uh, can I...?"

"Back off," Billy growled, coming up between me and Tank. "It's still *my* turn."

"Whoa, dude," said Tank. "Chill out. I was just talking."

"You've had enough time to talk with the baby. He's mine today."

"Grow up, Billy," said Tank. "You don't own him."

"No, I don't, but C.A.B.S. does, and..."

Tank's eyes went wide with shock, and Billy looked like he had just said something he really shouldn't have said.

"C.A.B.S. does *not* own people," Tank said, in a hushed voice. "That's..."

"Oh come on," replied Billy, getting defensive. "You know what I meant... I... erm..." he coughed uncomfortably, realizing that this conversation was going nowhere good. "Whatever, man. Stop smothering him. Little Jimmy and I need our *bonding* time." I looked between Billy and Tank, hoping that this conversation would get them *both* a spanking. Tank and Billy looked like they were ready to slug each other, and I was here for it. Unfortunately, Carly and Katie came to the rescue.

"Hey, let's go," said Carly. "Shelley needs to lock up." The lights flicked on and off and I saw that Shelley was at the doorway. Carly helped me down into my stroller and I got distracted by all the fuss as she strapped me in. When I looked up, Billy was calling after us to hurry up and Tank was nowhere in sight.

After another blushy and bumpy ride through campus, where I nearly creamed my pampers several times due to the vibrations traveling up from the stroller through my stretching ring, we found ourselves in the lobby of the dorms. It was just me, Katie, Carly, Shelley, and Billy, and no Tank, which was good since I was still trying to break away from that intense co-dependence I'd fallen into. Shelley was back to her shift at the front desk, but luckily, she was able to join us because our study group was

happening in the lobby. I say lucky because I really didn't trust Billy and the more people that were around, the safer I felt from his bullying.

The lobby was empty, as usual, because who wants to hang out in the lobby unless they're waiting for someone or chatting with Shelley? It had comfortable couches, and even a TV, which Shelley was able to switch to NewFlix so Katie and I could watch the first season of *Flora* while the rest of them did some *real* studying.

"Give it a chance," said Katie, setting her hand on my shoulder like a big sister would, and I nodded.

"Okay," I said.

As long as I was going to be little, I might as well try and make friends who wanted to hang out without actively trying to turn me into a baby. Katie was happy I was willing to give it a try, and she pulled me into her lap and held me while we watched the cartoons. To my surprise, it wasn't half bad. Her comments made me laugh, and the show itself was pretty entertaining. Pretty soon, we were responding to *Flora's* prompts in Spanish, and giggling. I didn't even pay much attention to the others in the room as I was so engrossed in the show. After about six episodes, Billy and Carly got up and stretched. Katie agreed this was a good stopping point.

"We're gonna go upstairs and get ready for bed," said Billy, putting his arm around Carly, which immediately got under my skin.

"Oh! Does that mean Carly is going to change your pull-ups?" I asked, in a fake-innocent voice. Billy's face went red.

"Aww, that's so cute," said Shelley, who had apparently overheard me. "No, honey. Jimmy's a grown-up. He doesn't need pull-ups."

"Yes, huh!" I said. "I saw the Director give him a whole pack. I'll bet he's super proud too. Why don't you show them off, Billy?" All eyes turned to Billy, who said nothing. He was staring daggers at me, and I decided to push him just a little bit further. "Hey, if you like 'em, maybe you'll end up back in diapers like me!"

The girls laughed. "Baby billy *does* have a certain ring to it," said Katie, stifling a giggle. They were all having a good time at Billy's expense, but Billy was reaching his breaking point.

"Now listen here, you little punk!" said Billy, grabbing my shirt. Almost immediately Katie and Carly grabbed his arms and pulled him away and Shelley jumped out of her seat. I acted more scared than I was - which was already pretty scared - and he was left looking like the asshole he was.

"No, Billy," said Shelley. "Absolutely not! You *cannot* get physical with little ones when you're upset. Besides, Jimmy doesn't know any better. You *should* though." Shelley looked pissed, and I was glad that she wasn't giving his bullying behavior a pass like everyone else seemed to. Billy glared right back at her, obviously outraged that someone who wasn't even part of the program would lecture him. His dislike of Shelley was palpable to me, and I half-hoped he'd do something more to further alienate the people around him.

Instead, he stomped off toward the exit. "Come on, Carly, let's get going." My three babysitters looked at each other. "I *said* we're going."

"I don't know," said Shelley. "It seems like you're not ready to be a caretaker. Maybe you should just go away and think about it. Or am I gonna have to put in a phone call about this?" she asked, raising up her phone.

"NO!" Billy said, panic rising in his voice. He took a few steps in from the door. "No, please don't do that. I'm sorry. It's been a really stressful week and I have all this pressure on me from school and sports and C.A.B.S. and Alpha Beta. I shouldn't have taken it out on my little buddy, and I promise it won't happen again." Shelley looked over to Carly who gave Shelley a nod.

"See that it doesn't," she said, smoothing out her skirt and sitting back down. "You feel okay to go, Katie? Jimmy?" I nodded automatically, still under the effects of Billy's suggestion, and Katie seemed to accept Billy's apology.

"Call us if there's any trouble," said Shelley, loud enough to let Billy know he was being watched.

"I'll be fine," said Carly. At some point, optimism became naivety, and Carly had definitely crossed that line with Billy. As she strapped me into the stroller, I just hoped that my provocations didn't get her hurt.

The walk back to Billy and David's house was tense. Everyone seemed a little frayed after the long day, and for once I was happy to have an early bedtime.

"If you need to talk," began Carly.

"Oh yeah, we'll talk. When we get back," said Billy.

As soon as we got back, I was changed, fed my bottle and put to bed with my baby monitor set to broadcast. Carly insisted on staying in the room with me until it was time for me to sleep, and for them to have that 'talk'. I lay there in bed, legs kept apart by a triple thick diaper, thinking about everything that had happened over the past four days, and wondering if I could ever find my way back to normal. That's when I heard it -

a moan coming from the monitor. My eyes went wide as I realized that the monitors had been switched. So that's what Billy meant by talk.

Billy proceeded to have vocal, angry sex with my crush as I was forced to listen. I tried to turn the monitor off, open the door and throw it out into the hall, even cover my ears, but none of those things was really possible with my poofy mitts. Besides, I could hear them through the walls - Billy definitely wanted me to know what he was doing.

I cried and hugged my pillow as the noises continued. As exhausted as I was, I couldn't sleep a wink. I'm ashamed to admit that it wasn't just for emotional reasons, either. The biggest reason I didn't fall asleep was I was too busy grinding my diaper against the pillow in my arms. As much as I hated Billy, his grunting sounds and the moaning of Carly were still sex, and I was understandably pent up after the constant edging I got from my diaper and plug. I felt so pathetic as I humped my little dick into that padding, unable to get enough stimulation through the multiple layers. Maybe the Director was right. Maybe part of me wanted or needed to be a big baby. But that wasn't possible, was it? I really didn't know anymore, and right then, it was easier to just stop thinking and follow what my body wanted to do.

I was so engrossed in trying to get off, that I lost all track of time until I heard someone come into the room. I looked up to see Billy walking into the doorway and I froze right there mid hump, propped up on my arms, knees spread wide.

"Aww is the baby cwyng?" began Billy, only to stop dead in his tracks, totally shocked. "Wait... are.. were you humping your pillow?" I didn't know what to say. I just stared at him, like a deer in headlights and watched a slow grin spread across his face. He was gonna make fun of me. He was gonna call Carly in to see what the pathetic baby was doing while they were fucking. All these ideas ran through my head, but I still didn't move.

Then, he began a slow clap. "Congratulations, diaper dweeb. You've graduated!"

"Wha?"

"You heard me. My work here is done. Let's get those mitts off you."

"Mitts? What, really?" I said, blinking and sitting up. All my tiredness was suddenly gone.

"Yeah, that's right. No more mitts. No more restrictions on using your hands." And sure enough, he came up to me and grabbed my hand as I flinched away. "Oh, quit being a baby," he said quickly undoing the straps. He pulled off the first mitt and held it up. "There, see? Now give me your other hand."

I reluctantly held out my other mitt, which he proceeded to remove as well, giving off a chuckle at my stupefied expression. "I thought you'd be upset about Carly but all you care about is your diapers, isn't it? And that's just how it *should* be."

I flapped my mouth as he leveled the accusation. "N-no. It's not like that, I just-"

Billy shook his head and stuck out his hand, cutting me off mid sentence. "Whatever, dork. Your dumb diapers are next. Come on, give me your hand. Let's get those diapers- SLEEP!"

The moment I reached up and his hand gripped mine, he barked out the order, and I went down like a sack of potatoes.

I woke up the next morning, feeling like I had a great sleep. Then I remembered Billy putting me to sleep and I sat up with a start, feeling my body as if I wasn't sure it'd still be there. That was a relief. Everything *seemed* normal. And then I realized - I could *feel* my body! My mitts were still gone! That was amazing. I moved my hand lower to make sure my diaper was still there.

"Oh thank god," I said. It was still there. I ran my hand against the front of the diaper and it felt as if an electric jolt ran through me. It was only one layer, and perfectly soggy so I could feel *everything*. It felt *amazing*. I blushed and listened for any noise in the house. All I could hear was my breath quickening and my heart thundering in my chest. I gave the front of my diaper another squeeze and sighed. Then another. Then a little rub. Pretty soon, I was frantically rubbing the front of my diapers toward another amazing orgasm.

"Oh fuck yeah.... Fuck yeahhhh fuck yeahh..." I moaned. That's when I realized something was *very* wrong.

## Chapter 22: The Birds and the Bees

\*Crink\* \*Crink\* \*Crink\* \*Crink\*

"Hey kiddo, rise and shine! I wonder what Billy was so happy about when he left this morn- Kiddo?!"

Busted.

Tank froze as he stood in the doorway and so did I, my hand mid rub, my soggy padding hugging my loins. For a few seconds, neither of us knew what to do. I spoke first.

"D-Daddy- !! I didn't mean to! I... unh!" I groaned as I began to rub the front of my diapers again. I couldn't help it. I was just so *horny* for my diapers!

Tank seemed to become unstuck as his hands slowly went up to his mouth and he stepped forward from the doorway. "B-baby boy...? A-are you okay? What are you doing without your mitts? ... ..A-are you talking to me again? I-..."

He hesitated for half a second, then rushed over to me, getting gently down onto his knees on the bed and bringing me into a hug. He was crying, I could see it. I was embarrassed both to see a grown man crying, and to be rubbing my diapers in front of him, especially since I still found him so attractive. And perhaps most of all because I really, really, really needed that hug from him and it felt so good that I began to cry too. But I didn't stop rubbing my diaper.

"Oh, baby boy, I'm so, so, so, so sorry, I..." He grabbed my wrists and gently guided them away and looked me in the eye. "Sweetie... I don't know why Billy took off your mitts, but I'm not going to make you put them on again. I won't make you do anything you don't want to. *Ever* again. I..." He looked away and made a pained expression, then he took a deep breath and looked back at me. "I've hurt you. I've been as bad as Billy, participating in all of this..."

He looked around and reached for a remote to see that everything had been turned off. To his surprise, it had, and I suspected Billy must have done something unauthorized and gone off script himself to leave things off like that. I said nothing as he held my hands in his. Not, this time, out of spite, or protest, but because I wanted to feel his touch. And I wanted to listen to what he had to say, even if he didn't deserve it.

"Listen, Jimmy. I will admit something to you. I know that you never asked for this. At first, I was just going to bully you like Billy, but then I saw you get hurt and I had to step in. Then, well... then I manipulated you into that pinky promise and spent more time with you, and before I knew it, I... I was head over heels for you. But I still helped

them, I still got you to stay for that procedure... For my own selfish reasons, I... I went with the program. I have no excuse, Jimmy. No excuse for what I've done. What I've *been* doing. I don't expect you to trust me, or even to want to look at me ever again, but... I want to *help*."

I was in tears at this point. My eyes were watering up and my vision had gone all warbly. Then everything stopped as the words he had said caught up with me.

"W-what? What do you mean you want to help?"

Tank looked at me in the eyes and said, "I meant exactly what I said. I want to *help*..." He gave me a little nod as the light of realization entered my eyes.

"You mean...?"

"Yes, Jimmy. I'm getting you out."

I was completely floored. I couldn't believe it. "You're... you're serious," I said. The words came out on their own, and I don't know how I knew, but the moment I heard myself say them, I realized with complete certainty that they were true.

He looked at me, and then it was as if he let out a breath he had been holding since he'd walked into the room. He looked so relieved and thankful that he gave me another huge hug and after a few seconds, I began to hug him back. I knew that he had abused me. I knew that I was going against every piece of wisdom I had ever heard about toxic relationships, and yet, stupidly or not, I couldn't hold back any longer. I hugged him back and cried into his shirt. We just stayed that way. Him holding me, me holding him. And we both cried.

It could have proven to be the dumbest decision of my life, but it was also the only decision. I hugged him and felt the love, and the resentment, the betrayal and also the need and comfort and hope all mixed together as I felt his body with my own hands for the first time. I put my hands everywhere I could. I felt his face. He let me. I even dared to ask if I could feel him down below.

"No, bab- no, Jimmy," he said, pausing to correct himself, but then added as he saw my disappointment. "Not yet. Just... give me some time. I'm sorry, I'm still so used to seeing you as a baby. I keep wanting to call you what I called you before. I'm trying my best, I... I don't want to lose your trust again..."

"You don't completely have it yet, Dad- er... Tank," I said, mentally cursing myself for falling into the same trap. "You've got a lot of work to do if you want to prove to me you've changed..."

"Yes, baby bo- I mean, yes, Jimmy. I'll prove it to you, I promise. And I've never gone back on my promises, have I?"

I shook my head. "No, you haven't." That much was undeniably true.

We lay in bed for a while, myself the small spoon once more laying in his arms. It felt like we were catching up. Somehow, the unexpected situation of the morning had thrown me off my game and I was glad for it. It meant we finally had a chance to talk things out. I finally felt as if I had a way forward. And most importantly, I had an ally. But all I was focused on for that moment was the need for human touch and intimacy that I had missed all this time I was denied my personhood. Finally, I was being held by someone who saw me as something more than a baby.

After a while, I asked him, "Why did you finally come around?"

Tank was silent for a minute before he responded. "Ever since the last meeting with the Director, I've had this nagging feeling. Maybe I've known longer than that. It just got stronger and stronger after we left that man's office. I was ready to tell you yesterday. I *tried* to tell you... After what Billy said yesterday, I couldn't ignore it anymore."

He huffed. "What we're doing at C.A.B.S. is *wrong*. I *know* it's wrong. And the director, he's..." Tank looked around and lowered his voice as if afraid the director himself could still hear us. "He's full of *shit*, Jimmy. I don't care how much 'neurological evidence' he has under his belt."

I audibly gasped at his use of foul language. I had *never* heard him curse deliberately like that in front of me. He spoke with such conviction as he said it.

"I'm going to get you out of this, Jimmy. I can't make it right, but I have an idea of how we can make it stop. And..." he reached down and patted my diaper on the side, well clear of my naughty zone. "I'll see if I can get you out of these too. It'll take some time but please just play along a little longer. I'll have to go back to calling you baby boy for a little while until we're done, and then... No more baby treatment or diapers ever again. I promise."

I blushed as I felt his hand on my hip and heard the crinkle of my diapers. I shifted and made an uncertain, "*mmm*," as I felt the heat rise to my cheeks.

"W-what is it, Jimmy? What's wrong baby bo- ...what's wrong?"

"W-well... I mean... It's just, uh... *never* is a pretty strong word, isn't it? I m-mean, I c-could maybe be okay being your baby boy *sometimes*... in private?"

Tank hugged me tight and I could feel his thick cock beginning to climb up my spine as it engorged. He kept his breathing and voice calm, however.

"Only if that's what you want, baby boy..."

I nodded, and said quietly. "That's good, Daddy."

He gave me another squeeze. "I love you, Jimmy."

"I love you too, Daddy." We lay there quietly for another moment, as I collected my thoughts. Finally, I spoke up. "So what do we have to do?"

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After our chat I felt ready to go to school with a renewed sense of purpose. But first, there was one little detail to take care of.

"We're gonna have to take care of that soggy diaper of yours, buddy," said Tank. He grabbed a fresh diaper and grinned as he held it up, but then his smile faltered. "Uh... unless you want to do it yourself...?"

I sat there frozen for a second, not sure what to say. Embarrassed, I just nodded. Changing your own diapers is something an *adult* would be able to do, right?

"I'll, uh, give you some privacy," Tank said, heading for the door. "I'll be right out there if you need me, though." His hopeful smile told me he was more than eager to swoop in at the first chance, and I realized that maybe it was better to get away from this codependency we had developed after all. Or at least try to, anyway. I watched the door close behind Tank with a click.

Alone in the room, I looked at the diaper in my hand and sighed, looking up to the ceiling. "Am I really doing this?"

A few days ago I would never put on a diaper by choice. Now? It was pretty much a necessity. I sighed and got to work. It couldn't be that hard, right?

"Let's see... what do they usually do first... I guess I should lay down..." I lay down. Then, I remembered that I needed to grab the wipes. I got up and grabbed the wipes and lay back down on the bed. Then, I remembered the baby powder. I got up again and went back to the bed again. Finally, I was ready. I pulled open the tabs, embarrassed at how much noise they made.

\*Rip\*

That first tape was so loud it made me wince, thinking that anyone in the house could probably hear it. But then, I remembered that it was no secret that I was in

diapers. I thought about just how many people might have seen me get changed at the meeting last night. Probably too many. I sighed and took off the rest as quickly as possible.

\*Rrip\* \*Rrip\* \*Rrip\*

"Okay... That wasn't so hard... Now to wipe myself clean..."

Wiping myself down was easy enough since I had no hair down there. I just wiped up my belly, legs, upper pelvis, my balls, my peepee, which dribbled unexpectedly as I cleaned it.

"Geez, that's dangerous," I said to myself, having narrowly missed spraying the bed. "How do they manage it?"

Not wanting a repeat of the time I sprayed Billy, especially not where I slept, I made sure to hunch over the open diaper when it was time to clean my backside. When I reached back there, my hand jostled the anal stretching plug and I shuddered and planted a hand to support myself as I felt the metal intruder pressing against my prostate. The dribble from my penis began to slow, dripping down in strands as precum began to leak from my dick. I'd have to be careful back there. Still, I was curious to explore the stretching device. I had never felt it with my own hands before. I steadied myself on one hand, reaching back with the other to feel just how big it really was. My eyes widened as I got to the center of the plug and felt just how wide it was. Did I really have all that in me?

I suddenly lost my balance as I was hunched on a somewhat flexible mattress, and I fell back on my butt, steamrolling my prostate with my own body weight. I let out an involuntary moan as more precum squirted out of my pee pee, almost missing the padding entirely. It sounded something like, "Whoa... unhhh...."

"You okay, baby boy?" called Tank through the closed door.

"F-fine," I called out, still trying to see straight after that unexpected jolt of pleasure.

It was time to stop playing around. I had a diaper to put on and a class to get to. I opened up the new diaper and laid it down on the bed, then quickly transferred my butt over to it and pulled the front up.

"That's weird... where are the tapes?"

It took me longer than I care to admit to realize that I had been trying to put it on backwards. Then I put on some powder, and tried taping up the tapes. It was messy, but

it worked. However, the moment I stood up, the tapes began to come unstuck. Frustrated, I looked around for some tape.

"Ugh... there's no tape! What the heck am I supposed to do with this thing? Why is it so hard?" I was practically in tears now, frustrated, and just done with the whole thing. I hung my head in defeat, knowing that even without the mitts, diapering myself was beyond my capability.

I took a deep breath and choked back my frustration tears. "Tank," I called, finally, "I need your help..."

Tank stepped in, clearly happy to be there to help, but when he saw how upset I was, his body language changed. He sat down on the bed next to me and gave me a hug.

"It's okay, baby boy. You'll get the hang of it... It's not as easy as it looks, but you'll learn..."

"I don't wanna learn," I said. I sounded immature like a cranky toddler but I didn't care. "I want you to do my diapers..."

I froze for a second. Didn't I mean to say that I wanted big boy undies? *No*, I realized. *I really do want Tank to diaper me...*

Tank chuckled to himself. "Alright, buddy. I'll help you as long as you want me to. On your back," he said, rolling his shoulders and cracking his knuckles, "and watch a master at work."

One glance at the diaper I had grabbed and Tank deemed it a lost cause. "With all that powder on the taping panel it'll never stick. Don't worry, though. We'll just rip off the backing and use it as a stuffer."

I couldn't help but giggle a bit at Tank's bravado as he fluffed a new diaper for me. "Never fear, Tank is here!"

Like a knight in shining armor, Tank was coming to the rescue with a fresh diaper at the ready. I gasped, my heart quickening as he tenderly lowered the front of my now ruined diaper, wipe in hand. I didn't bother to tell him that I had already cleaned up. There was something so hot about knowing he was going to do it for me. He hesitated as he noticed my reaction. I must have been blushing ten shades of red, and I was practically shaking with anticipation as he reached down to wipe me clean. I had to stick my thumb in my mouth to calm down. That additional oral stimulation only got me more excited, and I couldn't help but smile around my thumb at all the good feelings that were happening as I sucked.

"Aww... glad to see that you're, uh, enjoying yourself," Tank said, turning slightly red himself. My hairless little pee-pee, short though it was, was sticking straight out, just begging for the embrace of my comfortable padding. Slowly, Tank resumed cleaning around the base of my pee-pee, pausing again as I gave out a little moan and began to dribble pre. I clamped my mouth around my thumb and squeezed my eyes shut. Tank tried to comfort me.

"It's okay, little man. This happens to little boys sometimes. It- oh, right... I guess you're not a little boy, are you? You're a *big* boy like me..."

"I can be a little boy," I squeaked... "I mean... I, uh... you know... when it's just us..."

Tank looked surprised, then smiled big. "I'm glad baby boy, that makes Daddy feel really good..." Tank's breathing was a little uneven now as well, but he managed to hide his excitement admirably well, except for one very big thing he couldn't hide. I glanced down to see that he was tenting his sweats, and what a tent it was! I looked away quickly, but not quickly enough to prevent him from noticing where my eyes had wandered. He didn't say anything at first, just finished his diapering while I tried my hardest not to cum right then and there from his touch and the excitement of being put in a diaper by another man.

When he was done, he sat back and looked at me with a serious expression. "I think it's time we talked about the birds and the bees..."

"Oh, god... Tank, I know about sex," I began, my cheeks burning. He held up a finger.

"Ah, but I'll bet they didn't teach you about mixing sex and regression in grade school, did they?"

I shook my head. "I guess not... is there some sort of difference?"

"Oh, a big one," he said. "First off, not all regressed people have the mental *capacity* to consent. I know," he added, as I gave him a pointed look and crossed my arms. "I know, you're not one of those. You've still got your grown up brain, no matter how adorable you look on the outside." He chuckled.

"Okay, so then that's that," I said. "I'm over 18 and I'm cognizant. End of discussion, right?"

Tank looked at me, with a mild look of concern. "I want you to take this seriously, bud. There's gonna be a lot of guys interested in you at Friday's grand opening, and I want you to be prepared. Whatever you may think about Alpha Beta house,

nonconsensual sex is a big nono with us. So if you do decide you want to do something with," he cleared his throat and shifted uncomfortably, "*someone*... I just want you to understand what you're getting into."

"Aww, geez, Tank!" I said, feeling that same awkward feeling I felt when my parents tried to give me this talk. "Can't you just, I dunno, give me some reading material or a video or something?"

"Well," he said, looking at his watch. "I guess we *could* play the Pamper Pals episode about consent while I wheel you off to class, though there may be some... erm... *side effects*..."

*A little late to be worrying about that*, I thought, rolling my eyes. "Yes, fine, anything but this awkward conversation please."

"Alright," he said, smirking and ruffling my hair and I got the distinct impression I had once again come off sounding like a pouting kid arguing with his dad.

"And can I please wear some *normal* clothes today?" I added, hoping for the best.

"I think that can be arranged," Tank said, walking over to the closet.

In the end, Tank and I picked a pair of overalls and a red shirt with a firetruck on the front. Not exactly grown-up but certainly better than the Jon-Jon he had me in on Tuesday.

"Can I have some grown-up food too?" I asked as he carried me down to the kitchen.

"Don't push your luck, bud. Remember that you're still in the program, and it's not time for solid foods yet."

"It was worth a try," I said, as he quickly made up a bottle of formula for me and handed it off.

"Drink," he said, and I obeyed while he went about making sure we were all packed for class. I finished just as he was strapping me into the stroller. He took the bottle from me and handed me the VR headset in its stead.

"Okay, buddy. Just sit back and watch the video. It'll be finished by the time we get to class."

I slid the VR set over my head and I felt an anticipatory buzz as I saw the Fresh Start and C.A.B.S. logos on the screen. As stupid as it may sound, Pamper Pals was

my new favorite TV show. Better than most of the stuff I was allowed to watch these days, that's for sure.

The music started up, and a familiar chipmunk came out dressed in a bee costume, followed by his buddy Barry the Beaver, also wearing a bee costume.

"Hey, everyone! I bet you're wondering why we're dressed as bees, huh?"

"Yeah, Chester," said the beaver. "Why *are* we dressed as bees?"

"I'll tell you why, Barry. It's because today we're gonna talk about the *birds and the bees!*"

"Oh, are we learning how to fly today?" asked Barry, rubbing his chin. Chester laughed as did the audience and myself.

"No, silly, we're going to learn about what the grown-ups call sex."

"And what do we call it?" asked Barry. "Boinky boinky fun times?" I laughed again, along with the audience. The stroller was moving at this point. I could tell from all the jostling and the temperature of the air outside. I was too engrossed in the show at this point to care, however. I actually kind of liked the distraction. I didn't have to witness other people staring at me or worry about busting a nut every time my stretching plug was jostled by a bump in the road.

Of course Dusty the donkey and Sammy the Skunk had to make an appearance on set as well wearing their flower costumes.

"Awww... Why can't I be a bee," moaned Dusty.

"Because you're a baby, and babies are *never* bees, Dusty," said Chester, with an air of authority. "If anything is gonna get penetrated, it's whatever you've got between your legs."

"That's right," chimed in Barry, pulling down a diagram of a man in a rubber puppy outfit and pointing with his pointy stick. "Maybe it's the butthole, or maybe the vagina, or even a peehole." Here he pointed to the pup's penis, which was sticking straight up toward his belly button in the diagram. "It all depends on what the big baby wants. Remember, the word of the day is consent."

"Con- what now?" asked Dusty. "I'm Con- fused." The crowd Awwwed at this, and I followed suit.

"Don't worry," said Barry. "We'll break it down for you. Whether you want to do something that feels real good one-on-one with your caretaker, or you find yourself in the middle of a free-for-all orgy, nobody should do any sex-stuff without *consent*."

"That's when you agree to do something with someone else, or you give them permission to do something to you," chimed Chester.

"Ohhh, kinda like that contract we signed for C.A.B.S.," said Dusty.

"Yeah, kinda," said Chester, tilting his head and rubbing his chin. "But... you don't have to actually sign an *official contract* to have sex."

"I prefer to call it boinky boinky fun times," said Barry.

"Fine," said Chester, rolling his eyes. "You can call it boinky boinky fun times if you want..."

"I don't consent to that!" said Dusty. The audience laughed.

What followed was a series of scenarios that a regressed person might find themselves in and how they might go about confirming or denying consent.

"There goes Sammy rubbing his diapers again..."

I looked over to see the cute skunk vigorously rubbing the front of his diapers, a big goofy grin on his face. Chester smiled and shook his head with his hands on his hips. He was obviously more amused than anything.

"Does he need consent to do that?" asked Dusty, looking somewhat worried.

"No," said Chester. "he's already given consent since he started it himself. But if you're *ever* unsure, it never hurts to check. Check this out... Hey Sammy!" Chester called over to the skunk, who looked vaguely in Chester's direction. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

The skunk nodded vigorously, as he began to rub harder. "I wanna make stickies in my diapees!"

Barry joined his companions watching the skunk. "Now, let's introduce Sammy to the magic wand - the *right* way," he said, holding up a large microphone looking thing.

"Hey Sammy," they all called out at once.

Once my Pamper Pals started giving examples, it all made a lot more sense to me and I felt like my friends had taught me a valuable lesson. Long story short, the episode boiled down to the fact that through body language, verbal agreement, and just

checking in with a sex partner, it was possible to establish consent. It went over several phrases I could use if I ever did want to have sex. Phrases like, "Can I pweeze pway wif mr. Buzz Buzz?"; "I wanna make stickies in my diapees!"; and "More humpies, please!" Phrases I should use early and often whenever the need arose. That's about all I remember before the screen went swirly and I guess I nodded off after that.

## Chapter 23: A Very Interesting Thursday

Next thing I knew, the VR headset was coming off and I was blinking in the light. It took me a minute to fully come back to my senses and by that time, Tank was already kneeling down in front of me with my crotch snaps pulled open, sticking his fingers in the leghole of my diaper to see how wet I was. I looked around, still slightly dazed, and realized we were in the hallway of the Humanities building just outside our English classroom.

"Lookin' good, kiddo," said Tank, giving me the thumbs up. "Those double diapers really did the trick, even after your morning piddles!"

I blushed and began to get hard in my diapers. Then without thinking I said, "I wanna make stickies in my diapees! Can I wub my diapees, Dada?" I looked at Tank in horror, hardly believing what I had just said. Several passing students turned their heads, giving me odd looks. I was so embarrassed.

Tank didn't seem surprised at all, though. He just chuckled and ruffled my hair. "No, you can't kiddo. It's not time for that, it's time for *class*."

"O-oh, yeah," I replied, mentally slapping myself. Why had I said that? And for that matter, why had Tank brought up the topic of the birds and the bees at all today? Did he think we were going to...? No, best not to think of that, I decided. There was no telling what I'd blurt out if my mind went down *that* path, and I wasn't too keen to find out.

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Class that day was... interesting. First came English class with Tank. As usual, Professor Rice used her own brand of snarky humor to keep everyone engaged and on their toes, but it also meant we were all on an even playing field. Anyone was fair game for her humorous jabs, so even though I was sometimes the butt of the joke, I felt very relaxed in Professor Rice's English class.

"Gun show, you gonna keep staring at Tiny over there or are you going to answer the question?" asked Professor Rice.

"Oh, uh... what was the question?" asked Tank, scratching the back of his head and blushing while the other students laughed. "...Sorry." The professor looked my way.

"Tiny, can you help him out?"

"Uh... I need my teddy!" Theo was the only thing that really mattered to me at that moment, and Tank was right on it with my plush pal in hand.

Professor Rice smacked her forehead.

"Oh boy. Between tweedle dee and tweedle diaper, I can see I have my work cut out for me. Can anyone *else* tell me when we use a semicolon? This is supposed to be a review, people. Yes you - no, not you, little miss know it all. We all know *you* know the answer. I'm talking to the one behind you."

I hugged Theo and let myself zone out. *This is way better than fussing about what's going on in class*, I thought. *I could get used to this.*

In Spanish class, I continued to learn Baby Spanish with the help of Katie, only this time I was more enthusiastic, happily saying the words and clapping along with Katie, and then the teacher as I got them right.

"Mama! Baba!"

"Yayyyyy Jimmy! You're so smart!"

Smiles all around.

Dr. Paña was very impressed that I managed to complete the homework of watching Flora the Explorer, and gave me a smiley face sticker on the back of my hand. More smiles and applause. It felt so nice to get praise, I couldn't help but smile too. And the best part was, the double diapers were still holding strong, so no diaper changes in class.

Last but not least was Calculus with Jason from the varsity baseball team and my favorite instructor, Professor Câliner.

Once again I found that Jason hadn't brought a textbook for me, or even a graphing calculator.

"Sorry, Kiddo," said Jason, holding up my waterproof calculus for babies book. "I just have this and these baby counting blocks..."

I smiled and clapped, making grabby hands for the blocks. Jason seemed surprised and relieved and happily went back to scratching his head over the day's lesson while I played with my toys. It didn't matter that I was reading the book upside down. It didn't matter that I wasn't going to learn anything of note this semester. None of it mattered because it was all part of the plan I had discussed with Tank. What wasn't part of the plan was the tapes giving way on my soaked double diapers when the professor once again picked me up and started bouncing me on his hip while he lectured. That, and what happened *after* class came as a complete surprise.

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"So, I heard you peed on the professor in class today, squirt," said Tank, as Jason handed me off to him. "We're gonna have to get you some plastic pants if this keeps up." Jason was aghast.

"Again, I'm sooo sorry, man. I had no idea he was that wet..." Tank held up a hand to silence Jason.

"Don't worry about it, man. Not your fault. Our guy is just a little *super soaker*, yes he is!" How Tank heard about my latest embarrassing desk change was beyond me. There must have been someone or *something* else keeping tabs on us. I looked around, suddenly suspicious of everyone and everything.

"So distractible today," said Tank, kissing my nose and making me giggle. And just like that I went right back to playing the happy, hopefully convincing baby as he strapped me into my stroller, another day of classes successfully finished, or so I thought.

"Uh, Tank," I asked, as he wheeled us in a different direction than normal.

Tank gave me a pointed look as if to say, *careful* and I nodded, putting a teether in my mouth and pretending to teeth as I quietly asked the question, "Isn't the Dining Center that way?"

Tank's winced, then he looked down at me with an apologetic look on his face. *Uh oh*, I thought. *This is bad*.

"Ooh. Sorry, kiddo. I might have forgotten to mention... we have one more class today..."

"One more class?" I asked. "That's funny because I don't remember signing up for any new ones."

"Yeah, about that..."

"Well, I got my diaper changed already, so I doubt I'll attract too much attention. Maybe I can sneak in a nap or something. What's the subject anyway?"

"That's just it... the, uh, 'subject' is *you*."

I dropped my teether and just stared at him.

"Come again?"

It turned out that the next class was "Advanced Human Sexuality" (HUMSEX for short) led by none other than Dr. Stannopoulos, the director of C.A.B.S. himself, and today was the start of their discussion on his specialty: adult babies. Enter me.

"I'd like you to welcome Jimmy and his *lead* caretaker, Teddy," said Dr. S in his typically cheerful public voice. Despite his nice guy act, I did catch the emphasis he put on the word *lead*, and I wondered if Billy might be watching somewhere. I scanned the room and didn't see him, but the auditorium was large, so it was possible I just missed him.

"This is my favorite part of the semester," continued the director. "It's always a delight to have our Adult Babies in class with us." The director raised an eyebrow when he saw I was not wearing my mitts and looked at Tank who only shrugged. Then, he turned back to me and helped me out of the chair, "Welcome, Jimmy, he said, tapping the front of my diaper. How are you feeling today?"

"I wanna make stickies in my diapees!" I blurted out and I started rubbing my diapers with both hands. Everyone was watching with interest and I was so embarrassed, but I couldn't stop myself.

"Very good Jimmy. Very good! You can stop now," said Dr. S., snapping his fingers surreptitiously, then patting me on the padded butt and ushering me to a chair on stage. He turned to address the class. "We let our adult babies express themselves however they wish to. It's important that we don't hinder their development by limiting their behavior, even if it is taboo behavior. Unless, of course, it's absolutely necessary."

The students furiously scribbled in their notebooks and clacked on their keyboards, hanging on his every word while I struggled to appear dumb and happy. Hiding my embarrassment was a difficult feat considering what I had just done (or been made to do?) in front of the class.

"Jimmy, would you care to tell us about your journey to babyhood? The first stirrings of this desire in your mind? Perhaps what it's been like being in our program?"

"Uh..." I paused for a second to try and process what he had just asked, and then just held up my bear and said, "I got Theo!"

The Doctor laughed. "Haha, very good, Jimmy." He turned to the audience. "Well, it looks as though our little one won't be much for conversation today, but that's okay because I have something better. Let's have a look at the video clips, shall we?"

I gaped at my own image as various humiliating situations over the past week were projected on a huge movie screen behind me. I was flabbergasted to see myself in all those different situations, from bathtime to bedtime to class to the bathroom changes after my biggest blowouts. Was there anything they *hadn't* captured? Like an overzealous parent, they had managed to record nearly every moment of my humiliating

life as an adult baby. They even had my prostate milkings from the doctor and Tank. The doctor narrated.

"Ah, yes, baby's first prostate milking. This is one of the most popular on our blog. I can tell you it sold a *lot of C.A.B.S.* anal training plugs on our website." The class chuckled at this. My head was spinning. *Dumb happy baby. Dumb happy baby.* I had to remember that I was just a dumb happy baby completely unaware that my most embarrassing moments were being exposed for the world to see. Dr. S. continued.

"We've taken the opportunity to collect the data from our online audience with surveys offering discounts and freebies on C.A.B.S. services. We found that ABDL desires are much more common than any of us expected. We got over 500,000 responses from countries all around the world. Anyone care to guess what percentage of the population has had ABDL interests in their lifetime?"

The room was quiet.

"Thirty percent!" he said. "And quite a few of them enrolled in our programs after watching Jimmy's video. That's right, Jimmy! You're doing important work for C.A.B.S. as our newest *Adult Baby Ambassador!* Why, I'll bet the last time you were in there, you saw someone signing up thanks to *your videos.*

I fought hard to keep a smile on my face and giggle and clap like I was happy about it. Doctor S. sure knew how to rub salt in the wound.

"Well, as you can see, we have *one* satisfied customer in Jimmy. Jimmy *loves* being a big baby, don't you Jimmy?" I smiled and nodded automatically, Billy's powerful hypnotic suggestions saving me the trouble of acting.

"That's right," said Dr. S, looking extremely gratified. "So, why don't we open up the floor to questions? Jimmy will do his best, but Teddy and I are here to answer. Yes, you in front. Question?"

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After a grueling hour of listening to Dr. S and Tank answer questions from the inane to the just plain embarrassing, I was glad to finally have it over and done with. I wanted so badly to ask if this was to be our last appearance in this class, but unfortunately Dr. S answered the question for me, and I didn't like the answer I got.

"Jimmy and Teddy will be joining us for every lesson during this unit, and yes, Jimmy is one of the possible subjects that you may look after for your AB-sitting assignment. Sign-ups are here on the desk. First come first served."

There followed a mad dash for the clipboard as people hurried to sign up as my caretaker. Of course there were other choices available, but mine was the name on everyone's lips, or so it seemed. Apparently after Shelley's broadcast, my situation had finally caught the attention of even the last few students who had been hiding under a rock all semester, and I was now a bona-fide campus celebrity. When I learned this, I was doubly glad for my VR distraction during today's trip to school.

"Looks like you're going to be having busy weekends all semester, Jimmy," said Dr. S with a chuckle as he looked at the signup sheet to see my time slots completely maxed out. I just stuck with the dumb baby act, smiling and clapping, then rubbing the front of my diaper and moaning, though that last part wasn't exactly an act so much as an overwhelming impulse that I couldn't control.

"Looks like the little one is happy about *that*," quipped the good doctor. At this point, I was halfway to a diapergasm and too far gone to care.

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After class, Tank and Dr. S stuck around to chat while I was kept occupied by a group of curious students who each tried their best to make me laugh.

"Over here! Lookie what I got!" said one girl, holding up a phone screen with lots of flashy lights.

"Over here! Over here!" cried a guy, who started playing barnyard sounds from his phone.

"Lookat these!" said a third student, who, in the lowest effort bid of all, simply jangled his car keys. That one proved the most effective at capturing my attention as I clapped and giggled.

"I've babysat before," he said with a chuckle, holding up his palms and looking around as if to say, "Yeah, I'm the shit, and I know it but it's no big deal."

I never thought I'd see the day where entertaining an overgrown baby would become a competition, but here I was. And of *course* this would be the moment for me to have a blowout.

There were squeals of horror and delight from the class as I let 'er rip into my diaper, not that I had any way to stop it even if I wanted to. The hollow plug and the tube lodged in my pee-pee tract had me completely incontinent. Several students called over to Tank and Dr. S. hoping for permission to change me.

Dr. S just waved in my general direction and said, "Yeah, yeah. His diapers are in the diaper bag hanging on his stroller. Go ahead and change him, I'm busy."

I was treated to the most collaborative diaper change I had ever been a part of as a crowd of the students worked through the logistics of getting me changed.

"I've got the powder!"

"I call dibs on the diaper cream!"

"Hey, which diaper is best here? I've got these funny animal ones, this one with cartoon puppies, or..."

"Stand back! I'm opening this sucker up!"

It was surreal hearing all these people talk over me like I wasn't there. Surreal, and kinda hot.

*Oh no*, I thought, as a particularly brave boy wiped my poopy bottom clean. *Not now of all times!*"

"Wow! Somebody's excite- Oh gods, he's cumming again!"

"Hnnngh!" I grunted, as my penis began pumping out its third batch of penis pudding whether or not there was something there to catch it.

A girl reached over and yanked the boy's hand up to bring the diaper front over my pee-pee before I splattered it all over his shirt.

"He shouldn't have jostled the anal stretching ring. That's what happens when you jostle the anal stretching ring," commented the Doctor, whose attention had finally turned my way again. I didn't know whether it was because he was finished talking to Tank or if it was because of the unmistakable sound of a diaper boy in the throes of a diapergasm, but I certainly hoped this meant a quicker end to this ordeal.

"Okay, okay, move aside everyone," said Tank, clearing a path, much to the disappointment of the excited students. "I'll take it from here."

He cracked his fingers and smirked. "Let a pro show you how it's done."

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After the Human Sexuality class, Tank was in high spirits. It was almost annoying, but I knew he had to have a reason to be so happy. I just didn't dare ask what it was, not until we were well away from campus grounds, where we might be observed.

Unlike Tank, I was feeling despondent now that I understood how much covert surveillance I was under, and part of me wondered if Dr. S. had revealed that

information just to crush any lingering hope I held that my diaper days might one day be behind me.

As we crossed the street past campus, I finally asked, "What's got *you* so Happy?" failing to hide the disdain from my voice. Tank didn't even seem to hear it.

"Why am I so happy, little guy? Because of how well that worked!" He was referring to our plan. We had to act like the director had won and Tank was elated that he seemed to have bought it hook, line, and sinker. I shouldn't have been surprised. The man was an egomaniac if there ever was one. Still, I couldn't help but feel that that was a little too easy, and that Tank was celebrating prematurely.

"Hey, in case you forgot, I'm still in the program," I said. "Pretty sure that contract is iron clad too... I mean, I'm no lawyer, but..."

"Oh, come on, little guy, don't be such a worry wart. I can handle him. We've got this in the bag!"

"Yeah, that's what they all say."

"Yeah, well I know it," Tank said, playfully pinching my cheek and earning a swat from me, not that it made much difference to a guy his size.

"You call that a smack? Gosh, I don't have much to worry about if *that's* all you got," he laughed. I couldn't help but smile as I watched his huge chest shake with laughter. I had really missed that guy. I would say the past day and a half had been the hardest in my life. It wasn't exactly easy to shut off my feelings just like that and not go running to him.

"What are you smiling about," asked Tank, looking down at me.

"Nothin'" I lied.

"Are ya gonna tell me or am I gonna have to *tickle it out of you*?" He stopped the stroller. I looked up at him and crossed my arms.

"I'll have you know that tickle is defined as torture! Ahh! Help! I'm being tickle attacked!"

Tank was merciless, eliciting paroxysms of laughter from my all too weak flesh as he attacked my most vulnerable points.

"Okay, okay! You win! I'll tell you!" I managed to choke out between peals of laughter. When Tank was satisfied, and I finally caught my breath I spoke up.

"Gah. I'm just happy to be with you is all. But I might have to reconsider that position after what you just put me through. Well, me *and* my diaper," I said, looking down between my legs to see the material of my overalls bulging around the buttons.

"Oops," said Tank, resuming our trek back to the house. "Good thing we keep you protected."

"Hey! That's not funny," I said, blushing and covering my crotch.

"Uh huh, well, *somebody* down there seems to think so," he said with a smug grin.

"Okay, you're getting way too comfortable with the birds and the bees stuff, mister. Whatever happened to 'Oh he's too *little* for that sort of thing'?" I asked.

"Alright, I admit, I may have gone a little... *baby* crazy when I first got involved... but I'm past that now. I've evolved," he said, briefly letting go of the stroller to make a sweeping gesture with his fanned out fingers.

"Yeah, ya think? A *little* baby crazy is an understatement! How about full-on baby bonkers?"

"Okay, that works too," said Tank, with a smirk. "I guess I need to make it up to you, huh?"

"Darn skippy," I said. As much as I might have wanted to curse, it seemed like those grown-up words still didn't want to leave my lips. But I didn't really mind. That was the least of my problems all things considered.

Tank grinned as he wheeled us up to the familiar house.

"Look, there it is! Home sweet home! At least until tomorrow." The moment we got inside he sat us down on the couch with me in his lap and pulled out his phone. He swiped through it a few times and then looked over at me. "I take it you aren't feeling very social tonight?"

I shook my head. "Not really. Why? Something come up?"

"Eh, nah, it's nothin'," said Tank, scratching his cheek and smiling. "I'd rather spend time with my favorite guy."

I almost felt bad, but for the fact that he was largely responsible for this mess I was in, and there was no way in hell I was going to be alone with Billy ever again.

"So, what do you want to do tonight?" asked Tank, clicking off the phone screen and dropping the phone on the couch.

"You're asking me?" I asked, slightly taken aback. This was the first time I had been asked such a thing all week.

"If you need ideas, I have ideas. You haven't played in the sandbox for a while, what about that?"

"No way," I said. "Too sandy!"

"Aww, you were so cute in that, though. Uh, not that it matters," he added quickly as he caught a glare from me. "Well, it's too early to veg out and watch TV. There's gotta be *something* we can do. Hmm... I know!" He said with a devilish grin. "How about a game of... run away from the *monster*?"

Tank's grin only grew as he stood up and backed away from the couch. He gave me his best monster snarl, baring all his teeth, his hands extended out like claws, and slowly stalked toward me.

"Oh, come on, Tank. You can't scare me. Th-that doesn't work on... Okay, stop it, Tank. Tank? Taaank!" Soon, the butterflies in my tummy got to be too much, so I leapt to my feet and began to back away from him. "Eeek!" I yelled as he lunged towards me, and I shot off toward the backyard, barefoot.

He chased me for a good ten minutes or so until I was completely exhausted, and then he swooped in, holding me up with his powerful arms and gobbling my belly, making me giggle so hard. He was still gobbling and I was still giggling as he carried me back into the living room and deposited me onto the couch.

"That was fun, Daddy!" I said, smiling. Tank smiled back, but then he noticed the phone was buzzing. He must have left it on the couch while we were playing. I saw the screen as he picked it up. 10 missed calls. David was calling.

"Aw crap," said Tank, rolling his eyes as he picked up the phone.

"Dude where the hell are you?" I could easily hear the panic in David's voice from where I was sitting and Tank had to hold the receiver away from his ear for a sec before responding.

"Hey, dude, pipe down! I've got this thing right next to my ear, ya know, you don't have to yell! What's up?" He paused. "Planning committee? No! Of course I didn't forget, I just..."

My face fell. Of course he would have things to do tonight. Tomorrow was the grand opening of the newly renovated Alpha Beta Delta Lambda house. *Our* house. No wonder he was so preoccupied by all the messages when we first came in.

"Sorry, man, I totally spaced" he said to David, sighing and sagging, like letting air out of a tire. "Yeah, I was just... having such a good day after talking with the director and all... yeah, it's looking pretty good. Yeah, I'll hustle my butt over there right now, but what about Jimmy? Bring him along? Babysitter?! No, I agree, we can't leave him with you know who anymore, even if he *is* off of the planning committee and free to babysit... Uh... alright, well, I guess I'll use my best judgment... See ya soon."

Tank hung up and turned to me.

"Okay kiddo do you want to come to the Alpha Beta party planning committee meeting, or do you want a babysitter?"

I wanted to scoff at the idea of a babysitter but truth be told, I had already pretty much accepted it as part of my life (at least for the time being), so I just rubbed my chin and said, "As fun as the *planning committee* sounds... I think I'm gonna go with the babysitter."

"Alright," said Tank, looking pleased at my choice. "That's probably for the best."

"Do you know who's gonna watch me, though?"

"I'm pretty sure you know who," said Tank.

"Shelley?"

"Yes, Shelley."

And so for the second evening in a row, I spent the night working on my 'class assignments' with Shelley. As far as babysitters went, we could have done worse. Shelly was fun to be around, and she actually made my babyish homework pretty interesting. I had to explain to Theo the teddy why bedtimes are important, and I made some pretty compelling arguments with Shelley's help. And as for the baby calculus book? Well, that was just elementary. In all actuality, though, it was more challenging than it appeared. I was pretty sure I learned something, though I couldn't be sure what since I kind of drifted off until I realized I was filling my diaper again.

"Okay, stinker, I think it's safe to say this homework doesn't agree with you," said Shelley, holding her nose. "That's your third diaper today! Are you *sure* you're finished this time?"

I blushed bright red as she laid me out on the changing mat. Acting or not, I still was not used to being changed out of a messy diaper by *anyone*, let alone an attractive classmate.

I buried my face in Theo as I let Shelley do what she needed to do down below. In the middle of powdering my butt, Shelly got a call from Tank. She answered it, leaving me stuck naked on my back while she talked.

"What's that? Sleep over? Oh yeah, no problem. Don't worry, I've got everything I need. Don't worry, Jimmy will be fine without his Daddy for one night. Stop worrying, friend, I've got this covered. Leave it to me, you go plan your party. We'll see you tomorrow!"

"Sleepover?" I asked.

"Sleepover. Looks like the Alpha Beta boys are pulling an all nighter to get ready for the *grand opening*," she said, throwing her hands open to emphasize the grandiosity.

I nodded and stuck my thumb in my mouth, looking away as she finished diapering me. I sure hoped that Tank's plan would work; I didn't think I could take much more of this humiliation. But for the moment, I just had to grin and bear it.

## Chapter 24: The Grand Opening

The day of the grand opening was finally upon us and excitement was in the air, or more like dread in my case. I stayed with Shelley most of the day while Tank and the others ran to and fro making all the necessary arrangements for the night to go off without a hitch.

"What do you think it'll be like?" I asked.

"Well, I don't know, kiddo," said Shelley. "I'm just a sophomore, and I was never really part of that crowd. But I bet there will be some drinking. Maybe costumes. A Hollywood style volcano. You know, like in the movies."

"That would be something," I said, giggling into my hands. "You don't think that kind of thing ever happens in real life, do you?"

"I honestly don't know," she said, shrugging. "C.A.B.S. certainly has the budget for it."

"Yeah, what's with that?" I asked. "I knew daycare was expensive, but they can't be making *that* much money from room and board fees..."

Shelley laughed and shook her head. "No, no. They have government contracts... Wait. Hold up. Aren't those some pretty *advanced* questions to be asking for a baby? Do you need help feeling little?"

"Aw, geez, Shelley," I said, blushing and covering my face. "Don't make me..."

"I think he does! Somebody needs help feeling *liiiiittle!*"

I could already feel myself shrinking into an itty bitty baby as she talked me down into what C.A.B.S. folk called 'little space'. It was a state of mind where I felt like a rambunctious toddler. Everything was a bit more colorful. Simpler. There would no longer be any deep, thought provoking, or esoteric conversations for me. I was too little for that.

I hugged Theo, played with some toy keys, sucked on my baba and wet my diaper. All good things that I truly enjoyed. I chewed on my teether. I happily let her lay me on my back and pop open my onesie to check and change my diaper as needed. I was just relaxed and happy without a care in the world. But little by little, as I gradually began to come back out of little space, I became aware that Shelley was making preparations for us to leave. She had set the stroller by the door and she was packing a colorful oversized diaper bag for me.

"Huh? Where are we going? What time is it?" I asked, suddenly sitting up like I had slept through a big test.

"Well, welcome back, *big boy*," Shelley teased. "You almost missed the whole day! It's time to go to the grand opening!"

"Already?" I asked, groaning.

"Yes, already. Let's go. Up and into the stroller, buddy boy."

"Alright, alright," I said, hiking up my diaper as I waddled away from the blankie on the floor. "I'm comin'."

Shelley gave me a crinkly smack on the bum for being slow and I quickly plopped my butt on the seat of the stroller where she couldn't reach it.

"Why does everyone always wanna smack my bum?" I asked, blushing fiercely as she buckled me in.

"Because it's cute, that's why."

Oh of course. *Cute*. Now it all made sense. Not. I decided to keep my annoyance to myself, knowing full well it had more to do with my nervousness than anything.

"You're so cute when you get pouty," she said, booping my nose. I rubbed it, only more squirmy and embarrassed as she pushed me out the door. I knew she was just going to keep it up the whole way there, and I hated to admit it, but part of me liked it. I think you can imagine what part. Between the diapers, the plug, the teasing, the restraints, and my hard pee-pee, it was like I was being edged the whole way there and it wasn't fair.

It wasn't hard to find the place. We could see the floodlights and hear the music from half a mile away. Things only got noisier and more festive as we got closer. Everyone who was anyone was there. I recognized people from the varsity teams, C.A.B.S. staff, and of course all my friends, fans, and dubious onlookers all milling about in front of the big building, where a big ribbon was waiting to be cut.

The lookie-loos crowded me to greet me or stick a camera in my face. Since I couldn't get out of the locking buckle on my own, I had nowhere to go, and I got really uncomfortable when some of them started egging me on to make stickies in my diaper, practically shoving their cameras in my face.

A few of the Alpha Beta brothers had to intervene to rescue me, telling them they needed a press pass, and directing them off toward some tables set off to the side of the entrance where there were plenty of forms to fill out for their convenience. That's

when I noticed that the event was garnering quite a few recruits. Whether by hook or by crook, a line of young applicants had formed at the recruitment tables. I was sure that more than a few of them would end up in diapers by the end of the week, just like me, though I'm sure that's what some of them were aiming for in the first place.

I spotted some familiar faces almost immediately. I saw Billy running the recruitment tables, and we were just coming up on Dr. Windelmann with a muscular rubber pup on all fours at the end of his leash. A thick diaper was prominently on display over his Rubber and it was quite yellow. The doctor smiled brightly when he saw us.

"Oh! Vat haff ve here? The little mauschen has arrived! So gut to see you, little von. Und nice to meet *you*, Shelly. I *loved* the presentation you put on for the babysitter's club."

He transferred the leash to his free hand and shook hands with Shelly, who looked slightly taken aback to see a human pup in full rubber out in the open like that.

"Oh, zis is mein pet, Spritzer. Say hello, Spritzer!"

The pup let out two barks and wagged his butt, wagging the rubber tail that poked out of the back of his suit.

"Spritzer vas one of the first to go through our *reform* program. Oh, ja. The poor pet vas so misguided before his treatment, bullying little ones like Jimmy here, but ve showed him a better vay, isn't zat right, my little liebchen?"

The pup barked and wagged his butt, whining a bit as the good doctor bent down and gave his swollen diaper a few pats. I wondered just how willing Spritzer was when he started his 'treatment'. He looked happy enough now, though, if a little horny and frustrated. With his hands in thick padded rubber mitts, and his extra thick diapers, I imagined that getting off was a challenge. I didn't really care, though. All I wanted to know was where was Tank.

It didn't take long to spot him. With his size and the confidence, he was a commanding presence, directing the C.A.B.S. members, catering staff, guests, and Alpha Beta brothers like second nature. It was a side of him I had only caught glimpses of until now, and it made me realize that there really was a lot more to this man than the sweet Daddy I got to cuddle with at night. As soon as Tank spotted me, he delegated the role of manager to David, who looked like he was about to crap his pants.

"It'll just be a moment, D. I've gotta see my baby boy!"

In a flash, Tank had me out of the stroller and into his big arms, hugging me tight.

"Did you miss me, baby boy?" Tank asked. I hugged him back and nodded, breathing in his scent. I really had.

"He's been using a lot of big boy words," said Shelley, arching an eyebrow. "I had to help him remember to be little." I instantly felt smaller as she said that. Tank just looked down at me and smiled.

"Is that so?" he asked, looking me in the eye. "You know better, baby boy. You're just a *baby*. Don't forget that."

Of course he was really warning me. I had to remember the plan. Enjoy the treatment. Don't ask questions. Convince Dr. S. he's won completely. That wasn't too hard. I was pretty convinced of it myself.

We looked over as a megaphone squealed over by the entrance. There, holding a huge pair of scissors, was none other than the director himself: Doctor Stannopolous.

"Welcome one and all!" he called out. "Welcome to the grand opening of the Alpha Beta Delta Lambda house!" There was applause all around. The director was the center of attention and he was loving every second of it, as usual.

"Well, thank you for coming today to our little shindig. We're here today because of the hard work of the members of the fraternity, our generous donors, and the incredible success of our research and treatment programs, which have made this campus the world's center for ABDL research!"

More applause.

"Alpha Beta Delta Lambda members have volunteered countless hours with our Fresh Start program and contributed to critical research that has made our program a success from the very beginning." Here, he paused to look over at Dr. Windelmann and gestured with an open hand. "Dr. Windelmann, our senior physician in house, can attest to that. As can his adorable Pet, Spritzer."

"Say hallo, Spritzer!" said Dr. Windelmann, inducing the diaper-clad rubber pup to stand up on his hindquarters and bark, much to the delight of onlookers.

"Thank you, Doctor. Now, as I was saying, we owe a lot to Alpha Beta Delta Lambda, and as we strengthen our relationship with this venerable fraternity, we want to give them every tool they need to help us keep our incredible program running like a well-oiled machine."

I shuddered, imagining a factory line where adults were turned into big babies one after the other.

"To that end, we have installed some state of the art facilities in the newly renovated Alpha Beta House. So without further ado, it's time to cut the ribbon!"

The cameras lined up, and everyone watched on in excitement as the blades came down on the long bolt of red cloth.

SNIP!

A big cheer rang out as the cloth fell to the floor.

"Why don't we all take a look, shall we?"

There was a buzz of excitement in the air, and plenty of cellphones recording as everyone followed the doctor into the house. First stop was the kitchen, where there was a grand dining table and plenty of space for high chairs and doggie bowls beside each seat.

"Every day starts and ends with a good meal, so we wanted to make sure there was space for everyone!"

Indeed there was, and I had the feeling that I would be far from the only diapered sub dining there each day. At least I wouldn't be alone.

Next, we got a peek inside the kitchen, which was set up to feed the large numbers of members and the pets/littles in their care. Big long counters, big sinks, and glistening industrial appliances for large scale cooking. It even had a bottle washing station, and I blushed as Billy commented that it would make cleaning my bottles much easier.

After that, there was a big open room that Dr. S. called the exercise room. There was a big round track for pups to run along, and hanging baby harnesses on tracks that littles like me could run on. I was obliged to grin and bear it as I was set inside one to demonstrate it.

"There we go, Jimmy! Be a good boy and give us a lap around the room! We'll wait for you..."

The big harness spread my legs wide - even further than my already thick diaper did. It was set just high enough that I had to flex my feet slightly to touch the ground, and all the pressure instead went to the anal stretching ring, pressing it into my hole and causing my dick to jump in my diaper with each awkward waddle forward. I tried not to wince in embarrassment as I felt my body respond to the stimulation. When I looked back, I saw that everybody was watching, and they were going to wait until I had finished. I had no choice but to go forward, and the faster the better, but the awkward outfit did not make it easy. I

was about halfway around the track before I had my first spasm, hunching over as my cock spit precum into the front of my soggy padding. The director eventually grew impatient, but he had a brilliant idea.

"I know! Let's give him some incentive. We'll make it a race! Doctor Windelmann, do you mind if we borrow Spritzer?"

"A wunderbar idea, Herr Doktor Stannopoulos!" The portly doctor graciously handed the lease to the director, who led the pup to the start of the track before unclipping him.

"Alright. Let's see who is faster. The winner will get to enjoy a slice of real pizza! How does that sound?"

The race was on. The doctor had me at 'pizza'. I would have killed to eat some real food after days of nothing but formula, and I had a head start too, but with my awkward gait, I was going to be hard-pressed to beat out a well-conditioned human pup running on all fours. Spritzer took off like a bolt and I waddled as if my life depended on it, doing my best to ignore the increased stimulation the extra motion caused. I did pretty well for myself, all things considered, but as Tank and the rest cheered me on from the sidelines, Spritzer steadily gained on me until about 10 feet from the finish line, he blew past me. Meanwhile, I shuddered and blew a load into my diaper. All that stimulation had caused a massive bladder spasm, followed by an involuntary orgasm immediately after. There was no disguising what happened as I loudly moaned and cried out.

"Ahhhh! Ohhhhhhh, unnn hghhhhhhhhhhhffffuuuuuhhhhhhh...." And then I blurted out the most embarrassing statement just out of the blue. "I made stickies in my diapees!!"

I panted, completely wiped out and embarrassed as people clapped, laughed, and cooed. Damn that VR. Why had I been so cavalier about the possible side-effects? There was nothing I could do about it now, though. It would work to my advantage, though. I had to let the Doctor think he had won, after all. I never did cross the finish line. Instead, I was lifted out of the harness and carried by Tank to the next stop - the bathrooms.

I hid my face in Tank's shoulder the whole way there, knowing that people were staring at me and my soggy diaper butt. He patted my butt the whole way to relax me, and it would have worked, except that I could feel the sticky goo I had spurted into the diaper, and that made me all the more horny and embarrassed as he pressed the slippery padding against me with each pat. The excitement of the crowd grew as we walked on, and I looked up as Dr. S. began to give his next lecture.

"Ah, here we are, coming up on one of the crowning jewels of this project. The bathrooms! It's a little something that will suit the needs of all fraternity members and those in their care. Let's take a look, shall we?"

'A little something' didn't do the bathrooms justice. It looked more like a spa, starting with a big sweeping entrance lined with tile and wide enough for several people to pass through at once. We walked through locker rooms with stacks of towels waiting to be used and benches, all conspicuously outfitted with tie down points.

Past that were the showers, which were open, no stalls. They had nozzles at knee level, high pressure shower heads above, and shower shots every seven feet or so for easy cleaning inside and out.

There were standing baths further down, elevated to between waist and chest height for easy cleaning of pups and adult babies without any bending to hurt the back.

And of course, there were plenty of changing tables as well. The doctor got a mischievous gleam in his eye when we came to those and I gulped involuntarily.

"Let's christen these changing tables with a couple of our star subjects. What do you say? Spritzer and Jimmy both look like they could use a change!"

There were chuckles and murmurs of agreement as there was no hiding the state of our diapers. The pup didn't seem to hesitate at all when Dr. Windelmann whistled and patted the table with a sharp command in German. He seemed perfectly fine being changed in public, if a little wiggly. The doctor opened his diaper to reveal a caged puppy cock. When he took off the cage, a long, ribbed, aluminum tube came out of his cock along with it, dripping with pre.

"Can I get an instrument tray over here? I think we need to size up."

I sucked my thumb and stared at my diaper in anticipation while Tank laid me down and reached for my tapes.

"Let me have a crack at him," said Billy, stepping in. I made eye contact with the asshole but quickly looked away again, sucking my thumb like I didn't care. Of course I hated that I was already getting hard as he took off my diaper, but I tried to act like I didn't notice.

"What a good baby," Billy said, looking at my stiff bits as he pulled down the front of my diaper. "Wow! His little wee wee is trying to get hard! You really love your diapees, don't you Jimmy?"

I nodded, keeping my thumb in my mouth. I didn't even have to fake that. It was another automatic response programmed by Billy himself that I nod yes to all questions

he asked. Of course the worst part was that it was true. I really had come to love my diapees, and Billy knew exactly how to rub it in, too.

"Of course you love them! That's why you begged to be kept this way. Well, buddy, you struck the jackpot here. You get to be this way forever and ever! Bet you never dreamed you'd get this treatment when you came to college, huh?" He smiled and toyed with my pecker for just a moment. "Look at all that pre! You are in baby heaven right now, aren't you, crinkle butt?"

It infuriated me that he was right, even though I knew I was supposed to be growing up and becoming an adult in college.

I winced as Billy used my own pre to slick my dickhead and slid his finger over it. It was too much stimulation to be pleasurable, and a bladder spasm was the immediate aftermath. A spurt of pee hit his palm and he chuckled.

"No control at all, little guy. That's why we keep you in diapers!"

Meanwhile, Dr. Windelmann was setting up a grand opening of his own. He had an array of hollow aluminum urethral stretching tubes out and was working an incredibly large ribbed one into Spritzer's cock. Several smaller sizes were sitting used on the tray, covered in lube.

"Ahh... zere ve go! I could practically fit my finger in zere now," he said, as he flexed his fat gloved finger where the pup could see. The pup was rock hard and if he had a tail I was sure he'd be wagging it. The doctor pumped the bumpy cock straw in and out of Spritzer's penis several times, causing the pup to shudder and whine in pleasure, before taking it out and running his finger around the gaping piss-slit.

"Ohhh, yes, my pet. You took my whole finger! What a good boy you are! Good boy!" Onlookers gasped as he slipped his finger into the hole. "Vat a gut boy! You took the whole thing."

He rubbed the puppy's tummy as he worked his finger in and I could see a lot of precum dripping out around the doctor's fat finger. I couldn't fathom what was so enjoyable about having a finger up your peehole, but there were a lot of things I didn't understand about what felt good, I supposed. After all, a week before I never would have guessed that diapers felt so good to wear! The doctor left the poor pup's cock alone and moved on to his tail, which he worked around before pulling out to inspect his pet's backside.

"Gut boy! You look happy und healsy back zere!"

The plug that had come out of him was so large that it left him gaping and probably would never close again. I guess that was what the doc considered healthy.

When he was finally satisfied, he put the tail plug back in, and slid a very, very large tube in the front of the pup's pee-pee before locking it in with a cage and taping him up again. The poor whiny, horny pup was stuck like that and there was no way poor Spritzer was going to do anything about it with the rubber and diaper and cage over everything. Not with his hands in thick padded rubber mitts. I didn't envy the pup, but at least he seemed to be enjoying himself. I wondered if he had been like me and hated his treatment at first. The way he looked into the doctor's eyes with such love reminded me of me and Tank and I decided that at this point it didn't matter. We just had to get through our new lives as best we could.

It would be a lot easier to do that if Billy wasn't around. I was once again forced to grin and bear it as Billy finished hamming it up and taped up my diaper. A few pats to my front made me squirm, and a firm pat on my plugged butt made my eyes bug out. It was going to be very hard to keep my composure around this asshole.

Luckily the only bigger narcissist than Billy was right there in the room beside us, and he soon grew tired of the pets and pamperbutts stealing the show. He clapped his hands together causing everyone to jump.

"Yes, yes, very good. As you can see, the brothers of Alpha Beta Delta Lambda will have all they need. Now, if we're all diapered up, let's get on with the show! We have one more stop to make... and it's in the *basement*..."

We all made our way out of the restroom, and I could tell something was up because the chatter was more animated, and much of it was coming from the existing membership. Down, down, down the wide stairs we went. Down into the basement.

The basement was wide, open, and much more minimally furnished than the upstairs. Someone must have been passing out robes because next thing I knew, everyone was in one — except the pledges themselves of course. They shuffled nervously about as those in the know went through the esoteric paces of their unknown ritual.

Amidst sigils and candles and dim lighting, the members formed a large circle, and behind a stone altar that looked suspiciously like a lectern stood the doctor. It was easy to get caught up in all of the pomp and circumstance and forget that these were just people like anyone else. The director did what he did best and broke into yet another lecture.

"It is now time for our annual induction. Pledges, brothers, guests, and patients," he said, smiling down at me. "It is my pleasure to welcome you to this very special event, made even more special because of the renovation, and because this is the customary time that we select our house baby. Every four years or so, this fraternity has a very special vote. A vote for the house baby - the house *mascot*, if you will. It can be anyone they vote for, even me," he said with a laugh. "Of course we know *that* would never happen. We will see who gets elected house baby," he said, looking directly at me and making me squirm, "but first, let us commence with the induction!"

The pledges arranged themselves in rows in the center of the circle and stood at attention. There were dozens and dozens of them, including several who had only just joined that evening thanks to the recruitment team. I noticed several of the aggressive 'paparazzi' from earlier in their ranks looking confused and out of place.

"The brothers are going around with your ribbons. You'll notice that they come in white, yellow, red, or blue. You will find out what they mean shortly."

The members began pinning ribbons to the pledges' clothing, or whatever they happened to be wearing, and I watched as the pledges looked at first perplexed, and then gradually started to work out the meaning for themselves based on who got what. It was quite the mind game for those standing there, letting them wonder what it all meant as the ribbons were passed out.

I saw a proud looking pledge puff out his chest as he accepted a blue ribbon. Many others seemed impressed and they seemed to generally think that blue was best.

A much less confident looking pledge shrank back as a red ribbon was pinned to him. He looked terrified. The red ribbon was not what anyone wanted to get, clearly.

A clueless newbie got a white ribbon, as did almost anyone who signed up at Billy's table. All that seemed to indicate was that they were newbies. Simple enough.

It was the yellow ribbon that had pledges scratching their heads. A number of them seemed reasonably confident that it was good, while others were not so sure. The yellow ribbons seemed to go to a good chunk of the pledge, so it was safe to assume that it couldn't be too far in either direction.

Once the ribbons had all been distributed, the doctor continued. "Now that you are all ribboned, I'd like you to listen carefully. Blue ribbons... you have passed with flying colors. Please accept your robes and prepare to be inducted.

There was a general cheer from the blue ribbons and uncomfortable shifting from the rest, who had had at least one of their suspicions confirmed.

"Red ribbons, you are *out*. I'm sorry, but you're just not Alpha Beta *material*. Better luck next year." He waved them away with a dismissive gesture. There was a general murmur and shuffling of feet as most of the red ribbons began to slink off toward the exit. However, one or two were a bit more vocal.

"Hey! That's not fair!" yelled one man.

"Yeah! We worked our butts off! Isn't there anything we can do?" said another.

The doctor gave the rebellious rejects a cold glance that seemed to lower the temperature of the room by several degrees before breaking into a smile.

"Well, I suppose there is *one* way you could get in. You could sign the forms and enter along with the new recruits who came in tonight." He gestured toward the white ribbon wearers. "Do that and you'll get a white ribbon. You'll lose your status as a pledge, though."

A number of the red ribbons said to heck with it and walked out then and there, but many others signed the sheets conveniently provided on clipboards by the standing members of Alpha Beta. *Those* pledges got their white ribbons and smirked, feeling that they had somehow beat the system once again.

"Yellow Ribbons... you are almost there, but you still have to prove yourselves. Now you must show us your resolve. If you can withstand a paddling longer than 50% of your group, you will receive a blue ribbon. If you cannot... your ribbons will be as red as your behinds."

The brothers unsheathed the paddles, and the yellow ribbons were told to bend over and drop trow, or whatever they happened to be wearing. To their credit, everyone in the remaining group did so. They had come this far and they were committed to making it. However, the paddling wouldn't stop until at least half of them had dropped out. So began the contest of a thousand spanks.

\*SMACK\* \*SMACK\* \*SMACK\*

The sound of paddle hitting flesh rang across the ceremonial space along with the moans and cries of "OOF!" and "OW!" as the strikes rained down on exposed bottoms.

Several of the brothers were openly sporting erections and licking their lips as they watched — or paddled.

One by one, the yellow ribbon pledges began to drop out. Nearly every one of them ran right to the signup sheets to get a white ribbon. I couldn't fathom why. Maybe they were legacies and it was just expected of them. Maybe they were in it for the

powerful connections that came with membership. Whatever the reason, when half of the hopefuls had joined their fellow losers at square one, the paddling stopped, and those left standing got nice new robes to cover their now purple bottoms.

"Bravo," said the doctor, "clapping. I like to see that kind of spirit and energy in our new recruits! Welcome to those of you who made the cut. And for the rest of you - if you have a white ribbon, please accompany our intake team to the Center for Adult Baby Studies. You've all been accepted into the Fresh Start program, and we look forward to seeing you back here after processing, where you'll get to stay and make full use of the new facilities as Alpha Beta's newest charges.

The shocked faces of the poor pledges were a sight to see. Many of them looked as pale as the ribbons they wore. The poor fools. Those who had withstood the contest of endurance smirked and teased their former peers.

"See you soon, *babies!*"

"We'll be sure to take good care of you when you get back."

I felt for the poor schmucks as I watched them go. Anyone who resisted soon found themselves pacifier gagged, incapacitated, and dragged off in full restraints. After that happened to a few of the rowdiest babies to be, the rest soon decided it would be better to go quietly. The doctor continued once more as the room was cleared of the chaff.

"Wave goodbye now. Very good. We'll see *them* again soon. And now, for the convocation."

There followed some chanting, and some swearing in. Some pledges of allegiance and other boring ceremony. It was enough to put me to sleep, so I snuggled into Tank and zoned out for most of it. That is, until the time for the big vote came.

"Congratulations, new members! This is the start of a new life for you, and the next four years will garner connections and opportunities that will pay dividends for the rest of your lives. Now it is time for my favorite part of the night. It's time to nominate our house baby! Do we have a suggestion? Anyone can speak up to nominate a member. Don't be shy!"

As the seconds stretched on, I was sweating bullets. Any moment, a single utterance could seal my almost certain fate of being house baby. Sure, I was stuck as a baby whether I liked it or not, but I sure didn't want to be the *Mascot*.

"Jimmy!" called out Billy, finally, looking at me with a triumphant grin.

"Jimmy!" repeated the director, feigning surprise. "Imagine that!"

There was laughter and applause and my stomach dropped into my bare little feet. No one was surprised to see my name come up. Tank hugged me close as I hung my head in resignation. I could hear the Doctor calling out, "Do I have a second?"

But no one spoke up. I looked up. The director's smile had faltered.

"Anyone? No one?"

I thought I was done for, but still no one would speak. When someone finally did speak up, what they said would shock us all.

"I nominate Billy!"

## Chapter 25: Life on the Inside

"I nominate Billy!" came Tank's booming voice.

There was a collective gasp from everyone in the room, and the look on Billy's face was priceless as he wheeled around.

"Who the FUCK said that?" Billy looked at the other members with suspicion. He quickly locked eyes with Tank who smirked.

Dr. Stannopoulos, undeterred, said, "Do I have a second?"

Billy whipped his head around to stare at the doctor in shock.

David raised his hand. "I second!"

"You two!" Billy growled, clenching his fists. He turned to Dr. S. "...Doc! You can't let them do this! This is bullshit!"

The director, stared Billy down with his cold gaze and said slowly, "Do not presume to tell me what I can and cannot do. Are there any *other* objections to this vote?"

"I second the motion as well," said Jason raising his hand, and Billy shot him a look that could kill.

"You too?! I should have known..."

"Now *this* is interesting," the director, smiling a smile that made chills run up my back and probably had Billy pissing his pull-ups. "I guess we'll have to allow it, then."

Billy looked nervously over toward the good Doctor Windelmann who was clapping with glee.

"Oh my, Spritzer... I sink ve may haff anoizzer subject to casseterize tonight! I could do it right in the brand new bassroom."

Billy shook his head emphatically.

"Show of hands," said Dr. S., not seeming to care one bit about Billy's preference on the matter. Suddenly, there was a sea of raised hands. I was amazed, and touched to see how everyone followed Tank's lead to put Billy the bully in his place. Then again, I was sure Billy hadn't made many friends with his toxic behavior.

"Very well. Then by the power vested in me, I now proclaim Billy the new house baby!"

"B-b-but this isn't possible! I signed a contract!" Billy was clearly looking desperate.

"Yes, you did," said Dr. S., smiling and holding up a piece of paper. "You agreed to work for me in exchange for leniency with the dean's office. In exchange, it was up to me whether you could be reformed through leadership training or... *other* methods... Looks like it's time to activate that special C.A.B.S. clause."

"No!" said Billy, who was now throwing a full on tantrum as his robes were stripped off of him by the other guys. "You can't do this! Get off of me!"

Billy the bully's face was red and wet with snot and tears as he yelled and fought, but he was no match for five other men, who quickly subdued him and stripped him down to his pull-ups, which he had already wet at some point. It took several professional looking medical restraints to get him manageable enough to lead out of the room.

"Come on, little von," said the Doctor, putting a friendly arm around the bound and struggling Billy. "Let's get you all fitted for your stent, hmmm? Zat way you can make pee pees all the time like a gut boy!"

Several of the brothers followed Billy and Dr. W. out of the basement on their way to do some permanent modifications to the new baby. Daddy looked down at me and nodded toward the door, but I shook my head.

"No, I don't want to watch." I wasn't nearly as sadistic as Billy. The whole thing was rather sad, if well deserved.

"Well, that was exhilarating," said the director, clapping two hands together. "Why don't we all go upstairs for some refreshments? Maybe we can tour the nursery once our charge is all settled in."

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I was carried all the way up to the main floor by Daddy, which I was pretty much used to by now. With a quick peck on the cheek from Daddy, I was let down to wander the house on my own. Freedom! This felt freer than I had been all week, but I didn't really know what to do with myself once I was free.

People were milling about in the spacious living area, a nice fire already going in the fireplace. There was a stag head above the mantel which I hoped was fake, an elegant pool table, beautiful polished wood floors. A raucous game of beer pong was afoot amidst tufted leather couches and shelves of leather-bound books that I doubted anyone there would read anytime soon. This was going to be my home for the next four

years. It all looked very nice, but I wondered about just who - or what - had paid for all this opulence and grandeur.

As I wandered around, I noticed I was getting a lot of attention from the other members. As shy and nerdy as I was, I somehow ended up with a group of friendly looking guys who looked way too cool to talk to a diaper dork like me. One of them had a backward baseball cap with blonde hair sticking through the opening, and he looked down at me and smiled.

"Hey, cutie! Can't wait to babysit ya! What do you say about sitting in my lap and getting some rubbies? It's my specialty. Hehe." He looked over to an empty tufted couch and nodded in its direction.

"Ehhh..." I hesitated, not wanting to sit in anyone's lap but Daddy's.

"Ignore Ace, he thinks he's cooler than he is," said a handsome guy with long hair, mocha colored skin, and a pendleton jacket. "How about you come hang out with me? I have a deluxe suite upstairs. Super comfy and perfect for snuggles..."

I shifted from foot to foot and kneaded the top of my diaper. Snuggles sounded nice, but I would really have preferred them from Tank.

"Hey cutie, do you vape?" asked a stoned looking guy in a beanie. He held a vape thing in my face and I looked up at him, confused. The three guys began to squabble amongst themselves.

"Bro, don't give the baby that!"

"Come on, dude, it'll be hilarious!"

"I'll take that," said Tank, grabbing the vape out of the guy's hand. "Not for babies. And no, you're not getting it back."

"Aw man," said the stoner dude, looking disappointed.

"I think the little one has had a busy day, guys. Tell you what, if he wants to 'snuggle' with any of you, he'll let *you* know. I'm calling dibs on this little cutie for tonight." Max did not look pleased.

"Hey, that's not fair! You can't hog him all to yourself!"

One look from Tank and I could visibly see Ace shoving the words back into his mouth. The three guys quickly cleared out, walking away and/or apologizing profusely. Tank's protective streak had come out once again, which made me blush but also felt pretty good, to be honest.

"Geez, Papa Bear," said David, punching Tank in the arm as he walked up to the two of us. "Take it easy."

"Sorry," said Tank, picking me up. "I just don't like to take any chances when it comes to my little guy."

"Daddyyyy," I squealed, hugging him and burying my blushing face in his chest.

"What? Did you want to snuggle with one of them, sweetheart? Because it's totally cool if you do... but only if you-"

"No," I said quietly, shaking my head. "Just you."

Although it was just a whisper, I could feel Tank's body tremble at hearing that statement. He looked down at me with the biggest smile I had seen in days and his eyes were glistening.

"You're so sweet I could eat you up, kiddo," he blurted out. And he did just that, holding me up in his arms and gobbling my tummy, causing me to have a giggle fit until I was soaked and exhausted. It didn't matter that everyone in the house could see us. Tank took up all my attention and made it easy to forget what a spectacle we were making. When he was finished, I lay there in his arms all tuckered out. Tank turned to David and asked, "What's up with Billy?" That got a grin from David.

"Oh, he's well taken care of. He's retrained and padded in the bouncer with an intensive programming session going on in VR. You wouldn't believe how fast the doctor set him up. Shoved the stent right up his peehole like it was nothing. I would've joined you guys sooner but I had to make a stop at the, \*ahem\*, bathroom to take care of... something."

"Yeah, I'll bet," said Tank, smirking, as David blushed hard. "*Pervert.*"

"Hey!" David said with a sheepish shrug. "I likes what I likes. And you should be one to talk, *Papa Bear.*"

Tank blushed slightly and said, "I, er, that's different! I'm completely innocent. I just didn't want the little guy getting overwhelmed is all."

"You've got it bad, Tank, my man. Whether you want to admit it or not. And don't think we can't all see how happy you get when you're with your boy. Not with what you're packing..."

"I mean..." Tank shifted uncomfortably, and I could feel his tube steak pressing into my back even being held at chest-height as I was.

"Chill man, I'm only teasing. You two look like you need a rest after such an eventful day."

Tank didn't have to be told twice. Before I knew it I was whisked away to his room upstairs. And tonight, I was very happy to be going to bed with Daddy.

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The next morning, I got my first look at the nursery, where Billy was supposedly staying from now on.

"Let's take a look inside," said Tank, with barely hidden excitement.

"I'm not going to sleep there, am I, Daddy?" I asked, looking up at my big Daddy who had once again insisted on carrying me.

"No, sweetheart, you get to stay with me," said Tank, kissing my head. "You'll only stay here when I'm in class and you need a nappy nap."

"I guess that's okay," I said reluctantly. I knew I would have to sleep in the crib sometimes - even Tank's room had a crib in case he had a date over or something. Everyone's room did, though some had used an optional addition of bars on the top to make it more like a puppy cage instead.

"Let's see how Billy is doing," said Tank. "He'll have a lot of company here soon enough, but for now it's just him in the nursery."

We walked in and approached the first crib by the entrance. I gasped as I caught sight of Billy and the sound surprised him, causing him to drop his toy blocks.

There was my big bad bully looking all of three years old now as he stood there in his bulging shortalls gripping the oversized crib rails with a pout on his face. When realized it was us, his face went bright red, and he tried to hide, but we could still see his diapered butt sticking out from under the pillow. Was he really that timid? Why was he trying to hide like that? Could this really be the same Billy that bullied me all week? It seemed laughable that I was ever afraid of this guy.

"Uh oh! Where did he go?" asked Tank in a surprised voice. "Well, if baby Billy isn't here, I guess I can't let him out of the crib to go to breakfast on his own. We'll just have to put out a search party to find him and make sure he's nice and secure for the rest of the morning so this doesn't happen again."

Billy slowly backed out from under the pillow, frowning. "No."

"Is that all you have to say, little man? No?"

Billy crossed his arms and sat on his butt, before making a funny face and hopping off his butt, blushing. I knew exactly what he must have felt at that moment - I had had plenty of experience with my own anal stretching ring.

"So the doctor put that ring in your butt after all huh?" asked Tank.

"Shushes," said Billy, his cheeks burning.

"Aww! Sounds like you got some verbal replacement training in already, buddy! That sounds a *lot* better than 'shut up'."

"Just let me out," said Billy.

"What's the magic word," said Tank, bouncing me and raising an eyebrow.

Billy locked eyes with Tank, as if he were challenging the big guy. I could tell Tank was enjoying every second of this encounter, and to be honest, so was I. Finally, Billy looked down and said, "Please."

"That's better," said Tank, reaching a hand out toward the crib rail, but pausing. "Oh, there's one more thing... I want you to apologize to Jimmy."

Billy's eyebrows flew up and his face went even redder. He opened his mouth, clearly ready to cuss Tank out, but all that came out was cute baby words. "Fluff you, Tank! You're a big doodie head! This is your fault, Jimmy! You'll pay for this! I'm gonna push you in the tummy! Grrr!"

I just looked back at him and said, "Awwww!" I couldn't help it! I just couldn't be scared of this babyish display of anger. Billy was... cute! Tank clucked his tongue and shook his head.

"I think we'd better let this little one rest a little longer, Jimmy. Looks like Baby Billy's having a tantrum. Wave bye-bye, to the new baby, Jimmy."

I waved bye as Tank carried me out of the crib room and down to breakfast. I couldn't help but smile. I'll admit I was experiencing a little bit of vindictive glee at seeing Billy get some of his own medicine, but also, he *was* super cute like this. Babyhood would be much better for Billy.

All the fuss over Billy almost helped me forget about my own situation stuck as a baby in the house, at least until I spotted the high-chair next to Tank's seat at the dining table. It was a stark reminder that I was not like the rest of the boys - men, actually - at the table. I blushed as I looked around and imagined Tank feeding me in front of everyone.

"There will be a lot more little ones to keep you company later," said Tank, noticing my discomfort as he strapped me into the highchair, "but for now it's just you and Billy here, so you're going to be the center of attention for a while."

I nodded and stared at my tray as he tied a big cute baby monkey bib around my neck.

"I do have one bit of good news for you, though," said Tank, smiling as breakfast was served. "No more formula. You get to graduate to baby food!"

I clapped at this news, smiling and wiggling in my diaper. I never thought I'd be so excited to be eating *baby food*, but here I was, pleased as punch to hear that I'd be fed honest to goodness baby food in my high chair by a man twice my size and only barely older.

"That's right, baby boy! You'll get real big boy food! Let's see what is on the menu today..." Tank smiled big as my food came around, well they were plating everyone's food at the moment. "Mmmmm mmm! Oatmeal! Cinnamon raisin! Yum yum, little guy!"

Looking at his face, I thought Tank was a little *too* excited about my breakfast - even more excited than me. I still didn't get why he liked to baby me so much, but I didn't have time to think on it very hard because the moment the bowl hit the tray, Daddy was at it with the spoon, motorboating his way to my mouth. Daddy's lips puckered out in a silly expression as he made plenty of motorboat sound effects to narrate the spoon's journey to my mouth.

"Pbbbbbbbt! Here comes the motorboat!"

I blushed deep as I noticed that everyone was looking my way.

"Tank, please, you're making a scene-mmmmph!"

"Ah, ah, ah!" he said, wiggling a free finger as he stuffed my mouth full of oatmeal. "That's Dada to you, mister. You know better than to call me by my big boy name!"

I mumbled an apology through my oatmeal before swallowing it. Tank didn't seem too mad, though. He was smiling to himself and making more sound effects, already coming in for another round with motorboat number two. I sighed. Like it or not, I was the morning's entertainment. At least until Billy was brought in.